Miscellany and News.

The Non-Combatant—Concluded from 1st Page.

Bitterly execrating his own carelessness, he returned home in a state of mind bordering on despair. Juan Fernandez had prepared the breakfast, but testified no surprise at his master's early absence; our hero remarked, however, that, during the day, the sergeant was more than usually attentive—almost officiously so. As the thief—who sees an officer in every bush—Patrick trembled at every sound; the slightest noise, to his perturbed imagination, seemed as the precursor of his arrest, and he hailed, with pleasure, the end of a day which to him appeared the longest he had ever experienced. The evening did not pass off quite so heavily. The sergeant exerted himself successfully to dissipate his master's melancholy. About ten o'clock, Patrick got rid of the kind assiduities of his humble friend, by pleading an inclination for repose. When he found himself alone, he began seriously to consider his situation. The stranger's note proffered him the means of enfranchisement; if these means proved such as in honor he could avail himself of, the duty which he owed the cause he had embraced, imperatively demanded his acceptance of them; he decided, therefore, upon keeping the appointment, and to suffer the result of his interview with the secret emissary to direct his ulterior line of conduct. Communing with himself upon the uncertain issue of his meditate adventure, the two intervening hours almost imperceptibly expired; the index of his watch, which he had placed upon the table before him, now indicated the last quarter. Patrick sprang from his seat, wrapped his cloak around him, and having extinguished the light silently descended to the street. A few minutes sufficed to bring him to the designated porch, beneath which the dark and indistinct outline of a stationary form evinced the stranger's punctuality, who, after a brief greeting, said—"This place is ill-adapted to the nature of our conference; follow me, and I will conduct you to one where we shall be, at least, safe from casual interruption."

Our hero assenting, his conductor led him—studiously avoiding the principal streets—by a circuitous route, through several narrow and filthy outlets, to the western extremity of the town. Patrick had just time to remark that he was in the immediate vicinity of the ruins of what had formerly been an extensive barrack, and beneath which he recollected having heard that a whole battalion had perished, when his companion stopped. "We are now," said he, "near the spot I spoke of, but, as you are not yet one of the initiated, it is for a short period requisite that you submit to have your eyes bandaged." To this proposition our hero did not think proper to object: his pride would not let him recede, since he had gone so far. Having, therefore, yielded compliance, his conductor caught him by the hand, and guided his steps, but not without difficulty, through the intricacies of their now rugged path. The distance was, however, apparently short. In about a quarter of an hour, the stranger again halted; he then, with something that emitted a sound like that of a small hammer against a marble surface, struck three distinct blows. A pause of two minutes ensued, to which a harsh, grating sound succeeded. A hollow, almost sepulchral, voice demanded, "Qui viva!" Patrick's guide instantly answered, "Bolivar." "Viva la Republica!" ejaculated the first speaker. They now descended half-a-dozen stone steps, when our hero discoved that he had entered a subterraneous passage; the sides were moist with damp; it was not of any great extent, as a few minutes brought them into a freer circulation of air—here one learnt from his conductor that his journey terminated. On removing the bandage, Patrick preceived that he was in a spacious vault, partially illuminated by an iron lamp, suspended from the roof by a chain of the same material. Immediately under it was a large stone table, round which, on wooden benches of rude manufacture, were seated six individuals, enveloped in dark-colored cloaks; each had his face concealed by a black vizor. One, who seemed to act as secretary to the secret junto, had several papers strewed before him, and with a pen in his hand, prepared to take notes of the examination to which our hero was evidently about to be subjected. The guide who had conducted Patrick, pointing to a stool, intimated that he might be seated, and having whispered a few words to the person who appeared to be the chief, took his place (likewise masken) at the table. This latter personage now commenced his interrogatory, by demanding of our hero his name, place of nativity, and rank, who instantly replied to the two first questions, and was about to answer the third, when his interlocutor said, "Spare yourself, young man, the pain of equivocating: we know that you are a captain in the service of the republic, as also the motives which induced you to assume the character of a surgeon; the strategy was allowable, although its adoption unfortunately rendered abortive a plan that would have essentially benefitted the cause which you have sworn to defend. It is, however, in your power to retrieve the opportunity you were the innocent instrument of defeating."

"Put me to the test," exclaimed Patrick, eagerly; "if the action be an honorable one, the dread of death shall not deter me from its essay!"

"Reserve this display of enthusiasm till occasion offers to prove its reality," resumed the last speaker; at present you are enjoined to listen with deferential silence to any communication we may think necessary to entrust you with, and lest you should question our authority, learn that two of us here assembled, derive it from the purest of all sources—the voice of the people of Venezuela, which has nominated us their deputies to the congress recently established. "A strong republican party," he continued, "exists in this city, though our late defeat has in some measure neutralized its powers. An important blow was meditated, that would have paralyzed the Spaniard in the hour even of his victory. Fortune appeared to favor its execution, the daring patriot to whom the project was entrusted already saw in perspective the glorious reward which his zeal would have merited from a grateful nation. At this moment you appeared like a baneful planet to wither his hopes and destroy his design. Gomez!—(at this name our hero's countenance betrayed much agitation) had sworn to immolate the tyrant Morillo, at the shrine of his country's freedom, and was about to redeem his oath, when you———"

"Great God, I thank thee!" fervently ejaculated Patrick, starting from his seat, his face glowing with indignation, "that thou hast deemed me worthy to be the instrument of defeating the assassin's purpose."

"Peace, fool, nor interrupt me with your cant," vociferated the wily casuist: "know that the end often sanctifies the means; that which you term assassination is but retributive justice. We have no time, however, to waste in words; Gomez, through your means, has become an object of suspicion—any further attempt on his part would be madness. You are bound to supply his place; daily opportunities present themselves—rank, riches, and freedom are the result of your compliance; death—irrevocable death—the consequence of your refusal. Pause ere you decide."

"My choice is already made," calmly answered our hero; "I would suffer a thousand deaths, rather than owe my life to such conditions."

"Then perish in your obstinacy!" exclaimed one of the hitherto silent members, at the same time plucking a naked poniard from his bosom, and springing to the spot where stood his unarmed victim.—Patrick felt that the crisis of his fate approached: collecting himself, therefore, for one final effort, he met the point of the murderous weapon with his left arm, whilst a well-directed blow from his right levelled the ruffian with the earth, the violence of whose fall having loosened the mask, discovered to our hero the well-known features of the malignant and bloody-minded Gomez! To seize the dagger of his fallen adversary, and place himself in a posture of defence, was the work of a moment. Like the stag at bay, he resolved to sell his life dearly: he had, however, fearful odds to contend with—six poinards, in the hands of as many infuriate demons, gleamed before his eyes. At this instant, a loud crash was heard—the assassins became transfixed with astonishment—a rush of footsteps followed, and in another second the vault was filled with soldiers of the Spanish guard, at the head of whom, Patrick recognized Colonel Arias and Juan Fernandez. The joy of the latter at finding his dear master, as he termed him, in safety was scarcely to be restrained. The seven conspirators were removed under a strong escort to the city prison; our hero, accompanied by the sergeant, returned to his quarters, where, after having his left arm dressed, which had been slightly wounded, he learnt the following particulars:

Juan had observed his master's depression of spirits, and fearing it might lead him into some rash act, decided upon watching his motions. With this view he had followed him to the cathedral, where, concealed by an intervening pillar, he had witnessed the delivery of the secret note, which, having subsequently found, made him acquainted with the hour and place of the interview. At this he likewise contrived to be present; and having traced the stranger through all the labyrinths of his route, arrived shortly after him at the ruined barracks. The intricacies of the path, which impeded Patrick and his guide, favored his concealment; and screened from observation by the masses of stone and rubbish that lay in the road, and by occasionally stooping, he managed to reach the entrance to the vault at the precise moment requisite to furnish him with the signal and countersign, which he had no sooner obtained possession, and noted the exact spot, than he returned to town, with the intention of apprising the military authorities. On his way to the government-house, he encountered Colonel Arias, who had but just arrived, to whom he made known his errand. Not a moment was lost in mustering a detachment of troops, and it has been seen, that having forced an entrance, it arrived just in time to save our hero from destruction.

The sequel is soon related. At an early hour the ensuing morning, a council of war assembled by order of Morillo, before which seven prisoners were arraigned. On the evidence of the papers seized in the vault, (which not only fully acquitted Patrick of any participation in the plot, but evidenced the strong abhorrence he had manifested at the proposition made him) they were unanimously found guilty, and their sentence of death carried into execution in the public square of Carraccas, within two hours after the announcement of the verdict. Our hero, with the thanks of Morillo, received his liberty and a handsome sum of money. He was accompanied to the Port of La Guayra by his two staunch friends, Col. Arias and Juan Fernandez, who, with sincere wishes for his health and prosperity, saw him embark in a vessel bound for the Island of Jamaica, where he arrived in safety. Disgusted with the sanguinary principles upon which the war on the Spanish main was conducted, he seceded from the service of the Republic, and shortly afterwards proceeded to the United States.

A favorable opportunity presenting itself, he renewed his studies in surgery, and eventually established himself in the beautiful city of Philadelphia: here he resided some years, in the enjoyment of a moderate share of professional reputation, and would frequently, on a winter evening, amuse his friends by narrating the events of his short military campaign, in which he expatiated, with peculiar satisfaction, on the fortunate result of his "Rüse de Guerre," concluding, to the manifest amusement of his Yankee auditory, with an account of his providential escape from the daggers of the seven conspirators in the subterranean vault at the capital of Venezuela.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.—The Geneva Gazette mentions mysterious circumstances connected with two ladies who came to that village last week and put up at the Franklin. The two were an old lady 90 years of age, accompanied by a lady about 30. The lady represented the former as a chance acquaintance, whom she had assisted on the way, and as she intended to take the afternoon stage for Penn Yan, left her in charge of the proprietor of the house. After she had left, the old lady being a good deal fatigued retired to rest. About 9 o'clock in the evening she woke up a perfect maniac; laboring under the impression that some one wanted to marry her. The old lady had been on a visit at the East, and was on her return to her home near Penn Yan, in Yates county. The lady in company turned out to be her daughter, and represented to her mother that upon arriving home she would send some one of the family after her. She not only did not go home, but we believe has not been heard of since her departure from this place. The mother remained at Geneva two or three days, until information could be sent to her friends, who have since taken her away. No reason is assigned for the inhuman treatment on the part of the daughter.

WHERE IS SANTA ANNA?—This is the most interesting query of the times. The ship in which he embarked was bound for Jamaica. But, as we have heard from that Island since the time expired when he should have landed there, we think the cunning Mexican must have put upon the wrong scent. He gave out that it was his object to join his old friend Gen. Paez, in Venezuela; but, as Paez is at present in as hard a strait as Santa Anna was before he left Mexico, we guess he will turn his face in another direction. We think Santa Anna will either return to his estate in Cuba, provided he can get the consent of the Governor, or will proceed to England by one of the West Indian steamers. The Governor of Cuba has refused him permission to reside in the Island, from an apprehension of giving offence to the United States, his sojourn there in 1846 being one of continued intrigue and preparation.—*N. O. Delta.*

MOST SAD AND BLOODY TRAGEDY.—On Thursday Mr. Mullen sold to a dealer who was buying slaves for a southern market, a negro man, his wife and one child, some 15 or 20 months old. They were placed in the Covington jail for safe keeping during the night, and yesterday morning were found with their throats horribly cut. The woman and child were dead; the man, through dreadfully mangled about the neck, was yet alive, and it is thought may get well.

According to the negro's own admission, he and his wife went at this horrid butchery deliberately—preferring death to southern bondage. The mother killed the child herself, and then offered her own throat to the knife, and urged husband to kill her. He cut her throat, and then attempted to cut his own, but did not fully succeed.

Such facts as these make their own comments.—How suggestive of reflection are they, and of what reflection?—*Cin. Atlas.*

THE DECISION OF A SOLDIER.—Colonel Doniphan, the hero of Sacramento and Chihuahua, utterly refused to run upon the Federal ticket for electors, recently formed in Missouri.

The brave soldier can't stand a party which abuses the war in Congress, and uses its heroes in the support of a weak cause, and to secure for the leaders political power. The *Metropolitan*, published at Jefferson City, in commencing on this subject very cogently remarks; "Every lover of this country will applaud the manly and patriotic course of Colonel Doniphan, in withdrawing himself from all connection with a party that has unceasingly denounced the war with Mexico, and thus furnished aid and comfort to the enemy, which he, at the head of the Missouri boys, gloriously thrashed at Sacramento. The Whigs of Missouri, in the vain hope of decoying unwary Democrats from their party fidelity, eagerly catched at the name of General Taylor as the most available man in their ranks for the office of President. They met in Convention at Bonville, and passed resolutions in his favor, after the fashion of the modern "spontaneous combustion" party. Presently, the great "embodiment" signifies his intention to go before the great Sanhedrim of Whiggery, at Philadelphia, in June next, and the friends of poor old ZACK begin to desert his cause, like rats forsake a sinking ship."—*Pennsylvanian.*

SAD MISTAKE.—The Louisville Courier states that the Sons and Daughters of Temperance had a celebration near that city last week, and after a fatigueing march, they concluded to have a little of something to strengthen and sustain the inner man, escheewing strong drink as a matter of course. Lemonade was ordered; the first being none of the best, or the ideas of some of the company being not altogether pleased with its strength and acidulous qualities, it was further proposed that a little tartaric acid be added to the beverage. This was accordingly done, and the social glass again went round, but a very few seconds thereafter, every one who had partaken was seized with a sudden vomiting and death-like nausea. Astonishment and horrid suspisions of poison passed through the minds of all.—Ladies as well as gentlemen were alike afflicted.—Precipitation governed every movement; distress was depicted on every countenance, and the utmost consternation prevailed until the contents of the Lemonade cans were examined, and instead of tartaric acid, tartar emetic was found to be the ingredient introduced for improving the flavor of the Lemonade. The mistake occured in the written prescription sent by a boy to the Portland drug store, which, when produced, read more like tartar emetic than tartaric acid.

BAD GIRLS.—Two sisters quarrelled in New York, on Thursday, and finally appealed to a magistrate for justice. His Honor gave them some excellent advice, and they left apparently reconciled. They had scarcely reached the outside of the door when one of them commenced a pugilistic warfare upon the other, which ended in both of them being sent to the tombs. Bad girls, very.

THE OBSERVER.

ERIE PA:

SATURDAY MORNING JUNE 3, 1848.

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

Democratic Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. LEWIS CASS,

OF MICHIGAN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Gen. Wm. O. Butler,

OF KENTUCKY.

Our Candidates, Cass and Butler.

We had the pleasure last week of unfurling to the popular breeze, the names of CASS and BUTLER, as the candidates selected by the Baltimore Convention to again lead the Democracy to victory. Could we have had the privilege of forming the ticket alone—consulting no one's pleasure but our own—we could not have formed it more in consonance with our feelings. Gen. CASS, it is well known, was our *first* choice for the Presidency, and the name and fame of BUTLER long since pointed him out as the man most fitting, by birth, education, locality and association, to be associated therewith. Of the past history of Gen. Cass it is hardly necessary for us to speak. It has been the theme of abler pens than ours, and in due time, we shall lay his biography at length before our readers. In the mean time, however, a hasty review of the most important events of his life may not prove unacceptable.

The opponents of the Democracy, we think, will not be troubled to find out, as in 1844, who our candidate for President is. "Who is James K. Polk," will not now be changed into "who is Gen. Cass?" That individual is well known to the country—his name is as familiar to the pioneers of the west, to the inhabitants of the middle, eastern and southern States, as household words. From the age of seventeen he has been identified with the interests of the Great West—suffered in all the early struggles of that region—participated in her battles, sympathised with the occupants of her log-cabins—and in later years rejoiced in her unbounded prosperity. That he is a Democrat, Soldier, Statesman, Diplomatist, and an honest man, a period of over forty years in his country's service, in almost every capacity, fully proves.

He first entered public life as a member of the Legislature of Ohio in 1806. While in that body he drafted an address in their name to Mr. Jefferson, expressing the attachment of the people of Ohio to the Constitution of the United States, and to that illustrious *Democrat*, which was unanimously adopted. Subsequently Mr. Jefferson appointed him Marshall of Ohio, in which capacity he served, we believe, until the breaking out of the war in 1812, when he volunteered, and was elected Colonel of the third regiment of Ohio volunteers, and immediately marched for the frontier. He was the "first man who landed in arms on the enemy's shore after the declaration of war." Soon after this he led the attack upon a detachment of British at the river Aux Canards, about fifteen miles from Detroit, and gallantly drove them from their position. This was the first skirmish, and here the first blood was drawn, in the war of 1812. When Hull had made up his mind to surrender Detroit, he detached Col.'s Cass and McArthur, ostensibly for provisions, but in fact, because he was afraid they would never submit to such a disgraceful and cowardly proceeding. *He knew them too well!* It was he who when informed of that dastardly surrender, indignantly broak his sword across his knee rather than surrender it into the hands of an enemy.

Soon after being exchanged, Mr. Madison appointed him a Brigadier General, in which capacity he joined Gen. Harrison, then preparing to drive the foe from the territory of Michigan and invade Canada. At the battle of the Thames, which so gloriously terminated the campaign in the north west, he acted as a volunteer aid to Gen. Harrison, and rendered important services, which that officer acknowledges in his report of the battle, in the following handsome style: "I have already," says Gen. Harrison, "stated that Gen. Cass and Com. PERRY assisted me in forming the troops for the action. The *former* is an officer of the *highest promise*, and the appearance of the brave Commodore cheered and animated every breast." Surely this ought to be good evidence with our whig friends.

Afterwards Mr. Madison appointed him Governor of Michigan, probably the most responsible civil station at that period in the country, in which capacity he served for eighteen years. At this time Gen. Jackson, who read men as he did books, called him to his cabinet as Secretary of War. His administration of that responsible office is familiar to all. Suffice it to say here, that it met the entire expectation of the country and elicited the warmest praise from the President himself—so much so, that when the General retired, on account of his health, he honored him with an additional and distinguished mark of his confidence by tendering him the Mission to France. In 1841, while in the discharge of his duties in this station, the celebrated quintuple treaty, originated by England under pretence of abolishing the slave trade, but which was really a scheme to sustain her maratime superiority and place our merchant marine at the mercy of British cruisers, was brought forward and would have received the ratification of the French Government if Gen. Cass had not thrown the weight of his powerful pen and abilities into the scale against it. His pamphlet in opposition to it, was translated into French and German, and was extensively read and admired. In France it created a profound sensation, and awoke public attention to the subject to such an extent that the Government, which favored the ratification of the treaty, gave way and rejected it. In 1842 he returned home, and in 1845 was elected by the Legislature of Michigan to the Senate of the United States.

His public career in that body has been marked by the highest order of talent and the most exalted patriotism, and while his opponents do not agree perhaps with the measures he has advocated, they cannot but award him purity of motive and honesty of purpose. That there are some few, who will dissent from this, we are aware; but show us the firm and consistent Democrat, were he as pure as Washington himself, that they would not strive to bring down to their own degrading level. Show us the Democrat who has served his country that they do not abuse? Gen. Cass cannot expect to escape this common lot of Democratic Statesmen, and already falsehood is at its work.

From the review of a life thus devoted to its country's service, we turn with pride to that of our candidate for Vice President, Gen. WILLIAM O. BUTLER, feeling assured that although, on account of his locality, he is not so well known to our readers, yet as a soldier and statesman, there are few his equal, and none more deserving of public confidence or a nation's gratitude.

GEN. WM. O. BUTLER is a descendant of a long line of ancestors, distinguished for their military service to the country. His father entered the army as a lieutenant at the age of eighteen—was with Washington at Valley Forge—fought at Monmouth—witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and participated in the whole series of struggles in the Middle States under the immediate command of Washington himself. At the commencement of the war of 1812, Gen. Wm. O. Butler had just graduated at the Transylvania university, and was preparing to enter upon the study of the Law. The surrender of Hull at Detroit, and the atrocities committed by Proctor and his Indian allies, aroused the spirit and patriotism of Kentucky, and she sent forth her sons by scores to avenge the wrongs and wipe out the blot upon our national escutcheon. Among that band of brave men, was young Butler, yet in his minority. In the language of his biographer, he gave up his books, and the enjoyments of the gay and polished society of Lexington, where he lived among a circle of fond and partial relatives—the hope to gratify their ambition in shining at the bar, or in the political forum of the State—to join Capt. Hart's company of infantry as a private soldier. Before the company marched, however, he was elected a corporal, and soon after their arrival on the northern frontier, received the appointment of Ensign in the 17th United States infantry. At the two battles of the River Raisin, he greatly distinguished himself. And here we cannot forbear quoting an incident related by his biographer, which took place at the second battle on the 22d of January:

"After the rout and massacre of the right wing, belonging to Wells' command, the whole force of the British and Indians was concentrated against the small body of troops under Major Madison, that maintained their ground within the picketed gardens. A double barn, commanding the plot of ground on which the Kentuckians stood, was approached on one side by the Indians, under the cover of an orchard and fence; the British on one side, being so posted as to command the space between it and the pickets. A party in the rear of the barn were discovered advancing to take possession of it. All saw the fatal consequences of the secure lodgment of the enemy at a place which would present every man within the pickets at close rifle-shot to the aim of their marksmen. Major Madison inquired if there was no one who would volunteer to run the gauntlet of the fire of the British and Indian lines, and put a torch to the combustibles within the barn, to save the remnant of the little army from sacrifice. Butler, without a moment's delay, took some blazing sticks from a fire at hand, leaped the pickets, and running at his utmost speed, thrust the fire into the straw within the barn. One who was an anxious spectator of the event we narrate, says, "that although volley upon volley was fired at him, Butler, after making some steps on his way back, turned to see if the fire had taken, and not being satisfied, returned to the barn and set it in a blaze. As the conflagration grew, the enemy was seen retreating from the rear of the building, which they had entered at one end, as the flame ascended in the other. Soon after reaching the pickets in safety, amid the shouts of his friends, he was struck by a ball in his breast. Believing from the pain he felt that it had penetrated his chest, turning to Adjutant (now Gen.) McCalla, one of his Lexington comrades, and pressing his hand to the spot, he said, "I fear this shot is mortal, but while I am able to move, I will do my duty." To the anxious inquiries of this friend, who met him soon afterward, he opened his vest, with a smile, and showed him that the ball had spent itself on the thick wadding of his coat and on his breast bone. He suffered, however, for many weeks."

In 1814 he received from Mr. Madison a Captain's commission, and with his company, raised in Nashville, Tenn., was ordered to join Gen. Jackson. He soon effected a junction with that distinguished chieftain—was at the storming of Pensacola and at the victory of New-Orleans, and for his distinguished services in that campaign, received the brevet rank of Major.

In regard to the military service of Gen. Butler in the war of 1812, Gen. Jackson wrote as follows:

"HERMITAGE, Feb. 20, 1844.

"*My Dear Sir.*—You ask me to give you my opinion of the military services of the then Captain, now Colonel, Wm. O. Butler, of Kentucky, during the investment of New Orleans by the British forces in 1814 and 1815. I wish I had sufficient strength to speak fully of the merit of the services of Col. Butler on that occasion; this strength I have not; Suffice it to say, that on all occasions he displayed that heroic chivalry, and calmness of judgement in the midst of danger, which distinguish the valuable officer in the hour of brttle. In a conspicuous manner were those noble qualities displayed by him on the night of the 23d December, 1814, and on the 8th of January, 1815, as well as at all times during the presence of the British army at New Orleans. In short, he was to be found at all points where duty called. I hazard nothing in saying that should our country again be engaged in war during the active age of Col. Butler, he would be one of the very best selections that could be made to command our army, and lead the Eagles of our country on to victory and renown. He has sufficient energy to assume all responsibility necessary to success, and for his country's good.

"ANDREW JACKSON."

In 1817 Gen. Butler retired to private life, where he remained for twenty-five years, when he was brought orward as the Democratic candidate in his congressional district, and was elected for two successive terms, although the district had before been whig. In 1844 he was brought forward as the democratic candidate for Governor, and so great was his popularity that, although the whigs had a majority of twenty-thousand in the State, he was defeated by less than five thousand. The part he has taken in the present war with Mexico is too familiar to the public to need recapitulation here. That he has bore himself with distinguished ability and courage, and sustained his previous well-earned reputation, can neither be denied or controverted by his political foes, and that higher and brighter services and honors are in wait for him, we have every assurance to believe. With two such men as CASS and BUTLER to lead them, a more decisive victory than that of 1844, awaits the Democracy in the approaching contest. Both baptized in their country's service in the war of 1812—both firm and consistent in their loyalty to Democratic men and measures—both statesmen of acknowledged ability and integrity—and both unusually popular with the masses, their election cannot for a moment be doubted. We care not who our opponents bring into the field—let it be Clay, Corwin, McLane, Scott, or even old Zack himself—with such a ticket the Democracy *must* and *will* triumph!

THE ERIE BANK.—The more the public sees of the management of this institution the more its corruption is exhibited. We venture to predict that in all the failures of banks in this country—and their name is legion—none exhibits such a total disregard of the public as this. For some years it has been used only by its President to facilitate his immense business operations—his grasping avarice for gain—or his ambition for political distinction. And now since he has ruined it in grain speculations, in building boats—erecting a forty thousand dollar dwelling—in purchasing canal bonds, and in short, in attempting to monopilize every kind of business, even to selling tape, he comes out in a card and gravely tells the note holders to hold on and he will ultimately redeem its notes. He also takes credit to himself for such a course. The credit of his redemption of the notes and debts of the bank belongs to the laws of the State and not him. He is *individually liable* for every dollar of its indebtedness, *and he knows it.* He knows that he has made himself liable according to its charter, and he also knows that if the creditors of the bank would push their claims, it would be very apt to *bankrupt him.*

But we did not set down to write an article ourselves, but merely to introduce the following for the *Mercer County Whig* to show how the "last card to the public" is received abroad:

THE ERIE BANK.—We copy from the Erie Chronicle and publish in another column of our paper, another card from Charles M. Reed, Esq., relative to the affairs of this Bank, and the position he has taken in order to insure the redemption of its notes. Mr. Reed complains of reports, daily fabricated and put in circulation, for the purpose of destroying all confidence in the ability of the Bank to redeem its liabilities, as well as for the purpose of injuring him individually. We are not aware of any efforts being made to destroy the confidence in the ability of the Bank, spoken of by Gen. Reed. Such efforts, at the present time, would appear to us to be entirely unecessary, as all confidence is already lost, both as regards the solvency of the Bank, and the statements and promises of Gen. Reed. His own course has tended more to destroy confidence, than all the efforts of which he speaks. In the first place he publish a card, stating his willingness to pledge all his property for the redemption of the notes of the Bank, and afterwards declined doing so. We were then informed that he had agreed to receive the money in payment of fare and freight on his numerous steamboats on Lake Erie, and that it would be received on the Erie Extension Canal. On Saturday last, we conversed with a gentlemen of this place, who visited Erie last week, and he informs us that Gen. Reed will not receive the money in payment of freight &c. on his boats. His excuse is that he belongs to a combination, which has been formed amongst the boat owners on Lake Erie, and that the combination will not agree to receive them. The gentleman referred to further stated that he could not buy fish, salt, or any thing else with Erie money except dry goods, and that even then you would have to take out the whole amount of the bill you offered, as the merchants would give no change. After such a course as Gen. Reed has pursued, and from the value in which the notes of the Bank are held at home, is it strange that rumors should be put into circulation? The holders of the notes are anxious to be made secure, but since they have seen so much vacilation in the conduct of Gen. Reed it will take something more than his mere statement, as here given, to restore the confidence, which has been justly forfeited.

We believe that the notes are now received in payment of tolls on the Canal, but to-morrow may bring word that they have been refused by the company. The amount of tolls on the Canal for thirty days, supposing it all to be paid in Erie money, will do but little towards redeeming the large amount in circulation.

☞ The Editor of the Buffalo *Republic* says he is going to give Gen. Cass an awful castigation one of these days. The man evidently hasn't forgot the flaying the General helped give his relatives on the banks of the Thames some years since.

Madame Caldwell, a lady in New Orleans, has been fined $2,500, for permitting to be played on her premises the game of hazatelle.

POLITICAL STULTIFICATION.

Before the nomination of Cass and BUTLER the whigs in this vicinity were almost unanimous for Clay. Gen. Taylor's friends were few in number and bankrupt in character—(political character, of course we mean)—now, however, in view of the certain defeat of Mr. Clay, should he be nominated, the former are ready to throw him overboard, like any other political Jonah, and are rallying on the latter as a desperate resort to save defeat.—What political stultification is this! Not a week has passed since these very men derided and laughed at the idea of nominating Cass—said he was the easiest man named by the Democracy in connection with the Presidency, to beat, and bragged how easy it would be for Harry Clay to distance him. But lo! a change has come over the spirit of their dreams, and they are ready now to *abandon* this same Harry Clay because they think Gen. Taylor is more *available*. Not a week ago they were loud in their determination *never*, no *never*, to support Gen. Taylor—they were not agoing to be Tylerized again, not they—but no sooner did the Baltimore convention put in nomination the man they were so anxious to defeat with Mr. Clay, than they wheel square round, "jump Jim Crow" without even so much as *winking*, and *hurrah for* Taylor with all their might. What has become of Clay's "availibility"?—where hath vanished the insuperable objections to Taylor's non-committalism, ye so often urged against him?—what lucky wizard's wand hath clothed him with that panoply of whig principles ye have all along deemed essential in a candidate?—what grand "pass" in political legerdomain has obliterated his declared determination to be a candidate in spite of your convention and Henry Clay to boot? Answer us these questions, ye sachems of whigery—tell us how it comes to pass that the man who was *yesterday* unworthy of *whig* support, is *to-day* the great I AM of the party? But suppose, for one moment, gentlemen, your convention should *not* nominate Gen. Taylor, you have acknowledged by your vascillating cowardice the weakness of your cause, and the result will show that you were defeated before the battle commenced. You will find that you have stultified yourselves politically, and will be laughed at for your pains. But again suppose your convention should throw Mr. Clay overboard—should turn its back upon the principles and men of the party, and select Gen. Taylor because he is a military chieftain, and therefore thought to be "available," do you imagine he can be elected? If you do, you are doomed to a woeful disappointment. Besides, did you ever imagine what a ridiculous spectacle of consistency you will exhibit in supporting Gen. Taylor? As the Pennsylvanian just remarks, Jackson, at the head of the "Blue Lights" and Hartford Conventionists, would have been as appropriately followed. First in the ranks of his defenders, will, no doubt, be found Webster, who said all laurels won in this war were soiled and dishonored—Corwin, who wished the Mexicans to give Taylor and his troops "hospitable graves with bloody hands"—Chandler, who said Taylor ought to have been cashiered for the capitulation of Monterey—Greeley, who has shouted "accursed be this infamous war"—Prentice, who says it is "a war against God"—and Ashmun, whose amendment still festers upon the Congressional resolution of thanks. But what will be more singular than all, will be to see Gen. Taylor's political ranks mowed down by the very soldiers who, in Mexico, swept down the ranks of the Mexicans? Every opinion now published from the Army against whigery, will be a blow aimed at the cause of Taylor, if he shal accept the whig nomination. The world knows how our brave soldiers can aim, and how they can fire, and whigery will be added to Mexico as a new proof of both during the next election. It will be, indeed, a prospect strange and edifying, in all respects, to see Gen. Taylor, the Captain of whigery; but the issue will show how little even a great name will serve to save a bad cause from defeat and degradation.

ARREST FOR PURLOINING GOODS.—A young man, named Daniel Linging, who has been employed as a clerk in the store of H. Cadwell in this city, since the first of March, was arrested on Monday for purloining goods from the store. About $100 worth, together with $84 in specie, was found in his possession. It appears that he has been engaged in it ever since he entered the store, and on account of his apparent inoffensive and quiet demeanor, had avoided suspicion. A few days after he entered the store, he purchased a large dry goods trunk, which he kept at his sister's, about a mile from town—in the store he kept a carpet-bag, in which he pretended to keep a change of linen, and for the purpose of carrying them to and from the store. By this process he had filled his trunk with the best goods in the store, and on Saturday last gave up his situation under the pretence that he had received letters from Germany requiring him to return to settle his father's estate. His real object was to peddle. He was committed to jail to await his trial in August.

☞ We learn that a meeting of the Stockholders of the North East and Erie Railroad last night, it was resolved to divide the Stock originally taken to secure the charter, and reopen the books, so that all can have a chance to subscribe. We understand, also, that much spirit and energy was manifested by those in attendance, and that the prospect is flattering that a survey of this long contemplated work will be soon commenced.

☞ The Frontier *Express*, heretofore a kind of mongrel sheet, published at Fredonia, has passed into the hands of A. D. La Due and G. A. Osborne, and is now published under the name of the Fredonia Express. It has thrown off "no partyism," and unfurls the broad banner of CASS and BUTLER, and is conducted with talent and ability. Success to it.

☞ The Bill for paying Mrs. Madison $25,000 for the MSS. of Mr. Madison has passed both Houses of Congress. It only awaits the signature of the President to become a law. It is a remarkable circumstance that the bill passed on the anniversary of this lady's birthday.

MEAN.—Some of the dry goods dealers in Pittsburgh report themselves robbed, in order to get their names and locations in the papers without paying for advertising.—We are not 'green' enough to be hoaxed *that* way!

☞ J. Glancy Jones, of Reading, one of the Vice Presidents, and John Miller of Philadelphia, was one of the Secretaries of the Baltimore Convention.

☞ A distressing circumstance occurred on Sunday, 23 ult., at Hardnot, N. C. Three young men, who were taking bee trees, ate of the honey found. They became very sick and blind, and though measures were taken for their relief, one of them, Isaiah Mabley, died from its effects.

☞ One of our exchanges says that although General Taylor is very careful about writing, he is not at all reserved in conversation about Mexico. He thinks we are destined to have all Mexico, and Cuba to boot. He will not suit the whigs, depend upon it. He will Tylerize them awfully. If they should by some miracle defeat the democrats with him, they would gain no whig victory.

POOR BUSINESS.—Counterfeit $1 bills on the Erie Bank have recently made their appearance at St. Louis.

☞ The Governor of Arkansas has appointed the Hon. WM. R. SEBASTIN, to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate, occasioned by the death of the Hon. CHESTER ASHLEY.

☞ One of the principal amusements in New York is jumping after the ferry-boats, just as they leave the wharf, and falling into the water.

☞ Having exhausted every other mode of attack, *personal* and otherwise, upon us, the Editor of the Gazette is now regailing his readers, with allusions to our *size*. He says we are *small—little—not large*—in short, a sort of man in miniature. Although it matters not to the public what our size is, yet it is *true* we are not so large as the "Ohio fat girl," nor are we as small as "Tom Thumb." In short we are just as God made us, and when the Editor of the Gazette *sneers* at *His* works, he only gives another evidence that a man may be a *professor of religion* without being a *christian*. Thank God, we are too large to be *such* a *hypocrite*.

NAUGHTY MAN, VERY.—The Editor of the Pittsburgh *Democrat*, says he "*loves* Mrs. Swisshelhem," the Editress of the "Visitor," published in that city. Naughty

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For the Erie Observer.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—As a candid observer of men and things about our "*sleepy borough*," I should like to have the following enquiries satisfactorily answered by Gen. C. M. REED, or some one for him:

First: Did not Gen. Reed some time since, of his own hand and request a publication of a card to sign any instrument that should be prepared by Babbit, Marshall, and Kelley, pledging all his property for the redemption of the notes of the Erie Bank?

Second: On his return from Buffalo, immediately after the publication of said proposition, did he not refuse signing any such proposition, and suggest as a substitute for it, the withdrawal of his boats from the combination on the Lakes, at the end of that month, with a view that by doing so, and taking Erie Bank paper for fare, &c., on his boats, running independently, he could redeem more of the paper, and secure the community a *better* than by that proposition?

Third: Has he withdrawn his boats from the furious conspiracy of steamboat owners? On the contrary, when that scheme for swindling the community generally, and ruining the business of this place in particular was almost ready to break in pieces, was he not the principal operator in patching it up again, and did he not, two or three days of last week in Buffalo in effecting the completion of the Steamboat combination?

Fourth: Is Gen. Reed a partner with Williams & Co., formerly of this place, in a Broker's office in Philadelphia? And was said Curry here a few days since, with a large amount of Erie Bank paper? Did he get the most of it, while payments were refused to the farmers and mechanics of our own neighborhood, holders of small amounts of the bills? If so, what amount of money did said Curry carry away with him, and will it not be applied to the purchasing of Erie paper at a discount? If it should be so applied, who will be benefited and who will be the losers?

Fifth: Is George Williams & Co., Brokers in Philadelphia, the agents of Gen. C. M. Reed, at that place? Did one of that company arrive here some days after the suspension of the Bank, with a large amount of Erie Bank paper, and carry away the specie to the amount? If so, was the paper purchased at a discount? With whose money and what was to be done with the money carried away from this place?

Sixth: Are there any other brokers at other places employed in the same business, and who?

If these enquiries are candidly answered, I may suggest some others in your next. OBSERVER.

CASS AND BUTLER.—The Baltimore Sun, one of the ablest papers in the Union, and decidedly neutral in politics, pays the following high compliment to the nominees of the Democratic party:

In the choice of General Cass, the Convention has no doubt acted wisely and well. From our point of observation, we are inclined to think that he will be generally acceptable throughout the Union. Wherever he is personally known, General Cass never fails to have a host of friends. His affability, his native kindness of heart, his frank and manly bearing, invest his character with an irresistibly attractive; while his public services, civil and civil, many of which have been of great magnitude and responsibility, and elicited eminent qualities of statesmanship, are calculated to secure the implicit confidence of the people.

The evening session of the convention resulted in the choice of Major General Butler, now at the head of the army in Mexico, for the Vice Presidency. This distinguished officer, whose military career has been a continued testimonial of dauntless courage, a valor indeed insensible to danger, and a resolution always equal to the occasion, is not without the recommendations of an exalted capacity for civil service. Those who know him best are confident in the disinguished ability and suavity of deportment with which he will grace the chair of the Senate.

☞ A meeting to ratify the Baltimore nominations, advertised to take place in Pittsburg to-night. The call is signed by Judge Shaler, one of the Senator