

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A TRAGEDY OF REAL LIFE. An Incident of Indian Life.

In the year 1848 I found myself travelling through the Mysorean country of Seringapatam, so familiar to every reader of Indian history, for the rapid rise of that crafty but talented Asiatic Hyder Ali.

I had been reflecting as I passed through the country on the warlike exploits and barbarous cruelties by which it has been disfigured, and on the short space of time in which, from the first settlement by a few enterprising merchants at Surat, in the year 1612, the English had, either by force or diplomacy, possessed themselves of the entire territory from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya mountains; and, by an anomaly of which history furnishes no parallel, holding and enforcing their authority in great measure by means of the very natives and troops they have conquered, and who now lend themselves to enslave their own country, and rivet the shackles of bondage on their fatherland. I asked myself the question—was the time approaching when their fame, colonies, and possessions would be among the things that were? would they in process of development be swept away before some nation not yet cradled, or only in its infancy; or—proving an exception to the whole experience of ages—would they remain imperishably great and renowned till the final dissolution of nature?

Bewildered at last with these reflections, I left my palanquin; and, walking forward, with a Mantan across my shoulder, accompanied by a Coolie carrying a double-barrelled rifle, was soon busily engaged peering into the thick grass and underwood that lay on each side of the path, intent only on scattering destruction among some innocent and tender little bipeds, with the laudable design of furnishing some trifling addition to natural history, and a distant hope of perhaps securing a shot among a herd of deer faintly discernible in the outline.

In the incautious pursuit of a wild boar that had crossed my path, I at length found myself in the midst of a dense jungle—not the most secure position in the world, with only a single ebony gentleman at your side—for on the least indication of danger, this representative of Lucifer judiciously prefers present safety to future reputation, and performs a retrograde movement with undignified rapidity, leaving you alone to apologise for your intrusion to a brute that can not be persuaded to adopt polite manners, but evinces an unmistakable desire to exhibit his ceremonious embrace. The tendency of long ages of lost liberty and slavish superstition to produce national degradation is forcibly exemplified in the lower castes of the natives, who may truthfully be said to have acquired all the vices of their various conquerors, without any of their redeeming qualities.

To return—tired at last with my exertions and the intensity of the heat, I dispatched my sable attendant in quest of that peculiar Indian luxury, the palanquin; and looking round for some sheltered spot to await its coming, perceived a wide-spreading banyan tree. Trusting to its friendly shelter, I was soon stretched beneath a canopy of densely-clustered foliage, sufficient to exclude all direct rays of the solar star; and, lighting one of my best Indian pipes, resigned myself to what brother Jonathan terms a "tarnation smoke."

The scene before me was such as that which Johnson in one of his rich and genial moods would delight to portray—the image of beauty reposing in the lap of sublimity was never more aptly applied. The sun had attained its culminating point, and was showering down its fervid rays with a scorching influence; not a breath stirred the forest air; all was hushed in repose, and silent as the last breathings of the departing soul—while a foreboding sensation o'ershadowed the whole, as that beautiful couplet in Campbell's "Lochiel" ominously crowded on my memory.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I could not account for the oppressive silence,
For often before I had reclined at the foot of some forest giant, and experienced widely different feelings; all here seemed indelibly grand and ennobling. The various tribes of baboons, monkeys and apes, screeching, chattering and grinning overhead, anon leaping from tree to tree, luxuriating in the enjoyment of freedom and revelry; while the jay, the parrot, the peacock, with minor and sweeter minstrels in every splendid variety of tropical plumage, might be seen soaring or darting amidst the foliage of forest verdure, combined with the beauty and number of parasitical plants and wild flowers. Such a scene of loveliness and life had often enraptured me, till a second Eden seemed realized; when, as if its aspect were too beautiful for sinful earth, the illusion was dissipated on observing the slender and graceful form of a snake gliding swiftly in many folds through the long grass—by that curious association of ideas, suggesting at once the primal fall, and the probable vicinity of a cobra coiled on the branch of a tree overhead, whose color so closely approximates its tinge, that it

is almost impossible, without careful scrutiny, to detect its presence, and if unconsciously disturbed in its leafy cradle, the oscillation is resented by darting its poisoned fang in the invader's face. These insidious foes, and a probability of a struggle with some caritative denizen of the glen, suggest strong doubts as to the security of your woodland abode, and damp the pleasure the scene otherwise might afford. And thus surely do we find that, in nature as in life, under the most lovely and entrancing aspects often lurk the most seductive and deadly influences. The prospect loses nothing at night, when effulgent with the pensive moonbeams, and the myriads of fire-flies like living stars broke loose from the dominion of old night, delighted with their new-found liberty, and dancing in a perfect jubilee of joyous light through the embowering arcades, illuminating every note of forest-life; and on the one side is heard the amorous roar of the antelope's midnight snort, as pending to the crashing march of the gregarious elephant; and on the other the nightly concert of a pack of jackals, resembling so closely the music of those "delightful" babies, that it is only by continuous rehearsals the ear can receive them with indifference—render the whole indescribably magnificent, though rather trying to delicate nerves.

All such sublimity and active life, however, were now absent; not a living creature was to be seen, and actuated by some indefinable impulse, I involuntarily clutched my rifle. Scarcely had I done so, when an agonizing shriek re-echoed through the forest; rushing in the direction, I encountered a sight that struck me with horror and dismay—for a moment I stood paralyzed.

A Brahmin, with his wife and only daughter, were making a pilgrimage to the banks of the sacred Ganges. With the characteristic indifference of their caste, they had incautiously halted in the midst of the jungle to cook some rice. The little girl, while the mother was occupied in preparing the frugal meal, had thoughtlessly wandered into the long grass in quest of some gaudy insect flitting past; on a sudden the father, who had thrown himself on the ground to snatch a few moments' repose, was aroused by the screams of his child, and, regaining his feet, perceived a full grown cheetah in the act of springing on his tender girl. To see, and rush to her rescue, armed only with a knife, was the work of an instant; he arrived too late to arrest the tiger as he made his rarely missing, and in this case fatal spring on the beautiful and dark-bosomed maid. A terrible struggle now ensued, the infuriated animal relaxed its grasp of the child, and fastened on the father. The tender and loving wife, now only fully awakened to the extent of the danger, forgetting her sex, insensible to aught but her husband's peril, recklessly rushed forward, but ere she could reach the spot to become a third victim to the insatiate monster, the providential flight of a bullet from a stranger's rifle, penetrating the animal's brain, stretched him dead at her feet. The brave husband, on approaching the spot, lay extended on the grass in the last agonies of death, dreadfully mangled, the brute having torn away the greater part of his brain and face. The child had already expired.

Never can I forget the calmness and apparently stoical indifference of this Indian woman while her husband lay extended before her, gasping his last. She supported his head, gently wiping the blood from his face and lips; no sign of her feelings could be detected in her features. I gazed upon her with astonishment; but no sooner was it evident that death had effectually terminated the loved one's sufferings, than she gave way to the most frantic and heart-rending expressions of grief. The anguish of that woman death alone can obliterate from my memory—words can not picture it. I see her before me as I write, alternately embracing the lifeless and bloody bodies of her husband and child, lavishing over them the most tender, endearing invocations of affection, then as suddenly turning round and seizing the crimson knife of her heroic husband, plunged it again and again into the body of the insensible animal, uttering all the time the most fearful and violent imprecations of despair and anguish.

It was with the greatest difficulty she could at length be removed from the tragic scene, and confined to the care of some neighboring villagers. I had occasion to revisit the same scene some few months after, and found the bereaved wife, but, indeed, how changed! I could hardly recognise her. Day and night, I was informed, she wandered about, calling on her husband and child. A deep, settled gloom, beyond any thing I ever witnessed, was upon her features; her eyes had a wandering, restless expression. She knew me immediately, and talked in the most pathetic strain of her hapless child and husband. Poor creature! I tried to console her, but in vain. She said, her only wish was, as soon as the monsoon, or rainy season abated, to prosecute her journey to the Ganges, and die by its sacred stream. I remonstrated with her on this folly, and explained to her the divine truths of Christianity. All in vain! She was fixed in her resolution; and when I pointed to the heavens, and spoke of

the mercies of God and His power, she replied, "that were He powerful, He could not be merciful, or He would not have taken her husband and child away without taking her also." All I could say made no impression, nor seemed to abate her determination, and time would not permit my stay, nor did I ever chance again to traverse the same scenes; but I have no doubt, from my knowledge of Indian character, she subsequently carried her resolution into effect.

Solomon and the Two Mothers.

Solomon is supposed to have been under twenty years of age at the time of his father's death. Josephus, the historian, speaks of him as being a mere youth when he took upon himself the honors and responsibilities of a king. His father had been blessed in a remarkable manner during his reign, and the expectations of the people being raised very high, Solomon felt his own weakness and inability of himself to meet their wishes; he therefore depended upon the God of his father to qualify him for the discharge of the duties of his important station. His discernment and wisdom were soon thoroughly tested. There came two women who were "harlots," and made known to the king the fact that there was a difficulty existing between them.

One proceeded to make a statement of the case, and said that she, and the one with her, occupied a house by themselves, and each of them had a son, and there was but three days difference in their ages; thus they were living by themselves, no one else being present, when the death of her companion's child suddenly occurred during the night. The mother of the deceased arose cautiously at midnight, and placed the little corpse by her side, and took the living child to her bosom! The one who had permitted her to tell her pitiful tale without interruption, then declared the statement was false, for the living child belonged to herself!

What was the young King Solomon to do in such an intricate case as this? Ye prudes in virtue and discretion, what would ye have done? As there were no witnesses in this transaction, and both parties were alike strenuous and positive, the cause became extremely difficult; and probably it was referred to the king's hearing because it had proved too difficult for the inferior judges. Solomon, in a determined manner, commanded one in his presence to hand him a sword; and he said, "Divide the living child—give half to one, and half to the other." The true mother beseechingly exclaimed, "Oh, my Lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it." The other insisted on the division! The king proved the parentage by exposing the workings of maternal love, and bestowed the living child upon her who would have given it to another rather than have it slain in its innocence an offering to the envy of an unprincipled woman. The one who consented to the division, perhaps expected to obtain Solomon's favor by this acquiescence; but she betrayed the want of natural affection, and her resentment against her competitor; while the other expressed the feelings of a mother in an artless and inimitable manner.

When the people saw that by this extraordinary measure Solomon had extorted the truth beyond all further doubt, they revered and stood in awe of him, notwithstanding his youth, perceiving that the wisdom of God was in him, enabling him to judge, with a degree of prudence and propriety, far beyond his years and their lofty expectations.—Mrs. M. D. Norton.

A Strike.

Yesterday, July 7th, a number of factory girls in Allegheny city proceeded to the Hope Cotton Factory, for the purpose of enforcing the ten hour law. They attempted to get the Hope girls to join them, but failed. They succeeded, however, in tearing down a portion of the fences enclosing the factory. The Allegheny police came on the ground, and soon dispersed them. During the dinner hour, a large number of girls assembled in the immediate vicinity of the Hope Factory, but made no demonstration of violence.

A large police force have been sworn in to enforce order. The Hope Factory continued at work during the day. The Eagle Factory was obliged to discharge the balance of the hands, in consequence of the routine of business having been interfered with by those who had left. At the earnest solicitation of the remainder of the hands, the Eagle Factory consented to run again to-morrow. Some of the mills were not running. No arrests were made.

Death from Cholera.

The Norristown Watchman says that Mr. J. Gotwals, a highly respectable farmer of Lower Providence township, Montgomery county, was so severely taken with this dreadful disease on Saturday evening last, as to cause his death in about 18 hours. Mr. G. had returned from the city on Saturday evening, in perfect health, but was taken about 11 o'clock with the most excruciating cramps and pains. Dr. Grigg, together with several other physicians, were called in, who pronounced it a case of genuine Asiatic Cholera. The deceased lingered in the most intense suffering until about 5 o'clock on Sunday evening, when he died.

Consequences of British Policy.

The following article from the *European Times* of June 14th, we commend to the attention of our readers as one well worthy of perusal:—

In another page will be found a report of the proceedings at the Adelphi Hotel, on Tuesday. The Catholics of this town invited Dr. Hughes, the Archbishop of New York, to a public dinner, and his speech on that occasion can hardly fail to command considerable attention on both sides of the Atlantic. It is a remarkable speech, and bears the impress of a "great fact." The speech consists of two phases—the religious and the political. With the former, we have of course, nothing to do; but the latter is worthy of a passing remark on account of the peculiar position of the speaker. Dr. Hughes, it seems, is an Irishman by birth, and an American citizen by adoption. He left his native country early, when he discovered that "the rights of his birth had," as he says, "been washed out by the rights of his baptism." This ecclesiastical pun gives the impress of wit to a melancholy truth. The bitter anguish which the speaker felt before his emigration has been often painted by others in a similar position, but the dignity and truth of the following has rarely been surpassed:—

"I can remember still every line and curvature of that horizon which was to me then the end of the world; still, when I became master of the unhappy secret that I was not to be on an equality with others of my countrymen, the beauty of the scenery faded, and I thought there must be something beyond the horizon. (Loud applause.) It was one of those unfortunate secrets the communication of which removes the bliss of ignorance; and I found I was under a State which made distinctions among her children, which was a mother, and perhaps more than a mother, to some, and a stepmother to the rest."

We pass by the remarks in which Dr. Hughes indulges, showing what Ireland might have been, if the law for so long a period had not favored an eight, and frowned on seven-eighths of the population, to come to the allusion to America, which is the gravamen of the speech. Dr. Hughes says:—

"Of course, as soon as opportunity presented itself, I, like other driftwood from that old wreck, floated away on the western wave, and found another land far beyond the horizon I had alluded to; and there, though I had no claim on her hospitality, that strange parent took me to her bosom, and treated me as her child, and soon ranked me in honors among her own most favored and first born." (Cheers.)

This is neatly and artfully said. And here we find the latent feeling peeping out, which is the worst feature of Irish emigration, namely, that almost every Irishman who leaves his native country for the great Republic carries with him the seeds of discontent and a sense of injustice. The harshness of the "stepmother" is never forgotten. If we find an educated and accomplished man, like Dr. Hughes, imbued with this idea, how much stronger must it not exist in the mind of the half-educated or totally ignorant peasant? The consequences of this feeling may not be immediately apparent, but, by a wise statesman, they ought not to be overlooked. America stands out a miracle amongst nations. Her development is too sudden and too recent to calculate on what results a generation or two may produce. But it is not a very gratifying reflection, nor one complimentary to our national security, to know that almost every Irishman whose progeny is springing up in the United States hates England and would be delighted to see her strength crippled and her spirit broken. The poisoned chalice, when the present generation has moldered away, may possibly return to the lips of our children.

During the next fifty years some of the most startling changes, ever witnessed will, it is more than probable, take place; and those who see in America the great rival with which we shall have to cope—our equals at sea, and with a population, at the end of the century little short of a hundred millions—cannot but feel a little shifty at the reflection that we nourish, in the very heart of the British empire, the germ of our weakness, and, it may be, the source of our proximate punishment. It is only on such occasions as the one to which we are alluding that the full force of our mistaken Irish policy comes upon us. We see its immediate effects, and we trace in the distant future its very unpromising results.

America is the asylum of the aggrieved of every land. All who are dissatisfied find their way there, and the institutions of the country are reflected in the enthusiasm which they inspire. Dr. Hughes speaks highly and thinks highly of his adopted country, because it recognises no distinction of sect or country. When the American Congress requested Dr. Hughes to preach before them, they cared not a straw for his sectarian views. They regarded him as a man of talent, and paid him the public compliment of its recognition. The result is that, in America, there is less religious acrimony, arising from sectarian differences, than in any other country. Would that we could extend the same compliment to ourselves.

An Incident.

From a book recently published, entitled "Noble Deeds of American Women," we learn that in days gone by, the mothers and daughters of our American heroes, were much in favor of a change of costume. On more than one occasion they indignantly flung the petticoat under the bed and drew on the pantaloons. The difference, however, in this particular, between the women of old and those of the present day, is, that the former changed their dress to defend their country, and assist their husbands and brothers to stop the progress of their enemies, while our damsels wish to gratify a silly vanity, and become the object of idiot admiration.—The following anecdote, from the book alluded to, shows that the early mothers of America were, occasionally, for a very radical change; Prescott's time, however, was the period that tried men's souls, and, according to our authority, their breeches, too:

"After the departure of Col. Prescott's regiment of 'minute men,' Mrs. David Wright, of Pepperell, Mrs. Job Shattuck, of Groton, and the neighboring women, collected at what is now Jewett's bridge, over the Nashua, between Pepperell and Groton, clothed in their absent husbands' apparel, and, armed with muskets, pitchforks, and such other weapons as they could find; and, having elected Mrs. Wright their commander, resolutely determined that no foe to freedom, foreign or domestic, should pass that bridge. For rumors were rife that the regulars were approaching, and frightful stories of slaughter flew rapidly from place to place, and from house to house.

"Soon there appeared one on horseback, supposed to be treacherously engaged in conveying intelligence to the enemy. By the implicit command of Sergeant Wright, he was immediately arrested, unhorsed, searched, and his treasonable correspondence found in his boots. He was detained prisoner and sent to Oliver Prescott, Esq., of Groton, and his despatches were sent to the Committee of Safety."

From the Pennsylvania.

A Challenge.

The same spirit of unanimity seems to pervade the Democracy of California, which actuates their brethren in Pennsylvania, in regard to their candidates for Governor—the two Brothers. No dissension or disunion existed in the Convention in California, and the rival candidates to the distinguished gentleman who has been nominated, have in many and patriotic letters avowed their determination to support the nomination of the Hon. John Bigler. A committee of gentlemen of California, whose names we publish below, having the fullest confidence in the triumphant election of their candidate, give the following challenge to Pennsylvania. We copy from the Sacramento Transcript of June 1st.

"ANOTHER CHALLENGE.—It is well known, that while the Democracy of our State have nominated Col. John Bigler as a candidate for the gubernatorial office, the Democrats of Pennsylvania have nominated his brother, Hon. Wm. Bigler, to the same office. In connection with this subject, we have received a paper signed by the following gentlemen:—J. C. Potter, S. B. Farwell, R. Scouten, Wm. Rogers, J. C. Johnson, J. L. Crag, T. W. Hurd, Edgar Mills, W. D. Williams, and D. C. Lusk."

"It comes to us for publication, in the shape of a challenge from the Democracy of California to the Democracy of the old Keystone State. The Democrats of our State, propose to present the Democrats of Pennsylvania with a splendid banner embroidered with California gold, the whole to be worth not less than \$1000, provided California throws a less majority for Col. John, in proportion to the number of votes cast, than Pennsylvania does for Hon. William Bigler. This is a glorious challenge, and we trust the Democrats of the Keystone will be on hand to take it up. We shall look anxiously for their response."

This is a glorious challenge, and one which we have no doubt will be promptly accepted by Pennsylvania. We have so much confidence in the triumphant success of our candidate by an overwhelming majority—the rivalry is of such a character, as to enlist the warmest response of our Democracy, that we think we can venture to assert that the next Steamer will carry out a formal letter of acceptance from Pennsylvania California.

Whoever wins the Banner, the cherished sons of Pennsylvania will be successful, and the Democracy of the Union will glory in the success of both. The contest is only as to the amount of the majority—the success of the Brothers is a fixed fact.

"An Englishman in California, writing home says:—'You may imagine how greatly surprised I was when I saw in the bay of San Francisco, a greater number of ships together than I had ever before beheld; Liverpool, the St. Catharina's, and the West and East India Docks were all outnumbered. Instead of a village I beheld a proud city.'"

"No American can now get into Russia. The Russian Ambassador refused to vize the passports of American travellers."

The Canvass Before Us.

The Democratic and Federal parties of this State have placed before the people their respective candidates to be voted for on the second Tuesday of October. On the one side is arrayed FEDERALISM in all its hideous ugliness; on the other, DEMOCRACY, in its beauty and purity. At the head of one ticket appears the name of that crafty Abolitionist, JOHNSON; at the head of the other, the honored name of that honest man and tried patriot, Col. WILLIAM BIGLER. Next on the Federal ticket is JOHN STROM, a Lancaster county Federalist, the same gentleman who was a member of Congress during the Mexican war, and who, when a proposition was pending to vote supplies to the brave and noble band who composed the American army, voted NO, in order to thwart the efforts of the administration, and inflict misery, if not death on our gallant troops, in preference to extending that "aid and comfort" which every man who valued American honor or felt desirous of sustaining American rights, was eager and anxious should be bestowed. On the Democratic ticket we find the name of Gen. SETH CLOVER, of Clarion, a man of honesty, capacity and worth, who has never acted the part of a traitor to his country, in times of war or peace, but who has ever been a faithful Republican Democrat. Of the Judicial nominations we need not speak, except to say that one of the Federal candidates was a member of Gen. Taylor's cabinet, when that stupendous fraud and robbery of the Treasury took place, and which was sanctioned and approved of by him—we mean the great "Galphin robbery." The Democratic candidates for the Supreme Bench are men of great legal learning, whose characters are beyond reproach and above suspicion. Their election is certain!

Let the people choose! Ours is the party to which have been attached all the truly great sages and statesmen of our country, comprehending within the catalogue Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Cass, Houston, Foote, King, and others. The opposing or Federal party, although numbering many good men, nevertheless embraces in its number those who composed the Hartford Convention, and the still later traitors who attempted to give "aid and comfort" to the Mexicans after Americans had been shot down on their own soil. The Federalists, as a party, have been opposed to their country during every war we have ever had—the Democrats, on the other hand, have granted supplies to American troops during war, and assisted by every means in their power, to protect the stars and stripes from insult and defeat. Again we say, let the people choose!

Politics in California.

We learn by the Prometheus that the Whig and Democratic Conventions both passed resolutions in favor of the compromise measures, and in opposition to the sale or lease of the mineral lands by the general government. The Whigs think they should be allowed to the miners to work free of toll or tax, while the Democrats are favorable to granting them to actual settlers, who are citizens of the United States.

Native American Nominations.

The Native American Convention, which was recently held at Pittsburg, recommended Garret Coates, of Kentucky, for President, and Reynell Davis, of New Jersey, for Vice President. It also recommended the nomination of Dr. Jacob Dewees, of Montgomery, for Governor at the State Convention at Harrisburg.

American Statuary.

The London Economist in noticing the statuary in the Great Exhibition, says:—

"The world may see, perhaps with some astonishment, the sculptors of the United States bearing off the palm of beauty, and those of the continent conspicuous for rugged strength."

A WILD HOG.—A grisly boar, or wild hog, with tusks that would do credit to an elephant, was shot near Blue Hill, in Stafford, N. H., a few days since. A small army of hunters from the country went in search of him and his comrades, who had been committing great depredations in their fields. The dogs chased him, but he leaped over precipices as easily and as swiftly as an antelope, where they could not follow. A ride, however, brought him down. He weighed 400 lbs.

A Breast Plate for soldiers, made of vulcanized india rubber, about half an inch thick, and which is said effectually to resist the action of a ball, has been invented in Paris lately, for the use of the army, and it is shortly to be tried. All experiments yet made prove the entire success of this novel species of carriage.

CALIFORNIA AND NEW YORK.—The State of California is more than four times larger than the State of New York. California contains 188,981 square miles, and New York 46,068.

The first railroad in Alabama is completed. It is called the Montgomery and West Point Railroad, and is 90 miles in length.