

For Governor, WILLIAM MEDILL, OF FAIRFIELD. Lieut. Governor, LESTER BLISS, OF ALLEN. Secretary of State, WILLIAM TREVITT, OF FRANKLIN. Treasurer of State, JOHN G. BRESLIN, OF SENECA. Judge of Supreme Court, THOMAS W. BARTLEY, OF RICHLAND. Attorney General, GEORGE W. McCOOK, OF JEFFERSON. Board of Public Works, WAYNE GRISWOLD, OF PICKAWAY.

Thursday, August 11.

Senatorial Convention.

The Democrats of the District composed of the counties of Seneca, Crawford and Wyandot, will meet in convention at UPER SANDUSKY, on Tuesday, the 6th day of September next, to nominate one Senator and one member of the State Board of Equalization for said District.

By order of the Central Committee. July 29th, 1853.

Now is the time for Action!

Only one week from Saturday, will elapse until the time of holding primary meetings, and it is a duty that every Democrat owes his party, to attend these meetings, then and there select good and judicious candidates to discharge the duties of the several offices to be filled. Now is the time to do whatever is necessary in selecting such a ticket. The candidates, who appear before you for nomination, are all first-rate men; but we presume you have a choice—and to that choice give your votes for nomination, if however some are successful you ought not complain as it is a more unanimous voice of the people, who have faithfully labored like yourselves to do their duty in getting a good ticket.

Democrats, turn out and give us large primary meetings, and our word for it, all will be well. The duty which Democrats have to discharge towards each other as partisans, belonging to the same great political family, should be on the most amicable terms,—showing no disposition whatever to agitate selfish quarrels. The enemy may endeavor, to say, great injustice has been done such a candidate with an eye single to divide; but to all such you can say that is hopeless grasping.

Once more we say Democrats, remember Saturday the 20th inst.

Whigs Sympathizing with Democrats.

The whig party is ever ready to resort to every agency that might avail their party any kind of success, and as the Washington Union says: It is true in politics as in war, that the hour of victory is not unfrequently the hour of danger.—Profiting by the lessons of experience, it may not be altogether useless to address a word of caution to our democratic friends. Some of the late whig leaders have been amusing themselves in discussing the question whether there is really a living whig party in the country. If our democratic sentinels are wise, they will not be deluded into an abandonment of their watchfulness by this ingenious device. It would be much easier to show that there is no whig party surviving the late disastrous overthrow of its organization than to show that the members of this organization have determined to abandon their opposition to democratic measures and principles. As whigs, their doom is fixed, and they know it, and it now becomes a matter of policy to drop a name which they have made odious, and to reappear in due time under some other appellation more favorable to a successful organization. We can hardly conceive of a greater danger to the democratic party than the prevalence of the idea that their enemies have disbanded their forces and ceased their opposition.—They may, as a matter of policy, ground their arms for a season and seem to give up the contest, but it will turn out to be a mere truce, during which they will be secretly but actively beating up for new recruits, and preparing their organization for a renewal of hostilities.

It is a question which democrats may profitably study, whether the present condition of our party is not such as to inspire our enemies with hopes of important recruits from our ranks. However much of animation and energy may be infused into our presidential contests by the patronage which is to be dispensed by the successful party, it has ever been true, and always will be so, and is especially so now, that the patronage becomes a real source of weakness to any President. Disappointed applicants for office are too apt to indulge in expressions of dissatisfaction, which inspire their opponents with hopes, and induce them to resort to the necessary appliances for securing recruits from that quarter. We fear that this source of danger is materially increased at present, on account of the apparently disorganized and disbanded state of our opponents, as well as on account of peculiar features in our own party which favor jealousies and disaffections. Disappointed applicants can find a most sympathizing friend in every whig they meet; and as the whig party seems to be dead this kind sympathy has all the appearance of genuine disinterestedness. Unsuccessful democrats are thus unconsciously led on to an indulgence of their disappointed feelings, not suspecting that they are in danger of becoming alienated from their party. It would be well if every democrat whose expectation of office has been disappointed would summon up his philosophy and his devotion to principle, and when he is met by these insidious appeals to his disappointment that he would resist the efforts of his kind, sympathizing whig friends by calling to his mind the instructive lesson taught in the line: 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.'

We believe it to be true that whigs cease to exist—Troy was de. But opposition to democratic principles has not ceased, and he who allows his personal disappointments to betray him into indifference as to his principles will soon find himself in danger of being seduced into the opposition ranks, under some such popular name as 'union,' or 'national,' or 'Maine-law,' or some other popular appellation, intended to delude the unwary into the ranks of the opposition. If disappointed democrats want sympathizers, we should suppose they could find them in abundance without listening to the seductive regrets and feeling sorrow of their distressed whig friends.

Give Him a Kick!

The Hancock Courier of last week, gives a short biographical sketch of one Samuel J. Rogers, a person of some local notoriety in this community. It seems Sam. got into good society at Findlay, married a respectable girl, and wound up by swindling, passing counterfeit money, and cloping with an old flame, in the absence of his wife. To those who know him there is nothing out of character in all this, and we comply with the Courier's request to 'pass him round' with some reluctance, knowing that Sammy will be gratified at getting his name in the papers even in this connection. He is, to the extent of his slender capacity the most perfect specimen of unmitigated corruption now extant, a dirty, trifling, sneaking, libel upon humanity.

The gentleman who kept the boys from egging him at Cary is fined a half dozen lemons, with corresponding qualifications. We copy the article from the Findlay paper, as follows:

THE ESSENCE OF A SCOUNDREL.—We are requested to notice, for the benefit of the public, the conduct of SAMUEL J. ROGERS, who has been rather a conspicuous personage in this community for some time past. The cause of Sammy's notoriety at this time are various; he came to Findlay a few months since, and by his good address, gentlemanly appearance, affable and insinuating manner, was soon extensively acquainted. Some time after he came here, he married a highly educated, accomplished and lovable lady in Bucyrus, but before it was generally known here that he was married, his acquaintance had been formed by several young ladies and some small gallantry accepted. After bringing his wife home, however, his attention was partially bestowed upon other ladies of uncertain character, betimes, and his odd hours passed to the satisfaction of himself and them. Rogers was employed by Mr. JACOB CROMLEY, a Tinner, of this place, and received many favors from his employer. To cap the climax of his villainy, before leaving, he borrowed twenty dollars of Mr. Cromley, passed a small bill that he knew to be counterfeit, upon a merchant, and of another, to whom he was indebted in a considerable sum, obtained goods of a trifling amount under false pretences.—He also tried to borrow money of a gentleman belonging to the same benevolent order (the Masonic,) of which he himself was a member; but did not succeed. After all this, probably thinking his pyramid of scoundrelism not quite completed, with the assistance of one or two of the same kidney, who would have favored this community had they gone with him Rogers decamped according to arrangement, with a young woman of Wyandot county, whilst his wife was absent on a visit to her friends.

Mrs. Rodgers has warm sympathies in this community. Rodgers is a man about five feet and eleven inches high;—well built;—about twenty-two years old; nervous-sanguine temperament; smooth, clear, good-looking face, though rather sharp-featured; light brown hair;—greyish eyes;—prominent forehead; light eye brows; has a lip in his speech; is rather communicative and a great talker; wears his hat or cap somewhat on one side of his head. He has probably gone south or south-west, and newspapers in those directions would favor the public by passing him along the line. Editors throughout the country will please notice him.

We would call the attention of Wholesale purchasers of Ready Made Clothing to the advertisement of W. Hones of Tiffin, in today's paper. As the advantages of purchasing near home where small additions can be frequently made to a stock in that line, can be fully appreciated by those engaged in the trade. Mr. Hobs also declares that he can and will sell as low and on as liberal terms as the New Yorkers.

RAILROAD IRON.—Part of the iron for the Ohio & Indiana Railroad has arrived here; and we learn by the Delphos paper that two boat loads have been landed there. Look out for the bulgine! We shall hear his loud whistle in our streets before long.—Fort Wayne Sentinel.

Oh yes! we are keeping a mighty looking, and like our neighbor in Ft. Wayne, we hope we will not be disappointed.

REMEMOR.—Mr. BRISTLE has moved his boot and shoe store, one door east of the Post office on the Wyandot Avenue.

A New temperance drink is described by the San Francisco Herald, composed of 'three parts of root beer and two of water gruel, thickened with a little soft squash and strained through a cauc-bottomed chair.'

For the Pioneer. Poetry has Rize! The most satisfactory proof of the extreme upward tendency of the market in this article, is found in the fact that all kinds of trash are now in demand. All persons interested, are cited to a piece of insipid doggerel over the signature of 'Jonathan,' in a late number of the 'Western Missionary,' a religious Journal published at Tiffin City.

Never since the untimely death of the author of that time honored distich commencing 'Was'n't Pharaoh a rascal,' has such an 'assault with intent &c.' been perpetrated upon the nine virgins. 'Jonathan' has read upon an honest man's tomb, an epitaph selected from the poetical effusions of one Robert Burns, and thereupon professes to have indulged in 'Reflections,' a thing of which he is as clearly capable as a chimpanzee would be of demonstrating the *pons asinorum*.

I give a few random specimens of the stuff which passes in this degenerate age for pure Tiffin-ianism.

'What pity! that you thus could think and speak. It is not written; 'Blessed are the lowly and the meek.'

The metre of the above is strikingly peculiar; but notice the concatenation of dactyles and spondees, the artistical hop skip and jump, of feet, toes, and shins, in the following couplet.

'The promise is of grace, and not works forsooth. Alas! that you have lived so long and never learned the truth.'

Stick to that Jonathan; cultivate the graces! for if not saved by grace your chances in 'Kingdom come' are not worth a rotten egg.

A few more of the same sort! only think of disturbing the quiet of the grave by such an apostrophe as this—

'Infatuated man! what could have been your creed when here below 'A universalist'—I'm sorry—your neighbors told me so.'

I submit to all the candidates for theatrical Generalship, if that last quoted poetry isn't indictable under the statutes against body-snatching.

But seriously, I did not intend to criticize Jonathan's balderdash. My only object is to expose the bigoted folly of an ignoramus, who neither respects the feelings of the living or the repose of the dead, and to add my unqualified endorsement, to the legible terms in which he has written himself down 'a colt, the foal of an ass.'

The mental colic of the poet! it can be accurately determined from the pair of lines which follow: 'Do christian's reason thus when through death's gate they walk? Do they indulge in boasting in doubt and nigger-talk?' in which he evidently mistakes Burns for one of the Ethiopians.

This scribbler of intolerable verse and worse sense undoubtedly one of those pettifoggers of a 'creed' who bring reproach upon christianity by connecting it with their own fanaticism, littleness and illiberality. Jonathan like others of his class, seems to regard it as a duty to keep honest men out of Heaven; probably from a consciousness, that in any Heaven which he could sneak into: an honest man would be as much out of place, as in Dr Cain's closet.

And now to conclude:—My dear neery: I have not the slightest wish to infringe upon the prescriptive rights of the fool killer; nor do I wish to check or curb your genius in the least. You are at perfect liberty to write and print. There is no law against murdering the people's English or maiming poetical feet. Whenever you have an itching which you suspect to be inspiration, first try corn-cobs and brimstone; if the symptoms continue, 'e'en write O God's name,' and send it to the Missionary; but remember! that if you don't keep out of our grave-yards, truck-patches and chicken-coops you will certainly hear again from your

UNCLE SAM.

The President without a Shilling.—The Washington Sun is responsible for the following:

Not long since the President, in an afternoon ride with his estimable lady and a female friend, was brought up by the gate upon the Columbia turnpike, on the opposite side of the Potomac. His coachman searched his pockets in vain for the requisite shilling. The President searched his. But, alas! not a solitary shilling had they among them! The toll-gatherer, who is at times annoyed by the pranks of 'fast' folks passing him on their way to the trotting course, without 'holding up' to pay toll, began to think of closing the bar upon the carriage, when the driver informed him that the gentleman inside was the President of the United States, and the gentleman inside made it all right by promising to pay the shilling when he next should venture to ride on the Virginia side.

Great Country this.—The Brookville American says:

'In Jefferson county Ind., there is a man, and now a constable in that county, by the name of Wilson, who is his father's forty-fifth child, and he is not the last by a considerable. Mr. Wilson has forty brothers and sisters still living.'

Effect of Railroads.—Throughout the whole of Virginia, where internal improvements have penetrated, there has been a great advance in the price of lands. In many counties, particularly in the west, the advance has been from 50 to 100 per cent.

The State House at Nashville is being rapidly finished. When completed it will be one of the finest buildings in the country.

Rev. Eleazer Williams, the reputed Bourbon, has prepared a prayer book in the Mohawk language for the use of the St. Regis Indians.

Country Papers. We find in the Musical World the following truthful paragraphs in regard to the country press. Few persons out of the business, have any idea of the difficulties and toils incident to publishing a newspaper in the country. The labors of the city editor, who sits at the head of his daily, surrounded with his corps of assistants, reporters, proof readers, compositors, steam presses, &c., we venture to say are nothing compared to those endured by his cotemporary in the country, who is compelled, in addition to his editorial duties, to act in half a dozen other capacities, daily, and of course, is expected to discharge the duties of each aright, under the penalty of being pronounced a dull fellow. No allowance is made for his circumstances. If he fail, under these circumstances, to make his paper as interesting as the eastern weeklies, it is dropped for one of those concerns, which are also 'cheaper' have 'more reading matter,' and 'fewer advertisements.' For his pay, he is obliged to wait year after year, and in hundred of instances is lucky if he gets it at all. To cap the climax, often when immersed in his duties, person have the impudence—the downright impudence—to come into his sanctum and ask him to put down the price of his paper to that of the sickly sentimental concerns of the cities, when he is only able to keep his head above water at existing rates! They would like to take his paper, but really, it is so expensive, they cannot afford it! Such occurrences are not uncommon, and may be classed among the peculiar gratifications of country editors. The local paper, it is true, is very convenient, when these persons have some gratuitous notice to publish and none would be more surprised, or complain louder than they, should its publication be discontinued; but while it is kept up they cannot find it in their pecuniary hearts to give it their support unless the publisher consents to a ruinous reduction in its price. Under the worst circumstances, the efficiency of a country paper is far superior to that of the best eastern papers, and it only lacks the necessary support to make it in every other respect equal to them. But we will leave the Musical World speak.—Seneca Ad.

'We sometimes find, in a dirty looking eight by ten newspaper, published some where on the periphery of civilization, articles more interesting and written in better style than often appear in the "mammoth weeklies," or "leviathan monthlies," that emanate from the literary houses of our large cities; and many of the country papers that we receive are not only well filled, but elegantly got up, printed on excellent paper, clear type, and in all respects worthy of commendation.

Your country editor is generally an 'earnest man.' He is a hard worker, and a vigorous thinker. He has often to contend with difficulties and overcome obstacles, the mere thought of which would crush the soul of the city fobling. He has no dozen or twenty assistants to make selections, read and prune correspondence, review books, notice magazines, look after and correct telegraphic despatches, attend public meetings, exhibitions, concerts and give reports thereof; he has no army of compositors to 'set up a column in eight minutes, no proof reader to correct typographical errors, and no foreman to see that the paper is made up just right leaving him simply to write the 'leader,' and a few self-suggesting paragraphs; nor has he a 'lightning press' to print off his paper at the rate of ten thousand an hour while he is sleeping quietly at home or enjoying a supper with his friends.'

The Almont Palladium puts in the following well-directed shots on the same subject.

The above is true as gospel—and yet, O, courteous reader, how many is there that look upon local papers as of little or no consequence, and not worthy their countenance, much less their patronage and support. If some people, who say they think the city paper has more news, &c., and therefore they prefer to patronize it, should undertake to edit a country newspaper themselves, they would soon find that a large circulation, and paying subscribers would alone justify mammoth sheets and large expenditures! The city press, it is true, has the advantage over that of the country, in obtaining the earliest foreign news; but there are a thousand local matters transpiring which are of no possible interest to those residing in the city, while to those living in the locality where these scenes transpired, they are all important. We have no objections to individuals taking a city paper; provided they feel able to take both that and the country paper; but we do feel as though it was not exactly right, or true policy, to patronize the former to the disadvantage of the latter. The publisher of the local paper has claims upon the community in which he is doing business, for their aid; and he is ever doing them little favors to merit it—such as publishing marriages, deaths, notices of lectures and meetings, &c., which would do no good to be published in foreign papers. Yet, how is the editor of the local paper treated for these things? We'll tell you—we have a set of customers who are willing to take our paper as long as they can get it for nothing—but mind you, as soon as they are politely asked to pay up, they guess they'll stop it and take the Saturday Evening Post, Brother Jonathan, Flag of our Union and a host of other names are usual added, which we have neither time nor space to enumerate. Now, is this the way to treat the public press of this country or State? You have to pay the foreign press, and promptly, too, and why cannot you do the same by your own paper?—But no!—it is 'gold and silver' for the city press—beets, carrots, broken jew-harps, rotten wood, and many times nothing for the home press.

Santa Catalina. The island of Santa Catalina is situated exactly twenty miles from the port of San Pedro, Los Angeles county. Nature in forming the island, seemed to have designed it as a hiatus in her economy, for it is nothing but a succession of deep gulches and lofty promontories, and so little is fitted for the subsistence of animal life, that until a comparatively late period, it had never been the home of even a *coyote*. The enterprise of man has in this instance, as in many others, frustrated the apparent design of nature, by placing on this desert isle a few goats, which have continued to subsist and to increase upon a sort of coarse grass which is found in scanty patches in different parts of the island.—Some attribute the landing of the goats to Captain Cook, of circumnavigating notoriety, and others to an old Nantucket whaler, but the more probable supposition appears to be that it was the work of the holy fathers of the Catholic missions in the neighborhood.

Be this as it may, certain it is some one did it, for at this time the island is supposed to have upon it 20,000 goats.—Some three years since, Dr. Crul, of Los Angeles, turned a wishful eye upon Santa Catalina, and its goats. To resolve and to do was the same thing with Dr. Crul. He became at once the second Alexander Selkirk, for solitary and alone he took possession of the island and was at once monarch of all he surveyed. So singular did he act in the premises that every one supposed he was in comprehension and sententious little superior to the animals over which he reigned, and the names of which have long been synonyms for any thing save acuteness and perspicacity. But it is the province of genius to force advantages where others predict failure, and it has happened with Dr. Crul; for he has late transferred his interest in the goats on the island to a wealthy firm at the rate of four dollars per head, and so promising is the speculation considered that it is said one of the banking houses of our city has expressed a willingness to invest \$30,000 in the speculation for a share in the profits.—Messrs. Pierce and Reed, of California-street are now fitting out a schooner to take the goats from the Island to the main land.

A Cotton Island.

Gen. John Wilson, of San Francisco has written to Gov. Foote, of Mississippi, known as a group of islands in the Pacific, known as the Navigator's Islands. With the latter General Wilson sends to Gov. Foote some pickings of cotton, taken from one of the cotton trees which grow on those islands. This tree attains the extraordinary height of thirty feet, with a diameter of one foot, and branches spreading thirty feet. The ball is about the size of a goose egg. When the cotton tree is in full bloom it presents a superb appearance, looking like an immense snow-ball tree, of the kind that adorns so many of our gardens.

The islands are on the route from California to Australia, about midway between this last and the Sandwich Islands, lying in about 14 degrees south. They are ten in number, have an agreeable climate, and are inhabited by about 100,000 savages, divided into tribes who are often fighting each other. Gen. Wilson throws out a hint for a speculation there. Says he: "If one or two hundred discreet, just men, were there, and join in some of their wars with the better sort, or class, a government might easily be established there after the fashion of the Sandwich Islands."

Sanwich Island Ladies.

A Sandwich Island correspondent of the Albany Evening Journal speaks of the natives as a manly looking race of men, two or three shades lighter in color than the negro; says the boys and girls at the age of ten, in size appear as if sixteen, and adds:

'The Kanaka ladies dress themselves in costlier clothing than the ladies at home. Their dresses are made of the finest silks and satins, after the fashion of a woman's night-gown. They wear shoes and stockings, when full dressed, but about their ordinary work they go barefoot.—They live in blessed ignorance of the latest Paris fashions, and if they had them, would not be such consummate fools as to follow their absurd dictates. They have none of the squeamishes of civilization about a spot of dirt or dust on their clothes when dressed in their best, on a Sunday, they may be seen sitting flat down in the dust, at the sides of the streets.

'But it is when on horseback that they show to the best advantage to a foreigner. They are passionately fond of this exercise, and are fearless riders, driving like Jehu. Imagine a stout, fat woman, dressed in rich silks, wreaths of green leaves hanging about her shoulder, with a man's straw hat upon her head, with a wreath of yellow flowers round it, in lieu of a ribbon, mounted astride of a horse. Then imagine a long train of yellow or red silks, the middle of which is fastened to the small of her back, and the ends of which, after passing under her, on the saddle, are turned backward in such a manner that, when the horse is in the gallop, they flutter out in the wind, extending back on each side as far as the horse's tail; and you have a tolerably good idea of a Kanaka lady taking an airing on horseback. Saturday afternoons are a sort of holiday with them, and you may then often see twenty of them riding, all in company, through the streets of the town, always on the gallop.

A COSTLY HOSE CARRIAGE.—The new hose carriage of the Neptune Hose Company, of Philadelphia, which is to be sent to the Crystal Palace Exhibition, cost \$5,000, without the hose.

Thrilling Incident. About a week ago a party of young gentlemen went out bathing. The spot selected was a large mill-pond, in the county of Bedford. The pond was about fifteen feet deep. After swimming about awhile, four of the party got into a rickety old boat and attempted to paddle across the pond. Of these four two had just learned to swim, the third could not swim at all, the fourth, Mr. L., was an excellent swimmer. They had gotten about fifty yards from shore when boat began to sink, and there occupied the most thrilling scene it was ever our lot to record.—Mr. L., in hopes that the boat might sustain one, jumped out and told those who could swim to do the same. They did so and made for the shore, leaving Mr. L. alone with the young man who could not swim. Seeing that the boat must sink, Mr. L.—'W., keep perfectly cool, do just as I bid you; I am a good swimmer and can save you, but if you suffer yourself to become frightened we will both be drowned, for I never will leave you.' Hardly had he spoken the words when down went the boat, and Mr. L. seizing his companion, who displayed almost as much coolness as himself, by the hair, commenced swimming for the shore with one hand. He had proceeded but a short distance when he became fatigued, and attempted to relieve himself by changing his position.—In doing so he had to let go of his companion, who instantly clasped him, and both instantly sank to the bottom. Perfectly self-possessed, Mr. L. inflated his lungs before going down, and as they arose renewed his grasp upon W. and again struck out for the shore. He had gotten about half way when he again became fatigued, and down they went a second time Mr. L. inflating his lungs as before. Still perfectly cool, as they reached the surface he for the third time renewed his efforts to reach the bank, and for the third time they both sank to the bottom. Finding that he had no longer strength to swim, Mr. L., while under the water, his lungs still full of air and his intellect undisturbed, attempted to push W. to the shore.—As he did so he struck a stump, and from this stump a sand-bar led to the edge of the pond, just where the other members of the party were standing, paralyzed with fear. To get upon the stump, to raise W. out of the water, and to call for assistance was the work of a moment. They were saved.—Lynchburg Ex.

From Colonel Sleigh's American Travels.

America and England.

In America, to fight bravely and obstinately for position and wealth is accounted honorable and praiseworthy. An honest man, whatever his calling, is treated with consideration, and is respected; every man amongst them there glories in the designation of an 'adventurer.' In the old country, we are sorry to say, if a man, by dint of talent and genius, defies the prejudice against one not nobly born, or illustriously allied to some 'good old family,' enters that field of an Englishman's ambition—the House of Commons—and afterwards obtains office, he is after all stigmatized as an 'adventurer.' Life is one grand adventure, and the man who rises by dint or talent and genius is not so much an adventurer as were the Norman conquerors, who sacked and pillaged, and divided amongst themselves the fair fields of England.—They adventured on England because there was a prize to be sought and obtained by their valor—acres not to be found attached to their paternal 'homesteads' in Normandy. In point of fact, they 'who came in with the Conqueror' were poverty-stricken marauders, obliged to seek in other lands for a replenishing of the purse, if many of them ever owned such an arable domain. Even the bishops doffed the mitre for the helmet, and the pastoral staff was thrown aside for the battle-axe and lance, as the old pilot of Eastport relinquished the gauge at the Custom House for the helm of the 'Fairy Queen,' when he heard that the tenure of the former was in jeopardy.

In the United States the people are all more or less educated. To find a perfectly ignorant native-born American, would be to discover a phenomenon to be exhibited. They are, it is true, tainted with national prejudices, which are unpleasant to strangers, but by no means injurious to themselves. In the arts and sciences—geography, chemistry, mineralogy and history, they are generally well-read. I have often been surprised at hearing country-people account for various phenomena of nature on scientific principles, not, as elsewhere, repeating the traditions of ignorance or superstition. It is a fault in Brother Jonathan that he lets you know the extent of his reading by a continual reference to authorities. The effect of this widely diffused education is to render self-respect very conspicuous in the American character. A person may be a tradesman, a mechanic, or an operative engineer, and still he is a gentleman, in the true acceptation of that term, in manners, information, politeness, and his general conduct in society. He can be polite without fear of losing caste. The odious specimen of humanity—a weed which grows and sometimes thrives in England—the *parvenu*, is unknown in the United States. There every man is proud of his or his father's elevation in life through his industry and hard labor, mental or physical.

I have hitherto spoken of the educated classes, who are your everyday companions in travelling, in the hotels, or at the theatre. That the lower orders, the rank-and-file of the 'American citizens'—the German, Irish, Scotch and English, and the native American ruffian, (the 'b'oy!') are rather unpleasant specimens of humanity, none can deny, and by their votes they virtually govern the upper and more highly-educated classes. In England,

properly ruled; in America, universal suffrage carries the sway. But the lower orders, except on political occasions, keep within their own sphere, and do not force themselves, as they could if they were so disposed, into the company of the more refined. As a proof of this, take the leading theatres of New-York, where, on paying fifty cents (or two shillings) you are admitted to all parts of the house. I have been to the Old Park Theatre, Niblo's Theatre, and the Astor Place Opera-house, and several others, and in all I have seen elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen; indeed, I never saw a badly-dressed or questionable-looking person. There is a total absence of that vulgar class, still, we fear, to be found in the galleries of the metropolitan theatres of England. In the respectable American theatres the ear is not offended with shrill 'cat-calls,' whistles and continuous 'turn him out.' No pepper pots circulate amongst the 'gods,' or orange-women with their ginger beer, rudely press between the seats, tearing dresses and trampling on your feet. If a fellow were to attempt, in a respectable American theatre, to use 'cat-call,' he would be summarily kicked from the upper tier into the street.

The vulgar betake themselves to the theatres suited to their own class, and which are established especially to pander to their low national or anti-monarchical prejudices. They are in their element at 'stump' meetings, 'celebrations,' and other popular assemblages. To force themselves into the presence of the President of the United States at Washington is considered by them a sacred duty, and, as the elected servant of that class, he must not cavil at the hearty shakes of the hand, and congratulations of his ultra-democratic admirers. The same class would hesitate before they intruded their society upon the Prescotts, Washington Irving, Longfellow, Lawrence, and other distinguished *littérate* and men of opulence. It is only in politics that they reign, and desire to reign, supreme.

As a proof of the extraordinary political influence of the mobocracy, it may be stated that not one American, distinguished for exalted eloquence, for learning, or for any qualification which may have rendered him famous abroad, has ever reached that same of an American's ambition—the presidential seat. Some military men have attained this exalted station; but it has been only when their achievements flattered the ultra-national pride. But the only military presidents since Washington's time have been General Jackson, Taylor and Pierce. The generality of their presidents are selected from what they call, in sporting phraseology, the 'outsiders,' or, as we would say, from the 'field.'

SPRIT-RAPPINGS.—'I say, Bill, did you ever see tables move by the aid of spirits from the spirits world?'

'No, Sam; but I saw a stool move, and it came towards me with a perfect rush.'

'Were you not a little frightened?'

'Yes, but I dodged it.'

'Who made it move, Bill?'

'Why, my own sweetheart! she throwed it at me because I made fun of the way she puts her hair up in papers.'

'Oh get out, Bill; you are ignorant of the science of words—I mean spiritual doings.'

'Well, if you'd a been there, you'd a thought there was both knocking and spirit in the movement.'

NOTHING BRITISH.—A Yankee, boasting inveterate hatred of everything British, is living in a neighboring city, with a colonist family. He takes every opportunity to have a slap at brotner Bull, and the colonist does what he can to defend the venerable gentleman.

'You are arguing,' said the colonist, 'against your ancestors.'

'No, I'm not.'

'Who was your father?'

'A Yankee.'

'Who were your forefathers?'

'Yankee.'

'Who were Adam and Eve?'

'Yankee, by thunder!'

RAPID GROWTH OF OREGON.—From the first week in 1853 to the intelligence by last dates, it appears that the amount of immigration to the territory of Oregon is over ten thousand; which, added to the thirty thousand already settled on her soil, and the natural increase since the taking of the last census, must bring her present population up to forty-four or forty-five thousand. So that we may safely calculate that Oregon will be the next claimant for admission to the Union as a State.

HOGS.—From present appearances the number of hogs the next season will be large, particularly in Kentucky and Ohio. We hear of a contract for a large number of hogs in Indiana, at \$2 90, gross, to be delivered at the pens in the fall. A trader offered yesterday to deliver 1,000 hogs, between the 10th of November and the 20th of December, to one of our packers at 4 1/2 cents net. The contract was not made.

SHARK STORY.—The Eastport Sentinel mentions that shark, of the length of 28 feet, and measured 18 feet round the body was caught in a weir, by John Horan, at Rice's Island, between Eastport and Lubec, on Monday evening. His liver, it is said, filled ten barrels, and will make a large quantity of valuable oil.

A gentleman, it is announced, is one who promptly pays for his newspaper.—'What truth and simplicity! How brief, yet how complete!'

The dissatisfaction arising from the dis-appointment of office-seekers is owing entirely to their being out of place. Did it ever strike you that way, Mister?