

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

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### Fourth of July Celebration at Portage by the Quitman Guards.

The company met at their usual parade ground, in Jefferson, at 9 A. M., when an election was held for Lieut. Colonel, after which the company proceeded to the grove in the rear of Samuel J. Renshaw's Hotel, (Portage,) when the meeting was organized—Captain R. S. Alexander in the Chair, assisted by Lieut. Wm. C. Barbour as Vice President, and Sergeant R. T. Dunlap and John W. Wolf as Secretaries.—The Declaration of Independence was read by Lieut. Jas. J. Dunlop, followed by three cheers and the discharge of musketry. The audience was then addressed by A. C. Mullin, Esq., in the following eloquent and patriotic manner:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—We have met for the purpose of celebrating a day which marks one of the greatest epochs that has ever occurred in American history—a day that will be kept alive in the bosoms, and be commemorated, by unborn millions yet to come. Yes, the Fourth of July will be treasured in the hearts of generations yet in the womb of futurity, as a sacred remembrance of by-gone days—when our forefathers, inspired by a desire for liberty, and worn out by arbitrary and unjust taxation, inflicted by a tyrannical monarchy, determined to throw off the galling yoke, and to rend asunder the shackles which bound her to it. They had long been held in thralldom, and now, being wrought to exasperation by repeated insults and oppression, they determined, come what may, to arrogate to themselves the right of self-government—the right of legislating and of making their own laws. England, although their mother country, had now become to them an abomination—a despised and hated oppressor, and, can it be wondered at, that their affections were alienated from her, and that obedience to her will was disannulled—abrogated. She called them her children, but could children have any affection for such an unnatural mother? No; and a withdrawal from her jurisdiction was the only safe alternative which they had left.

But, was it safe for them to withdraw and assert their independence—they, who were but a handful to the mighty legions which could be mustered against them to compel them to return to their allegiance? No! but still they did it—"Death or Liberty" was their watchword—chains and slavery had no terrors for them beyond what they had already endured, and the glorious declaration of independence was signed.

Yes, fellow-citizens, the 4th of July, 1776, was the day on which loyalty to kings, and acquiescence to the will of princes met a common grave—the day on which allegiance to England and obedience to her will was humbled into an oblivion from which the voices of millions of American freemen declare they shall never arise.

Is there a heart in all this assembly—is there a heart to be found throughout the entire length and breadth of this glorious confederacy, which is not inspired with the same feeling which then burned within the hearts of our ancestors? In looking around us, and surveying the glory, the majesty, and the efficiency of our institutions, does it not send a thrill of pleasure through the soul when we reflect that the first step toward our present prosperity, was the act of our forefathers in setting their names to a bit of paper.

I say, in looking at these, need we ask ourselves the question—

"Is there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"Death or Liberty?"

No! there is not an American heart whose pulsations do not accord with this feeling, and whose vibrations do not echo forth this sentiment.

Shall we, the children of such noble sires, the offspring of such illustrious progenitors, endorse any other sentiment? Forbid it, mighty Heaven! Let kingdoms and crowns crumble into dust—let principalities and powers sink into nothingness—let monarchial and despotic governments be prostrated—let earthquakes rend—let nations and empires and thrones and dominions be convulsed and dashed into atoms, but still let our adherence to this glorious sentiment be preserved.

But, if there is in this, our beloved land—the land of the free and the home of the brave—a single heart recreant enough to swerve from its duty, its valor, its patriotism, let its possessor but remember the names of Jefferson, Franklin, Rush, Harrison, and the other brave spirits who "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors" for the cause of liberty—the liberty which we now have, and enjoy. I say, let him but remember these names, and his soul will at once be on fire—dominant love of country will be aroused, and his patriotism, if patriotism he have—will burst forth and burn with a pure and holy flame.

Or, let him revert to the battles of Bunker Hill, of Yorktown, or of Saratoga—let him, in imagination, see the struggles of those engaged in these sanguinary and bloody conflicts—let him turn to their brave leaders—let him ponder upon the names of Washington, of Montgomery, of Warren, and other brave men who have shed a lustre upon American arms by their mighty prowess in the hour of danger. I say

let him turn to all these, let him behold them bleeding, dying, and then let him reflect that it is for their country's weal, their country's honor, that they thus bled and died.

If such a view in retrospect does not enkindle a latent patriotic spirit in his breast, he is unworthy the name of an American. Like Arnold, he treads the path of Judas—he is an abortion to his country, and should be driven from it, that its hallowed soil might not be polluted with his contaminating presence.

But turn we to the day we are celebrating—the glorious 4th of July, 1851, counterpart of the 4th of July, 1776, and compare that day with the present. What a contrast! Then our country was a scene of confusion. Tumult and disorder prevailed in every quarter, whilst nought was heard save the murmurs and curses of a king-ridden and abused people. Long and loud were the anathemas and imprecations poured out against the oppressor. The spirit of enterprise was crushed, ardor was dampened, and business pursuits of all kinds were suspended. The people were discouraged and disheartened, and no energy remained to them but the energy of despair, and this was the emergency in which they vowed themselves to be free, or to die in the attempt of achieving their freedom. With the result, you are all acquainted. Long and bloody wars followed, and our then infant colonies lost many valuable lives in the acquisition of independence. But that just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, was on the side of our gallant little army, and at last crowned their struggles with success. The little band were triumphantly victorious, and the oppressors were driven from their soil.

Oh! methinks I see the bird of Jove—the eagle with his broad and sweeping wing—the emblem of liberty—on that auspicious day when the American victory was proclaimed, soaring aloft through the regions of space, and with screams of rejoicing, conveying the happy intelligence to the inhabitants of the upper deep. And, methinks, I see the angels smile, as they must have smiled, when they beheld and heard the announcement that "America is free! America is free!"

But, let us again turn to this day. How great the change—We are now the most happy and prosperous nation on earth. There is scarce anything to hinder the advance of improvement. The dark head of tyranny, resting upon the shoulder of regal power, no longer shows its hideous visage in our midst, and our progress is, as it ever has been, since the fetters which bound us were cast off, still upward and onward.

Oh, favored—happy land! How many years have rolled away and buried themselves in the lap of non-entity since thy noble sons gained for thee the highest place amongst the nations of the earth! Ever since, thou hast been blest with peace, happiness, and prosperity, save a few broils thou hast had with insolent invaders of thy rights.

Such, fellow-citizens, has been the past history of our beloved country. But, we are now threatened with a calamity which, should it overtake us, will be rife with disastrous consequences. A dark cloud has recently arisen in the horizon of our political sky, which threatens to mar the harmony of our peaceable relations with each other. I allude to disunion—that dark and damning scheme gotten up by Southern demagogues for the purpose of severing the Union of the States.

Oh! would not the angels of "high Heaven" weep at such an event! What! tear auder our glorious Union?—That blood-bought Union? It cannot be. By all that is sacred—in the revered names of our forefathers it cannot be. Shall our beloved country—shall we of the same brotherhood, linked together by the nearest and dearest ties of sympathy, be separated? Shall the maneuverings and intrigues of designing factionists succeed? Shall the concord which has ever existed amongst us now be disturbed by the dark forms of discord and disruption? Shall our hitherto quiet and peaceful country now be made to resound with the thunders of civil warfare—shall freemen shed freemen's blood—shall brethren take up arms against brethren—shall animosity and hate rankle in the hearts of one portion of the Union against the other to such an extent as to lead them to deadly warfare? No! it cannot be. Our free institutions will be perpetuated. Our friendly intercourse will be preserved. The threatened disunion is a mock. The North and South, like two contentious brothers, will again be reconciled to each other. As the annual return of this day takes place, so many grateful recollections, so many bright reminiscences of the past will recur to the minds of both, that all rancor and hostility will be forgotten. Jangling and quarrelling will eventually cease, and a lasting and abiding peace and good feeling ensue.

One by one, the several States which at first, partially, advocated disunion, have fallen into the grand circle, and now cry out in tones of thunder for the Union. "The Union and nothing but the Union"—"United we stand, divided we fall!" In South Carolina, where the first idea originated—where this monster, disunion, was "bred and born"—we hear its name mentioned

only, except with the hiss of contempt. But she finds no one to back her in this dark conspiracy. Like the lone star, "she stands alone." This great hobby, disunion, is a mere phantasm—an illusion gotten up by traitors—welcomed by fanatics—and the gibbet is too honorable for the fiend, in human form, who first promulgated an idea, so absurd, to Congress.

But let us once more revert to the celebration of this day.

Most of periods in the history of our country, which have been set apart for public gratulation, clearly and conclusively prove that there are results of celebrations of eventful periods of time are productive of much good, and are in every way compatible with the genius of a republican government. When we hear recounted the exploits of the great men of our country—the wisdom which inspired the signers of the Declaration—the virtues of Washington, and the intrepidity of his Generals, does it not beget a patriotic feeling within our bosoms, and create a most ridiculous and impotent opinion of the oppressors who once stood in hostile array against us. And there are periods in the history of almost every nation, when the people, ground down to slavery by the lawless hand of oppression, will no longer submit to such base outrage, but rise in their might and power and trample tyranny in the dust. Behold that of France which having deluged her plains in torrents of blood, now points, as a model, to the American Government.

We have met, fellow citizens, when our nation is at peace with the whole world. We live in a free land—we are a free people—and, while we celebrate the birth day of our independence, it keeps alive in our bosoms a love of country, and creates a general impulse in the rising generation to emulate the achievements which form the subjects of commemoration.

But, fellow-citizens, where is the pleasing countenance of one who mingled with us, on a similar occasion, but a year ago? He, who then stood at the head of the "Quitman Guards," is now no more, forever. He, who left the home of his childhood to serve his country in a foreign land—he, who, while a boy, led relations, and friends, and all that tends to make life comfortable, to march with his comrades to the gory plains of Mexico, has, by the blighting hand of death been taken from our midst. Aye, he withstood the glittering bayonet and the murderous cannon-ball, but, that foul-destroyer, consumption, which, like a worm, gnaws at the heart-strings, implanted itself in his system, and, after our hero had covered himself with imperishable honours, he came home, but, to die.

Yes, the brave, the good Ott is gone! He no longer hears the shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet, nor the neigh of the war-horse. The crash of arms, the shrieks of the wounded, and groans of the dying may mingle into chorus, grotesque and horrible, but they disturb not the repose of the soldier as he sleeps beneath his grassy turf.

Ah! he is gone, and we trust to a better land. And while we mourn his loss, we may, in truth, speak of him as a hero—a patriot—a soldier—a MAN.

But, fellow-citizens, I have done. Perhaps, I have already wearied your patience. For the kind attention manifested, and the smiles of the ladies, who have been pleased to honor us with their presence, most sincerely do I return my thanks. And for the safety of our great republic—the preservation of our Union, and the perpetuity of our independence, let our devotions be true to our God and true to our Country.

ALEX. C. MULLIN.

At the close of which three hearty cheers and discharge of musketry. The procession was then formed (the national color floating at the head of the company, and the State color heading the column of ladies, which was among the most interesting sights of the occasion,) and marched to the Exchange, kept by Maj. G. Marlett, and partook of a sumptuous dinner prepared by him and his excellent lady, after which the following toasts were read:

Regular toasts dispensed with, the volunteer toasts were read.

By Sergt. F. A. Keech—Our Constitution: Framed for the Union, it insures our welfare. For a period of sixty years it has served the dear people, and he who violates it is a disunionist, a traitor to his home, and a traitor to his country.

By H. C. Ficke—Union vs. Disunion: Born to be free, we are fools to die slaves.

By Lieut. Jos. J. Dunlop—Our Independence: Bought with blood, it will not be sold for nothing.

By H. Single—To our Glorious old Commonwealth: May you always be ready to furnish arms to your patriotic sons.

By Lieut. W. C. Barbour—The United States of America: Her name will never change, until the minds of her sons change.

By Sergt. R. T. Dunlap—"A hasty plate of Soup": A very necessary article to the success of a campaign.

By Corporal Holder—To the Capt. of the Q. G.'s: May he always be foremost in an engagement, as to-day, and discharge his duty as well. By Capt. Alexander—To A. C. Mullin, Orator

of the day: May his eloquence continue to teem forth the same sentiment of Union until Disunionists shall be unknown in this model Republic.

By Jas. D. Hamilton—To the late Capt. Wm. M. Ott: Quitman Guards, let his name be associated with past remembrances that are near and dear to your minds.

By John O'Donnell—To the Q. G.'s: Let us as brothers together, our motto forever, be "never surrender."

By Thomas J. Parrish—To the Orator of the day: His address on the subject of our National Independence has conferred a favor upon his hearers that will long be remembered with feelings of pleasure.

By B. L. Price—To our Host and Hostess: The sumptuous dinner of which we have just partaken was a rich treat after eight hours fast. May they live long and have the health and happiness to serve up many of the "same sort."

By P. Plummer—To the Fair Sex of Portage: May they ever be ready and willing to grace any Fourth of July Celebration with their presence, and to cast the light of their countenances upon the soldier under arms.

By Sergeant Keech—Quitman Guards: Remember your first Capt., Wm. M. Ott, who fought the battles of your country. May you never forget him.

By Sergt. Fell—To the Cambria Brigade: They have always been ready for a place in the ranks of the soldier. May they ever so remain.

By mine host, Maj. Gideon Marlett—To the Q. G.'s: They have behaved themselves like men and soldiers this day. They have my best wishes.

By Lieut. Hawe—Pennsylvania: The Keystone of the Union, may it ever support the arch of the confederacy.

By Corporal Single—To our Host and Hostess: May they ever be prepared to prepare a feast "as was prepared" this day. They have a Soldier's best wishes.

By A. S. Robertson—To the Fair Sex: England may threaten to cover our harbors with munitions of war and ships without number. France may pour in her legions, but the only victor our American will submit to is Woman.

Resolved, That Capt. R. S. Alexander, Lieut. Wm. C. Barbour and Sergt. R. T. Dunlap be and are hereby appointed to request the Speaker to furnish them with a copy of his address to publish with the proceedings.

### Mr. Webster.

The announcement of Mr. Webster leaving the Cabinet, published a few days ago, turns out like many other Washington City rumors have, untrue. The Baltimore Sun of Monday, the 14th inst., says:

The most reliable intelligence with regard to Mr. Webster seems to be that he leaves Washington to-morrow for Annapolis, and will leave there on Wednesday for New York, by sea, in the steamer Golden Gate, (one of Aspinwall's steamers, which visits there while making a trial trip.) He will, it is said, be absent from Washington full sixty days, perhaps more. His health imperatively demands the relaxation. The New York Commercial Advertiser, of Saturday, in noticing the announcement of his resignation, says:

We are now authorized—our authority being in fact the honorable Secretary himself—to give an emphatic contradiction to the story, in which there is not a word of truth. The announcement of Mr. Webster's intention to visit Europe is also unfounded.

Mr. H. C. Pratt, the artist, who, with his son, is attached to the Mexican boundary commission, writes to his wife in this city, from San Antonio, Texas, that

"Farming is a different thing here from what it is in the North; here you can buy a thousand acres of land, which is in beautiful grass smooth as a floor, get two yoke of oxen for forty to sixty dollars a yoke, and a plough; begin to plough in November; plant 100 acres of corn in February; get all the work done in April, and in September harvest it, and get a dollar a bushel for it; the amount will be five thousand dollars at least; this will pay for the land and all other expenses for the first year. The finest land in the world, without stump or stone in it, can be bought here anywhere, for from fifty cents to one dollar per acre; and corn is a dollar to a dollar and a quarter per bushel. Cattle, for which you never need out a pound of hay, can be bought for three to five dollars a piece. No one need work at all during the hot months; the country is very healthy if you avoid the low lands. You can come from New York to Galveston for thirty dollars by vessel, and, after you land, can take a wagon and oxen, or mules and go where you please. There is a road anywhere you wish to go; you can traverse the country in almost any direction, with wagons, without any road, just as well as you could drive the same team across Boston Common, and that, when the grass is high, is a fair illustration of the country between Victoria and San Antonio."

And that is the soil which our sagacious and far-seeing whigs wanted to keep out of the Union—wanted to drive into an entangling alliance with Great Britain.

### Bathing in the Dead Sea.

The Dublin University Magazine gives the following from a traveller who visited and bathed in the Dead Sea.

Heated and fatigued, we prepared for a general bath—as a private party; for the pilgrims determined to reserve their energies for the sacred Jordan, the lake of Sodom being held by them in horror and abomination. The bad odor in which the lake was held, did not, however, deter us, and having called a halt, we plunged like young ducks into the liquid element Paulo chuckling like an old hen on the banks. We plunged. Disastrous was the plunge, readily enough head after head popped up from the execrable waters—hair matted, eyes smarting, and tongues burning from the intense sulphurous bitter saltiness of the detestable liquid in which we were immersed; water it was not; nor bitumen, nor salt, nor sulphur, but a disgusting compound of all four.

A hogshead of it would serve as an emetic for all Asia Minor, and leave some gallons to spare against the next epidemic; you could neither sink nor swim in it. Talk of a fly in molasses; or a wasp in a barrel of tar—I can find no parallel for a bath in the Dead Sea. But the sufferings of my companions were a trifle to what I felt, and maimed in consequence of my superior horsemanship, I jumped into the water as raw as beef steak, as if I were flayed alive. However, let me be just to this abominable mixture; if I smarted for it my wounds were effectually canterized, completely skinned over—the cure was perfect to a miracle. We dressed with the comfortable sensation of men who had been well coated with mutton suet, stiff, greasy and extremely out of sorts, with a tingling creeping feeling over the skin; and remounting, turned our steps to the fords of the Jordan.

### A City of Priests.

A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from Turin, says:

"On approaching the environs, one is ready to inquire if it is a city of priests—so many long black robes are seen trailing in the dust, and so many three-cornered hats hobbling in every direction. The reader, when he learns that in the little kingdom of Sardinia there are over sixty thousand priests, including the monks. Many of these are attached to institutions for the education of indigent youth, and receive salaries from the government; others are professors in the various colleges, and the remainder are required for the daily masses of the churches, of which there are a hundred and ten in Turin alone, besides several monasteries. We do not know the number of monks attached to these; but they are numerous, and patrol the streets at all hours with their uncovered, shaved heads, bare feet, coarse brown robes, fastened at the waist by the rough cord used as their scourge of penitence, and the cross and rosary dangling at the side. Long processions of nuns, too, in their cloister costumes, and sisters of charity, headed by the lady superior carrying the cross, may be encountered almost any day by the stranger entering Turin, some one of these various religious orders being always out on duty—burying the dead, or performing some other sacred rite; so that it is not difficult to realize at once one's proximity to Roman Catholic dominions."

### A Race Around Cape Horn.

The clipper built ships Challenge and Telegraph, left New York on Saturday morning, on a sailing match around Cape Horn. The New York Mirror says:

They will sail at sunrise; and choice parties of sporting mariners will breakfast on board, and accompany them in a steamer some distance out, provided any steamer can keep pace with them. The freight bills of the Challenge amount to \$80,000; and the Captain is to have a bonus of \$10,000 if he puts her into San Francisco in ninety days! The Challenge cost \$120,000; the Telegraph about \$70,000. They are both perfect beauties.

### The Celestials in the Dock.

The Chinese have become so numerous in San Francisco that the cognizance of misdemeanors and peccadillos, in which they figure as plaintiffs and defendants, is now an interesting item of police business in that city. One morning, Sang Took appears before the magistrate with a complaint that an outside barbarian had ruthlessly cut off his tail. He exhibited his mutilated que in evidence; but his honor appeared to be of opinion that at common law the value of a Chinaman's tail was not ascertainable, and the accused was discharged.

On another occasion, Acum, a fair Chinese damsel, with olive complexion, small feet, and most unexceptionable turned-up-at-the-corner eyes, complained against a Malay, the boatswain of the ship in which she came over, charging him with having, while on the passage, entered her state room, blown out her light, and robbed her of \$150 in cash, principally in the current coin of the Chinese realm, and a gold ring. The case excited considerable interest, as Acum is young and pretty, and a large number of Celestial beaux were present to hear the case. Acum's case was pending at our last advices.

### Bloomer--The Fourth.

In regard to some private celebrations at Boston, the Transcript says:

"A party came off at the office of the Olive Branch, and there were present between forty and fifty persons, ladies and gentlemen. The ladies were all dressed in the Bloomer costume, except the wives of the editor, Ex-Governor Dunlap, of Maine, Rev. S. Lovell, and one other. The dresses of the ladies were all made of elegant silk or satin, and to suit the taste of the wearers."

### General Scott

Says that for thirty odd years he has scarcely read any thing on the subject of slavery. The following is his confession in a letter written by him in 1843:

"In boyhood, at William and Mary's College, and in common with most, if not all my companions, I became deeply impressed with the views given by Mr. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," and by Judge Tucker, in the Appendix to his edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, in favor of a gradual emancipation of slaves.—That Appendix I have not seen in thirty odd years, and in the same period have read scarcely anything on the subject; but my early impressions are fresh and unchanged."

### Terrible Storm.

Late intelligence from Texas, gives the following:

A terrible storm had prevailed along the coast for several days, in which the steamships Mexico, Courtland and Wm. Penn, lying in Matagorda Bay, had been driven on shore.—The Steamer Maria Burt, which left Galveston on the 24th, encountered a severe gale, and was totally lost. Many houses in Texas had been blown down, the young cotton crop was partially destroyed. As far as can be ascertained no lives have been lost.

The Indiana Sentinel, in reply to a whig who had taken an economical fit, gives the following striking exploit in the way of retrenchment—about the only one the Whigs ever attempted in the federal government.

"At the extra session of 1841, the W. I. S. organized a committee on retrenchment. This committee visited the custom houses in Philadelphia and New York, cut fine dinners and drank good wine at the expense of Uncle Sam, and, after a long sitting, they made a report, reducing the pay of the orphan boys who acted as pages about the capitol, reducing their number, and limiting the amount of stationary, saying nothing about their own pay or mileage; and finally requiring Jimmy Maher, the public gardener, instead of feeding the grass he cut from the public grounds to his cow, to advertise and sell it at public auction. This, Jimmy, as an honest man, faithfully carried out, and the result was that the advertisement cost the government four dollars, and the hay sold for three dollars and forty cents. So much for whig economy and whig retrenchment."

### Magnificent Idea.

The San Francisco Courier, in speaking of the necessity and feasibility of a steamship communication between that port and China, remarks that such a line would complete the chain of steam communication around the world, except a small break in crossing the Isthmus of Suez, connecting Asia with Africa. The paper then says:

"This link completed, the traveller, leaving New York, can proceed to Chagres by steam, thence to San Francisco, to Macao via the Sandwich Islands, Guam and Manila—thence to Suez via Singapore, Penang, Ceylon, and Adin—thence to Cairo and Alexandria, to Southampton via Malta and Gibraltar, and from thence by steam again to New York. The only break in steam navigation will be in crossing the Isthmus of Suez. Thus he would be able to circumnavigate the world visiting many points of interest, making the trip in 140 days. The commercial advantages which must flow to the United States from this and kindred sources are too great for enumeration here, and too well known to require it."

### Blue Rose.

The horticulturists of Paris (says a correspondent of the New York Express) have succeeded by artificial crossings in obtaining a natural rose of a blue color, which is the fourth color obtained by artificial means—that and the yellow or tea rose, the black or purple rose, and the striped rose being all inventions, and the result of skilful scientific gardening.

"Billy, my boy, can't you eat a little more?"

"Well, I don't know but I could, mother, if I slood up."

EARTHQUAKE IN ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis Republican says that a shock of an earthquake was felt in that city on the 2d inst., at ten o'clock, A. M. There were three distinct shocks, the whole occurring in about one minute.

Short dresses, if adopted by the ladies, will have one good effect at any rate. It will oblige them to mend their stockings.