

as if it would yield support to any number of armies. We crossed the field Heron, not far above the spot where so many poor wretches found a watery grave, and passed through an immense forest, recently built, within which were companies of soldiers going through their morning exercise. After that we traversed the plains of Lithuania, and on the fourth morning we entered the frontier of the present kingdom of Poland. The night was very close and sultry, the heavens above clear, but in the east hung a dark, gloomy cloud, from which every now and then flashed beautiful lightning, which we ascribed to a storm.

We opened the carriage to obtain a breath of fresh air, and drove, watching the bright flashes, and not perceiving that the sky was gradually becoming overcast, that the stars one by one disappeared, and that the air grew fresher every minute. At last we plainly saw signs of a coming storm, the night became fearfully dark, and the vivid lightning served only to blind the eyes of the postilion, so that he was unable to penetrate the darkness that succeeded. Suddenly came upon us a strong cold wind, the forerunner of the storm, and before we could close the windows down poured the rain with frightful violence. The thunder rolled and rolled, and tremulously and at the same time the carriage leaped heavily to one side, and by the unaccustomed sound of the wheels upon the gravel we learned that we were off the road. With one voice we shouted involuntarily, "Stop, stop!" for the vision rose before us of an upset in the ditches that always border a Russian road, and the postilion reined in his frightened horses. The courier, almost paralyzed with fear, was at last sent off to find his way to the station, and obtain lights, for, of course, when they were the most wanted, the candles could be nowhere found. The rest remained perfectly quiet, listening intently for the sound of any approaching wheel, which, as a concussion with a diligence or car, would have been under these circumstances, anything but agreeable. Still the storm did not abate, and after waiting till our patience was exhausted, we concluded that the messenger had lost his way. Another expedition was next resorted to, though it involved the exposure to a drenching of one of our party, feeling the way, and leading the horses at a walk. We proceeded cautiously for some minutes, but as the road was not indicated, it was judged rash to go on, and so we tried to resign ourselves to passing the night in our present position.

Our cheerfulness had by this time quite departed; wet and weary we sat still in despair, when at last a light shone in upon our darkness, and we perceived, far in the distance, a glimmering that proved to proceed from a lighted candle. To his great chagrin, however, we insisted on also taking possession of the postmaster's room, and arranging some chairs in the form of seats, prepared to throw ourselves, as we were, upon them. But the courier, and soon returned, bringing to the expected would be welcomed with delight, a great bundle of hay from the stable, which he threw down in the corner, near a corner for a bed. But though much, we declined the proffered couch, and lying down on the chairs caught a three hours' slumber, disturbed by the movements of the ladies in the next apartment, and by the restlessness produced by fatigue, cold and wet. At the break of day we were up and off, and soon entered Bratitowky, the frontier town of Poland. Here began our experience of the Jews, who are in this country a privileged and hated race. In villages in Poland, indeed, excesses in dirt among Jews ever saw. Groups of old men at the corners, sending forth keen glances from under the bushy eyebrows; looking after any chance waif from the cart, or children tumbling in the mud, and old bags whose sunken eyes and wrinkled faces were the visible marks of the race of Abraham; beggars, and vendors of every sort of ware, clamorous for patronage; all these swam in the filthy, narrow streets, and pass from every crevice in the cabins. Alas! for the tribes of Israel, are they not, in this part of the world, much too low for redemption?

Houston at the South.

We copy the following extract from a letter written by a gentleman of this city:

"Houston has many friends in this State; in fact I believe the preference of a majority of the Democrats of the State are in favor of him as our candidate for the Presidency. But some say Houston cannot carry the South—that he will be opposed there, and this may deter our friends from giving him the support that they sentimentally would give. We are aware that this sentiment has prevailed to a great extent in the Northern and Western States. It is feared that Houston would not be available at the South. His letter to Calhoun was a severe paper—rigidly truthful, and exceedingly true. Calhoun had ardent friends as all great men have. They were dissatisfied that Houston should oppose their favorite. But this dissatisfaction does not extend throughout the South, and is not calculated to break down Houston in that region. An independent, honest, talented man, Houston has as ardent friends in the South, as Calhoun ever had. And they are friends quite as valuable. Calhoun's friends were drawn around him by his commanding talents, and his extraordinary views. Houston's are drawn around him by his high moral character, his independence, his great talents, his uncompromising patriotism, as well as the novel interest that is shown around his life of thrilling adventure and extraordinary success. Houston's friends are National in their views. They are liberty-loving men, and regard this great Republic as a common property, worthy of a common effort to sustain and preserve its institutions in its integrity. No man has more ardent friends in Houston in Tennessee, in Alabama, in Mississippi, in Georgia, in North Carolina, in Louisiana, in Texas he is idolized. His name fairly placed before the country as a candidate for the Presidency, would rouse a feeling of enthusiasm among the masses at the South, exceeding if possible the spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm that has swept all before it in the State for the Union cause.

We should consider the following Southern States as sure for Houston: Texas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Alabama, Missouri, Mississippi, Arkansas, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia. We do not say this upon mere guess work, but from information derived directly from intelligent Southern men, and some of the Southern Right men too.

But there is another view of this matter of available candidates. What other name in this wide Union would be so sure to carry New York as Houston? With him as our candidate, there would be no longer any quarrelling over impracticable questions among the Democracy of the Empire State. He would be sustained against any "available" that the whigs can start. In Tennessee, too, he would receive enthusiastic support, and would be extended to his own talented statements—Buchanan. In Ohio, the victorious Democracy would rally around his standard to a man; and the great West would give him a vote equal to that which she extends to her favorite on Lewis Cass. We have no fears of Houston's success in the North or South, West, and East, as his ability and principles are concerned, he is as good as any freeman can desire.

On the 20th inst., during the celebration at Fairmount, a man of the name of Judd, a teamster of the George Furze Co. was under a fall, fell from the Railroad Bridge, and suffered very seriously. He was standing on the timbers of the bridge, 40 feet high; slipped, and in falling, caught a rope, which turned him in his descent, and in all likelihood saved his life. It is hoped he will recover.

"Wet feet," said a physician of the old school, "is one of the most effective agents death has in the world. It has perished more graves than all the engines of war. Those who neglect to keep their feet dry are liable."

Eric Weekly Observer.
E. R. E. P. A.
SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1851.

To Delinquent Subscribers.
Reader! do you owe your newspaper? Do you think there is a balance standing on our Books against you? If you do, we want you to come right in and pay it. Don't wait and have our collector call upon you, for if you do you will certainly have to pay half a dollar more than you would if you saved us the trouble and expense of calling upon you. To be sure, reader, that amount you owe us is but a trifle, but we have a thousand such trifles, and when these thousand trifles are added together they amount to a sum that would purchase a very snug little house and lot. But we don't want it for any such purpose just now. We want it to pay our debt. These debts have been contracted to enable us to send you the paper every week, and now, by all principles of right and justice, you ought to come forward and give us what you owe us so that we may send it by mail at our risk. Will you do it, delinquent reader, or wait until we wish to settle up all the debts we have contracted in 1851 before 1852. We wish to start the New Year square with the world, and we can do it if those who are talking to us do as justice! They will make money by it, too; for after January 1, 1852, we intend to make out the bill of every person—no matter who or what he is—found in arrears, at the rate of \$2 per year, and call upon them and demand payment. The day of coaxing will then be over, and the time for force arrived. So "walk up to the captain's office and settle," and save half a dollar.

The case of Mr. Thrasher.
The Philadelphia Bulletin says the intelligence that Mr. Thrasher, the American editor at Havana, has been sentenced to ten years in the quicklime mines of Spain, has created a profound sensation. As yet the details of the arbitrary proceeding are but imperfectly known. The most satisfactory account of it we have seen, is contained in a letter to the Journal of Commerce, dated at Havana on the 12th, in which it is asserted that his trial was a mere mockery, no opportunity being given him for defence, and no adviser allowed him as is required by Spanish law for Spanish subjects. This letter was the most tyrannical, because, in order to prevent the interposition of our consul it was expressly asserted that the prisoner had become a Spanish citizen. The truth, however, appears to be that, although he took out letters of domicile, in order to enable him to enter into business, he made no effort to naturalize himself; and as the Havana authorities were fully aware, since a few months ago, when he sought a license for his press, it was desired that he should be a Spanish citizen. He was a citizen of the United States, in fact, he had characterized the entire proceedings of the Spanish officials, in this transaction. The trial seems to have been, in every respect, an insult to the name of justice.

Now there can be no doubt that Mr. Thrasher or any other person who plots against Spain, is liable to punishment, if he can be caught; and the offence proved against him. It was easy to arrest Mr. Thrasher, for he resided quietly in Havana, which, by the by, he would scarcely have done, after the late arrest, if he had been guilty. But to condemn him, after arrest, by a fair trial, was not so easy a task. According to the correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, it was sought to entrap him by sending a letter to New Orleans, to be mailed to him at Havana; but Mr. Thrasher frustrated this nice little bit of villainy by refusing to receive the epistle. This failed in "making up" testimony against him. The Spanish officials condemned him without testimony. Even the legation Mr. Owen, was roused to expostulation, by the grossness of the proceedings; but he was tried.

We think we can unravel the riddle of this high-handed proceeding. The Spanish government in Cuba fears an enlightened press. They think, by striking down Mr. Thrasher, to intimidate all other editors, and muzzle the expression of any opinions but what they themselves dictate. The cruel sentence, visited on their victim, will for the present, doubtless have the effect. But will such policy succeed forever? Will it not rather lay up a terrible retribution for some future day?

Some of the papers are abusing themselves by constructing "pyramids" out of the States carried by the two parties respectively. The whig "pyramid" consists of Vermont, Wisconsin, Tennessee and "Salt River." By the by, which did the whig party make an annexation party, for certainly "Salt River" did not use to be a State of the Union. Perhaps, however, it is the place referred to in that famous sentence of Gen. Taylor's message, viz: "We are at peace with all the world, and seek to maintain amicable relations with the rest of mankind." That it is—the abode of "the rest of mankind."

The President's annual Message, it is stated, will be sent under seal to the several Postoffices in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, &c. in advance, as it was last year, to be delivered to the newspaper offices the moment it is sent in to Congress. This arrangement last year worked admirably, and it saves the expenses to government of expressing the message, as it used formerly to do.

The Baltimore Sun, in speaking of our newly appointed Consul at Havana, says him the following deserved tribute:

"Judge Sharkey will sustain American honor. He has some of the heroism of Jackson, the diplomacy of Cass, and the wisdom of Franklin. Spanish bravado cannot intimidate, Spanish treachery cannot deceive, nor can the far reaching diplomacy of England and France combined circumvent the sagacious and skillful Sharkey."

We hope this compliment is deserved, for we really have enough of truckling sycophants representing our government abroad now, without another such animal succeeding the cowardly Owen!

STAYE TEACHERS.—The Pittsburgh Post says there has been several spoken of in relation to this office; but no one seems to be so generally popular in the western section of the State as our fellow-citizen, Col. James R. Snodgrass. He is the choice of the entire North-west, and we find that he is able situated in Philadelphia, and also in that section of the State. Col. S. has heretofore filled the office with distinguished honor; and was warmly enlisted in the cause of Democracy, during the late campaign.

GOVEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The December number of this valuable periodical, has been on our table for several days. It is rich, and fully sustains the high character hitherto acquired. The excellence of the Lady's Book, consists, not merely in its embellishments, but in its excellent literary contents. The present number is embellished with two much praised, entitled, "Dress—The Fashion," "Dress—The Weaver," "Reconciliation," "Fashions," &c. We commend it to the public.

VEASEY'S STORY.—The Connecticut Reporter says about two thirds of the collisions on the lake are announced as having occurred "off Connecticut," where the lake is full sixty miles wide. The waters are not too contracted around the islands, in the river, or along the reefs near Buffalo, but "off Connecticut," boats must run, into each other! On Thursday night last, the Brig Quebec ran into the schooner Scotia, abreast of this port, and about twelve miles out, causing the latter to sink with a cargo of 700 bushels of wheat. No lives lost.

TAS KICKER'S ACCOUNT.—This magazine, acknowledged by all to be the best periodical published has been reduced in price to \$3 for single subscribers; or \$2.50 for clubs of ten. We should really like to send on the names and the cash for a club of ten. We are sure no one who reads the "Kick," and laughs at it, "Editor's Table" will ever regret paying \$2.50 for the privilege. Specimen numbers may be seen at this office.

Presidential Speculations.
Next Monday Congress meets at Washington, when it may be safely said the Presidential Campaign of 1852 begins in earnest. Most of the members of the New Congress, or a portion of them at least, are new members, fresh from the ranks of the people, and it may be said with some degree of authority that they go there pretty thoroughly acquainted with the views of their constituents on the Presidential question. It will not be long, therefore, before we shall be enabled to judge pretty accurately what two of the aspirants will be the lucky men. As, in the meantime, speculations outside the "magic ring" is becoming every day more rife, we may be pardoned, if we indulge a little in the all absorbing occupation of political newspaperdom, and make and unmake candidates as to us seems best. In Pennsylvania, and in some portion of the South, Mr. Buchanan is regarded as presenting the most available claims for a nomination. But we take it for granted that his nomination is out of the question. He has been a candidate too long already—the particular backers have been "hopping upon my daughter," at too many National Conventions to be successful! In the language of Gen. Downman, of the Bedford Gazette in 1848, when speaking of Mr. Buchanan's nomination then, "we know nothing in our creed that requires the Democratic party to hold up one man for the Presidency from time to eternity," and we approached the National Convention with the same way of thinking! Reader, Mr. Buchanan is not now, and there is no prospect that he will ever be, acceptable to the Democracy of such States as Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa. But that is not the only thing that will render his nomination out of the question in the National Convention. While he may, and doubtless will, carry a majority of the delegates in our State Convention on the 4th of March next, there will be in that Convention such a powerful minority protesting against his nomination as will place his success in the State before the people in such a doubtful light as will effectually exclude him from the list of available candidates, and thus render his nomination inexpedient. Thus much for Mr. Buchanan.

Of Gen. Cass' nomination, we think there is as little probability as there is of his competitor just named. No man, with the odium of a defeat upon him, can hope to succeed. Mr. Van Buren found it so in 1840, and Gen. Cass will undoubtedly be taught the same lesson in 1852. Parties are selfish—it is useless to deny that; hence they are unwilling to subject themselves to a possible defeat when success is certain if they pursue a proper course. The whig party thought so in 1840—they forgot it in 1844; and they recollect it in 1852, and they succeeded. It is true, by pursuing this course, they were unjust to Henry Clay, but they were not unjust to the whig party. Success was what they were striving for, and they achieved it with Gen. Taylor, whereas Henry Clay would have been defeated. It is necessary that the Democracy should succeed in 1852; and to render that success certain they must nominate a new man—they must nominate the whigs in 1848, and themselves in 1852. We are aware that the policy so ably advocated by Gen. Cass in 1848, and which, more than all other causes combined, secured his defeat, has been vindicated by time and experience—has become the settled policy of the country—and that distinguished author and advocate ought, by every principle of right and justice, be called to the position which he aspires, and had we the power such would be the result. But then the principles and measures of the Democratic party must not be endangered by a defeat. We must yield something for the good of the whole—we must concede something to the prejudices and passions of those who want estray from our ranks in 1852, but who are now anxious to be taken into communion, provided they can be without humiliation to themselves. It is evident, then, a new man must be nominated if we wish to succeed.

Of such we have three who are every way acceptable to the entire Democratic party, North, South, East and West. First in the list stands Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas; than whom no man possesses in a greater degree of popularity, and rendered him so accessible to the people, and his administration so popular. With him such a word as traitor would be unknown in the vocabulary of the Democracy. Old and young, the North and the South, from every point of the compass, the Democracy would rally around his standard; for wherever Sam Houston has heretofore laid, whether in the dread conflict with savage hosts upon the fields of Tallapoosa and San Jacinto, or upon the platform of a popular election, there has victory perched. Of the propriety of the nomination of such a man, we have no doubt—but whether such will be the final result, is a matter yet in the web and woof of Time.

Judge Douglas, of Illinois, is another whom the Democracy might nominate and count confidently upon electing. Scarcely twenty years from the work bench of a cabinet shop, yet by his own unaided exertions standing at the very head of the American Senate, the most dignified and able body in the world, he is emphatically one of the people—a finished representative of a growing and controlling principle in our politics which may be appropriately termed, "Young America." Judge Douglas is young, and hence would rally around him many of the young and enthusiastic of all parties. Altogether, we think his chances of being our next President are quite as good as any of the gentlemen yet named.

Then we have Gen. Butler, of Kentucky, who though little spoken of, was no mean competitor for the nomination when the friends of Buchanan and Cass find they cannot secure their favorite. The gossip in and about Washington are already speculating upon his chances, and selecting out a suitable person to run with him as Vice; and in this work of rivalry they have pretty generally agreed that our own Col. Bigler, would be the very man. Well, we have seen many a worse man than this named for the Presidential race, and should such be the ultimate result, we can promise the whigs a defeat on the most approved principle. But we shall see.

As OVERTHROW WHO.—Col. Fuller, Naval Officer at New York, and ardent advocate of the whig administration, wants to form a new party. He decries of whigery, and looks forward to its speedy demise:

"And how have the old whig party in the coming contest overwhelmed as they are by the Democratic majority which have rallied upon us in all the States for the last six months? We answer, none whatever. This is an impalpable truth; but we are compelled, from our honest convictions, to utter it plainly. The doctor takes no pleasure in telling his patients that he must die within a twelve month, nor the priest in assuring the sinner that he must be damned throughout all eternity. But the stern and solemn duty must be discharged; and they are cowards who refuse to look a frowning fate in the face."

Ock Common Schools.—Hon. Thos. H. Burroughs, of Lancaster, in a recent address stated that in seventeen years that the common school system of this State has been in operation, the people of Pennsylvania have expended over fifteen millions of dollars in support of this noble effort, exclusive of the large sums annually paid to sustain the numerous private Academies, &c. which are also giving their aid to the cause of education. The number of schools in the State, has increased from 762 to 9,262, and the teachers from 803 to 11,500.

The N. Y. Times understands that a large number of gentlemen connected as editors and reporters with the city press, have resolved to tender a banquet to Kosuth on his arrival, on behalf of the New York press. Two meetings have been held upon the subject, and a committee of ten appointed to control the whole matter. Parko Godwin, of the Evening Post, is chairman of the committee. The fact that Kosuth was once himself an editor, renders a tribute of this kind especially appropriate from the representatives of the press in the United States.

The Buffalo Courier contains an account of the loss of the propeller *Floxina*. It is stated that she is ashore on one of the Fox Islands in Lake Michigan, and that vessel and cargo would be a total loss. Her cargo consisted of oats, barley and flour. The vessel was owned by Messrs. Byrner & Wells and the captain, and was partially insured. We have not heard the particulars of the disaster.

LOCAL AND GENERAL ITEMS.

We almost had sleighing on Wednesday, snow having fallen two or three inches deep on Tuesday night, but the sun and the mud soon dissipated the bright visions of bells and Buffalo robes. So we go; disappointment, it is said, lurks under every flower, and why not under a snow cloud.

The members of the Erie Bar tendered Judge Church, this week, the compliment of a public dinner upon his retirement. He accepted, and the dinner came off on Thursday evening, at the Reed House. What was said or done on the occasion, we cannot say, but presume it went off as all such affairs do—to the general satisfaction of all concerned.

The letter in to-day's paper on Railroad Gauges is from one of the most experienced railroad men, and Engineers in the west.

The Ladies favorite paper, "The Home Journal," are reminded by the prospectus sent us, commences a new volume in January. It is one of the few metropolitan weeklies that we take pleasure in recommending to our friends; for it is just the companion one was to set down with of an evening, when other toils for the day in office or shop, are ended, and with slippers on and before a cozy fire, indulge in an hour's gossip with the great world without. Price \$2 per year.

We almost smell the breath of the iron-horse. But about two miles, we learn, of the track between this and Durkirk remains to be laid; and the Directors of our road expect to have a locomotive here in a short time, we can confidently anticipate that by Christmas we shall be—

"Striding through the forests,
Rattling over bridges,
Showing under arches,
Rounding over bays,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing over the vale,
Blowing me this way and that,
Riding on the Raj!"

Melancholy Accident.
A correspondent writes us from Springfield the particulars of a most heartrending and melancholy accident that took place in that town on Wednesday. It appears that a couple of neighbors were at the house of a Mr. Luke Harris, one of whom had a large dirk knife which he was exhibiting, when the proposition was started whether the blade could be fully opened by a jerk. Harris took the knife, and after jerking several times succeeded in throwing the blade open, and in bringing it forward suddenly ran the blade into his eye about half way from the tip to the hilt, by which he severed the main artery. He died in a short time. No blame is attached to any one, it being one of those unforeseen accidents produced from the most trivial causes.

New County Project.
We understand that it is in contemplation, by the inhabitants of the southern portion of the county, and those of the northern tier of townships of Crawford, to petition the next Legislature to erect a new County, with Waterford for a county seat. The proposition is, we believe, to take the townships of Concord, and Wayne, Amity, and Union, Waterford and Es Beuff, Washington, and part of M'Kean, Elk Creek and part of the whole of Franklin from Erie; and the northern tier of townships aforesaid, from Crawford. We know nothing of the reasons which are operating upon the mind of the people in the territory described for desiring a separation, unless it may be found in the manner our county has been managed, financially and politically, for a number of years; but if it is a fact that the people as a body do desire to cut loose from the Lake town and set up for themselves, why, for one, say let them do it. But we forbear remark now, presuming we shall be duly informed, if the project is persisted in, of the reasons which impel the movers in the matter, when we shall be better prepared to canvass the claims of the object they have in view.

We see that our old friend, Maj. Streett Ramsey, formerly Purser of the U. S. Steamer Michigan, has been South Americanized, in Carle. The Democrat says: "The Major looks as hearty and vigorous as a pint knot, and still retains, in an astonishing degree, that elasticity of spirit and those social and noble qualities of head and heart which have ever distinguished him as one of nature's masterpieces. May his brow never become wrinkled with misfortune!"

Railroad Gauges.
SINCE, O. November, 21, 1851.
To the Editor of the Erie Observer.
Dear Sir:—In the Pennsylvania of November 12th, there is a letter on the subject of the gauge law of Pennsylvania, addressed by A. Pennington, Esq., of Philadelphia, to J. Porter Drewley, Esq. The letter is chiefly in reply to a communication from Senator Fernon. The law, as it now stands, requires the gauges of roads east of Erie to be either 4 feet 8 1/2 inches, or 6 feet, and west of Erie 4 feet 10 inches. Mr. Pennington, after discussing the rights of the different companies with respect to gauges, and the policy of the law—upon which it is not my purpose to enlarge at present—attempts to show, that it is the interest of Pennsylvania, and of the friends of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad, to permit the Ohio gauge of 4 feet 10 inches to be carried on to Durkirk, making the change at Durkirk instead of Erie. But in order to make an argument in favor of this course of proceeding, Mr. P. was compelled to adopt, or make use of, two theories—one, that the bulk of business from the west would come to Erie in *reversé*, and the other, that the Sunbury and Erie Railroad should lay down a track with a gauge of 4 feet 10 inches, and that the Reading Railroad Company should lay another track of the same width.

I think this is not placing the question fairly before the public on its true merits. The bulk of the railroad trade and passing through Erie from the west, will come by railroad, and it will come from the Ohio gauge of 4 feet 10 inches. Should the gauge of 4 feet 10 inches be carried to Durkirk, the Buffalo and Lake Shore Railroad Company would lay down a track of 4 feet 10 inches between Buffalo and Durkirk; making the change of gauge from 4 feet 10 inches to 4 feet 8 1/2 inches, at Buffalo. The New York and Erie Company would make the change to the 6 feet gauge at Durkirk. So far as through traffic is concerned there will be the same number of changes, whether that change be made at Erie or at Durkirk, and Buffalo. Westward of Erie the question effects no one.

If, in the future, the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company should think proper to lay down a gauge of 4 feet 10 inches, and the Reading Railroad should lay down an additional track on the same gauge, how will the question then stand? Why the trade from the Ohio roads, with the gauge of 4 feet 10 inches, would pass on to Philadelphia without a break; whereas, that destined for New York or Boston, and that which New York and Boston might hope to attract from Philadelphia, would encounter a change of gauge at Erie, and this change of gauge, at that point, while it would *formally* be an advantage to the trade seeking Philadelphia, would be no hardship whatever to New York and Boston, so far as a simple break in the gauge is concerned.

And why should Pennsylvania, and Philadelphia, and Erie, and the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company, forego this advantage? Why should the gauge of 4 feet 10 inches be carried on to Durkirk? The answer to this, coming from stockholders in the New York and Erie Railroad, would be, "Give us a continuous, unbroken track through Erie; and we will take care that the trade shall not be diverted thence over the Sunbury and Erie road, no matter what gauge they may adopt; and if they should, through the force of circumstances, be compelled to use a 4 feet 8 1/2 inch gauge, and break the continuity at Erie, so much the better for our prospects." This is an argument for them to use, but how any Pennsylvania can consistently advocate the interests of foreign companies in preference to the interests of his own State, is to me a mystery.

INQUIRY.
An intemperate man called "Dutch Charlie" was found dead on Saturday morning last, near the canal, on 12th street—having perished the night before from Rags and exposure.

BIPPINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.
WITH EDITORIAL DASHING BY A FREE PRESS.

The question in New York now is, not "who struck Billy Patterson," but "Benj. Welch elected Treasurer."

"Come rest in this bosom" was a favorite invitation to stuffed Turkeys on Thursday. We invited one, but it did not accept.

A man in New York has got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. Some men get themselves into trouble by marrying one.

The Franklin Casser heads an article "The Erasing Election." Our whig cause is evidently getting tired of the "dance," and we don't wonder.

It is estimated that at least 25,000 Babies have been named after Kosuth, in the U. States. This is a wonderful country.

We see it stated that the Catholics of Buffalo, N. York, contemplate the erection of a Cathedral in that city, to cost one million of dollars.

We had no turkey for Thanksgiving, but we have a Rooster for Christmas so old that he is bald-headed.—The man that does not pay for his paper is invited to dine with us.

The copious rains of last few weeks have so replenished the wells and streams as to relieve our citizens from all apprehension that they would have nothing to drink this winter but beer and whisky. Allah be praised.

We are filled with the new thing, India rubber beds, filled with wind, instead of feathers. Good! We'd rather sleep on wind than live on it, as some of our subscribers evidently think we can.

Mr. Fisher's well known article of New York city has patented a steam carriage for ordinary travel on plank and macadamized roads. It is highly spoken of by men fully competent to judge of its practicability.

An editor down East has insulted the whole female sex. He says that ladies wear corsets from a feeling of instinct, having a natural love for being squeezed. What are these "down East" Editors are!

That was a keen satirist that described sectarianism to be a little narrow prejudice, that makes you hate your neighbor because he has his eggs roasted while you have yours boiled.

Free Press.—The man that advertises in the papers—the man who never refuses to lend you money—the man that pays for his paper in advance; and the chap that prides your baby. All these are fine people, as we can swear from sweet experience.

Mr. Bloomer, author of the new style of dress, has an article in the last number of her paper, in which she says that, could she have foreseen the notoriety and ridicule which she has incurred, she would never have commenced the movement.

Ten Mormons are laboring on the Sandwich Islands, in companies of two, to convert the population, natives, foreigners, missionaries and all to their faith. It is not a little worthy of note that, while in England and Scotland they have made converts by thousands, on Hawaii they have met with no success whatever.

A FLATTERING CONVERSATION.—The new Constitution of Virginia contains in the 11th article the following clause: "And no person shall have a right to vote who is of unsound mind, or a pauper, or a non-commissioned officer in the service of the United States." This is flattering to the "non-commissioned officers," certainly.

Two old men, upwards of 70 years of age each, amused a crowd of spectators in Providence the other day, by a broad grin and tumble fight, and finally ended by rolling one another in the gutter, until separated. And all this, not in consequence of liquor but from that "green eyed monster," jealousy.

There is a very fraternal feeling among the whigs of New York since the election. Here is evidence of it. The Aurora Advertiser, woefully reproduces the name of "sever" instead of "sever" in the whig party. It says: "We know of no title that will better designate their character than Arnold Blas, unless it be Judas Blues."

W. W. GARDNER HARRIS.—A New York letter says, "I visited the exhibition of silk goods and other fancy fabrics for ladies' dresses, into the port of New York, varies from one to three millions of dollars in value weekly, and that the cost of those gewgaws for the fairer part of our population is what drains the country of specie, and brings on commercial distress; so if the ladies get upon the principle of rule or ruin, they will be pretty apt to accomplish one of their purposes."

Statistics say a curious and prying set of rogues at best. The last effort we have noticed is that a woman's chance of getting married is at its maximum between the age of twenty and twenty-five. After thirty she is deemed to be in the twilight of life, and her chances are thrown down, like mercury in cold weather, to zero. But we know of no lady that has reached that age.

Some of the former friends of Webster occasionally say a sharp thing of him. For instance, Judge Allen, remarked in a speech during a recent canvass in Massachusetts, that he did not wonder at the number of names obtained to the paper nominating Webster for the Presidency, as it must be a luxury to Boston merchants to see a Webster subscription on which nothing was asked but their names!

Milk so nutritious when taken as food, if injected into the veins, acts as a deadly poison.—Exchange.

Air, so excellent for the lungs, acts in the same way.—Another.

Saltpetre, so excellent for preserving, when ejected from gun barrel, also acts the same way.—Schaeffer's Cakes.

Water, so necessary for culinary and commercial purposes, when swallowed in two great quantities produces the same result.

A "manifest destiny" down in Locomotion county, thus signifies his willingness, through the columns of the Gazette, to be "up and dressed," if Spain should conclude to fight.

The latest news is said to be, Spain wants to fight our nation, I'm very opinion air, you see. I'd like to see 'em occupation. I'd like to see 'em "fast-rat." A regular old Crusader. And have the Spaniards send out another big army to take a regular old "Cuba" out her mouth. We'd knock 'em like the tarred South Hadley for general muster. They'll soon "remember" their ass's Queen. That's Matress fast talk. They ought to have done it long ago. And that's what you can tell her.

The man that never went to Church has been found down near Boston. His performance, according to the Journal, was in this way. While the minister was engaged in prayer, the congregation was started from their usual decorum by a loud rapping, and upon the sexton's opening the door to ascertain the cause, in walked, to the astonishment of the whole assembly, "Long Jake," as he is familiarly known there. Quiet sensation was created by his jural appearance, and many curious wags strayed out to the corner, where he sat on a wooden stool; the meeting was dismissed, and he, with becoming gravity, stepped up to the minister, and made him a present of a snipegun.

Four locations have been urged for the new University College, for which abundant funds have been subscribed. One is Brattleborough, in Vermont, another Walnut Hill, near Boston, a third Springfield, and a fourth Worcester. Twenty thousand dollars are to be loaned to the College on condition it is located on Walnut Hill, twenty more on condition it is within the limits of Massachusetts. Citizens of Worcester will give 30,000 if it be established in that city, and it is estimated \$20,000 will be raised in Springfield, if it be located in that town. A committee is now engaged in examining different sites.

The English Press, having confounded Senator Douglas of Illinois and Fred. Douglas the negro abolition lecturer, of New York, very gravely announce that "the Hon. Frederick Douglas, a colored gentleman, is a prominent candidate for the Presidency." This is all a mistake. "Fred" has not yet allowed his aspirations to go beyond a seat in the Assembly. His name was presented in the Rochester City Assembly District Convention of the whigs where he received 21 votes as their candidate.

The Crawford Democrat says, "It has been determined to continue the plank road, Erie via Edinboro. All the unfinished work between this place and Edinboro has been placed under contract. Section 7, Sagartown, has been let to Sagars & K&N, Sections 15, 16, and unfinished part of 14, to Jacob Kessler, and Sections 17 and 18, to Taylor & Reider, of Edinboro. The work has been let on very favorable terms, and is to be completed by the 1st of July next. We are informed, that the road from Edinboro to Erie will be completed at the same time, so that we will have a continuous plank road from Meadville to Erie at the time specified."

In East Conness, Ohio, Tuesday last week, Matthew D. Fisk was killed by the carving of a log. He was aged twenty-seven years and leaves a wife and several children.

We saw and corrected.—We were in error last week when we corrected the Gazette's history in reference to Ex-Governor Jones beating President Polk twice for Governor in Tennessee. We discovered our error while the paper was working off, but too late for correction.

A correspondent of the West Chester J. Jefferson, suggests the name of the Hon. Thomas S. Bell, of Chester county, as a competent gentleman to fill the position of Attorney General under Colonel Bigler's administration. A good suggestion.

Mr. Maxham will repeat his Thanksgiving Sermon on the condition of the "berishing classes" in our large cities, in the Universalist Church—on-morrow (Saturday) evening.

MARRIED.
On the 20th inst., by the Rev. D. Rowland Mr. David HUBBARD, and Miss FRENCH McCULLOUGH, all of Amherst. On the 18th inst., by the Rev. Z. L. Webster, Esq. Mr. SAMUEL ESTER, and Miss ELIZABETH BROWN, all of Green Township. On the 12th inst., by the Rev. J. H. Brown, Mr. THOMAS PASKOT of McKean, and Miss MARGARET WALKER, of Green. In Springfield, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. J. W. Williams, Esq., Mr. BROWN, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y., and Miss MARY G. KIRK, of this city. On the 18th inst., by the Rev. Wm. McEwen, Mr. EDWARD WOODRUFF, of Toledo, Ohio, and Miss ANNA M. RUSSELL, of this city.

DIED.
At Union Village, on the 12th inst., of Consumption, Mrs. CHIEF H. SLAYBACK, wife of J. B. Severance, in the 38th year of her age. In this city, on the 21st inst., N. VAN, son of James and Charlotte A. Gunnison, aged 10 months and 21 days.

New Advertisements.
Just received at Warren's Hat & Fur Store, DRESSING, from the European, a large and beautiful assortment of Ladies' Furs, consisting of all the latest styles from Bonn, St. Petersburg, Moscow, &c. &c. Also, a large assortment of Gentlemen's Furs, including the Russian, the Siberian, the American, &c. &c. Also, a large assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hats, &c. &c. All of which are of the most superior quality, and at very low prices. Call on Warren's Hat & Fur Store, No. 101 N. 3rd St., Erie, Pa.

Watches and Jewellery.
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To Let for a term of Years.
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