THE PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED BY WHITE & CO

PITTSBURGH.

TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1850.

DEMOCRATIC WHIG STATE TICKET

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER.
JOSHUA DUNGAN,
Of Bucks County.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL.
HENRY W. SNYDER,
Of Union County.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL.
JOSEPH HENDERSON,
Of Washington County.

Antimasonic and Whig Nominations for Allegheny County.

FOR THIRTY SECOND CONGRESS,
THOMAS M. HOWE,
OF ALLEGHENY.

FOR SECOND SENION, THIRTY FIRST CONGRESS,
HARMAR DENNY,
OF PITTSBURGH.

FOR SENATE,
JAMES CAROTHERS,
OF WILKINS.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
MORGAN ROBERTSON, Pittsburgh.
T. J. BIGHAM, Lower St Clair.
R. C. WALKER, Elizabeth
JOHN MCLUSKEY, Robinson.
JAMES FIFFE, Sewickle.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY,
FRANCIS C. FLANEGIN, Pittsburgh.

COMMISSIONER,
EBENEZER BOYLES, North Fayette.

AUDITOR,
WM. FLYNN, Lower St. Clair.

COUNTY SURVEYOR,
D. N. COURTNEY, Ohio.

☞ SEE NEXT PAGE FOR LOCAL MATTERS TELEGRAPH NEWS &c

ILLNESS OF THE PRESIDENT.—Yesterday morning we were pained by the reception of the following telegraphic despatch, from a reliable source. in Washington, to wit:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Monday Morn., July 8, 1850.

"The President is quite ill with Cholera Morbus. He left camp from his bedside, to my house direct, at 5 A. M."

We may have further intelligence before our paper closes. If not we shall infer that the President is better, and not in any danger. The loss of his life at this crisis would be a calamity of so fearful a character that we cannot contemplate it without trembling. His position and character enabled him to do more towards allaying excitement, and preventing outbreaks on the slavery question, than his successor, able moderate, and upright as he is, would probably be able to do.

P. S.—Since the above was written, we have received later, and very important private despatches, for which our readers will refer to the appropriate column. It will be seen that the President is very ill, and, we fear, in considerable danger.

Our numerous country readers, as well as others who take an interest in the improvement of agriculture, the most important pursuit of man, will take pleasure in reading the address of Judge Lowrie, before the Agricultural Society of Elizabeth, which we are enabled to lay before our readers this morning.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—The Washington Reporter says that a company of enterprising "down easters" have purchased *three hundred and fifty thousand acres of timber land*, on the Kanawha, which it is their intention to settle with New Englanders. The land cost them fifty cents per acre; it is well timbered—much of which is valuable.—The company intend, immediately improving the river by slackwater,—making it navigable as far up as the lands extend, which will open a safe and cheap channel of communication to the Ohio.—Saw mills will be at once erected, and such of the timber as is suitable for lumber will be brought into market, and the refuse cut up into cord wood for the Cincinnati and other markets. Some forty hale and hearty *live Yankees*, whose experience in the lumber business, and all that pertains to it, has been acquired in one of the greatest lumber regions of the Union, have already gone to the settlement. If the Yankees get a permanent foothold in Western Virginia, they will make it one of the finest portions of the Union, and will, in time, revolutionize the "Old Dominion."

Texas and New Mexico.

The proper and harmless remark of the National Intelligencer, which we copied yesterday, that it won d be the duty of the detachment of the army in Santa Fe, to defend it against an armed force from Texas, has aroused the ire of one of the chivalry, a member of Congress from Georgia, to a fitch of desperation quite dangerous! In a letter to the editor of that paper, he says:

"From this it seems that you hold it to be the duty" of the "army" of the United States now stationed at Santa Fe to defend, without authority of law, the military occupation of that portion of New Mexico, lying this side of the Rio Grande against any attempt of Texas to maintain her claim by extending her jurisdiction over it.

Your right to entertain such an opinion, it is not my object to question. But I wish to say to you, lest you may be unaware in the opinions expressed, that the first *Federal Gun* that shall be fired against the people of Texas, without the authority of law, will be the signal for the freemen from the Delaware to the Rio Grande to rally to the rescue. Whatever differences of opinion may exist in the public mind touching the proper boundary of Texas, nothing can be clearer than that it is not a question to be decided by the *army*. Be not deceived, and force you into the ranks of "*inter arma leges silent*." When the "Bulwarks" is assed, the data of this Republic will be numbered.

You may consider "the gallant State of Texas" too weak for a contest with the army of the United States. But you shou'd recollect that the sons of Texas, in such a conflict, will be the cause of the entire South. And, whether you consider Santa Fe in danger or not, you may yet live to see that fifteen States of the Union, with seven millions of people, "who, knowing their rights, dare maintain them," cannot be *easily* conquered!

"*Sepiimbus serbum est*."

Yours, most respectfully,
ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS."

One would suppose, to read these blood and fury missives, that the Southern hotspurs think nobody lives North of the Mason'and Dixon's line, or if there are people, then they do not know that they have any rights, or are too tame to defend them. We can tell the Hon. Mr. Stephens, however, that such words as are couched in his letter, are received in the free States with good humored contempt. We are a quiet, orderly, law abiding people, and desire the question of Texas boundary to be settled peacefully by the constituted authorities, but we do not believe that Texas ever had a shadow of title to Santa Fe, and do not intend to let her take possession by force, even if she is so disposed, of which we have some doubts.

THE BURNING OF THE GRIFFITH.—We give another letter containing an account of individual experience and suffering on board of the ill fated Griffith. What a tale of horror does it unfold, and how loudly does it call upon the authorities of the country to pass some more stringent laws, for the preservation of human life. The frequency and horrifying character of disasters on our lakes and rivers, are a disgrace to the country; and betray a recklessness of human life, and a callousness to human suffering not very creditable to our civilization, or our benevolent and religious feelings. If Congress can ever do any thing except make dry speeches about slavery, we hope it will take some decided action for the protection of passengers on our public conveyances.

THOMAS M. HOWE, ESQ.—The New Orleans Picayune, notices the nomination of Mr. Howe, as a candidate for Congress, in the following manner:

"We are pleased to notice by the Pittsburgh papers of the 5th inst., that the Whigs of Allegheny County have nominated, by acclamation, Thos. M. Howe, Esq., a candidate for the Thirty Second Congress. Our personal knowledge of Mr. Howe is of ancient date, and we can safely predict that if he is elected there will not be a more popular gentlemen or a better working member in that Congress."

CROPS IN OHIO.—The Editor of the Columbus, Ohio, Cultivator, has lately been travelling through that State. He says he found the Wheat crops every where more promising than was expected, the late very favorable weather having caused it to fill up and mature healthily, so that the grain is very plump and fine, and the yield is likely to be full an average one, notwithstanding the lightness of straw occasioned by the drouth. In Stark and Wayne, the two greatest wheat counties of that State, the crop is very large and fine, and being almost ripe, the appearance of the country is extremely beautiful. The effects are also quite visible in the countenances of the farmers and merchants.

Hay will be light, but better than was expected, at one time. Oats have suffered from the drouth, but will by no means be a failure. Corn is pushing forward rapidly, and the prospect is fine. Potatoes will be a full crop. Apples will be a fair crop Peaches, Pears, and Plums plenty. Plums are ruined as usual by the Curcutio.

CHINA.—It is said that various attempts have been made on the life of the young Emperor of China by the late Emperor's brother. The mourning of the late Emperor is to last 110 days.

The number of interments at St. Louis, for the week ending on Monday last week, were 106, of which 67 were of cholera. The report, (remarks the St. Louis Intelligencer,) a sensible increase this week of the mortality, by cholera and other diseases, over that of the past week.

CHOLERA ON THE PLAINS.—The Glasgow, (Mo.) Banner has a letter dated on the 6th of June, eighteen miles beyond Fort Kearney, which represents that the cholera had broken out among the emigrants and was making terrible ravages. In the short distance between Fort Kearney and the place where the letter was dated, he passed many companies encamped, to take care of the sick. The letter was brought to St. Joseph by an emigrant whose company of four persons had died.

BUTLER PLANK ROAD.—The Butler Herald says that the spirit manifested in that place, on the opening of the Books for the subscriptions of stock to the Butler and Allegheny Plank Road, insures its construction. We trust their flattering prospect may be realized. It will benefit Butler county, and be of great utility to Pittsburgh.

HUNT'S MAGAZINE—The July number of this most excellent periodical has just come to hand, and as usual, brings with it a rich store of interesting commercial statistical information.

Mr. Hunt, deserves much credit for having, through his untiring zeal and enterprise, brought his work to that degree of eminence, which richly entitles it to a place upon the table of every merchant.

ADDRESS

Of JUDGE LOWRIE, before the Elizabeth Agricultural Society.

ON THE 4TH OF JULY, 1850.

ELIZABETH, Friday, July 5th, 1850.

HON. WALTER H. LOWRIE,

DEAR SIR—The undersigned, a Committee on behalf of the Elizabeth Agricultural Society, beg leave to express to you their sincere thanks, for the very interesting and valuable address delivered by you at Elizabeth, on the Fourth of July; and also request a copy for publication.

Very respectfully, your ob't servants,
ROBT. C. WALKER,
JOHN E. SHAFFER,
ISAAC WILSON.

PITTSBURGH, July 8, 1850.

Gentlemen—Though I have some fear that your Society have generous'y over estimated the merits of my late Address, yet I cannot resist the desire to have it published. I trust that its value, as an address that is to be read, will not be diminished by the fact, that I have omitted some of those more obvious reflections and amplifications, which are usually expected in one that is spoken, and which were included in the address as it was delivered.

I am, very respectfully, yours, &c.,
WALTER H. LOWRIE.

To Mr. Robert C. Walker, and others, Committee.

ADDRESS.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I have been invited to give you an Agricultural Address; and from so large a subject, I have felt great embarrassment in choosing a special theme, on which we may profitably spend a half hour in contemplation. I have, however, concluded that it is best not to attempt, on the present occasion, any second hand scientific discussion of any particular point of this great subject; but to present you such considerations as may tend to induce you, as moral, religious, and intelligent men, to place a high value on your occupation, as a means of your own improvement. I hope that this will be acceptable to you; and if I should fall into a didactic style, I trust you will indulge me.

The earth spontaneously produces all that is necessary for the support of the irrational creatures that inhabit its different regions. For their benefit it needs no cultivation, and they can give it none Not so with man. The earth does not present him its unsought favors. And the further he advances in the cultivation of his intellectual nature, the less suited to his physical, as well as his spiritual cravings, is the natural, uncultivated earth, on which God has placed him.

It is of the nature of man that he should till the ground", and it is not a *mere* "curse", that it is doomed to eat his bread "in the sweat of his face." It is of the nature of the earth, that it demands culture in order to the yielding of its richest fruits. The body of man requires the genial influence of temperate labor, in order to its full development, and the mind of man needs to feel the unadaptedness of things, in their uncultivated state, in order to stir him up to those mental and physical exertions which are the means of his advancement.

To irrational and unimproving creatures, the natural uncultivated earth is exactly adapted—to rational and improving man, its unadaptedness is a lost advantage. And this unadaptedness will always continue; for, with all our inventions and discoveries, we shall never reach that degree of perfection in external things, which will satisfy the ever increasing demands of increasing intelligence.

How it is adapted to the nature of man would a *perfect* earth have been—perfect, in the sense of unimprovable by man. He would have been a *fixture* and a *vassal*, surrounded by all the glories of heaven and earth. No gardens of Hesperides so enchanting, as the perfect garden which the God of nature could create. No music so sweet and so varied, as the warblings of nature's songsters there. No cultivated fruit so delicious, as that which perfected nature yields.

But what would be the use of all this heavenly order? What could man do with these comforts in his present nature? The very glory of that which he would be surrounded would be a cause of his own decay. The very perfection of things around him would hide from him the God that made him, and their unadaptedness to his mental nature would lead him to believe that they were not for him; if, indeed, under such circumstances, he would ever reason at all.

But such are not God's adaptations. The divinity of human nature is its eternal improbability. We degrade this divinity when we cease to improve, and, as a consequence, we lose the glory of heaven, sometimes even while the candle of physical life burns strongly, our poor, sickly, sinking taper of intellect has ceased to give its light, dying away in doting idiotcy.

God's adaptations call for other results. They invite to constant progress. They give us many wants, and thus call out our intellect and energies, that we may supply them. They set difficulties all along our path, that we may acquire manliness and vigor in removing them; and how many of us are stopped by them. Narrow, contracted, difficult, is the way that leads to life, even the highest earthly life, and few there be that walk therein.

God's adaptations call us ever onward and upward. Progress is the duty of man; decay the penalty of its neglect. All man's noble interests urge him onward. And following out these calls of nature, not with a low and unhallowed ambition, but with an honest and sacred desire to fulfil his true destiny, man will discover another blessed and holier adaptation in the fact that here, among these material things, he is never satisfied; and that there must be a higher, and holier, and happier state beyond our present vision, where the progress of humanity will have unbounded scope, and unending activity.

Thus we see how, in whatever state we are, therewith to be content—content, not subjective-ly, but objectively—content with whatever material comforts follow our exertion—content that we have all of these that we deserve to have as yet, or all that yet are good for us—content, because it is *improvement*, rather than *possessions*, that we seek. And therefore *never* content with our present knowledge or our present virtues; but forgetting the things that are behind, we will press forward to those that are before, pressing onward for the prize of a still higher calling.

Time, these are thoughts that have no special application to agricultural pursuits, because we may follow any occupation in such a way, and with such a spirit as to prove the *glorious* adaptation of Heaven's laws, to produce the moral and intellectual elevation of our nature, and to justify the ways of God to man. But I think this is eminently true of the labors of Agriculture; I know of no kind of labor which has a more marked and obvious tendency to enlarge and liberalize, and elevate the mind.

Let me not be misunderstood. I mean no misplaced compliment to those who constitute my audience. I mean, that to me it seems that there is no occupation in which God is so fully revealed in all the sublimity of his works, and which so largely invites the mind of man to the contemplation of God's infinite wisdom. I know of none which invites to higher scientific attainments, and higher practical skill—none that calls for more varied learning or more enlightened forecast—none that is more liberal in its substantial rewards and encourages less age—none that better developes that magnificent symmetry of the human form, and that well balanced character, which constitute the true dignity of man.

Whence then arises the common impression that a country life is too unattractive, and has too little excitement for our ambitious and enterprising young men? I do not mean here to find fault with those young men whose taste lead them to prefer certain pursuits which can be best attended to, or best learned, by going to our cities.

I had rather, on a proper occasion, caution them against the untried temptations to which they are sure to be subject, and teach them how they may grow in more power, and in true manliness by resisting the seductions to vice and folly, and keeping themselves pure amidst the corruption which rears in secret around them.

If indeed, they are to reach those high positions to which they aspire, they must do it by means of those very virtues that will enable them to subdue all misleading temptations. They must have manliness and vigor in removing them; and how many of us are stopped by them. Narrow, contracted, difficult, is the way that leads to life, even the highest earthly life, and few there be that walk therein.

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Whence then arises the common impression that a country life is too unattractive, and has too little excitement for our ambitious and enterprising young men? Yes, verily, we have them from the most ordinary sensual pleasures, to the highest degree of intellectual and moral delights. It is our real *blessing*, if the seductions to sensual pleasures are not so abundant, or so glorious, in the country as they are in the city. It is our *fault*, if we do not find occasion, in the midst of our country scenes, and country occupations, to gratify the highest intellectual and moral states of man.

If you desire to be intelligent and enlightened farmers, the pleasures and profits of business invite you to be so. If you desire to occupy a high position in society, the treasures of wisdom are as free to you as to any other class of society. If you admire the elegant refinements of social life, animate and inanimate nature presents their sweet attractions, and invite you to mould them to your improving taste.

Though you are not merchants in the sense that merchants are, yet, your principle business yet as farmers you are interested in commerce, inasmuch as you have or may have a surplus of produce for which you need a market. You are therefore invited to study enough of for ca i, and of the laws of commerce to know what articles you can most profitably raise, and at what seasons you should send them to market. And in doing this you will acquire, as necessary to it, an immense amount of information, which will add to your respectability and usefulness.

As farmers you are interested in the government and legislation of the country, so far as to see that civil regulations shall not interfere with the free exercise of your business, and that they do not throw an unequal share of the public burdens on you And with all other classes of the community you are interested to see that the government is properly and economically administered. Thus you are called upon to give attention to the science of politics and government, one of the noblest of all sciences when studied, not with a one sided party spirit, but with an honest view of ascertaining what is right.

These studies lead you into some parts of our national history, and open the way to a scientific study of the whole philosophy or history. Here we learn from these perience of past ages, of individual as well as of national duty, and can see the philosophy of moral nature, by which the vices of parents and rulers are transmitted to children and people, by which the industry and virtues of a people, elevate and bless succeeding generations.

The very nature of the earth is, its part of the country, with its ever varying surface, invites you deep into the surface of the land, and giving such variety of hill and dale, of abrupt precipices, and gentle slopes, fits outcompels you to some study of geology. These scientific studies lead you, of themselves along your hills, are the leaves of the book of nature's history, written in a language not easily read, it is true, but from which have already been elucidated some of the most astonishing developments as to how the God of nature works in creating a *world*, and in preparing it for the habitation of rational creatures.

"The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handywork," and invite you to admire and understand them. How is it that the sun seems to be ever changing his relative position towards the earth? How are we enabled for the still greater changes in the appearance of the moon, in its phases as well as its positions? How is it that the stars which sparkle in the heavens of winter are not the same as those which ornament our summer nights? What are those bright wandering stars which move about so brilliantly among the fixed lights? Science has explained what are the laws that govern their apparently erratic, but really well regulated courses? Whence arise the changes of the seasons, and what, in the order of Providence, is their purpose? Why are our long and short days, and how are they adapted to man's welfare, and man to them? Astronomy offers to answer these questions for you.

And who are more strongly urged than you to the study of the works of God, in animated nature, exhibited so abundantly around you. How splendid and how wonderful is the variety of the vegetable creation. How exquisite and magnificent the skill of the Almighty and All-wise creator who formed them all. How wonderful is the kind are the laws by which he allows man to adapt to his purposes all those that may be useful to him, and thus to compel the dominion over the beasts of the field and fowls of the air.

How wise the law of nature, by which the uniform character of the untamed animal assumes, under human culture, all the varieties of color, shape, size, and strength which we see in the domesticated animal, adapted to the various tastes and uses of man How beautiful the variety, and how interesting the habits of the birds that are around us. Even the great that lights upon our hand, invites us to study how so small a thing can do so much harm. We may wonder at the glories of the firmament, especially as they are brought veiled to us by the telescope; but our wonder rises to amazement when we behold the teeming vitality, and the infinitely minute creative skill exposed to our view by the microscope

Who more interested than you are in the science of meteorology, and who has higher inducements to give attention to it? Who more dependent on its be found among farmers a large amount of information, and a great number of detached rules, the result of correct induction, which, collected and arranged with judgment and skill, would make a valuable scientific work. But still, with all this, the science of the weather, the winds and rains, the dews and fogs, the hail and snow, the thunder and lightning, the sudden alternations of heat and cold, the uses of the barometer, hygrometer, and thermometer, this science is so undeveloped yet in its degrees, this science of meteorology in all its departments is in comparatively an infant state. It can be cultivated by the humblest intellect, in any country, who has the genius, the nerve, and the perseverance to enter, and take them Ambition? yes! for what is the honor of a high official, even imperial station compared with the honor of being transmitted to posterity as the founder of any material science, or even as a leader in its development? Franklin's fame arises more from his scientific skill than from any official honors conferred upon him, though so well deserved.

Now I would commend this study especially to study honors. True, without this you can see the kindness of Heaven in providing for the wants of man, and admire the magnificence of nature as displayed in our forest trees, and be astonished at the beautiful mechanism of the unpolished gem, yet how much higher is that intelligence that can understand the laws of internal structure and organization of vegetable creation, and has learned the laws of nature which enable man to the improvement of the quality, of trees and plants, and adapt them to the use of man.

The apples and pears and plumbs, so bountiful in supplied by your orchard trees, are not the same that nature offers you. Human cultivation has softened their crabbed taste, and shorn them of such a rough acrid taste, that it is a delicious gift of God, and to "dress and keep" the garden he has bestowed upon them. The rose and the tulip of your flower beds are the wild flowers of nature naturally improved by the cultivation man, and in the improved state, rewarding him for his inquiries into the works and ways of God. And into your fields are the fruits of our social humanity, the most enlivening and irresistible appeals are made by the industry and virtue of those who try to fulfil their individual duty.

And what class of society has more interest in Chemistry than you have? It enriches the plant, and shows the elements of each, and thus proves almost a priori, by experiment rather than experience, what is the principal food which each requires, and what degree of nourishment each contains, and why and to what extent each is valuable for the use of man. It analyzes the soil, and proves wherein it is deficient in that which is demanded for the nourishment of plants. It analyzes manures, and proves which is best adapted to particular soils and uses.

Botany, too, in a wide field for the energy and ambition of those who choose to occupy it. How glorious a name has Liebig, yet a comparatively young man, acquired in this field of science. A field well cultivated, and already cultivated, that of perhaps any present military, or political, or judicial wonder. A name, that makes us almost ashamed of the earnestness with which we enter into the strife and contests of ordinary ambition, and that proves that there are high, and noble, and certain rewards for him who quietly "strives for the mastery", in things useful to the ordinary life of man.

But I must not pursue these illustrations. Say not that yours is a more mechanical calling, demanding no high exercise of intellect, and precluding the attainments to seek after those so exalted attainments, which render any man respected There is no pursuit of life which presents a greater variety of occupation, or which calls to its aid a greater variety of human science. There are inducements enough to call out the same skill, and science of the agriculturist, so as to make them, as a class, at least as respectable and intelligent as any other class of society; and the circumstances in which they are placed, favor the development of the highest talents, and call the agriculturist youth to seek scientific honors.

I know I shall not be understood as advising any one to abandon the practical pursuits, for the purpose of gratifying a wild fancy, that the mere pursuit of agriculture is to him a surer road to respectability and honor. This is a road where few can travel. But all may use his intelligently the calling upon which they have entered. Call to your aid all the information that science has revealed as pertaining to your business, and all the wisdom which is the proper portion, as a rational and immortal man, under your circumstances to know. even the "thorns and thistles" of the field of life all you, by urging you onward.

You should not depend for this information merely upon the traditions of your ancestors or upon the experience of your neighbors. With the present abundance of agricultural treatises and journals, you have access to the agricultural experience and science of the world. There you find a knowledge and experience that your fathers never had. You would think very little of a lawyer, or physician who used no books; and your occupation is not exempt from the duty of having books, if you desire to improve in it in the best way. Some of you may be too old to begin to learn agriculture in this way, but I am sure there is no father among you, who would not rejoice in seeing his sons studying, in the recorded experience of others, the *science* of his occupation and striving to *adorn* his industry with the gems of intelligence. As every enlightened clergyman has his library of theological and kindred works, so every farmer should have his library of agricultural works, with at least some treatises on those subjects that are even remotely connected with agriculture.

There is a morality even in that industry and forecast which has for its only object the necessaries of life; because this is a duty of man. But there is a higher morality in that industry which seeks to obtain the comforts and necessaries of life; because this too is a duty, and tends to produce a higher civilization. There is a still higher morality in that industry which has reference to the well being of our fellow man, and which shapes its course so as to gratify the tastes and feelings of others, and to cultivate and adorn the sweet amenities of life.

There is a high morality in that faith in God's work and ways which makes man trust that they are always right, and thus be guided by them—morality, growing out of this faith, and founded on our *experience* of the adaptation of the ordinances of Heaven to the wo! are and happiness of those who obey them. "If any man will *do* his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." "Unto the *upright* there ariseth light in the darkness."

It is such intelligence that enables us to join, with perfect heartiness in that splendid song—"Praise God, sun and moon; praise him all ye stars of light. Praise the Lord from the earth." &c.

Have you not time to acquire such intelligence? Yes, you have. You may not get far advanced in such a course; but you can rise above your *present* position, and you can prepare the way for your children's rise to respectibility and honor.—You can do it as part of your agricultural calling, by seeking for yourself a high standing in it. You need not abandon the labor of the field; and should not do it, for they bright soundness of body and energy of mind. But you *should* have leisure, from these labors, to cultivate that intelligent nature which is your chief distinction above the brutes of the field.

You should not seek chiefly what you shall eat, and what you shall drink, and wherewithal you shall be clothed. And even if you do, it is but animal to seeking it with the intelligence of immortal man. There is an independence belonging to intelligence and high moral virtue, which always attends the possession of the children, which no wealth can give, and which endures even when the wealth we have is scattered to the winds. As a general rule it s only those who do not use aright their moral and intellectual powers, that cover comp more hewers of wood and drawers of water to their fellow men. And this may be the fate of your children, or your children's children, unless you make some advance upon the intellectual position when your parents left you.

You are invited by your intellectual nature to seek for the Beautiful: material, intellectual, and moral refinement. There is in man a natural fondness for the beautiful, and the creator sanctions and stimulates this taste by the beauty which overspreads the face of nature, and also by the increasing beauty which man yields in reward of the industry and cultivated taste of man.

Thus the very nature of agricultural pursuits invites us to study the ornaments of life. You increase your intelligence and taste by exercising your feet in seeking to do all things neatly, economically, and tastefully. You are standing in life by merely raising potatoes and pigs; but even the desire of your feet may tempt to better things. If to this you add some ambition for the ornaments of life, you may have still higher expectations.

There is morality and intelligence in seeking to elevate your family by making home sweet and attractive to them. There is morality in the simple pleasures of the fireside, in pulling fence, and especially in the tasteful cottage, planned by ourselves. There is morality in the modest beauties of rural architecture, if we look at it only as a means of elevating the taste of our family and friends, of exercising the imagination and gratifying the tastes of our neighbors. There is morality with triumphant success, and in the nearly dressed flower garden, for these are properly valued and cultivated.

If there were ladies here, I would ask them, did you not think, if prudding such a lovely means of amusing and improving your brothers, and husbands and friends, and of softening the rough temper of man into harmony with the finer sympathies of woman's taste? Gentlemen, have you never thought of providing such a seeking, but chiefly, and improving out of door pleasure for your wives and daughters, as a relaxation from the old occupation of spinning and weaving, and tending your corn and potatoes?

A home, sweetened and adorned by such cultivation, would be almost seen to be, enlivened by that affectionate intercourse which is the happiness to life. From such a family circle come no social disorders. Here we are sure to find a patriotism that is not the fire in you feel either to the loja tiles for sale by or to the oppression of dom-ns tyranny. Here the sweet socialities of life are cherished and cultivated to the highest degree. Here we find the true paternal and fraternal socialism of nature's God, the foundation of all other socialisms that have any chance of success. And here, within this tasteful home, we are sure to find a moral refinement, and an intellectual refinement, in which are never found among those whose low utilitarian notions never appreciate any matter except according to its money value. By this sanctions and the harmonies, and accomplishments, and multiplicity of social life will never be measured.

Throwing a Wife down a Well—Horrible attempt to commit Murder!

The Ashtabula Ohio Telegraph, gives the following particulars of a most strange and unnatural attempt to take life:

Public indignation has seldom been excited by a more heinous and cold-blooded, and murderous attempt than that which on Thursday last, the 27th inst., was planned, and all but committed by Rolin Harmon, farmer and citizen of Kingsville. The victim of this attempt was the wife of Harmon—young, amiable, industrious, and a fair specimen of a thrifty and dreading worse. She at once formed her resolution—went out of the house, and through the grain, and over the fences to Mr. Parker's, at whose door she fainted. It was long before she recovered, and could tell what she had suffered and what she had escaped. Mr. Parker went over soon after to Harmon's—found him cool and collected, and had some conversation with him about the crops. Mr. Parker alluded to the accident, and Harmon assured him it was a sad accident. It was time to act in the matter, and upon complaint made to J. G. Thurber, Esq., a warrant was issued, Harmon was arrested, and, kept in custody through the night, but he escaped from the person in charge, took to the woods, and was not retaken till after a long search. He drew a knife on Mr. Benson who first discovered his hiding place, and threatened to "rip him up." He was secured; his examination has been had before Esq. Thurber, at Kingsville, and he is committed to the County Jail, on the charge of an assault with intent to kill. His bail was fixed at $3000. Mrs. Harmon lies in a precarious state, at her father's house, in Kingsville.

From the New York Express.

Burning of the Griffith.

NEW YORK, June 29, 1850.

Having returned to this city, and my once happy home, now rendered so desolate by an inconsiderate friend, after an absence of three weeks, I wish to give an account of what I saw and experienced of the dreadful scenes that occurred on board the ill fated steamer Griffith, near Cleveland, on the morning of the 17th of June With the main features of that awful catastrophe the public are sufficiently familiar. I propose to give the details of my own case. I took passage on board the Griffith with my wife and four children from Buffalo, (my former place of residence) at 11 o'clock, A. M., the 16th of June. We were going on a visit to my wife's father in Indianapolis, Indiana. I had shipped on the same boat $1500 worth of goods, destined for the different places on our route. Every thing passed pleasantly through the first day and night, nothing occurring to foreshadow by any evil presentiment the appalling scene that soon followed. At just about daylight on the morning of the 17th, I was awoke by a sort of confused clamor below, followed by a succession of terrific screams, which I supposed proceeded from the emigrant passengers; they startled me from my berth in my state room (which I occupied with my family, and where I was sleeping with my little boy, (4 years of age.) As I sprang to my feet I discovered flames and smoke forcing their way into our room. I aroused my wife with all the calmness I could command, though from the piercing cries and shrieks that now assailed our ears, and the sound of the raging fire, I comprehended the imminence of our peril. We both clasped our children in our arms and by their hands, and with part of their dresses only, and fled through the main cabin forward.

There I passed them down as rapidly as possible, (for the flames were in full pursuit) over the railing on to the main deck, and leap'd down myself by their side. I then crowed over with my wife, (our children clinging to us) to the forward gangway.—At this time the boat had been put towards the shore and was barely moving in that direction. I looked back, and as I looked, hope died within me. The fire was raging with perfect fury, the flames averring thirty feet above the deck, and the current of air sweeping it onward with great violence, within a few yards of where we stood. I cast an eye towards the bow, and there, with frantic screams, I saw the emigrants and others madly rushing overboard, to avoid the fire and heat, which was now becoming into se. Captain Robey, whom I well knew, was close by me, with his family.—The steward, at this moment, jumped overboard, and the Captain threw his child to him, which he took, holding it by its dress in his mouth. The Captain then passed over into the water his helpless, his daughter, his mother, and then his wife, made a plunge into the lake himself. I saw all this passing before me; it was but the work of a very few moments. But who can describe the agony that was compressed within that brief period—there was nothing we could grasp at with which to buoy a hope. I could administer no comfort or encouragement to my poor wife, we looked into each other's faces and upon our little children in blank dismay—despair was too deeply seated in our hearts to throw into word or look a bit of hope—mute, unutterable agony possessed our souls. At this moment, I recollect seeing that the dresses of my wife and little girl (8 years old) were on fire in places. My wife hugged her infant to her breast—my two little girls and my darling boy clung to my pantaloons and cried "Pa, don't let me burn up." As the only alternative, and with the concurrence of my wife, I was forced to follow the example of the rest, and one by one, as rapidly as I could, dropped my children over the side, and my wife next, and I plunged after them, leaping a little beyond my wife so as not to strike her in my fall. I went under a little, and on rising to the surface, swam round and round in search of them. In the infatuation of the moment, I expected to find them floating—but how vain and unreasonable it was.—Horror stricken to find them gone—all gone—I knew not how, towards the shore. I had made but a few strokes when I felt a hand upon my heel. I looked back and saw a man struggling, with one hand grappled tighly upon my foot; he drew me under twice, but, with a feeling of reckless desperation—for I had lost all fear of drowning—and by dint of great exertion, I kicked him off and disengaged myself—he drawing off my stocking as he went down. I then made vigorously for the shore, which was distant, I should judge, half a mile. The boat had ceased to move before I had left her, having run aground. As I proceeded I found I had over exerted myself, but still I struggled on, straining every nerve, and before I reached the shore blood gushed from my nose and ears at every stroke of my arms At length I felt my feet touch the ground, and in a moment I gained the beach and threw myself on the sand. Oh! the agony of my reflections as I lay in the sight of that wreck of all I had dear, and surveyed the placid waters that had closed so soon over its innocent victims. It seems now a dream, or rather a nightmare, in spite of her struggles to escape the death to which I knew she felt he had doomed her. To slide her cries for help and hand firmly on her mouth—his fingers and nails, digging into and bruising the loose cotton which had been stored in the hold.

In the lower stories, there were large quantities of groceries, and it is stated several bags of saltpetre, which exploded in rapid succession, with a terrible effect.

The fire spread to a number of other buildings, which were mostly consumed, with their contents.

The whole loss is not at present ascertained, but it is said to be nearly $500,000.

The fire departments of New York and Brooklyn turned out in full force to check the progress of the flames, which they succeeded in doing.

WHIG NOMINATIONS.—At the Whig County Convention held at Washington, on Monday last week the following persons were nominated.

Assembly—JAS. THOMPSON, of Hopewell, and D. MCLURKAN, of West Bethlehem.

Commissioner—JOHN WILSON, of Canton.

Prosecuting Attorney—ROBT. H. KOONTZ, of Washington.

County Surveyor—HARVEY J. VANKIRK, of S. Strabane.

Director of the Poor—EDWARD G. CUNDELL, of Chartiers.

Auditor—WILLIAM H. MORRISON, of Nottingham.

Terrible Steamboat Disaster.

LOSS OF THE "ORION" OF GLASGOW—50 LIVES LOST.—The Liverpool Courier of the 19th, in a postscript, states that the steamer Orion, sailing between Liverpool and Glasgow, struck a rock off Port Patrick, on the evening of the 16th, on her passage to Glasgow, from the effects of which she immediately sunk. It is stated that there were about 120 passengers on board the ill fated steamer, and according