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Crie Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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

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air Lusire, Alapachas of all colors, Ginghams, Cali opened at GEO, SELDON & SON. A GOOD assortment of Winter Vestings, some very nice, for cheap at the store of B. JACKSON. A LAPACA, any quantity Black Figured and plain changable Bik warp, chamelians mobair lustre & c., for sale by Eric, ct. 21.

A. Elik warp, chamelians mobate fusire 2008. B. JACKSUM.

Eric, ct. 21.

Goese Feathers Wanted.

Founds of live Gerre Feathers wanted, for which I will pay half cash at my store on the corner opposite Brown's G. B. WRIGHT.

GOLD, Silver and Florence Leaf: Gold, Silver and Composition Brouzes: Japanned tims, assorted colors. CARTER & BROTEIIR.

Poetry and Miscellany.

LITTLE CHILDREN. BY WILLIAM M. GALLAGHER. Little children! Little children! How the riddle, Lars, appears

In the looks, and ways and questions, Of their young bewildered years: Struggling with each changeful feeling That disturbs the boson's rest— Spell-bound by the shadows stealing, Spectre-like, across the breast.

Wild, and wonderous, and exciting Thoughts from fathomiess sources spring-Startling as the mystic writing

To the Babylouish King, All is new and strange without them, All a mystery within-

Forms of Beauty seen about them, In them felt the forms of Sin. Little children! Little children! As the Mariner of old, Standing by the unknown ocean,

Baw before hie eye unroll'd, Far, mid ever-changing shadows,
'Neath the mist-weaths upward curl'd,
All the green and flowery meadows Of this new and glorious world. So, as on the shores of Being,

Silent, wandering they a troy, Now and then mists before them. Breaking for the tune away. They have many a dazling vision Mid the quiet, mid the strife, Of the flowery vales clysian Of the unknown ... do: Life -"Clambian,"

Circumstantial Evidence.

BY MRS BELLSMITH

[From the Home Joarnal.]

ONE Saturday afternoon, some years since, about the ar-room of the public house in the little village of Son Lake Eric, were gathered a number of gossiping idlies, sea-fearing men and farmers. Although early in the darkened the shore, that candles were lit, and in their dim hight the gathered crowd listened to the beating of the mercy on him. What say you?" waves upon the beach, and the distant roll of thunder that announced the coming strife. It was one of those scenes that occur when a mighty tempest comes down on Erio's inland sea, and the dullest seemed struck with its impresbsorbed in the presidential election. One of the number seemed more uneasy than the rest. A young man, of mild prepossessing appearance, with a rifle in his hand and a powder horn slung over his shoulder, for he had but a few minutes before come in from gunning. and cloudy sky, and frequently asked an old captain of a schooner when he would be able to sail-to-night?"

inquiries: "nor to-morrow-nor next day, I expect--This 'ere storm looks as if it was goin' to lead off a dance for a good many flirtin' ones, and I don't believe in puttin' out in such company-it corrupts good manners, as the sayin' is. You seem to be in a great hurry, com-

"I am. The Sea-Gullbrought me ill news from home this morning, and I will double your passage money if you run me down to C---to-night." "Not I. I would'nt undertake it for four times the mon-

his pockets, with the dogged air of one who makes mind to be content with a positive evil.

M-W-had been in S-but a few weeks, and although a stranger, had impressed its inhabitants favorably-fo quiet, retiring, and, as all thought, kind was he in manner and disposition. The business that brought ligence he had received must have been of a very pressing nature to make one naturally so timid, anxious to brave a storm that caused the hardiest sailor to shrink from duty. He had been sitting with/a look of gloomy discontent but a short time, when the clatter of horses' feet were heard in the street, and a man, pale and trembling, stood within the door-way. His first discordant utterance was the word "Murder!" No expression of pain or terror can send the same douthly chill to the heart as that one word of terrible import; and, paralyzed with stupid surprise, the gathered crowd inquiringly gazed at the breatless messenger of evil Before he could relate what seemed to choke his utterance, the sheriff of the county hastily entered and arrested M-W-

"For what?" feltered the young man. "The murder of Millie Woods," was the stern reply. It wanted only this to swell the horrible sensation that had fallen upon the crowd. Mille Woods, a little girl ten or twelve years of age, was the only child of respectable parents living within a mile of S-, and in her sprightly loveliness had won the affection of all the villagers. . The circumstances attending her death were as follows: The parents, as was frequently their custom, left the house under the charge of Millie, and had been, a greater part of the day, making purchases and visiting in the village.-Hurrying home before the coming storm, the agonized parents found their house robbed, and their only child bru ally murdered. The news spread rapidly, and soon the curious and cooler neighbors were looking carefully on all marks the violence had loft in the premises. The house, a large frame one, stood some distance from the road .-The front door was found open, all the inner doors unlocked or broken, every drawer, chect, press or cupboard forced, and their contents west and over the firm. In holy look to yourself!" the garret, to which place to a poor little creature had probably fled, Millie was found covered with blond that flowed from a stab in her side, her little hand grasping an old bed-poet, while around her neck a white handkerchief | ted!" was slightly knotted.

Upon the floor of the hall, one of the neighbors picked up a squirrel with one fore-paw gone, and its head scalned by a rifle ball. A young man who had been chon- I chased her to the garret and killed her. I was there it as one W-had shot that afternoon; he was by, and, picking it up, remarked to W. left the excelent shot W. him in the direction of Wood's house, with the squirrel W-had the blame." in his hand The handkerchief unwound from Millie's neck had the letter M. w. in one corner. True these were the initials of Millie's own name, but her mother positively the time the nurder was discovered to that of W---'s

arrest was just two hours.

The prisoner was hurried to the nearest magistrate. and the evidence I have detailed, given before him. In ran through his iron frame, and the wretched criminal addition to this, spots of fresh blood were found on his coat sleeve and as Woods had been robbed of so me gold and silver coin, of a particular character, two or three of membered as a child of their own, and she to be butchered for gold—the law seemed too slow and mild for yengeauce; and the great crowd now swelled the hundreds. swayed to and fro shouting angrily for blood.

zens in answer to this mute suggestion, hurried the unfortunate prisoner towards the imprompty gallows. "Oh, gentlemen!" screamed the young man, frighten-

ed at what appeared his inevitable fate. "Have mercy upon me-I am innocent-indeed I am-have mercy. His voice was drowned in a roar from the crowd .-"Who had mercy on little Millie? kill him, kill him!" and again they pushed him towards the fatal post.

"Oh, God?" cried the unhappy man in bitter anguish and trembling like a child; "will no one pity me? I have a widowed mother-mercy, mercy-wait a little whileonly a little while."

One, alone, answered this last appeal. A young lawyer of eminent ability, and personally popular, sprung orward, severed the rope, and then in a clear, silvery voice that rung out high above the tumult, said:

"My friends be careful of your acts. You are about to do what in this man you condomn - an awful murder. -Chain him down, do what you will to secure the criminal, but respect the law-"

"And give Square B ____ a chance to clear him," interrupted the convict I have mentioned.

"To that man, fresh from the colls, I have nothing to say. But to you, my companions, neighbors, friends I thing? What right have you to commit a murder? How will you answer to the great Giver of all good for this?-Where is your authority?

"He whose sheddeth man's blood by man shall his the crowd turning saw, where a torch waved over a stern unfeeling face, the countenance of their preacher: It was a time when the gathered feeling checked by some great obstacle pauses in its rash career, and, for a moment there seems a doubt which way the tide will flow. The awful passage so solumnly quoted, fell on the crowd at that moment, when the slightest word would have turned them from their purpose, and, stimulated as it somed to them by a command from Heaven, they once more seized their trembling captive, when the old captain whom W ____shad importuned for a passage, claimed to be heard:

"Comrades," said be, "Squire B-thinks we hadn't ought to hang this fellow. Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. He wanted to sail with me this day .afternoon, the heavy clouds of an approaching storm so He shall do so. We'll take him outside the Bay-tie him in an open bout and set him adrift. Then the Lord have

A shout of approbation was the response, and they hurried W --- to the shore. In the meanwhile the storm grew loud, and, when in the dark night their torches beaten out by wind and rain, the great crowd heard the sive grandeur Sailors drank from their poisoned cups angry waves dashing over the rude pier, their courage with less noise, and the village politicians were less failed, and seven only were found ready for the enterprize. Clambering upon the deck, with their victim in their midst, the cables were cut and the little back, like a frightened bird, flow out to sea.

Perhaps no scene over pointed itself on the canvas of real life so startling, weird and strange as this. While staring in wonder at my appearance. In answer to my paced to and from the door, looked at the troubled bay the stout-hearted skipper steered the bark, the convict, assisted by four of his companious, fied W-to the open boat, and the preacher, kneeling upon the deck, "To-night? No, sir!" he responded to one of these was heard between the pauses of the thunder, far above waves and wind, calling upon Heaven to bless their unholy act.

The open lake was gained and the wrotched man, regardless of his entreaties and screams, was given to the packed the water had not dumaged them. This had foaming waters. In a glare of lightning, that was followed by a deafening peal of thunder, they saw their vic- and noting the address with intention of repayment tim rise upon a huge wave then plunge into darkness and some day, I rold the contents, and with the proceeds made death beyond.

ruthless deed. Their lives were in jeopardy. A storm lica, In this new home I married, and engaged in merso violent has seldom been equalled, and, the little craft chandize. There I lived until I learned, a few months Silence by this roply, the young man returned sadly was worked, save the skipper, by unskilful hands. Des- since, my innocence of that cruel deed had been made into the house; and sitting down, thrust his hands into perate efforts were made to regain the Bay, but the en- known by the confession of the real criminal." ly misunderstood, were promptly executed, so that the the lawyer rising abruptly caught him by the arm, and birk run upon a ledge of rocks and quickly went to pieces. Two only of its strange crew were saved-the clergyman and the convict together reached the shore.

Some three years after these strange events, the Rev. him to the place was by no means settled, and the intel- Mr. II-was awakened one night by a request to come immediately, and administer religious consolation to a night of the criminal's confession his intellect, nover very prisoner, who in attempting an escape from jail had been strong, has been a complete wreck. Every evening he mortally wounded by the sentinel on duty. The Rev. gentleman folding his cloak about him, and accompanied by the jailer, threaded his way through snow and sleet to

They found the prisoner writhing in pain upon his bed in the gloomy cell, lit by a dim candle, and alone, for

the surgeon had pronounced his case hopeless. "You've come at last" he growled, as the clergyman approaching his bed, took from beneath his cloak, a book, and began the duties pertaining to his sacred mission.-"You've come at last, I thought I'd go down before you got here,"

" May you be spared for repentance; let us lose no time."

"No you don't! I'm bound to go down-down. Don't be fooling, I didn't send for that." "The sands of life are running fast. In a few moments you will be in the presence of your Judge, and re-

"It will not avail me now," said the criminal. "Think of your past life-think of the punishment that

pentance then will be of no avail."

is to follow!" The answer to this was a frantic roar of laughter, that made even the juder's blood tingle with alarm. "I will not remain," said Mr. H .-- sternly, "and

hear this awful mockery. I warn you now-beware!" "Well, listen, then-don't you know me?" The clergyman held the candle to the convict's face, and started with astonishment.

"Oh! you know me, do you? You remember the night we tossed W- overboard-how he prayed? Oh, "I did my duty."

"Ah, ha! you did, did you? You did your duty in drowning a poor fellow for a murder he never commit-A tremer like an ague ran through the listener's frame,

and there he stood as one dismayed. "He never did the deed. I murdered Mille Woods-

ping wood in a neighboring grove immediately recognized robbing the house when W-came. I heard him speak cheerily to the child, give her the equirrel, and then leave. A minute after, she was a dead baby, and "Lord, have mercy upon me!" groaned the Divine,

in an agony of spirit.
"Ishipped the gold pieces in his pocket. How he -but you and i, parson, came up together-now we go down-down-down!" The voice ceased-a shudder

was no more. In time, the village of S-grew to a city. Many of the pieces were found upon the unfortunate man's per- its old citizens had emigrated, or were doad, and, among son. This rivited the final link and the crowd grew fu- the remaining, the events I have narrated had faded eltious. Little Millie, so good, so loved and loving, all re- most into an uncertain legend, when, one sunny afternoon, an elderly gentleman of staid, respectable appearance, accompanied by his wife and children, made his way from the evening steamer to one of the principal hotels. After securing rooms, he walked into the streets. A convict but latterly from prison, hastened forward Ho earnestly scanned the signs as he passed. He stopwith a rope, threw it over a post, while some of the citi- ped before one that read "Attorney at-Law;" he paused, his ice?"

and then, with a start as if the determination had a spice of the desperate in it, he ascended the stairs and entered the office. An elderly man, with a bald head and wrinkled face, was seated at a table surrounded by books and papers. Inviting the new confer to be seated, he peered at him through his spectacles, and inquired his business. "Mr. B, you do not remember me?"

"I cannot say that I do," answered the attorney, slowy, as if in doubt.

"Do you not remember pleading in behalf of a poor fellow, about being lyuched for a murder, some thirty

"Mr. M-W-!" exclaimed the lawyer, joyfully. "Can it be possible? I never forget a fuce, and yours I saw in a frame work that night that ought to impress it upon my memory for ever. But I thought you dead years ago. Sit down-sit down, and tell me all." "After I was thrown from the vessel that night," said

W-, seating himself, "I was so frightened that for some time I had no consciousness of what occurred. On becoming more collected, I found my little boat, half filled with water, riding the short heavy waves, and every second I expected to go under, or be capsized, and so drown. This not occuring, I began to look about me .appeal-earnestly appeal. Why will you do this cruel I found the cord by which I was tied passed over my shoulder. I managed to get it in my mouth, and soon gnawed it apart. This loosened my hands, so that in a few minutes I freed myself and sat up. With an old cup that I found in the boat, I bailed out the water, and, blood be shed," responded a harsh, solemn voice, and then breaking up one of the scats, I managed the little affair so as to ship no more of the waves, and in this way rode out the storm and the night.

"By morning the wind had somewhat subsided, but so exhausted was I by fear and fatigue, that I was forced to lie down, and soon was sound asleep. When I awakoned the sun was setting, and far as I could see on every side, was a dreary waste of waters. Strange as it may ound. I was greatly relieved. I feared nothing so much s falling again into the hands of that terrible mob.

"The full moon came out, making the scene light alost as day, and, a gentle breeze springing up, I took my coat, fastened it on the broken seat, and with this for sail, drifted, near as I could make out by the stars, in a north-easterly direction. I knew, sooner or later, I must strike the Canada shore, but how far I had been carried in the storm. I could not of course determine. Through that long night I floated on. I saw the moon go down and the stars fade into the cold gray light of morning and then the sun came up with the clear, calm day, but no land could be seed—nothing but glittering water. I magined at one time seeing in the dim distance a sail but if one, it immediately disappeared. About noon I noticed something floating near me, and on paddling my boat alongside, found it a bale of goods, carefully corded together. I fastened it, almost without motive, to my oat, and again lying down was soon asleep. I was awakened by a shout, and, starting up, found I was running in close to a wooded shore, and, a number of men equest, one of them waded in and pulled my boat to the land. I learned, to my great relief, that I had reached the Canada side, within a few miles of---. It was supposed that I had been shipwrecked, to which my bale of goods at once gave coloring, and secured for me a kind reception. On opening this bale, next day, I found it filled with costly silks, and velvets, and so admirably probably been lost from some wreck in the late storm, my way to Now-York, where I, after my mother's death, Short time had the executioners to dwell upon their joined an expedition fitting out for -, in South Amer-

> pointed to the open window. They looked and saw a gaunt figure, with sunken eyes, pale checks, and long gray hair, in the gloom of the evening, move silently

"That," said the lawyer, "is Mr. If ___. Since the wanders to the lake. If starmy, no entreaties can induce him to seek a shelter, but, hour after hour, he paces the shore, as if every moment he expected some revelation from its troubled waters."

The Bastinade in Persia.

We were returning to our quarters, when, on arriving at the chief maidan or square, we perceived a large crowd ongregated, and, on our making our way through it, found that preparations were being made for inflicting the bastinedo on two criminals. As we came up, the punishment of one began, and dreadfully severe it was. The unhappy man was lying on his back, while his feet, vere inserted in a noose fixed to the centro of a long pole either end of which was held up in the air by a ferach in such a manner that the soles were upward, and upor hose suffering members two other fernales alternately truck with thick poplar sticks, taking a fresh one at eve y blow the stick broke. The torture must have been dreadful-much worse than any flogging inflicted upon the back by a cat-o'-nine-tails. During the continuance of the punishment, the other criminal looked pitcously on. his mental agony must have been great, for he knew that in a few minutes his turn would come, and that he would hen be rolling on the ground, screeching and gnashing his teeth, like the wretched object before him. On went the punishment, without intercession, for about twenty minutes, when the criminal, having received about 700 blows, was released from the felek, and his comrade took his unenviable place, and underwent the same punish ment. Their tortures, however, did not end here; for to my horror and disgust, the right hand of each was cut off, and the tendon Achilles of the left foot divided by the large knives of the fernshes who had inflicted the bastinado. On my inquiring what crime the anhappy wretches had committed to render them liable to such terrible infliction, I discovered that on the previous evening they had violeted a young girl belonging to the household of a Khan, and then at tempted to murder her; but the cries of the unfortunate having brought some persons to the spot, the culprits were arrested before they had perpetrated the second part of their horrible crime.

A Question for the Curious. The Bucks County (Pa.) Intelligencer says that some "I shipped the gold pieces in his pocket. How he prayed and begged for mercy! It's your turn now! I don't ber-I won't his pocket. The property of the tree, three chestnuts perfectly sound and don't ber-I won't his pocket. howl. He had a widowed nother. We all went under the trunk of the tree where they were found was about the but you and i, parson, came up together now we go have feet over, perfectly spend and solid, and solid wood ree, se indicated by the growths in the wood, was about one liundred and fifty years. How did the chestnuts get there, end what preserved them from decay while being enclosed in their safety box, is a question for the curious

How Rich was Hel

A gentleman from Salem, formerly master of a vessel, who recently returned from California, where he had been operating for about a couple of years, was accosted I suppose you have made enough this trip to stay at home and lay off the rest of your days?" "Well, yes, I have made something." Pursuing his interrogations still furner—"Well, Captain, how much of the stuff did you bring home, anyhow?" Capt.—"Well, sir, about as much as a good healthy jackass could haul down hill on the incomplete of the stuff did you will the incomplete of the stuff did you bring home, anyhow?" Capt.—"Well, sir, about as much as a good healthy jackass could haul down hill on the incomplete of the stuff did you will thou lose the other ear?"

"I will, to save my father!" answered the boy, conmain very respectfully and truly your obedient servant!" your obedient servant!"

"I will, to save my father!" answered the boy.

A PORTRAIT.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

A still, sweet, placed, moonlight face, And slightly nonchalant, Which seems to claim a middle place Between one's love and aunt; In woman's sunniest sky,

A morning dew and blushing day On fruit and blossom lie.

And yet, and yet I cannot love These levely lines on steel; . They beam too much of heaven above. Earth's darker sliades to feel; Perchance some early weeds of care Around my heart have grown; And brows unfurrowed seem not fair,

Alas! when Eden's gates were scaled, How oft some sheltered flower Breathed o'er the wanderers of the field Like their own bridal bowers And humbled by its pride. Earth's fairest child they could not bless It mocked them when they righed.

A WAR INCIDENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

and bridge, and attacked the French entrenchments the object of his affections, and repeatedly expressed his toping to raise a popular commotion. Ballasteros, on fears that he should not live to be united to her.

But the hopes entertained by the Spaniards of being that she was idelized now. was close at hand, whereupon he immediately returned languer, which resisted all medical art, attacked the systo the Ronda; while Penne Villemur, also warned that tem of Mrs. Ross, and threatened to terminate her life.

the French would soon return, retired to Gibralcon.

Just then, one of the inferior officers returning to his Hammersmith Church; recording these interesting ent, after giving some order to the men, was interrupted events. by a boy apparently ten years of age, who, seizing his Two instances of a similar kind are recorded in history hand, and speaking in an accent slightly foreign, besought in which the victims were perfectly aware that they sahim, with pitcons entreaties, to procure him admittance crificed their own lives to save their husbands. to the general. The officer found on enquiry that he Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward the First, being inwas the son of one of the prisoners, a soldier distinguished for his eminent personal bravery, who had not been row, drew forth the venom with her lips, and died for iving and receiving many severe wounds.

n m sfortune. The terr, be order had been given, fo. Mar- its name from its being the resting-place of chere Reyne, llo would not be impeded in his march by prisoners; and or the dear queen. he so hated his country's enemies, that the bravest and Sybella, wife of Robert of Normandy, showed the same most generous among them could have found no morey courageous attachment to her husband. The prince beat his hands. The prisoner's little boy, refusing to be ling wounded in this shocking manner, was informed that seporated from his father, had been suffered by the Span- recovery was impossible, unless the poison was sucked

said the officer, in reply to the child's passionate cutrea- iment. But while he slept, Sybella, his duchess, gently ties; "but he will not grant your father's life. San Lucas! but these French dogs have given us too much trouble deadly venom had passed into her veins. She did not already."

They entered the General's tent. Morillo, by the light of a lamp burning on the table, was reading a despatch he had jus. received. Two of his officers stood near him: there was no one clse in the tent. The brow of the chief was contracted, and his eyes tlushed as if what he read displeased him, and he looked up with an imputient exclamation as the officer entered with the boy. The child, as soon as Morillo was pointed out to him, rushed forward and knelt at his feet

"What does this meau?" demanded the General. "Spare him! spare my father!" sobbed the youthful supplicant.

The officer explained his relationship to one of the orisoners about to be excepted. "At, that reminds me," said the chief, looking at h watch, Pero, nine is the hour. Let them be punctual,

and have the business soon over." Again, with moving entreaties, the child-besought his father's life.

"Did thy father send thee hither?" asked the General, sternly. "No, senor, he did not."

"And how darest thou then ___?"

"My father has done nothing to deserve death," answered the lad. "He is a prisoner of war." "Ha! who taught theo to question my justice? Answer me.!"

their prisoners." "I kill whom I choose" thundered Morillo: "and I it. begone!"

The officer made a silent sign to the petitioner, to intimate there was no hope, and that he must begone. But the boy's countenance suddenly changed. He walked up to the General, who had turned away, and placed himself directly before him, with a look of caim resolution worthy of a martyr.

ed; he is wounded; his strength is failing even now, though he stands up to receive the fire of your men. I am young and strong, and well. Let them shoot me in his place, and let my father go free." It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of this offer.

for the face of the devoted child was kindled; with wholy enthusiasm. A dark flush rushed to the brow of Morillo. and for a moment he looked on the boy in silence. "Thou art willing to dio," at length he said, "for thy father? Then to suffer pain for him will be nothing --

Wilt thou lose one of thy ears to save him?" "I will," was the firm reply.

Morillo's eves flashed. The heroism of a child compelled his admiration; but unmoved from his cruel purpose, he smote off the other ear with his still recking

There was a dead silence.

"And now, senor," said the boy, breathing quickly, and looking up into the General's face. "And now," answered Morillo, "depart; the father of such a child is dangerous to Spain; he must pay the for-

feit of his life!" The maimed child went forth from the presence of his inhuman foe. Presently the report of fire arms announced that he had witnessed the execution of his father. Must we blame the cruelty of individuals for such en-

emies?-or not rather the relentness spirit of war, that builds up the glory of its heroes on a scaffolding of death. and sacrifices daily to the projects of ambition the promptings of humanity?

Female Affection.

Capt. Ross was an officer in the English army during the American Revolutionary War. He was much attached to a young lady, whose engagements to him her parents refused to ratify. When military duty compelled him to cross the Atlantic, his ledy-love, without apprising him of her intentions, resolved to follow him. For this purpose, she disguised herself in men's clothes, and took her passage for America. She arrived immediate-It was at a bloody and critical period of the war in the ly after a battle had been fought between the Indians and Peninsula, that Morillo, then commanding the fifth Span- the detachment to which Capt. Ross belonged. Among ish army, about four thousand strong, in conjunction with the dead bodies she quickly recognized the object of her Penne Villemur, passed down the Portuguese frontier to search. He was wounded and senseless; but she disthe Lower Guaniada, intending to full on Soville as soon covered a slight pulsation of the heart. She applied her as Soult should advance to the succor of Bad jos. In the lips to the wound, from which she sucked the flowing beginning of April, while the French were disheartened blood until it was staunched. This remedy restored him and by the sudden news of the fall of the city, Penne Ville- to life. She had sufficient presence of mind to restrain mur, Morillo, issuing out of Portugal, coming the Lower her impetuous joy, well knowing how fatal sudden emo-Guadiana and seized San Lucar do Eayor. This place tion might prove to one in his weak and languid condi-was ten miles from Seville, was only garrisoned by a tion. During forty days she watched over him with Spanish Swiss batalion in Joseph's service, aided by the most unremitting attention, completely disguised by 'Esopeteros," and by sick and convalescent men. The her dress, and the artificial coloring of her complexion. Spaniards soon occupied the heights in front of the Tri- During his illness, the young officer talked continually of

the other side had advanced with eleven thousand men. When his health was sufficiently restored, the lady intending to fall on Seville from the left of the Gaudal-made herself known, and if she was tenderly beloved before she made the sacrifice, it will readily be believed

speedily in possession of Seville, were cut off by a piece They departed together for Philadelphia, where they of decoit. False information adroitly given by a Spani-were immediately married. But alast the perfect hapard in the French interest, led Ballasteros to believe Soult piness they enjoyed was not to be of long duration. A

It was soon discovered that her lover had been wound-This disappointment and failure in the execution of a ed by a poisoned arrow, and the venom pervaded all her favorite project, cherished for many mouths, irritated blood. Her husband watched over her with the most beyond control the naturally severe temper of Morillo. It tender solicitude; and as he saw one remedy after anothwas evening; and the division of the army under him or fail to restore the health that had been so affectionwere encamped some hours' march on their retroat. Pre- ately sacrificed for him, his hopes gradually settled into parations might have been seen for a military excursion, despair, and he died, broken-hearted, in the spring of and a couple of prisoners captured in the last skirmish 1778. The widow's grief was softened by the certainty were, according to the cruel practice of many chiefs in of soon following him she loved so fondly. She sumthose times, to be put to death. The captives were moned sufficient fortitude to cross the Atlantic again, in guarded by a file of soldiers, and the executioners, wait- order to implore the forgiveness of her parents. With ng the word of command to draw up, were leaving on them she languished a little while, and died. Her spirit their weapons and talking of the events of the last two rejoined her husband in July, 1789, when she was 25 years old. A monument is erected to her memory in

taken, even when overwhelmed by numbers, without him. Charing Cross, in London, takes its name from a This soldier, wearied and wounded, but invincible in tiquarians say it was called from the village of Charing. cross which Edward erected to her memory. Some an courage and spirit, for he scorned to ask clomency of his in which the monument was built; others dony the exconquerer, was now to suffer death with his companions istence of any such village, and contend that it derived

out. The amiable son of the Conquerer resolved to die. "You shall see the General, boy, since you wish it," rather than allow any one to make the dangerous experapplied her lips to the wound, and before he awoke the

long survive this proof ofher love .- Eliza Cork's Journal. All the World Admits It.

Admits what? Why, that drinking makes a man a fool, and that a drunken man will do anything. If a man commits a preposterous piece of folly, such as makes suber men looked amazed, without any other evidence, all cry out as with one consent, "What won't liquor do?" Another perchance gets up a row in the street. "Hus he been drinking?" is the general question. Another seizes a weapon and breaks his neighbor's head. "I did not think he was rash enouh for that; he must have been in liquor," is the common temark .--Another butchers his wife, and beats out his children's brains. This justly sets a community in arms. All within the range of its gossip have more than the "nine days" wonder now and as the fearful tale passes from lip to lip, how general is the question on every hand, "Had he been drinking?" And, as if human nature could not conceive of such demoniacal deeds without the supposition of their being instigated by the spirit fiend of the still, the answer is as general, "He must have been drinking, or he never could have perpetrated such an infernal deed?" How frequent now are wishes that every one who sells liquor should be sent to Sing Sing; and that his stuff were all emptied into the river. Who, of any observation, has not listened to the utterance of these every day, and every hour of the day, sen-"No one, senor, but brave Generals do not always kill timents of life? Clearly showing, that every vice, every crime, or derliction from ordinary prudence, is almost involuntarily ascribed by one and all to intemperance.hate the French. Boy, thy father shall die. I have said It is a fact worthy of remark, that with such a one and universal consent, are those striking departures from right reason thus accounted for, that our "little babea" in their early lisping acconts, give evidence of having breathed in the notion, from the atmosphere of ideas around them. Multitudes are early taught to expect those brutal tragidics upon the "stage of life," without which the world would not be their world, but stripped of its charms of excitement, and leaving a feeling akin "Hear me senor," said he: "my father is gray-headto the morbid teste, which crowds the theatres in our large cities, when the tragedies of "King Richard the Third," "Hamlet," Macbeth," and others, are to "come off." How blinding must be that delusion that can lead estray, and endure so long! How blinded must men be. not to be able to shake off their prejudices in veiw of these general facts .- Stone's Prize Essay.

A GRACELESS GRACE.-A scamp, who used to raise particular purgatory about Middlehury College, had. "taken a shine" to the daughter of a staid old, deacon, who used frequently to invite him to dinner. The deacon called upon him one day to ask the oustomary bles-"Lend me thy sword, Pabla;" and in an instant, at one blow, the General struck off the boy's ear. The victim wept, but resisted not; nor raised his hand to wipe any the blood.

sing, and not wishing to have it understood; that there was any thing that he could not do, he made the offer.—
Hastly recollecting all he could of the usual form, he began, and made an excellent start of it, but for his life could not tell how to close it off. It was easier to go on than