

WASHINGTON, July 11, 1850. There is to be an entire revolution of the policy, as well as the personal of the government. This is admitted by all well informed public men.

The free soilers are in a dreadful condition, look as black as thunder clouds. "The great" Mr. Fillmore, in his position as President, is emphatically a dispensation from Providence, levelled at Sewardism in all its phases, wherever it has shown its hideous and unprincipled head in this country.

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Remarkable Phenomenon on Lake Superior.

SAULT STE. MARIE, July 4. Mr. John Spaulding of this village, has just returned from the Two Heart River, seventy miles from this place, and gives the particulars of a remarkable phenomenon, which he witnessed.

The new island is round about 150 feet in circumference, and is raised above the water six feet, and the rise on the beach, which is wide at this place is of about the same size and looks like a hillock of sand.

A few rods from the beach, back on the rise of the ground, a great depression of the earth took place, and the water, which was in the water, was raised up at the same time to a height of some twenty feet.

A number of Indians, who were encamped near this place, were very much frightened at this strange manifestation of the power of the "Great Spirit," and fled from the place in great terror, and could not be persuaded to return to visit the spot.

The Rush to Washington. WASHINGTON, July 13. People are rushing into Washington in great numbers. To-morrow the crowd will be immense.

The general impressions is, that an entire change in the cabinet must and will take place. A few only will be retained.

The day before yesterday, Mr. Seward formally called upon Mr. Fillmore, and proffered his aid in shaping affairs. He recommended the retention of the cabinet.

The belief is becoming general that Webster, McKean, and Butler King will certainly go into the cabinet. The friends of the latter have telegraphed him at Philadelphia, to come here forthwith.

The President's Death-Bed.—Those surrounding the dying President at the moment, were his own family, Colonel Bliss, Col. Taylor and family, Jefferson Davis and family, Vice President Fillmore, several Senators and Members, several members of the diplomatic corps, the Cabinet, Benton, Hale, Wood, Coledige and Weatherston, and a number of intimate friends.

A NOVEL CURE FOR CHOLERA.—Dr. Macrae, in the hospital at Howrah, has according to the India news, discovered a new and most successful mode of treating cholera patients.

THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE, a leading Whig paper, in an article commenting upon the want of sympathy on the part of the people with the excitement in Congress, has the following remarks: "There is more aggregate contentment, comfort and prosperity throughout the country, than at any former period."

A MONSIEUR DIVORCE.—The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, of which Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall are the proprietors, have just declared a dividend of fifty per cent.—their first dividend.

THE HARVEST.—From nearly all parts of the wheat growing sections of the Union we see notices of an abundant harvest of grain being gathered, and judging from reports, the aggregate crop will be larger, perhaps than any yet produced in the United States.

EFFECTS OF FAVOR.—A lady in a delicate situation, riding in a chair with her husband, last spring, was excessively frightened by the entire top of the chair being carried away by the bows of a tree under which they passed.

GEN. CASE.—The Boston Post, referring to the Committee Bill before the Senate, says: "This is not the time to make presidential candidates; but if any man has set the country the example of noble disinterestedness, it is Gen. Case. See how he stepped back and surrendered the leadership to Henry Clay! See how he deferred to Mr. Webster! Great and good men never fear to be eclipsed: they are satisfied to promote the general welfare, and seek no other reward than the approbation of their own consciences."

EXTERMINATING THE INDIANS.—A general order from Major General Brooks, appears in the Texas papers, in which he announces that he is about to begin a war of extermination against the tribes of hostile Indians who have so long infested the borders of Texas. He has mustered and dispersed the force, and hopes that in two months he will have put an end to their depredations.

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Eric Weekly Observer.

ERIE, PA. SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1850.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS. CANAL COMMISSIONER. WM. T. MORISON, of Montgomery. AUDITOR GENERAL. EPHRAIM BANKS, of Millin. SURVEYOR GENERAL. J. P. BRAWLEY, of Crawford.

THE CHIEF OF THE NATION HAS FALLEN!

The Patriot, Warrior and Statesman is no more! The Hero who "Never Surrendered" for his Country had found for himself a Master "Too In Death!"

Gen. ZACHARY TAYLOR sleeps with his Fathers, side by side with a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson, a Jackson, and a Harrison. The Nation mourns his loss.

The citizens of Erie, deeply impressed with the magnitude of this sudden National bereavement, and desirous of commemorating their brethren generally throughout the Union, in rendering suitable honors to the memory of the illustrious Dead, beg leave, through the undersigned, a Committee for the purpose, to make known that Tuesday, July 23, had been selected for the solemnization of Funeral Obituaries at this place.

That on that day, all Offices, Stores and Shops will be closed and business generally suspended. The bells will be tolled for one hour at the rising and setting of the sun, and 13 o'clock at noon.

At 1 o'clock P. M., a procession will be formed on the Public Square, under the direction of M. Whittall, Esq., Chief Marshal, and M. W. Campbell, Col. D. S. Clark, A. King, W. P. Kinler, and M. Z. Zimmerman. Assistants attending in front will be French street to Ninth, along Ninth to Peach, down Peach to the Public Square, from thence down to Second, along Second to Peach, and up Peach to the Presbyterian Church, where prayer will be offered by the Rev. J. H. Praxair, and an Eulogy pronounced by Hon. Thos. H. Hill.

ORDER OF PROCESSION. 1. Music, Martial and Brass Bands with muffled Drums. 2. Military. 3. Speaker and Clergy in Carriage. 4. Hearse, 12 Pall Bearers, with military guard of honor. 5. War Horse and groom. 6. Officers of the Army and Navy. 7. Officers of the Revenue. 8. Masonic Association. 9. Independent order of Odd Fellows. 10. Fire Companies in their order of organization. 11. Officers of the Corporation. 12. Clergy.

Should the weather prove favorable, the Park upon Perry Square may be substituted for the Church, due notice will be given on the day. In the morning and during the exercises, minute guns will be fired from the water, and the colors of shipping in port exhibited at half-mast.

JAMES D. HUNTER, DANIEL DOBBS, JOHN W. STEWART, MURRAY WALLACE, JOHN H. JOHNSON, F. S. STANLEY, Committee of Arrangements.

General Orders to the Navy. We have been kindly furnished by Commander Oscar Berlus, of the U. S. Steamer Michigan, with a copy of the general orders of the Secretary of the Navy, to the officers of the Army and Navy and Marine Corps, in regard to the manner they shall show their respect for the "exalted character and eminent public services" of the late President.

THE WESTFIELD MESSENGER gives currency to a rumor that an arrangement has been effected between the New York and Erie rail road, and the Buffalo and State Line road by which it is "determined to build but one line of Railroad along the Lake shore, from Buffalo by a way to Dunkirk, to Erie. That this will be built upon a gauge to meet the Ohio line in Erie, Pa., and differing of course both from the Central Railroad and the New York and Erie tracks, thus compelling a re-shipment of goods both at Buffalo and Dunkirk, the six feet gauge of the New York and Erie line ending at the latter place."

THE STEAMER FASHION. If any of our readers intend visiting Buffalo, we can safely recommend them to take the steamer Fashion, one of the Walbridge Line. She is decidedly the best boat of the line, and her officers are at the head of the pile. Capt. Evans and his brother, the Clerk, and Mr. Brown, the Steward, will see to your bodily comforts, while our friend VISITAE, the mate, is every where about to see that you are neither blown-up nor burnt-up. Take them all in, the Fashion and her officers, are not to be "sneezed at," let the weather be what it may.

WHIG COMPROMISE MEETING. A meeting of the Whigs of Philadelphia, in favor of Mr. Clay's compromise propositions, was held in the Masonic building on Monday evening of last week. The attendance was quite large, and much enthusiasm was manifested. JOHN PATRICK WELLS presided. CHARLES GIBSON, Esq., and Col. JOHN SWIFT, were the principal speakers. The resolutions were highly laudatory of the public course of HENRY CLAY, and strongly in favor of the compromise bill now before the Senate. This movement on the part of the original Clay Whigs of Philadelphia, has taken the administration branch of "the party" all back.

THE ELECTION OF HON. W. R. KING, of Alabama, as President of the United States' Senate, by the unanimous vote of all parties, is a deserved compliment to that pure and upright statesman. His uniform courtesy, good temper, and experience are the best guarantees that he will not allow the Senate to become a scene of dissipation and intemperance, and that he will insist upon the observance of propriety and order between the members of that distinguished body.

THE ST. LOUIS UNION, the organ of Col. Benton, says "whenever you hear any reckless and mendacious nullifier assert that Benton is in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, just nail the falsehood."

Pencilings on the Steamer Atlantic.

WILLIS says "far enough away for a letter" is a measurement essentially altered of late, by railroad and telegraph. And Willis is right. Steam and lightning have annihilated space, while time, although it flows along in its accustomed channel unamindful of either, and unheeding the events which these agents of man's invention, has actually become, to most of us, what the philosopher theoretically declared it—money at interest! To the Editor it is even more—it is his meat and drink, his stock in trade, and if he diverts it from the legitimate channel through which it flows the "needful," it must be all hands, will have to go, and a now, and we trust an honest, and more acceptable set of men, put in their place.

So thought we last week, when, after having "made a day and night of it" at the Falls, seeing all that was to be seen, and paying for it, too, mark you,—for no use to the Falls without paying for all he sees, hears or smells—(mind we don't say "feds," for we felt the loss all night without "miao" loss) of the Eagle charging us a single "red"—we found ourselves on board the splendid steamer ATLANTIC, Capt. D. H. McBRIDE, commander, bound for Detroit. It was ten o'clock of an beautiful and balmy July evening as ever rested upon the blue waters of the Lake. Dead ahead of us were the glimmering lights of the Louisiana, bound for Chicago and intermediate ports, and to our left, fast dropping over our bow, were the glistering fire of the Saratoga. The Atlantic is a crack boat, moving over the water with the ease and velocity of a bird, and her officers and crew are all that the officers and crew of such a boat should be—attentive, obliging, and with the traveling public, universal favorites. Let us introduce you, reader, Capt. McBride you all know, as he is one of our own citizens, born and raised among us. He was formerly in Reed's employ, and sailed the Missouri and Madison as long as they could float. In this employ he formed for himself a reputation which, while it did not procure him one of his employers new boats, secured for him the confidence of a more discerning and generous patron, and he has been rapidly promoted from the command of the Champlain to the Canada, and from the Canada to the Atlantic; and which, by the by, he has already made the favorite boat of the Line. Mr. Nantz, the Clerk, fills his place to admiration. With a kind word, and a pleasant smile for all, he extracts the amount of your fare from your purse with a grace that makes the payment a pleasure. But here is the Steward, and the Atlantic is fortunate in the selection of our friend Wilcox to preside over the physical wants and comforts of her passengers. He is decidedly a trump card, and the right hand at that. No one connected with the boat comes so directly in contact with the passengers as the Steward, yet with thousands of different dispositions and tastes to suit, some of which can't be suited no matter how well they are used, "Wm" has always a smile upon his face, or an appropriate word to silence all complaints. But take them all in, to use the language of the "N. Y. Merchant's Day Book, in reference to the officers of the Atlantic, they "are at the head of the pile; and form a cabin of any steamer afloat."

We have seen the officers, now let us take a look at our fellow-passengers. We have two hundred and fifty of them, and they embrace all the varied hues of the traveling community, from the over-dressed and sickeningly exquisite, who chaw up the Presidents American, and spit out "Steward" for Steward, up to the animal who only needs the bridges and a six to indicate his nature. Here is a western farmer and his wife, who after a quarter of a life time spent in toil and privation in the west, have obtained what they so diligently sought, a competence. And now they have been back to the green hills of their own native New England, to look once again upon the spot that gave them birth. What a change has fifteen years made in their appearance! We warrant you when they left their native village for the wild shores of Michigan, that matronly looking lady was a newly married belle and beauty, fresh as an un-unked rose in June, and merry and hopeful as a child. Her partner, too, the chosen one from among the many gallants at sleigh-rides, apple-pearings, and singings, had then neither wrinkles across his brow, nor a streak of gray in his curling locks. But time, hard work, and an occasional shake of fever and ague, just by way of variety, have done their appointed office, and the once blithe New England bride, and hopeful, trusting youth, are now what we see them. But let us pass on to this picture, with an occasional variation of light and shade, will do for many besides the subjects for which it was especially painted. Here, pacing up and down the long cabin before us, is a West Point Cadet. It is vacation, and after two years close study, he is permitted to visit his friends. He has undoubtedly done so, and is now making the tour of the Lakes ere he confines himself to his books and "textes" for another two years. Look, there is a smile upon his lip, and a proud joyful gleam in his eye. He is thinking of the future, perchance, and the glowing picture he is painting, the castle he is building, have all the lights and shades of the soldier's life. Shall we let fancy draw the curtain from this picture, and see if it does not disclose far glimmers of "battles lost and won," of promotion for gallant deeds, of brevets for services rendered, and then a return and most hearty welcome of brothers and sisters, of a fond mother and a doating father, and, perhaps, of noble fellows as ever trod deck and formed a scene of his services? No, we must not tarry, and we will leave him to dream out—the stern reality will wake him soon enough. Here is a lawyer—we know it by his looks—there is cost written on every lineament, and in every move. As a class we can tell them at a glance, and like that M. D. yonder, turning over the leaves of the last medical review, they carry the distinctive traits of their craft into every circle. Here, too, is a country merchant—you can see caps and ribbon, the price of wool and cheese, proclaimed in every turn of his features. No disrespect to either of them, or their professions—they are all good fellows, no doubt, and can enjoy a social glass and a game of euchre, with the best. But it is getting late, and one by one, our picture sitters are retiring to their state rooms, in quest of rest and repose. And now all is still save the working of the mighty wheels and the rushing of the water as the ponderous wheels dash foaming and eddying along the sides of our guard-craft. Rest sleepers, there are watchful eyes guarding your slumbers, and careful hands to stir up the red fires that, if once lost, would soon engulf us all in eternal night.

Morning upon the waters! Neither land, nor soil, nor living thing in sight. Old Erie is "gone" when one gets in the middle of it, but we never before realized its full extent. Up comes the sun from her watery bed, and will our vessel speed upon her way. One by one the passengers turn out, showing plainly by their refreshed and satisfied air that neither the thump of fires nor explosion had disturbed their dreams. Breakfast for the gentlemanly retire to the saloon or the promenade deck to enjoy their principles, and the Ladies to dress for the amusements which, as soon as the tables are cleared away, will "come off" in the cabin. The Atlantic carries an excellent band of colored minstrels, and regularly every day the plaintive strains of "Mary Jane," "Hollo of Baltimore," and other fashionable airs, are sung with much effect, and to the no little amusement of her passengers. And now comes the "light fantastic toe," and the passengers are strangers no longer. A great number of cold formalities is a custom upon a steamboat, and I warm up the social feelings of our uncles, and make one better satisfied with himself, and the "rest of mankind." Dinner over, there is no more amusement in the cabin, for every one is on deck to view the beautiful scenery which the numerous islands at the head of the lake afford to the eye. Detroit river, too, is

opening to our view, with its well cultivated fields on either side, and its bosom covered with white sails and puffing steamers. That boat ahead is putting on a few more pounds of extra steam, in order to beat us into Detroit, but it is "no knocking," for the Atlantic is by her like a shot, and in a few minutes lays motionless along side of the Michigan Central Railroad Depot. Then hastily adieu are said between acquaintances of a few brief hours, a parting grasp of the hand is given, and each one takes the road pointed out by either business or pleasure.

Madame Fillmore is busy at the seat of government about these days, and the stories she sets afloat pervade all the varied hues of her votaries. Every hour gives birth to a new one, while each new day witnesses the death of those brought to life by its immediate predecessor. All is uncertainty, except that the old cabinet will not be retained. The Galpinis, it is conceded on all hands, will have to go, and a now, and we trust an honest, and more acceptable set of men, put in their place. The influence of that arch demagogue, Seward, it is, also, pretty definitely settled, now comes at the White House. Many shrewd observers of the political world believe that Mr. Fillmore, on assuming the administration of affairs, will seek to reconstitute the whig party in its former unity, and to this end he will rally all the force of the Administration in favor of the Adjustment "submitted by Fols's Committee of Thirteen." They argue that Mr. Fillmore is not strong enough either in his own character or his standing with his own party, to make head against men so powerful with their party as Clay and Webster; that he stands in need of their support, and will naturally make some sacrifice to obtain it; that he has long been accustomed to regard them as his political leaders and oracles, and that he will not easily forego the habit of acting with them. As a politician, they add, he has never distinguished himself by any trait of boldness and independence, from which we have a right to infer that he would stand fearfully and self-poised in the office to which he has so unexpectedly succeeded. In short, they argue that there is nothing to distinguish him from the mass of whig politicians at the north, and this being the case, there is every reason to suppose that he will adopt the policy of Mr. Clay. We think there is a good deal of force in this, especially as his bitter political foe, Seward, has appropriated to himself every inch of ground on the Free Soil platform, so that if he were ever so much inclined to take his position there, he could only do so as second-fiddle to the wily Senator. The general expectation, then, seems to be that the new President will adopt the compromise, and form a Cabinet friendly to that policy. We hardly need say that we hope this expectation will not be disappointed. In all things, we, of course, expect Mr. Fillmore's Administration to be ultra-whig—how ultra we scarcely care, so long as he uses the position and influence he has so unexpectedly been called to wield, in setting the vexed question of slavery in the territories on the principles of Gen. Cass' "Nichols letter and the Senate adjustment."

THE LAWRENCE DIVORCE CASE. The fashionable world, which of course means the world of "upper-tendom," have been on the qui vive for some time in regard to the case of domestic infelicity in their most cherished circle. It will be recollected that Mr. T. B. Lawrence, the son of our Minister to England, a year or eighteen months ago, married a Miss Ward, a Louisville belle and beauty. A most striking account of the wedding was published in all the top papers of the country, and Mr. L. and his Kentucky wife were for a time the great center of "coiffish" admiration. But all is not gold that glitters, and after a time Mrs. Lawrence left her husband in Boston and returned to her father in Louisville. Then Mr. T. Bigelow Lawrence, published her as a runaway, just as her father would one of his negroes, in the Louisville and New Orleans papers. Of course Kentucky chivalry could not stand this, and application was immediately made for a divorce, and it was obtained. This has brought Mr. T. Bigelow Lawrence out in the New York Herald, of Friday, with a statement and defence, prepared by his Counsel. It occupies over four columns of that paper, and is certainly a rich narrative for the lovers of scandal. According to this statement, the principal cause of difficulty between Mr. Lawrence and his wife, arose from the fact that she was in the habit of painting her cheeks, or rouging, as the ladies call it. Against this Mr. L. entered his solemn veto, because it was not the fashion in Boston! Friends and relations of both parties interfered, but, as is generally the case, they only widened the breach, and made matters worse. A great man is T. Bigelow Lawrence, certainly!

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES. The programme for the funeral obsequies, in honor of the late President, adopted by the committee of arrangements appointed on Monday evening last, will be found in another column. Tuesday next is the day fixed, and we trust the recommendation of the committee, that all labor be suspended for that day, will be complied with, as also a general participation in the solemnities of the occasion. In this connection we beg leave to suggest that when the procession is formed, all our citizens, as well as those who may come in from the surrounding country, shall fall in and march with it to the place set apart for the exercises. This is due alike to the memory of the departed hero, as well as to the honor of our town.

GRAHAM'S SECOND PRIZE PICTURE. The enterprising publisher of Graham's Magazine has sent us a copy of his second premium engraving, entitled "CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN." It is a splendid mezzotint, 14 inches by 19, and is executed in a style far above the average of American Engravings. It has a softness and beauty of finish which give it a charming effect. This plate, together with "The First Premium" will be forwarded to any subscriber to the Magazine sending \$3 in advance for the year ending July 1, 1851.

DISTINGUISHED VISITERS. The steamship Washington arrived at New York, on the 4th inst, bringing among her passengers G. P. R. James, the celebrated and most prolific English novelist, and his lady, together with the Count and Countess Darasski, expatriated Hungarians. The Count is nephew of the distinguished Hungarian General of the same name, and was himself engaged as an officer of Engineers in his country's recent struggle for freedom.

CAPT. JOHN S. RICHARDS, OF THE OHIO. On our recent visit to Buffalo we had the pleasure of going down on the Ohio, commanded by our old school fellow, Capt. JOHN S. RICHARDS. This is the Captain's first season in command of a boat; and we found him fast acquiring a deserved popularity with the traveling public. We recollect when, to be a popular steamboat Captain, upon our lakes the character of a gentleman was not a necessary combination with that of the sailor, but times have changed of late years, and the steamboat, to be popular, must be commanded by a gentleman as well as a seaman. Capt. R. combines both, and we predict for him a popularity equal to that formerly enjoyed by his lamented brother.

THE CAROLINE HERALD, says that Vice, (now) President Fillmore is "a veteran Whig from his youth up." Why that boasts old Bullion, who says he has been an "old Democrat all his life."

THE EXCELLENT LITERARY and Musical journal, "The Message Bird," closed its first volume on the 15th. In addition to the vast amount of reading matter it has furnished its readers, more than ninety pages of the most fashionable music of the day has been disseminated through its pages. Such a paper certainly ought to be maintained.

M. T. BROCKLEBANK & CO., publishers, New York, at \$1 25 per annum.

WE regret to learn that Dr. W. M. Wood, U. S. Navy, who has, for some two years past, been attached to the Michigan, has been detached, and is now waiting orders. Our citizens generally will regret to lose him. His successor is Dr. Woodworth.

WE learn that a New York theatrical manager is dramatizing the recent Parado Sound incident between Forrest and Willis, under the title of "Dashes at Fashionable Life, with a free cow-skin."

PEN-SKETCHES IN NEW ENGLAND.

Correspondence of the Erie Observer. A trip Lowell, Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. Boston, July 12, 1850. One fine morning, not long ago, I found myself seated in the cars on my way to Concord, New Hampshire. It was my intention to make some stops at the most important places between the metropolis of New England and the capital of the Granite State. I have and it was a fine morning, and indeed it was; and we rapidly left Boston and its suburbs behind, we entered the green country, the sight of which is ever dear to me, and doubly dear after being pent up in the wilderness of men and houses. The iron horse that drags our car, takes us quickly over the road, allowing us to take only a glimpse of the cottages with their neat gardens, and the nodding trees and smiling crops, and the farmer and his boys laying the green grass low. Twenty-five miles from Boston to Lowell. By the aid of steam how quick it is passed. But little more than half an hour ago we were in Boston, now we stand in the new city; for Lowell is a city of 20,000 inhabitants, with its big sea, Mayor and fat Aldermen. Not many years ago the beautiful Merrimack rolled "alone in its glory" by the spot where Lowell now stands. No dam confined, or wheel obstructed its waters. What do I behold to day as I walk in banks? Spikes, and domes, and lofty walls; streets lined with carriages and busy people. I hear the din of them, sounds upon thousands of spindles as they draw out the shining threads; of clattering looms as they turn these threads into broad sheets of well made cloth. Many are the brisk hands and intelligent minds in these tall brick edifices around me. Ah! here are the fruits of industry; the results of a well ordered government. Grow up and flourish fair city; and you that dwell in it, with its morals and intelligence as you grow in wealth. Prosperity be yours, for 'tis but the reward of merit.

After partaking of a cool and refreshing dinner at the American House, I again take the cars and am drawn swiftly along the banks of the sparkling Merrimack, and again see the unmistakable signs of an industrious, thriving, happy people. I stop at Nashua and Nashua, two busy little towns in the State of New Hampshire, joined together by a bridge. Here I spend the afternoon. I walk out into the village a mile or so, and ascend a green hill that overlooks a part of the surrounding country. I pick a few daisies, stambroches, and set them for the sake of old times in my father's sapper and leaves for Manchester. The sun will soon be down. The conductor of the cars stops to know if, for he makes the wheels turn swift, and the 18 miles we have to go will be over soon. I see him watching the engineer through the window and they are exchanging winks and nods. Shade of Jehu! hold my hair out! Who of us are Manchester. It is evening. I walk through the light streets, call on some persons whom I am commissioned to see, and stop at Shepard's Manchester House, and after glancing over the papers stalk off to bed, and was the dull eyed angel sleep. Next morning I am conscious I waked her well. I walk about the way the town—Here is a brick city in the woods. As at Lowell, tall factories rise and like the river's shores. They are great red grays, graining and graining as they roll for man. The houses are neat, the streets clean; the people look happy, and every thing gives token of comfort and peace, and plenty. A little while ago, where this fair town now stands, stood the unshorn wilderness. Capital and labor equal Aladdin's famous lamp. Where they are applied cities spring from the earth, and where no foot-print was before, the feet of thousands daily press the ground. But hark! the car bell rings; we shall soon be on our way to Concord. A whistle, and we are off; again we are whirled by steam along this mill-river; for the Merrimack carries many a factory wheel. It is a broad and handsome stream, pouring the waters of White Mountain springs into the bosom of the broad Atlantic. Pleasant little villages and green woods, and stony hills, are seen on the road between Manchester and Concord. We have arrived at New Hampshire's capital. I make my way to the nearest hotel; a strange sign hangs out; a terrible ugly bird with purple crest and monstrous wings rising from a nest of fire. The hotel is called the Phoenix, and the bird on the sign may represent that fabulous fowl, which no fire could fully consume.

The State Legislature is in session; many of its members board at the Phoenix, some of them are lounging about the rooms now, reading newspapers, discussing State matters, and playing backgammon. I walk about the town, perform my business, and again take refuge under the wings of the fire proof Phoenix, and all make one grand promiscuous rush for the table; but once seated they help each other to salmon and peas with the greatest urbanity and self-denial.

Dinner over and somewhat digested, I find by steps towards the State House. It is a handsome granite edifice, with a cupola covered with plates of shining metal, surmounted by the figure of an eagle. Lector and attendant the gallery of the Representatives Chamber. The servants of the people are busy disposing of bills. They look like good honest republicans, straight forward and disinterested, and men of integrity. I look upon the State Senate, and one consumptive looking Statesman, who coughs repeatedly, and casts his eyes rapidly up and down the columns of his newspaper, they look as if they could work and eat and do their country service.

After having seen enough of the wonderful man who makes the laws of New Hampshire, I descend to the Library. Looking over the books my eye falls upon some strange antiquated volumes, which I pull down and discover to be copies of the old English laws, printed at London more than a hundred years ago by Lintox, the celebrated publisher. The Statutes are printed both in English and French; the English in old black German text letter. The library is quite large and apparently well selected. On the walls hang several trophies; two barbarous looking guns and a rusty sword taken from the Mexicans; a knapsack and a drum taken by Stark from the British, at the battle of Bennington. I tap the old drum; it answers in a hollow tone and speaks of better days. Poor old drum! thou wouldst fain exchange thy present ignoble place, for the bugle's company and the battle field. The State House is a cool place in summer. It is in a fine enclosure, where the grass grows thickly and the paths are clean and hard. But I must stay no longer. Night comes creeping on. I take my seat in the cars, and leaving Concord far behind, the thundering train directs its course to Boston. In two hours and a half the seventy-three long miles are passed, and here I stand in the city of notions.

SCRIBO. REFERRING THE BUREAU.—In reply to the "baby act" plan of the Whig party that that party is "in no way responsible for the wretched inaction and wrangling which has disgraced Congress and the country for nearly seven months," the Detroit Free Press pertinently asks "Why is it that whigs are powerless in the national Legislature, when nearly one half of the members in each branch belong to that party? But for the interference of a Whig administration to defeat Congressional action, months since the country would have seen the end of that wretched wrangling by which Congress continues to disgrace itself. Whigs are responsible—the administration is responsible for the delay in the settlement of the great questions upon which our statesmen at Washington have so long debated, and to that responsibility they will be strictly held. A whig administration and nearly one half the votes in Congress whig, and yet whigs are powerless in both branches of the legislature! Singular. However weak in Congress, whigs are powerful with the treasury, and the grasp the whig Galpinis hold upon the money of the Government, indicates a strength in that quarter, which, in the estimation of the leaders of that party, amply compensates for the debility exhibited in their congressional maneuvers."

SIXTH ADVISE.—At a meeting of the Sons of Temperance, Canada, a few days since, a young man in addressing the ladies, said, "Let me urge you, ladies, one and all, not to countenance any young man who will not become a teetotaler. I would also beg of you to advise the young men to become Sons; and if you cannot accomplish this, make fathers of them!"