A Charming Chapter on Witches.

Grace Greenwood discourses, in the happiest vein of humor and philosophy combined, upon Witches, in the paragraphs which follow. They are from a recent letter in the National Era, to which Grace is contributing a series of most delightful epistles:

We also visited Salem last week. What a substantial, stationary, self-satisfied, aristocratic look there is about this fine old town. How unlike any other place in this changing, hurried, ambitious, advancing, levelling, new world of ours. But Salem is modern enough to be beautiful and elegant, and evidently rich enough to dispense with the noise and bustle and mad hurry of money-making.

After a Execution-bill," had been pointed out to me, my mind was thronged with sad and awful memories, and I looked involuntarily about me as I walked the streets, for "weird sisters," among the passers by. I saw no wrinkle-faced, sinister-eyed old women, but I saw plenty smiling, blooming young girls, who could not deny their own *witching beauty*, were they hanged for it. Ah, it would have gone hard with them in the good old colony times! Neither trial by fire nor trial by water would have saved them, for the name of their victims would have been "legion." After all, are we wiser in our day and generation than our forefathers? They hung such as were fairly proved to be witches and condemned as such, but, doubtless, many escaped through cunning or bribery, or the pity of others. But, in our time, all possessing, or suspected of possessing, or thinking they possess dangerous charms, are immediately apprehended and immured in close ball-rooms, concert rooms, school rooms, kitchens and nurseries; deprived of proper air, exercise, aims and comforts; forbidden to ramble and climb, laugh loud and wear thick shoes; compelled to waltz into the morning, and sleep into noon; to subsist on French novels and French cookery, to embroider blue-black brigands and pink cherubs in worsted; or, even worse, to toil day after day in noisy factories and millinery shops! *These are our witches* speedily and effectually deprived of the mighty spells, the wicked enchantments, which, for a brief while, held in their thrall the souls of men. Thus, from bright eyes grow dim, from rosy cheeks grown pale, from the plump figure grown spare, from the neat dress grown careless, from the "low, sweet voice," grown sharp and petulant, goes out the strong, mysterious charm forever.

Oh, mournful fate of womankind! Just at this moment, a healthy, glowing face was turned toward me from only the other side of the table, and a pair of *witch*-hazel eyes met mine, and smiled as in unconscious defiance of my fancy's sad prophecy. To her, and such as her, I would say, if one *has a corps de reserve* of mental resources and heart-riches, to step in and fill up the ranks, as the blooms and attractions of youth give way, why it is all very well, and shows good generalship in this short struggle with time, which poets have named "the battle of life," but which, with many of us, only amount to a little skirmishing, with no glory and no spoils, and followed with endless marching, till some morning, when reveillé awakes us, and there is no answer to our name in the roll-call.

The Every-Day Life of Lord Bacon.

During meditation, he often had music in an adjoining room, by which his fancy was enlivened. He had many little whims and peculiarities, some of which may excite a smile; for instance, in the spring he would go for a drive in his open coach (while it rained, to receive (in the quaint language of Aubrey) "the benefit of irrigation" which he was wont to say was very wholesome, "because of the nitre in the air and the universal spirit of the world." He had extraordinary notions respecting the virtue of nitre, and conceived it to be of inestimable value in the preservation of health. So great was his faith, that he swallowed three of that drug either alone or with saffron, in warm broth, every morning for thirty years! He seems to have been fond of quacking himself; once a week he took a dose of the "water of Mithridate," diluted with strawberry water. Once a month, at least, he made a point of swallowing a grain and a half of "castor" in his broth and breakfast for two successive days. And every six or seventh day he drank an infusion of rhubarb in white wine and beer immediately before dinner. He made it a point to take air in some high and open place every morning, the third hour after sunrise; and, if possible, he selected a spot where he could enjoy the perfume of musk, roses, and sweet violets. Besides thus breathing the pure air of nature, he was fumigated with the smoke of lign-aloes, with dried bays, and rosemary, adding once a week a little tobacco. On leaving his bed he was anointed all over with oil of almonds, mingled with salt and saffron, and this was followed by gentle friction. He was rather a hearty feeder, and when young preferred game and poultry, but in after life, gave the chice to butchers' meat, which had been well beaten before roasted. At every meal his table was strewed with flowers and sweet herbs. Half an hour before supper he took a cup of wine, or ale, hot and spiced, and once during supper wine in which gold had been quenched. The first draught which he drank at dinner or supper, was always hot, and on returning to bed he ate a bit of bread steeped in a mixture of wine, syrup of roses, and amber, and washed it down with a cup of ale to compose his spirits and send him to sleep. In the spring he was found of a glass of spiced pomegranate wine early in the morning, and greatly enjoyed water-cresses. These little points may be unimportant in themselves, but they assist us in drawing a mental portrait of the man.—*Bentley's Miscellany for July.*

The Poetry of Heaven.

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven"

Among the thousand apostrophes that have been written—and apostrophic writing is a fair test of poetic ability—none can compare with that written by Byron, commencing with the line just quoted. But it may be asked, why so, or how can the stars be considered the poetry of heaven? Is it because of their splendor or configuration, or their relation to matter, or is it because of their relation to mind, that they are considered the poetry of heaven?

They have existed from the foundation of the world; they are the only unchanging objects that all eyes, which have been open to the light and lifted to heaven, have seen them as we see them now, and as all posterity shall see them to the end of time. Oceans change their beds, continents are submerged; rivers stray from their channels; mountains are undermined; forests disappear, and cities rise in their places—*all* earthly things are inscribed with mutability; but the stars change not.

They are the same to us as they were to Adam and Eve in the bowers of Eden. They are the same to us as they were to Noah and his family, when they descended into the silence of an unpeopled world. They are the same to us as they were to the Miltiades on the plains of Marthon, and on that memorable night before the destructions of the Persians, and the delivery of Greece. The very horoscope, to which the sentinels of the hostile armies looked up, still lingers in the heavens to meet the gaze of the beholders.

They are the same to us as they were to the Psalmist of Israel, when at eventide he exclaimed. "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and stars which thou hast ordained: Lord! what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" And, finally, the stars, the unchanging stars—and, oh, how touching the thought!—appear to us in the same placid magnificence as they did to the Redeemer of the world, when, "having sent the multitude away, he went up into a mountain apart, and continued all night with God in prayer."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Punctuality.

Method, as Mrs. Moore says, is the very hinge of business, and there is no business without punctuality. Punctuality is important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family; the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty. Punctuality is important as it gains time; it is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much more as a bad one. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality; a disorderly man is always in a hurry; he has no time to speak with you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. It was a wise maxim of the Duke of Newcastle—"I do one thing at a time." Punctuality gives weight to character—"such a man has made an appointment; then I know that he will keep it." And this generates punctuality in you; for like other virtues, it propagates itself."

The Morning Post.

VL. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Circulation 1200 Daily. ☜

PITTSBURGH:
THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1849.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

JOHN A. GAMBLE,

OF LYCOMING COUNTY.

Allegheny County Democratic Tickets

SENATOR:
WILLIAM VINCENT, Butler County.
ASSEMBLY:
JONAS R. McCLINTOCK, Peebles.
JAMES C. RICHEY, Robinson.
JAMES SCOTT, Elizabeth.
THOMAS MOFFIT, Allegheny City.
SHERIFF:
JOHN D. MILLER, South Pittsburgh.
PROTHONOTARY:
JOHN COYLE, Pittsburgh.
TREASURER:
THOMAS BLACKMORE, Birmingham.
COMMISSIONER:
J. D. W. WHITE, Pittsburgh.
AUDITOR:
ANDREW McCLEESTER, Findley.
CORONER:
LENOX REA, Pittsburgh.

Tickets.

The Democratic ticket, for Allegheny County, is now printed at this office, and ready for delivery.—Our friends in the country are requested to call, and get a supply for the different voting districts.

Are You Assessed?

Let every Democratic voter see that he is assessed. The law makes it necessary that you should be assessed at least *ten days* before the Election, or have paid a *State* or *County* tax within two years. See to it at once, or you may loose your vote.

☞ We have received a communication from "A Whig," residing in Birmingham, giving his reasons for not supporting the whig ticket this fall. We shall reserve the communication for future reference and use. There are hundreds, nay thousands of honest whigs in this county whose views coincide with those of our respected correspondent.

Street Preaching Nuisance.

This subject, as our readers have already been advised, has been brought up in our City Councils. It is the earnest wish of nearly every person in the community, that the abominable nuisance complained of shall be abated; but as to the precise method to eradicate the evil, there is considerable difference of opinion. We have always been of the opinion that the remedy at common law is all that is necessary; but it appears that those who are entrusted with the execution of the laws think that they should have special power conferred upon them before they interfere in this matter.

At the last meeting of Councils, Geo. W. Layng, Esq., the active and intelligent member from the 7th Ward, introduced an Ordinance to put a stop to street nuisances, a copy of which we publish below. The subject was referred to the committee on Ordinances, of which Mr. Layng is the Chairman; and we presume at the next meeting this Ordinance, or something similar, will be passed:

Whereas, a practice has for some time prevailed to hold public meetings in the Market houses, and elsewhere in the City of Pittsburgh, at which meetings large numbers of persons are accustomed to assemble. And whereas, the subjects discussed are frequently of a gross and demoralizing character, calculated to produce riot and disturbance of the public peace. And whereas, it is a cause of general complaint that persons engaged in their lawful avocations are frequently enraged by hearing language grossly indelicate while they are impeded in their passage through the public thoroughfares of the city. Therefore,

Sec. 1. Be it ordained and enacted by the citizens of Pittsburgh in Select and Common Councils assembled, That if any person or persons shall hereafter be found delivering public addresses to persons collected together in large numbers in any of the market houses, squares, streets, lanes, and alleys of the city of Pittsburgh, he, she or they being convicted thereof, by the voice of the Mayor or any Alderman of the city, his, her or their own confession, or the proof of two creditable witnesses, every such person or persons so offending shall for every such offence forfeit and pay a fine of not less than five nor more than fifty dollars, and in case of a neglect or refusal to pay the same, he she or they shall undergo six days imprisonment in the Jail of Allegheny County.

Sec. 2. Be it also ordained, &c. That if any person or persons shall be found offending against the provisions of this ordinance, it shall, and may be lawful for any constable of the city of Pittsburgh, and he is hereby enjoined and required to apprehend and convey, or cause to be conveyed, such person or persons so offending before the Mayor or one of the Aldermen of said city; and if any constable shall neglect or refuse to use his best endeavors to apprehend and convey, or cause to be conveyed, such offenders as aforesaid, he shall suffer and pay a fine of not less than five, or more than twenty dollars.

The Whig Shinplasters.

The *Gazette* is endeavoring to shift the odium and responsibility of the issue of the fraudulent and illegal Shinplasters with which this community has been deluged, from the shoulders of the whigs, by parading the vote on the passage of the ordinance authorizing the issue, from which it appears that one or two Democrats voted for the measure. This we have never denied; nor do we seek to excuse the act of our own political friends. We are always ready to condemn wrong, whether committed by Democrats or Whigs. We would be unfaithful to the trust reposed in us to take any other course.

That the Shinplaster System which has cursed this community for the last few years is a whig measure, there cannot be a single doubt. The Whigs have had the entire control of the finances of the County and two Cities for many years, and every new measure that is proposed originates with that party.—Suppose that the case was reversed, and the Democrats were in power, there is no doubt but the Whig presses would throw all the responsibility of this vile currency upon their political opponents.

The Farmers and Workingmen who have taken this whig currency for their produce and labor, have been swindled completely; and are now resolved to vote for no man who was instrumental in putting this illegal trash into circulation.

The Democracy of this County and State have taken a decided stand against Shinplasters of all kinds—they have declared war against the whole system; and will oppose every effort of the whigs hereafter to thrust this spurious representation of money upon the public. We would say to the Farmers and Workingmen of Allegheny County, therefore, that if they wish to put down the Shinplaster system now and forever, VOTE THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET!

The Letter Tax.

The letter tax business is producing the greatest excitement in this community; and even abroad the papers are beginning to notice the infamous imposition. The Louisville Democrat says: "Under a democratic administration the letter list was advertised in one paper generally. Now to feed party papers the Postmaster General orders the letters to be advertised in two papers, and, without regard to law, specifies the papers in which the advertising is to be done. The people have to pay 4 cents instead of 2. What's the use of making a fuss about it! The whigs must be paid for their HONESTY!"

Goodly Guilty.—Kossuth, in a letter to Col. Von Kalmany, speaks of the "shameful ingratitude of Gorgey," and his treason to the cause of the nation.

Politics vs. Scrip.

We understand that the Whig authorities of Allegheny City are making desperate efforts to get a loan to take up their Scrip before the election. Poor fellows! They can't extricate themselves from the uncomfortable position in which they are placed by the unanimous verdict of an injured public. Why do not the County Commissioners make the effort too? The name of John Morrison stands on their swindling trash in a bold and free hand. *Query:* is this the same John Morrison who is at present a candidate for the office of County Treasurer? We shall thank any one to give us the required information. Speaking of County Commissioners, reminds us that we were told the other day, that a decision was recently made in the Supreme Court which will be of some little benefit to the County, that is if the County Commissioners will do their duty according to their oaths.

A jury was appointed about a year ago to assess damages for opening streets in the New Wards, and according to the recent decision they would have been entitled to about $36, or one dollar a day each. Now the County Commissioners paid them the enormous sum of between eleven and twelve hundred dollars for their services, as will be seen from their last Report, which was contrary to all laws and precedents, human or divine! With the recent decision of the Supreme Court staring them in the face, we will watch to see whether the Commissioners will or will not make these road viewers disgorge the tax-payers money. The people of the County should *en masse* vote for Capt. White. Never was there a time when the services of an honest and intelligent Democrat was more wanted in the Commissioners Office than at the present time.

The Glorious Position of the Democratic Party.

It is indeed gratifying (says the Detroit *Free Press,*) to look about the Union and see the firm, united, glorious position of the great democratic party—the only national party now in existence. Everywhere the democracy are now united brothers, battling for the success of Republican principles, whilst their opponents are divided and distracted, fighting for, they know not what.

In New York all is peace and harmony, where but one month ago, all was discord. In the North, South, East and West, the bond of union is stronger than ever before. Thousands of those who were estranged from their first love, last fall, have returned and asked to do battle with their old associates against whiggery. It is not unsafe to say, that, today the democratic party of the United States, is stronger by one hundred thousand than it was twelve months ago, and were the contest to be fought over, with the same weapons, the victory would equal that of Gen. Jackson's in 1832.

This glorious result has been brought about by the conduct of our rulers at Washington. The violation of all pledges by the Executive, has disgusted all honorable men, and the character of his appointments has driven all good republicans from his support. The adherence of the cabinet and organs of the whig party, against the most solemn and reiterated professions before election, has arrayed all who ever acted with the democratic party, against the administration in power.

The people are honest and will not countenance deception. They now regard the election of Gen. Taylor as a great fraud upon them. He was proclaimed a second Washington—he proclaimed *himself* a no-party candidate, and that if elected, there should be no proscription, and the government administered without reference to party. These pledges and gratitude for his services to the country, induced thousands of our citizens to vote for him, but no sooner is he elected than he proves his utter incompetency to discharge the duties of the office, and transfers it to a set of reckless politicians, who never had the confidence of the people, and who use the power they have thus obtained, for the worst purposes, violating in the most reckless manner the solemn pledges to the people.

☞ It would be gratifying to some two thousand workingmen in the Whig ranks to know the opinion of the candidates of the Whig party in this county on the Ten Hour System. It is a notorious fact that Mr. Swartzwelder's nomination was defeated solely on account of his well known friendship for the Ten Hour System and Elective Judiciary. The whigs themselves admit this fact. It must therefore follow, that the ticket nominated, was taken up, as being secretly pledged to oppose these measures.—Indeed, we learn from unquestionable authority, that one of the candidates on the Whig Assembly ticket has gone so far as to give a pledge to the monopolists that in case of his election he will introduce a bill to repeal the Ten Hour Law, so as to restore the degrading feudal system into the Cotton Factories that formerly existed! Think of that, workingmen, before you deposite your votes in the ballot box! Trust not the Whigs, because they will certainly betray your interests.

Maine Gloriously Victorious.—The Augusta Age claims the election of Hubbard by 1200 majority, the Senate 14 Democrats to 11 Whigs, and 1 doubtful, the House 87 Democrats to 60 Whigs and Free Soils, and 4 to come in. The 19 towns and 29 plantations not yet returned gave Cass 1,856 Taylor 813, Van Buren 369 votes.

Our U. S. Senator is certainly secured.

Acquittal of Thos. W. Lottier.—Thomas W. Lottier, charged with shooting Wm. P. Cook, in the European House, on the 15th of July, at Richmond, Va., was fully acquitted on Saturday last. It will be remembered that he proved, during the examination, a long existing criminal intimacy between his wife and the deceased.

Brandy.—The French have raised 10 cents a gallon on brandy exported to England, in consequence of the substitution of brandy for malt liquor. 1,000 gallons a day have been consumed beyond the average of former years. The Post says that Brandy is now held in this market at $1,35, and will not stop at that figure.

Attempt to Drown Herself and Child.—On Thursday, at Boston, Mary Falvey, who, since the loss of her husband 3 months ago, has abandoned herself to intemperance, jumped off the wharf with her daughter, about six years of age, but both were soon rescued. She said that the Virgin Mary had commanded her to commit suicide.

The United States Ship Portsmouth, Capt. Pock, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Francis H. Gregory, commander of the United States naval forces on the West Coast of Africa, sailed from New York on Friday. The Portsmouth sailed with sealed orders, and accordingly her destination is yet unknown.

An Illinois Farm.—There is a farm in Illinois which contains twenty-seven thousand acres. The proprietor of it raised 13,000 acres of corn the present season, 3,000 acres of which are in one field. At 50 bushels per acre, the 13,000 acres would give 650,000 bushels. Beat it who can.

Unaccountable Suicide.—Mr. Henry Gornto, in the lower part of Princess Anne county, Va., committed suicide on Monday week in the woods adjoining his farm, by cutting his throat. Mr. G. was about 25 years of age, in comfortable circumstances, and lived agreeably with his wife and two children.

An Original Will.—The following is the copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer:—

"This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas.

"I give all my things to my relations, to be devided among them the best way they can.

"N. B.—If anybody kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have anything.

"Signed by me, John Thomas.

French Perversity.

The recent action of our government in the dismissal of the French Ambassador, on account of his audacious interference with our domestic government, is calculated to remind us that half a century of vicissitude in the *Grande Nation* has but little improved it in the quality of modesty, and not a whit more in that of Republicanism.

The French people possess an unbounded self-esteem, and regard with disdain the thought of profiting by the experience of any other nation, and, also, such transcendental notions of the powers and destiny of man, as to render themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon race. These peculiarities are brought into full relief by their best writers, who are among the most exalted intellects in the world; not merely in heavy volumes, which only the learned few peruse, but in the daily press, where the people imbibe their political nourishment.

The efforts of these giant intellects are mainly devoted to the liberal side, are constantly renewed, and gradually move and rock the ponderous mass of more than thirty millions of people, until at length an explosion takes place, and the whole fabric of French nationality is overturned. Then suddenly a host of constitution makers spring forth and, presto, one of the oldest nations in Europe, is transformed into "Young France."

The pride that scorns instruction from another people, impels the French philosophers into the maxes of the impracticable, in the construction of a new frame work for society, and as a necessary consequence, the whole nation soon sinks again to the level from whence it arose with such a mighty flourish. We have had a number of these periodical commotions, these flows and ebbs of the French tide, and according to the grandiloquent boasts of their chiefs, each in its turn was to lead to the disenthralment of a world in chains! But have they done so?

When nearly sixty years ago they rose upon their king and took the government out of his hands; they became so furiously anti-monarchial that nothing short of the utter extirpation of royalty would suffice them, and the head of Louis XVI was made to bite the dust, and his grave plentifully supplied with quick-lime, that no remnant of monarchy might ever again offend their delicate olfactories. Then commenced their experiments in the way of governing. Their National Assemblies, their Committees of Public Safety, their Robespierres, Dantons and Marats, their Conventions, their Consuls, and their final prostration under the heel of the military Juggernaut Napoleon; including the banishments, confiscations and ever renewed scenes of death by the guillotine, finished one series, so full of horrors that the mind of humanity sickens at its recital.

If to be feared by surrounding nations, is sufficient remuneration for the destruction of liberty; and if the endless conscriptions, to fill up the hideous gape in the armies wherein death swept his never tiring scythe, be a recompense for the loss of a peaceful government, then have the French been a fortunate people.

One would suppose that after deluging the whole of Europe with blood for twenty years, when peace should once more be proclaimed, by whatever means it might be accomplished, the French people would have had such a surfeit of war and tyranny, as to repose with gratitude under the rule of the restored Bourbons. But no. Their voice is still for war.—Blood and commotion suit the temper of the people; and no sooner does Napolean step on the shore of France from his little empire of Elba, than he is again hailed as the despot of the Grande Nation;—and another strife more savage than the first, is necessary to the European family, before he is finally overcome.

Without entering into the question of the income petency of the Bourbons, we may hazard the assertion, that their subjects showed at least an equal lack of the firmness and self-control befitting a people who aspire to a republican government.

When, after the bearings of fifteen restless years, the old Bourbon dynasty, in the person of Charles X, was finally expelled, the liberal world thought that *now* surely a republic would be reared worthy of a brave and gigantic nation. But and was the disappointment when the result turned out to be merely a change from the elder to a younger branch of the same royal family,—and all their hopes were again dashed to earth.

Why was this so? The people had triumphed over the tyranny of the monarch with a resistless impetuosity; the throne established by the will of the allied powers, and strengthened by all the arts of the monarch for a period of fifteen years, had been overthrown in three days; and their control over the destinies of the country had become as entire as though a nation had just been born. Then why did they not proclaim a republic, and support it with the firmness which a long period of misrule and suffering should have taught them to be the only antidote to the evils on monarchy?

Louis Phillippe ascended the throne of the barricades, and all that was gained by this great revolution was a change of style from "King of France" to "King of the French." This was hardly worth the powder expended in the contest. It was very soon perceived by the world that the king of the French exercised as entire a control over the liberties of his subjects at Charles X, Louis XVII, or any other of that line had previously done.

Another period of agitation ensues. Eighteen years of chafing under the tight rein and spur of their elected monarch, move gloomily along. His unremitting efforts are directed to the completion of a line of posts and military defences around the city of Paris, that shall in all future time restrain the too free indulgence of the Parisians, in the dangerous amusement of revolution. When these works are about finished, the people again see fit to take a game at their old play—and poor Louis Phillippe, disguised in a blouse and green spectacles, takes *French leave* of all his glory!

What have we next? A republic, whose motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," foreshadows so great a stride beyond the best of established republics, as to make us hide our heads with shame at the comparison. Yes, the world is now beyond a peradventure to be liberated. All are to be brethren, and all are to be governed by laws of their own enacting. Freedom is proclaimed to the captive All distinctions are abolished. In this new organization of French government even a national senate is scouted, as partaking too much of aristocratic restraint on the people. One chamber must enact the laws, and the President must rule only three years.

This brings us, I think, to the fourteenth constitution with which that people has been blessed since the fall of Louis XVII—about an average of one for every four years. That will do!

Being placed under the government of a few men of honor and talent, the nation take a little breathing time after the inglorious flight of Louis Phillippe, and then suddenly show us another of their astonishing feats of tumbling, by the almost unanimous election of *Prince* Louis Napoleon to the Presidency. This we might call capping the climax, if it related to any other than the French people, but nothing is too improbable in that country. Prince Louis! a man that never lifted a finger for the cause of the people—that never dreamed of any thing but his claims to the throne of his uncle the emperor—and who was never distinguished for any thing but one or two insane attempts to overturn the French kingdom, that he might mount the imperial throne! That is the man chosen to give reputation to the new republic of France, and to show to Europe the example of a mighty people governed by the ballot box, instead of the bayonet.

Hardly is he secure in his seat, and the astonishment of republicans in other countries at the singular choice of *republican* France expressed, before we begin to perceive a renewal of the old system of interference with other governments, in its most aggregated forms; and instead of taking a part with freedom, it unfurmly sides against it, and has made itself the scorn of all lovers of national liberty by its recent collusce to the patriotic Hungarians, and still more by its direct and armed overthrow of the Roman republic.

There is in the French people rather an itching for change than a desire for freedom. A morbid desire for greatness—or notoriety, which means with them the same thing, is ever urging them beyond the bounds of discretion and justice, and whatever line of conduct may, in their judgment, produce the greatest commotion, and show off the Grande Nation as the prime mover, is followed up with an energy worthy of a better cause than they are often found sustaining.

The great and acknowledged power of that people, in numbers and military capacity, has given them a position to which in honor they are not entitled, and they frequently exhibited an insolence in their official relations that will doubtless at some future period be the occasion of their humiliation. Then, but perhaps not sooner, will the true power of republican principles be felt and established in Europe.

A. F. M.

The French Affair.

We need not encumber our colomns with the tedious correspondence on this subject, the substance of which has already been given. We may mention however, that a correspondent of the New York Tribune at Washington regards it as "a tempest in a tenpot," and says that the announcement of the recall of Poussin and appointment of De Montholon is premature.

The report that a woman is at the bottom of it is this way told in the Herald.

"M. Poussin is naturally a warm-hearted man, but as a general thing, not cautious enough, and he certainly never would have gone the length which he has gone, had he not been urged by other motives and feelings, which cannot very well be explained to the world. Suffice to say, that a point of fashionable etiquette, in which a woman is concerned, created a very serious difficulty between the French embassy and the government. This difficulty threw M. Poussin into a state of nervous sensibility, and hence, in his correspondence concerning the small claims referred to, he forgot himself, and wrote in such a way as cannot be defended by any principle of diplomatic propriety or decency."

California Gold.

It has long been a matter of surprise that California gold in such large quantities has found its way to Great Britain. The following extract from a communication in the Journal of Commerce will show why it is that some of the "epoils of the diggings," take that direction. It is probably not the only instance of the kind:

"I met a young friend the other day whom rumor has made rich in a lucky California shipment, and congratulated him upon the $150,000 which the papers said he had made. He denied the soft impeachment, but admitted he had made something.—I asked him how it was he had had little or no gold dust reported to him by the several arrivals. "Oh!" says he, "I do better; they have driven me off by their charges." "Explain," was my reply. "Why sir," says he, "the freight on gold dust, or bullion, is 1½ per cent. to Panama, and 1 per cent. from there to Chagres, making 2½ per cent. freight. Insurance 2 to 2½ per cent. more. Total 5 per cent.—Now, sir, the way I do is this: I ship my gold dust at San Francisco or the Sandwich Islands on board an English man-of-war for London. The commander charges 3 per cent. which covers freight and insurance. He signs duplicate receipts or bills of lading, which are forwarded to me here. I draw against these shipments at once on London, sending forward my receipts. My bills thus drawn command the very highest rate of exchange, and my gold dust at the English mint, nets me a handsome profit upon cost."

The Dry Goods Business.

The New York Merchants' Day Book, after saying that the sale of Dry Goods reached the turning point last week, and expecting prices to go down, has this:

"There is no business more precarious and uncertain than that of buying Dry Goods. The more a man does of it, frequently the less money he realizes; and what appears at the time the best season, often proves to be the worst. If the goods sold this fall are all paid for, the jobbers will be rich. If—there is always an "if" in the way, in the Dry Goods business. If you had not bought so many goods you would not have them to pay for. If you had not sold quite so much you could not have lost so much by bad customers. If you had not paid quite so much for store rent, clerk hire and extravagant living, you would not found it necessary to have bought and sold so many goods. Finally—if you had kept out of the business you would had no notes to pay and no bad debts to look after.

From the Louisville Democrat.

Interesting Fact.

It is perhaps not generally known, that in the infancy of the North American colonies, beautiful young ladies, (not darkies, but of the genuine Anglo Saxon stripe,) were imported and sold to the settlers for wives. Holmes, in his "American Annals," says:

"The enterprising colonists being generally destitute of families, Sir Edward Sandys, the treasurer, proposed to the Virginia company to send over a freight of young women to become wives for the planters. The proposal was applauded; and ninety girls, 'young and uncorrupt,' were sent over in the ships, that arrived this year, (1620,) and the year following sixty more, handsome and well recommended to the company for their virtues, education, and demeanor. The price of a wife, at the first, was one hundred pounds of tobacco; but as the number became scarce, the price was increased to one hundred and fifty pounds, the value of tobacco in money, was three shillings per pound. This debt for wives, it was ordered, should have the precedency of all other debts, and be the first recoverable."

Another writer says, in reference to this novel and delightful sort of exchange:

"It would have done a man's heart good, to see the gallant young Virginians hastening to the water's edge, when a ship arrived from London, each carrying a bundle of the best tobacco under his arm, and each taking back with him a beautiful and virtuous young wife."

A cargo of "youth and beauty" for California! each damsel would command an armful of gold, and no mistake! Who'll go?

Absconded.—John Carrick, the builder of the two Revenue Vessels launched from this city, this summer, went to Washington some two or three weeks since to draw the pay for their construction. He came back as far as Buffalo, where all trace was lost of him for some days, and people began to think he had been murdered and robbed. Recent intelligence from New York, however, render it certain that he has absconded and gone to California, leaving almost every body in this community in his debt. Even the printers did not escape.—*Erie Observer.*

☞ Notice every one whom it may Concern.—The American Oil, having performed by its use so many remarkable cures, and being a powerful Remedial Agent for various diseases, has induced some persons to counterfeit this valuable medicine. The original and genuine American Oil is obtained from a well in Burkesville, Kentucky from the sole and only proprietors, D. Hale & Co., who appointed Mr. Wm. Jackson, of 89 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, their sole and only agent for supplying sub-agents in western Pennsylvania, western Virginia, and part of Ohio. The true and genuine American Oil is a dark green color. There are various counterfeits abroad—some Seneca Oil, some a mixture closely resembling the genuine, purporting to come from the Pittsburgh and Allegheny Dispensary Company; some black, some white, said to be made from the Original American Oil. D. Hale & Co., the only and sole proprietors of the true and original American Oil, DO NOT nor NEVER DID supply any persons who make the article called Extract of American Oil, said to be refined, clarified and concentrated. BEWARE of the worthless counterfeits, and OBSERVE that Wm. Jackson, 89 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, head of Wood street is the ONLY and SOLE agent for the above mentioned District, and that none is genuine but what has the name and address printed on the label, and in the pamphlet in which each bottle is enveloped, and likewise notice that the proprietors' address is printed in each pamphlet thus: "D. Hall & Co., Kentucky." Another way of detecting the counterfeits is the difference in the price. The genuine is sold invariably at 50 cts. per bottle and no less, while some of the counterfeits are sold at various prices under.

The Pure and only Genuine American Oil is sold wholesale and retail by Wm. Jackson, at the only agency in Pittsburgh, No. 89 Liberty street, head of Wood st. aug31:3m

"Heroic Age," in one of his late No.'s for the Union, says:

The cabinet are now fishing after eels with toad-fish bait in the waters of the muddy Potomac, while the head of the government is looking after an insurrection in Cuba in the iron mountains of Pennsylvania. The fact is, we are under a regency government, and there is no use in denying the fact, or in endeavoring to keep it close any longer. A President has been elected who cannot, or who will not, perform the duties of his high station; and although no ultra whig, he has given his power into the hands of a cabinet of ultra whigs, so blue with ancient federalism, that indigo, will make a white mark upon their azure hides. "Is this the entertainment to which we are invited?" or rather, is not the result of a "nomination" on the part of the slaughter house men of Philadelphia "not fit to be made?" Daniel Webster was right once in his life.

☞ The Richmond Examiner reports a horrible act of cruelty done to a negro in that city. The owner tied him up in the morning, beat and tortured him all day, burnt parts of his body off with fire, and at night took him down—dead. The murderer is in prison.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Theatre.—We did intend to witness the representation of Paul Pry on Monday evening, but business prevented our seeing but a small portion of the comedy. We were exceedingly annoyed at the disappointment, for we consider it an excellent piece, and calculated to display the historical talent of the Company. As far as we were capable of judging, from our limited observation, the comedy was well cast and respectably played. The part of Paul Pry by Mr. Robinson, was an *expanded* piece of acting, but the dressing was not "so honored in the breech" as we have been accustomed to see, he however equalized the usual excrescences, and we suppose we must "*e'in* cry content." Mr. Roy's personation of Frank Hardy was very clever, and we may safely say, by way of commendation, that whatever character he attempts, a like result may be anticipated. The crafty virago, Mrs. Subtle, found a suitable representative in Mrs. Leicester, for she was most certainly "every inch" the part. Mrs. Donovan and Miss Cruise were *au fait* in their respective parts, as were also the remaining characters of the piece.

On Tuesday evening we were more at leisure, and "just dropped in," and appropriated an entire front seat to our especial use. The audience was extremely slim, as might have been expected from the meagreness of the bill presented. Indeed, we cannot see the policy of craming down these old worn out farces, particularly when the theatre receives its principal support from citizens who have endured them week in and week out for years. Look, for instance at the farce of Slasher and Crasher, also at the play of Domboy and Son, and compare their success with the pieces of Tuesday evening. There is certainly new material enough for a variety, and we most assuredly think it to the interest of the managers to employ it.

The Barrack Room was first on the programme. The character of the Marquis was intellectually poortrayed by Mr. Smead, and we witnessed its representation with great pleasure. In parts like there Mr. S. has few superiors, and we are surprised that he does not oftenor attempt them. Messrs. Cowell, Archer, Dunn, and Miss Cruise, deserve great praise for their attachment to the author, and the velocity with which they came to the end of the piece.

The old and favorite domestic drama of Love in Humble Life followed next. This piece, without exception, was better cast and better played, than any that has hitherto been presented.

The evening's performance wound up with the *very new* and laughable farce of the Secret, or a Hole in the Wall. As this is purely local, we do not feel at liberty to critize it. After it has had one or two more representations, and the characters become easy in their parts, we shall speak in commendation or censure, as the case may warrant.

Supreme Court, *Sept.* 26, 1849.—Verner vs Cooper, District Court, Judgment affirmed, opinion by Chief Justice Gibson.

Johnston's Exo'rs vs Sennet, Erie County, argued by Babbitt and Walker for plaintiff in error; Galbraith for defeddant in error.

Truesdale vs Watts, Erie County, argued by Walker for plaintiff in error, and Babbitt for defendant in error.

Sterret vs Huidekeper, Erie County, Judgment of non pros.

Silverthorn vs McKinnister, Erie County, argued by Marshall for plaintiff in error, Galbraith for defendant in error.

Guthrie vs Horner, Clarion County, argued by Purviance for plaintiff in error, Lathy for defendant in error.

Correction.—We stated yesterday on the authority of a city paper, that a warrant had been issued against John Gotchalck before Ald. Steel for attempting to swindle Mrs. E. Wilson out of a draft from the Michigan Insurance Co., payable to her at the Exchange Bank of Pittsburgh. We now understand that the draft was regularly drawn in the name of Mr. Gotchalck and that as soon as he heard of the matter he gave bail. No hearing of the case has yet taken place, but when it does come off we shall report the particulars in full.

Drawing Distinctions.—We saw in a city paper the other day that the proprietor of some paintings now exhibiting in our city, had issued a limited number of circulars, inviting the select ladies of Pittsburgh to come and see them. Whereupon the editor remarked that the intelligence and beauty of the feminine gender would doubtless be there. We wish we had been present, to see who constitute the female beauty and intelligence of Pittsburgh.

Modern Languages.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of C. F. Sanders, in another column. He is said to be a gentleman perfectly familiar with the English language, as well as able to impart instruction in the French, German and Spanish languages.

Italian Ballet Company.—This troupe appeared last night before a good house. Their performance exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine.

Blasting.—Somebody is blasting on Fifth street between Smithfield and Grant. Rather dangerous to passers by.

Pennsylvania Avenue is now in a condition for wagons and carts to pass, and will soon be paved its entire length.

Police.—There were but two cases before the Mayor yesterday morning, both charged with drunkenness. Sent to the Hill for 24 hours.

Board Walk.—A board walk has been lain on Grant street below 5th. Good.

False.—The alarm of fire on Tuesday night.

Locals.—Few in market.

☞ Free Soil Meeting.—The friends of Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor and Free Men, and all supporters of the Buffalo Platform and its candidates, will meet in the room over the Shoe Store of James Robb, No. 92 Market street, on FRIDAY EVENING, the 28th inst, to take into consideration the importance of the approaching election. It is hoped all will attend.

John A. Wills, James Robb, James M'Masters, Wm. Larimer, Jr., S. M. Lee, Jas. Williams, L. M'Intosh, John B. Sanderson, Wm. Digby, John Thompson, Geo. C. Morgan, R. Straw, Henry Kane, B. R. Hollmes, Jas. Hunter, W. M. Herron, Saml Patterson, Chris. Hando, Jas. M. Corbitt, W. A. Lease, W. T. Bown, John L. Little, John White, Chas. Lord, Wm. E. Stevenson, John Hastings, Ebet Townsend, Porter Sawyer, B. Preston, George Lamb, Wm. Shore. sep27:2

☞ Vigilant Fire Co.—A Special Meeting of the Vigilant Fire Co. will be held this evening, (Thursday,) Sept. 27th, at 7 o'clock, at the Hall of the Company. By order (sep27) John Kennedy, Sec'y.

☞ Oysters! Oysters!—The subscriber will keep up constantly (at the Monongahela Exchange) from this time, FRESH OYSTERS, which he will serve up in the very best style. E. C. CAMPBELL,
sep18:tapr