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## ANTIMASONIC AND WHIG TICKET.

SENATE,

WILLIAM HASLETT, of Butler County.

ASSEMBLY,

ROBT. C. WALKER, of Elizabeth Borough.
JOHN MILLER, of Sharpsburgh
CALEB LEE, of Pittsburgh.
WM. ESPY, of Lower St. Clair

SHERIFF,

CARTER CURTIS, of Pittsburgh

PROTHONOTARY,

GEO. S. HAYS, of Upper St. Clair.

TREASURER,

JOHN MORRISON, of Allegheny

COMMISSIONER,

JAS. MITCHELL, of Peebles.

CORONER,

WM. M. ARTHURS, of Pittsburgh.

AUDITOR,

JOHN BYERS of Findley.


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


Our readers will be amused, if not instructed, by the shrewd letter on Pennsylvania Politics, from Bedford Springs, to the Washington Republic. The writer has no slight knowledge of the politics of the Old Keystone, but we think he sets in supposing that Gov. Johnston will not be the next Whig candidate. We should regret that any thing should prevent his leading the Whig hosts at the next Gubernatorial contest.

While the Locofoco leaders are wrangling about the offices of the Commonwealth, at Bedford Springs, as if they had a sort of prescriptive right to their enjoyment; the Whig party looks calmly on, quietly hiding the time of conflict. They are not the less ready because they make little ado and noise. They have once, yea, *twice*, conquered the Locofocos of the Keystone in a fair fight, in a regularly pitched battle; and they are ready to buckle on their armor, and try it again. Whenever our standard bearer is named, the contest will commence in good earnest, and we pledge Old Allegheny county for her accustomed overwhelming Whig majority.

The Pittsburgh Gazette, a strong anti-radical Whig paper, says:

"Poor lawyer, was not one Postmaster General in office, since the formation of the government, who understood his duty perfectly and discharged it fearlessly, and without fear or favor, save one?

"This is a confession that comprises easily with the abuse heaped upon Mr. Kendal but a few years since. He and all the Democratic party received a larger amount of censure. They now acknowledge his honesty and capability. *Justice is better late than never, however.—Youngstown (Ohio) Republican.*

Set a lie a going among the Locofoco presses, and it will never stop. We took occasion, a week or more ago, to deny absolutely that the Pittsburgh Gazette ever used the language attributed to it, in the above paragraph, and yet here is an editor who receives our Daily regularly, reiterating the false statement. Will he make the necessary correction?

The Hon. Henry Clay and his Son arrived at Sandusky (O.) on Saturday last, and left that port for Buffalo (N. Y) on the same day. The *Lexington Observer* of the 21st ins. announces the departure of Mr. Clay, Junior, from home.

"Our fellow-citizen, James B. Clay, Esq., Charge d'Affaires to the Kingdom of Portugal, left this city, accompanied by his family, on Wednesday last. He will spend a few days in Louisville, thence he will proceed to Washington, and will leave the United States for Lisbon about the 1st of September."

The Washington Republic states that prompt measures have been taken by the Secretary of War to hold several companies in readiness to proceed at a moment's warning, to reinforce the troops now in Florida, should it appear that the conduct of the four Indians who murdered Mr. Parker, in settlement on Indian River, be at all countenanced by the small party of the Seminoles who still remain in Florida. There is no reason, it is added, to suppose, however, that this recent outrage of the few indicates either the feeling or purpose of the tribe.

The Washington Union call the Hon. Truman Smith, United States Senator from Connecticut, "the wooden nutmeg Senator." And yet the whole organ of the Administrator is continually praising of decency. There is no proper or other list of expenses which so habitually forgets the amenities of the press, in the bitter vindictiveness of its party tactics.—*Baltimore Sun.*

There is not a respectable or candid journal from the Aroostook to the Rio Grande, that, if disposed to speak the truth, could hesitate to echo the sentiment above expressed by the Sun.

Another Government Defaulter.—The Washington Republic, says:—

"It is now our painful duty to record the defalcation of Nathaniel Denby, late temporary navy agent of the United States at Marseilles, in France. He is a defaulter to the tune of $125,503 48, and it has been commenced against him for the amount."

The following very proper rules has been established at the Treasury Department. It will doubtless be attended with the best consequences.—

Treasury Department,
Second Auditor's Office, July 25, 1849.

Owing to the numerous applications and complaints of claimants that agents and attorneys have failed to pay over their dues when collected, this office has established a rule that no money will be paid upon a power of attorney if any agent or attorney who has been charged, under circumstances to warrant belief, with withholding money due to a claimant.

P. CLAYTON, Second Auditor.

Recovery of Madam Laborde.—The numerous admirers of that charming vocalist were doubtless much gratified by the news which we published on Saturday, of her recovery from her late severe attack of cholera at Montreal. A correspondent of the New York Herald makes the following mention of her case:

"Madame Laborde, the opera singer, was not expected to live on Saturday, having been given up by the physicians. She has since, however, most miraculously recovered, owing, it is said to a new discovery made by a French doctor at Quebec, and used by him with great success. It consists in giving the patient large doses of muriatic acid, in a tumbler of iron, which is in the collapsed state. So great was the effect of it on Madame Laborde, that two hours after it had been administered she was enabled to sit up."

*For the Pittsburgh Gazette.*

ECHO.

Oh Echo lives among the hills
A merry life hath she,
To every voice his horn he fills
And answers cheerily;
Oh Echo! who
Asked it of you
To show such spiteful glee?

The love lorn maiden by the rock
That overhangs the glen,
Sings—and her song in plaintive mock
Is told beyond her ken:
Oh Echo! who
Asked this of you—
To sing her song again?

The hunter on the mountain dear
Beneath the trysting horn,
Loud sounds his bugle wild and clear
Free in the cool green morn:
Oh Echo! who
Asked this of you—
To wind again the horn?

The school boy late at idle play
Comes wandering through the wood,
And best to cheer his lonely way
Pipes in the solitude;
Oh Echo! who
Asked this of you—
To whistle answer rude!

The boatman underneath the cliff
Shoves out his bark from shore,
The bounding billows bear his skiff
Fast as a bird might soar;
Oh Echo! who
Asked it of you
To ply the minstrel oar?

The owl that in his quiet brook
Slept all the sunny day,
Perched on the tree beside the hook,
Hoots on his doleful lay.
Oh Echo! who
Asked this of you—
To mock the owlet grey?

Oh Echo lives among the hills,
A merry life hath she,
To every voice he horns his bills;
And answers cheerily;
Oh Echo! who
Asked it of you—
To show such spiteful glee?

MARGARET COURTNEY.

## THE AUGUST ELECTIONS.

We are indebted to the New-York Tribune for the following brief and intelligible exhibit of the position of the canvass in the several States in which elections will be held. These elections are important as deciding the complexion of the next House of Representatives:—

North Carolina.—Election Thursday, August 9th—for Members of Congress and Clerks of Courts only. Candidates for Congress:

| Dist. | Whig. | Taylor's vote | Locofoco. | Cass's vote |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | *Thos L Clingman, | 6475 | (No candidate) | 2255 |
| 2 | Jos'h P Caldwell, | 5295 | do. do. | 2383 |
| 3 | Edmund Deberry, | 6517 | Green W. Caldwell | 479 |
| 4 | *Aug. H Shepperd, | 5391 | Thomas W. Keene | 2762 |
| 5 | Henry K. Nash, | 4298 | *Ab W Venable | 4350 |
| 6 | (No Whig Cand) | 3009 | *John R J Daniel | 5897 |
| | | | Wm. J Clarke, | |
| 7 | (No Whig Cand) | 3318 | William S Ashe | 6209 |
| | | | David Reid, Ind. | |
| 8 | Edward Stanly, | 4997 | Wm. K Lane | 3955 |
| 9 | *David Outlaw | 4034 | Thomas J Person | 4972 |

* Members of the last House.

It must be borne in mind that Gen. Taylor ran largely ahead of the Whig strength, so that the votes above given is not a reliable test. The 8th District is doubtful; perhaps the 9th also. We would like to add the 5th to the list.

Alabama.—The Election in this State takes place on the 6th. As yet, Henry W. Collier, (Loco) is the only candidate, Col. J. E Belser (Taylor) who was urged to run, having declined. Members of the Legislature and Tax Collectors are also to be chosen: the Legislature will have two U. S. Senators to choose. The candidates for Congress are—

| Dist. | Taylor's Whig cand. | Vote. | Loco Cand. | Cass Vote. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | William J Alston, | 5029 | Calvin C. Sellers | 3542 |
| 2 | *Henry W Hilliard | 7068 | (No Loco Cand) | 4329 |
| | James L Pugh, Ind | | | |
| 3 | John S Hunter | 4845 | *Samson W Harris | 1806 |
| 4 | Joseph D Baldwin | 4820 | Samuel W Inge | 5649 |
| 5 | William B Wood | 3027 | David Hubbard | 4165 |
| | | | R A O'Neal | |
| 6 | (No Whig Cand) | 1738 | *W R W Cobb | 5314 |
| | | | Jere Clemens, | |
| 7 | J F Bradford | 1521 | *F W Bowdon | 5792 |

The vote of the State last November was, for Taylor 30,352; Cass 31,366. Cass's majority 978. The average Locofoco majority is about 6,000—We trust Alston, Hilliard, and Baldwin will be elected: Hunter may be, but we think will not. It is idle to hope for any others.

Tennessee.—The rival candidates for Governor are Neil S Brown, the Whig incumbent, and Gen. William Trousdale, "the hero of Three Wars," who is expected to run into the Whig Indian fighters and Mexican Volunteers rather seriously. We do not think he can beat Gov. Brown, though he might have done it if he had kept entirely off the stump. A Legislature is to be chosen this year, but there is no U. S. Senator depending. The candidates for Congress, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, are:

| Dist. | W. Cand. | Taylor's Vote. | Loco Cand | Cass's Vote. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Nath'l G. Taylor | 1155 | *And Johnson | 5501 |
| | Dr Jos Powell (Loco) | | Brookins Campbell | |
| 2. | William M Cocke | 720 | (No Loco Cand.) | 5341 |
| | *Albert G Watkins | | | |
| 3 | Joash M Anderson | 7428 | Thos C Lyon | 5635 |
| 4 | John B Rodgers | 4354 | Samuel Turney | 5745 |
| | | | John H Savage | |
| 5 | | 2217 | Geo W Jones | 6350 |
| 6 | Frank Buchanan | 5006 | *Jas H Thomas | 5669 |
| 7 | *M P Gentry | 6623 | (No Loco Cand.) | |
| 8 | Wm Cullom | 6000 | Andw Ewing | 4569 |
| 9 | | 5013 | Isham G Harris | 5486 |
| 10 | John W Harris | 6221 | *Fred P Stanton | 6106 |
| 11 | C H Williams | 7242 | | 4228 |

Kentucky.—Here there is to be chosen, beside members of Congress and a Legislature, (but of the Senate excepted) Delegates to a Convention to revise the State Constitution. The constitutional canvass over ridge all others, and is evidently damaging the Whigs by arraying the ultra Slavery interest against them. The Whigs are divided with regard to Emancipation; the Loco Focos, with few and unobserved exceptions, 'goin' strong for Slavery—both its extension and its perpetuation. They are very likely to defeat Aylett Buckner's return to Congress, because he made a strong speech last winter, in support of the Wilmot Proviso principle, though he was ultimately dragooned into voting for the Walker amendment. The Locos are pressing Col. Marshall in the Louisville District because he won't declare against Emancipation, as their candidate (Lane) savagely does. They hoped to run their man in the VIth District in between two Whigs, on the sneaking dodge, as they did four years ago, but the Whig differences in this district have been adjusted by the withdrawal of Col. Addison White, thus leaving Judge Breck an clear field. The Whigs ought in justice to gain two members in Kentucky after allowing for contingencies, but we fear they will not—the final advices, are as follows:

| Dist. | W Cand | Taylor's V. | Loco Cand | Cass's V |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | John M Johnson | 3726 | *Linn Boyd | 4256 |
| 2 | J. L. Johnston | 4311 | No Loco cand | 4560 |
| | Francis Peyton, Ind | | | |
| 3 | Pinkney McLean | 6941 | Elijah Hise | 4304 |
| 4 | *Aylett Buckner, | 6261 | G. Alf Caldwell | 5305 |
| 5 | *J. R. Thompson | 6679 | | 5136 |
| 6 | Daniel Breck | 6584 | John P. Martin | 5193 |
| 7 | H. Marshall | 5225 | Jas. Newton Lane | 6130 |
| 8 | *C. S Morehead | 6763 | S. P. J Hunsaker | 4251 |
| 9 | J. P. Houston | 4901 | John G Mason | 4407 |
| 10. | *J. P. Gaines | 7311 | R. H. Stanton | 7312 |

Indiana.—The election here for Governor, Lieut. Governor, Members of Congress, a Legislature (except part of a Senate). There are three sets of tickets for Governor and Lieutenant, and as the vote for President stood—Taylor, 69,907; Van Buren, 8,100; Cass, 74,745—it is strongly probable that Joseph A. Wright, Loco, will be the next Governor. The Legislature is far more doubtful. The Congressional contests depend at this distance look so well as we could wish. We shall be glad to hear that it brightens by approximation. The rival candidates are—

| Dist. | Whig Taylor's Cand. | Vote. | Loco. Cand's | Vote |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | *Elisha Embree | 7423 | Nath'l Albertson | 7533 |
| 2 | W S M. Dunn | 7403 | Cyrus L. Dunham | 5353 |
| 3 | Joseph Robinson | 6122 | *Jno T. Robinson | 6269 |
| 4 | Sam'l W. Parker | 4868 | Geo. W. Julian | 5279 |
| 5 | M. Hanna | 5240 | W. J. Brown | 5711 |
| 6 | John S. Watts | 7202 | Will'm A Gorman | 6097 |
| 7 | E. W. McCauley | 2119 | C Nave, Ind | 5749 |
| 8 | Henry S Lane | 7014 | Jos. E. McDonald | 5271 |
| 9 | William N Wright | 2014 | Graham N. Fitch | 7461 |
| 10 | David Kilgore | 5122 | Andrew J Harlan | 4161 |

* Members of the last House.
† Free Soilers, but classified as above arranged.

Iowa.—The election (Aug. 6th) in this State is for a Board of Public Works only, Members of Congress having been chosen last year, (two Locos, but the seat of one contested by a Whig.) A Legislature is also to be chosen, but no U. S Senator is depending. The Locofoco party are taking taken Gen. Cass's ground respecting Slavery Extension, the Free Soilers incline to the Whig side which gives promise of a salutary change in the Political complexion of the State.

Texas.—The Congressional election in this ultra Loco State (Aug 6th) is warmly contested in the Western (1st) District, where the venerable Thomas Timothy Pillsbury, is opposed by Volney E Howard and Hugh McLeod. Cass' majority was 3,031. No opposition of consequence has yet been manifested against David S. Kaufman, the old member from the 1st District, and Cass had a majority of 2,106, there is no doubt of his re-election. Geo. T Wood (present incumbent) and P. H. Bell are the principal candidates for Governor. For Lieut. Gov. John A. Greer, Middleton T. Johnson and James W. Henderson have been proposed, who were at the latest dates canvassing the State. George W. Smyth is the leading candidate for Commissioner of the General Land Office. All the counties heard from last Fall in time to be canvassed gave Gen. Taylor 4,509 and Cass 10,665, showing a Locofoco majority of 6,519. The question of the election of Judges by popular vote will be submitted to the people at the August election.

Missouri.—The election here (Aug. 6 h.) is mainly interesting on account of Col. Benton.—There are no members of Congress to be chosen this year by the People, but the Legislature about to be elected will return or supercede the "Father of the Senate," and his fight with the Slavery Extensionists is manifestly a warm one. We think he will be re-elected unless the Extensionists should prefer a Whig U. S. Senator to him, which is not unlikely. The Senatorial struggle overrides every other.

Rhode Island.—An election is to be held, Aug 28th, in the 2d District to fill the vacancy caused by a failure to elect at the April State Election. The candidates then were Sylvester G. Sherman, Whig, and Benj. B. Thurston, Loco, (late member) of whom the latter received a few the most votes. The Whigs have at least 50 majority in the District, yet apathy and fends render the result doubtful.

The Whigs certainly *ought* to gain one member each in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama, though we do not expect them to carry all of Gen Taylor's vote in those States. They must expect to lose one in Indiana, and possibly another (necessarily) in North Carolina. With reasonable exertions in the States now about to choose Members, a Whig organization of the House may be placed beyond reasonable doubt.

The State Interest.—We learn with great gratification that John F. Shroder, Esq., the States Treasurer of Lancaster county, arrived in this city yesterday, bringing with him the large sum of seventy-nine thousand dollars, which, on his arrival of the State Treasurer, Mr. Ball, he will pay over as that County's quota of the State Tax.—When it is known that the whole amount to be paid by Lancaster county is $88,000, and that on the same assessment but $75,000 were collected last year, the present result reflects the highest credit upon the energy and ability of Mr. Shroder. A similar spirit exhibited in every county, would do away at once and forever with whatever lingering fear may yet remain, either abroad or at home, that the honor of the State will not be maintained.—*North Amer.*

Singular Prophecy.—Lorenzo Dow, of eccentric memory, was in possession of a German work on the Prophecies, which he valued highly and frequently made quotations from. Among other remarkable sayings of the author were these:

"I would not be a king in 1848."
"I would not be a grave digger in 1849."
"I would not be a soldier in 1850."
"I would not be either in 1851."

The work alluded to was written about 200 years ago. It certainly possesses an interest for the curious. How frail the tenure by which kings held their crowns in 1848! Who would like the office of a grave digger in 1849, unless he was solely mercenary? How more than presumable is it that the military men of the earth will contribute multitudes in 1850, to fill a wide and quiet grave! And we hope, at least, in 1851, for the fair harbinger when promise peace on earth and good will to men.—*Jour. of Com.*

☞ The words Allopathy and Homeopathy being now in very general use, a knowledge of their true pronunciation cannot but be interesting to the reader. This will be seen as follows—the accent begins on the italicised syllable; Al-*lop*-a-thy—Hom-*op*-

From the Republic.

## PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS.

Bedford Springs, July 27, 1849.

There is quite a stir just now in the politics of Pennsylvania, on the Locofoco side; and, judging from the number of aspirants for office and honors who are here, this seems to be the gathering point of the various interests. Gen. Cameron left a few days since; but Mr. Buchanan, whose friends newspapers chronicled about the same time, still holds on, nursing, it is believed, his political much more carefully than his physical health. With him are Col. Samuel W. Black, of Pittsburgh, a candidate for governor in expectancy, who won some distinction in the war with Mexico; Henry S. Magraw, also of Pittsburgh; Judge Knox, of the Westmoreland district, and Alfred Gilmore, the member elect to the 31st Congress from Armstrong district. Another candidate for gubernatorial honors, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, of Somerset, was here also a few days, testing the efficacy of these medicinal waters. Imprimis of them all, however, is the late Secretary of State, who looks forward, doubtless, to a higher position in the government. He is the ruling spirit of his party, and may perhaps, succeed in maturing the arrangements which he or his friends regard as necessary to secure him a Presidential nomination in 1852. His first play has been successful, as it is well understood that the nomination of John A. Gamble, of Lycoming county, as the Locofoco candidate for Canal Commissioner, was made for the benefit of "the House of Lancaster." There was a very strong opposition to him, and but for Mr. Buchanan's influence he would have been defeated. His election, if he can be elected at all, will give the Locofocos full swing with the patronage of the public works. This in times past has been to them an endless source of power, and of corruption too. Wielded by a man of Mr. Buchanan's strategy and adroitness, it cannot fail to place the younger and lesser men of his party completely at his mercy.

The Whigs will most probably nominate Henry M. Fuller, of Luzerne county, as their candidate, in opposition to Mr. Gamble. He is a man of fine genius; and, I should think of rare merit. He certainly is very popular among his own people, else he could never have obtained a seat in the Legislature, in the face of a uniform majority of nine hundred for the Locofocos in his county. He will, in the event of his nomination, canvass the whole State; and, if the friends of the Administration will unite heartiest, determined to maintain the proud position they occupy before the country, he will be elected. Mr. Buchanan, whose opinion in such matters, notwithstanding the manner in which he blundered about Pennsylvania a year ago, may be worth something, is of a very sanguine temperament, and predicts that Gamble's majority will outstrip twenty thousand.

Another move of the Ex Premier is to make William Bigler, of Clearfield county, the candidate for Governor. In this the elements of opposition are more powerful and more resolute than in the matter of canal commissioner. Then the "young Democracy" were not exactly aware of the ground into which they were to be entrapped, and fell of course an easy prey to the wily Old Hunkers. Now, they are wide awake, and disposed to make a bold, revengeful fight. Knowing this, and somewhat fearful withal of the result, Mr. Buchanan has stepped out in person into the contest. The work is too important, and the hazard too great, to leave all to his managers and wire pullers. Hence he labors at the ear himself as lustily as the stoutest of his boat's crew. His policy is to induce Judge Black, whom he looks upon as a most formidable rival of his candidacy, Mr. Bigler, to withdraw from the lists, and put himself in training as the successor of Mr. Sturgeon in the United States Senate in 1851. Judge Black you will remember as a strong competitor for the nomination against Morris Longstreth. The fact that he was pushed aside then, and the defeat of Longstreth by Governor Johnston, has increased his chances of success with another Locofoco Convention. If he can, therefore, be quieted now, and his friends, baited with the promise of a higher reward in prospective for their favorite, be brought into the support of Bigler, all serious opposition to his nomination by the Locofocos of the west, where Judge Black's strength is, will be effectually provided against.

So you see Mr. Buchanan knows what he is about, and where danger lies. His plans are as well laid, but their success is not yet cannot be relied on as a "fixed fact." Even if this proposed arrangement be effected, there is no guaranty that all will then go merry as a marriage bell.—The fierce, impetuous young Democracy of the State have their ambitious longings, and will not rise upward, as well as Mr. Buchanan. They will submit to no arrangement which is to keep them under; and if Mr. Buchanan gets Judge Black out of Bigler's way, he will find another of the same name, Col. Samuel W. Black, if I am not mistaken, ready to take up the cudgel in his corner. He is a man of talents of good address, and every way a born companion, whether at foray or frolic—And unless things take a singular turn, he will not be whistled down the wind, although quite a young man, as readily as his namesake has been, or is to be, with contingent promises of preferment. Again, it is doubtful where Gen. Cameron, by no means powerless as yet, will take his stand. He must be saved from obscurity, and does not mean to be shoved from the platform on Tuesday. To perfect his plans, Mr. Buchanan will be compelled, before he gets through, to attach him in some way to his fortunes. And, however it may be, the ex-Senator, who is as cunning, and plots and counterplots as nimbly as the ex-Secretary, will get the better in bargain. Even now, it is rumored, he is ready for mischief and rebellion, if it will take something substantial, then, something Mr. Buchanan can neither give nor promise, to bring General Cameron into useful subordination.

The Whig candidate, if Gov. Johnston should, as some suppose, decline a renomination, will likely be the Hon. James Pollock, so long and favorably known as the representative of the Northumberland district in Congress. He is a strong man in his section of the State, and would run as well, perhaps, as the best. Whether he be nominated or not, the candidate should—and he may with union and harmony of action—be triumphantly elected in that event, even if his own party have not manliness and vigor enough to cast out the *stocked pack* which the managers desire them to play with, Mr. Buchanan will have his game beaten by the people.

Since writing the above, two other prominent exhorters of the Locofoco school have arrived.—Really, these springs must have a wonderful soothing effect upon the system of these political strikers. The last brace consists of A. J. Commerce, Esq. of Philadelphia, and Gen. J. K. Morehead, of Pittsburgh; one the eastern and the other the western representative of the once omnipotent but now shattered Porter dynasty. They were original supporters of Gen. Cass, in opposition to the favorite son of the old Keystone State. The course they will now pursue is not precisely known, but it is shrewdly suspected that they are still in the interest of the "hero at Hull's surrender." Hence we may account in some measure for their presence here. They are not hardened sinners, to be shut out entirely from grace and forgiveness, and it may be that they are somewhat willing, Dugald Dalgetty like, to enlist wherever the provaunt seems richest and most abundant. It were not singular in this view of the case, if Mr. Buchanan should, accidentally of course, hear of these projects, none of your regular dists though, for his mesmeric experiments.

I have already covered so much space, that I cannot say much about the springs as a resort for comfort and health. There are at present some 250 visitors, who have to rough it some, notwithstanding the desire of the proprietor to minister to every one's wants, and render all satisfied and contented. Col. W. W. Dix, for several years the industrious and gentlemanly proprietor of an admirably kept house, the Fountain Inn, Baltimore, is the head manager, and is most assiduous in his efforts to please.

MARYLANDER.

## Things in California—Not so Glowing a Picture.

The *Newark Advertiser* publishes a letter from Seth Bryden who went with a party from that place. According to Mr. B. gold digging is not always so profitable a business as it has been supposed. We copy the best of the letter:

Cosumna, Saw Mill Valley, California, April—

"We reached the valley of Sutter's Mill at 9 o'clock, A. M. April 15. Put up our tent, packed away our baggage, and ate at 4 o'clock went to the diggings below the saw mill with our wash pans and washed out a few grains of the gold.—On Monday, the 16th, we went to the diggings, gathered all the information we could from the people we found at work there, and washed out 3 or 3½ dollars worth of gold. On Tuesday, I put the washer together while the others went to dig and prepare the dirt to wash. In the afternoon we washed out $10 worth, or the weight of an eagle. Wednesday 17th, Mr. Davenport stayed at the tent while the other five washed all day, and obtained $27,50. Thursday 18th, all hands together washed out $32,50. Friday 19th, obtained $61 worth of gold, and on Saturday 20th, $2,50 worth, having struck a good patch of alluvial dirt, which we had to carry about 90 yards to the water.

On Monday, 22d, collected $67; Tuesday, 23d $63,50; Wednesday, $65,50; Thursday, $56; Friday, $63,50; Saturday, $50. On Sunday we stayed at the tent; washed up and made a dividend of five ounces of gold to each person, leaving six pennyweights in the treasury. This is not up to what it was represented, being not over $8 per day, and our expenses are enormous. It seems strange, that after all that has been said with regard to this country, no correct idea of it has been conveyed.

"When a person arrives at San Francisco the journey is not half performed—the labor, fatigue and privation then commences. A person may go on from San Francisco on the deck of a small vessel, and ride across the prairies in an ox wagon, but no person would risk riding up and down the mountains to Columa, (Sutter's Saw Mill,) thence fifteen miles to the Spanish bar on the middle branch of the American fork, the nearest mine that yield sufficient to pay for working. A good horse will carry about 100 lbs. across the mountains, at an expense of about fifty cents per pound; from that a person must take his blanket, tools and victuals on his own back and climb his way wherever he goes.

"You may wonder why we have stayed here so long. The reason is, that the weather is so high that the miners do not work and it will exceed six weeks longer on account of snow melting on the mountains. The river here is high, and it has risen some three feet since we began to work, driving us from the best diggings. This river is about seventy five yards wide, and from five to ten yards deep on a descent from two to three or four feet in one hundred, and runs like a train of cars over the rocks, making ten times the noise.

"A person commencing to dig, selects his place, clears away a bed of rock and gravel of all sizes, and of all depths, from one to six feet, till he comes to a bed of yellowish alluvial sand, a few inches thick, and sometimes a foot of this contains the gold in greater or less quantities. This is carried to the river and washed, yielding a few pieces, such as I send, in a shovel or pan full. If we strike on the lee side of a rock, or pocket in the rocks, we make a good day's work; but if you strike a place that had no shelter, when the gold and yellow sand was washed down, we get nothing.

"This is the character of all the mines, as far as I can learn; in the ravine or rivers, and that the gold is universally spread over the country, is acknowledged by all miners, many of whom have made large sums by good luck, saying nothing of hundreds that have not made their expenses. I have seen many returning poor. An Irishman returning from the mines to San Francisco, said he got only $19. I asked him the reason, and he said he could not find a good place. One other man said he never made less than $20 per day, having obtained in all $30 000.

Below the mill where the gold was first discovered, there is a bend in the river, which has worn away to the foot of the mountain, some 150 yards from its original bed, which is the place in which we dig for gold. It appears to me that some thousands of years ago some heavy flood brought down the alluvial soil and gold from the mountains. Then other floods have brought rocks of all sizes, from half a ton weight to gravel, and covering and mixing it with timber, &c. Removing this to find gold, and washing it out, is the heaviest work a man can do. I learn from the miners not one in one hundred would have come, if they had seen as much as I have, and three out of four that have come, would not work at it if the mines were in Bergen. I think we shall go to the middle branch of the American Fork, instead of the north branch, though it is of no use to go there until the water falls.

## California Electioneering, Gold, and Gambling.

The Evening Post has a letter from a person who came down to Panama in the last steamer from San Francisco, from which we make an extract:—

The steamer stopped on her way down at Monterey, St. Diego, Mazatlan and St. Blas. Colonel Fremont and his family came as passengers to Monterey. The Colonel is spoken of as a probable candidate for the Governorship of the State in *future* of California, and report says that he is now on an electioneering tour. At St. Blas, the steamer took in coal and provisions, and was in consequence detained there a couple of days. In this latter place there were some 150 persons from the United States, who had come across Mexico, and were awaiting the steamer for San Francisco. Among them there was some thing of a notability of the name of Green, with the title of General; there was some discussion as to whether this was the well known Duff Green, but it was finally ascertained that it was a military hero of Texas celebrity, and not the pre-eminent Duff.

Among the passengers there are six disappointed gold seekers; a highly distinguished and well satisfied gambler, who shows ostentatiously some thirty thousand dollars worth of gold dust, the result of three months' financiering, in faro and monte, at the Parker Hotel, in San Francisco; several captains and supercargoes, who had the good luck to arrive in California at the tide of times, and can boast of their successful ventures, and their 300 per cent. profit in lumber, brandies, pickles, and what not. There are some miners too, who have their well earned savings in bags of gold dust, varying from a thousand to five thousand dollars. There are probably a hundred thousand dollars, or more, worth of gold dust, distributed among the various passengers, of which the ship has no note, and which would make the probable amount of the gold dust brought by the Panama, half a million; of this, it is ascertained that sixty thousand dollars are destined for Lima, and some doubtless for England.

There are six men who reached St. Blas in the Edelina, from Panama, who are working their passage in the steamer, in various capacities—as sailors, coal heavers, cooks' aids in the galley, and waiters. These men, after fifty five days of severe sickness and suffering, on the Isthmus, for the passage in a vessel thronged like a slave ship, and scorched by the burning heat of the tropics during long calms, arrived at St. Blas, and thence have shipped themselves to perform the hardest and most menial duties on board the steamer until her return to St. Francisco—all this without a shilling of wages, in order to reach the land of promise.

When the Panama left San Deigo, June 23, the Mexican Commissioners for the Boundary Survey had not yet arrived.

## A Journey from Liege to Aix la Chapelle,

IN A DILIGENCE BELONGING TO THE PRUSSIAN MESSAGERIES.

I arrived at the conch office just as they were putting their horses to, procured my ticket, and was putting it in my pocket, when a by stander gave it significantly said, "You had better read it, sir." I took his advice. These tickets, for the convenience of travellers were printed in German and French. I found I was to occupy the fourth seat in the vehicle, and was strictly forbidden to change places with my fellow travellers, even if such an arrangement should be agreeable to all parties. This despotic military discipline was a sufficient indication of our nearing the territories of his Prussian majesty, Frederick William. However, when once snugly ensconced in my corner, the tyrannicalness of his majesty gave me but little concern; I fell fast asleep, and enjoyed as sound a nap as could fall to the lot of any man in a state of perfect liberty.

It was about three o'clock in the morning—I got to our only breakfast—when I awoke; the rocking of the carriage—so soothing to the drowsy—had ceased, and my slumbers were broken. At first I anticipated some evil—the loss of a wheel, a horse fallen down, or some unfortunate accident. I advanced my head to the carriage window; all was serene, we were, alone brought to a stand on one of the most beautiful roads I ever saw. I took my ticket from my pocket, to see if I could gain information as to this rather unusual method of travelling. Not a word; but as there was no prohibition to my holding conversation during a journey, why, I turned to my neighbor, and asked him if we had been thus stationary, for any length of time.

"About twenty minutes," was the reply.

"Twenty minutes" I exclaimed. "Pray, sir, may I, without indiscretion, ask what we are doing here?"

"We are waiting."

"On! we are waiting. And pray what are we waiting for."

"The hour."

"What hour?"

"The hour when, by right, we enter the town."

"Is there, then, a fixed hour?"

"Every thing is fixed in Prussia."

"But supposing we happened to arrive before the hour?"

"The conductor would be punished."

"And if after!"

"Punished the same."

"That's well looked to at any rate," was my observation.

"Every thing is well looked to in Prussia," responded my neighbor.

I bowed my head in assent. Not for worlds would I have differed from a gentleman who was so thoroughly impressed with the superiority of the laws and ordinances of his country; independent of which, he had been too complaisant in answering my many questions to admit of my wounding his feeling of *amour propre*. I saw that my silent acquiescence to his opinion had gratified him; so I ventured to resume the conversation by inquiring the precise hour at which alone we had the privilege of entering Aix la Chapelle.

"Thirty five minutes past four in the morning."

"But if the watches and clocks don't agree?"

"Watches and clocks always agree in Prussia."

There must be some thing more than meets the eye, thought I, in this said kingdom of Prussia, when even time seems regulated by dictatorial edict. Really puzzled, I begged an explanation.

"The conductors" continued my companion, "have some piece placed before them in the cabriolet, which is secured by a padlock, to prevent all touching of the works to suit their convenience. These are regulated by the clocks of the messageries, and by them the moment of arrival in each town and village is ascertained, to our final *entree* at Aix la Chapelle."

"With all these precautions, how happens it," I continued, "that we are obliged to be waiting here on this bowling green of a road?"

"I suppose the conductor, like yourself, sir, fell asleep, and during the time the postillions pushed on at too great a speed, and now they have to pay for time *overspent*."

"Oh! if that's the case, I will profit by the hint, get out of the carriage, and look about me a little."

"You cannot get out of a diligence in Prussia till the end of your journey."

I was nearly tempted to utter a deep and bitter imprecation against Prussia and all who belonged to it. I, however, suppressed my anger, and begged to know what were those ruins I saw at a little distance.

"Is the castle of Emmshugh."

"And what is the castle of Emmshugh!"

"It was there that the adventure of Eginhard and Emma took place."

"Indeed! Do, pray, have the kindness to change places with me for a few minutes, so that, at least, I may see it from the window."

"With great pleasure would I comply with your request, but we are forbidden to change places in a public carriage in Prussia."

"Confound Prussia!" I exclaimed, my patience completely worn out. I instantly recollected myself and apologized for my indiscretion.

"Oh! does French men always chatter, chatter—dere tongue neber still," growled forth a fat German, without unclosing his eyes; and these were the first words he had uttered since we started.

"What is that you say, sir?" I asked, not half pleased at his observation.

"I did say—Oh! *noting, noting.*"

"You had much better go to sleep again, sir," I said to him, "and if it is your habit to dream aloud, I recommend its being in your mother tongue."

The German began to snore.

"Postillions! vorwarts—vorwarts" cried the conductor.

Crack went the whips, at full gallop the horses. I tried to catch a peep at the poetical ruins, but a sudden turn of the road cut off all view.

At thirty five minutes past four, to a second, we drove into the court of the messageries at Aix-la-Chapelle.

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