THE ERIE OBSERVER.

BENJ. F. SLOAN, Editor.

SLOAN & MOORE, Publishers and Proprietors.

SATURDAY,.....JULY 11, 1857.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,

HON. WILLIAM F. PACKER,

OF LYCOMING.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

NIMROD STRICKLAND,

OF CHESTER.

FOR SUPREME JUDGES,

HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

OF ERIE.

HON. WILLIAM STRONG,

OF BERKS.

News of the Week.

—The Quartermaster and Commissary departments of the Army are engaged with great energy and activity, making preparations for putting the troops in motion, which are destined for the Great Salt Lake. It is only a month or six weeks since the expedition was resolved on by the Government, and the lateness of the season made it necessary to show how quickly one fourth of the Army could be concentrated at one point, and furnished with all the supplies and munitions for a march of a thousand miles through an uninhabited country. So vigorously have the preparations been pushed forward that in a little while—the St. Louis *Republican* thinks within ten days—the whole army will be in the field. Doubts have been expressed, whether such an army, so encumbered with baggage and military supplies, can reach Utah before the winter sets in, but if not they can readily find quarters at Fort Laramie, and thence make an early march to Great Salt Lake City in the spring. Since the 5th of May up to the 24 of July, the number of troops forwarded to the West is 1,600; the number of horses purchased amounts to 202; number of mules, 234, number of wagons, with harness &c. six mule teams 325; total number of Quartermaster's and Commissary stores, purchased and shipped; 5,750; number of bushels of oats, 15,600; bushels of corn, 90,000; steamers engaged, 45; and number of teamsters employed, 200. It is farther stated that the value of the Quarter Master's stores is $700,000, and that of the Commissary's stores, $328,000. The St. Louis *Republican* which has been at the pains to collect these facts, does not know that this includes the value of the horses, mules, &c., purchased elsewhere than in St. Louis; and it is quite sure that it does not embrace the *material* of war furnished by the St. Louis Arsenal, and in the preparation of which an average of one hundred men have been for some time employed. When the whole account comes to be footed up it will be found that this expedition has been the means of disturbing some twelve or fifteen hundred thousand dollars in Missouri, to say nothing of transportation across the plains, the supply of beef, cattle, &c., contracts for which have already been made.

—Seven females were arrested in Philadelphia on Friday last on the charge of passing counterfeit notes, principally those of the Philadelphia Bank. Three of the prisoners, quite young girls, from fifteen to twenty years old, were examined as witnesses, and detailed the *modus operandi*, through all the different stages of the business. The notes were given to them to pass by a Mrs. Eva Shanger, an old offender in this line, and they were allowed four dollars out of a ten dollar note; the same in proportion for the fives. The company had made a tour to New York, and had done a splendid business in running the money. They left a lot of it in Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and other towns in that neighborhood. They brought home with them several carpet bags of goods, shoes, shawls, collars and other articles. Before leaving for New York they were quite successful in Philadelphia, and considerable of their purchases in that city are in the hands of the police. Mrs. Shanger was fortunately arrested with the others of the party. One of the girls testified that she put the notes between the leaves of a book dampened with tobacco juice, to give them a genuine yellow appearance. The Women were committed for a further hearing.

—George Falton, a married man, about thirty-five years of age, in the employ of the Adams Express Company, is supposed to have committed suicide by drowning himself in the Delaware river, near Philadelphia, on Friday evening. He had made several calls; but had finally left his [illegible] at the Adams Express office at half past ten o'clock. On examination of his delivery book the following memorandum in his own handwriting was discovered, "If you ever find me, you will find me in the Delaware: I have lived long enough." Up to the hour when the train left for the West on Saturday night his body had not been found, and nothing further had been discovered concerning him. He was a man full of spirit and fun habitually, and it is impossible to account for his disappearance, or to assign a reason for the suicide which he has probably committed.

—*The Crops*, throughout the civilized world, give cheering promise of an abundant harvest. Throughout Canada the condition of the crops affords the most sanguine hope. The late heavy rains, though in some instances they may have done injury, they have in general done inestimable good. According to the Montreal *Pays*, the quantity of land under grain in Lower Canada is unusually great. The grain harvest on the Continent of Europe promises the most brilliant results. In some of the southern districts of France it is already being secured. In England all kinds of crops look better than they have done for years past. In some of the Southern States of the Union the new wheat has already been brought into market. The New York *Journal of Commerce* says that new North Carolina red wheat was exhibited on change on Friday. It was a sample of 10,000 bushels, which appears very well, although it may have been just a little too green.

—The Milwaukee *Democrat* relates that a strange looking couple stopped at a hotel in a small town in Wisconsin not long since. They sent sent out for a Justice of the Peace, who soon united them in the bands of a very unusual wedlock. The bride, who was quite a young looking person, informed a lady who was present, immediately after the ceremony, that she met that man a *few* days before, and that her husband died last week and left her with four children, and this man also had four, the oldest of which was born on the same day with her oldest, and the birth day of the youngest was also the birth day of her youngest, the age of these hopeful innocents being six months, and it seemed so pretty to have all these "little editors" around the house together.

—The Washington papers state that intelligence has reached the Interior Department from the superintendents of the Pacific wagon roads and their several branches of a character to justify the confident belief that these great works will be completed at an early day. The work has been started on all the roads under the most favorable circumstances, and should no serious obstacles intervene, there is a possibility that the various parties will finish their labors before the close of the present year. At all events, the completion of this truly national enterprise is looked for in ample season to be made available for the overland emigrants of next spring.

—The California *State Journal* tells us how a gay young Lothario of that State won the love of a maid in a romantic vale of the mountains, but "the crabbed o'd gentleman" refused his permission to marry her. In this dilemma, the lover hesitated but for a moment; drove down to his would-be father-in-law, demanded an explanation, and took satisfaction in flogging him, and finally drove away with the girl he loved.

—The City Council of Cleveland have appointed a committee to obtain subscriptions for the construction of a fine marble monument to Com. O. H. Perry, the hero of Lake Erie. Forty years have passed away since his death, and no demonstration of respect has ever been made to his memory. This monument is no more than a just return for the gallant services rendered by this eminent patriot in defence of the frontier during the war of 1812.

—Five of the persons engaged in the election troubles in Washington city on the first of June, one of them a Philadelphian, have been convicted in the Criminal Court of the District. The Philadelphian and one other were not forthcoming when the verdict was rendered; the others were each sentenced to a fine of $20, and imprisonment for one year.

—A negro boy of ten years, in New Orleans, was flying a kite, the other day, when a malaite child broke the string, whereupon the little panther sprang upon the child, and laid his throat open with an axe. He then attempted to drown the body in a barrel of water, but was detected in the act, and has been placed in confinement.

—The editor of the St. Paul *Pioneer*, upon entering his room a few days ago, found upon the editorial table an elaborately wrought and well sharpened bowie knife. The next morning he found in the same place a cowhide. Both articles had been placed there in his absence by an unknown hand. St. Paul must be be an attractive place to thield Editors.

—It is a practice with the thieves in Philadelphia, now to tear off street door photos especially the silver ones.—As many as forty photos were missing one morning last week! Some of them being silver, the thieves made quite a haul.

DEATH OF GOV. MARCY.

The decease of the great man who here given character to the political and shaped the public policy of this nation, the predecessor of Jackson, Calhoun and Clay, Webster and Polk, contemporaries of the stirring events which have marked the past half century, have first time to time been gathered to their fathers, full of honor and years—and how, on another anniversary of our nationality, the summons for one more of our great men—one equal in all the sterling elements of greatness to any of his illustrious compeers, is given and obeyed! Emphatically and truly it may be said that, in the death of WM. L. MARCY, A GREAT MAN HAS FALLEN. He had served his country in many and important positions, and in every one left the mark of his genius and power—so much so, that even party rancor did not prevent his political opponents, even while the Premier of the bitterly assailed Administration of President PIERCE, from acknowledging his claim to the title of one of America's greatest statesmen and diplomatists.

Gov. Marcy's death occurred on the 4th, at Ballston, N. Y. where he was spending a few days prior to his intended departure of himself and family for Europe. His death was very sudden. A correspondent of the *Argus* says he had been enjoying excellent health and spirits until the evening of the 3d, when he felt somewhat fatigued. On the morning of the 4th he complained of a slight pain, or "stich"—as he termed it—in his back. About 11 o'clock A. M., accompanied by a friend, he walked to the residence of Dr. L. Moore, which is about one quarter of a mile from the Hotel. He did not complain of serious indisposition while at the Doctor's residence, and not finding the physician in, on being asked if a carriage should be ordered to take him to the Hotel, he refused to take one and walked back. On arriving at the Hotel, he requested the office clerk to send the doctor to his room; and the doctor soon arriving was sent up to the Governor's room but, on rapping, received no answer. The doctor returned to the Hotel office and informed the clerk, and it was supposed that the Governor had gone to visit some friends in the house. The doctor, however, after waiting a few minutes, again went up to his room, opened the door, and found him lying on his couch, with a book upon his breast, DEAD! It could not have been more than twenty minutes from the time he was in the Hotel office until he was so found by the physician. He died, probably, of disease of the heart: not a muscle was distorted, nor any article of apparel, or furniture in his room was disturbed.

The Buffalo *Commercial*, a paper that has consistently opposed Gov. Marcy's political principles for the past 20 years, thus sketches his public life and character:

"Mr. Marcy was the ablest of our living statesmen.—He has left behind him man of wider attainments of more various culture, of more showy talents, but we cannot think of any public man in this country, now living, who possesses so robust a mind. His'was a great, bold, self-relying, masculine intellect, *so fully conscious of its own* power, that it scorned to practice any of those petty arts by which inferior minds thrust themselves into notice. He probably never did anything in his life for show; he had great contempt for cant; but was man of strong, earnest, downright nature, whose strength of character was equal to his mental vigor.

"Mr. Marcy was born at Sturbridge, Worcester county, Massachusetts, December 12th, 1786. His father was in comfortable circumstances, and Mr. Marcy had the advantage of a liberal education. After graduating with high honor at Brown University, in 1806, he removed to Troy, in this State, where he entered on the study of the law, and was admitted to practice. During the war of 1812, he joined a militia company, raised in the city, as lieutenant marched to the Canadian frontier, and captured a banner from the enemy at St. Regis. In 1816, on the incorporation of Troy, as a city, Mr. Marcy was appointed Recorder. In 1821, he became Adjutant General of the State, and Comptroller in 1823, when he removed to Albany, where he continued to reside, when not employed in the public service at Washington, until he was called upon by President Pierce to preside over the Department of State. After his removal to Albany, he became a master spirit in that combination of able politicians, known as the "Albany Regency." In the palmy days of the Regency, Mr. Marcy was a frequent writer of editorials in the Albany *Argus*, and evinced those rare merits of style which have since been so much admired in his State papers. It was the opinion of good judges at the time, that Mr. Marcy was the ablest political writer in the State. He gained this reputation by no tricks of rhetoric, (which he always held in deserved contempt,) but by the vigor of his mental grasp, his shrewdness, sagacity, and perfect knowledge of the subjects on which he wrote, and the terseness, perspicuity, and directness of his language. In 1829, Mr. Marcy was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, an office which he filled to the great satisfaction of the bar, and which he reluctantly resigned to accept a seat in the United States Senate, persuaded by his political friends to run as Governor of the State, and was elected in the fall of 1832, and twice re-elected.

"He was made the candidate of his party for Governor, a third time in 1838, but was defeated by Mr. Seward.—An incident which occurred soon after his defeat, reflects more honor on his character, than he could have derived from another re-election. As soon as the result of the election was known, great efforts were made by many of Gov. Marcy's political friends to induce him to call the Senate together for the transaction of executive business. There were at that time, some vacancies which it would have been proper to have supplied by new appointments, but the real object was to enable those democratic office-holders whose terms would expire within the next two years to resign, and to procure the appointment of persons who were political friends of the Governor and personal friends of the incumbents. These applications were strongly urged, but Gov. Marcy, though always a strong party man, was too high-minded to take a dishonorable advantage of his political opponents.

"Mr. Marcy's career since his retirement from the office of Governor, is fresh in the recollection of our readers.—The great ability with which he discharged the duties of Secretary of War, during our contest with Mexico, under Mr. Polk's administration, won him what he had not before enjoyed, a European reputation as a statesman of the very highest order of Administrative ability. The great capacity he showed in the management of our foreign relations, under the late administration, has placed him in the very front rank of the great statesmen of his age, and had he lived to make his intended visit to Europe, it is doubtful if he would have met his equal in manly and comprehensive sagacity. In his own country there is no man whose death will be so widely and sincerely mourned."

☞ The Chicago *Times* gives a characteristic anecdote of the editor of the St. Louis *Intelligencer*, which is styled by the New York *Tribune* as a "Free Soil paper, published in a Slave State." Some four years ago the editor lost a negro, the latter having escaped to "Detroit and Freedom." About a month since an Englishman of fortune, Percy St. Clair, employed at Detroit this negro as his servant, and in course of his travels reached St. Louis, and thence proceeded up to St. Josephs. The negro by this time got afraid of his English employer, and fearing that he might get into bad hands, made known who he was, and was brought down to St. Louis. Here the editor received back his negro, and keeps him, notwithstanding, that according to all free soil notions, the slave having resided in the free State of Michigan, and thereby become a free man, could not again become a slave by returning to Missouri.

"Literary and Miscellaneous."

The "literary and miscellaneous" Editor of the *Constitution* is "glad to notice that the Washington *Union*, and nearly all the Democratic journals, that lay any claim to decency, do not stoop to say such political chicanery" as to call the "great party of freedom," "*Black* Republicans." It is only, says our "literary and miscellaneous" cotemporary, "the lower sort of Democratic papers" that indulge in such want of good taste. Alas! for that versality necessary to give point to this "literary and miscellaneous" satire—a number of the *Union* now before us—dated July 3d,—commences one of its editorials thus:—"The *Black* republicans are deeply enamored of negroes," &c., &c. Alas too, for that consistency without which all lessons, either in morals or manners are worthless, the columns of the *Constitution* itself weekly teem with such epithets as "Border ruffians," "slave drivers," &c., &c., when referring to the Democratic party. And hence it seems to us—though we do not profess to be a "literary and miscellaneous" critic—that while "the use of the terms," "Border Ruffians," "slave drivers," &c., &c., "may have some effect on very weak-minded and ignorant people, and may enable a bar, room demagogue to start a laugh or a cheer among the rabble, we question if they have ever changed the result of a single election, (we know they did not last fall, though much inoffensivity) or been the means of furnishing to a single demagogue, even a drop of *pap*." "A man may make himself of "border ruffian" in language, "but he makes nothing more."

CAN'T GO THAT.—In several of the States the Republican party is making negro suffrage, which is, to all intents and purposes, "negro equality," a direct issue—but in doing so, a paper is occasionally found that will not swallow the dose. Of this kind is the Wilmington *Herald*, a staunch Republican paper in Illinois, which has swallowed all the other isms of the party without a bone sticking in its throat, but has not the assurance like property of gulping down "negro equality," though covered with the salve of "bradderly" feeling and much philanthropy, previous to deglution. The editor says: "Whenever negro suffrage becomes one of the planks of the Republican platform, we shall feel free to cast some other political organization, and we think we should find most of our Republican brethren in the same way."

The "Western World," and her Officers.

[Correspondence of the Observer.]

DUNKIRK, July 1st, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:—As many are now turning their attention and looking out for a retreat to escape the scorching rays of a July sun, and Saratoga, Newport, and the kindred other watering places, have become exceedingly unpopular on account of the exorbitant charges, flunkeyism, &c., to be met there, we purpose to give a short description of a Lake excursion from which we have just returned, and which may perhaps interest some of your readers. It was our good fortune to take passage on the "Western World," one of the new and fine steamers running from Buffalo to Detroit in connection with the Michigan Central Railroad. Of the boat we have little to say, because every one is acquainted with the magnificent and unsurpassed elegance with which she is fitted out; the comfort, safety and accommodation of her passengers are alike cared for; the State rooms are large and commodious, and in each are numerous life preservers, in case of any accident, which, together with several large and staunch life-boats upon her decks, makes one feel perfectly safe and at home. She is commanded by your noble and gallant townsman, Capt. JOHN S. RICHARDS, who has achieved, and justly deserves, a world-wide renown; as a Lake commander he stands at the head of his profession! On stepping on board you are struck with the order, quiet and system which characterizes every motion; there is no hurried bustle or confusion. The table is supplied not only with the necessaries but every luxury of the season; and under the management of her accommodating and gentlemanly steward, your old friend, Don Wilcox, it could not be otherwise. It far surpasses many of the first-class hotels of the cities, and is exceeded by none. You leave Buffalo in the evening at nine o'clock; and as soon as the boat is fairly under way, the forward cabin is cleared of the furniture, and a fine string band of colored musicians (carried and retained on board for this purpose) take their seats and commence some lively Ethiopian melody, irresistible to dancers; and the form of Mr. Wilcox is immediately seen busily engaged among the passengers, introducing strangers, forming sets, until at last the cabin presents a scene of life and gaiety rarely met with in the ball room. We soon noticed a party of ladies and gentlemen who seemed to enter into the spirit of the dance more lively, if possible, than the other passengers. We were attracted by the grace and beauty of the ladies, and were led to inquire who they were, and were informed they were a party of friends enjoying the kindness and hospitality of the captain and his lady How we envied the gentlemen, and longed to be one of them to claim protectorship over at least a portion of that dignity, beauty, elegance and wit, which was so characteristic of their party, and reigned supreme. There was evidently no preference shown to the party further than being quite large—numbering some fourteen—they were more lively and gay than passengers traveling on business, as was your humble correspondent. But ere long came Mr. Wilcox; and no sooner was our desire to dance made known than we found ourselves with a partner. We immediately became satisfied and fully convinced that no matter who might be on board, the comfort, convenience and pleasure of the passengers at the table or dance were not to be neglected by the gentlemanly officers of the boat. The after-cabin was devoted to the more sober, sedate and weary travellers—which was a quiet and the parlor of a hotel. As we came along the wharf at Detroit, and heard the gang plank drop, a feeling of sorrow and regret came over us at leaving the scene of so much pleasure. As we turned the corner, we cast one long, last and lingering glance behind, and were only deterred from turning back and returning to Buffalo by business over which we had no control.

Truly yours, JOHN.

Philadelphia and New York.

The Clinton *Democrat*, in contrasting the enterprise exhibited between the people of New York and Philadelphia in pushing forward schemes of internal improvement for the purpose of competing for the trade of the West, administers to the "money changers" of the latter city a deserved rebuke. It says that while Philadelphia capitalists stand watchfully guarding their money bags and seeking opportunities for sharing mortgages, and other such petty acts of miserly pilfering, New York is literally chaining the trade of the great west to her markets. We see it stated that the link of road from Allentown to Easton, which will give New York direct communication with the west, through Pennsylvania, and also with the North and West Branch valley, the Anthracite Coal fields of Wyoming and Shamokin, and the Bituminous region of Clinton and Centre, is under contract and will be driven to rapid completion. The Lock Haven and Tyrone road now in progress of construction, will give New York a direct connection with Pittsburg, and will thus enable that city to compete on equal terms with Philadelphia at that place and through the entire course of the trade finding a market by way of the Central railroad. This, together with her northern routes to the Lakes will give New York the control of the trade of the West, and thus put Philadelphia down to the low level of a second hand huckster with regard to internal commerce, a position she already occupies as regards foreign commerce. It is humiliating to will stand quietly over her money bags, while New York and Baltimore are robbing her of all her glory and of every advantage of position. While she contents herself with a mere huckleberry route to the west, and that only connecting with a stream of "three feet of water in the channel" half of the year, Baltimore beats her for the Ohio trade by tapping the river lower down its bed and at the same time builds a road to the heart of Pennsylvania, and New York monopolizes the Lake trade with her three great roads and her Erie canal, and yet finds abundance of means to divide the trade of her own road with Philadelphia and to build lines to the trade of her rich mineral valleys! Yet, while all this is being done, there stands Philadelphia, her money coffers running over, counting her cent per cent! Under these circumstances, is it at all singular that Philadelphia is rapidly losing the respect, the confidence, and the affections of the people of the interior of Pennsylvania? Why, if New York or Baltimore had half to gain that Palladelphia has, the Sunbury and Erie railroad would be finished in a season! But the latter permits this great work, the completion of which would make her wealth and power grow like twin giants, to linger and to die, while the former are grasping and forever binding to them nearly all the commerce and wealth of the nation! Like a slumbering element, there lies Philadelphia, motionless, while the arts of Baltimore and New York circumscribe and limit her power, and will soon hold it in their hands as a bauble to be laughed at!

COL. FORNEY'S NEW PAPER.

Col. JOHN W. FORNEY, whose service during the last campaign the Democracy of Pennsylvania will always remember with gratitude, has issued a prospectus for the establishment of a first class daily and weekly paper in Philadelphia. It is to be called "*The Press*," and under the Editorial control of so skillful and able a journalist as FORNEY is admitted to be, even by those who differ with him in politics, cannot fail to at once take rank, and command the support of the business community, and the people at large. The prospectus is so terse and vigorous, and withal so much to the point, that we insert it entire:

"*The Press* will be Democratic in its politics, and will sustain the policy of the present National Administration.

"It is my determination to make it worthy of the support of every class of readers. Dignity, courtesy, and independence, in the utterance of my sentiments, enterprise and efficiency in the Commercial, Literary and News Departments, and respect for the opinions of others, will be kept constantly in view.

"I have embarked all my own means in this project, and intend building up a journal that will not only be creditable to our City and our State, but will furnish me an independent livelihood.

"A somewhat extensive experience in public life, and many years' connection with Journalism, will, I hope, obtain for *The Press* a favorable reception.

"My friends in the different Wards and Counties of Pennsylvania, and in other States, will place me under many obligations by giving *The Press* a helping hand."

The terms of the *Daily Press* are $6, and the Weekly $2 per annum.

A CAPITAL REPORT.

The Philadelphia *Sun*, which used to be intensely Native American, and is now as intensely Republican, has a great deal to say about the "issues of the canvass" in this State for Governor. In a recent number it put forth several "firsts" and "seconds," full of "sound and fury," to which the *Argus* replies, and hits in this handsome style: The *Sun*, it says, is becoming as luminous as ground glass and as witty as a Hibernian. It prates constantly of the issues to be decided in Pennsylvania in October next, and plays upon this theme every variety of air from "Hail Columbia" to "Molly put the Kettle on." Its nineteenth phase of the political hypothesis pending is thus put:—

"*First.* The Americanization of the States entirely.

"*Second.* The defence of the rights of the sons of Pennsylvania *everywhere*, this of course [illegible] the Territory of Kansas, Utah, and every other [illegible] the United States."

The first of these is as laconic as the reply of a Dublin poet boy, with the true Hibernian affix. The last is equally emphatic, yet more [illegible] and comprehensive, and is designed as a declaration of war against the whole policy of the National Administration. "The rights of the sons of Pennsylvania *everywhere*." The "right" of John Brown to shriek for freedom in Kansas; the "right" of Joseph Smith to preach and practice polygamy in Utah; the "right" of Thaddeus Stevens to treat elections in Pennsylvania "as if they had not been held;" the "right" of Passmore Williamson to entice servants from their masters; the "right" of Abolition emissaries to instigate slave insurrections in the South, and the "right of the sons of Pennsylvania," generally, to play hob and break things in "every other spot in the United States," utterly regardless of law and reason.

—The Louisiana sugar crop promises to yield 250,000 to 300,000 hogheads the present year, against 78,000 last year. Glad to hear that the price of sweetening is likely to come down.

NEW YORK.

[Correspondence of the Erie Observer.]

NEW YORK, July 6, 1857.

Very much water was shed upon us last week, for our sins doubtless, since no philosopher has been able to discover blessings in such July weather, and the raw north easters or westers of the last *few days* have not blown anybody any good. Wait a bit though; they have driven away and drowned whole nations of musquitos; let us give the devil his due. On Friday we had fire in the fifty boats and all public places; the morning was cold and rainy, but the sky at last smoothed out its wrinkled brow and now it is as pleasant as July ought to be.

On Thursday night the friends of the Metropolitan Police Bill celebrated its triumph with great rejoicings, and both joyful and disappointed people made a night of it in the lager beer saloons. Politicians are a very thirsty genus.

The marked feature of the week was the commencement exercises of a number of literary institutions in this city, where both male and female ideas are taught how to shoot: Columbia College, N. Y. University, the N. Y. Normal School, the Packer and Polytechnic Institutes in Brooklyn and Bergen institute in N. Y. city, have discharged altogether between two and three hundred graduates, warranted to be educated on the modern plan with all the latest improvements, thoroughly qualified to take a position in the hindmost ranks of active life. Some of the city papers' reports of these college operations are about as absurd as one might suppose such things would be, when cooked up by a half-soaked Irish reporter, whose ideas of the structure of the English language were derived entirely from practical exercises in "composition," at the type case. One of these worthies reported the other day that a certain ex-judge was present some where in an "ex-officio" character, evidently understanding the term as appropriate to an unplumed dignitary or a discarded politician. The "rube" on some of the leading papers of the city are a most disgracefully ignorant and heathen set.—They are a most audacious set too, and can "do" anything from a profound financial article to a dissertation on the theological merits of one of Dr. Osgood's sermons. If they make any egregious balls they are set down as typographical errors.

Trade is of course quiet, as nobody wants to be immersed in the cares of this life on the very eve of our great anniversary. Cotton and wool are firmer than they have been and consequently manufactured goods are "stiffer." The new tariff has released a vast quantity of goods from bond. One silk importer paid, the other day, over $40,000 duty on silks removed from warehouse at one time.

As a matter of course, we of the city, celebrated the 4th in the usual patriotic, free-and easy manner. There was plenty of fire works and fights—a surfeit of liberty, lager and lawlessness—enough of drams, and drunkenness, with a small sprinkling of patriotism, paddles, and powder. In short, all tastes were suited on the "glorious anniversary of our g-l-o-r-i-o-u-s country," in the great metropolis. If you wanted to take ice-cream with your Angelina, and treat her to stroll in the woods, Hoboken opened its hospitable doors to receive you. If you preferred iced champaigne, and "the luxuries of the season" at Taylor's, or any other of the fashionable resorts that abound in Broadway, you had only to consult the *state of your finances* and Angelina, and if they said "go it while you're young," go it you might. But, while this freedom to enjoy the day in a peaceful and unobtrusive manner was appreciated by thousands, there were others that could not let the occasion pass without exhibiting how slight the step from rational liberty to anarchy. The consequence was a riot commenced about two o'clock on Saturday morning by a gang of Five Point thieves, who style themselves the "Dead Rabbits," and recommenced again on Saturday evening, which resulted in a great deal of blood shed and loss of life. The Bowery Boys, some of whom were injured by this gang at a drinking saloon, rallied in considerable force to retaliate. A collision took place between the factions about seven o'clock in Bayard street, and the fight progressed in a desperate manner, clubs, stones and pistols being freely used. A detachment of twenty five policemen was dispatched to quell the riot. They were hooted at by the mob, who finally commenced to pelt them with stones, brickbats and whatever missiles could be obtained, and drove them off. Many of the mob were armed with guns and pistols, who fired indiscriminately into the crowd, at the same time howling and screeching like a set of fiends. The scene was one of the greatest confusion, and several of the police were severely wounded. While this was going on in the street named above, notice was received at the Metropolitan office that there was a fight in Baxter street. The police were sent down and found the people in Baxter street throwing brickbats and firing pistols from the windows and roofs of the houses. Twenty or thirty of the policemen were struck by the missiles. In two women with a bushel basket full of brickbats which they were throwing out at people in the street. The man gave his name as Jim Lane—after the Kansas hero, no doubt—he was taken to the Fifth Ward Station House and locked up. The fight soon became general, and muskets and pistols were fired by the opposing parties in Bayard and Elizabeth streets. The police arrested a large number, and locked them up in the White street Station, where they were subsequently taken to the Fifth Ward Police Station. They had barricade Mulberry street near Bayard, with carts, wagons, hose carts and timber, and in Bayard street near Elizabeth street, another barricade was built of the same materials. From behind these barricades, the belligerants were continually firing at each other with muskets, pistols and other weapons. Officer Shangle, accompanied by others disguised, went to them and represented themselves to be Deputy Sheriffs. They told them they must stop firing, as the militia had been ordered out, and would fire upon them unless they immediately dispersed. The Bowery party said if the others would stop, they would. The officer represented they had consented to do so. They said the "Irish sons of b——s commenced it, and if they had enough they were satisfied." They replied that they should, and set at work and removed the barricades. They objected some, but did not molest them. The police then started to go down to the other party, but before reaching them met an Irishman with a brickbat in his hand. Some one fired at him three or four shots at once. He fell dead at officer Hospelis feet having been shot through the head. The disguised police continued down toward the other party, and raising their hats, the mob forebore to fall upon them. They proceeded to remove the other barricade, after which there was no more fighting. Two dead rioters, shot from the top of the houses in Bayard street, were taken to the White street Station House. One of them was an Irishman, about fifty years of age. He was shot through the right breast, near the nipple. Another one was apparently an Italian boy, about twenty years of age—he was shot through the left breast, the ball entering near the nipple and passing downward toward the stomach, thus proving conclusively that the shot came from above. Another dead man, a rioter, was taken to the Seventh Ward Station House. Finally, Gen. Sanford's brigade was ordered out, and the rioters dispersed.

Although Walker, the fillibuster, ceased to be a lion some days ago, and has left the city for the South without creating a particle of sensation, it may interest your readers to inform them that Bellevue Hospital contains some forty of his deluded followers, who are suffering every form of disease, which they contracted in his service in Nicaragua. Some of them cannot recover. They tell piteous stories of their sufferings and of Walker's cruelty. The latter is further proved by the fact that though Walker knew of these poor creatures being here and in distress of every kind he never went near one of them. It is reported that he is going to get up another expedition, at the south, but he will have some trouble in getting recruits and funds, after the wretched termination of the last one.

Of general news items there is a perfect stagnation.—Yesterday morning two Irish laborers were killed, at the corner of Twenty-first street and Fourth avenue, by a bank of earth falling on them. The plot of ground in front of Cavalry church is in course of excavation, and the deceased were employed on the works. Two immense boulders, each from three to four feet in diameter, fell upon them from a height of some eight feet, and life was almost immediately extinct. Last night brother Beecher, in his usual cut-and-slash style, "pitched into" Mayor Wood. He was also very severe on emigrant runners sailors' boarding house keepers, and the Christain hypocrites who tolleratе such villians, with much more of the same sort. Take it all in all it struck us as rather better calculated for a week day harrangue before a mixed crowd than for a sermon on Sabbath evening. ERIE.

ANOTHER FACT.—The Chicago *Tribune*, which advocated the not to vote policy in Kansas, says, because the Free State men staid at home from the recent election in Kansas, the Pro-slavery *force of the* Territory was found to be not over 1500. If this is so, how utterly inexcusable for the "friends of freedom" to have declined voting, and how plainly it shows that agitation merely for political purposes has been prolonged.

SICK.—The editor of the Juniata *Sentinel*—published at Millintown, Pa.—who has been serving as a black republican up in this state, finds his burden greater than he can bear, and thus relieves his conscience by a free confession: "The republican party, under its present constituted leaders, is the worst party with which we ever had anything to do. Without principle or discretion it rushes madly into extremes, and renders itself so obnoxious to all liberal minded people that a union of the opposition elements becomes an utter impossibility."

Men and Science Items.

☞ A desperate, and very nearly successful attempt was made on Thursday morning by the prisoners confined in the county prison, to escape. There were eight of them—and as desperate a set of fellows as ever served the State at Allegheny. For some time Sheriff Killpatrick has had his suspicions aroused that his boarders were not disposed to stay with him, and has kept a strict watch upon their actions.—Every other morning he has had their irons examined to see they were all right. On Thursday morning, having business in the country, he left early taking the turnkey with him. The Deputy Sheriff was in the city, but had left the jail for a few moments, when some one of the Sheriff's family, in passing by the door of the prison, heard the inmates preparing to effect their exit. The alarm was immediately given, and help procured, when it was found that eight of them had removed their irons and were loose. A negro, confined in the same cell, but who they suspected would give notice of their intention, they had bound and gagged—rendering him perfectly helpless and speechless. Thus, by a mere accident, as it were, was the community saved, for the present, from the depredations of these desperadoes. In this connection, it may not be improper to remark that we understand the jail is in a very unsafe condition. Indeed, so evident is it, that it has two or three times been brought to the notice of the Grand Jury, and by them referred to the County Commissioners as worthy of their immediate attention. No notice, however, we believe has been taken of the matter in that quarter; still, with this last desperate attempt before them, we cannot doubt but the Commissioners will take the earliest action in regard to the matter possible.

OLE BULL IN ERIE.—We have the pleasure to announce that OLE BULL, the great violinist, will visit Erie on Wednesday next, and give one of his inimitable concerts. He will be assisted on this occasion by the celebrated English Ballad Singer HARRISON GEORGE, H. HORNCASTLE, the side-shaking Buffo Singer, and W. DRESSLER a distinguished Pianist and composer. This will be the first, and probably the last time the citizens of Erie will have an opportunity to hear this great performer, as he intends to visit Europe in September—probably to remain.—About a year ago, our citizens were promised a visit from OLE, but as a Hall could not be procured on the night he had arranged to visit Erie, he was compelled to disappoint them. *There will be no mistake this time.* His former concerts have always been a dollar admission, but in order to enable all to hear him, he has put the price down to *fifty cents*. In regard to his performance, the N. Y. *Express*, of a recent date, says:

"On a player like Ole Bull, criticism is superfluous. The word "wonderful" best expresses his style. His playing is neither classical or elegant, yet there is such vigor, such sweetness, and what surprises more than all, such astonishing command over the instrument, that the hearer is so deeply lost in sheer astonishment, to think of assuming the critic's role. It may be said that to make a violin warble like a canary bird, is not a legitimate use to which to devote the instrument—it may be urged that the musical gymnastics of Ole Bull do not satisfy the classical ear, but then there are so few people with classical ears, that the enthusiastic admirers of the Norwegian violinist must always be in an immense majority."

☞ The Detroit *Free Press* relates that a couple of young sprouts of American blood made their appearance before one of the city justices, the other day, and requested to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The appearances of the applicants excited some suspicion, as their ages, judging from their looks, were about twelve for the lady and fourteen for the gentleman. They set their years however, and claimed a right to demand the performance of the ceremonies, the young man twirling a ten spot around his finger with much *nonchalance*, as a sort of tacit inducement to the court to proceed without further useless questions. Upon being asked whether they were willing to take their oaths that they were of the necessary ages, they signified assent with much alacrity, and the young lady, holding up her hand, swore roundly that she was "over fourteen." The same performance was about being demanded of the young gentleman, when in walked the paternal ancestors of the two young hopefuls, and a general disconcertion of their plans followed. They were about being led off by the ear to their mammas, when Justice P. requested the young lady to explain how she dared to take the oath she had just taken, and which she knew must be false. Nothing disconcerted, she stooped down, and, unlacing a little gaiter, drew out of it a piece of paper, on which was written the word 'fourteen.' On the strength of this she had sworn that she was "over fourteen."

☞ That "love laughs at Locksmiths" is very happily illustrated by a story told by the Toledo *Commercial*, thus—The belle of a romantic little village about forty miles northwest of Toledo was stolen from her father's house a few nights since. The thief was an athletic young man, with black eyes and comely features. The young lady's venerable father pursued the thief in the morning, and on arriving at——, found him with his lost daughter, who introduced the thief as her husband. The old gentleman swore violently for some minutes, when, the thought suddenly striking him that he was acting absurdly, he became amiable and said: "Blessings on ye my children!" The children accepted the old gentleman's blessings, and have since accepted a few hundred acres of his extensive estate.

☞ Ladies may take a profitable hint from the following "excuse for Bachelors," and recollect the fact stated below:

I do not blame a bachelor,
If he leads a single life;
The way the girls are now brought up—
He can't support a wife.

I do not blame the bachelor;
His courage must be great
To think to wed a modern miss,
If small be his estate.

Among the ladies who purchase goods at BARR & BROTHER's no such "excuse for the Bachelor" is valid—their prices are within the reach of those even with a "small estate."

☞ The great railroad fight between the N. Y. Central, and the N. Y. and Erie roads, which has been reported settled, it appears is as far from adjustment as ever. On the contrary, it looks as though it had just begun. As a first step in the game, the latter road has put down the fare on *all* its trains from Buffalo and Niagara Falls to New York to $5, and from Dunkirk to New York to $5,50. Persons wanting tickets from either point can procure them of L. L. Hyde at the Depot in this city.

☞ Four of our distinguished statesmen have died on the 4th of July. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on the 4th of July, 1826; James Monroe on the 4th of July, 1834, and lastly William L. Marcy, on the 4th of July, 1857.

☞ A trial of Mowing Machines took place before the Erie County Agricultural Society on Tuesday at the Poor House Farm. Four machines were entered—Kirkpatrick's, Manny's, Danford's and Ball's, with the following result. The first cut two acres of Clover in 1 hour and 20 minutes—the second in 1 hour and 10 minutes—the third 1 hour and 33 minutes—and the fourth in 1 hour and 44 minutes. The first premium was awarded to Ketchum's, and the 2d to Manny's.

☞ THE Dusters, now so fashionable with the ladies, originated with the Zouaves in the Crimea for fatigue purposes, who called it "burnous." Strange that delicate women should adopt the war worn fashions of the bloodiest troops in the world, and sport in fashion what originated in the necessities of the campaign of the Crimea. But Fashion is King, and if the ladies will court his smiles in this particular, we know of no better place to do it than at BOOTH & STEWART'S.

☞ We should infer from the enthusiastic account given in the *Gazette* that "the friends and scholars of the Sabbath School connected with the 1st Presbyterian Church," had a most delightful time at their celebration on the 4th. Judge THOMPSON was the orator of the day—Benj. Grant, Esq. read the Declaration of Independence—speeches were made by G. J. Bull, Esq, and others, while the refreshments prepared for the occasion were ample and satisfactory.

☞ The new Church now in course of erection for the 2d Presbyterian Congregation of this city—Rev. Mr. Blackburn, pastor—will be, when finished, the most elegant and imposing Church edifice in the city. It is built in the gothic style, and reflects great credit upon the energy and taste of the members of that prosperous branch of the Christian Church.

☞ We hear of but few acc