ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

DURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHRS.

VOLUME 25.

ERIE, SATURD

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

◆

SAMUEL T STERRETT,
MANUFACTURER of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, Wholesale and Retail, Corner of French and Fifth-street, opposite the Farmers' Hotel, Erie Pa Every article in the above line always on hand, together with an extensive assortment of Stoves and Cooking Utensils, &c All kinds of Roofing and Spouting executed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms

CLEMENS & CAUGHEY,
WHOLESALE Grocers, and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines and Liquors, also Sugar, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, & Agents for Moffats Buffalo Ale No. 7 Bonnell Block, State-Street, Erie, Pa.
JOHN CLEMENS. WM. M. CAUGHEY

NEILER & WARREN,
BANKERS and Dealers in Exchange, No. 1 American Block. Collections made on all the Principal Cities of the United States and Canadas, and proceeds promptly remitted Bank Notes, Gold and Silver bought and sold Interest paid on TIME deposits Money remitted to Europe. Land Warrants bought, sold, and located on the most reasonable terms

JOHN F DUNCOMBE.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, in Marshall's Office, Erie, Pa

A A CRAIG
JUSTICE of the Peace, Office removed to No 1 Hughes Block, 2d floor, State street, Erie, Pa

E CHAPIN
TEACHER of the Violin and Guitar, residence on Sixth st. next door to John P Vincent Music arranged for Brass or Cotillion Bands.

W H. SHERMAN,
DAGUERREAN ARTIST
Park Row, between Brown's Hotel and the Reed House The first premium has been awarded him for the best pictures for four years successively Price $1 00 and upwards

L W OLDS
WHOLESALE & Retail manufacturers of Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the best and cheapest now in use. Shop 1st above Perry Block, in rear of Liddell's Furnace, state street, Erie Pa
Aqueduct of any size calibre for conveying water for farm, garden and mechanical purposes made to order

L. T FOX,
WITH DR BROWNELL, Dentists, a few doors west of American Hotel, Erie, Pa

DR EMERY,
DENTIST, Office with Dr Fox, a few doors west of American Hotel, Erie Pa

G W. TODD,
With Caruth Terry, & Dew.
IMPORTERS and Wholesale Jobbers in English, German and Domestic Hardware, Guns, Pistols, Waiters, &c 154 Market street between 3rd and 4th, Philadelphia

BURTON & HERRON,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. H. BURTON & CO.)
WHOLESALE & Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines Paints, Oils, Window Glass, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, [illegible] Fixings No 5 Reed House

DR O L ELLIOTT,
RESIDENT DENTIST Office and dwelling on South Park Row — All work warranted

DR S. C BROWNELL,
SURGEON DENTIST, South side of the Public Square, between State and Peach streets Erie, Pa.
DAGUERREOTYPE LIKENESSES FOR 1 DOLLAR

E H ABELL,
DAGUERREAN ARTIST, Room over the Erie Bank South side of the Diamond, Erie, Pa
Pictures taken in the best style of the art and warranted not to fade

I. D EDWARDS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR at Law. Warren Pa Professional business and collections will receive prompt attention

D D WALKER & CO.,
FORWARDING produce and Commission Merchants fourth Ware house west of the Public Bridge, Erie, Pa
ALSO—Dealers in Coal, Salt, Plaster, Stucco, Fish, Lime and Lime Stone Iron Nails, Stoves Castings, &c, with unsurpassed facilities for shipping either by steam, boats, Propellers, Schooners or by Railroad
D D WALKER [illegible]

CARSON GRAHAM,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office on French St., South east corner of the Park Erie, Pa

VINCENT, HIMROD & CO,
MANUFACTURERS of Stoves, Hollow Ware, Engines, Machinery Railroad Cars &c, State St, Erie, Pa

THOMAS M AUSTIN,
(LATE OF THE FIRM OF G. LOOMIS & CO.)
DEALER in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses, Lamps and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail

H JARECKI,
BRASS FOUNDRY west side of State street, Erie, Pa

J. B. GUNNISON
DEALER in Books, Stationary, Monthly Magazines, Cheap Publications, Sheet Music Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery &c First door west of the Reed House, Erie

BOOTH & STEWART,
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods & Millinery, between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel

LIDDELL, KEPLER & CO.
MANUFACTURERS of Iron Fence, Railing, Steam Boilers, Vault Doors, Fire Proof Shutters, and all kinds of Machinery and Fancy Castings, &c, done to order

STERRETT & GRAY,
IMPORTERS, Jobbers and Retail Dealers in Wet and Dry Groceries Provisions, Produce, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Wooden Willow and Stone Ware, Flour, Fish, Salt, Glass, Nails Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, &c, &c, French street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

WM S LANE,
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law — office over Jackson's Store, North East corner of the Public Square

M SANFORD & CO
DEALERS in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Deposit, &c Sight exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale Office No. 9, Reed House Public Square, Erie

T HERON STUART,
SURGEON and PHYSICIAN—Residence on Fourth street, one door East of [illegible] Apothecary Hall

RUFUS REED
DEALER in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery, Anvils, Nails, [illegible], Vices, Iron and Steel, No 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa

CADWELL & BENNETT,
IMPORTERS, Jobbers, and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries Crockery, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes &c Empire Stores, State street, four doors below Brown's Hotel, Erie P.
Also—Anvils, Vices, Bellows Axle Arms, Springs, and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings

GEORGE H CUTLER,
ATTORNEY at Law, Girard, Erie County Pa Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
FORWARDING and Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale

CARTER & BROTHER
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicine, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs Glass, &c , No 6 Reed House, Erie, Pa

JAMES LYTLE,
FASHIONABLE Merchant Tailor, on the Public Square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

DURLIN & SLOAN,
DEALERS in Classical, School and Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Stationery and Printer's Cards No 9, Brown's New Hotel, Erie, Pa

JOHN SWENEY,
JUSTICE of the Peace, Office in the room formerly occupied by [illegible] Gunnison, in William's Block

JOHN HEARN & CO.
FORWARDING and Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour Fish, and agent for a daily line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa

GEORGE J MORTON.
FORWARDING and Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie — Dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and Plaster,

I. ROZENSWEIG & CO.
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c No 1 [illegible] Block, State street Erie.

J. C. MARSHALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, North of the Prothonotary's office, Erie

TIBBALS, & HAYES,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c, No. 1, Brown's New Hotel, Erie Pa

SMITH JACKSON & SON.
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware Queens Ware, Iron, Nails, &c , 121 Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

W. THORNTON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Agreements, Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c , accurately and carefully drawn. Office in Wright's Block, State street, Erie, Pa

J W. DOUGLASS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office up stairs in William's Block, next to John Sweney

TANNER & MAGILL,
DEALERS in Stoves, Tin, Copper, Brass and Sheet Iron Ware.—Beatty's Block near the Court House, Erie, Pa
[illegible] TANNER. S. G. MAGILL

C B WRIGHT & CO.,
BANKERS, Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, uncurrent Money, Land Warrants and Certificates of Deposit Also, Sight Drafts on the principal cities in the Union, and all parts of the Old Country for sale Office, Williams Block, corner of State street and Public Square
C. B. WRIGHT, F. F. BAILEY [illegible]

WEBB & THAYER,
MANUFACTURERS and Wholesale Dealers in every description of Fire Ware Fire brick, Fire Clay and fire sand, manufactory, between Second and Third streets on the Canal Erie, Pa
[illegible] WEBB OSCAR F THAYER

WM A. GALBRAITH,
ATTORNEY at Law, Office on Sixth street, opposite the new Court House

M CHAPIN,
RESIDENT DENTIST—Office in the Empire Block, Corner of State and Fifth streets, up stairs Prices reasonable and all work warranted

FARMER'S HOTEL.
CORNER OF FRENCH & FIFTH STREETS, ERIE.
ROBERT HIGABY, Proprietor.
This House has been refitted and refurnished by the present proprietor and is now ready for the reception of visitors. Passengers and Travelers furnished with every convenience for their accommodation Extensive Stabling attached.
Erie, Dec 16, 1854.

Select Poetry.

THE SKATER.

BY HON. GEORGE LUNT.

The earth is white with gleaming snow,
  The lake one sheet of silver lies,
Beneath the moring's ruddy glow,
  She frosty vapors round us rise.
Sweet is the cool and springing air,
  That waves the pine tree on the hill,
But voiceless as a whispered prayer,
  Breathes down the valley clear and still.

Come, it's an hour to stir the blood
  To glowing life in every vein;
Up, for the sport is keen and good,
  Across the broad and icy plain!
On each impatent foot, to-day,
  The ringing steel again we'll bind,
And o'er the crystal sea way—
  We'll leave the world and care behind.

And oh, what joy is ours, to ply
  In rapid round and swift career,
And snatch, between the wintry ray,
  One moment's rest and hasty cheer!
Then, when the brief, sweet day is done,
  And stars above begin to blink,
Down the broad lake that beams us on
  We meet our sweethearts on the brink.

We hear their cheerful laughter ring,
  Our bounding hearts give quick reply,
With rapid sweep around we swing,
  Like headlong wing away we fly.
We greet them well, how bright the glow
  Of cheeks that kiss the frosty air!
And homeward, o'er the moon clad snow,
  Each proud boy leads his smiling fair.

Then gathered round the cheerful blaze,
  While winds without are blowing shrill,
With laugh, and jest, and merry lays
  We pass the jocund evening still;
Around the board our feats are told,
  Comes nature's welcome hour of rest,
And slumbers never bought with gold,
  Sit light on each untroubled breast.

No lagging pulse impedes our sleep,
  No startling dreams our couch annoy,
But health and peace, in quiet deep,
  Smile hovering round the country boy
Then when the morning sharp and clear,
  Springs gaily o'er the whitening hill,
With hardy sports we hail it near,
  Or hardly labors bless it still

Choice Miscellany.

FISHER'S GHOST.

A TRUE STORY

In the colony of New South Wales, at a place called Penrith, distant from Sydney about thirty-seven miles, lived a farmer named Fisher. He had been, originally, transported, but had been become free by servitude Unceasing toil, and great steadiness of character, had acquired for him a considerable property, for a person in his station of life. His lands and stock were not worth less than four thousand pounds He was unmarried, and was about forty-five years old.

Suddenly Fisher disappeared; and one of his neighbors—a man named Smith—gave out that he had gone to England, but would return in two or three years Smith produced a document, purporting to be executed by Fisher; and, according to this document, Fisher had appointed Smith to act as his agent during his absence.—Fisher was a man of very singular habits and eccentric character, and his silence about his departure, instead of creating surprise, was declared to be "exactly like him"

About six months after Fisher's disappearance, an old man called Ben Weir, who had a small farm near Penrith, and who always drove his own cart to market, was returning from Sydney, one night, when he beheld, seated on a rail which bounded the road—Fisher The night was very dark, and the distance of the fence to the middle of the road was, at least, twelve yards. Weir, nevertheless, saw Fisher's figure seated on the rail. He pulled his old mare up, and called out, "Fisher, is that you?" No answer was returned; but there, still on the rail, sat the form of the man with whom he had been on the most intimate terms. Weir—who was not drunk, although he had taken several glasses of strong liquor on the road—jumped off his cart, and approached the rail. To his surprise, the form vanished.

"Well," exclaimed old Weir, "this is very curious, anyhow;" and breaking several branches of a sapling, so as to mark the exact spot, he remounted his cart, put his old mare into a jog trot, and soon reached his home.

Ben was not likely to keep this vision a secret from his old woman. All that he had seen he faithfully related to her.

"Hold your nonsense, Ben!" was old Betty's reply "You know you have been a-drinking and disturbing of your imagination. Ain't Fisher a-gone to England? And if he had a come back, do you think we shouldn't a-heard on it?"

"Ay, Betty!" said old Ben, "but he'd a cruel gash in his forehead, and the blood was all-fresh like Faith, it makes me shudder to think on't. It were his ghost."

"How can you talk so foolish, Ben!" said the old woman. "You must be drunk, sure-ly, to get on about ghostesses."

"I tell thee I am *not* drunk," replied old Ben, angrily "There's been foul play, Betty; I'm sure on't. There sat Fisher on the rail—not more than a matter of two miles from this. Egad, it were on his own fence that he sat. There he was, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms a-folded; just as he used to sit, when he was a-waiting for any body coming up the road. Bless you, Betty, I seed 'im till I was as close as I am to thee;—when, all on a sudden he vanished, like smoke."

"Nonsense, Ben: don't talk of it," said old Betty, "or the neighbors will only laugh at you. Come to bed, and you'll forget all about it before to-morrow morning."

Old Ben went to bed; but he did not next morning forget all about what he had seen on the previous night: on the contrary, he was more positive than before. However, at the earnest, and often-repeated request of the old woman, he promised not to mention having seen Fiser's ghost, for fear that it might expose him to ridicule.

On the following Thursday night, when old Ben was returning from market—again in his cart—he saw, seated upon the same rail, the identical apparition. He had purposely abstained from drinking that day, and was in the full possession of all his senses. On this occasion old Ben was too much alarmed to stop. He urged the old mare on, and got home as speedily as possible. As soon as he had unharnessed and fed the mare, and taken his purchases out of the cart, he entered his cottage, lighted his pipe, sat over the fire with his better half, and gave her an account of how he had disposed of his produce, and what he had brought back from Sydney in return. After this he said to her, "Well, Betty, I'm not drunk to-night, any how, am I?"

"No," said Betty. "You are quite sober, sensible like, to-night, Ben; and therefore you have come home without any ghost in your head.—Ghosts! Don't believe there is such things."

"Well, you are satisfied I am not drunk; but perfectly sober," said the old man.

"Yes, Ben," said Betty.

"Well, then," said Ben, "I tell thee what, Betty, I saw Fisher to-night, agin!"

"Stuff!" cried old Betty.

"You may say *stuff*," said the old farmer; "but I tell you what—I saw him as plainly as I did last Thursday night. Smith is a bad 'un! Do you think Fisher would ever have left this country without coming to bid you and me good-by?"

"It's all fancy!" said old Betty. "Now, drink your grog and smoke your pipe, and think no more about the ghost. I wont hear on't."

"I'm as fond of my grog and my pipe as most men," said old Ben; "but I'm not going to drink any thing to-night. It may be all fancy, as you call it, but I am now going to tell Mr. Grafton all I saw, and what I think;" and with these words he got up and left the house.

Mr Grafton was a gentleman who lived about a mile from old Weir's farm. He had been formerly a lieutenant in the navy, but was now on half-pay, and was a settler in the new colony; he was, moreover, in the commission of the peace.

When old Ben arrived at Mr. Grafton's house, Mr Grafton was about to retire to bed; but he requested old Ben might be shown in. He desired the farmer to take a seat by the fire, and then inquired what was the latest news in Sydney.

"The news in Sydney, sir, is very small," said old Ben; "wheat is falling, but maize still keeps its price—seven and sixpence a bushel; but I want to tell you, sir, something that will astonish you."

"What is it Ben?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"Why, sir," resumed old Ben, "you know I am not a weak-minded man, nor a fool, exactly; for I was born and bred in Yorkshire."

"No, Ben, I don't believe you to be weak-minded, nor do I think you a fool," said Mr Grafton; but what can you have to say that you come at this late hour, and that you require such a preface!"

"That I have seen the ghost of Fisher, sir," said the old man; and he detailed the particulars of which the reader is already in possession.

Mr. Grafton was at first disposed to think with old Betty, that Ben had seen Fisher's Ghost through an extra glass or two of rum on the first night; and that, on the second night, when perfectly sober, he was unable to divest himself of the idea previously entertained But, after a little consideration, the words "How very singular!" involuntarily escaped him.

"Go home, Ben," said Mr. Grafton, and let me see you to-morrow at sunrise. We will go together to the place where you saw the ghost."

Mr. Grafton used to encourage the aboriginal natives of New South Wales (that race which has been aptly described as "the last link in the human chain") to remain about his premises.—At the head of a little tribe then encamped on Mr Grafton's estate, was a sharp young man named Johnny Crook. The peculiar faculty of the aboriginal natives of New South Wales, of tracking the human foot not only over grass but over the hardest rock; and of tracking the whereabouts of runaways by signs imperceptible to civilized eyes, is well known, and this man, John Crook, was famous for his skill in this particular art of tracking. He had recently been instrumental in the apprehension of several desperate bushrangers, whom he had tracked over twenty-seven miles of rocky country and fields, which they had crossed bare-footed, in the hope of checking the black fellow in the progress of his keen pursuit with the horse police

When old Ben Weir made his appearance in the morning at Mr Grafton's house, the black chief, Johnny Crook, was summoned to attend. He came and brought with him several of his subjects. The party set out, old Weir showing the way The leaves on the branches of the saplings which he had broken on the first night of seeing the ghost were withered, and sufficiently pointed out the exact rail on which the phantom was represented to have sat. There were stains upon the rail. Johnny Crook, who had then no idea of what he was required for, pronounced these stains to be "White man's blood;" and, after searching about for some time, he pointed to the spot where he said a human body had been laid.

In New South Wales long droughts are not very uncommon; and not a single shower of rain had fallen for seven months previously—not sufficient even to lay the dust upon the roads.

In consequence of the time that had elapsed, Crook had no small dicuffilty to contend with; but in about two hours he succeeded in tracking the footsteps of one man to the unfrequented side of a pond at some distance. He gave it as his opinion that another man had been dragged thither The savage walked round and round the pond, eagerly examining its borders and the sedges and weeds springing up around it. At first he seemed baffled. No clew had been washed ashore to show that any thing unusual had been sunk in the pond; but, having finished this examination, he laid himself down on his face and looked keenly along the surface of the smooth and stagnant water. Presently he jumped up, uttered a cry peculiar to the natives when gratified by finding some long-sought object, clapped his hands, and pointing to the middle of the pond, to where the decomposition of some sunken substance had produced a slimy coating streaked with prismatic colors, he exclaimed, "White man's fat!" The pond was immediately searched; and, below the spot indicated, the remains of a body were discovered. A large stone and a rotten silk handkerchief were found near the body; these had been used to sink it.

That it was the body of Fisher there could be no question. It might have been identified by the teeth; but on the waistcoat there were some large brass buttons which were immediately recognized, both by Mr. Grafton and by old Ben Weir, as Fisher's property. He had worn those buttons on his waistcoat for several years.

Leaving the body by the side of the pond, and old Ben and the blacks to guard it, Mr. Grafton cantered up to Fisher's house. Smith was not only in possession of all the missing man's property, but had removed to Fisher's house. It was about a mile and a half distant. They inquired for Mr. Smith, who was at breakfast, came out, and invited Mr. Grafton to alight;—Mr. Grafton accepted the invitation, and after a few desultory observations said, "Mr. Smith, I am anxious to purchase a piece of land on the other side of the road, belonging to this estate, and I would give a fair price for it. Have you the power to sell?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Smith. "The power which I hold from Fisher is a general power;" and he forthwith produced a document purporting to be signed by Fisher, but which was not witnessed.

"If you are not very busy, I should like to show you the piece of land I allude to," said Mr. Grafton.

"Oh, certainly, sir. I am quite at your service," said Smith; and he then ordered his horse to be saddled.

It was necessary to pass the pond where the remains of Fisher's body were then exposed.—When they came near to the spot, Mr. Grafton looked Smith full in the face, said, Mr. Smith, I wish to show you something. Look here!"—He pointed to the decomposed body, and narrowly watching Mr. Smith's countenance, remarked: "These are the remains of Fisher. How do you account for their being found in this pond?"

Smith, with the greatest coolness, got off his horse, minutely examined the remains, and then admitted that there was no doubt they were Fisher's. He confessed himself at a loss to account for their discovery, unless it could be (he said)

$1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

AY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1855.

that somebody had waylaid him on the road when he left his home for Sydney; had murdered him for gold and bank-notes which he had about his person, and had then thrown him into the pond. "My hands, thank Heaven!" he concluded, "are clean. If my old friend could come to ife again, he would tell you that I had no hand in this horrible murder."

Mr. Grafton knew not what to think. He was not a believer in ghosts. Could it be possible, he began to ask himself, that old Weir had committed this crime, and—finding it weigh heavily on his conscience, and fearing that he might be detected—had pretended that he was led to the spot by supernatural agency—and thus, by bringing the murder voluntarily to light, hoped to stifle all suspicion? But then he considered Weir's excellent character, his kind disposition, and good nature. These at once put to flight his suspicion of Weir; but still he was by no means satisfied of Smith's guilt, much as appearances were against him.

Fisher's servants were examined, and stated that their master had often talked of going to England on a visit to his friends, and of leaving Mr. Smith to manage his farm; and that though they were surprised when Mr. Smith came, and said he had "gone at last," they did not thik it at all unlikely that he had done so. An inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder found against Smith. He was thereupon transmitted to Sydney for trial, at the ensuing sessions, in the supreme court. The case naturally excited great interest in the colony; and public opinion respecting Smith's guilt was evenly balanced.

The day of trial came; and the court was crowded almost to suffocation. The Attorney-General very truly remarked that there were circumstances connected with the case which were without any precedent in the annals of jurisprudence. The only witnesses were old Weir and Mr. Grafton. Smith, who defended himself with great composure and ability, cross-examined them at considerable length, and with consummate skill The prosecution having closed, Smith addressed the jury (which consisted of military officers) in his defense. He admitted that the circumstances were strong against him; but he most ingeniously proceeded to explain them. The power of attorney, which he produced, he contended had been regularly granted by Fisher, and he called several witnesses, who swore that they believed the signature to be that of the deceased. He, further, produced a will, which had been drawn up by Fisher's attorney, and by that will Fisher had appointed Smith his sole executor, in the event of his death. He declined, he said, to throw any surpicion of Weir; but he would appeal to the common sense of the jury whether the ghost story was entitled to any credit; and, if it were not, to ask themselves why it had been invented? He alluded to the fact—which in cross-examination Mr Grafton swore to—that when the remains were first shown to him, he did not conduct himself as a guilty man would have been likely to do, although, he was horror-stricken on beholding the hidious spectacle He concluded by invoking the Almighty to bear witness that he was innocent of the diabolical crime for which he had been arraigned. The judge (the late Sir Francis Forbes) recapitulated the evidence It was no easy matter to deal with that part of it which had reference to the apparition; and if the charge of the judge had any leaning one way or the other, it was decidedly in favor of an acquittal. The jury retired; but after deliberating for seven hours, they returned to the court, with a verdict of Guilty

The judge then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the following Monday. It was on a Thursday night that he was convicted. On the Sunday, Smith expressed a wish to see a clergyman. His wish was immediately attended to, when he confessed that he, and he alone, committed the murder; and that it was upon the very rail where Weir swore that he had seen Fisher's ghost sitting, and that he had knocked out Fisher's brains with a tomahawk. The power of attorney, he likewise confessed, was a forgery, but declared that the will was genuine.

This is very extraordinary, but is, nevertheless, true in substance, if not in every particular. Most persons who have visited Sydney for any length of time will no doubt have had it narrated.

◆

From the Boston Post.

A Dropped Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 16th, 1855.

Son John—I have too much Legislative work to come home on Saturday nights as I said I would—so you mind the farm. I have managed to get on a good many committees, so as to come popular by having my name printed oftener in the papers, and I manage to say something occasionally and I have seen my name 8 times printed in the daily bee. American principle is looking up some here in Boston and we are going to discord all forign elements in our government (by the way have the barn door painted over with some other colour besides Spanish brown. I don't like any thing spanish) The government has made a lick at the foreign malitia and disbanded all the companies, (dont use any more British oil for your deefness for I have thrown away that box of Russia salve your mother put in my trunk to rub my rumatick leg with use American physic it is the best) We are going to have the latin lingo taken off the state coat of arms and put plain yankee english in its place. We are going a head I tell you and make a clean swoop of every thing of forign extraction I have visited no place of amusement excepting the live buffaloo which is a regular native he looks very much like a hairy cow.—Speaking of cows reminds me of our Durham bull you may sell him to Wade the butcher he is of foreign extraction. A friend asked me to go to the Atheneum and see the library and pictures but I was told nearly all the pictures are painted by the old masters as they are called—and these I am told are with out exception all foreigners besides many of the books are in forign languages so it is contrary to the spirit of of my principles to visit such a place. I was going to see Banvard's great painting of the Holy land which is making some stir, but a native artist told me it was painted mostly with Venetian red Dutch pink and Naples yellow while all the skies were Prussian blue too much of the forign element to be interesting to me. By the way speaking of paint, have the front blinds which I had painted with French green last fall painted some color other than I mentioned above. Stop the Zions Herald and take the Yankee privateer in its place. Give my Marseills vest to dick the plowman and tell him to stone Jip the scotch terrier off the farm and to kill that Maltese cat.

From your affectionate father.

◆

☞ The use of coal in England in the thirteenth century met with opposition. A lecturer upon the subject, in Boston, says its use was prohibited by parliamentary law, under the impression that it produced disease. All milder punishment failing to stop its use, a law was passed making it a capital offence to burn coal. In the reign of Edward the First, a man was actually put to death for using it. The ladies, always jealous of their personal charms, were hostile to its use, under the impression that it injured the complexion; a formidable opposition was thus raised, but convenience and necessity have triumphed over all obstacles, and those vast magazines of heat, are now affording us inexhaustible supplies of highly concentrated and convenient fuel.

From Household Words

SOME CALIFORNIAN CHARACTERS.

◆

In the San Francisco newspaper, entitled the *Wide West*, Mr Whittlestick amused the people at the diggings with a sketch of Californian character. The diggers liked to see their every day acquaintances in print, and called for a corrected and revised edition of Whittlestick's works. This has daily appeared in twenty-four pages large octavo, from the press of "Bonestell and Williston, Court Block, Clay Street, one door below the Post Office, San Francisco."

Herein the miner may read about himself.—If he be an unsuccessful miner, this is his character: He knows California to be a humbug. In his judgment the mines must soon give out.—He thinks that if he had arrived in 'forty-nine he could have made his fortune. But not in digging. No! Hard-work is not what he was cut out for. There was a fine opening in 'forty-nine for any man of talent and energy to speculate in real estate. He don't believe half the tales told about profitable mining. People can't fool *him* with their stories. California being a humbug, he would go home if he hadn't to admit when he got home that Jim and Tom knew just how it would be—that they were right and that he was wrong. He won't admit that. He will starve first. He *is* pretty nigh starving. He could go and work by the day for the Rattle Gulch Water and Mining Company, but he likes independence; and, as he has his mind to cultivate, objects to doing forced labor for more than eight hours a day. Prospecting is, in his opinion, the only way to strike a lead. The big strokes are what he is after. He don't want merely to make a living—he could have done that at home. His luck will turn some day. It is all luck.—Brooks went home with a fortune, and told the unsuccessful miner's friends that the unsuccessful miner hadn't half worked It isn't work that does it—it is luck. Brooks would have worked for nothing if he hadn't been so lucky; besides, Brooks was avaricious. The unsuccessful miner had slaved it in California long enough; Australia is the place for him; wishes that he had gone there at once; want of capital is the only thing that hinders him from going now. Too many persons are allowed to come into the diggins. In his opinion it is immigration that has ruined the mines. He believes in quartz mining. Thinks that the directors of a quartz mining company make a snug thing of it, and wouldn't mind starting such a company himself, if he could find purchasers for stock.—Seldom writes home.

The glass is next presented to the face of the successful miner. In the opinion of the successful miner, the idea that the mines are worked out is all stuff He does not believe in luck; attributes his own good fortune to innate force of character Believes that he would have got along anywhere, and that any man who really works in the mines can do well Never wearies of writing home to his friends, especially to those who always told him, etc Thinks the unsuccessful miner rather green in his speculations, but sees clearly that his own losses in quartz-mining and town-lots were entirely unavoidable. Has an interest in one or two stores in different parts of the mines, and is very apt to mention those localities to the new-comers who may ask his opinion, as the likeliest place at which to begin. Considers prospecting a very good thing; but as long as he has a claim affording an average yield, prefers that some one else should do it. Is confident that he can wash a panfull of dirt quicker, and get more gold out of it, than any other man in the mines Claims to be the original inventor of the long-tom, and knew that a sluice was first-rate for washing gold long before it was introduced. Looks upon sleeping in a tent as an enervating luxury. Give *him* a blanket and a stone.

Another kind of digger is the digger-Indian. He is clumsy; has black, matted hair; is coarse-featured; wears any thing or nothing—that is to say, wears whatever clothes he gets and all that he possesses. If he has been fortunate, he may be met attired in several shirts, coats, and pantaloons, one over the other. If he has not been fortunate, he wears perhaps, nothing but a single pair of stockings. Of soap he has no knowledge—water touches his skin only when he goes into it for fish. He eats acorns, and grasshoppers crushed together when fresh into a pasty mass, or sun-dried for winter use He gets up dances, at which he appears not in full dress, but strictly and always in full undress, while his wives and his daughters appear in the usual variety of costume. He gambles deeply, at a game known by our children as which hand will you have?—He eats not pork, but rejoices with his whole tribe at the stranding of a whale. He takes a wife, or a family of wives, by exchange of gifts, giving a jug and taking in exchange a net.—His body, when he dies, is burnt, and it is a point of honor with his relatives to stand in a ring as near as possible to the burning pile until it is consumed; his bereaved wife puts on a widow's cap of pitch, which she wears on her head for several months, according to the digger-Indian way of going into black.

Another of the noticible characters is the Chinaman. Wherever there is money to be earned, John Chinaman is earning it. He is a butcher in Dupont Street, a merchant at Sacramento, a fisherman and fish-drier on Rincon Point, a washerman at the Lagoon; and his idea of what will do for a flat-iron there amazes the Anglo-Saxons. His enemies insinuate that linen has a tendency to return as cotton from his hands. In every thing, as in washing, his notions of work are Asiatic. If Chinamen have any thing to lift, they first ascertain whether one man can lift it; and, if he can, they send four to perform the duty. All their work is done on the same scale. For ease in carrying heavy burdens, the Chinaman depends on the balancing of weights at each end of a pole carried on his shoulder. If he has a bundle weighing fifty pounds to hang on one end of his pole, he will hang fifty pounds of any thing as ballast on the other. John Chinaman, in figure and costume, much differs from western notions of the graceful or the beautiful. Little Californian boys shoot at him with arrows barbed with pins; men passing him on the pavement jostle him; dogs snap at his heels. He is disliked, except by his countrymen; but they back him with energy. Is he before the recorder, and wants an alibi! Twenty John Chinamen will prove that he was in twenty other places at the time in question. John Chinamen has his own way of shopping. He enters a store and gazes for a long time silently and stolidly at the object of his desire. The storekeeper at last retires in dudgeon. John attempts then the expression of his mind in English, ascertains the price asked for the article, and bids about one tenth of it. His offer is refused, and he departs; he never offers more at the first visit. After a few days he returns to renew his offer, and, if it be refused, to buy on the storekeeper's terms. The Chinaman is successful as a miner, but he dislikes digging; for rocking and tom-washing he displays genius.—He lives sparingly, unless poultry be put in his way; for he has a woundeful greed for chickens. In forty-nine the Chinese were eminent in San Francisco as keepers of the cheapest and best-frequented eating-houses. They were the only men who had on hand an unlimited supply of potatoes—then a Californian luxury. These trades have now declined. The founder of the best of them has removed, and is said to be a thriving eating-house keeper in the Sandwich Islands.

The genius of a poor Frenchman first stood

out a line of business as bootblack, and the French bootblack soon become a stock California character. A file of bootblacks now does duty in front of the California Exchange, and the man with dirty boots who passes them and is no customer must run the gauntlet. The first bootblack provided for his customer a wooden stool. Competition led to the introduction of a chair with a back to it. Capital then entered the field with arm-chairs and cushions; and, to the arm-chairs and cushions, newspapers were added.—There invention was exhausted until somebody hit upon the idea of blacking boots in-doors.—California boots are not all to be blacked with ease. A respectable city boot-blacking establishment that had suffered much grievous wrong at the feet of possessors of greased or wet boots, posts in front of the customer's seat—close to his eyes—this placard:

Boots blacked (not wet or greased) 25 cts.
Boots blacked (all over, legs, etc.) 50 cts.
Boots blacked (when wet or greased) 50 cts.

☞Persons considering these rates too high, are recommended to visit the Plaza, where expenses are not so heavey.

The Californians have a decided taste for sugar candy. One of the most imposing and imperturbable of public characters at San Francisco, who with a rough, bass voice pursues the even tenor of his way, is the "Big Lump Candy Man" Grateful to all men is the sound of his, "Here you are! Big lumps and str-r-r-ongly flavored Ever-r-ybody buys them! Sam Br-r-annan buys them." There have arisen lately, base men copying his cry, and intercepting some part of his custom; so that he is bound now to cry his big lumps as "the Old Or-r-riginal," to assert himself occasionally, as the man "the papers tell about"

We have given very reduced copies of Mr. Whittlestick's sketches, and have omitted from the series two most important characters—the newsboy and the grizzly bear.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS FOR SETTING A GANDER'S LEG.—Dr S came to settle at Bloomfield, a half a mile north of what is now Piety Hill, or Birmingham, in 1820, and commenced farming and the practice of medicine.—A year or two afterwards, a nighbor, as he was called, a man who lived about eight miles off, with whom the Dr. was at variance, called him about the middle of a bitter winter night, to go to his house and mend a broken leg. The doctor was never backward in obeying a professional call, and was under way in a short order. Arriving at the place, he found the patient to be an old gander, who sure enough had a broken leg; so he set out to work, made splints and bandages, put the leg in place and went home, leaving Mr Gander as comfortable as could be expected. In due time the owner of the gander was presented with a bill of $10, for surgical services which he refused to pay. Dr. S. sued him before a justice, and recovered the amount with cost The gander appealed, or his owner did for him, the judgment was affirmed with new costs. The gander took another and last appeal to the Supreme Court, where the judgment was affirmed with new costs, from which court an execution issued for $10 damages and $150 costs of suit, which was levied on the farm and finally paid, leaving the world in doubt which was the greatest goose of the two.—*Dayton (O.,) Empire.*

☞A Mr G. W. Bungay (who is Bungay?) has just been favoring the public with what he calls his "Off-hand Takings and Crayon Sketches." Senator Summer is thus sketched:

"Charles Summer is a stockholder in the bank of original thought. We may know that he has considerable bullion there, for his drafts are honored at sight, and our first men are his endorsers."

Cha-r-les may be a stockholder in the bank of original thought, but like many other bank stock holders, he has been trading for years on borrowed capital. As for the endorsers, Bungay ought to keep shady The philosopher of the New York Tribune, is hit off after this fashion:

"The subject of this sketch is the prince of paragraphists—the Napoleon of essayists. He is the great recording secretary of this Continent, employed by the masses to take notes and print them"

The biographer Bungay has evidently made a mistake in the name of Greeley's employers. In printers' parlance, the name is an em too wide.—*Evening Star*

RELATIONSHIP.—A Hoosier stepped on board a steamboat as she was lying at a certain point on the Ohio river, and brawled out—"Is the captain aboard?"

The captain, who was standing among the crowd, responded, "Yes, what do you want with him?"

"Oh, nothing particular; he's a distant relation of mine, and I'd like to see him."

"A relation of yours?" inquired the captain, somewhat surprised

"Yes, a slight relation. He's the father of my first child."

You'd better believe the captain sloped, while the crowd enjoyed the sport to their heart's content.

THE LANGUAGE OF PINE WOOD.—In North Carolina it is frequent among her forests of fat pine, for a lover in distress to send the fair object of his affections a bit of its staple production, with an eye painted upon it It signifies "I pine." If favorable to him, the young lady selects from the wood pile the best and smoothest specimens of a knot—this signifies "pine not" But if, on the other hand, she detests him, (there is no middle grounds between detestation and adoration with young women,) she burns one eye of his message; and this generally throws the young man in despair, for it means "I make light of your pining."

A GOOD ONE.—Sitting on a piazza of the Cataract was a young foppish looking gentleman, his garments highly scented with a mingled odor of musk and cologne. A solemn-faced odd-looking man, after passing the dandy several times with a look of aversion, that drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidental tone said:

"Stranger, I know what'll take that scent out of your clothes; you"

"What do you mean, sir?" said the exquisite, fired with indignation, starting from his chair.

"Oh, get mad now; swear, pitch round, fight; just because a man wants to do you a kindness!" coolly replied the stranger. "But I tell you I do know what'll take out that smell; phew! You just bury them clothes; bury'em a day or two. Uncle Josh got foul of a skunk and he"—

At this instant there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment, and the dandy very sensibly "cleared the coop," and vanished up stairs.

HOW THEY SOUND A FIRE ALARM IN STOCKHOLM.—An American, writing from Stockholm, Sweeden, says:

"Fire is a rare occurrence here, almost every house, even the very poorest being built of stone, consequently when it does occur there is great excitement. Along every street a man goes beating a drum violently, and every house is obliged by law to send a barrel of water, which stands ready in each court-yard. This rather slow and primitive method of extinguishing conflagrations would scarcely answer in our tinder-box towns."

Brazil.

The National Intelligencer contains a sketch of a lecture on Brazil, lately delivered at the Smithsonian Institute, by Rev. J. C. Fletcher, who has resided for some years at Rio Janeiro. It is as follows:

Brazil, after Russia, China, and our own country, is the largest contiguous territory under one Government. She has forty five hundred miles of Atlantic sea coast, and posses a fertility unsurpassed. Although Brazil is nearly intertropical, yet, on account of the general elevation, the climate does not have (with the exception of the low, marshy, uninhabited region of the Amazon) the great extremes of heat known in the torrid zone in other portions of the world. In the vicinity of Rio de Janeiro the delicious climate, the thousands of flowers, the majestic palms, the rich and beautiful fruits, and the luxuriant tropic vegetation constantly recalled Milton's description of the fabled Hesperides, where

"—— Eternal summer dwells."

Mr. Fletcher also demonstrated, in his running sketch of the history of Brazil, that that Empire is as wonderful in its political history and Government as in its *flora* and *fauna*.

Brazil was first discovered by Pinzon, a Spanish navigator—a companion of Columbus—in 1500. He was followed by Cabial, a Portuguese, who claimed the land in the name of his monarch. On the 1st of January, 1561, Martin Alfonlo de Louza sailed into what he thought to be a large river, which he named the "River of January;" and, although he soon discovered his mistake, yet to this day the magnificent sheet of water is known by the misnomer "Rio de Janeiro." The first colony established near the waters of that bay was in 1556, by a band of French Huguenots, under the patronage of Admiral Coligny. They were, however, overcome by the Portuguese as well as the Dutch, who in after years occupied a portion of the northern coast, from 1634 to 1654. From the last date Brazil become a colony of Portugal, with as great commercial restrictions as China before 1842. Thus this vast region remained until 1808, when the royal family of Portugal fled from Lisbon upon the invasion of the French army and sought refuge at Rio de Janeiro, which become for a time being the capital.—Brazil rapidly improved (as the commercial restrictions were thrown aside) and it was soon incorporated as a portion of the kingdom. The first printing press was established in 1808, but it was reserved in after years for independent Brazil to have a press entirely free and unshackled.

The lecturer exhibited several specimens of Brazilian typography, among which were Lieutenant Maury's letters on the Amazon question and newspapers. Rio, a city of 800,000 inhabitants, has several daily papers, which, during the seasons of the Imperial Legislature, print full reports of all the debates the morning after their occurrence.

In 1821 the King, Don John, returned to Portugal, leaving his son, Don Pedro, as viceroy. Brazil was treated badly by Portugal, and Brazilians resented it, proclaimed a Constitutional Empire, and Don Pedro was made the first Emperor. Their Constitution is singularly liberal, and the whole Government more nearly, with some qualifications, resembles our own than any other. There are 21 Provinces, each having its Governor and independent Legislature. It is thus a decentralized Government. There is the Imperial Legislative Assembly, with its House of Representatives and its Senate, corresponding to our Congress. But, in order that the Provincial Governments may be more closely allied to the general Government, the Emperor appoints the Governors and the people elect their legislators. There is a nobility, but it is one *bene merito*, and cannot descend from father to son. There is also a liberality and a guarantied religious toleration which surprised us, and can no be surpassed outside of England and the United States

Brazil is not a hot-bed of revolution as Spanish America, but has had a peacefulness and a material prosperity in advance of every American Government save our own. She has had but one great change in her Government since 1822, and that the forced abdication of Don Pedro and substitution of his son, the present efficient Emperor Her coast commerce, carried on in her own sailing vessels and steamers, is immense.—Two-thirds of the coffee of the world is raised in Brazil, and more than one half of this immense crop comes to the United States. We buy more than fourteen millions of dollars worth from Brazil, while we do not sell her but little more than the amount of four millions of our products, and we can readily assent to what the lecturer asserted as our duty, i. e to cultivate closer relations with Brazil. More than once we were pointed to the Southern inhabited portion of Brazil, and the La Platte countries as the fields for the triumphs of American commerce, and not the miasmetic and almost uninhabited equatorial region of the Amazon.

The concluding part of the lecture was taken up with descriptions of the bay and city of Rio de Janerio—the novel sights of that sunny region, the gorgeous scenery, and the fruits flowers, and perpetual verdure of that land of enchantment

The lecturer also made it known that the Emperor is a *bona fide* Emperor, no Faustin Soulouque, but a man in whose veins course the blood of the Braganzas and the Hapsburgs. He is the son of the sister of Napopeon's second Empress. He is related by marriage to every principal reigning house in Europe. The late Queen of Portugal was his sister, and the present King of course his nephew. The Prince de Joinville married a younger sister. The Empress is the half sister of the King of Naples and aunt to the Queen of Spain. The Emperor, the lecturer remarked, is a fine looking man, having fair complexion, blue eyes, and is just six feet four inches in height. Brazil is bound to advance. The foreign slave trade is now abolished, and the question of domestic servitude is not so complex as with us; and judging from the past, the career of Brazil will be onward and in striking contrast with the volcanic Republics of Spanish America.

A VALID REASON.—Uncle *Peter* B., who flourished a few years ago among the mountains of Vermont as an inveterate horse dealer, was one day called upon by an amateur of the 'equine' in search of something fast The story is told as follows in the *Northern Gazette*:

"There," said Uncle Peter, pointing to an animal feeding in the meadow beyond the house, "there, sir, is a mare yonder, who could trot her mile in two minites and twenty seconds, were it not for one thing!"

"Indeed!" said his companion.

"Yes," continued Uncle Peter, "she's four years old this spring, is in good condition, looks well, and is a first rate mare, and she can go a mile in one minute and twenty seconds, were it not for one thing!"

"Well, what is it!" was the query.

"That mare," resumed the jockey, is in every way a good piece of property. She has a heavy mane, switch tail, trots square and fair, and yet there is one thing only why she can't go a mile in two minutes and twenty seconds!"

"What in the Old Harry is it then!" cried the amateur, impatiently.

"The distance is too great for the time!" was the old wag's reply.