THE ERIE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. $1,50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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The Erie Observer.

LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

TERMS: Single subscribers, if paid in advance [illegible] copies will be sent to one address for $5, and [illegible] rate for larger clubs.

[illegible] subscriber failing to pay within the year, the [illegible] discontinued and the account made out at [illegible] $2 per year, and left with a proper officer for [illegible]

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

[illegible] fifteen lines or less make a square.

one week,	$ 75	One square 3 months	$3 00
two "	1 00	One " 6 "	5 00
three "	1 25	One " 9 "	8 75

[illegible] a year, changeable at pleasure, $10 [illegible] months, $6, 6 months, $8; 9 months, [illegible] $15 [illegible] or 10 squares—one year, $60; 6 months, [illegible]

[illegible] in the Business Directory at $3 per [illegible] allowed for a Card, over six, and under [illegible]

[illegible] and editorial notices, 10 cents a line; but no [illegible] will be inserted among the Special Notices [illegible]

[illegible] and others requiring frequent changes [illegible] will be allowed two squares, paper, [illegible] for $15. For additional space, the charges will [illegible] and the advertisements must be strictly [illegible] legitimate business of the advertiser. Pay- [illegible] advertisements required in advance.— [illegible] advertising will be presented half-yearly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

E. SEABURY, Dealer in Imported Wines and Liquors, [illegible] of French Brandies, Gins, &c., Champaigne, [illegible] Madeira, Malaga, Sherry, Port, and all kinds [illegible] Wines; also manufacturer of rectified Whis- key, Bourbon, Monongahela, &c., Reed House, on [illegible] Street, Erie.

J. C. BURGESS & CO., Wholesale Dealers in Groceries and [illegible], State Street, No 10 Brown's Block.

E. M. COLE, Book Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, [illegible] story of Rindernecht's Block, Erie, Pa.

EDWIN C. WILSON, Attorney & Counsellor at Law, Erie Pa.— State Street, near the Park, in the American [illegible] story of the building, occupied by F. & M. [illegible] He will always be found in his office, and [illegible] punctually attended to.

BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO., Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and [illegible] Flour, Pork, Fish, Salt, Seeds, Wood and [illegible] Ware, Nails and Glass, at No 2 Wright's Block. [illegible] HENRY BECKMAN. ELI KENDIG.

JOHN W. WALKER, Attorney at Law, St. Louis, Mo. [illegible] prompt attention to the locating of Land [illegible] and the payment of Taxes in the States of Mis- [illegible] Orders for the purchase [illegible]

MISS A. E. COLE, Successor to T. R. Blake. Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in [illegible] and Domestic Straw Goods, Artificial Flowers, [illegible] Silks, Laces, and Fashionable Millinery, Paragon [illegible] fronting the Park, Erie, Pa. Particular attention [illegible] to Orders.

S. NEWTON PETTIS, Attorney at Law.—Office on Chestnut [illegible] Meadville, Pa. [illegible]

T. M. AUSTIN, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Fine Jew- [illegible] Silver Spoons, Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Gilt [illegible] and Fancy Goods, Paragon Building, [illegible] West Park, near Peach st.

HAYES & JORDAN, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Fancy [illegible] Goods, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, &c., [illegible] Block, Erie, Pa.

S. A. DAVENPORT, Attorney at Law.—Office in Central [illegible] Newberger & Baker's Clothing Store. Erie [illegible] State Street.

WM. A. GALBRAITH, Attorney at Law.—Office on 6th street, [illegible] Court House, Erie, Pa.

T. S. SINCLAIR, Successor to Stewart & Sinclair, [illegible] Retail Druggist, Corner of State and [illegible] Oils, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Camphene [illegible] &c.

WILLIAM S. LANE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.— [illegible] corner rooms of Rosenzweig's Block, [illegible] Street and the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON, Attorneys at Law.—Office in Rosen- [illegible] opposite Brown's Hotel, entrance on the [illegible] [illegible] Hutchinson is Notary Public and Commis- [illegible] for the several States and Territories. [illegible] B. B. HUTCHINSON.

W. E. MAGILL, Dentist. Office [illegible] north side of the Park, Erie, Pa.

ALLEN A. CRAIG, Justice of the Peace.—Office in New [illegible] corner of Peach Street and the Public Square, Erie

ROGERS & BENNETT, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hard- [illegible] Glassware and Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 12 [illegible] of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa. [illegible] R. A. BENNETT.

M'CONKEY & SHANNON, Successors to Barney & M'Conkey [illegible] English, German and American Hardware and [illegible] Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No. [illegible]

JAMES LYTLE, Tailor, in the room recently occupied by [illegible] as a Law Office, and over the Store of S. [illegible] between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel

M. SANFORD & CO., Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, [illegible] of Deposit, &c. Sight exchange on the prin- [illegible] constantly for sale. Office No. 9 Reed House [illegible] Square, Erie.

JAMES CROOK & CO., Builders and Manufacturers of Sash, [illegible] Goods, Peach st., in the shop formerly occupied [illegible]

MINNIG & BANYARD. Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Pro- [illegible] Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Fruits, Nuts, Glass, [illegible] Pails, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, [illegible] Cash. Prices low. No. 4 Wright's Block, [illegible] Street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

LUCK & RATHBUN, Dentists, Office in Beatty's [illegible] north side of Public Square, formerly occupied by Magill & Co. All work warranted.

GRAY & FARRAR, Wholesale Grocers, and dealers in [illegible] India Goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, [illegible] Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. [illegible], Bonnell Block, [illegible] Street, Erie, Pa. [illegible] GRAY. F. F. FARRAR.

JOHN HEARN & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants, [illegible] in Coal, Flour, Fish, and agent for a daily line of [illegible] Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

LIDDELL, MARSH, & Co., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, [illegible] Agricultural Implements, Railroad Cars, [illegible]

MISS F. E. RHODES, Fashionable Dress Maker, and Agent [illegible] Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines. Rooms over [illegible] Jewelry Store, West Park, Erie, Pa. Stitch- [illegible] to Order.

GEORGE H. CUTLER, Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, [illegible] Collections and other business attended to with [illegible] and dispatch.

JOHN SWEENY, Justice of the Peace, Office in Beatty's [illegible] upstairs, Erie, Pa.

CAUGHEY & CLARK, Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in [illegible] Domestic and Imported Wines and Liquors, also Segars, [illegible] Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Buffalo [illegible] No. 7 Bonnell Block, State street Erie, Pa. [illegible] CAUGHEY. [illegible] CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES, Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail [illegible] in all kinds of Fancy, Drawing Room, Rocking [illegible] and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Keystone Block, Erie, Pa.

BARR & KELSEY, Dealers in Boots and Shoes at Whole- [illegible] and Retail, at No. 13, Cadwell's Block State street, [illegible]

OLDS & LOW, Manufacturers & Wholesale and Retail [illegible] in Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the [illegible] and best now in use. Shop on Twelfth street [illegible] Peach, Erie, Pa. [illegible] A product for carrying water for family, farm or [illegible] purposes for sale cheap. [illegible] M. L. LOW.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT, Resident Dentist.— [illegible] and Dwelling in South Park Row, [illegible] east of Erie Bank buildings. Erie, July 10, 1858.

GEORGE J. MORTON, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, [illegible] Dock Erie, dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and [illegible]

KEPLER & KELLOGG, Wholesale and Retail dealers in Groceries, [illegible] Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware &c., [illegible] State Street, Erie, Penn.

EMPIRE STORES, Wm. A. Griswold, Jobber, and Retail [illegible] in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry [illegible] Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c. No. 13, State street, [illegible] of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON, Justice of the Peace. Deeds, Agree- [illegible] Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and [illegible] drawn. Office on French street, over Jas. S. [illegible] Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING, Attorney at Law and Justice of the [illegible] Will practice in the several Courts of Erie County, [illegible] prompt and faithful attention to all business en- [illegible] to his hands, either as an Attorney or Magistrate [illegible] Office in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth [illegible]

J. W. DOUGLASS, Attorney at Law.—Office removed to [illegible] building west of State Street, on the north side of the [illegible] Park, Erie Pa.

DEAF AND BLIND. Dr. Griswold, Oculist and Aurist, No. 230 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Confines his attention exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear. Feb. 19, 1859.—37.1y.

SCOTT & RANKIN, Dealers in all kinds of Coal, Salt, Plaster, Flour, Fish, &c., &c. Public Dock, Erie, Pa. 51. A. SCOTT, J. H. RANKIN.

J. C. SELDEN, Wholesale and Retail dealer in all kinds of English, German and American Hardware, Anvils, Vices, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c. Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, Machine Belting and Packing French street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

REED HOUSE; FRONTING THE PUBLIC SQARE, ERIE, PA. P. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

THIS LARGE AND ELEGANT HOTEL Has been thoroughly repaired and refurnished, and is now open for the reception of guests.

Board by the Day, Week or Month on reasonable terms, the Proprietor pledging himself that no effort shall be wanting to give entire satisfaction.

Private Parties, Dinner Parties, or Managers of Public Balls will find the accommodations at this House superior to any other in the city and the charges as reasonable.

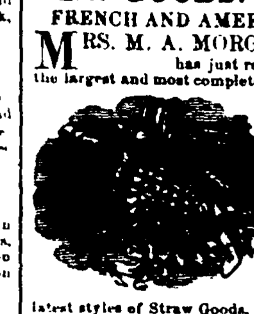
Good Stabling attached where guests from the country will always find attentive hostlers to take charge of their teams. May 6, 1859.-1f48

For Chicago And Intermediate Ports!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE OF Propellers will leave this Port for Chicago and Intermediate Ports on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week, wind and weather permitting. For freight or passage apply to G. J. MORTON, Public Dock. Erie, June 4, 1859.—52.tf.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!! FRENCH AND AMERICAN MILLINERY.

MRS. M. A. MORGAN, has just returned from New York with the largest and most complete assortment of



FRENCH AND AMERICAN MILLINERY GOODS. Ever brought to this city, including all the latest styles of Straw Goods,

BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c., &c.

In short, every thing in the Millinery line, which will be sold wholesale or retail at prices that defy competition.

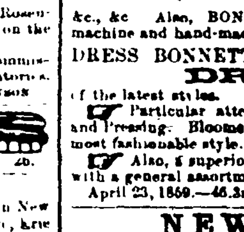
Country Milliners supplied with Goods at New York prices, adding a small Commission. As she has made arrangements to receive Goods every two weeks, she offers peculiar inducements to those buying to sell again to make their purchases at her establishment.

Mrs M. desires to inform the public that she is prepared, by a new and beautiful process, to renovate and Color Straw, Mopolitan, Chip, and Leghorn, in a most superior style.

Orders solicited, and satisfaction warranted. Store Corner of State and Eighth Streets, Erie Pa. April 16, 1859.—45tf.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS.

MRS. S. H. HALL, Peach St., above the Depot Erie, Pa Has just opened a new and splendid Stock of



MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS, RIBBONS, SILKS, FLOWERS,

&c., &c. Also, BONNETS, RUSCHES AND TABBS, machine and hand-made, bonnet frames and crowns, DRESS BONNETT, DRESS CAPS, & HEAD DRESSES of the latest styles.

Particular attention paid to coloring, bleaching and Pressing. Bloomers and Riding Hats dressed in the most fashionable style.

Also, a superior lot of Ladies Hosiery together with a general assortment of Lady's Goods. April 23, 1859.—46.3m.

NEW GOODS! SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY.

MRS. M. CURTIS, is now receiving a Large and Full Assortment of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, consisting of a great variety of White and COLORED STRAW BONNTES, BLOOMERS, And Children's Hats of every style, Shaker Hoods, Boy's Hats, &c., &c., Ribbons, Flowers, Ruches, Caps, Head Dresses, Alexandre's Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Lace Veils, French Corsetts and Skirts, Materials of all kinds for Embroidery, Valenciennes, Lace, Applique and French Work, Collars, Sleeves, &c.

MILLINERS supplied with Goods at wholesale; also, Plaster Bonnet Blocks. Bleaching and Pressing done in the best manner; also, Straw Bonnets colored Drab, Brown and Black. April 9, 1859. MRS. M. CURTIS.

GROCERIES, &c., SELLING CHEAP FOR READY PAY! BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO., No. 2, Wright's Block, Erie, Pa., OFFER AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL SUGARS of all DESCRIPTIONS, AT LOW PRICES; GREEN, BLACK AND IMPERIAL TEAS, OF DIFFERENT GRADES; ROASTED, GROUND, JAVA AND RIO COFFEE SYRUPS AND MOLASSES, OF ALL GRADES; RICE, SOAP, STARCH, CANDLES, RAISINS, BAKING POWDERS, PRUNES, FRUIT, NUTS, &c., WHITE FISH, CODFISH and MACKEREL PORK, HAMS, BACON, BUTTER, LARD, EGGS, DRIED APPLES, WOOD and WILLOW WARE, NAILS AND GLASS, Together with a large assortment of all kinds of GOODS kept in a Grocery Store, which we offer to sell at the lowest market price. CALL AND SEE US! BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO., April 16, 1859. No. 2, Wright's Block.

WHO WANTS A SAFE. The subscriber has one large size HERRING'S SAFE, which he will dispose of cheap for Cash or approved paper. W. L. SCOTT. Erie, April 9, 1859.—44.tf

FLOUR & FEED STORE REMOVED.

HIRAM SLOCUM, late of the firm of Chambers & Slocum, who were located in Beatty's Block, takes this method to announce to the public, that he has removed his Store to State Street, one door north of G. W. Goodrich's Variety Store, where he will be happy to see all his old customers and all who are in want of articles in his line.

He keeps the different brands, of Erie County Flour, among which are those of John Robinson and J. W. McLane, universally acknowledged to be the BEST made. Those in want of a choice article of Flour will find these brands to be all they can desire. All kinds of grain and feed kept constantly on hand. Erie, April 2, 1859.—43 tf HIRAM SLOCUM.

PURE BRANDIES.—Just received through the Custom House at Erie, and for sale by April 30. CARTER & BRO.

EVERY LADY. We mean every genuine Lady, such as uses the Garden Rake and Pruning Knife, should procure a Pair of the VULCANIZED INDIA RUBBER GLOVES, by which her hands will be perfectly protected from injury, and rendered soft, white and delicate, to be had at New Drug Store of April 9, 1859. CARTER & BRO.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BELL—A NEW collection of choice hymns and tunes, original and standard, carefully and simply arranged as solos, duets, trios, semi-choruses and choruses, and for organ, melodeon, or piano. This book contains nearly 200 hymns and tunes, and is one of the best collections for Sabbath-schools ever issued. Price 12 cents, $8 per hundred, postage 1 cent. Elegantly bound, 20 cts., $15 per hundred, postage 3 cts. Among the large number of new and popular tunes may be found "Kind Words can Never Die," "The Voice from Heaven," and "God is There." These were sung to some five thousand children and teachers at the Sunday-school Celebration and United States Teachers' Convention at Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, by the Misses Laura and Nettie Tremaine of Brooklyn, N.Y. and were highly appreciated. Nearly twenty thousand copies have been sold within ninety days. They have been introduced into some of the largest schools in New York and Brooklyn. Among the number are Dr. Tyng's, Dr. Hutton's, Dr. Gillette's and Dr. McLane's. Just published by HORACE WATERS, Agent, June 11, 1859.—1.6w

FRENCH SNOW WHITE ZINC, dry and ground in white Damar Varnish, for Porcelain finish, at No. 5 Reed House. L. L. BALDWIN. Erie, June 4, 1859.—52.

PAINTS! PAINTS!! PAINTS!!! White Lead, dry and in oil, American and French Zinc, Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil, Venetian Red, French Ochre, Chrome and French Green, and in short every thing in the line of PAINTS, for sale at the Store May 12. T. S. SINCLAIR.

FABERS PENCILS of all Colors and Grades, at prices from one, to twenty five cents, can be had at ARBUCKLES' at the Post Office. April 2, 1859.

50 DOZ. LUDLOW'S SELF SEALING FRUIT CANS, just received at June 25, 1859. M. MURPHY'S.

Poetical.

THE QUIET SLUMBER.

Lay him gently to his rest—
Fold his pale hands on his breast;
From his brow—
Oh! how cold and marble fair—
Softly part the tangled hair;
Look upon him now!
As a weary child he lies,
With the quiet dreamless eyes,
O'er which the lashes darkly sweep,
And on his lip the quiet smile—
The soul's adieu to earthly strife—
And on his face the deep repose,
We never saw in life.
Peaceful be his rest, and deep;
Let him sleep.

No tears for him! he needs them not,
Along life's drear and toilsome road
Firmly his manly footsteps trode,
Striving to bear his weary lot,
With such a pride upon his brow,
With such a pain within his heart—
The firmness of a manly will
Vailing the secret smart.

Oh it is well the strife is o'er,
That thus so peacefully he lies,
Unheeding now the bitter words,
The cold, unpitying eyes.
Fold his mantle o'er his breast;
Peaceful be his sleep, and blest.
Let him rest.

No sigh to breathe above his bier,
No tear to stain the marble brow,
Only with tender pitying love,
Only with faith that looks above,
We gaze upon him now.
No thought of toil and suffering past—
But joy to think the task is done,
The heavy cross at last laid down,
The crown of glory won.
Oh! bear him gently to his rest—
Oh! gently heap the flowery sod,
And leave his body to the dust,
His spirit to his God.

—*South. Lit. Messenger.*

Choice Literature.

DROWNING OF A FLIRT BY WOMEN.

A TRUE STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Some eighty years ago, the now flourishing town of Easton, on the Delaware, was but a small settlement in one of the remote and comparatively wild portions of Pennsylvania. Not far from the Deleware, a double row of low-roofed, quaint-looking stone houses formed the most populous part of the settlement. * * * * * * * * The good *fraus* of that period were of the class described by a distinguished chronicler who "stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore frocks." They wore the same antiquated quilted caps and parti-colored homespun gowns, that were in fashion in the days of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller; their pockets were always filled with work and the implements of industry, and their own gowns and their husband's coats were exclusively of domestic manufacture. In cleanliness and thrifty housewifery, they were excelled by none who had gone before, or who came after them. The well scoured stoops and entries, fresh and immaculate every morning, attested the neatness prevailing throughout the dwellings. The precise order that reigned within, in the departments of kitchen, parlor, and chamber, could not be disturbed by any out-of-door commotion. Cleanliness and contentment were the cares of the household. The tables were spread with the abundance of the good old time, and not small was the pride of those ministering dames in setting forth the viands prepared by their own industrious hands. It must not be supposed that all their care and frugality were inconsistent with the dear exercise of hospitality, or other social virtues usually practised in every female community. If the visits paid from house to house were less frequent than in modern times, there was the same generous interest in the concerns of others, and the same desire in each to save her neighbor trouble by kindly taking the management of affairs upon herself, evinced by so many individuals of the present day. In short, the domestic police of Easton, at that remote period, was apparently as remarkable for vigilance and severity in hunting out offenders as it has proved to be in times of more modern civilization.

The arrival of new residents from the city was an event of importance enough in itself to cause no small stir in that quiet community. The rumor that a small house, picturesquely situated at the edge of a wood some distance from the villiage, was being fitted up for the new comers, was soon spread abroad, and gave rise to many conjectures and surmises. The new furniture that paraded in wagons before the astonished eyes of the settlers, was different from any that had been seen before; and, though it would have been thought simple enough, or even rude, at the present day, exhibited too much of metropolitan taste and luxury to meet their approval. Then a gardener was employed several days to set in order the surrounding plot of ground, and set out rose bushes and ornamental plants; the fence was painted gaily, and the inclosure secured by a neat gate. A few days after, a light traveling wagon brought the tenants to the abode prepared for them. Within the memory of a generation, hardly any occurrence had taken place which excited so much curiosity. The doors and windows were crowded with gazers; and the younger part of the population were hardly restrained by parental authority from rushing after the equipage. The female, who sat with a boy on the back seat, wore a thick veil; but the pleasant face of the middle aged man, who looked about him, and bowed courteously to the different groups, attracted much attention. The man who drove had a jolly English face, betokening a very communicative disposition; nor was the promise broken to the hope; for that very evening the same personage was seated among a few grave-looking Dutchmen who lingered at the tavern, dealing out his information liberally to such as chose to question him. The new comer, it appeared, was a member of the Colonial Assembly, and had brought his family to rusticate for a season on the banks of the Delaware. This family consisted of his English wife, and a son about seven years old. They had been accustomed, he said, to the society of the rich and gay, both in Philadelphia and in Europe, having spent some time in Paris before their coming to this country.

The information given by the loquacious driver, who seemed to think the villiage not a little honored in so distinguished an accession to its inhabitants, produced no favorable impression. The honest mynheers, however, were little inclined to be hasty in their judgment. They preferred consulting their wives, who waited with no little patience for the Sabbath morning, expecting then to have a full opportunity of criticising their new neighbors.

They were doomed to disappointment; none of the family was at the place of meeting, although the practice of church going was one so time-honored, that a journey of ten miles on foot to attend religious service was thought nothing of, and few, even of the most worldly-minded, ventured on an omission. The non-appearance of the strangers was a dark omen.—The next day, however, the dames of the settlement had an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Winton—for so I shall call her, not choosing to give her real name—as she came out to purchase a few articles of kitchen furniture. Her style of dress was altogether different from theirs. Instead of the hair pomatumed back from the forehead, she wore it in natural ringlets; instead of the short stuff petticoats in vogue among the Dutch dames, a long and flowing skirt set off to advantage a figure of remarkable grace. At the first glance, one could not but acknowledge her singular beauty. Her form was faultless in symmetry, and her features exquisitely regular; the complexion being of a clear brown set off by luxuriant black hair, and a pair of brilliant dark eyes. The expression of these was not devoid of a certain fascination, though it had something to excite distrust in the simple minded fair ones who measured the claims of the stranger to admiration. They could not help thinking there was a want of innate modesty in the bold, restless wanderings of those eyes, bright as they were, and in the perfect self possession the English woman showed in her somewhat haughty carriage. Her voice, too, though melodious, was not low in its tones, and her laugh was merry and frequently heard. In short, she appeared, to the untutored judgment of the dames of the village, decidedly wanting in reserve, and the softness natural to youth in woman. While they shook their heads, and were shy of conversation with her, it was not a little wonderful to notice the different effect produced on their spouses. The honest Dutchmen surveyed the handsome stranger with undisguised admiration, evinced at first by a prolonged stare, and on after occasions by such rough courtesy as they found opportunity of showing, with alacrity offering to her any little service that neighbors might tender. The women, on the other hand, became more and more suspicious of her outlandish gear and her bewitching smiles, lavished with such profusion upon all who came near her. Her charms, in their eyes, were so many sins, which they were inclined to see her expiate, before they relented so far as to extend toward her the civilities of neighborhood. The more their husbands praised her, the more they stood aloof; and, for weeks after the family had become settled, scarcely any communication of a friendly nature had taken place between her and any of the female population.

Little, however, did the English woman appear to care for neglect on the part of those she evidently thought much inferior to herself. She had plenty of company, such as suited her taste, and no lack of agreeable employment, notwithstanding her persistence in a habit which shocked still more the prejudices of her worthy neighbors—of leaving her household labor [illegible] all who relished her lively conversation, and took much pleasure in exciting, by her eccentric manners, the astonishment of her long-queued admirers. She was always affable, and not only invited those she liked to visit her without ceremony, but called upon them for any extra service she required.

It was on one of the brightest days in October, that Mrs. Winton was riding with her son along a path leading through the forest up the Delaware. The road wound at the base of a mountain, bordering the river closely, and was flanked in some places by precipitous rocks, overgrown with shrubs, and shaded by overhanging trees. The wealth of foliage appeared to greater advantage, touched with the rich tints of autumn—

> "With hues more gay
> Than when the flow'rets bloomed, the trees are drest:
> How gorgeous are their draperies! green and gold,
> Scarlet and crimson! like the glittering vest
> Of Israel's priesthood, glorious to behold!
>
> "See yonder towering hill, with forests clad,
> How bright its mantle of a thousand dyes!
> Edged with a silver band, the stream, that glad,
> But silent, winds around its base."

It can hardly be known if the romantic beauty of the scene, which presented itself by glimpses through the foliage, the bright, calm river, the wooded hills and slopes beyond, and the village laying in the lap of the savage forest, called forth as much admiration from those who gazed, as it has since from spirits attuned to a vivid sense of the loveliness of nature. The sudden flight of a bird from the bushes startled the horse, and, dashing quickly to one side, he stood on the sheer edge of the precipice overlooking the water. The next plunge might have been a fatal one, but that the bridle was instantly seized by the strong arm of a man who sprang from the concealment of the trees. Checking the frightened animal, he assisted the dame and her son to dismount, and then led the horse for them to less dangerous ground. In the friendly conversation that followed, the Englishwoman put forth all her power of pleasing; for the man was known already to her for one of the most respectable of the settlers, though he had never yet sought her society. His little service was rewarded by a cordial invitation, which was soon followed by a visit, to her house.

To make a long story short, not many weeks had passed before this neighbor was an almost daily visitor; and, to the surprise and concern of the whole village, his example was in time followed by many others of those who might have been called the gentry of Easton. It became evident that the handsome stranger was a coquette of the most unscrupulous sort; that she was passionately fond of the admiration of the other sex, and was determined to exact the tribute due her charms, even from the sons of the wilderness. She flirted desperately with one after another, contriving to impress each with the idea that he was the happy individual especially favored by her smiles. Her manners and conversation showed less and less regard for the opinion of others, or the rules of propriety. The effect of such a course of conduct in a community to simple and old-fashioned in their customs, so utterly unused to any such broad defiance of censure, may be more easily imagined than described. How the men were flattered and intoxicated in their admiration for the beautiful siren, and their lessons in an art so new to them as gallantry; how the women were amazed out of their propriety, can be conceived without the aid of philosophy.

Things were bad enough as they were; but when the time came for Mr. Winton to depart and take his place in the Assembly, the change was for the worse. His handsome wife was left, with only her son, in Easton for the winter. Her behavior was now more scandalous than ever, and soon a total avoidance of her by every other female in the place attested their indignation. The coquette evidently held them in great scorn, while she continued to receive, in a still more marked and offensive manner, the attention of the husbands, whom, she boasted, she had taught they had hearts under their linsey-woolsey coats. Long walks and rides through the woods, attended always by some one who had owned the power of her beauty, set public opinion wholly at defiance; and the company at her fireside, evening after evening, was well known to be not such as became a wife and mother to receive.

Should this history of plain, unvarnished fact chance to meet the eye of any fair trifler, who has been tempted to invite or welcome such homage, let her pause and remember that the wrath of the injured wives of Easton was but such as nature must rouse in the bosom of the virtuous in all ages and countries; and that tragedies as deep as that to which it led have grown from the like cause, and may still do so at any period of civilization.

The winter months passed, and spring came to set loose the streams, and fill the woods with tender bloom and vendure.—But the anger of the justly irritated dames of Easton had gathered strength with time. Scarce one among the most conspicuous of the neighborhood but had particular reason to have their common enemy for their alienated affections and monopolized time of her husband, so faithful to his duties before this fatal enchantment. Complaints were made by one to another, and strange stories were told, which, of course, lost nothing in their circulation from mouth to mouth. What wonder was it that the mysterious influence exercised by the strange woman should be attributed to withcraft? What wonder that she should be judged to hold intercourse with evil spirits, and to receive from them the power by which she subdued men to her sway?

Late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in the early part of June, two or three of the matrons of the village stationed themselves near the wood by which stood the house of Mrs. Winton. Not far from this was a small pond, where the boys amused themselves in fishing, or bathed during the heats of summer. The spot once occupied by the little body of water is now the central portion of the town, and covered with neat buildings of brick and stone.

The women had come forth to watch; nor was their vigilance long unrewarded. They saw Mrs. Winton, accompanied by one of her gallants, dressed with a care that showed his anxiety to please, walking slowly along the borders of the wood. The sun had set, and the gray shadows of twilight were creeping over the landscape; yet it was not evidently her intention to return home. As it grew darker, the two entered the wood, the female taking the arm of her companion, and presently both disappeared.

"There he goes!" exclaimed one of the women who watched, with fierce anger in her looks, for it was her husband she had seen. "I knew it; I knew he spent every evening with her!"

"Shall we follow them?" asked the other.

"No! no! let us go home quick!" was the answer.

Such a scene as the night witnessed was never before enacted in that quiet village. At a late hour there was a meeting of many of the matrons in the house of one of their number. The curtains were closely drawn; the light was so dim that the faces of those who whispered together could scarcely be discerned. There was something fearful in the assemblage, at such an unwonted time, of those orderly housewives, so unaccustomed ever to leave their homes after dusk. The circumstance of their meeting alone betokened something uncommon in agitation. Still more did the silence, hushed and breathless at intervals, the eager, but suppressed whispering, the rapid gestures, the general air of determination mingled with caution. As it struck midnight, they made signs one to another, and the light was extinguished.

It was perhaps an hour or more after, when the same band of women left the house, and took their way, in profound silence, along the road leading out of the village. By a roundabout course, skirting the small body of water above mentioned, they came to the border of the wood. Just then the waning moon rose above the forest tops, shedding a faint light over hill and stream. It could then be seen that the females all wore a kind of mask of black stuff. Their course was directed towards the Englishwoman's house, which they approached with stealthy and noiseless steps.

A few moments of silence passed, after they had disappeared, and then a wild shriek was heard, and others fainter and fainter, like the voice of one in agony struggling to cry out, and stifled by powerful hands. The women rushed from the wood, dragging with them their helpless victim, whom they had gagged, so that she could not even supplicate their mercy.—Another cry was presently heard—the wail of a terrified child. The little boy, roused from sleep by the screams of his mother, ran towards her captors, and throwing himself on his knees, begged for her in piteous accents and with streaming tears.

"Take him away!" cried several together; and one of their number, snatching up the child, ran off with him at her utmost speed, and did not return.

The others proceeded quicky to their mission of vengeance. Dragging the helpless dame to the pond, they rushed into it, heedless of risk to themselves, till they stood in deep water. Then each, in turn, seizing her enemy by the shoulders, plunged her in, head and all, crying, as she did so, "This is for my husband!" "And this for mine!" "This for mine!" was echoed, with the plunges, in quick succession, till the work of retribution was accomplished, and the party hurried to shore.

Startled by a noise as of some one approaching, the disguised avengers fled, leaving their victim on the bank, and lost no time in hastening homeward. The dawn of day disclosed a dreadful catastrophe: Dame Winton was found dead beside the water. There was evidence enough that she had perished, not by accident, but violence. Who could have done the deed?

The occurrence created great commotion in Easton, as it was but natural it should; but it was never discovered with certainty who were the perpetrators of the murder. Suspicion fell on several; but they were prudent enough to keep silence, and nothing could be proved against them. Perhaps the more prominent among the men, who should have taken upon themselves the investigation of the affair, had their own reasons for passing it over rather slightly. It was beyond doubt, too, that actual murder had not been designed by the actors in the tragedy; but simply the punishment assigned to witchcraft by popular usage, So the matter was not long agitated, though it was for many years a subject of conversation among those who had no interest in hushing it up; and the story served as a warning to give point to the lessons of careful mothers.

It was for a long time believed that the ghost of the unfortunate Englishwoman haunted the spot where she had died.—Nor did the belief cease to prevail long after the pond was drained, and the wood felled, and the space built over. A stable belonging to a gentleman with whom I am acquainted, stands near the place. I have heard him relate how one of his servants, who had never heard the story, had rushed in one night, much alarmed, to say that he had seen a female figure, in old-fashioned cap and white gown, standing at the door of the stable. Another friend, who resides near, was told by his domestic that a strange woman had stood at the back gate, who had suddenly disappeared when asked who she was. Thus there seems ground enough to excuse the belief, even now prevalent among the common people in Easton, that the spirit still walks at night about that portion of the town.—*Lady's Book.*

ONE OF THE JUDGES.—While one David Scott presided in the Judicial District now composing the counties of Wayne, Pike, Monroe and Carbon, in Pennsylvania, Judge D—— was an associate upon the bench. These counties border upon the Delaware river, which is the boundary line between New Jersey and Pennsylvauia. Judge D—— tho' a man of unblemished integrity and high character had some eccetricities, and among them a peculiar aversion to "niggers." To use his own words, "He knew all about a nigger; was raised among niggers; and a nigger would be a nigger any way you could fix it." One day a black man was duly convicted of larceny, and called up for a sentence. The Judge was performing his arduous duties as an associate in an arm-chair, bare footed, coat off, and asleep. The presiding Judge, as is usual in such cases, saw proper to call upon the associate in fixing the penalty to be imposed upon the guilty man, and give Judgd D—— a nudge in the ribs called his attention to the prisoner at the bar.

"Hold on, Mr. Scott!" said the Judge, "I'll sentence that fellow. Nigger stand up! You've been found guilty of stealing and ought to be hung; but this being your first offence, the Court is disposed to let you off easily. The sentence of the Court is that you be banished to the State of New Jersey and may the Lord have mercy on your soul! The Court gives you five minutes to get to the river, and if ever you are caught upon this side of the Delaware again you shall be hanged! Constable, give the prisoner a hundred yards the start, and see that the sentence of the Court is executed!"

The fellow struck a bee line for Jersey, and has never been heard of since. And this is true.

GAVE 'EM FITS.—Mr. Cox, of Portland, Maine, is a very apt manager, especially at prayer-meetings. It sometimes happens, Sabbath evenings, that his meetings draw together a few rowdies, who do not go there to pray or to be prayed for. A few evenings ago, some young fellows, forgetting their good manners, were rather noisy, and not so attentive to the services as they ought to be. Dr. Cox thus addressed them:—"Young gentlemen," said he. Then stopping a few moments, he continued, "I don't know as I ought to call you gentlemen, for your conduct here this evening does not merit that title. And yet I may be doing you injustice, as another clergyman did on another occasion. Having reprimanded a young man for disturbing his meeting, he met the father of the young man the next day, who told the pastor that he did wrong in reprimanding his son. 'Why so?' said the pastor, 'surely your son was noisy and disturbed the meeting.' 'Very likely,' replied the father; 'but he was not accountable for such conduct.' 'How is that?' demanded the pastor. 'My son has fits,' replied the father. And now," said Dr. Cox, "I don't know, young gentlemen, but you may be troubled with fits. If so, I will not reprimand you, but ask you to leave." The young men took their hats and departed with fits in their own.—*Burlington Times.*

WALTER HUST, the most extensive American inventor and experimenter, died in New York last week, at the advanced age of 83 a poor man. His useful record is thus summed up by the city papers, and what more could be said to establish his claims to the world's regard?

He originated the sewing machine, spinning flax by machinery, the first nail machine, the first machine for cutting brads by one operation, placing plugs in leather for the soles of boots and shoes, a method of constructing docks by concrete, preparing a paper pulp so as to form boxes by one operation; the vapor baths; the ball known as the minnie ball for the rifle, many improvements in fire arms, printing by rollers instead of balls, and so many other things our space will not admit of details. Walter Hurst, like most inventors, devoted his life to his friends rather than to himself, was liberal to a fault, and none knew but to love him. He struggled with that monster, the dollar, all his life, in hopes of mastering; but his numberless experiments kept him always poor.

THE WHEAT HARVEST.—From the States in which the wheat harvest has commenced, the accounts are favorable. In lower Virginia the farmers are cutting their wheat and there is a good prospect of a fine crop. In Kentucky and Tennessee the yield of grain will be large, and the quality is unsurpassed. The Knoxville, (Tenn.) Whig says that the wheat crop of some of the counties of Lower East Tennessee will not be a small one; in the middle section it is promising, and in the upper counties, except in some cases where it was damaged by the fly, it will be abundant.

Alabama, North Carolina and Texas, report favorably. In Southern Illinois, says the last Belleville Democrat, "harvesting is going on this week in good earnest, and we are pleased to learn that the yield is very heavy,—no rust."

A QUEER STORY.—We learned a queer little bit of history lately. A few days since a citizen, in order to prevent his creditors from getting property, signed off some $20,000 in real estate to his stepsons. Stepsons had deeds recorded, and in about three days had real estate converted in money, without stepfather knowing anything about the matter. Having converted real estate into money, stepsons started for the west leaving stepfather to "grin and bear it" as best he can. Stepfather having put all his property out of his hands, now finds himself without sufficient funds to go in pursuit of his stepsons. It now looks as if stepsons had sold stepfather, and got stepfather into a tight place. Stepfather begins to think that he might better have settled with his creditors. In endeavoring to be "smart" he has reduced himself to two shirts and a bootjack.—*Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.*

Mrs. Partington says that when she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a beau to exhort her home: but now says she, the gals undergo all sorts of declivities; the task of extorting them home revolves on their dear selves. The old lady drew down her specks and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men could depreciate the worth of the female sex. "Besides," she added, "so many men are murderd every day, that you gals must make haste and get husbands as soon as you can, or there won't be any left."—"Why so aunt?"—"Why, I see by the paper we that have got almost twelve thousand post-offices, and nearly all on'em despatch a *mail* every day."

Mr. ALFRED JANSEN, of Le Claire, Illinois, died a few days ago from the sting of a bee. He was a wealthy young Englishman, and was stung in the neck by a common honey bee. When stung, he said it was a serious matter for him, as he had once, after being stung, swooned away and remained insensible for several hours. Saleratus was applied to the wound, but he was soon violently ill, became insensible, and in a few minutes had convulsions, and three quarters of an hour from the time he was stung he was dead. He was a young man of liberal education, and was about going to England to pay a visit to his relations.

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

From the London Journal.

THERE are many odd countries in the world whose inhabitants rejoice in very odd customs; but for the oddest of people, and the queerest of manners, commend us to those islands included in the sovereignty of Japan.

Until a very recent day, no Europeans were permitted to trespass beyond the sacred limits of this most exclusive of empires, nor were any Japanese allowed to quit their native shores. Even now, when you land at Nagasaki, your movements are watched by regular sentries, who report every step you take to their superiors; while to prevent the Japanese themselves from roaming to foreign lands, all their vessels are built after a government model, with open sterns, so that long sea voyages are impossible; and if they exclude us from visiting them, they are in turn equally debarred from visiting us.

They need not be afraid of visitors from any possibility of being overpowered by numbers; for the thousand and one isles which make up the empire of Japan contain thirteen thousand densely peopled towns. Jeddo, the capital, seated in the island of Niphon, has a population nearly equal to that of London; and we are told by travellers that the castle in which resides the secular emperor, (there are two emperors—one sacred, one secular,) could accommodate forty thousand men. Miako, a city covering twelve square miles, could raise a battalion of fifty-two thousand priests alone; while Osacca—the Birmingham of the empire—could itself send forth an army of eighty thousand. "You scarcely emerge from one borough," says Koempfer, "but you enter another; and you may travel many miles, as it were, in one street, without knowing it to be composed of many villages, save by the different names that were formerly given them, and which they after retained, though joined to one another."

Earthquakes are disastrously frequent in Japan, and are of terribly long duration. One in 1586 lasted, with varying intensity, for forty days. Two hundred thousand perished at Jeddo during the convulsion of 1703; and a large city was prostrated by that of 1792. It becomes impossible, therefore, for the Japanese architects to construct lofty piles out of clay and bamboos, and the chimneys of the Manchester factories would be out of place in Niphon. The law restricts the height of a dwelling to six kins, or forty-four feet three inches, and there are few houses which boast of more than one story.

Let us walk into a Japanese house, passing without notice the worthy householder, who sits in a tub of water at the door, performing his ablutions with a refreshing freedom from bashfulness. You notice that the floor is slightly raised above the level of the earth, and thickly covered with mats of rushes and rice straw, elegantly decorated. These mats are used instead of chairs, and there are no tables, but you will be provided with a little raised tray when you take refreshments. There are no [illegible]—you must sleep upon mats, sit upon mats, smoke upon mats, and fidget upon mats.

Observe that the rooms are separated by folding-screens of gilt or colored papers, and lighted by windows of oiled paper, for glass is unknown. You cannot warm yourself at the fire—there is, alas! no fireplace; but in the middle of the room you may crouch down on the brink of the square tiled hole, from which ascend the fumes of charcoal. The said charcoal, by-the-by, is always burning, and over it a kettle of hot water is always boiling. The Japanese drink tea as voraciously as English old women; but they use little sugar, don't put many spoonfuls into the pot, and serve it up in porcelain cups.

The bath room resembles European bath rooms in its general appointments; but it is more frequently resorted to than in our chilly British Isles. The Japanese men bathe, the women bathe, the children bathe in doors and out-of-doors, morning, noon, and night. The water movement is universal, and most zealously followed out. [illegible] water as a resource in the not unfrequent event of a conflagration. No London insurance company, we fancy, would insure at any premium the inflammable structures of bamboos, screens, oiled papers, mats, and timber, yclept by the Japanese—*houses.* There are wooden tanks, in the streets, and rude fire-engines at appointed stations—where the alarm is given by patrols, who, on discovering the first shooting flames, strike forcibly the thick planks suspended from posts for that purpose.

The Japanese women, according to recent travellers, are models of amiability and good temper, graceful in their manners and attractive in their persons. But they dye their lips a fierce scarlet, their cheeks a violet, and stain their teeth black, with a detestable gangrenous compound-practices scarcely in harmony with the toilet-artifices of an English *belle.* They are fond of dress, of course, or would they be women?

The Japanese gentleman is, generally, a well-looking, intelligent, and active individual. He wears two swords—a large and a small one, while the middle-class man is only entitled to one sword, and "the lower orders" carry none. He carries a fan wherever he goes, and whatever he does, and he delights in huge trousers, like a sheet stitched up between the legs, though open at the sides in order to allow of the play of the feet whilst walking." His shoes, his horse's shoes, are made of plaited straw. Consequently they wear out with unequalled rapidity, and force upon their wearer a shambling shuffling gait, like Robson's in the "Wandering Minstrel." Tanners and curriers are not in good odor in Japan, for they have to touch the bodies of the dead—a necessity which the Japanese religion, singularly enough, resents.

Rendall, in his "Memorials of the Empire of Japan," pronounces an opinion on the Japanese character which seems admirable impartial:—"They carry," he says, "their notions of honor to the verge of fanaticism, and they are haughty, vindictive and licentious. On the other hand brawlers, braggarts, and backbiters are held in the most supreme contempt. The slightest infraction of truth is punished with servity: they are open-hearted, hospitable, and, as freinds, faithful to death. It is represented that there is no peril a Japanese will not encounter to serve a friend; that no torture will compel him to betray a trust; and that even the stranger who seeks aid will be protected to the last drop blood."

A few days ago, as the train on the Oswego Road was a few miles south of Fulton, the engineer discovered an abject on the track as he was going around a curve, but too late to stop the train. The cars passed by, and the engineer saw the object was a man, who rolled down the embankment as though he was dead. The train was stopped, and the man jumping up, said:—"*You had better keep your d—n cars off from me!*" A brief examination showed that the man was intoxicated, and that his hat had been severed in two by the wheels of the train.

A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been *passing* eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals." "Ah!" said the doctor stretching his neck, and looking very important, "pray, in what terms?"—In what terms? Why, as well as I can remember, it is nearly in the following:—'There was last week seventy-7 interments less than the week before."

GOLDEN RULES OF LIFE.—Never contradict a woman when she is abusing her husband. Never read your letters just before going to bed, as they may damage your sleep. Never ask a favor of a man until he has dined, unless you wish to get refused. Never inquire how a French dish is made, as the solution of the mystery may have the effect of spoiling your appetite.

ANOTHER YANKEE DODGE.—The State of New Hampshire passed a law offering a bounty for the destruction of crows; but in consequence of the practice which has prevailed of procuring crows' eggs and hatching them under hens, and bringing forward the brood for the bounty, they have been obliged to repeal it.