Late from Mexico.

[*Picayune, Apr 22*]

Yesterday morning at half past 8 o'clock, the royal steam-packet Avon, Lieut. Phillip Hast, R. N., commander, arrived at Ship Island, from Tampico and Vera Cruz. By the arrival of this noble vessel, we have received files of dates and correspondence from the city of Mexico as late as the 13th instant, and from Vera Cruz to the afternoon of the 16th, the time the steamer sailed.

The news is very important; but so voluminous, that we are compelled to furnish it to our readers in a second edition, which we shall issue at an early hour this morning. We have several days further proceedings of the court of inquiry, with other correspondence, and shall also extract copiously from our files.

It will be seen by the letter of our correspondent, (for which only we can find room in the regular edition, and which we append,) that the court of inquiry has probably adjourned to the United States, and that we may shortly expect the arrival of its members and extraordinary subjects in our city.

[*Special Correspondence of the Picayune.*]

CITY OF MEXICO, April 13, 1848.

It is reported on the authority of the Progreso, the "Puro" paper published at Queretaro, that Pena y Pena has asked that 4 months be now allowed him to obtain the ratification of the treaty. I can learn of no other authority for the report, and am disposed to doubt its truth; for if Pena y Pena is desirous of the ratification of the treaty, his only prospect of succeeding is by pressing the subject upon Congress immediately. It is added, too, that the Mexicans have great hopes of obtaining concessions and modifications of the treaty, as approved by the Senate of the United States, from our own commissioner or commissioners; and if they were to be guided by the past, as I had occasion to observe in a former letter, they would procrastinate negotiation, or continue the war, in the conviction that the more the one was procrastinated or the longer the other was continued, the greater would be their ultimate advantage. I have, however, strong hopes that neither Sevier nor Mr Clifford will permit any trifling on the part of the Mexicans, but will tell them at once, without parley, "Gentlemen, here are our terms—accept them or reject them, as you think proper.—We are conquerers, and have and will exercise the right of conquerors in dictating our terms." This is all the negotiation that is necessary, and all that should have ever been used. Mr. Clifford arrived here day before yesterday, with the secretary of the commission, Mr. Walsh, and was very handsamely received—all the troops in the city having, by order of Gen. Butler, turned out to give him a reception.

We learn that Mr. Sevier left Vera Cruz for this city, on the 7th instant; and the commander-in-chief has ordered similar honors to be paid to him. Captains Fairchild and Kerr, in command of two companies of the Louisiana mounted men, escorted Mr. Clifford up. They will remain here about a week; and, together with Col. Biscoe and Lieuts. Kelley and Hunter, also of the Louisiana battalion, will then return to Vera Cruz. The prospect is still favorable for a speedy meeting of Congress at Queretaro; and for my part, notwithstanding the contradictory rumors and reports on the subject, I shall be disappointed if the treaty is not ratified within a month or six weeks. In anticipation of favorable action upon the treaty, all the sick who can bear removal—numbering about one thousand—were yesterday sent to Jalapa, with an escort commanded by Lieutenant Col. Preston, of the 4th Kentucky Regimen'.

On Sunday night last, between the hours of 8 and 10, a patrol of ten rillemen, commanded by a corporal, was fired upon from the building known as the "bull pen," in the lepero quarter of the city.—After sustaining the fire for about ten minutes, the patrol was compelled to retire. Reinforcements, consisting of one company of the rifles, under Lieut. Russell, three companies of the 4th Kentucky regiment, (the name of the commander of which I have been unable to learn,) and a company of marines, under Capt. Henderson, were ordered out. These forces having arrived on the ground, 40 or 50 armed horsemen were met, who, secreting themselves in and about the "bull-pen," kept up a fire upon our troops for nearly an hour. Several shots were also fired from the tops of the houses in the vicinity, and two rillemen were severely wounded. Owing to the darkness of the night, and the fear that our troops might accidently shoot one another, their fire was not effective, and but two of the Mexicans were killed. A few were taken prisoners, and houses in the neighborhood were searched, and the arms found in them captured. During the latter part of the fight a firing was heard toward the *Alameda*, in the opposite quarter of the city, and Lieut. Russell started in the direction from which it was heard, but on reaching the spot no one was to be found. The horsemen that were seen at the "bull-ped" were regularly armed as guerillas or cavalry, with lances escopettes, and pistols, and it is supposed the object was to break the armistice. The firing at the *Alameda* was, it is supposed, for the purpose of drawing attention that way, and, by weakening the forces at the "bull-pen," enable the Mexicans there to act with more boldness and effect.

The parties accused of the murder of Manuel Torillo, and of the attempted burglary of the house in which he was clerk, were arraigned yesterday before a military commission, of which Col. Burnham, of the New York volunteers, is president; and, after the charges being read, at their request, the examination was postponed until this morning, to allow them an opportunity to obtain counsel. Since I last wrote you, Lieut. Madison, of the 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, and Sergeant Stuart, of the 7th infantry, have been arrested on the charge of being concerned in the affair. Armstrong, who has turned State's evidence, and is kept in confinement in the palace, says, that since his imprisonment he has seen another officer who was implicated in the foul deed, but whose name he does know, frequently pass in and out of the palace. Measures have been taken for this officer's arrest, as soon as he is seen by Armstrong again. There are now ten persons in confinement charged with this crime, viz: Lieuts. Hare, Dutton and Madison, of the 2d Pennsylvania volunteers; Sergeants B. F. Wragg and Stuart, of the 6th infantry; John Wall, private of company B, 7th infantry; Jesse Armstrong, a discharged teamster; John D. Hollister, an American citizen; and John Laverty, a Canadian Frenchman—not an American citizen, as I first stated. Two others—a man named Booth, a discharged teamster; and a Frenchman, named Lavateur, who has resided a long time in this city—both charged with being participators in the crime—have not yet been arrested; and the probability is, they have escaped into the interior.

The twenty-eight deserters I spoke of in my last letter, as being about Chapultepec, are still at large. The party sent in search of them was unsuccessful, and they are probablay ere this in Queretaro. Two privates of the 3d dragoons were caught in the act of deserting night before last, with their horses, arms, and equipments. Second Lieut. Thomas H. Bassey, of the 4th infantry, has been found guilty by a court martial of absenting himself without leave from his command, of disobedience of orders, and of conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman in charging in a pay account, which he sold, $10 for commanding a company in his regiment, whereas he never commanded a company. The court has sentenced him to dismissal from the service, and the sentence has been approved by the commander-in-chief.

We first heard of the late great revolution in France on Sunday last, 9th inst.; and the day had not passed before measures were taken to afford the Americans here an opportunity of manifesting their joy at the glorious event, and of expressing their sympathies with republican France. Accordingly, a preliminary meeting was held, the proceedings of it I send you. A more enthusiastic meeting I have never witnessed, and the determination is universal, that, whatever demonstration the committee of arrangements may agree upon to celebrate the event, it shall be one worthy of the occasion.

The court of inquiry, it is now confidently said, will adjourn about the middle of next week, and will proceed immediately to the United States to prosecute the investigation. D. S.

SANTA ANNA'S FARREWELL ADDRESS.

Santa Anna's farewell address to the Mexican people, on the eve of departure from the country, is distinguished for a style of eloquence peculiarly his own. The effect of it, however, will hardly be favorable to the establishment of peace between Mexico and the United States—for he denounces the treaty and devotes it to execration. It is possible, and indeed the style of address might warrant the supposition, that Santa Anna intends to wait on the coast, or not far off, until the final descision of the Congress at Queretaro is known—while in the meantime the popular feelings are to be excited against the treaty. The conclusion of the farewell manifesto is in the following words:

"The condition to which things have arrived, has made my person useless to the country. A peace—the memory of which will be execrated—has been resolved upon, and two-thirds of the national territory have been sold to the invaders for a mess of pottage. An armistice, shameful and absurd, has been sanctioned, in order to arrive at the end of the iniquity. What course, then, remains, fellow-citizens, to him who returned to his country only to satisfy the public will, and to fight in the most noble cause against foreign enemies? What shall he do, who is assailed on both sides? Retire to foreign land—deplore the immense misfortunes of the Republic, in which mad passions and miserable interests have obtained an ascendancy over the holy cause of the country.

"In the exile to which I condemn myself, it will be some alleviation of the thoughts which embitter my spirit, that I have preferred my personal ruin, that of my interests and of my power, rather than range myself with the enemies of Mexico, to form a peace which will cast to the earth the elements of its riches and its nationality. My garments cut by the balls of the enemy—thousands of Mexicans who have fallen in my presence and at my orders—the blood of the invader and the hillocks of his corses which will remain on the fields of battles—will be so many additional titles to the glory of my country and of my children.

Mexicans! one of the leaders of your independence—one most anxious for your good name—one who has the glory of offering the Republic trophies snatched from the hands of foreign enemies—one who has fought against them, conquering a thousand difficulties—one who has shed his blood in maintenance of your rights—in fine, your most loyal friend commends you to God."

The whole discourse is in substance but another repetition of a discourse he has fulminated again and again—a boasting enumeration of his labors and sacrifices—an apology for his reiterated want of success, an outpouring of reproach against the malice of his enemies and the ingratitude of his countryman, a parting malediction on the treaty, and finally a solemn declaration—made for the sixth or seventh time—that he quits Mexico and washes his hands of her forever.

THE CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.

The New York papers, just received, contain the Foreign News in detail. We have only room for the following, in regard to the meeting of the Chartists, from the London Morning Chronicle, of the 10th of April:

"This forenoon, at eleven o'clock, the chartists assembled according to arrangement, on Kennington common. There was an immense crowd of persons, amounting to at least sixty thousand, but it fell infinitely short of the countless multitudes anticipated by the chartists. At half past eleven o'clock the van containing the convention delegates, and drawn by a number of horses from Smith's-End, arrived on the common, Mr. Feargus O'Connor appearing in the front, with Messrs. M'Grath, Doyle, Harney and Jones on either side.

The Convention was loudly cheered, and presented quite a picture of political fermentation. The delegates, as they were drawn along on the crazy platform, being 'di-tilled almost to a jelly' by the jolting as much as by their fears. The number of banners, mottoes, &c., was beyond calculation.

On the *cortege* coming to a stand, a polite invitation was conveyed to Mr. Feargus O'Connor that Superintendent Malalieu, on the part of the Commissioners of the Police, wished to have a few minute's conversation with him on the Kennington road, outside the common. Mr. O'Connor immediately descended from the triumphal car and obeyed the summons alone. He was then informed, in very plain English, by Mr. Malalieu, that the procession would not be allowed to return over *any* of the bridges on any account or pretence whatever.

Mr. O'Connor then said that the petition should be forwarded in cabs piecemeal to the House of Commons, and that he would use his endeavors to induce the multitude to disperse quietly on the common, without any further procession.

On this understanding Mr. O'Connor returned to his compatriots, and was addressing the multitude when our reporter left. A general disposition prevailed as to the propriety as well as the necessity obeying the injunctions of their leader.

After Mr. O'Connor's address, exhorting the meeting to disperse, the several flags and banners were immediately taken down or folded, and the followers of each deployed in perfect order. At two o'clock the numbers returning by the Westminster bridge were so great that, in order to prevent anything like alarm, or the chance of a demonstration occurring in the neighborhood of the House of Parliament, a clever and ingenious manœuvre was performed by the police, by which the supply was cut off at the Surrey side, whilst the bridge, Bridge-street, and Parliament, were quietly cleared by a body of the horse-patrol.

A few stones were thrown at the police opposite Astley's Theatre, and several of the men were severely cut, which provoked a sharp rally, in which the processionists were completely routed, with only a few heads broken, and no serious injury done to any one. At the moment this report is written a heavy shower is scattering the remaining portion of the Chartist forces in all directions, whilst Trafalgar-square and the other rallying points are in the hands of the police, and perfectly free from loungers or disturbers of the peace."

FACTS STRANGER THAN FICTION.—A rather fashionable young man of about thirty, was noticed yesterday afternoon, promenading between the Park and the Hospital in Broadway. He was attired in somewhat sailor fashion and presented evident marks of the ruin of dissipation. His dark hair was long and matted, and his toilet apparently had not been attended to for many days. At one of his many turns he met two ladies. One was tall and strikingly handsome, and dressed in deep mourning; the other was short and fair, and bedecked in light and fancy colors. When the the sailor and the lady dressed in mourning met, the latter wildly screamed, and would have fallen on the side-walk but for the impulsive effort of the strange looking man to catch her in his arms—"Good Heavens, Edward," convulsively gaspsd the female, and "Eliza, my own loved one," was hoarsely whispered by the sailor. He bore the fainting form in his arms gently into Mr. ——'s store, where every atention was paid to her distressed situation.

Quite a gaping crowd was collected, deeply interested by the scene. The lady is an actress of great promise and some European fame, and now sojourning at one of our fashionable Hotels. She was to have appeared at one of our Theatres in the course of next week. Having heard of the death of her husband, she left England about two months past. The history of her early marriage was one of woe and misfortune. Her husband was a midshipman on board an English war steamer, was dismissed for drunkenness, and joined a cruiser of suspicious character. In one of these fits of intoxication this man fell overboard in the Gulf stream in a gale of wind. A spar was thrown him, by which he was miraculously saved. He was picked up by one of our packets and landed at Peck Slip, on Saturday morning. Edward T——n, the husband for whose rumored death his young, beautiful and accomplished wife went into mourning; and thus, as we have described, did she in a singular manner fall in with her lost one. Heaven pity the afflicted, trial-stricken wife, and restore the erring husband to society.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE FRENCH MINISTER'S RESIGNATION.—Mons. Pageot, formerly Minister of France at Washington, over his own signature in the National Intelligencer, denies the newspaper statement that he was not invited by M. Lamartine to remain at his post, and publishes the letter of M. Lamartine, as well as his own reply, which settles the point. From M. Pageot's reply we extract the following.

"Attached from feelings and conviction to the dynasty which the free will of France had called to the throne in 1830, and convinced that the happiness of my country was closely connected with its preservation, I could not consent to represent the Power in whose name you addressed me your instructions. I shall deliver over the archives of the mission to its Secretary."

SUPERSTITION.—Four girls were recently arrested in the village of Odell, Bedfordshire, England, for sticking a cat full of pins and then burning her alive. The cruel deed was performed as a *charm*, to ascertain the constancy of a lover of one the girls!

VISIT TO SANTA ANNA.

The special army correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, has been twice favored. First with "a long talk", with illustrious Santa Anna himself, and second with the privilege of gazing upon his youthful wife, whom he pronounces to be the most beautiful woman in Mexico.

Here is his (flattering) portrait of Santa Anna:

I must confess, myself greatly but agreeably disappointed in the personal appearance of Santa Anna. In every action he is the essence of dignity and politeness—all that can be expected of a perfect gentleman, and the first impression to one who knew not the history of the man, would be a favorable and lasting one. A finer face I never saw, and his eye is as keen and expressive as ever man possessed.—His height is about five feet eleven inches, with a well proportioned body and limbs, though a little inclined to corpulency. His hair, originally jet black is fast turning gray, and his countenance, although a care worn expression is perceptible, is a picture of cheerfulness combined with resignation to misfortune. He walked about the room without a cane, but still with some difficulty, and when he seated himself it was not without some pain in his crippled leg. I must acknowledge that I visited the man with strongest prejudices against him, but at the same time could but feel an admiration for one who had accomplished so much with so little foundation to go upon.

He possesses the reputation of a great General without having won victories. He has raised armies without money, and fed them without money; he has instilled into his countrymen an enthusiasm and affection for him which no man never accomplished before with so few resources; and the cause of all is a mighty mind. On one who has ever traced his career and read the masterly productions of his pen, who will judge him impartially, but will acknowledge him to be really a great man; yet his faults have been so many, his excesses so numerous, and his outrages on the first principles of honor so glaring, that no living being can judge of his actions without condemnation.

Now for the lady:

I cannot describe her with any degree of justice. She is rather small, but by far the most beautiful and interesting women I have seen in Mexico. Her form if perfect, her countenance open and intelligent and in a word, she is just such a person as a novelist would select for his heroine. I have heard many Mexicans say that Santa Anna does not possess her heart, but her long devotion to him and her participation in his hardships and dangers has proved otherwise to the world. She is now about twenty years of age, but does not appear more than seventeen. Santa Anna is accompanied by his brother-in-law and a daughter by his first wife, about fourteen years old, who is the very reverse of her step mother in beauty and in every other respect.

A STRANGE STORY.—The Lewistown [Ill.] Republican announces the death of Mr. Norman Bemis, under very distressing circumstances. He was married on Thursday, of last week, to Miss Fast, living some few miles above Liverpool, on Duck creek. On the night after the wedding, they rode down to Liverpool, to visit a friend and spend the night. Between 7 and 8 o'clock at night, Mr. Bemis left the house to go and visit a connection of his, Mr. Brush, a few rods distant. In approaching the house, he observed a person in female attire carrying two guns. The person retired as Bemis approached, and although saluted once or twice by Bemis, no answer was returned. Bemis had partly passed the house, and was approaching the strange person, when he was shot dead. No persons were in Brush's house at the time, except Mrs. Brush and a little boy, and they heard some one exclaim, "Bemis is shot." Going out, they found the person in female attire, holding Bemis's head in her lap, and Bemis dead or dying. The disguised person was Nehemiah Northrup, who had acknowledged that he had shot Bemis, but declared that it was an accident, as he did not know that the gun was loaded. A coroner's verdict was to the same effect. Northrup gave himself up, and after the examination, was held to bail in the sum of $1,000, to answer the charge of involuntary manslaughter. It appeared on the examination, that it was intended to *chevvari* the newly married couple, and that Northrup was to participate in it; that he had left Liverpool and gone to his home a mile or two distant, after the arrival of Bemis; that he took the two guns, without seeing whether they were loaded or not, returned to Liverpool before his associates in the *chevvari* arrived, carelessly snapped the gun at and killed Bemis. Northrup, it is said, knew the gun was empty when he last used it, but it had been borrowed and returned with the load in, without his knowledge.

DIFFICULTIES IN MEXICO.—We extract the following from a recent letter from Tampico, which appeared in the New Orleans Commercial Times, of the 29th ult.—It will be seen that our officers do not appear disposed to allow themselves to become rusty in the practice of shooting:

Two duels took place in this vicinity recently; the first was between Lieuts. Campbell and Ledger, of the Louisiana volunteers; weapons muskets, distance forty paces; at the third fire Lieut. Ledger received a wound in the thigh. This took place at Altamird. The second duel took place between Lieut. Severe, of company K, Louisiana volunteers and a young Irishman named Laughlin, supposed to be an officer in the British army, weapons muskets, distance twenty paces; the first fire Lieut. Severe received a severe wound in the right arm, shattering the bone badly, but it is believed his arm will be saved. This took place on the morning of the 11th, on the opposite side of the Panuco river. The difficulty originated out of some remarks made by Laughlin about an officer of the regiment. So great was the excitement on the occasion of this duel, that Laughlin received two challenges more, in less than an hour after this affair with Severe, and the Colonel commanding was under the necessity of banishing him and his friends from Tampico.

HOMICIDE.—At Reading, Ohio, a few days since, Henry Hoffman was mortally shot by one Campbell, said to be from New York, under very painful circumstances. Campbell, it is said, had eloped from New York with a female companion, whom he abandoned soon after their arrival at Cincinnati, and succeeded in corrupting a married sister of Hoffman with whom he fled to Indiana. Pursuit was made and the female was brought back, but some months after it was discovered that her criminal intimacy with Campbell had been renewed. Hoffman set out to take Campbell's life, of which Campbell was apprized and when they met Campbell fired first, inflicting a mortal wound. He was arrested but discharged after an investigation of the affair, it appeared that he took Hoffman's life in defence of his own.

THE TARIFF OF 1842.—If some legislative wiseacre were now to propose to enact for the whole country, the exploded bluelaws of New England, he could hardly be regarded with more contempt, than are those political magicians who announce to the world that the welfare of the country requires the resurrection of the Tariff of 1842. The truth is, like the humbugs of other ages, it has already taken its place in the depository of the dead past, and Federalism will be too glad to commit it to perpetual obscurity, when its few and feeble capacities are once more exposed. The truth is, the charm that, in former days, made this question a formidable delusion, has just past away. Those who were deceived have at last seen that it is not the idol that has consumed their presents, and exacted from them their exertions, but the sleek impostors who concealed themselves within it, and grew fat upon the tributes of their dupes. When Europe is trampling under foot the hollow baubles and painted gewgaws of royalty, it is not meet that this great country should begin to restore the relics of privilege and power, which they have just buried fathoms deep. Federalism desires to use the Tariff of 1842, for the purpose of regaining lost position. While it is about it, it might as well evoke the ghosts of the United States Bank and the standing army, and so complete the folly and the failure.—*Pennsylvanian.*

MISTAKES.—A story is told of a good merchant of Mobile—we know him well—which we believe to be true. He was deeply immersed in cotton speculation. At a meeting of his church, he was unexpectedly called upon to fill the regular minister's place. He gave out the hymn—read it—and when repeating the page just before singing, he said—Hymn on page 36—long staple. The Congregation could not stand it. Knowing his occupation and his anxiety, not even the sacredness of the place could restrain the long staple—for long metre.—What a blunder! Forever after the good man was always called 'long staple.'—*Louisville Examiner.*

A GHOST STORY—SOMETHING NOVEL.

Notwithstanding the exploded and obsolete idea of the existence of Ghosts and Goblins, there is much of superstitious credulity existant, which only requires a few unusual sounds and noises to bring into active exercise. We have seen whole neighborhoods roused to a high pitch of excitement by things which ought to create nothing but a laugh with reflecting persons.

There has been recently a great excitement prevailing at Hydeville, in Wayne county, growing out of a mysterious knocking upon the door of a house. Great numbers from all that region of country, have flocked to the enchanted spot to be astonished by the phenomenon. The Rochester Daily Advertiser says that a pamphlet has been published, containing certificates from individuals residing in that neighborhood, who have heard the mysterious knocking, and have propounded to his ghostship a variety of questions, all of which have been answered by *raps*. The occupant of the house is named John D. Fox, who formerly resided in Rochester, and himself and his wife both make a certificate in regard to the mysterious thumping.

They state that they first heard this noise about the 30th of March, in the evening, just after the family had retired to rest, and that it has continued from that time to the present. The ghost not only answers all questions put to it, but readily gives the age of each child in the family, and of others in the neighborhood, but the "spirits" history of its own affairs is altogether the most marvellous. The "story of its wrongs" runs somewhat thus:

It states the body it once inhabited was that of a pedlar; that it was 31 years of age, and was murdered about four years since by the then occupant of the house, by having its throat cut with a butcher knife; that it left a family of five children, two sons and three daughters, who are now living in Orleans Co. that its wife died about two years since, that the amout of money taken was $500, besides a trunk and pack of goods; that the wife of the man who committed the murder had gone away that night, as well as a girl who worked there, named Lucretia Pulver; that it was murdered on Thursday night at 12 o'clock; that the first letter of its given name was C., and that of surname was B., but it refused to give the entire name, (a very considerate ghost!)

The manner in which these questions are said to asked and answered, is this: For instance, when they wish to ascertain the first letter of its name, the questioner goes through the alphabet, and when the right letter is called, it *raps*. So also of the county where its children now reside. On calling over the list, when the one it wishes to designate is named, it manifests it by rapping. In this way all the answers have been given. Some times there has been as many as 2 or 300 persons at the house at a time, and it is said that all have distinctly heard the noises. Some 15 or 20 of them certify to the fact over their own signature.

In the course of their questions, it was asked who committed the murder, and each individual was named who had occupied the house from its erection.—No knocking was heard until the name of a very respectable man now residing at Lyons, Wayne Co. was called, when it made three knocks louder than common, and the beadsted jarred more than it had done before!

It states that the murderer cannot be punished because there were no witness of his crime, and yet so many are the absurd stories about the matter, that the individual has felt constrained to procure a certificate of good character and respectability, signed by some forty or fifty of his former neighbors.

DREADFUL MURDER IN SOUTH EASTON.—On Monday, the 26th inst., between eleven and twelve o'clock James Craven and Richard Zink, (both men of families) entered Mr. Depew's Hotel in South Easton. Zink called for something to drink at the bar, and at the same time drew several coins from his pocket and held them loosely in his hands; Craven snatched the money out of Zink's hand and showed no disposition to return it afterwards. He finally gave it back, and said that Zink "ought not to get mad—they had always been friends." Zink replied that if he was a friend he should behave like one, and repeatedly told him to go away,—that he wanted nothing to do with him, and that if he did not, he would knock him down. Zink approached Craven, when the latter walked out of the back door. Just as he got outside of the door, Zink gave him a blow with his fist, which stunned him, and he staggered and fell. Zink aimed a second blow, but missed and making a miss-step, fell about two yards away from Craven. He got up however, and jumped upon Craven's body, then pounded him about his head, with his nits. Whilst in this bending attitude, Craven drew a pistol from his pocket, and discharged its contents into the chest of Zink. The ball entered between the fourth and fifth ribs, shattering the fourth, entirely breaking the fifth, and injuring the sixth. It lodged under the skin of his back, over nine inches from the place where it had entered.—After he had been shot, Zink gave Craven several blows, and when dragged away, said: "Let me go, he's got my blood and I'll have his." The wound bled profusely from vessels in the cavity of the chest which could not be arrested by any surgical means notwithstanding, Doctors Slough, Stout, Abernethy and Wagner were upon the spot in less than ten minutes after the wound had been received. He died at half past eight o'clock on the evening of the same day. Craven has since been arrested and is awaiting his trial. There are many rumors afloat in regard to this unfortunate affair, but as the whole case will undergo a legal investigation, we forbear at present, from making any comments, further than to give a simple and correct statement of the facts.

A GOOD ANSWER.—An incident has been related to us which occurred in this city yesterday. A gentleman just elected to an honorable station under our city government, a bright, honorable man happened to be standing in front of a young gentleman conversing with a friend. Not designing to be overheard one of the two remarked that the city must be "poorly off for timber to elect such a fellow to office," adding sundry other expressions of contempt not exactly in accordance with the sentiments of democratic equality. A gentleman whose personal appearance was tauntingly made the subject of remark, immediately answered. "A *Mechanic* can make a very respectable looking man of *me;* but it would take the *Almighty* to remedy *your* defects."—*Roch. Adv.*

COLONEL WHELLER.—This gentleman, the Democratic candidate for Governor, in Ohio, is routing the enemies of the Mexican war wherever he goes. He recently addressed a meeting of his fellow-citizens, at which a stiff old Federalist was present, and after hearing the speech, rose and requested Col. Wheller to put this question: "You who are in favor of sustaining the country in the present war with Mexico—say *Aye.*" A shout like that which went up on the heights of Monterey, was the response. The Colonel then put the question in this wise: "You who are opposed to sustaining this war, will say *Nay.*" Not a sound escaped the lip of a single one present. The old Federalist would not vote, declaring that, "when it comes to the *naked question*, I don't like to vote on that side." The old man was in the same predicament a large number of his political friends will find themselves in at the next election. When it comes to the *naked question*—for their country, or against it—they will be found, either not voting at all, or casting their suffrage for the Democratic candate AND the country.

On the occasion of Gen. Shield's late reception at St. Louis, he made an eloquent address in reply to the Mayor of the city, who had complimented him on his exploits in the Mexican war. Said General Shields:—"Although I am now about to go on a perilous service, notwithstanding it may not again be to meet the enemy in battle, I am a peace man. I desire to see no more wars, unless necessary to repel invasion. I desire to fight no more battles, unless it be such as are now shaking down thrones in Europe, regenerating nations and elevating humanity to its true position. I would like to fight in Germany during the present struggle there—but especially in old Ireland." He said especially in old Ireland, because he thought the Germans could redress their own wrongs; but he feared the Irish would have enough to do, even with such help as they could lawfully procure from us."

ASTOR'S ESTATE.—A paragraph in the New York Journal of Commerce, settles the matter in relation to the amount of property left by Mr. Astor. Here it is:—Some confusion has existed in the estimates of the estate of the late John Jacob Astor, from the fact that less than half his property was included in his will. The amount included in the Will did not exceed $8,000,000; but he had conveyed by deed a still larger sum. The whole value of his estate was $16,000,000 or $17,000,000.

THE OBSERVER.

ERIE PA:

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1848.

MR THOMAS H. ELLISON and R. O. LANDON are duly authorised traveling Agents for the Observer—we have no others.

TO OUR READERS.

We have the pleasure of presenting the "*Observer*" to its patrons this week in an entire *new dress*, procured at the foundry of N. LYMAN, Buffalo, N. Y. It is unnecessary for us to say a word in its praise; for, as a wag said of Henry Clay's mouth, *it speaks for itself.* One thing, however, we may be allowed to express an opinion of, and that is, in *our* opinion, it is one of the best looking sheets in the State. We trust our subscribers will take this as a hint and aid us in extending its circulation. Although we have nothing to complain of in this particular, having as large a number of subscribers as any of our cotemporaries, we are confident it could be *doubled* if our friends—the ever-true democracy of the county, would exert themselves. No one that has a neighbor who does not take it, should rest until he sends in his name. The approaching will be an important campaign—Federalism is making tremendous struggles to wrest the government from the hands of the Democracy—to fasten their obnoxious measures upon the people—and it behooves every man to be up and doing. Send in the names for the *Observer*—it will not fail to show up the measures and principles of Federalism in their true light. What it was in '41 it will be in '48—*faithful and true.*

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

In the present unsettled state of Europe, when peace or war seems to waver in the balance, and in fact depends in a great measure upon the will of one man—the Emperor of Russia—every thing in regard to the country, its people and resources, becomes of peculiar interest.—Her real strength is probably not known, even by the statesmen of the rival Kingdoms of Europe. Governed by the will of one man, and he the most skillful monarch among them, very little statistical information has been obtained. It has, however, been taken for granted, in this country at least, that Russia is the strongest government in a military point of view of any in the world. So far as regards men and money this is undoubtedly so. How far that first element in war can be sustained by her agriculture, manufactures, &c., an equally necessary element in war, is not so well ascertained. In the present state of Europe this is an important consideration, and upon its solution depends, we think, in a great measure the problem whether the present efforts making in almost every part of the old world in favor of freedom will be allowed to achieve a bloodless victory or not. In regard to this point we find in the *N. Y. Tri Sun*, some information upon the subject, the facts of which are gathered from a work published in Berlin in the year 1813, by Baron Von Redem, which he styled the "Agricultural, Trading and Commercial Statistics of the Russian Empire," and which he chiefly compiled from official returns. The writer of that work comes to the conclusion, that the social condition of the empire is unfavorable to agriculture; there is no popular class, no band of freemen who can profit by their own industry, or be excited by the hope of advancement. In commerce, an excessively high system of duties has not produced the effect of raising up a general system of manufacture; those so far as they are flourishing, are in the hands of the government monopolists. In 1813, it was estimated that Russia received from England about thirty-seven parts in a thousand of its exports, while we in this country, receive one hundred and eighty-one parts. On the other hand, the agricultural products of Russia, whether for consumption or export, are believed to have steadily declined. Certain it is that the ports on the Black Sea did not seem to furnish a very great supply during the deficiency of corn in Great Britain, the last year. In raising cattle there is said to be no great improvement or increase. The horses raised by the government for the service of the army, are only about 400 annually, and cost upwards of six hundred dollars each. In flax there has been an increase of production to the extent of 90 per cent. in 40 years; in hemp there has been but little change during the same period; so also in linseed and hempseed, Russia and Prussia supplied three fourths of all that is consumed in Europe. The growth of wool has much increased since 1830. In bristles there is but a small increase, though Russia is the only country furnishing any amount of consequence of this article.

In consequence of the very high duties imposed upon foreign productions, Russia is much addicted to smuggling. Its officials of all classes are said to be corrupt. The expense of bribing the custom house officers is estimated at twenty-five per cent. *ad calorem*—of *the article* and *the official.* But many other charges fasten themselves on contraband goods, necessarily connected with their sale and transportation. The whole amount of charge on the contraband trade, is therefore estimated at seventy per cent.

The territory of Russia in Europe contains one million of square miles, with a population of about 58 millions.—In 1772, in all the Russian dominions, it was but 14, millions—an astonishing increase. The revenue is made up from the tariff, a port tax on mercantile capital, stamp duties, and licenses for public houses. It is reckoned at about 80 millions of dollars, per annum, only. It is supposed that Russia has at this day an army of one million of men; the number is certainly not less than 700,000. Such a force would make a fearful onslaught on Poland, Prussia, Austria, and France, if it was directed thither. It is three times larger than it was during the reign of Alexander. Besides this force, there are military colonies established throughout the empire, where the peasants act at once as agriculturists and soldiers. Their number is estimated 700,000. The Russian navy contains 50 sail of the line, 25 frigates, 10 or 12 war steamers, 128 brigs and 500 gun boats. The vessels are fine and showy, but there is on board a want of discipline and cleanliness.

The gold mines of Russia are now producing enormously; so much so as to endanger the comparative value of gold as a standard. Immense sums are deposited in the imperial vaults, and in this respect the sinews of war are already strong. The national debt is about three hundred millions of dollars, but there is a large sinking fund at work upon its reduction.

From this exhibit of the condition of Russia before them, her course in the present juncture will be looked to by the friends of freedom throughout the world, with no little anxiety. Should she stand aloof, and let the rotten monarchies around her, take care of themselves as they best may, all will be well! But if she throws herself into the breach, and stretches forth her arm to uphold their tottering thrones, the future prospect of the struggling millions of Europe is indeed gloomy enough. A little while and the great drama of the eighteenth century will be enacted. May the God of Liberty shield the right!

SCOTT AND BOTTS.—We have already mentioned the fact that some of our whig friends are urging the nomination of Clay and Scott for the Presidency. The move don't seem to go down very well with the Scott men—they probably would like the nomination of a writer in the *Richmond Whig*, of Scott and Botts, head-him-or-die Botts. Now we know names are intrinsically nothing; and we are, perhaps, not called upon to regulate matters of taste among the whigs. But who, *could* hurra for *Scott and Botts?* "Harrison and Tyler" looked well on a banner, and did not sound badly in acclamation—the names we mean, of course. "Clay and Frelinghysen" answered, though the appelatives appeared together like a short kite with a long, crooked, heavy tail to it. "Polk and Dallas" was beautiful; but Scott and Botts! Phœbus, what a card!

CHURCH BURNED.—From the *Butler Herald*, we learn that the new Presbyterian Church, in North Butler township, in that county, was entirely consumed by fire one day last week. It is said to be the work of an incendiary, as there had been no fire in the building for some time previous.

☞ It is said that counterfeit two dollar bills on the Chautauque County Bank, are in circulation. The execution is bad, and F in the word "Safety" is turned.

EVERY MAN SHOULD TAKE A PAPER.

Although this proposition is a self-evident truth, much few in this country will deny, there are thousands, who totally disregard it, and not only do not take a paper, but never read one. Such persons know no more about what is going on in this great world of ours—have as little general knowledge of the acts of the government under which they live, or the principles upon which it is administered, as the denizens of the interior of Africa or the unlettered savages of Oregon. Politically, they are ever the dupes of designing demagogues, and vote for principles and measures they can neither understand themselves or explain to others. Such a person can never be a good citizen of a Republic, or a beneficial addition to the population of a neighborhood—in fact the statistics of crime in this country, we have no doubt will show that three-fourths of the inmates of our penitentiaries are men who, in their father's house, never saw a newspaper!

There is another class, exemplary honest men, in the estimation of the world, whose names have never been recorded in the subscription book of a newspaper, but who are *constant readers of them!* They know every thing they contain by rote—can, at a moment's notice, give *their* opinions of the Editor's ability, and sagely point out the defects in his management. They are *borrowers!* One who *borrows*, Webster defines as a person "who takes what *belongs* to another and applies it to his *own* use." Law we believe gives the same definition to the word *thief!* And for our part we cannot see such a vast sight of difference between the man who purloins his information, and the one who purloins the beef-steak he eats or the coat he wears. The information is certainly more necessary to make him a respectable citizen than the coat. The most common excuse of these *gentlemen* is their poverty—they *are not able to take a paper!* The individual who takes another's coat might plead the same excuse, but he would be laughed at as a simpleton. Too poor to take a newspaper, indeed! Many who make this excuse are worth their thousands—at any rate, the excuse is not valid with one in a hundred. Indeed, we have often observed that those who are least able to take and pay for a paper are most willing to do so. Others, again excuse themselves with the plea that the paper they borrow is not *of their politics!* Another valid reason, truly, why they should take without paying for it the labor of others! Upon the same hypothesis, we presume, the Editor's hen-roost would be legitimate plunder. The fact is, if newspapers are worth borrowing, they are worth paying for; and the cost is so trifling that none but those whose souls are not recognised among the *visible* things of earth, will think of troubling his neighbor fifty two times in a year for the paltry sum of two dollars.

Again there are many who take no paper, but would if they could be brought to realize the many important advantages which they, or their children, would derive from its columns. They are careless men—good easy souls, born before the advent of *steam* and *telegraphs*, they are content to plod along in the same old beaten track of their fathers. While others are rushing past with railroad and lightning speed, they are dreaming away their days in blissful ignorance of the great world about them.

But to the business man a newspaper is all important—It aids him in his profitable management, by informing him of the movements of trade at points remote, but which have a direct bearing on his own operations. The business of the world is made up of individual actions, and the trade, crops, prices, &c. of any one section are not without their influence upon the business of every other. Large crops, and consequently low prices in the west, it is important to both producer and consumer in the Middle and Eastern states to be early advised of; for though in the latter there may be a short crop, and anticipated high prices, the surplus in the former will not be long in spreading itself throughout the Union and of equalizing prices. The newspaper reader obtaining this information, whether producer or consumer, has as great an advantage over the man who refuses to subscribe for a newspaper as the man with sight has over the blind. One sees his interest and proceeds directly to it—the other is ever stumbling in the dark, or following at the skirts of those who have the advantage of which he deprives himself from the short sight policy of holding the price of a year's subscription so near the eye as not to see the great profits resulting from newspaper reading at the end of the nose. We have no doubt there are many farmers in this county who have, within the last three years, lost enough on the sale of grain alone, to have paid for a newspaper as long as they live.

A man with a family should take a paper by all means. It is worth in a year ten times its cost in schooling. We don't care what the new paper is, if worth the blank paper upon which it is printed, it brings something new to the child, and in conning its pages, it will learn much that will be of lasting benefit. Children should be educated for the great world they are about to enter, and where can they acquire a knowledge more comprehensive and practical than