THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. FORWARD. $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 23. SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 9, 1852. NUMBER 22.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

City subscribers by the carrier, at $2.00.
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1.50
☞ If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.
☞ All communications must be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Cards not exceeding 4 lines, one year.	$3.00
One square " "	10.00
do. do. six months,	6.00
do. do. three months,	3.00

Transient advertisements, 50 cents per square, of fifteen lines or less, for the first insertion; 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.
☞ Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but at no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, *and to be limited to their immediate business.*
Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till *forbid* and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

THOMAS M. AUSTIN,
(Late of the firm of G. Loomis & Co.)
Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses, Lamps and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

JOHN GOALDING,
Merchant Tailor, and Habit Maker—Shop on the east side of State street, two doors north of Eight, and adjoining J. H. Tibbals & Co's Cabinet Ware-Room, Erie, Penna.

JOHN KEENAN,
General Steamboat Agent, office at E. J. Roger's Hat Store State street Erie Pa.

CLARK & METCALF,
Wholesale and retail dealers in Dry Goods, Carpets, and Dry Groceries No. 1 Reed House.

WILLIAMS & WRIGHT.
Bankers, Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver coin, uncurrent Money, Land Warrants and certificates of Deposite. Also Sight Drafts on the principal cities of the Union, and all parts of the Old Country for sale. Office, Williams' Block, corner of State-st., and Public Square.
J. S. WILLIAMS. G. S. WRIGHT.

J. G. & W. I. MILLS,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars.—Also, Foreign Fruit, Nutts, Pickles and Pickled Oysters, Lobsters, Preserves, and Hermetically Sealed articles of every description always on hand, No. 3, William's Block, State-st., opposite Brown's New Hotel, Erie, Pa.
J. G. Mills, New York. Wm. I. Mills, Buffalo.
Also, receiving in their season, Oysters in shell, from J. G. Mills foy-st., New York, which will be sold Wholesale at low prices.
A. C. Jackson, Agent, Erie, Pa.

DURLIN & SLOAN.
Dealers in Classical, School and Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Stationery, and Printer's Cards, No. 9, Brown's new Block, Erie Pa.
A. P. DURLIN B. F. SLOAN.

W. POYNTELL JOHNSTON M. D.
Office at his residence on 6th Street, two doors West of the Episcopal Church.

T. W. MOORE,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candies, Fruit, &c., One Door below Loomis & Co's State street, Erie.

JOHN B. COOK.
Dealer in Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, and the Greatest variety of any Store in the City. Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

STERRETT & GRAY.
Importers, Jobbers and retail Dealers in Wet and Dry Groceries Provisions, Produce, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Woodenware, Willow and Stone Ware, Flour, Fish, Salt, Glass, Nails, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, &c., &c. French Street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.
N. B.—Steam and Canal Boats, Vessels, Hotels, and Private Families supplied with any of the above articles with promptness and very cheap.

WM. S. LANE.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE over Jackson's store, at North-East corner of the Public Square.
Erie, April 5, 1852.

DOCTORS BEEBE & STEWART,
Practising Physicians and Surgeons. Office and Residence—Seventh & Sassafras Streets.
Office hours from 7 to 8, A. M; 1 to 2, and 6 to 7, P. M.
A. BEEBE, M. D. J. L. STEWART, M. D.

JOHN HEARN & CO.
Forwarding and Commission Merchants, dealer in Coal, Flour, Fish, and agent for a daily line of upper lake Steamers, Public Dock Erie Pa.

LIDDELL & Co.
Blacksmiths, Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing, Steamboat Boilers, &c., &c., State, between 7 h and 8th, Streets, Erie.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.
Office Removed to No. 5 Reed Block, State Street.
Eastern Express closes at 11½ o'clock, A. M.
Western " " 3½ o'clock, P. M.
O. D. SPAFFORD, Agent.

GEORGE J. MORTON.
(Late of the firm of J. Hearn & Co.,)
Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, Pa. Dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and Plaster.

WALKER & TIBBALS.
Forwarding, produce and Commission Merchants, second Ware House East of the Public Bridge, Erie Pa.
Also—Dealers in Coal, Salt, Plaster, Stucco, Fish, Lime and Lime Stone, Iron, Nails, Stoves, Castings, &c., &c., with unsurpassed facilities for shipping either by Steamboats, Propellers, Schooners, or by Rail Road.
D. D. WALKER. L. R. TIBBALS.

W. H. KNOWLTON,
Watchmaker and Repairer, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses and other Fancy Goods Store one door west of the Reed House. 17

ARBUCKLE & KEPLER,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. No 3, Perry Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

A. M. JUDSON,
Attorney at Law.—Office on Park Row, between Browns' new Hotel and the Reed House, up stairs.

DR. C. BRANDES.
Physician and Surgeon—Office corner of State and Seventh Streets; Residence on Eighth Street, between French and Holland, Erie, Pa.

M. SANFORD & CO.,
Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight Exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office in Beatty's Block, Public Square, Erie.

T. HERON STUART.
Surgeon and Physician—Office, corner of French and Fifth streets, over Moses Koch's store. Residence on Fourth street; 2nd door east of the old Apothecary Hall.

RUFUS REED,
Dealer in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery, Also, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel No. 3 Reed House; Erie, Pa.

C. SIEGEL,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Fruit, &c., &c Corner of French and Fifth Streets, opposite the Farmers' Hotel, Erie.

CADWELL & BENNETT,
Importers, Jobbers, and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, &c. Empire Stores State Street, four doors, below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.
Also—Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

S. MERVIN SMITH,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace, and Agent for the Key Stone Mutual Life Insurance Company—Office 3 doors west of Wrights store, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.
Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1 Wright's Block, State street, Erie.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

TIBBALS, & HAYES,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c. No. 1, Brown's New Hotel.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
Cabinet Maker Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicine, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie,

JOHN H. BURTON & CO.
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist: Office and dwelling on the South side of the Public Square, 1st door East of the Erie Bank Building. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire sett. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifice so as to leave them of pellucid clearness All work warranted.

M. CHAPIN, RESIDENT DENTIST—Office on the south side of the Diamond, five doors east of the Erie Bank. Prices reasonable, and all work warranted Erie June 19 1852.

Poetry and Miscellany.

☞ With those who read Gen. Scott's speech at Cleveland, the sarcasm of the following will be duly appreciated. It is rich and pungent.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I love to hear that rich Irish Brogue."

Tune—"Old Arm Chair."

I love it! I love it! who'd be such a rogue,
As to chide me for loving that rich Irish brogue!
It flows o'er my spirit like loves gentle sighing,
I've caught its soft notes 'mongst the groans of the dying;
It has charmed me in battle, consoled in defeat,
And, hence, to my ear is his music so sweet,
But it mars the occasion, "it gives me deep pain"
To see rr stand out in the mud and the rain.

I've fought with that rich Irish brogue side by side,
When blood flowed in torrents, yes, flowed like a tide,
Where loud cannons rattle and small pistols crack,
But I never knew Pat to be turning his back,
Except when he run, or was *hit* or got shot,
Then he'd cry in rich accent, "Good bye, *Gineral* Scott."
Again, dearest brogues, it gives me great pain,
To see you stand out in the mud and the rain.

I made a mistake in the Mexican war,
A mistake that I'm now truly penitent for.—
Some fellows deserted, I hung them, the rogues,
Supposing them Dutchmen instead of my "Brogues."
With deep "indignation" I once became "fired,"
And into my room in the Astor retired,
With two other friends, to decide on some plan
For extending the rights of the brave Irishman.

In conclusion, loved brogues, "I throw you my heart,"
I give it up gladly, let each take a part;
Now let me "embrace you"—again let me hear
"That rich Irish brogue" flowing into my ear.

SPEECH OF JUDGE CAMPBELL.

Delivered at Pittsburgh, September 29th.

My Friends and Fellow Citizens.—I did not intend to make much of a speech when I came to your city, nor will I do so now; but, inasmuch as I am here, I will embrace the opportunity of having a little plain talk with you in regard to some measures of public importance, and the connection of those measures with public men.

The coming election is one of the most important, if not the most important election that has ever taken place since the American people have ranked in the world as a nation. At the last general election, my fellow citizens, Abolitionism had reared its head, and was convulsing the country from one end to the other. At that election, however, the Democracy of Pennsylvania nobly put down this Abolitionism, and restored peace and confidence to the whole country; and the Democracy so effectually and emphatically endorsed the Compromise measures, that they are now what we have striven to make them—a finality; so effectually, that when an attempt was made, in the United States Senate, to repeal that portion of these measures known as the Fugitive Slave Law, but four votes were found in favor of rescinding it. These men, with their head and front, who protected and supported them before, are again in the field, and again are they attempting to acquire an influence which may, they think, prove efficacious in carrying out their views. You are now called upon again to end this agitation; and it remains to be seen whether it shall be done. Look around the country, and behold the men who array themselves before you, as the leaders of this party. Look in Pennsylvania, and you will see William F. Johnston; and, in New York, you will find that William H. Seward is collecting his scattered forces for action. Through the influence of these men, and others like them, General Scott has been placed in nomination as the Whig candidate for President of the United States; and, should he be elected to that high office, he will indoctrinate the country with the many isms his supporters now advocate; and to avoid the strife and confusion which the Democracy so effectually put down before, they must do so again. These men will injure the country if they be allowed to pursue the course they have laid out. The North will be arrayed against the South; sectional agitation will be renewed, and the labors of those who would have arrested this public calamity, will have been all in vain. This sectional feeling was manifested in the so-called National Convention of the Whig party. There, those leaders whose names I have mentioned, controlling the votes of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and receiving some additional Northern support, succeeded in effecting the nomination of General Scott—a nomination purely sectional, with none of the elements of nationality about it. Against one of these leaders, William F. Johnston, I have nothing to say, viewing him as a private citizen. Personally I have regard for him; but, as a public man, I am entitled to speak freely of his public acts. Against those public acts, fellow Democrats of Pennsylvania, you, last October, affixed your seal of reprobation; and I now ask you, will you do it again? [Cries of "Yes!" "Yes!"] He opposed and kept in his pocket a law by which fugitive slaves could be restored. For this you rebuked him.—Upon the reassembling of the Legislature, he returned that bill, and, in his veto message, he made the Supreme Judiciary say that the Government of the United States could not make laws whereby the provisions of the Constitution would be carried out. One Judge alone supported this sectional view of the case, and from him alone could he expect to receive co-operation and support in the doctrine he advanced. He put words into the mouths of the others that they never said. And now, I will say that that message was a disgrace to the country, bad enough in itself; but his endeavors to shift the responsibility, and his attempt to place it upon the shoulders of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, was infinitely worse. One was a bold audacious movement; the other, fellow citizens, I cannot and will not characterize.

Let us now take a glance at the great State of New York. We behold there, William H. Seward, the leader of the Abolition-Whig faction. He is a bold man. For years and years he has been the head and front of the Abolitionists of that State, openly and avowedly. He is one of that class of gentlemen who live under our Constitution, enjoying the protection of its laws, and living in peace and security through the instrumentality of those laws; and yet, if an enactment does not suit him, he has a *conscience*, and would not obey that enactment—Yes, (continued the speaker, in answer to a remark made by some one in the crowd, in relation to Seward's "Higher Law" notions)—yes, his Higher Law ideas or principles, as he *delights* to call them, will not admit of obedience. And so it is with the thief who enters your dwelling in the watches of the night. *He* has a Higher Law—he believes that all property should be held in common—he has a conscience, perhps—and so he steals your money. But the law does not respect the course of reasoning by which the unhappy culprit arrives at his conclusions; he is tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. And so, in my opinion, should these "Higher Law" men be served.

Such are the principles of these two men, William F. Johnston and William H. Seward, and holding these principles, they still wish to control you. Do you think—can you for one moment imagine—that either of these two men have changed their opinions upon this subject. And yet, do you not remember that Governor Johnston sat in Whig Convention at Baltimore, and voted aye to the resolutions which endorsed the Compromise measures? Had he changed his views upon these measures before he went to that Convention? No, fellow-citizens; he was as ardent against that Compromise as ever he was—and should that opposition spread, there will be an end to our Constitution, to our happiness, and to our liberty.

Let us turn from this display of sectional feeling, and glance at the Convention which nominated Franklin Pierce, and let us mark the vast difference between the conduct of the two Conventions. I, as perhaps some of you may have heard, was a member of that Democratic Convention. I went there as the personal and political friend of that eminent Statesman and patriot, James Buchanan, (Applause,)—and for him I cast my vote for three days, and would have continued my support for days and weeks longer; but it became evident to the friends of Mr. Buchanan, myself among the number; to the advocates of the claims of that great and good man, General Lewis Cass; the friends of Mr. Douglass the little giant of the Great West; of Houston, of Marcy, of Lane, and of all others whose names were before the Convention, that all must be dropped—everything conceded—to secure peace and harmony; and with one voice, and one acclaim, the Democracy of the nation saluted Franklin Pierce as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. No North, no South—no East, no West made that nomination; but it was the united voice of the whole country that effected it; and when he is elected President—as he can be, and certainly will be—(Applause)—he can look over the country, and regard it all alike; he will not distribute his favors to one portion of the country to the wrong of the other; but all will receive his benefits alike. Such a President is the one we want—the one we *must* have the one we *will* have. (Loud applause.)

Such, fellow-citizens, were the two Conventions of the two great parties of the nation, and such are the candidates they have presented to the people. On the one hand, we have Gen. Scott, who, as a military man, has done the country some service; but as he is before the people as a competitor for a civil office, we must look upon him as a civilian. I do not intend to depreciate the services he may have done to the country—but I will say that he is utterly incompetent to discharge the duties devolving upon him in the event of his election to the Presidency. Even as a military man, it has happened to General Scott—(why it is so, is unnecessary for my present purposes to explain)—that he has been in a state of quarrel with his fellow officers, both subordinate and superiors. He quarrelled with Gen. M'Combe, with Gen. Jackson, Gen. Brown, De Witt Clinton, Gen. Ripley—with almost *all* those of his officers in Mexico who came in contact with him—among the latter, with two, against whom none—not even the whigs—can say a word. I allude to Gen. Worth and Col. Duncan. He has in his character a singular tendency to quarrel with all who are near him; and as a civilian—for so we must judge him when he *presents himself* for a civil office—*he is unfit* for the high office for which he has been placed in nomination. He has no fixed opinion upon any measure of importance before the country. I have no doubt, though from the temper of his letters, that he is as high-toned a *Federalist in his notions as Alexander Hamilton* ever was. He is and has been in favor of a loose construction of the powers inherent in the Constitution. In relation to the doctrine of a United States Bank, he is also favorable, as he is likewise to the swindling Bankrupt Law. He approves of such a system of Internal Improvements as would make the States mere stipendiaries of the General Government. And he holds these opinions, too, in an unsteady manner—he is fixed in none of them.

Let us take a look at his Native American opinions, which have been alluded to by my friend, Judge Shaler. He adopted these opinions, embracing Native American principles, in 1836; and in 1844—"fired with indignation," he sat down at the Astor House, in New York, for the purpose of founding a new American party. In 1844 he concected that infamous letter to George Washington Read, of Philadelphia, in which it was declared, as his opinion, that any man who had been so unfortunate as to have been born in a foreign land, must forever be considered as a Harlot and an outcast in the land he had adopted as his country—but which, by the tenor of this letter, would never adopt him. And, fellow-citizens, by Scott's own words, these sentiments, so cruel to foreigners, were of seven years' standing—adopted by him at the commencement of that time, and cherished with regard during all those seven long years. Such had been his sentiments, and such they continued to be. And, it was not only his own opinion and his own sentiment, matured and strengthened by seven years' reflection—but it was the doctrine of the old Federal party—that party which advocated the Alien and Sedition Laws, and were as warm in their opposition to their repeal as they had been in favor of their passage. Such are the opinions of Gen. Scott and of the whig party now, and such they have always been. Gen. Scott, as the leader of the whig party, simply carries out its views, agreeing as he does, with those views. *He* has never changed.

Every one before me knows that at this time the old Native American party, which was to sweep the country in past time, is now dead and buried, and that the same fate has met the leaders of that party, and all its abettors. And since its demise, Gen. Scott has changed, to all outward appearance, his views on the Native American question. He now professes a high regard for his German and Irish fellow-citizens. The rich brogue of the latter is indeed music to his ears, and he now compliments their bravery by intimating that they never turn their backs upon their foes; and he winds up this declaration of his new faith, by declaring that naturalization should be effected by their simply serving one year in the army or navy of the United States. I do think that such a change was never heard of before in the history of this country.

During all my life I have steadily set my face against addressing any appeals to German or Irish citizens, as such, and I shall continue this course of conduct always, for I consider such appeals as disgraceful to the country, disgraceful to the recipients, and disgraceful to those who make use of them. When a German or an Irishman takes the oath of allegiance to the laws of this country, he becomes an American citizen; and should hereafter be addressed and considered as such—and all who do otherwise are, as I have said, bringing disgrace upon themselves and upon him. And here let me say to the friends of Gen. Scott, that they greatly underrate the intelligence and the character of that portion of our countrymen who come from a foreign soil, when they make appeals to them in any other character than that of American citizens. And, let me also add, a stern rebuke to those who do likewise will be given at the polls in November. [Loud applause.]

But let us turn from Gen. Scott, this gentleman of all sorts of opinions, and contemplate with pride and joy our own Franklin Pierce. We have in him a statesman without guile—one whose life has been irreproachable—one who has refused the highest honors in this great Republic, preferring, as he did, to remain by his own fireside, in his own home, to the enjoyment of quietness, peace, and domestic felicity, and refusing, with more than Roman firmness, the honors tendered him. Look through the wide nation, and behold, if you can, such another example as he presents—you will agree with me, fellow-citizens, when I say they are indeed rare. But when the Democratic party in New Hampshire was endangered—when Abolitionism reared aloft its head, he was found at his post, and did his duty as a friend of the Democracy and of the Union, nobly, fearlessly, and promptly; and, on another occasion, he was not found wanting when his duty called him. You all know that in the Constitution of New Hampshire there exists a prescriptive clause, affecting the rights of Catholic citizens. This clause, disgraceful, unjust, and odious in the eyes of every true freeman, Gen. Pierce manfully opposed, and demanded its immediate and total repeal. Upon the floor of that Convention, he battled in this righteous cause, and going further, denounced it before the *people* of New Hampshire, and did all that man could do in favor of rescinding it, and endeavored by the force of his influence to erace all religious prejudices from the public mind. And, people of Pennsylvania, in the face of all this, the most unjust, disgraceful, and illiberal charges have been made against Franklin Pierce, with a view that you may array yourselves against him. Further explanations of this matter will be of no avail. Right-thinking and truth-loving men will see the falsity of those charges; and with all others, words would be of no avail. Nearly all of you who hear me, will probably recollect that in England at one time the laws excluded Catholics from holding office, and this continued to be so for years and years. In England, Canning and his compeers, and in Ireland, O'Connell and his supporters, battled for many years to erase this iniquitous wrong. Suppose that either Canning or O'Connell had been before the people—say for a seat in parliament—would any Englishman have urged, as an argument against them, that they lived in a land where such a prohibition existed? This would have been utterly absurd, and those who proclaimed such foolish sentiments would have been considered fools or madmen, or worse. After years of conflict, these gentlemen accomplished the great desire of their lives;—their labours were not in vain, and at last Catholics were placed on the same footing, enjoying the same privileges, as other citizens. And here, in this connection, I will say that Franklin Pierce will yet teach the people of *New Hrmpshire that Catholics are as good citizens, and* will die in the defence of their country, if need be, as soon as any other class in the land; and I will further venture to assert that the days of this odious clause in the Constitution of New Hampshire are numbered. [Applause.]

I have spoken of Franklin Pierce entirely in his capacity as a civilian, and not as a military man at all.—Nor would I do so, if it were not for the sneers of the Whig presses and Whig orators. I have stated that he *declined honors and office in the civil department of our* government; but when our country became engaged in war, and her sons were needed to fight her battles, much as he loved the ties of domestic life and peace, he forsook them all, and banished the thoughts of their fond allurements from his mind. He entered the army as a private soldier, willing to meet death in that position, or in any other that he might be called upon to fill. But his merit was too well known for him to remain in this honorable obscurity, and Mr. Polk made him a Brigadier General. You all know how well he fought on the battle-fields of Mexico, and how he added fresh praises to his already honored name. The war over, he returned to his peaceful home to recommence and continue the toils and duties of his profession. There he remained until he was called by the democracy of the nation to place himself at their head, and lead them on to victory, as he had his brave volunteers on the plains of Mexico—and there he still remains, and will remain, until your voices and your support shall make him President of the United States. (Loud cheering.)

And now, fellow-citizens, before I leave you, allow me to say a few words upon the subject of your State elections. You are all for Franklin Pierce?—(*cries of "yes! yes!"*)—but I want you to do more than that. I want you to go for all the State nominees. I want you to hurrah for George W. Woodward, too. (Here the crowd, who had been shouting with all their might and main for Pierce, *gave three hearty cheers for Woodward.* The speaker then continued.)—Yes, that's right. I say, hurrah for Woodward! (continued cheering, which lasted for some little time.) My friend, the chairman of this meeting, has already shown you the importance of the coming October election, *and told you the necessity for prompt* and efficient action. I repeat to you what he has said.—If we elect our candidates, the triumph will by no means end there. The object of the Whigs is to defeat either or both of our candidates for the State offices—the Supreme Bench and Canal Board. They have centered their forces in opposition to Judge Woodward; and although I believe they have no private animosity against him, they desire, and are striving hard for his defeat.—Should they accomplish this—which I earnestly trust they will not do—*they will raise* they cry of "Pennsylvania is safe for General Scott,"—(cries of "never—never!")—so I would say to you, one and all, if you desire the election of Franklin Pierce, vote for George W. Woodward, and for the entire State nominees. Not one ticket must be scratched. (*Here some one in the crowd* cried out—"But they scratched you, though, Judge."—) Yes, they *did* scratch me, fellow-citizens; but I trust in God that no one who bears me any respect will scratch George W. Woodward. (Applause.)

Fellow-citizens, Judge Woodward is no Native American. I have known him long, and known him well, and from that certain knowledge of him, I declare him to be no Native; and I will prove to you that my words are true. But first let me ask you, as has been already done to-night, who are those who bring these unjust charges against Geo. W. Woodward? Let us examine the characters and the motives of those who are so busy in this matter. Certain chapters in recent whig history, and in the accusation brought by whig leaders against Democracy, have amused me, while others have startled me. This charge against Judge Woodward has both amused and startled me: for well do I recollect that the members of this whig party, now so loud in its abuse of Native Americanism, and of those whom it accused of connection with it, then walked arm in arm to the polls together with Native Americans, deposited their ballots—both alike—and, on all occasions, acted together. Their battle-cry was the same when, in 1844, in Philadelphia, they joined with the Natives in commission of the crimes of murder, of arson, and of treason! This was the same party that now raises the cry of "Nativeism," when the fact is, they have acted together ever since. Those who lived in Philadelphia in 1844, will never forget the facts I have just narrated. The scenes then and there enacted will never be forgotten. They disgraced the actors and the country.

Another fact in relation to this charge of Native Americanism against Judge Woodward, I will narrate to you, and I think it should forever settle the question. I have *seen myself the correspondence* which passed between the Native American caucus and George W. Woodward, when he was a candidate for the office of United States Senator. Eight men possessed the power either to elect or defeat him—and he knew it They interrogated *him*, and in his answer he repudiated their doctrines, and thus refused their support. Can any better evidence than this possibly be offered. A man refusing, for the sake of his principles, the office of a United States Senator, the most honorable position in the world, is surely *proof* positive that the charges preferred against him by the whigs are false. The man who says otherwise, insult you as much as does General Scott when he intimates his admiration of the *brogue* of his "Irish fellow citizens."

I am under personal obligations to Geo. W. Woodward. In the last contest for State officers, his kindness left an ineffaceable impression on my mind. The report that I am opposed to him has been noticed before, this evening. So far from this being true, I probably contributed as much as to place him in his present position, as any other man in the Commonwealth. I know him to be a good man—a friend to justice, without regard to caste or place. And I need not say to this assemblage, that if I knew him to possess Native American sentiments, I would be the first one to repudate him. [Applause.]

There is another circumstance which, probably, it would be well to state here. In 1844, Native American doctrines commanded a high premium. General Scott and others then thought it a glorious thing to become the leaders of that faction—for it was then believed by many that it might in time become the great party of the country. Now, viewing all these things in their proper light, why did not Judge Woodward place himself at the head of it, as he could easily have done—as he was, in fact, solicited to do? But, no! He had set his face against them—he repudiated their doctrines. He had *possessed* one spark of those principles, *then* would have been the time for him to join the party—and he would have connected himself with the "Great American party."

No, fellow-citizens, this charge of Nativeism against George W. Woodward has been brought by the Whigs to defeat him, and for no other purpose. They do not care for the election of a Supreme Judge, or of a Canal Commissioner; but they wish to have the news sent through the length and the breadth of the land that the Democracy of Pennsylvania have been defeated, and that the State will go for General Scott. They will carry this news through every county in this Commonwealth and from here they will spread it through New York, and Ohio, and Tennessee, and many other States, using this as an engine against the Democracy of the Union. But you have the fight in your own hands. Give to George W. Woodward and Col. Hopkins a majority of ten, twelve or twenty thousand (and you can do it fellow-citizens,) and there is an end of the Presidential contest throughout the whole country. A man who now votes a single ballot against our State nominees, puts in one hundred against Franklin Pierce.

We all know Col. Hopkins. He is so good a man that the breath of calumny cannot and dare not assail him. He is a *competent man, faithful in all his duties*, and he will fill the office to which he will undoubtedly be elected, with honor to himself, and with profit to the Commonwealth.

Once more let me thank you for your kind attention. That enemy which you have so often conquered, you can conquer again if you will. Will you will it, and will you do it? (Cries of "Yes! Yes!")

My friends, it is in your power at this time to rid the country and the government of the Gardiners and the *Galphins that have plundered it for the past four years*: and, placing it in the hands of the honest men, bring it back to the days of Jefferson and old Jackson.

Bishop Hughes and Winfield Scott.

The National Democrat publishes a Democratic talk by Major Hagadorn—at Staten Island, from which we clip the following:

"I have here a letter on this subject authorized, if not dictated by Archbishop Hughes himself.

[Copy.] New York, Aug. 10, 1852

Maj F. L. Hagadorn—

My Dear Sir:—I share in your astonishment at the cool pertinacity with which the whig wire pullers talk of the Catholic vote for Scott. It is true the Democrats here are a little careless about contradicting them; but it is because they know that General Scott's nomination by the church-burners of Philadelphia, (in 1844) has sealed against him for ever the confidence of the Catholic clergy. In a conversation with two Bishops of the Catholic Council at Baltimore, about his probable nomination, they agreed that they knew no man of influence in the church who ever will believe him free from secret Native Americanism.

Archbishop Hughes authorizes you to contradict peremptorily the idea that he desired to aid the election of Gen Scott. And he further says that "the whole public history of Franklin Pierce is honorable to his statesmanship, and avouches that he is above the least stain of narrow-minded illiberality to the adopted citizens of the Union" I quote the Archbishop's own words. It seems to me nothing can be more conclusive than this, in evidence of Catholic sentiment.

Your friend,

The Major is a gentleman of veracity, and would not have introduced this letter as from Bishop Hughes, had there not been good ground for it.

The two Sexes.—When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed, but his ruined, heart-broken victim knows there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities unknown of heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearfu' are the consequences.

Villanous Outrage.—In Howard county, Md, last week, a free colored man, of vicious passions, perpetrated a vile outrage upon the person of a highly respectable young lady, for which he will probably swing. He was *proceeding to work*, it appears, on the *morning* of the outrage, and passing by a peach orchard where the young lady was engaged in pulling peaches, he first conceived the hellish idea of violating her person. He accordingly leaped over the fence into the orchard where she was engaged, and made a most revolting proposal to her, from which she shrank with horror. He then drew a pistol from his pocket, and, cocking it advanced towards her, threatening her life if she stirred from the spot. Upon this, the young lady fell to the ground in a *fainting fit*, when this fiend of darkness accomplished his diabolical design. She is a young lady it is said, of unexceptionable character and prepossessing personal appearance.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Something for invalids.—An eminent Physician of New Orleans, Dr. Cartwright, has communicated to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, an article entitled—"The Sugar House Cure for Bronchial Dyspeptic and Consumptive Complaints." It is stated that a residence in a sugar-house, during the rolling season, far surpasses any other means of restoring flesh, strength and health, lost by chronic ailments of the chest, throat or stomach. The rolling season is the harvest, when the canes are cut, the juice expressed and converted into sugar. In Louisiana it commences about the middle of October, and ends at Christmas, but is sometimes protracted into January. Dr. C. says the vapor is most agreeable and soothing to the lungs, and in his own case, entirely removed a distressing cough. He stood for hours in the sugar-house inhaling the vapor, and drinking occasionally a glass of the hot cane-juice. This is a fact interesting to invalids.—*Cincinnati Nonpariel.*

Almost a Fight.—We heard an amusing betting anecdote yesterday. A zealous Kentucky Whig, over in Covington, was expressing great confidence in the election of Scott.

"You won't bet on the general result," said a Democrat.

"Yes, I will," said the Whig.

"D—d if you will," said the Democrat.

"D—d if I won't," said the Whig.

"Then cover that," sung out the Democrat, handing $100 to a gentleman standing by.

"Agreed," responded the Whig, handing over the rags. "Now," said he, "as you challanged me to bet on the *general result, I'll take* PIERCE! When I bet, why, I *bet to win!*"

Whereupon the Democrat took back his money, and talked pretty saucy about Whig trifling.

The Breaking Up of the Whig Party.

A distinguished Whig Senator was heard to say, a few days after the nomination of Gen. Scott, "We can form no judgment now of the election—we must wait five or six weeks. If in that time the whig party can revive the old enthusiasm of 1840 or '48, then we shall have a living and unfailing assurance of success, but if we fail to kindle up the old military fever, then we are gone."—The five or six weeks have elapsed—every expedient to revive the gunpowder *furore* of '40 and 48 has proved a chilling abortion, and he who runs may read the hand writing upon the wall, that the "whig party has been weighed in the balance, and found wanting," and is rapidly breaking up.

Beginning with the ratification meeting at the Broadway House, every attempt to get up a successful gathering for Gen. Scott has been a most signal failure. The jubilee at Lundy's Lane was a vast failure to the whigs, to the railroad companies, to the hotel-keepers, to the man with the big tent, to the fancy men, and even to the Canadians; for they expected another invasion of at least fifty thousand men, to open the campaign in Canada. The Stanley meeting in this city, the other evening, was confessedly a failure; the subsequent little class meetings about town, including the flash-in-the-pan at Williamsburg, were worse and worse. And the same heavy incubus of indifference to the military glory of Gen. Scott appears to extend over the whole country, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, and from Coney Island to San Francisco. Why is this? Is it because military glory is threadbare; or is it on account of the Galphins, the Chickasaws, and the Gardiners; or the Abolitionists, or free farms, or intervention, or Cuba, or guano, or codfish or the weather? What is the evil? What are we to do to save Scott, to save Seward, to save our bacon, and the public plunder of fifty millions a year?

The evil is without remedy. It is the evil of natural decay. Parties—political, religious, and social—like codfish and cabbages, have their day. They are subject to the same *universal law of nature. They sprout*, they blossom, they are developed, and they die. The whig party has blossomed, and run to seed, and is now going "the way of all the earth." It is in the process of disintegration, decomposition, and dissolution; in fact, it is breaking up like a Methodist camp meeting in the midst of a settled rain, or like New Port and Saratoga when the season is over. It is going at auction—"going, going, gone!" And yet while standing upon its last legs, we see all sorts of quacks, with their quack medicines, and quack pamphlets and tracts, *urging* the sale of their nostrums as the only means of saving the whig party.—Even in its dying struggles these greedy fellows are intent only upon fleecing the party of its money. "Here they go—cheap as dirt, and full of blood and carnage.—Circulate the documents, and pay up, or Scott will be defeated!" What hope can there be for a party whose followers are governed by such unscrupulous rapacity?

Very well. We must put the best face upon this business. We know that the whig party has run its career—that it has nothing more to do—that it is embarrassed, and harrassed, and broken in body and spirit, with the rank mutiny of Giddings and the whigs of the Western Reserve of Ohio—with the all-pervading distrust of Seward in the South—with the machinations of the Liberty men in New York, and the Free soilers in Massachusetts; and, worse than all, with the terrible dogged and sullen silence of Daniel Webster upon the nomination of General Scott—we know all this, but what can we do? The experience of two gunpowder Presidents is recoiling upon the whig party. Defeat stares them in the face. With their divided and disorganized forces, they have to cope with the unterrified and hungry Democracy—hungry, rallied and united as they never were before—moving North and South in a solid phalanx, like a Roman legion, for Pierce and King, their Baltimore platform, and the forty thousand offices, and the public plunder of full fifty millions a year!

What is to be the end of all this? In the defeat of General Scott, what else can we expect, but the formal disbanding and dissolution of the Whig party; and what next but the merging of the Seward interest, bag and baggage, into the great Free Soil abolition party of the North? Such are the consequences to a great party from pandering to all the political abominations and cachpenny humbugs of the day. Let the Whigs of the South stand their ground, and let the Webster conservative Union whigs of the North, and of Wall street, look about them, and calmly inquire, in this crisis, whether they had not better rally upon Webster and the constitution, than sink with Seward and the higher law.—*New York Herald.*

☞ The Cleveland *Herald*, calls particular attention to Gen. Scott's eloquence as shown in a speech in Columbus, which is quoted. In speaking of some charge, which it was represented to him as having been used against him, he used the following language:

"*It is false—it is a lie—an invention, gentlemen—* a LIE. I see aged citizens before me. I see eminent lawyers here. And gentlemen, you see me