Letter from Erie.

THE CITY OF ERIE—PENNSYLVANIA SCENERY—COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ERIE AND PHILADELPHIA—THE ERIE RAILWAY AND ERIE AND PITTSBURG ROAD, ETC.

[Correspondence of The Press.]

ERIE, Pa., August 31, 1860.

I cannot but add a line to the beautiful city on Lake Erie, where I have passed so many happy hours during the present summer, without expressing to you how delighted and astonished I am at the pleasant and how kind and entertaining are its pleasant people." It is truly wonderful—a thing not to be accounted for—how the people of the Quaker City are found drinking from one end of the Union to the other, hunting for desirable places to spend their summers, and invariably ways of spending their money; and yet pass by so many charming places in our dear old Pennsylvania, where more comfort and pleasure can be had, and at less expense, than at any of the "summer resorts" so glowingly described by paid correspondents, and which, in reality, are too often but poor, miserable, humpered up, uncomfortable money where people only "stay" because it is fashionable," and where they "put up" with more inconveniences than they would think of enduring at home, simply because they "pay high" for the luxury.

Who that has ever passed a summer wandering among the rich valleys of Lebanon, Lancaster, or Cumberland, wasting a delightful hour in the wealth of the "coming harvest," or "seeking the refreshing delight experienced by such scenes for a stay amid the mass of Newport or Cape May? Or who that has been invigorated by clambering amid our hills and mountains, catching glimpses from their summits of beautiful landscapes and grand scenery, surpassed, by say in the world, would think of spending himself for a season at "hot Saratoga"? If such a one could be found, to be devoid of all appreciation of the true, the beautiful, and the grand, all I have to say is, he should be handed over to the "doctors," as a "fit subject" for "tonics, strychnine, and quails." But such a being, I presume, you never have, and possibly never will meet with; but if you do, Mr. Editor, mark my word, he is an "Knight," from whose little soul all love for the truly beautiful and ennobling in nature or picturesque scenes has departed, provided it was ever found there. The great difficulty, however, which we have to encounter is the want of knowledge, and consequent lack of appreciation, on the part of our citizens, of the merits, in every point of view, of this grand old Commonwealth. In other words, we are wanting in "State pride."

We have so much within ourselves. Its material wealth, in mineral beauty, in agreeable climate, and in the intellectual and moral culture of our people, what State can excell, if equal, the Keystone? And yet, from our golden harvest fields; from our clear bright water brooks; from our waving woods; from our noble rivers; and from our towering mountains of coal and iron—yea, from all this accumulated beauty and grandeur, Pennsylvanians turn their faces, and go seeking some miserable place away off amid the sands, or to "some confined "fashionable resort" that has a good name, and accommodate for the lack of everything else that is desirable. I confess, I am struck with wonder and amazement at all this, and yet, who can deny its truth?

But I hope and believe "there is a better day coming;" when the eyes of our people shall grow weary of looking afar for pleasure, and shall be turned toward their own land, when they shall discover, with surprise and admiration, beauties until then unknown and undreamed of. Then in summer, from your heated city, and from the other cities and towns of our own and sister States, the people will come to regain lost health, to reinvigorate themselves, and to carry away with them their memories of pleasant days spent in their own Pennsylvania. And when that day comes, Mr. Editor, there will be a "big" Erie, at present visited by Philadelphians, be discovered and appreciated as it deserves."

During the most sultry days of the present season, whilst you in Philadelphia were endeavoring in vain to keep your collars up and yourselves cool, and were groaning under the terrible heat, the cool breeze of the lake rendered the atmosphere not only endurable, but delightful; and whilst you could, with feeling, be singing the song of the poor child of London,

"Oh, the heat, the terrible heat,
Burning and blistering my feet,"

we could have replied with

"Still so gently o'er me stealing," &c.

But not only for its charming climate is Erie deserving of high commendation. To those who are fond of pictorial sports, Lake Erie offers inducements not excelled in our country.

Upon the wood-covered hills and level lands back from the lake, the sportsman can find game in abundance. Here, also, can be found shady walks and delightful drives. Nor do the world renowned waters of Venice—of which poets have so often sung—present more inviting inducements for a row at sunset than does the safe and beautiful bay of Lake Erie. A sail, by moonlight, over its smooth and silvery waters, is a pleasure never to be forgotten—especially, Mr. Editor, if your company is agreeable; and if you select your companions from among the inhabitants of the place, I can vouch, by happy experience, for the being every thing but agreeable and desirable.

But why should I enumerate? Everything, in fine, that is calculated to make an absence from our city homes agreeable can be found here, and in such abundance as to make us have but one thing to regret, and that the hour that marks our departure.

And that "we" wants us to direct communication with Philadelphia; and I cannot conclude this hasty, written and very imperfect letter without expressing the earnest hope that the next Legislature that assembles, actuated by a proper regard for the interests of the north-western part of our State, and the prosperity of Philadelphia, will give such legislation as will enable the managers of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad to complete their great undertaking, and at the same time secure to the Keystone the Commonwealth has already wisely invested in that enterprise. When that work is accomplished, then will the northern part of Pennsylvania cease to be a "dependency upon New York"—and not till then; and Philadelphia, and Erie by this route, will feel the "throb of a new life throbbing in the veins of her commercial system;" for when this road is completed, who can estimate the amount of wealth that would pour in from the great lakes of the north, through the harbor of Lake Erie, and find its Philadelphia "central depot?" What the trade, of the great Northwest would be in a few years, no man can approximately say. Shall this fast and steadily-increasing trade sweep past or into Philadelphia is the question that is asked by the friends of this enterprise.

At present New York city carries off almost all the "produce of our North western counties, and supplies their wants in exchange—simply because she affords the facilities for transportation. Let us, then, "unite to do our duty by this section of the State, too long neglected. Let us open up an avenue for this wealth to flow through, and Philadelphia will be the emporium. In New York city by drinking her Croton, she has for years drained our Northern counties.

Let not a unmanned and niggardly policy, as disastrous in its consequences as it is mean in its conception, govern the action of our State authorities upon this subject. The open history of the world is every where full of examples of how contemptible have been the men who, by their combined cowardice and fear beyond duty, have made us assisting the internal development of our resources, and the increasing individual wealth and prosperity of her citizens beyond calculation.

When the Sunbury and Erie Railroad is completed, as assuredly it will be within a few years, Philadelphians will hasten to this charming place to enjoy the cool, invigorating atmosphere, or on a day should its shady groves, to sail upon its glassy lake, and to meet in friendly intercourse a people whose warm, generous hospitality commands the admiration and gratitude of every stranger who, like myself, has enjoyed the social intercourse. S.

The Orange Excitement in Canada.

FURTHER DETAILS.

The New York Times prints further details relative to the Orange excitement in Canada, as follows:

EXETER, Wednesday, September 5.—The City Council met at 7½ minutes to nine o'clock this morning. Mr. Wilmot, chairman of the Reconcilliation Committee, appointed last evening, was not present. Mayor Rowland announced that no reply from the Duke had been received as the Orangemen had not come to meet the Committee.

Councillor Pidgeon thought that a resolution should be presented requesting the Prince to look at the Battery, and hold a levee at the City Hall, which would bring the crowds to the Mayor and the Council for an interview, especially as he knew a procession was to be formed, which would certainly insult the Royal Highness, and he could not make false statements to the Duke.

Councillor Alexander supposed the Mayor had told the Duke there would be no risk of a breach of the peace. The Mayor did not think there was the slightest risk.

Councillor Hyland said if disposed all his influence to prevent the gathering. It was not the fault of the mass of the people, but only of a few designing men who were leading them.

Councillor Creighton said no: it was not so. They were sure backed by the feeling of the whole community.

Councillor Hyland said if Councillor Hyland had expressed his present opinions at the meeting at Pidgeon's Hotel, there would not have been this division to-day.

Councillor Pidgeon said he never knew that he, the loyal Irish Protestant of this city, &c. having scrupulously united in requesting, as a special favor, that the Royal Highness will land at the place appointed, and then proceed to the City Hall, is certainly given any cause for dissatisfaction as proposed by being presented to him in New York.

Councillor McGuinness said the first part of the resolution was unnecessary.

Councillor Creighton said it was of little use to pass such a resolution.

The Mayor said that the Duke was aware that the Council had no power to prevent these parties from marching.

A Councillor asked, "Who are the Liberal Protestants?"

Councillor Hyland. Those who have not taken part in this matter. [Laughter.]

Councillor Alexander. Do not I am not an Orangeman, but in this matter I consider myself as a Protestant Gentleman. My feelings are those also. It is not the Duke of Newcastle and Commodore Dundas who are to be insulted, but the whole people. Even the Roman Catholics are determined to show their loyalty to the Queen, especially as he knew a procession was to be formed, which would certainly insult the Royal Highness, and he could not make false statements to the Duke.

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