THE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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SATURDAY MORN'G, SEPT. 24, 1859.

State Democratic Ticket.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,
JOHN ROWE.

PLEASE announce the name of Isaac R. Taylor, of Washington township, as a candidate for the office of Assembly, subject to the independent voters of Erie county.
Sept. 15, 1859 —15. EDINBORO.

PLEASE announce Wilson Laird, Esq., as an independent Candidate for Assembly. Mr Laird ably and faithfully represented this County at the last Session of the Legislature, and well merits the confidence and support of the voters of Erie County.
Erie, Sept 15, 1859.—15. MANY CITIZENS

The Tribune in a Stew.

Ex Gov. Seymour, of New York, was in St. Pauls, Minnesota, lately, and being called out by his political friends, made a speech upon matters and things generally, and National Politics in particular. The New York *Tribune*, however, which has a kind of self appointed mission of condemning every thing said by a Democrat. East, West, North and South, does not like either the matter nor the time of this speech of the Ex-Governor. In fact, the *Tribune* is very much "put out" at several things the Governor said; and this fact has led us to hunt up the speech and read it. And having read it, we confess that we like it. There is sound political truth in it, and there is just where it hurts the *Tribune*, and papers of that ilk. There are facts in it—facts of history and facts of politics—and therein it causes the *Tribune* to squirm! It is true the *Tribune* says the Governor is a smooth spoken politician, and an amiable courteous gentleman—but he has, it avers, neither the depth of a statesman nor the wisdom of a scholar; still the *Tribune* deems his speech at St. Paul's of enough importance to devote a column of *Tribune* "froth and fustian" to break its force among its Minnesota readers. And now to show our readers why the *Tribune* is in such a stew, we propose to quote an extract from this speech. Gov. Seymour commenced that part of his speech, in which he treated of the *Tribune's* particular hobby, the "almighty nigger," by saying that we constantly hear men in certain portions of the Union denounced as bitterly and heartily as if they were our enemies instead of our brethren, citizens of a common land, and he wanted to know why this should be? In answering why this *is*, not why it should be, the Governor said:—

"When our fathers, on a common battle field were struggling for common rights, slavery existed in all our colonies; there was no exception; it was on every rood of ground. We had no difficulty on account of slavery, then, in achieving our independence. But since that time slavery has been abolished over more than half of this land of ours. It is now in comparatively contracted limits, and now we hear that it must lead to alienation of the people and the disruption of this great confederacy. I fear that we of the North are unjust, and not altogether courageous, in our treatment of our brethren of the South. How came slavery in these United States? Who bro't the negro from Africa? The South never had ships. The men of New York, where [illegible] time was when, over the whole length and breadth of this land of ours, the people did not recognize the black men as having any political rights. Now, my friends, that is just as true of Massachusetts as of South Carolina, and Judge Taney, in so stating, merely stated historical facts, and known to be so by every student of history. The other day in looking over papers which came into my hands, I found an original document, a bill of sale for a slave from a man in Massachusetts to a man in New York, and that paper throws a most remarkable light over this whole question of slavery. It commenced thus—'To all Christian people to whom these presents may come, I, Mark Rose, sell my slave,' &c. The people of Massachusetts held that no persons were entitled to political privileges unless they were Christians, and they went further than that—they held that no one was entitled to political privileges unless he was the right kind of a Christian. (Laughter.) They held the views which laid the foundation of slavery in the theology of that time. They sold Quakers into slavery—they sold the family of King Philip into slavery.

These are the sentiments that existed in the North in our early days. When the Constitution of the U. S. was formed, when the delegates from the different States met in convention, the question of slavery was there, and it was asked when shall the slave trade be put to an end? Georgia says, now; Virginia says, now; South Carolina says, not yet; Connecticut, not yet; and New Hampshire said not yet—the slave trade is profitable. (Laughter.) If you will read Minot's "History of Massachusetts," you will learn that the great business of New England at one time was the manufacture of rum—pure rum (laughter;) and when they made rum, they took it to the coast of Africa and exchanged it for slaves (Laughter.) The slavers land their cargoes on some unfrequented shores of the southern coast, and forthwith the entire South was charged with complicity in the slave trade. But they do not at the same time tell you that the slave ships are fitted out from New England ports—that they glide out to sea on their nefarious voyages beneath the shade of Bunker Hill. (Loud applause and laughter.) The political power of our country is in the hands of the free states. The population of the country increased at the rate of a million a year, of this increase the Noth receives over seven hundred thousand. This large majority of the yearly increase has given the North her strength in the confederacy.

How came the North by this excess of the increase? At the outset we were equal—then we were all slave states. Now, what led to the abolishment of slavery in the North, and thus gave us the basis of our present strengh? I will tell you my friends, and you all know it to be so. The democratic party under Jefferson inaugurated the wise and beneficent policy of the old world to plant himself down upon the great fertile plains of our country. Under this policy the emigrants from Europe flocked to the Northern States, because they found in their soil and climate, and in their institutions, a more congenial home. So you see, my friends, that it has been under a policy inaugurated by a Southern statesman—a policy which found its most bitter opponents at the North—that our section has become all powerful in the government.—We have now a majority in the Senate and House of Representatives, and in the Electorial College; but the census of 1860 will show that two-thirds of the members of the House of Representatives, and an overwhelming majority in the Senate, represents free States.

Is this a time and are these the circumstances under which an "irrepressible conflict" shall be waged against the people and institutions of the weaker sections? When the South was strong and we were weak, they furnished us no precedent for the course of action we now propose to pursue against them (Cheers.) These being the truths which history teaches, and standing here as I do, at the very head waters of the mighty Mississippi, whose arms lock our country together, teaching us a perpetual lesson of fraternal love and union, I beg you to pause before you enter upon a sectional warefare which will rive asunder those whom God has joined together.—(Cheers.) Before you do this, look at history and see if the South has ever hesitated to uphold a single measure which was calculated to advance the whole country, although in doing so they have built up the North instead of the South. There is an instinctive difference between the two parties. The Democratic party is a let alone party—the Republican party is a meddling party. (Deafening cheers.)

It is a great deal easier to denounce other people for their sins than to reform ourselves—it is a great deal easier to obtain political power by inflaming the passions and prejudices of our neighbors, by denouncing men a thousand miles away, than it is to gain influence by governing our walk in life by principles of justice, or the dictates of sound patriotism. (Cheers.) Is it not too true that the reverse of this has been hurtful to the morals of our people—and hurtful to the pulpit, of which I speak with all reverence, and to the holy doctrines which should issue from the sacred desk? (Cheers.) Is it not too true, my Republican friends, that a rifle for Kansas or a curse for the South has weighed more in the political scale than private virtue or public service? (Tremendous cheering.) Whence comes slavery? We have seen who prolonged it. Now, my friends, do you ever stop to inquire who upholds it? It sustained by the firm of "Weaver, Wearer & Planter," and two of the partners live up North. (Cheers and laughter.) Every one knows that but for the looms of New England it could not live a day. The loudest denunciations against slavery are made by men with cotton shirts on their backs. The most fervent pulpit exhortations against slavery come from men who wrap themselves for repose at night in cotton sheets; who lay their heads upon cotton pillows, and go to sleep thanking God that they are better than the men "down South."

We wish we had room to quote the Governor further, but we have not. We have given enough, however, to enable our readers to see how completely the orator touched the *Tribune*, and that school of politicians, "on the raw," and why that paper deemed it all important to devote a column of its precious space to abuse and ridicule the speaker.

The *Gazette* is down on Messrs. Laird and Taylor for daring to run for the Legislature, and although it claims 1500 Republican majority in the county, the whole tenor of its complaint shows that it is shaking in its boots with fear for the result. It shakes the Democracy of these volunteers at its Republican readers with as much unction as it used to shake the bones of Morgan, just before an election, at the anti-masons. It tells them they must not vote for such politicians—that the office is political—and therefore no republican can do so consistently. Now we beg to say, that we cannot see any great difference between Republicans voting for Mr. Laird this year and voting for him last; and many of them did do it last year. Nay, it strikes us, that it is not a great while since *one* of the *Gazette's* party nominees for the Assembly declined a canvass, with the *Gazette's* consent we believe, for the purpose of allowing the election of Gen. Whallon, whose Democracy is quite as intense as either Laird's or Taylor's. Messrs Laird and Whallon were both elected by Republican votes, and served this county [illegible] these facts being patent to the observation and knowledge of every body in the county, we submit that it is a little too late in the day for the *Gazette* to set up its howl about *party*. It wont go down

Notwithstanding the re-iterated declarations of the *Tribune* and the Republican press generally, that the people of the South, and the Democratic party, are endeavoring to build up a party favorable to to the reopening of the slave trade, it is a noticeable fact that whenever the people in that section of the Union have had an opportunity of expressing their views on that subject they have decidedly condemned it. The most emphatic condemnation, however comes from Texas. From that State we learn that Hon J. H. Reagan's majority for Congress in the Fourth District, so far as ascertained, is 20,530—Reagan having 23,967, and Ochiltree 3,437. Ochiltree was in favor of re-opening the African slave trade, and Reagan decidedly opposed to the measure. When the people speak out thus plainly at the polls, noisy politicians, who count upon popularity to be gained by extreme pro-slaveryism, will find it expedient to keep silent. It must be remembered that slave owners are a very small proportion of the Southern white population, and if the simple question of slavery or no slavery could be fairly brought before the people at the polls, the chances are that a good many of the States would pronounce against slavery.

We see it stated in the papers that the people of Nebraska have taken the initiatory steps to form a State Government. Their Convention will meet in October to frame a State Constitution, and it will be submitted to the people in November so that their application for admission can be laid before Congress at its session in December. Kansas will almost certainly be admitted next winter, and, very possibly, Nebraska. Both will be free States, increasing the number of free States to *twenty*.—The slave States remain at fifteen, including Delaware, which is but nominally slave.—While the free States are thus constatly augmenting in strength, how silly the fears expressed by the Republicans about the domination of the slave power!

Gen. Scott has been despatched to the Pacific coast, to adjust the difficulties arising out of the action of Gen. Harney with British authorities at the island of San Juan.

The Chambersburg Valley Spirit recommends the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, for nomination at Charleston. The Spirit says:

"It may be objected that the present incumbent of the Executive Chair of the Nation is a Pennsylvanian, and that his successor ought to come from another State. There is no real force in the objection. The best available man ought to be taken, no matter where he comes from. In the early days of the Republic, which so many people delight to call its "best days," it was *the man* rather than his location that was looked to. Virginia furnished the President for six terms in succession—sixteen years longer than Pennsylvania will have him if she is allowed the successor to Mr. Buchanan. We have, therefore, abundant precedent for claiming the honors of Chief Magistracy for another Pennsylvanian at the close of Mr. Buchanan's term."

Falling into Disrepute.—The system of an elective judiciary is falling into disrepute in New York, as it will eventually every where else. The scene was such in the recent black republican State convention of that State over the nomination of a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals that the more respectable of the black republican press has not been able to withhold the expression of disgust at it. For example, we take the subjoined paragraph from the New York *Courier and Enquirer*:

"The State of New York has decreed that the bench shall enter as a gladiator into the arena of politics, and, whether that arena be nominating conventions or the elections which follow, the picture must be more or less repulsive. Look at it. The bench, which should be a legal abstraction, the law of the State of New York makes a personal political partisanship without redemption. The machinery of politics is so constructed that it will not run without all its parts being more or less partisan; and if the law of the State says, as it does, that the bench shall be one of its wheels, then the bench must run according to party rule. The candidate for a seat on the bench may not himself be a politician, but opposing nominating conventions will give him, whether he will or not a political dress over his ermine, and with that he goes before the people for their suffrages, and we do not see how or when under, the present system it can or will be otherwise. No matter how carefully or with what decorum this political dress may be put on, it soils and hides the ermine, and our respect for the bench involuntarily lessened, although we may have no unfitness as a judge to allege against him on whom this unnatural mantle falls."

It has long been our opinion that it was an evil hour when the selection of the judiciary was given over to the political parties. In this State, to be sure, no positive lamentable consequences have yet come of it, but this fact is no security for the future.

Gen. Jackson and the French Idemnity.—Rev. William Henry Milburn, in his "Ten Years of Preacher's Life," tells the following story of Gen. Jackson. It refers to the indemnity which was exacted at the threat of war from Louis Phillippe, and, if true, throws additional light on the science of diplomacy. Our merchants were alarmed at the prospect of war with France, and some of them besought the services of a friend of the Old Hero, a Judge of the Supreme Court, to lay the matter before him and entreat his forbearance:

"Reaching Washington, just before the commencement of the session, when the war messenge was to be sent to Congress, the Judged called to pay his respects to the President, and before long the topic of the day was introduced. "Well Judge," said the old chieftain "what do they think of my war policy in the great cities?" The Judge, who had really been impressed by what he had heard, stated in concise but strong terms, the remonstrance with which he had been charged. The President, laughing long and heartily, said, "What fools they are!" Opening his desk he produced a map of France and a couple of letters. The map showed at a glance the departments which produced wine and silk, and on its margin was a tabular statement, showing the number of the deputies in the chamber, sent from these, as compared with the other departments of the kingdom, by which it appeared that they had a strong majority in the legislative branch of the Government.

One of the letters was from Mr. Livingston, the President's minister in Paris, announcing that he had the honor to forward with the accompanying map and annexed [illegible] President's claim for indemnity, and was desirous to satisfy it, but that he was prevented from doing so by the impracticable temper of his chamber of deputies;—that as the President would see from the map, its majority was composed of members from those departments whose industry would be ruined by a war with the United States, yet that these were the very men who refused to vote the supplies to pay the debt. His Majesty therefore urged the President to threaten immediate war unless the debt was paid, with the assurance that this measure would have the desired effect of alarming the intractable deputies into more equitable dispositions. The Judge therefore joined the President's hearty laugh, and felt how groundless were the fears, and how undeserved the bitter denunciations, poured out upon the head of the noble Tennesseean."

She Can Travel.—On Friday morning last, as a train was leaving the Rochester depot, a lady discovered that her satchel had been stolen. It was found under a seat occupied by a well-hooped and good looking young woman. A wallet containing $3 was missing, and an officer suspecting the young woman to be the thief, asked her name which she refused to give. He asked where she lived, and she was equally incommunicative. He asked where she was going, and she said it was none of his business. Her occupation was then demanded, and she said she did what she pleased. She was taken into a private room and searched, but nothing was found. The search being over she coolly returned to her seat, and was soon apparently interested in the pages of a yellow covered novel.

At Sacramento, Wis., on Tuesday evening last, a little girl aged about ten or twelve years, was carried off by a drunken Indian. She had been left at home with a little babe in charge, when, stepping out of doors, the Indian suddenly throwing a blanket over her head, carried her into the woods. Her parents returned home and missing her, started in search. The search was kept up till near midnight and abandoned. During the night the girl returned. It appears that the Indian carried her into the woods a distance, but being too drunk to proceed, lay down and went to sleep. Taking advantage of his condition, she fled, and found her way home, to the great joy and relief of her parents.

A man died suddenly in Pennsylvania from the effects of whiskey. The beverage was annalyzed, when the chemist reported that he found in it the poisonous constituent of *Cocolus Indicus*. the proportion found was two grains to the pint of whiskey. This poison is considered fatal to human life in quantities of from five to ten grains, according to circumstances and conditions.

A Singular Sort of Appetite.—The superintendent of the West Philadelphia Railroad exhibited to us, the other day, a horse whose hoofs the rats had gnawed until their teeth reached the quick. When lying down the rats had also gnawed the warts upon the inside of the horse's legs.—The rats are so savage in those parts that every morning some of the horses are taken out with feet bleeding from wounds inflicted by the nocturnal prowlers.—*Phil. North American.*

A Queer Needle Case.—A correspondent of the Manchester *Mirror* says that a few days since a needle was taken from the outer and lower side of the foot, near the little toe joint of Mrs. Ira Atwood, of North Sandwich, N. H., which she swallowed six years since. The needle was a shoe needle, a little over an inch long, and it was whole, but quite rusty. The lady was quite alarmed at the time she swallowed the needle, but she had felt no inconvenience from it until she felt a pricking in her foot, when the instrument was discovered.

Local and Literary.

The Sunbury and Erie cars came in from Union on Thursday morning, loaded to their utmost capacity with visitors to the Fair.

We invite attention to the first page of our paper this week. There is an unusual good variety, suited to the tastes of all.

Hon. Nimrod Strickland has retired from the editorial control of *The Pennsylvanian*, and is succeeded by George W. Baker, Esq., of Philadelphia.

One day last week a man got a slight "basting" in the streets of Dunkirk at the hands of one of the fair sex, who considered herself insulted by his words and deeds. Verdict of the public—served him right?

The "Old Folks Concert," on Tuesday evening, was very numerously attended, and the performance, we believe, gave general satisfaction.

The Universalist Church, on 9th street, which has been closed all summer undergoing repairs, will be re-opend to-morrow with appropriate services. Rev N. Stacy, we believe, officiates.

Our thanks or due to G. W. Arbuckle, of the P. O. News Depot for a nice basket of Peaches of his own raising.

The attention of contractors and others is invited to the advertisment for sealed proposals for building a D[illegible] for the Sunbury and Erie road.

The Americans of New York held a Convention this week, [illegible] nominated a part of the Republican and part of the Democratic state tickets. This is equivalent to disbanding the concern.

Harris, under Brown's Hotel, is now in receipt of the nicest, fitest, plumpest shell oysters, this side of sunrse. Step in and try 'em!

The Rev. Mr. Wight, Methodist clergyman, of Cleveland, who is under a heavy cloud being charged with licentious conduct in connection with nine young ladies of his congregation, *is not* the Rev Mr. Wright who last year was Pastor of the Methodist church in this city. We should think the moral atmosphere of Cleveland might destroy almost any grade of moral purity.

We begin to hear of the Nor-Easter which was in full force for three days. Besides the two vessels ashore at this port we have the following:

Scow-schooner *J. C. Fremont*, with a cargo of 10,000 bushels of wheat from Toledo, consigned to Jason Parker, Buffalo, is ashore at Fairport, and full of water. Cargo insured.

Schooner *William*, cargo of lumber is also ashore at the same place, and full of water.

Shooner *Resolute*, with cargo of corn, bound from Chicago to Buffalo, ashore at Milwaukee, and full of water.

The schooner *Autocrat* whilst taking in a cargo of wheat at Chicago for Buffalo, sprung a leak and damaged between four and five thousand bushels. Insured.

The amount of money paid by the City of New York from January to September of this year, for expenses in conducting its government is $14,000,000, being one million more than the expenditures of the Federal Government under President J. Quincy Adams.

[illegible] dom swears—and among other peculiarities, seems to be in a devil of a hurry to get back to New York!" This is very near the thing.—The only discrepancy is as to Horace's propensity to swear. Those who know him, say he swears like a trooper upon all occasions!

Gov Packer has pardoned Frederick Thompson, a boy convicted of arson in Crawford county. If we recollect right the jury found the verdict in opposition to the charge of the Court, by casting lots, thus emphatically *gambling* away the liberty of an innocent boy! The petition for his pardon being signed by the whole of the Meadville bar, officers of the Court and county officers, the Governor did a simple act of duty in granting the same, and we commend him for the act.

We have heard of people who had two or three women in their head at the same time; but there is an Irishman down at Rochester who is a-*head* of this. He entertains the idea that he has three full grown men in his head, having entered by the ear in the form of a hay-seed, and that they are constantly discussing some subject offensive to him.

Hon. Albert H. Tracy, of Buffalo, died in that city on Monday. In 1849 he was elected to Congress from that district, and served three terms. Subsequently he served eight years in the State Senate.

Although the following incident, related by an exchange, did not happen in this city, we are very certain it might have done so with a good deal of propriety, for we have just such chaps among us: A dissipated individual seen in the street the other day, with a damaged face, was asked how he had injured himself, when he replied: "As I was going to my boarding-house last night, a d——d mean lamp-post, that has had a spite against me for six months, and has often tried to waylay me, came up suddenly when I was not looking at it and struck me a blow between the eyes, which so stunned me that when I got on my feet the confounded thing had run round the next corner."

We hear it said that an effort is to be made by the Ladies of the city to get up and present to the "Wayne Guards" a flag.—Now we protest against this! It is evidently an attempt to kill off the company. We have taken considerable pride in seeing this elegant "arm of our national defense" organized, and we protest that it is wrong to kill it off so soon. We well recollect, though it is years ago and some of the actors fill a soldiers grave, while others rome in distant lands, when the Wayne Greys were the pride of our city. In an evil hour they had a flag presented to them—a silk flag, and by the Ladies, too—and is it not recorded in the same Book of Memory, that from that day forward the company dwindled—fell away, like a man with the quick consumption—until one unlucky night (shall we ever forget it) its spirit took its leave of this "battle field of life" through the —— bung hole of a barrel of cider! No, no! Keep your silk to yourself, ladies; let no "cider" mysteriously find its way to their armory, and the "Wayne Guards" may live to gladden the sight of "maidens fair" and "stalwart youths" yet unborn. But give them *that* flag, and then tempt them with a barrel of cider, and the armory that knew them once will soon know them no more forever. We give the warning! Beware!

The State of Maine voted an increased majority to the Repblican ticket last week.—We think we all have given the Pine Tree State over to her idols.

Another Homicide in Erie.

We are called upon to record another of those fearful crimes which are becoming all too frequent in this county. This time the victim is a young Irishman, aged about 19, named Patrick O'Neil, and his murderer a desperate character named Wm. Ritcher, or, as he is generaly known about the docks, "Barber Bill," the keeper of a drinking and lodging house called the Commercial Hotel. The following are the facts as elicited before Coroner Dillon on Thursday morning. The first witness called was J. D. Miles. This witness did not appear to know much, though he was, as near as we could gather, in the row. Was in a small room in the Commercial Hotel playing cards when the fight commenced—could not tell how or who commenced it. Was standing at the door when O'Neil called murder—when deceased fell he went to him—did not hear him say who did it—did'nt see any body near him when it was done—went back into the house, found Ritcher behind the bar, asked for some water to take out to the deceased—Ritcher gave him the water—carried it out, and assisted in pouring some on deceaseds face—noticed blood on Ritcher's face when he first came out of the small room; did'nt see any on his hands or sleeves. Thought there were a dozen in the room when the man cried murder—believes Ritcher was outside on the dock; did'nt see him in the room, though he might have been there.

Dr. C. Brandes and Dr. T. H. Stewart held a *post mortem* examination of the body. Found a wound in the left side under the seventh rib, which had penetrated the heart. Wound was about two inches long, and would cause death in a few moments.

James Brabson has a shop on the dock, and sleeps there most of the time—slept there on Wednesday night—was roused about 10 o'clock by the noise of a fight at the Commercial Hotel; got up and heard a man say, "I'll take you up in the morning, Barber Bill;" saw deceased coming from towards the Commercial Hotel, and a man following him; when he overtook deceased he either struck or pushed him, and he fell; next he saw was Ritcher coming along, say a few seconds after; R. came from his house; deceased had got upon his feet; R. had a dog following, which he tried to drive back; when R. approached deceased, he (dec.) said, "I have nothing to do with you." R. made no reply, but went up to him very close—then heard deceaseed cry "I'm stabbed, I'm stabbed—murder, murder, call the watch." Did'nt see R. strike O'Neil—they had passed into the shadow of the wood pile; saw no person near the deceased but R.

Mrs. Mackey testified that she lives in next house to the Commercial Hotel, and was roused from her sleep by the noise of the fight. She and her husband got up and went to the window, and heard a man crying out that if they would give him fair play he would whip Barber Bill. When he came along saw it was deceased, and heard him say, "Barber Bill, I'll have you taken up in the morning for selling whisky." R. then called his dog and hissed him on deceased. O'Neil then said, "show me fair play and I'll whip the G—d d—d son of a b—h'" R. then went towards O'Neil; O'Neil said he did'nt want any thing to do with him. R. said "you don't, ha!" When he said this he was close to deceased. Immediately heard deceased say "I'm stuck—Barber Bill has struck me with a knife." R. said "I have no knife," and immediately threw out his hands to show that he had none. Wm. Mackey, husband of this witness, testified to substantially the same thing.

Henry Foster, of Painsville, O., was next [illegible] 10 o'clock; was roused by the noise at a great many peo[illegible] Hotel, went on deck and saw [illegible] round the door of that house—appeared to be [illegible] general fight, saw a man come out of the Hotel [illegible] caught another man by the coll[illegible] a light, who some one in the house, "this is the [illegible] and said to had the slug-shot;" when a number came [illegible] that of the house and took the man in; heard a noise as if they were whipping the man, heard him say he was bleeding; heard him call for Barber Bill and say he could whip him if he had fair play. The witness then went below, remained a few moments, and when he came on deck saw O'Neil standing in front of Brabson's shop by the wood pile; saw two men in front of the Commercial Hotel, one had a light and appeared to be looking for something, while they were thus engaged, another man came out of the door and went towards deceased. Deceased told him to go away, that he did not want any thing to do with him; the other said "You don't, ha'"—was close to deceased, when he said this; saw him make no movemet, but immediately deceased cried out that he was stabbed, and the other man turned and went towards the house. Deceased then called to the men with the light to come and see how he was cut; the two men then went up to deceased, who continued to proclaim that he was stabbed, and was bleeding to death; heard him cry "mother" two or three times before he fell. This witness was on his vessel, within 40 feet of the man when he was stabbed, and could see all that took place plainly. Did not know the men with the light, nor the man that was near deceased when he said he was cut.

A. Halstead, of Lockport, who runs a canal boat, was also sworn. His testimony was corroborative of the other witnesses in every particular. He was at the Commercial Hotel when the row commenced, but as that part of the testimony had little bearing on the subsequent murder, we have not deemed it necessary to reiterate it. The substance of it, divested of all verbiage was—*whisky!* Whisky was at the bottom of the whole fight. O'Neil had been drinking, and he fell among others who had also indulged, and the result was he lost his life. The Coroner's jury, consisting of A. A. Craig, Esq., J. R. Cochran, David Burton, Jehu Dillon, R. B. Young, and S. M. Frey, after a brief consultation returned a verdict of felonious homicide against Wm. Ritcher, who was arrested soon after the affray, and is now in jail.

The *Gazette* says "the Philadelphia *City Item*—a valuable paper, edited by an accomplished man, and devoted to Literature and the Arts—takes ground in favor of Hon. A. G. Curtin for Governor in 1860." The query is, what has the nomination of Andy Curtin for Gover[illegible] to do with "literature and the

The last case of "brotherly affection" is that practiced by the Editor of the *Express* on his "brother" of the Luzerne *Union*,—i. e., stealing an entire column of his scandal and billingsgate, and applying it to a cotemporary.

It is a noteworthy fact that a week ago last Monday night, our City Councils discharged our police force, and since then we have had two rows, in one of which a man had his leg broke, and in the other a man was murdered!

A row occurred at a German Concert, at Fuhr's Hall, on Monday evening—in which one man (an unoffending one, too) had his right leg badly broken. The Germans, it is said, were assailed by a band of outsiders without provocation. Measures must be instituted to stop such proceedings.—*Gazette.*

This is the way to tell it! A republican came into our office the other day—(we shan't tell his name)—and handing out a dollar and a half, said he was tired running around to his neighbors to borrow the *Observer*, and now he wanted one of his own. We told him we thought there were hundreds of Democrats, as well as Republicans, just as tired as he was, only they were too stingy to pay the dollar-and a half, and too proud to own that they could'nt do without the paper. And we guess we were right. No Democrat ought to do without the *Observer*, and we don't see how a Republican *can*; and, we are inclined to think, very few of them do. Like our friend, referred to at first, they borrow it, thus putting themselves to great inconvenience as well as their neighbors. Don't do that any more—come in and subscribe and pay for it.

Among the most sensible as well as novel articles recently introduced in ladies' apparel, is that of suspenders. They bear resemblance to those worn by gentlemen, except that they are made of delicate, white elastic fabric, with frilled edge about one inch wide, and are attached to the skirt by buttons in like manner. We doubt not this invention will be generally adopted with a view to relieve the waist of the unlimited burden, which such habiliments necessarily produce. Reason and experience teach us that the old and absurd method, which followed, impairs the health, impedes locomotion, and tends to ill health.—We presume our dry good's dealers have them on hand.

We call attention to the "*Special Announcement of the Quaker City Publishing House*," in another column. This House, of which Duane Rulison is the proprietor, has to our knowledge distributed many valuable Gifts with the Books it has furnished its customers. We know there are "[illegible]ish" people who object to the "gift b[illegible]em, because they class it with lottery gambling. Never were people more mistaken. There is no gambling about it, for there are no blanks. Every person that buys a Book gets his money's worth in the Book, and if the seller has a mind to return to him a part of the profits in a "gift," who is injured we should like to know. We have delt in Books somewhat, and we know there is a large profit, and it is this profit that the "gift Book stores" propose to divide with their customers. Thus, a man wants a Book, the retail price of which is $3 in all Bookstores; he buys it of the general Book seller, and the book seller puts all the profit in his pocket; but here steps in the "gift book" seller and says, buy of me, and you shall have a chance to draw back the worth of a part of your money, in some other kind of goods—that is he is willing to divide the profit with the buyer. But, in saying this, we would not advise our readers to trust to the honesty of all who profess to carry on the "gift book" system. There are dishonest men in all professions and in all business. Happily such establishments as Mr. R's in Philadelphia is above suspicion. He was, we believe, one of the first in the "gift book" business, and has so systematized it that it is one of the features of the trade. But we have said enough,—and have only to add that those who are about to invest money in any of the new or standard works had better send to Mr R. for a catalogue.

S. M. Hewlett, Esq, the celebrated Lecturer on Temperance, will address the people of this city, on Friday evening next. The place of the Lecture has not yet been determined, but will be duly announced.

[illegible] her husband with a pistol the other day. Reason—she had left John for the bed and board of a doctor Baker in the village, and when John wanted her to go with him she answered by drawing a loaded pistol from her pocket.—In the attempt to get the instrument of death from the woman, it exploded carrying away [illegible] of John's fingers, after which John took her to[illegible] spouse in his arms and conveyed [illegible] office, where he made information against [illegible] the aforesaid doctor.

The Conneautville [illegible] states that an affray occurred at Albion on [illegible] day last week, in which a knife was freely used, [illegible]ting one person's face and throat so badly that he barely escaped with his life. A boat's crew were arrested at that place on Friday morning and taken back to Albion for examination.

We see by the *Gazette* that the first Annual Fair of the Concord and Sparta Agricultural Society was held on the farm of G. J. Stranahan, in Concord, on Saturday last.—The weather was *unfavorable*, but the attendance large, and the display of stock, vegetables, domestic manufactures and fancy articles, very creditable. It is proposed to enlarge the Society by including the townships of Concord, Union and Wayne in Erie County, Sparta, Bloomfield and Rome in Crawford County, and Columbus, Spring Creek and Eldred in Warren County.

Fashion, in one of her strange freaks, has made the Meerschaum pipe an almost indispensible article of use among the lovers of the "weed." We are among those who have not been lead into following the exacting jade in this instance—probably because we are not given to indulgence in that direction—but that is no reason we should raise our voice in opposition, or refuse to communicate information interesting to such of our readers as do indulge in the *fashionable* luxury of a Meerschaum.—For their benefit, then, we quote the following information which we find in one of our exchanges. "Meerchaum pipes (not cigar holders,) when perfectly new, should be smeared on the inside with sugar and water, which should be suffered to dry before being smoked. The object of this is to form a hard crust inside the bowl. This crust may be partly cut away when it becomes very thick, but should never be entirely removed. It prevents the pipe from *burning*—an important matter in its way. Great care should be taken in smoking a meerschaum cigar-holder, (the proper name for which, by the way, is *boccale*, pronounced *bock-kah-leh*) not to smoke the cigar too closely, or nearer than half an inch from the edge. If smoked too closely, the clay will be *burned*, and receive a dingy rusty hue. Ladies who do not object to the smoke of a cigar cannot endure that of a pipe. To remedy this, let the smoker obtain mild Virginia leaf tobacco, mixed with a small proportion of sumac leaf, to be obtained at most American tobacconists. Let there be mixed with this bruised Cascarilla bark, for sale at all druggists, in the proportion of two ounces or less of Cascarilla to a pound of tobacco. If it can be obtained, mix with this a very little powdered Sandal wood. This will be found perfectly harmless as to effect, and will turn the tobacco smoke to a most agreeable perfume. The bark should not be quite pulverized, but simply bruised into pieces the size, say, of a peppercorn."

The Editor of the Crawford *Journal* gives notice that he has lost "two turkey hens" and a whole brood of little gobblers, and he wants some one to bring them back. Doubtless some genuine black republican has found them on his fence, "and seized dem for de rent."

A State Street Dream.

Horrible dreams I have often had;
Terrible, mystical, dread and sad;
Visions of frenzy, and visions of pain,
But never a vision that troubled my brain
Like the one that I'll tell you—Lord only knows
Why and *how* it attacked me—but here it goes.
I dreamed I stood in crowded State Street,
Made musical now with the tramp of feet,
And *before me*, lifting its glittering side,
Like a marble cliff, o'er the human tide,
A snowy-white palace, massy and fair,
Towered giant-like in the Summer air

The front was brilliant, the walls were lined
With piles of goods, well designed,
Carved Graces lifted each silvery lamp,
And luxury there had placed her stamp,
While the counters groaned under endless piles
Of Silks and Satins, in all the styles
Goods of all textures and every hue,
All the improvements, artistic and new,
Satins for a Queen on the day of her marriage
And Silks for a lady of moderate carriage.
Dress Goods for miss, and Dress Goods for maid
Ribbons for all—of every shade

Panting, I rushed across the street,
To this door, where fashion turns her feet,
"A silk for my wife," loud I cried.
But a ringing voice within replied,
"All gone, all sold,"—at that cruel sound
Fainting and dizzy I fell to the ground

But 'twas only a dream, a false one, too
For the Palace is open, and has supplied all comers
With goods, this dozen Springs and Summers
Exquisite silks, profuse and gay,
Endless assortment and vast display,
Imported by Griswold, and sold so cheap
That you wonder what profit the seller reaps,
But the prices are marked, and for cash they're sold,
And here lies the wonder, as we've been told.

Titusville, Sept 15, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—Our citizens are greatly excited about the discovery of vast quantities of Seneca Oil in our neighborhood, and I have thought that a hasty sketch of our place and its prospects might interest you. Titusville is situated on Oil Creek in a beautiful valley which appears to have once been the bed of a lake. This is shown to be so by the nature of the ground which for many feet beneath the surface is composed of round gravel, washed sand, mud, and fish shells. The latter differing entirely from any found in the creek at present. Large spaces in the lower portion of the valley are covered with old pits, which could have been dug for no other purpose than collecting Oil. They also occur in hundreds at several places between this and the mouth of the creek, (12 miles distant.) They are generally about 4 by 6 feet in breadth and length, and about the same in depth. In the bottom when the accumulated mud and rubbish are removed, are found logs evidently cut with metal axes. The latter fact, with the immense amount of labor expended on the pits, together with their ancient appearance when the first settlers arrived here in the latter part of the last century, show that they must have been dug by the French, previous to the capture of Quebec by Wolfe, in 1759. This hypothesis is strengthened by the remains of a temporary fortification that commanded the northern entrance of the valley. It would be a curious subject for some French scholar to trace in the writings of those days. So curious a discovery as Oil in the earth did not pass without some comment, certainly. Mr Drake, an enterprising gentleman from New England, has [illegible] neighborhood [illegible] the last two weeks, has been pumping over two hundred gallons per day, and there is no apparent reason why there may not be a hundred wells equally productive between this and the mouth of the creek. Now when we take into consideration the growing scarcity of the whale, and that this oil may be used for almost all purposes, to which fish oil is adapted we must conclude that Mr Drake has developed another of the immense mineral resources of Pennsylvania. It underlies the whole valley and there can be no danger of its failing. As is bituminous however, the Savans may discover some resemblance between it and the valley of Sodom, but as we have at least [illegible] righteous men, besides several wise ones, we are [illegible] enough. Titusville.

We guess [illegible] the Fairs this year may be set down as failures, at least they have been so in this vicinity. Every body concurs in saying that that at Girard was so [illegible] even admitted by the Meadville papers that theirs was by far inferior to that of last year. The Conneautville *Courier* says, though [illegible] there were people enough present [illegible] to 4,000 each day, but the articles [illegible] tion were light in each department, and [illegible] either a lack of interest on the part of [illegible] who should be its supporters, or mismanagement on the part of those having it in charge. As to our own it "went under" in a deluge [illegible]—a regular equinoctial—that pretty effectually kept every body at home, as well as their cattle, mammoth squashes, fast horses and crying babies. By the by, why is it that [illegible] having the direction of this matter in charge are sure to appoint the time when all experience teaches that we may expect just such a storm as that which has raged nearly all week? A week or ten days earlier or later will, nine times out of ten, give them good weather.

Under the head of "startling facts" the *Gazette* says "It may be well occasionally to furnish our readers with some p[illegible] of the peculiar operations of the present Tariff Laws. During eight months of the present year, ending September 1st, we shipped to Europe fifty two millions of dollars in gold and silver—equal to [illegible] *hundred and thirty tons of gold*." Now the most "startling fact" of all the *Gazette* suppresses—and that is that the present tariff law was passed by the votes of the *Gazette* party—Gov. Banks in the chair; and that Lawrence, Stone & Co., a wealthy black Republican firm in Massachusetts bled to the tune of $80,000 to secure that end—and that the banking house of Gardener & Co., of Boston, another concern that belongs to the *Gazette's* party, is doing business on that identical $80,000! The "facts" are "startling," certainly.

The energetic action of the United States Government has obtained from the Kingdom of Hanover the release of Mr. Ernst, a naturalized American citizen, who, it will be remembered was seized, upon his return to his native land and compelled to do military service. This prompt action of the Hanovarian Government emphatically proves the wise moderation and firmness which have characterised the course of the Administration, and must confound the misrepresenting Opposition press.

The Brig *Canopus*, Captain Hall, and the Schooner *Corinthian*, Captain Comstock, both bound from Marquette to this port and loaded with Lake Superior Iron Ore, struck the bar on the South side of the entrance to our harbor on Tuesday morning. Both will probably be got off. They are owned in Buffalo.