THE PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED BY WHITE & CO

PITTSBURGH:
THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 15, 1849.

PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.—Advertisements and Subscriptions to the North American and United States Gazette, Philadelphia, received and forwarded from this office.

COMMERCIAL LIST AND PHILADELPHIA PRICE CURRENT.—Subscriptions to this valuable paper will be received and forwarded from this office.

NEW YORK EXPRESS.—We will receive and forward free of expense, advertisements and subscriptions for this paper.

☞ THE PITTSBURGH DAILY GAZETTE is published Daily, Tri-Weekly, and Weekly.—The Daily is Seven Dollars per annum; the Tri-Weekly is Five Dollars per annum; the Weekly is Two Dollars per annum, *strictly in advance.*

☞ ADVERTISERS are earnestly requested to hand in their favors before 5 P. M., and as early in the day as practicable. Advertisements not inserted for a specified time will invariably be charged until ordered out.

FOR LATEST Commercial Intelligence, Domestic, Markets, River News, Imports, Money Markets, &c. see third page.

See next page for Telegraphic News.
For Local Matters see next page.

THE NEW COUNTY PROJECT.—We direct the attention of our readers, one and all, to the call in another column, for a meeting to remonstrate against the threatened dismemberment of our county. We are informed that the danger is imminent that Elizabeth township and Borough, West Elizabeth, a large part of Jefferson, and a part of Snowdon townships, will be cut off from this county and be added to a new county, to be formed out of parts of Washington, Fayette, Westmoreland and Allegheny, unless active measures are taken to prevent what the whole county would consider a calamity. We understand that five-sixths of the people in the district to be excised, are opposed to the project, but they are helpless to prevent it unless the whole people of the county speak out in a voice which will be heard at Harrisburg. The most of our citizens we feel assured, have under-estimated the danger of this excision, or they would not have remained so long apathetic on the subject.—But it is time they threw off their slumber, for there is a system of log-rolling, as it is called, at work in Harrisburgh, which will accomplish the contemplated injury before they are aware, unless they soon arouse. Applications for a large number of new counties are pending, and the friends of each form a majority of the Legislature, and by uniting together can carry the whole batch. Let the people of Allegheny county then bestir themselves before it is too late, and hold such a meeting at the Court House on Saturday, as will show their servants at Harrisburgh that they are in earnest.

AGRICULTURAL.—We are much pleased, at the sudden interest which has been excited in this county, on the subject of agriculture. It is a deeply important, but too much neglected interest with the people of this section of the country, and if the present revival of a desire for agricultural improvement shall result in a permanent good, the whole community will have cause of rejoicing. It must be confessed that the farmers of Western Pennsylvania, as a general rule, are far behind their brethren of the same honorable employment, in New York and New England, while the encouragement to improve is not less here than elsewhere.

To assist in this movement, we shall, with great pleasure devote a portion of our columns to its especial promotion. Our intelligent city readers will not complain of this, as experience must have convinced them that when the agricultural interest flourishes, they prosper with it. A thoughtless city reader may imagine he has no interest in the prosperity of the farmer, and the promotion of agriculture, when in truth the prosperity of the whole country, of every merchant, mechanic and manufacturer, depends essentially and vitally upon the successful pursuit of agriculture.

There is besides, to every intelligent, thoughtful man, a vast mine of delight in tracing out and watching even the details of the science—*science*, we say, *for* it has really more to entitle it to an appellative so dignified, than many subjects to which the term is applied. It is a vast field of exploration, in which much is yet to be learned, and in which success is sure to reward the persevering and the thoughtful. Most men, too, have had, at one time or another, some connection with agricultural pursuits, and their minds naturally turn with a keen sensation of pleasure to associations of earlier, and probably purer and happier days. We have often thought that the most permanent and pleasing remembrances of the associations of early life are those connected with agriculture and the sea. Neither ever die out. The boy brought up in sight of the glorious sea, ever pines, at every stage of his future existence, for a sight sight of old ocean's tumultuous bosom, and the sight of lake or ocean, after long absence from such scenes, will throw him into a delirium of excitement quite astonishing to one whose associations are wholly of the land. So of agriculture. Fully one half of the population of our cities, in consequence of early associations, contemplate with the greatest delight the prospect of a period in their history when they may retire to a farm, or a country seat, or when they can command a garden spot, where they can enjoy the evening of their days. All such readers will take pleasure in every thing connected with agriculture, and we really pity the man who cannot derive gratification from such subjects. A fund of tranquil satisfaction is thus denied him.

But there is another and more powerful reason why we should furnish a fair portion of matter on agricultural and horticultural subjects—that of justice—for we have at present some thousands of farmer readers, old and young, who ask, and have a right to demand a fair share of attention, and we do not feel inclined to deny their claims.

We therefore invite, from practical farmers and gardeners, communications containing the results of well-tested experience, written in a brief and intelligible manner, and—what is important—always on one side of their paper. We wish no one to write for the sake of seeing himself in print when he has nothing of importance to write about. A failure will always be the consequence of such procedure. Write when you have something to say; some important fact to communicate, which you believe to be unknown, and you will have no trouble in finding words to express your ideas.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

MIRROR OF NATURE, a Book of Instruction and Entertainment; translated from the German of G. N. Schubert; by Wm. H. Furness. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.

Knowledge, mostly on scientific subjects, is treated of in this work in an entertaining and popular manner. The writer has taken up, without much regard to arrangement, the various late discoveries and improvements in the scientific and mineral worlds, and has condensed the facts concerning each into a small compass, and gives their history in language intelligible to the common reader. We learn from the preface, that the author is known in his own country as an eminent naturalist, a veteran devotee of science and philosophy, and a traveller in the east. His design in this work, he says, is to furnish rjer youth with important elementary knowledge, in as pleasing a manner as possible.

MITCHELL'S NEW TRAVELLER'S GUIDE through the United States.

Messrs. Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., of Philadelphia, have published a new and enlarged and little improved edition of this exceedingly valuable little work for travellers; with a new and improved map; leaving scarcely anything wanting for the information of the traveller.

The above works are for sale, by J. H. Mellor, Wood street.

The Baltimore and Washington mails failed yesterday, and we are thus without our usual sources of late news. Some of our readers will be probably just as well pleased, as we embrace the opportunity to give them a most amusing and instructive story, which we hope all concerned will profit by. We have had so much lately about Gold, El Dorados, and magnificent visions of easily procured wealth, that it is well enough to come down to the ordinary and more pleasant pursuits of life, and to reflect that inordinate wealth is not the source of true happiness, which is found alone in the tranquil pursuits of legitimate business, and in the enjoyment of social life and family intercourse.

THE RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR.—The Committee of Procession, for the reception of Gen. Taylor, have appointed Maj. Wm. Larimer, Jr., as Chief Marshal, with fifty-three assistants. We will publish the list in full to-morrow, it having been received too late last evening for insertion in to-day's Gazette.

THE Queen of England has an army of venison pasties. The rangers of the forest have orders to kill and deliver for the service of the royal table, and for the lords and others, a certain number of deer from the royal parks, amounting to about 700 annually, valued at £25,000.

From the Ploughman.

MORE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF DEACON GOODMAN.

Wherein it shows that inconsistencies of not having the 'Musical Ear.'

Deacon Goodman was extensively known, not merely in his own parish, but through several miles of the surrounding country, for his amiable disposition, active benevolence, and unquestioned piety. So thoroughly was the Deacon's character established, that when the people of the neighboring towns saw him passing by, they would say—'That man was rightly named, for if there ever was a *good man*, he is one.' And from this there was no dissenting voice. Nay, I am wrong in saying that; for there are some who never hear anybody praised without an interposing and qualifying 'but'. 'He may be well enough on the whole, they will say, 'but' &c. &c.; and then they will go on and make him out anything but a 'clever fellow.'

The qualifying 'but' must be interposed even in the case of Deacon Goodman. He had a fault—He *would sing in meeting*. 'Call you that a fault?' saith the reader. Well then, kind reader, call it a misfortune. 'But why a misfortune?

I will tell thee. Nature has so formed us, that some have the 'musical ear' and others not. Now this 'musical ear' has nothing to do with real character, moral or intellectual, but yet the persons who have not the 'musical ear, ought never to *sing in meeting*. If they do, they will be sure to annoy others, and make themselves ridiculous.—Deacon Goodman had *not* the 'musical ear.' Whether it were the 'Messiah,' or the 'Creation' or Jim Crow and Zip Coon, it was all the same to him, so far as music was concerned; it was just so much *singing*. Whether the artists were Sivori, or Ole Bull, or poor John Casco, it was just so much *fiddling*. He had *not* the 'musical ear' and still less if possible, the musical voice; but yet he *would sing in meeting*. And the gentle and respectful remonstrances of the choir leader were met with the unvaried reply, Singing is prayer; you might as well ask me not to pray; *I shall sing in meeting*.

It is not my proper office the biographer to hint at another trait in the good Deacon's character. He was rather 'set in his way,' or in other words, he was dreadfully obstinate in what he thought a good cause; and he was generally correct in appreciating the merits of the cause.

We all know that musical people are apt to be sensitive and sometimes a little capricious, and we have ever known a theatical orchestra, or even a village choir, that had not a regular 'blow up' at least once a year! Beyond all doubt, Deacon Goodman's singing was a very serious grevance to the choir, and no small annoyance to the congregation. Yet in consideration of his great merits he was indulged; and his regular Sunday performances, often drew forth the remark, that if music murder was a sin, Deacon Goodman would have much to answer for. But there is a point beyond which forbearance is no longer a virtue. Great pains had been taken by the choir to getting up a new anthem, (selected from Mozart) for Thanksgiving day, and the very gem of the piece was a solo, which had been assigned to the sweetest voice, and the prettiest little girl in the village. All who attended the rehearsals were perfectly delighted with the solo as sung by little Mary.' It was very difficult. It was marked from beginning to end, 'Andantino,' 'Dolce' 'Affetuoso,' 'Crescendo,' 'Piano,' 'Pianissimo,' with changing keys, and flats and sharps, springing out from unexpected places; but she had conquered it all. Three of our accomplished singers who had come from Boston to pass Thanksgiving in the country, and who attended the last rehearsal, were in rapitures with little Mary's singing. They had heard Tedesco, and Bascenciantl, and Madam Bishop; yet they say, 'for a country girl, she is a prodigy.'

In due time Thanksgiving day arrived; and while the 'second bell' was ringing, news came to the village that a very serious accident had happened to the Universalist minister. His horse had thrown him, and either his leg or his neck was broken; the boy who had brought the news had forgotton which 'it hope it is not his neck, said the rich and charitable old church member.' When Deacon Goodman heard that remark, he held up his hands and exclaimed 'I never?'

Now the deacon dearly loved good preaching, and the meeting house was to him a 'house of feasting.' But his religion was of a very practical kind, and although he thought but precious little of his good works, he took care to do a good many of them, and was far from believing with Amsdorf that 'good works are an impediment to salvation.' So, said he to Mrs. Goodman, 'do you go to the house of feasting, and get all the good you can, and I will go to the house of mourning, and do all I can.' And away he went to see, and if possible, to relieve the Universalist minister.

In the mean time the congregation assembled, and the worship proceeded in the usual way. At length came the anthem. It even went beyond expectation. A long 'rest' immediately preceded the solo. It was no *rest* for poor 'little Mary.' It was the most anxious minute she had ever passed. She arose, blushing and trembling. Her agitation gave a tremor to her voice, which added to the pathos of the music. It was beautiful.

Now, Deacon Goodman always made it a rule, when any accident had detained him until after worship had commenced to come in very softly.—How different from the fashionable flourish.—All were intent on the solo. None heard, and but few saw Deacon Goodman enter his pew, and take up the sheet on which the words of the anthem were printed.

Unlike that of many singers, the articulation of little Mary was perfect. The Deacon soon found the place; and to the astonishment of the congregation, indignation of the choir, and the perfect horror of 'little Mary,' he 'struck in,' and accompanied her through the whole *solo*. Accompanied!—'Oft in the stilly night,' accompanied by *Captain Bragg's battery*, would give some notion of it—Poor little Mary was sick a fortnight. 'Why don't you cut that old fellow's tongue off?' said one of the Boston singers. 'What good would it do?' said the choir leader, he would howl through his nose.' They were all very cross. As for the Deacon he looked around as innocent as a lamb, and thought he had sung as well as any of them.

Immediately after meeting, the choir leader called on the minister. 'Sir,' said he, 'this must stop. If Deacon Goodman sings again I do not.'

'Oh! know it,' said the minister, 'I have long felt the difficulty, but what can we do? Deacon Goodman is a most excellent man, and his only faults are that he is *rather set in his way and will sing in meeting*.'

'But Deacon Goodman is a reasonable man,' said the choir leader.

'*On most occasions*,' replied the minister.

'Do go and see him, sir, for my mind is made up; if he *sings in meeting* I do not.'

'Deacon Goodman,' said the minister, 'I have come on a delicate errand; I have come to present the respectful request of the choir that you would not *sing in meeting*.'

The Deacon was thunderstruck; but he soon recovered. 'Singing is praying,' said he: 'They may just as well ask me not to pray: *I shall sing in meeting*.' And on the next Sunday, sure enough he did, louder, and if possible, more inharmonious than ever. The men singers looked daggers at him; the girls hid their smiles behind their music books. Little Mary was not there.

'This *shall* stop,' said the choir leader. 'I will go and see him myself.'

'Deacon Goodman, we all most highly respect you as you must well know; but you *have not* the musical ear, or the musical voice, and it is the earnest wish of the choir, and many of the congregation, that you do not again sing in meeting.'

The Deacon was again thunderstruck, but soon recovered. 'Singing is praying,' said he, 'and they might as well tell me not to pray. I shall *sing in meeting*.'

The good Deacon was dreadfully set in his way, and so it went on again week after week, in the same old way.

But an incident occurred which contributed much to bring this singular case to a crisis. About two miles from the village there was a wretched hovel, which imperfectly sheltered the wretched wife and children of a still more wretched drunkard.

On one of the most inclement evenings of a New England January, the Deacon and his family were cheerfully and thankfully enjoying a glorious hickory fire; Mrs. Goodman was sewing for the family, and her daughters for the missionary society. His son was reading the Massachusetts Ploughman, and the good man himself was just finishing off a sermon by a distinguished divine of his own denomination, when bang went the front door, and in came his good neighbor and own beloved and respected minister. 'Why! I never!' said Deacon Goodman, 'what *has* brought you along in such a night as this?' Now, this minister had his peculiarities as well as the Deacon. Among others, he was very close mouthed about his own good deeds. He merely answered, 'I have been about my duty, I hope.' The fact was he had been to visit, and to talk, and pray, with a poor dying negro. 'Seems to me you are rather crusty,' said the Deacon, 'but I suppose you are half frozen, and so sit down and thaw yourself out.' 'I thank you,' said the minister, 'but I merely called to tell you that I have just left a scene of misery; and I want you to go there as early as you can in the morning. On my way here and home I passed that wretched hovel which we all know so well. I felt it my duty to stop and learn the cause of the horrible uproar within. I found the wretch beating his wife; and her screams and his horrid oaths made my blood run cold. I knocked the rascal down; ('served him right,' said the Deacon,) and think he will be quiet until morning; but do go as early as you can.' 'Od rabbit the varmint, said Deacon Goodman, 'and od rabbit the eternal blasted rum shop.' That was the nearest to swearing that the Deacon was ever known to come.

'Put old Mag in the wagon,' said he to his son. 'Deacon, don't go to night,' said Mrs. Goodman.—'Do wait till morning,' said all his daughters. 'Let *me* go,' said his son. 'Mind your own business,' said the Deacon to all of them, 'I shall go to night.' When it came to that, they knew there was no more to be said. He was dreadfully 'set in his way.'—He took a bag and a basket, and went to the cellar. He filled the bag with potatoes. He took a piece of pork from one barrel and a piece of beef from another, and put them in the basket. He went to the closet and took a brown loaf and a white one. He went to the wood pile and took an armful of wood, and told his son to take another. All was put in the wagon; he not forgetting six candles and a paper of matches. Deacon Goodman needed no *secondary* motive to Christian duty; yet historical truth demands the concession, that the wife of the poor drunkard was his first love. She jilted him, or as we Yankees say, 'gave him the mitten,' in favor of the abject wretch who was now become her tyrant. And this was the way he 'fed fat the ancient grudge' he owed her. The truth is, Deacon Goodman knew nothing about *grudges*, ancient or modern. The old Adam would occasionally flare up, but he always got him under *before sun down*.

All was ready, and in five minutes the Deacon was 'exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm.' But what did he care for the storm? 'I am going on God's errand,' said he to himself. 'I am going to visit the worse than widow and fatherless.'—The next thing he said was 'Oh get out.' That he meant for the promptings of his own proud heart.

Misery, misery, indeed did he find in that most miserable dwelling. The poor wretch himself was dead drunk on the floor. The poor pale woman was sobbing her very heart out. The children were clamorous; and but few were the words of their clamor. 'I am cold'—'I am hungry'—and that was all. The Deacon brought in the wood; made up a fire; lighted a candle; and emptied the bag and basket. The poor pale woman wept and sobbed her thanks. 'Oh, you varmint, said the Deacon, as he lobbed at the husband and father, and broke off a piece of bread for each of the children. The general commotion aroused the poor wretch from his drunken stupor. He looked up and recognised the Deacon.

'Hollo, old music,' said he are you here? give us a stave old nightingale. Sing as you do in meeting. Sing and scare the rats away.' 'Why what on earth does the critter mean?' said the Deacon.—The poor, pale, grateful woman smiled through her tears. 'She could not help it. She had been a singer in her better days; she had also heard the Deacon sing.

I do not record these incidents merely because they are honorable to Deacon Goodman, but because they are particularly connected with my story. In this errand of mercy the good Deacon caught a very serious cold: it affected his throat and his nose and even his lungs; and gave to his voice a tone not unlike that of the lowest note of a cracked bass viol alternating with the shriek of a clarionet powerfully but unskillfully blown. On Saturday evening he soaked his feet in hot water; drank copiously of hot balm tea; went to bed and said he felt comfortable. 'Now Deacon,' said Mrs. Goodman, 'you are dreadful hoarse;—you won't sing, to morrow, will you?' 'Singing is praying—and—he dropped asleep. And sure enough he *did* sing to morrow, and it surpassed all that had gone before. 'This is the last of it' said the choir leader, 'I have done.' In the afternoon the choir was vacant, some of the singers absent, and others scattered about in the pews.

The minister read three verses of a psalm; and then observed, 'the choir being absent, singing must necessarily be ommitted.' But Deacon Goodman saw no such necessity. He stopped six sung the three verses himself. He stopped six verses, and blew his nose between the verses by way of symphony! The next day he was sick in bed. A parish meeting was hastily called, and a resolution unanimously passed, that 'Whereas the solemnity and decorum of public worship dependsmuch on the character of the music; resolved, that hereafter, no person shall *sing in meeting*, in this parish, without the approbation of the choir?' Rather a stringent measure; but what could they do? The minister called on Deacon Goodman, and handed him the resolution. He read it over three times. He then calmly folded up the paper, and handed it back to the minister. 'This is a free country yet I hope. *I shall sing in meeting*.' He said those very words! He was dreadfully 'set in his way.'

'Then Deacon,' said the minister, 'I have a most painful duty to perform! I am instructed to tell you that your connection with the society must cease.' The Deacon here started three times. Had the full moon split into fourteen pieces and danced a quadrille in the heavens, Orion singing, and the Northern Bear, growling bass, he could not have been more astounded. He was silent. Emotion after emotion rolled over his heaving spirit. 'At length tears came to his relief, as they say in the novels. He spoke, but without interruption. 'I know I am a poor unworthy creature, but'I hope they will take me in somewhere.' The minister wept himself, how could he help it? The Deacon's cold was nearly cured; and about an hour after the interview he was seen to mount old Mag, heading due North. Four miles in that direction lived the worthy minister of another parish. The deacon found him in his study, where also was his daughter copying music. She was a proficient in the art, and played the organ in her father's church. She had heard of the deacon's musical troubles, and had heard him sing. 'Sir,' said he to the minister,' there has been a little difficulty in our parish, which makes me feel it my duty to withdraw, and I have come to ask the privilege of uniting with you.' (At that moment the young lady vanished from the room.)

'I much regret the difficulty in your parish,' said the minister, 'and hope it will be amicably settled. But if you finally conclude to withdraw, we shall be most happy to receive you; and when it shall please the Lord to take good old Deacon Grimes to himself, (and a very few days must now give him his dismission,) we shall expect you to sit in his seat.' After half an hour's pleasant conversation, the Deacon arose to take his departure. At that moment a boy came in and handed a billet to the minister. He glanced at the billet, and 'Deacon, sit down one moment,' said he. He read the billet, and after some hesitation said, 'I have received a singular communication from our choir leader,—he has somehow or other heard of your intention to join our society; and has heard of it with very great pleasure,' and he adds that it is the earnest and unanimous wish of the choir that you will not *sing in meeting*.' The Deacon was again electrified, but had got used to the shock.—'Singing is praying' and I join no church where I cannot *sing in the meeting*,—good day sir.' He was very 'set in his way.'

Five miles *West* of his own dwelling, lived the good pastor of another flock. The Deacon found him shelling corn in his crib. This minister, although eminently pious, thought it no harm to be a little waggish in a good cause, and for a worthy object. He also had heard of the Deacon's musical troubles, and shrewdly suspected the object of his visit. 'Deacon Goodman, I am glad to see you,' said he, 'this is not exactly ministerial labor, is it?' I am of a different opinion,' said the Deacon, 'I think it honest and useful labor in ministerial hands.' 'Well, all hands—the Lord forgive me, I don't like them; and I'd like a dandy minister least of any.' 'You and I are agreed there,' said the minister, 'come, walk into the house and see my wife; she says she is in love with you for your honesty and your oddities.' '—I never!' said the Deacon 'but I thank you. I am in something of a hurry; and have a little business which we can just as well settle here.'

'There has been a little difficulty in our parish, which makes me feel it my duty to withdraw, and I have come to ask the privilege of joining yours.' At this the reverend gentleman looked as if he was very much surprised.

'Is it possible?' said he. 'Well, Deacon, though an ill wind for them, it is a good one for us, for it has blown you hither. We shall be most happy to receive you, especially as our choir leader has followed the multitude and gone West. We have been looking about for a competent man to take his place. Our singers are all young and diffident, and each one is loth to take the lead. We hear that you sing the most difficult music, and—'

'Why, mercy upon you!' said the Deacon—'I don't know one note from another. I know that singing is praying, and I sing in meeting as I pray in meeting.'

'Excuse me, my friend,' replied the minister, 'it is your modesty that now speaks; you do understand music; you must understand music or you could never sing Mozart with proper expression; and did you not sing that beautiful solo, which is world ringing over your ear and voice? Tow this was as Greek to the Deacon, and like a sensible man as he was, he always said nothing when he had nothing to say. 'You say truly, continued the minister 'that singing is praying. But to those who know nothing of music, it is perfectly an unknown tongue, and I am sure you are not Papist enough to approve of *that*; music is a language, and like other languages must be learned before it can be spoken. When the deaf and dumb attempt to speak our common language they make strange noises, and still worse noises do we make when, without the musical ear or musical voice, we attempt to sing.'

Thus sensibly did that good minister speak, The Deacon was a good deal 'struck up,' though *set in his way*, he was not a fool; and only needed to be touched in the right place. 'It never appeared to me in that light before,' said the Deacon thoughtfully.

'And yet, my friend, it is the *true light*,' said the minister. 'And now, do let me give you a word of advice. Go home, and take your old seat on Sunday; and never again attempt to *sing in meeting*. For if your heart is right, your ear is untuned, and your voice, though kind, is anything but musical.' The Deacon said nothing but thought the more. He mounted old Mag. The angel of reflection came down, and sat upon her name, and looked him full in the face. Reader, does that seem incongruous?—Is the old mare's mane an improper seat for an angel? I am afraid you are proud. Who once rode on an ass?

The Deacon passed a point in the road where on one side was a sturdy oak that had been blown over by a recent whirlwind, and on the other, a flourishing willow, gracefully bending before the passing breeze. 'Od rabbit it,' said the Deacon to himself; it was the first word he had spoken, 'to think that I should be so and so obstinate old fool.'

He approached his own village. The reason for his errand abroad had been strongly suspected; and they were all on the look-out for his return.—There stood the choir leader. 'Welcome home Deacon,' said he, 'hope we have not lost you yet.' 'Get out,' said the Deacon, with a good-natured but rather sheepish look, and on he went. There stood the minister. 'Welcome home, Deacon, I hope we have not lost you yet.' 'Get—,' he was just going to say get out, but habitual reverence for the minister cut him short. He looked at the minister, and the minister looked at him, and both burst into a fit of laughter. The choir leader came up and took the Deacon's hand, and joined in the merriment. 'Od rabbit you all,' said he; and on he went. At the front door and windows of his own house, were his wife and daughters, and two or three of the singing girls, 'all of a titter.' They had seen and heard his interview with the minister and knew that all was well. 'Od rabbit the whole bunch of you,' said he, and went to put old Mag in the stable.

Deacon Goodman took his old seat on Sunday, but since that day's adventure, has never *sung in meeting*. Once, and but once did he attempt to raise a psalm on his own private account. He was in his barn putting some hay in the cow's manger. Now! the neighbors were always ready to do a good turn for Deacon Goodman; and before he had finished the first verse, two of them rushed in and asked him if his *cow was choked!* He never sung again.

S.

The Homestead Exemption Bill has failed in the New York Senate. The Buffalo Commercial, an able, judicious, and conservative Whig paper, thus remarks upon the failure:

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.—We notice that the bill making inviolable a homestead, has been lost in the Senate, by a vote 12 to 15. We know not the causes which have produced this result, so entirely in opposition to the public sentiment of the people of the State. There seems a strange fatality hanging about measures of this kind—measures which we deem to be founded in great principles of philanthropy—and of republican political economy. Law makers seem ever to occupy a position antagonistical to those whom they legally represent. Nine tenths of the people of this State, we venture to say, are favorable to Homestead exemption, and a general system of Free Schools, based upon taxation. Yet the one is defeated, and the other drags its slow length along in uncertain existence, as if the members of the legislature were fearful that they were conceding to much to public sentiment in its adoption.'

AGRICULTURAL.

ORIGINAL.

Minutes of a Meeting of the Allegheny County Agricultural Society.

Held this day, (February 10th, 1849,) at the mouth of Deer Creek, in Indiana Township. Mr. John Boyle President. The meeting coming to order and the minutes of a former meeting being read it was

Resolved, 1st. That Mr. Wills and T. F. Garrard, be appointed a committee to wait upon citizens of East Deer Township, for the purpose of holding a meeting in their township.

2. *Resolved*, That Mr. Jesse Garrard be appointed to wait upon citizens of South Fayette, for the purpose of holding a meeting in said township.

3. *Resolved*, That Mr. James Irane and Mr. Z. Patterson be appointed to wait upon citizens of Plum for the purpose of holding a meeting in said township.

After the above resolutions were passed, the President was called upon to address the meeting, which he did in a *farmer like* style, to the satisfaction of all present.

On motion—

Resolved, That the address delivered by the President be printed, with the minutes of this meeting.

Resolved, That this meeting adjourn, to meet at West Deer Township, on Saturday, the 17th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M.

JOHN BOYLE, President.

J. F. GARRARD, Secretary pro tem.

FELLOW CITIZENS—The object of the present meeting is one that involves the interest of the entire community. We are placed in a situation of accountability both to the Creator of the universe, and our fellow men. It has pleased Providence to bless us with a free country, and we might say, too, a free soil; and as far as my knowledge extends, a soil as capable of improvement as almost any in the world; yet, experience tells us that instead of improving, we are rather reducing its qualities, and in doing so are we either benefitting ourselves or those around us!—or are we making the use of it that we would like to see held up to after generations, and say we are the men that have used it so? I think there is scarcely a farm within this county, but what could be made to yield much more than it now does. Many farms can be said to be at least fifty per cent. less in quality than when first cleared; and has it been the means of enriching its owner? This question is easily answered, for in almost every instance where a farm becomes poor, the owner is invariably the same. There is scarcely any portion of land, when first cleared and rightly cultivated, but is capable of growing 25 bushels of wheat to the acre: but what is the growth of any of our long cleared farms? I think from 12 to 15 bushels, on an average, in a great many cases, would be something like the present yield. And is this to be chargeable to the soil? No, it is entirely chargeable to the owners themselves. We are taking from the earth, and never putting any thing to it, while a little energy and skill would cause it to yield as much as ever. The satisfaction would amply repay for the labor.

You will probably say, how are we to get about this? I say, form farming societies for the diffusion of knowledge, and I am persuaded that the men who first thought of this, deserve our warmest gratitude, and will be applauded by after generations, for thus endeavoring to arouse a spirit of improvement, and to impart knowledge to those around them.—It is a country where societies of this kind have been established, but it has been a means of assisting in the education of youths, as well as assisting in the improvement of Agriculture in all its branches.

We have heard it remarked that the farmers in this part of the country, are far behind those East and West of us. We are not only behind our neighboring farmers, but we are behind every other class of men who earn their living by industry. There is scarcely any of the Mechanics but have their societies, for giving and receiving instruction, and they are greatly benefited by them, and is one any reason for the former to shut his eyes and ears to his own interests.

I think not; well then, let us form Societies in every neighborhood; let us select men of experience to instruct us; let us consult with each other; and if any have gained knowledge on any subject, let him willingly impart it to the rest. This, no doubt, will be a means of giving the rising generation a taste for what ought to be the most noble employment that ever was conducted by man on this earth; and not only so, but by so doing, we would scatter the elements of agricultural knowledge over the Valleys, and bring them within the reach of every citizen of the humblest capacity, besides, by a liberal and enlightened course, should not only augment the productive agricultural energies of our own country, but we should also in part repay the duty we owe to the world and our fellow men.

And, as I told you before, I am not able to say anything on the subject, worth listening to, you will be kind enough to make allowance for want of ability, as when I wrote these few remarks, I did not wish them ever to be read in the hearing of any audience, but feel others should not be willing to say any thing on the matter, I entirely read them, in hopes that some others of more experience and ability will come forward and give the subject the justice it justly merits.

J. A. SUBSCRIBER.

FROM NEW YORK.

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10, 1849.

A little later news has been received from San Francisco, via New Orleans, the City of Mexico, and Mazatlan. The advices are down to the 6th of November, and were received by Messrs. Olyphant & Son. I have been allowed to read the letter, and send you the following abstract:—The ship Huntress, has been discharged at a heavy cost. Laborers are as scarce as ever, and from five to seven dollars a day is the general range, but in some cases, as high as a dollar an hour. No sailors are to be had, and the only men who have offered to return, asked at the rate of $150 per month. The reports from the gold region are as flattering as ever; but the rain in the lower and the snow in the upper country, has brought digging to a stand. The miners are coming in to the coast, exhausted from hard work and poor living, and a great many cases of sickness. The poor miners gather their fortunes in the shape of pounds of gold dust, place it under their heads wrapped in rags, and then die from the want of attendance, leaving their gold to strangers.

There is a good deal of fluttering among the banks, under the joint operation of the sub-treasury and the spring importations. The imports of the past week have been $3,376,000, requiring specie to the amount of $800,000; of this amount not $300,000 has been paid out, and the banks are weaker in coin than this day week, by half a million of dollars. At the same time, merchants who receive their goods turn to the banks for means, and either weaken them by draining their deposits or obtaining loans. The effect upon the banks is the same. While the sub-treasury drains them of half a million of coin, the commercial claims demand three and a half million of currency, thus extending the banks four millions in a week. The coin now in the banks is $4,250,000, and in the sub-treasury, nearly if not quite $3,000,000. But no serious trouble can occur in our money market, for the exchanges without exception are in our favor from all parts of the world, with a steady accession to our specie from the country, and no foreign demand. The present month is the heaviest in imports for the spring, and we shall soon be in easy sailing again.

There is quite a delegation from the Iron City here just now, who are of no small account to the city of smoke and iron. Among them is one whose name and reputation are public property: Lent. T. M. Crossan of the Navy. Some of the others here have some designs on the purses of the shopping parties in Market street, and they may look to see the 'Bee Hive' fuller than ever of attractions.

The approach of the steamer from England, now fully due, has the effect of depressing the market for Cotton, Flour, and Grain. In Cotton there has been a fall of 1 cent, with a moderate business. Common Western Flour stands at $5 50, and straight brands, $5 62½. Rye Flour has gone up to $3 37½ @ $3 44. In Wheat there are trifling sales, but the views of holders are above the market. Corn sells at 59 for yellow, and 54 for white. Provisions are very dull, and cheaper. Sales of Ohio Prime Pork $11 50 @ $11 62½, and Mess $12 50, and some Mess $10 25. Beef is cheaper. Lard is firm at 6¾ @ 7 for common to prime. In Cheese there is more movement, and 200 casks and 3000 boxes taken for shipment at 6¾ @ 7¾ cts. Freights are down, and corn has been taken at 6¾ @ 6¾d to Liverpool, a rate not very profitable.

C.

For the Pittsburgh Gazette.

MR. FORWARD.

MR. WHITE:—I see it mentioned in one of your papers, that the Hon. George Darsie has been elected Speaker of the Senate, by the unanimous vote of that body,—this is a circumstance of which the citizens of Allegheny may feel some pride, and it will be recollected that during the many sessions Gen. Wm. Marks represented this county in the Senate, he was frequently elected presiding officer without opposition. But among the prominent men Allegheny county has produced, there is none for whom we ought to feel such a weight of obligation as the Hon. Walter Forward. At the time he was called to preside over the U. S. Treasury the country exhibited a state of affairs bordering on Bankruptcy—the Manufactories ceasing their operations—the Commercial and Agricultural interests of the country at a stand—under such circumstances did Mr. Forward frame and exhibit to Congress the Tariff of 1842, which by the Legislature of the nation was passed into a law, having a tendency to restore, invigorate and diffuse life into all the interests of the country. I therefore believe the people of Pennsylvania, more particularly those of Allegheny county, would be discharging a debt of gratitude, by recommending Mr. Forward for a station under the Administration of the next President.

I A SUBSCRIBER.

NEW COUNTY.

The citizens of Pittsburgh, Allegheny City and Allegheny County, opposed to the incorporation of any part of our County in the proposed New County to be called Monongahela, are earnestly requested to meet in the New Court House, on Saturday morning next, at 10 o'clock.

Prompt and energetic action is desired, that the dismemberment of the county may be prevented

FEBRUARY, 14, 1849.

Robinson & Mintz; Lyon, Shorb & Co; Church, Carothers & Co; Coleman, Hallman & Co; Caddy, Jones & Co; James Milligan; Burbridge, Wilson & Co; Rhey, Matthews & Co; Graff, Lindsay & Co; Wick & McCandless, Z Carter, J S Dilworth & Co, Kramer & Bahm, J Kidd & Co, Wm A Hill, Geo Kennedy, Henry Wolfe, W H Mackey, John Devereaux, Wm Bradford, H D King, James Park, Jr. & Co, Wm T Shannon, George Fortune, Geo B Phelps, R H Hartley, R & W Mackey, T J Jones, A H Harris, John Shipton, John A Sergeant, M'Cord & Co, M'Curdy & Loomis, O H Rippey, W O Leslie, R King, David D Bruce, Wm C Friend, C W Robb, Geo Avery, J & M'Curdy, Jas W Baxter, H Nixon, A T Ager, John T Jacob, Thomas Magill, Joseph Soutter, John Scott, W J Howard, Jr., Robert Hagie, David Wilson, Alex M Watson, John Coyle, Michael Dan Magehan, Alexander H Miller, N Buckmaster, Kay & Co, K P Smith, Alex Richardson, A Jaynes, Wm Marks, J B M'Vay, W S Courtney, Murphy, Wilson & Co, Whitmore & Wolf, Smith & Sinclair, D N White, Cooper & Lavely, J P Kauffman, Andrew White, John Kennedy, Geo W Kuhn, H J Rogers, John Forsyth, John Cartwright, Geo Breed, Thomas M'Kee, Joel Mohler, M'Candless & Campbell, Benjamin Glyde, Ira B Tebbetts, Richard M'Carthey, D Fitzsimmons & Sons, J A Fitzsimmons, Henry Lambert, John M'Millian, John Hall, R E Sellers, John Herron, Harmar Denny, Chas Rowan, Sam'l M'Kelvy, Jared M Brush, David Shute, Wm Forsyth, Jas Crisswell, Joseph Barker, Jacob Gebhart, Sr., James Logan, Jno Layton, Wm L Adams, David M'Clelland, Sam'l Walker, J A Ekin, Dan'l M'Curdy, Sam'l Palmer, J W Lewis, Wm Benson, James Gormley, W Perkins, N Holmes, Jr., Wm Woods.

RECEPTION OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

In pursuance of notice, the Committees of escort and reception, appointed on Wednesday night, Feb. 7th inst., at the meeting of the original friends of General Taylor, met at the office of Leonard S. Johns, and made the following appointments:—

STEAMBOAT COMMITTEE.

Captain R. Phillips, (at St. Charles,) H. Snyser, Jesse Carothers, Leonard S. Johns, Henry S. King, John A. Forsyth, H. Ormsby, James B. Irwin, and John A. Forgeus.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Colonel Wm. Croghan, Frederick Lorenz, John Caldwell, Hilary Brunot, William H. Denny, John H. Peebles, James Wood, Geo. A. Bayard.

It is earnestly requested, that gentlemen desirous of forming the escort of General Zachary Taylor, from Wheeling, will immediately report their names to the Steamboat Committee.

It is suggested, that the steamboat ZACHARY TAYLOR be employed for the purpose of conveying the Committee of Escort to Wheeling.

All disposed to go will be added to said Committee.

ATTENTION, FIREMEN!

In accordance with requests addressed to me, as President of the Firemens' Association of this city, from Committees appointed by two several meetings for said purpose, I beg leave to request the Firemen of this city and vicinity to join in the Procession proposed, in honor of the arrival of General TAYLOR, President elect of the United States, and in all suitable manner to contribute to the public demon