THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 31. ERIE, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1860. NUMBER 9.

The Erie Observer.

[illegible] AL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

BY B. F. SLOAN.

[illegible] single subscribers, if paid in advance [illegible] copies will be sent to one address for $4, and the same rate for larger clubs.

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

[illegible] lines or less make a square.

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

[illegible] a year, changeable at pleasure, $10

[illegible] 3 months, $6; 6 months, $8; 9 months, [illegible]

[illegible] $15

[illegible] 10 squares—one year, $60; 6 months, [illegible] months, $18.

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

[illegible] lines, 50 cents a line, but no [illegible] among the Special Notices.

[illegible] inserting frequent changes [illegible] two squares, paper [illegible] advertisements must be strictly [illegible] of the advertiser. Payments required in advance [illegible]

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

[illegible] CRAIG, [illegible] The Peace, Office in New [illegible] the Public Square, Erie

[illegible] KELSEY, [illegible] on Boots and Shoes at Wholesale [illegible] Edwards' Block, State street.

[illegible] MENS, CAUGHEY & CO., [illegible] Groceries, and Dealers in [illegible] Wines and Liquors, also Salt, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Medicts Buffalo [illegible]

[illegible] W. KELSO, ATTORNEY AT LAW, [illegible] Public Square, [illegible]

[illegible] L. STEWART, PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, [illegible] Block, Res. [illegible] Brown's Hotel [illegible]

[illegible] A. BARQ, [illegible]

[illegible] W. M. WOOD, [illegible]

[illegible] G. L. ELLIOTT, [illegible]

[illegible] M. COLE, [illegible]

EMPIRE STORES, [illegible]

[illegible] WIN C. WILSON, [illegible]

[illegible] STARRY, [illegible]

[illegible] GEO. H. CUTLER, [illegible]

[illegible] J. MORTON, [illegible]

[illegible] A. FARRAR, [illegible]

[illegible] HAYES & JORDAN, [illegible]

[illegible] BURGESS & CO., [illegible]

[illegible] WITNEY, [illegible]

[illegible] SARN & CO., [illegible]

[illegible] S. BROOK, [illegible]

JOHN W. AYRES, [illegible]

[illegible] W. DOUGLASS, [illegible]

JOHN W. WALKER, [illegible]

[illegible] L. SELDEN, [illegible]

[illegible] DOWNING, [illegible]

[illegible] N. MORRISON, [illegible]

[illegible] HOOTS & MARSH, [illegible]

[illegible] BALDWIN, [illegible]

[illegible] W. OLDS, [illegible]

[illegible] CONKEY & SHANNON, [illegible]

[illegible] SANFORD & CO., [illegible]

[illegible] CARTER & KELLOGG, [illegible]

MRS. [illegible] HALL, [illegible]

MISS E. T. RHODES, [illegible]

[illegible] DERKNECHT & BECKMAN, [illegible]

[illegible] C. MINNIS, [illegible]

HUGHES & BENNETT, [illegible]

[illegible] NEWTON LETTIS, [illegible]

[illegible] A. HANKIN, [illegible]

[illegible] AUSTIN, [illegible]

[illegible] SINCLAIR, [illegible]

WILLIAM S. LANE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office removed to corner rooms of Rosenzweig's Block, corner State Street and the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

WM. H. LUCK, DENTIST, Office in Beaty's Block north side of Public Square, formerly occupied by Magill & Co. All work warranted

WM. A. GALBRAITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on 6th street, nearly opposite the Court House, Erie, Pa.

W. F. MAGILL, DENTIST, Office in Rozencrantz's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa. 26

WILLIAM THORNTON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Deeds, Agreements, Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and neatly drawn. Office on French, street, over Jas. Sterrett, Grocer, Erie, Pa.

J. C. BURGESS & CO.,

GROCERIES,

FLOUR,

PORK, &c.,

AT WHOLESALE.

No. 7 Bonnell Block State Street, [illegible]

E. P. MIDDLETON & BRO.,

IMPORTERS OF

COGNAC & ROCHELLE BRANDIES,

HOLLAND GIN.

Scotch and Irish Whiskies,

PORT, SHERRY, MADEIRA AND CHAMPAGNE WINES

Choice Old Monongahela,

WHEAT,

AND RYE WHISKIES

E. P. M. & BRO.,

Have [illegible] the Best selected stock

Fine Old Whiskey

[illegible] United States, all of which is here [illegible] E. P. MIDDLETON & Co. [illegible] North Front st., Phila.

J. N. KLINE & CO.,

Successors to KLINE & CARROLL

IMPORTERS OF

Wines, Brandies, Gins, &c.

No. 116 Walnut Street and No. 111 Granite St

Philadelphia.

[illegible] 1860

J. C. BURGESS & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Agents for

FAIRBANK'S SCALES!

No. 7 Bonnell Block, No. [illegible] Erie, Sept. 8, 1860.

L. A. MORRISON,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Flour, Pork, Beef, Salt, Grain,

CLOVER TIMOTHY SEED &c.

No. 1, Commercial Buildings,

NORTH SIDE OF PARK

Foot of State and Peach sts. ERIE, PA. [illegible]

DE FOREST, ARMSTRONG, & CO.

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,

80 & 82 Chambers st., N. Y.

WOULD notify the Trade that they are opening Weekly, some new and beautiful patterns of the

WAMSUTTA PRINTS!

AND THE

AMOSKEAG!

[illegible] FLEMING BRO'S.,

SUCCESSORS TO

GEORGE W. SMITH,

Brewers, Malsters and Hop Dealers.

HAVING purchased the entire and sole interest of G. W. SMITH, [illegible]

Point Brewery, Pittsburg,

[illegible] A CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION!

H. T. HAVENS

HAVING purchased the Stock and [illegible]

No. 3, REED HOUSE,

Will continue the Wholesale Liquor Business [illegible]

GOOD LIQUORS AT LOW PRICES!

[illegible] will continue to keep on hand the

BEST COMMON WHISKEY

[illegible] FOR THE PRICE OF WHISKEY

OLD RYE

BOURBON

MONONGAHELA

IRISH AND SCOTCH

BRANDIES,

JAMAICA AND NEW ENGLAND RUM

[illegible]

CHAMPAGNE,

[illegible] CORDIAL AND CATAWBA BITTERS &c.

Warranted Pure for Medical Purposes.

Agent for Rhodes & Arrings' Cordials, &c. [illegible]

BOOKS

Magazines, Paper, Stationery,

WALL PAPER, &c.,

AT

PARK ROW BOOK STORE

D. P. ENSIGN, Proprietor.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!

THE undersigned have now on hand the [illegible]

GROCERIES

[illegible] the cheapest, which they offer for cash or short [illegible]

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,

[illegible] DERKNECHT & BECKMAN

No. 2 W. 2d St., Block E. E. [illegible]

Give Ear ye Deaf!

A LADY who has been using Wilson's Nerve Pills as a Remedy for Nervous Debility, Wakefulness, etc., says of them: Pale ladies will find these pills a great boon; they will restore the color to the cheek, and give a healthy tone to the whole system. Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per box. Address Dr. Wilson, Hartford, Ct.

HEDGE KNIVES. Pruning Knives, Hedging Knives, at J. C. BURGESS'.

FRESH TOMATOES HERMETICALLY SEALED, [illegible] at JAS. H. BURGESS.

$1,00. ONE DOLLAR. $1,00.

A GOOD WARRANTED AXE can be [illegible]

SCALES! SCALES!

[illegible] prepared to furnish a scale of any kind [illegible] much less prices than ever before [illegible]

SPICES OF ALL KINDS. [illegible] BECKMAN, KENDRICK & CO.

PARIS FANS, COMBS & HAIR PINS, [illegible] at the [illegible]

Tactical.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

"SONG."

BY L. V. GREENE

Hear ye not the voice of summer
Laughing 'mong the balmy leaves
Hist ye not his lyric chorus
Singing mid the golden sheaves?
From the sun-lit hamlets in the meadows,
From the poplars high in air,
Gushes forth the songs of Nature,
Earth is fair! earth is fair!

From the lips o' blushing roses
Sweetly float the verbal strains,
Whilst the tiny notes of insects
Gladly blend in blithe refrains
On the perfumed breath of heaven
Soft as lisp of infant's prayer,
Warble mild Italian measures,
Earth is fair! Earth is fair!

Hear ye not the gladsome hymning
From the misty peaks of mountains
Out their grand and vasty caverns,
In the pearl of crystal fountains?
Hear ye not old ocean chanting
Heavenly from his savage lair?
List ye not the lakelets singing,
Earth is fair! Earth is fair!

Choice Literature.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

The False Funeral.

I never liked my uncle's business, tho' he took me when my father died, and brought me up as his own son. The good man had no children. His wife was long dead; he had an honest old woman for a housekeeper, and a flourishing business, in the undertaking line, to leave to somebody; but he did not leave it to me and I'll tell you the reason.

When I had been about five years with him, and had grown worth my salt, as he used to say, a death occurred in our neighborhood, which caused greater lamentation than any we had heard of since my apprenticeship began. The deceased gentleman was a Mr. Elsworthy. The family had been counted gentry in their day. I should have said my uncle lived in York, and all the world knows what Yorkshire families are. Well, the Elsworthys were of good family and very proud of it though they had lost every acre of an old estate which had belonged to them time out of mind. I am not sure whether it was their grandfather's face and cock fighting, or their father's going surety for a friend who did something wrong in a government office that brought them to this poor pass; but there was no other house in all York where candles went further, and tea leaves were better used up. There was a mother, two sisters, and a cousin who lived with them. The mother was a stately old lady, never seen out of a black brocade. The sisters were not over young or handsome, but they dressed as fine as they could. The cousin was counted one of the prettiest women in Yorkshire, but she walked with a crutch having met with an accident in her childhood. Master Charles was the only son, and the youngest of the family; he was a tall, handsome, dashing, young man, uncommonly polite and a great favorite with the ladies. It was said there were some red eyes in the town when the story got wind that he was going to be married to the Honorable Miss Westbay. Her father was younger brother to the Earl of Harrowgate, and had seven girls beside her without a penny for one of them; but Miss Westbay was a beauty, and the wonder was that she had not got married long ago being nearly seven years out, dancing singing, and playing tip top piece all the parties. Half a dozen match-makers had been talked of for her but somehow they broke down one after another. Her friends were rather impatient to see her off; were her sisters, poor things, and no wonder for grow up as they might, not one of them would the old man offer to come out till the eldest was disposed of; and it let there seemed something like a certainty of that happy issue. Young Mr. Elsworthy and she struck up a courtship. He was fascinated—isn't that the word?—at assize ball, and marked attention at the Lord's party, and was believed to have popped the question at a picnic, after Lord Harrowgate the largest shareholder in the North Eastern Bank, got him promoted from a clerkship to be manager. It's true he was some years younger than Miss Westbay, and people said there had been something between him and his pretty cousin, but a lord's niece, with beauty, accomplishments, and a serviceable connection, does not come in every young man's way, so the wedding day was fixed for the 1st of January, and all the milliners were busy with the bride's bonnets and dresses.

It was just a month to come, and everybody was talking of the match, when Mr. Elsworthy fell sick. At first they said it was a cold; then it turned to a brain fever; at last the doctor gave no hopes, and within the same week Mr. Elsworthy died.—The whole neighborhood was cast into mourning. A promising young man, in a manner the only dependence of his family, newly promoted to a station of trust and influence, and on the eve of marriage everybody lamented his untimely death, and sympathized with his bereaved relations and his intended bride. I think my uncle lamented most of all. None of his customers, to my knowledge, ever got so much of his service. When he was sent for in the way of business, it struck me that he stayed particularly long. The good man used talk of nothing but the grief of the poor family—how the mother went into fits, and the sisters tore their hair—how the cousin talked of wearing mourning all her days; and how it was feared that Miss Westbay, who insisted on seeing him, would never recover her senses. The county papers gave expression to the public grief. There were a great many verses written about it. Nobody passed the house of mourning without a sigh, or a suitable remark. My uncle superintended the making of the coffin, as I had never seen him do to any other; and when the workmen were gone home, he spent hours at night finishing it by himself.

The funeral was to set out for the family vault in the Minster church, at Beverly, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was to be a strictly private affair, though hundreds of the townsmen would have testified their respect for the dead by accompanying it all the way. The members of family in two mourning coaches, and the undertaker's men, were alone allowed to follow poor Elsworthy to his last resting place, and the coffin was not to be brought till the latest hour. My uncle had got it hammered to his mind, but evidently did not wish me to look at his work. He had a long talk with Steele and Stoneman, two of his most confidential assistants, in the workshop after hours and they went away looking remarkably close. All was in train, and the funeral was to take place next day, when coming down his own stairs—they were rather steep and narrow, for we lived in one of the old houses of York—my uncle slipped, fell, and broke his leg. I don't he's said have gone mad when the doctor told him he must not attempt to move, or mind any business for weeks to come, and I tried to pacify him by offering to conduct the funeral with the help of Steele and Stoneman. Nothing would [illegible] the old man; I never saw him so far out of temper before. He swore at his bad luck, threw the pillows at his housekeeper, ordered me to bring him up the key of the workshop, and kept it fast clutched in his hand. I sat up with him that night. In a couple of hours, he grew calm and sensible, but could not sleep, though the house was all quiet, and the housekeeper snoring in the corner. Then he began to groan, as if there was something worse than a broken leg on his mind, and "Tom," said he, "haven't I been always kind to you?"

"No doubt of it, uncle," said I.

"Well, Tom, I want you to do me a great service—a particular service, Tom, and I'll never forget it to you. You know Mr. Elsworthy's funeral comes off to-morrow at three, and they're very high people."

"Never fear, uncle; I'll take care of it as well as if you were there yourself."

"I know you would, Tom—I know you would. I could trust you with the hearsing of an earl's coffin; and for managing mutes, I don't know your equal. But there's something more to be done. Come over beside me, Tom, that old woman don't hear well at the best, and she's sleeping now, and no mistake. Will you promise me"—and his voice sunk to a whisper—"that, whatever you hear or see, you'll make no remark to any one living, and be as cautious as you can about the body? There's foul play," said he, for I began to look frightened; "but maybe this leg's a judgment for taking on such a business. Howsomever, I'm to have three hundred pounds for it—and you'll get the half, Tom, the full half if you'll conduct it properly, and give me your solemn promise. I know you'll never break that."

"Uncle," said I, "I'll promise, and keep it too, but you must tell me what it is."

"Well, Tom"—and he drew a long breath—"it's a living man you're going to put in that coffin in the workshop! I have made it high and full of air-holes; he will lie quite comfortable. Nobody knows about it but Steele and Stoneman, and yourself, they'll go with you. Mind you trust no one else. Don't look so stupid, man; can't you understand, Mr. Elsworthy didn't die at all, and never had the brain fever; but he wants to get off with marrying Miss Westbay, or something of that sort. They're taking a queer way about it, I must say; but these genteel people have ways of their own. It was the cousin that prepared my mind for it in the back parlor; that woman's up to anything. I stood out against having a hand in it, till I heard that the sexton of Beverley Church was a poor relation of theirs. The key of the coffin is to be given to him; it will be locked and not screwed down, you see, and when all's over at the vault—it will be dark night at that time, for we don't move till three, and these December days are short—he'll come and help Mr. Elsworthy out and smuggle him off to Hull with his son the carrier.—There's ships enough there to take him anywhere under a feigned name."

"Could he get off the marriage no easier?" said I, for the thought of taking a living man in a hearse, and hearing the service read over him, made my blood run cold. "You see I was young then.

"There's something more than the marriage in it, though they didn't tell me.—Odd things will happen in my business, and this is one of the queerest. But you'll manage it, Tom, and get my blessing, besides your half of the three hundred pounds; and don't be afraid of anything coming wrong, for I never saw any man look so like a corpse."

I promised my uncle to do the business and keep the secret. A hundred and fifty pounds was no joke to a young man, beginning the world in the undertaking-line; and the old man was so pleased with what he called my sense and understanding, that he one telling asleep close upon daybreak, he talked of taking me into partnership—and the jobs we might expect from the Elsworthys—and, for the now-aged countess was about four-score, and two of the young ladies were threatened with decline. Next day, early in the afternoon, Steele Stoneman and I were at work.—The family received mournful; I suppose, on account of the servants. Mr. Elsworthy looked wonderfully well in his shroud—and if one had not looked closely into the coffin they never would have seen the air-holes. Well, we set out, mourning coaches, hearse, and all, through the yellow fog of a December day. There was nothing but sad faces to be seen at all the windows as we passed. I heard them admiring Steele and Stoneman for the feeling hearts they showed; but when we got on the Beverley road, the cousin gave us a sign—and away we went at a rattling pace; a thing I never got over the ground at such a rate before. Yet it was getting dark when we reached the old Minster, and the curate grumbled at having to do duty so late. He got through the service nearly as quick as we got over the miles. The coffin was lowered into the family vault; it was more than half filled with Mr. Elsworthy's forefathers, but there was a good wide grate in the wall, and no want of air. It was all right. The clerk and the clergyman started off to their homes, the mourning coaches went to the Crown Inn, where the ladies were to wait till the sexton came to let them know he was safe out—the cousin would not go home without that news—and I slipped him the key at the church door as he discoursed to us all about the mysterious dispensations of Providence.

My heart was light going home, so were Steele's and Stoneman's. None of us liked the job, but we were all to be paid for it, and I must say the old man came down handsomely with the needful, not to speak of Burton's side; and I was to be made his partner without delay. We got the money, and had the jollifications—but it wasn't right over, and I was just getting into bed, when there was a ring at our door bell, and the housekeeper came to say that Dr. Parks wanted to see me or my uncle.—What could he want, and how had he come back so soon? Parks was the Elsworthy family doctor, and the only stranger at the funeral, he went in the second mourning coach, and I left him talking to the sexton. My clothes were thrown on, and I was down stairs in a minute, looking as sober as I could; but the doctor's look would have sobered any man. "Thomas," said he, "this has turned out a bad business, and I cannot account for it; but Mr. Elsworthy has died in earnest. When the sexton and I opened the coffin, we found him cold and stiff. I think he died from fright, for such a face of terror I never saw. It wasn't your uncle's fault; there is no doubt he had air enough, but it can't be helped, and the less said about it, the better for all parties. I am going to Dr. Adams to take him down with me to Beverly. The sexton keeps poor Elsworthy, to see if anything can be done, and Adams is the only man we could trust, but I know it's of no use."

The doctor's apprehensions was well founded. Mr. Elsworthy could not be recovered, and after trying everything to no purpose, they laid him down again in the coffin with airholes. The ladies came back, and we kept the secret; but in less than six months after, a rumor went abroad of heavy forgeries on the North Eastern Bank. On investigation they proved to be over fifty thousand, and nobody was implicated but the deceased manager. His family knew nothing about it; being all ladies, they were entirely ignorant of banking affairs, but they left York next season, took a handsome house at Scarborough, and were known to get merily regularly from London. They never employed any doctor but Parks, and his medical management did not appear to prosper, for they were never well, and always nervous; not one of them could sleep alone or without light in the room; and an attendent from a private asylum had to be got for the cousin. I don't think the matter ever left my uncle's mind; he never would undertake an odd job after it; and all the partnerships in England would not have made me continue in the business, and run the risk of another false funeral.

ANECDOTE OF REV. DR. CARTWRIGHT.—The following anecdote is related by Dr. Cartwright, the pioneer Methodist elergyman of the West:

"The first time I ran for office in Sangamon county, I was on the north side of the Sangamon River as we say in the West, electioneering or, rather trying to get acquainted with the people, for I was at that early day a great stranger to many of them. Passing through a bushy point of undergrowth, near a ferry, where I intended to cross the River, I heard just before me some one talking very loudly I reigned my horse to listen. I heard some one say that Peter Cartwright was a d——d rascal; and so were all Methodist preachers; they would all steal horses, and that it was a scandal to the country that such a man as Cartwright should offer as a representative of the country, and that the first time he saw him he intended to whip him for his impudence. This surprised me a little, and I looked around for some way to pass without coming in contact with this company; but there was no path that I could see and the brush was so thick I could not get through. So I summoned all my courage and rode boldly up and spoke to the men. There were six of them, and, as I learned, but one of them had ever seen me. So I said

"Gentlemen, who is it among you that is going to whip Cartwright the first time you meet him?"

The man who had threatened, spoke out and said: "I am the lark that's going to thrash him well."

Said I, "Cartwright is known to be much of a man, and it will take a man to whip him, mind you."

"Oh, no!" said the fellow, "I can whip any Methodist preacher the Lord ever made."

"Well, sir," said I, "you cannot do it; and now I tell you, my name is Cartwright, and I never like to live in dread; if you really intend to whip me, come and do it now."

He looked a little confused and said:

"Oh! you can't fool me that way; you are not Cartwright."

"Well," said I, "that is my name, and I am a candidate for the legislature, and now is your time; if you must whip me do it now."

He said, "No, no, you are not Peter Cartwright at all, you only want to fool me."

By this time we had moved slowly to the boat, and when we got on it, he broke out in a fresh volley of curses on Cartwright.—I said to a gentleman on the boat, "Here, hold my horse;" and stepping up to this cursing disciple, I said, sternly, to him, "Now, sir, you have to whip me, as you threatened, or quit cursing me, or I will put you in the river, and baptize you in the name of the devil, for surely you belong to him."

This settled him, and, strange to say, when the election came off, he went to the polls and voted for me, and remained ever afterwards my warm and constant friend."

The fact which makes this story worthy of repetition is, that the man who ran against Mr. Cartwright, for Representative of Sangamon County, and was beaten, was Abe Lincoln, the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

Mr. Cartwright is a staunch Democrat, and has been from his boyhood.

PRESENTS TO PRINCES.—The "hopeful" subjects of the Prince of Wales in Nova Scotia, desirous of giving him a taste of their quality, have prepared a *grindstone* for his Highness, with a loyal inscription reminding him of his destiny. The people of Newfoundland, not to be backward, have selected an enormous black dog of that ilk which, with a collar costing $300, is to be presented to the Prince. What the Canadas will do doth not appear. The dog, we can easily conceive, may find a place in his Highness's kennels, but what he will do with the grindstone should not be asked. Some of those Novia Scotia grindstones are ponderous things. We trust that one of moderate size may be selected, in which case the donors, made happy by gracious acceptance, will do well not to follow their gift with solicitudes.—Kossuth was presented with a precious cannon ball dug up at Bunker Hill. He received it appropriately, and, it is supposed, had it quietly dropped overboard on the voyage from Brooklyn to this city.—We doubt that the Nova Scotia grindstone will be more highly honored.

This mania for making presents to great folks is ludicrous. We confidently expect that sewing machines, patent reapers, baby jumpers, mammoth turnips, and splendidly embossed bibles, will be tendered to the royal visitor while in this country.—There is nothing too useless, too inappropriate, or too sacred, to be made a gift to the much-enduring magnate who falls into our hands. When Kossuth was here, the workmen in Herring's safe factory, carried away by the sympathetic enthusiasm, worked at nights, and, as the labor was performed *con amore*, probably produced the best safe that ever was made, which they presented to the great Hungarian, as "a mean's for the safe-keeping of his valuable papers and money." Kossuth made much of them, and immediately sold their safe to the shrewd Genin, who, for some four or five hundred dollars, thus became possessed of the best safe in the world. One imagines the hapless bewilderment of our late Japanese friends, when, at the command of the dreaded Tycoon, they shall undertake to explain the mysteries of some of the presents which, to the amount of one hundred cart loads, encumber the eastward-bound Niagara.—*N. Y. World.*

THE FOLLY OF THREATS.—I once knew a mother who insisted on her daughter's learning a lesson, adding that she should be kept without food until it was said.—Now it was easy to keep her child without food, but utterly impossible to compel her to learn a lesson; consequently it became a trial of strength between the mother and child. What was the consequence? The child was gifted with rare powers, (she had need of them in after life;) so the entire day passed, until twelve o'clock at night, when the mother, really alarmed said

"You shall have your supper now and go to bed, and to morrow morning before breakfast, the lesson must be said."

"No," returned the child, "You said I should have nothing to eat until I said my lesson and as I don't mean to say it, I won't eat."

Fatal spirit! It was clear the child would not give way, and the mother did! A lesson to all mothers never to utter a threat which they cannot or will not carry out to the uttermost

Every cloud hath its silver lining.

William Cregar, the Notorious Counterfeiter.

From the Philadelphia *Press* we glean the following interesting incidents of the career of one of the most notorious counterfeiters our country has yet produced.—That paper speaking of Cregar, says: He is a native of the old township of Roxborough, in this county, and spent his boyhood in Manayunk. His father was, for many years, engaged in manufacturing counterfeit coin and fraudulent issues of bank notes, and by this means amassed a considerable amount of property. William followed the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, and with the same success having followed this nefarious business from his earliest years up to the present time.—He is now between forty-five and fifty years of age, diminutive in size, of rather prepossessing appearance, of an exceedingly pleasant and hospitable disposition, who in his purposes can be served, and enjoys probably as extended an acquaintance as almost any other man living in the city of Philadelphia.

His father raised a large family of children, and died some years ago at Manayunk. His son William was not his favorite by any means, and consequently, at his death he cut him off without a shilling. William, nothing daunted by this unexpected treatment, however, some years afterwards produced a note for several thousand dollars against his father's estate (which note, by the way, was doubtless a forgery,) brought suit in our courts for the amount, and was finally successful in receiving the sum demanded.

With the ready money thus obtained, Cregar purchased a farm near the little town of Franklinville, on the banks of the Skippack, in Montgomery county. He still resides there in the summer season.—The farm has been highly cultivated, the buildings are commodious and substantial, the grounds handsomely laid out, and many of his companions in guilt have frequently resorted to this secluded spot for a temporary asylum, when pursued by the officers of the law.

In this connection we may say that Cregar has, perhaps, done more to furnish victims for the penitentiary than any other man in this country, yet, by his native tact and shrewdness, and by means of his wealth, when driven to the wall, he has nearly always managed to escape punishment himself by corrupting police officers, and not unfrequently higher officials, in Montgomery county he has had in his time under his patronage and control lawyers, doctors, judges, farmers, and men of all avocations, so that it was almost impossible to even arrest him when his guilt was more than suspected, and still more difficult to convict him.

In 1851, a notorious horse-thief and counterfeiter, named George Burton, was arrested by Officer Samuel Gouldy, at the Gap rendezvous, in Lancaster county, who started with him for this city. He had Burton heavily handcuffed and armed.—When they reached a point near West Philadelphia, and while the cars were traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour, Burton jumped from the train, and, before it could be stopped, so sudden and unexpected was the movement to Mr Gouldy, that he escaped. Every effort was made to effect his re-capture, but to no avail.—Some time after, however, Cregar entered the Mayor's office of Philadelphia, and returned the irons and handcuffs which had been used by Burton. It appears that the latter escaped injury when he jumped from the cars, and made his way to Cregar's house, where he was relieved of his pinions, and sent on his way rejoicing.

In 1852 Cregar was extensively engaged in counterfeiting the coin of the United States at his farm in Montgomery county, and when arrested an exceedingly fine lot of counterfeiting implements and burglar's tools were recovered. The police discovered these tools while searching the premises for a notorious burglar named Charles Clark. While they were making their search in the barn they found a barrel of boots. Some months previous the store of an honest shoemaker residing in the old district of Kensington, had been broken into and robbed of his entire stock.

The goods had been carried away in wagon by two thieves, who secreted them at Cregar's house. All of them had been disposed of, except this barrel full, which was valued at about $100. They were recognized by the officers on account of a certain stamp which was not quite of literation, but nearly so, as acids had evidently been used for that purpose. Cregar, however, succeeded in bribing one of the officers, and in making his escape from the others, but subsequently a true bill was found against him on this charge, and bench warrants were issued. But so great was the influence he exercised in Montgomery, that no official in that county could be induced to arrest him.

At this time he had certain officials of Philadelphia so completely under his control, that whenever one set of officials started in pursuit, another set informed him of the fact, and thus enabled him to escape. Fortunately for Philadelphia, dishonest men who were at that time in the police force have since been reformed.

Shortly after this, a party of the deputy marshals of the United States Court, of this city, went to his farm in Montgomery Co., with the determination of arresting him, and taking him into custody dead or alive. They found him engaged in his nefarious operations in a small shed near his residence. He immediately suspected their design, and by his uncommon agility and swift-footedness, succeeded in making his escape. He was subsequently arrested, however, and brought before the late Judge Kane, and sentenced to nine months imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary, that being the first time, as far as we can learn, that he was ever confined in that institution.

As soon as his term expired, he resumed his counterfeiting operations, and flooded the country with fraudulent issues on banks in different parts of the country. In 1857 he was arrested by some Philadelphia policemen for counterfeiting, and on that occasion the proof against him was overwhelming. He offered immense sums of money to the officers if they would release him, but all his efforts proved unavailing. He was arraigned for trial, but, partly thro' the efforts of his shrewd counsel, and more particularly by some extraordinary influences brought to bear upon much higher officials, he was acquitted. At the conclusion of the verdict, he walked out of the court house with a proud air of satisfaction, saying boldly to the police and crowd collected in Independence Square, "I am king of the 'Kornackers' (counterfeiters) once more—I will fine away to my native health."

He returned to his home in Montgomery, and subsequently stated that his liberty cost him over three thousand dollars.—Since then he has been as bold as ever, spending most of his time in Philadelphia, frequently visiting the police office while his pockets were filled with counterfeit money. Having once been a colonel in the old militia of Montgomery, he was in the habit of inviting the military of that county to go into camp at his residence every season. On these occasions the most profuse hospitality prevailed, and the companies assembled enjoyed themselves hugely. He was generally addressed by the title of Col. William Cregar and on the occasions of public demonstrations made his appearance in full uniform.

When the military of this city participated in the late reception of the Japanese Embassy, Cregar had the effrontery to desire a position in the line, but one of the officers, Col. Charles Thompson Jones, of the Roxborough Dragoons, quickly frustrated his design. Colonel Cregar, not to be outdone by this treatment, particularly as he was dressed in his best regimentals, and mounted on a spirited and beautiful horse, took up an isolated position, in advance of the procession, and commanded universal attention by his fine bearing, and elegant equipments, many supposing him to be a distinguished officer from a distance, who had been invited to take part in the festivities.

A FUNNY EDITOR.—A great deal is being said at the present about duelling, and we will reproduce M. S. H. Hammond's letter to a St. Louis gentleman, in which he gives his reasons for not meeting an enemy in mortal combat:

"While I edited the *Albany Register* I offended a hot-blooded member of the F. F's of New York. He sent a polite invitation through a friend, for me to visit Baltimore. Having no business in that direction, I declined. He again, through a friend, invited me to visit Canada. Having just returned from a fishing excursion to the interior of her Majesty's colony, and having no occasion to go that way, I declined. He then in direct terms invited me to name friend and time, weapons and place, to indulge in the pleasant pastime of cutting each other's throats. I thought the matter over, and declined a third time, assigning the following reasons:

1. The thing was contrary to law, and I had no desire to be hung for killing him, or that he should be hung for killing me.

2. I had a wife who loved me, and who would mourn for me if I fell. He had only a mistress, who would rejoice at his death, as relieving her from the necessity of flying from his protection to that of some other man.

3. I had three children, for whose education I was in honor and by nature bound to provide. He had none.

4. Society had no stake in his life. His continuance could be no blessing, and his discontinuance no loss. Society had claims upon me—upon him it had none.

5. I'd see him——first.

And there the matter has rested ever since.

A YANKEE TRICK.—If the following be true it illustrates Yankee shrewdness.

A week or two ago, four creditors started from Boston in the same train of cars, for the purpose of attaching the property of a certain debtor in Farmington, Maine. He owed each one separately, and they each were suspicious of the object of the other, but dared not say a word about it. So they took acquaintances all, talking upon everything except that which they had most at heart. When they arrived at the depot at Farmington, which was three miles from where the debtor did business, they found nothing but a solitary cab, toward which they all rushed. Three got in and bargained a mattance to the fourth, and the cab started. The fourth ran after and mounted upon the outside with the driver. He asked the driver if he wanted to sell his horse. He replied that he did not—that he was not worth more than $50, but he would not sell him for that. He asked him if he would take $100 for him. "Yes," said he. The "fourth man" quickly paid over the money, took the reins, and backed the cab up to a bank—slipped it from the harness, and tipped it up so that the door could not be opened, and jumped upon the horse's back and rode off, while the "insiders" were looking out of the window. He rode to a lawyer's, got a writ made and served, and his debt secured, and got back to the house just as the "insiders" came up puffing and blowing. The cab man borrowed back his horse for $20. The "old" men offered to pay that sum, if the fortunate one, who found property sufficient to pay his own debt, would not tell it in Boston.

SWEETHEARTING.—Who is there that has not a dear, dreamy remembrance of his or her sweethearting days—those bliss-giving, sugar-coated, honey-dew'd days when faith and hope were unimpaired by rude contact with a ruder world? Not many, we imagine. Well, we have a friend—not an old man, not a young man—who was unfortunate in his first love, or rather no love at all, but who has now a sweetheart, the very embodiment of all that is good and noble, if we except her proclivity to swearing.—She believes Harry sincere, but desires monotony, so the other day she thus questioned him.

"Do you" said Ada in witching way,
"Love me in earnest, as you say?
Or are those tender words applied,
Alike to fifty girls beside?"

"Dear, cruel girl," he cried, "forbear,
For by those eyes, and lips I swear,"—
She stopped him, as the oath he took,
And said, "You've sworn, *on the book!*"

And he did kiss the beauteous volume seventy times with a will. Such a girl will be an inestimable blessing—when she gets her, making up to him for disappointment past as well as sorrows present. For the benefit of the forthcoming generation, we hope to see the present edition of this work continued.

A MISTAKEN NOTION.—Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge "enemies" by trying to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad to know it. Not that we believe in a man's going through the world trying to find a beam to knock his head against—disputing every man's opinion; fighting and elbowing and crowding every man who may differ from him. That is only another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinions, so have you to yours, don't fall into error by supposing that they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match theirs. Wear your own colors, spite of wind and weather, storm or sunshine, until convinced *by a preponderance* that you are wrong. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist, that it does honest, manly independence to stand their ground.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH. I would rather, when I am laid in my grave, that some one in his manhood should say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me and privately warned me of the dangers of the young, no one knew it, but he aided me in time of need; I owe what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with a choking utterance, telling her children, "There is our friend and mine; he visited me in my affliction, and found my son an employer, and won my daughter a home in a virtuous family." I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.

☞ A fellow, the other day, sold some clothing to a Jew. After the sale had been concluded, he said to him

"Do you not know that they hang a Jew and a jackass together on the gallows in England?"

"Well, no," was the rejoinder; "but ain't it a blessing both of us ain't there, seeing that they might hang one on account of his nation and the other on account of his nature?"

☞ It may not be generally known that the highest speed ever attained by horse-flesh was four miles in eleven and a-half minutes, or at the rate of thirty three miles an hour. The highest speed of the locomotive, well authenticated, was on one of the English lines, at the rate of seventy-eight miles an hour. And it is said that a Holyhead boat indeed ran twenty-six statute miles an hour, which equals the best time ever made in our North River.