ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

BURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS. $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 25. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1855. NUMBER 50.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

DR J L STEWART,

W B RUSHMORE,
With Churchill, Walkley & Johnson,

H B HAVERSTICK,

SAMUEL T SHERRETT & CO.

CLEMENS & CALGHEY,

NEILER & WARREN,

JOHN F DUNCOMBE

A A CRAIG

E CHAPIN

W H SHERMAN,
DAGUERREAN ARTIST

L W OLDS

L T FOX,

DR EMERY.

G W TODD,
With Caruth Torry & Dow

BURTON & HERRON.

DR O L ELLIOTT

DR S C BROWNELL,

E H ABELL

T D EDWARDS,

D WALKER & CO.

CARSON GRAHAM,

VINCENT, HIMROD & CO

THOMAS M AUSTIN,

H JARECKI.

J B GUNNISON

BOOTH & STEWARD,

LADDELL, KEPLER & CO

SHERRETT & GRAY,

WM S LANE.

M SANFORD & CO

T HERON STUART,

RUFUS REED

CADWELL & BENNETT,

GEORGE H CUTLER,

JOSIAH KELLOGG.

CARTER & BROTHER

JAMES LYTLE.

JOHN SWENEY,

JOHN HEARN & CO

GEORGE J MORTON

J C MARSHALL,

TIBBALS HAYES & CO

SMITH JACKSON & SON

W THORNTON
NOTARY PUBLIC

WEBB & THAYER.

M CHASIN.

TIBBALS, HAYES & CO.

Select Poetry.

WHEN I WAS A MAIDEN YOUNG.

BY E ITUSE.

When I was a maiden young,
All the world call'd me beauty
Beaux in plenty round me hung,
But not one that e'er could suit me
Some too foolish, some too wise
Some too ugly, some too clever
Some too careless, some too nice,
So I ne'er choose a lover

A merchant, quite in suit so fine,
Talk'd of ribbons, silks and lace;
Said the choicest shou'd be mine
If I'd favor his address-
Boasted of his credit fair,
Of his wealth he'd heap'd together
But his wealth proved light as air
So I struck him from my ledger

A soldier next, in boastful strain,
Told his feats in fields of glory,
Vaunted of his hundreds slain,
How his name would live in story
Swore that fighting was but fun,
Sport to face a cannon loaded,
Thus he fir'd his biggest gun
But in smoke it all exploded

Then a learned man of law
Show'd his parchments, briefs and papers,
In his plea I found a flaw,
So dismiss'd him in the vapors
A doctor talk'd of drugs and pills
Till he put me in a fever
Said, of life he'd cure all ills,
But I prov'd an unbeliever

Last there came a country swain,
Manly, handsome, tall and clever
Nothing boasting, nothing vain
But he won my heart forever
He ask'd me, if I'd be his bride,
Said he could—could I refuse him?
Though no promise I sought beside
His hand and heart I could but give him

—Country Gentleman

Choice Miscellany.

A DAY IN SNOOSESTADT.

Freely Translated from the German.

CHAPTER VI

The shadows of evening were settling down over the good town of Snoosestadt. The street in front of the Burgomaster's house was deserted, the oil lamp which swung within an ancient lantern, on an equally ancient lamp post, was not yet lighted. The Burgomaster's house and his brother's mansion were divided by a narrow alley, and at the entrance of this alley the lamp post was planted. It is necessary that we should be particular in this respect for the lamp post, in significance as it may appear, plays an important part in our little drama. Pippin's apartment was in the attic of the Burgomaster's house. Mr Van Dam, occupied the [illegible] floor in his brother's house. In the Burgomaster's house, Rosa's little room was located in the second story, and as the house was surrounded by gardens, the windows of her room were on a level with those of the apartment occupied by Pippin. Miss Spindle's room was in Rosa's, while the Burgomaster occupied a small apartment, partitioned off from the parlor.

After all had retired to their respective apartments, Eager, who had taken lodgings at a small bed-room in the rear of the building, carefully made his way to the front door and cautiously opening it stepped forth into the street.

"Thank Heaven! they go to bed early here in Snoosestadt," thought he, "and now I can have a moment to myself. How tired I am of their continued questions and compliments. I never heard such talkers! They did not leave their guest alone, for an instant.—I wonder if Rosa will come when they are all still in the house.—She would not break her promise—"

"You are right, dear doubter," whispered Rosa, who had carefully opened the door and stepped out into the street.

"At length, at length," exclaimed Eager, passionately, "How can I again swear to you—"

"All that you have sworn to me a thousand times before."

"But I must take advantage of these stolen moments—"

"Ah, yes, this is always the way with lovers. They are never satisfied with playing their part. But when they are husbands, they grumble and growl as much as they formerly caressed and cajoled."

"I hope——"

"That you will not do likewise. Yet it is true Lovers and Larks sing only in the spring, and we must rejoice if they do not fly from us in the fall."

"I swear——"

"Do not swear so loud, dear Edgar," whispered Rosa softly. "My good aunt Charlotta has not yet sung her evening hymn; my uncle is no doubt busily engaged in turning the pages of some old almanac, Papa Night is still burning, and Pippin up yonder is at this very moment, I believe, inditing a sonnet to my eyes. I heard aunt Charlotta say that once the neighbors had missed a child, so I suppose the town-crier will soon pass by here, with his bell and song."

"Well this is [illegible] I suppose the lamp lighter will come [illegible]"

"O, not to night. We are safe to night."

"You are [illegible] song."

"Never mind [illegible] down in the arbor, and the corner near Spindle's door, I remind to be seen no more. I have resolved that the lamps shall not be lighted when the moon shines."

"I should think they were too economical in repairing their premises."

"Don't be long, rather say that you escaped with a scratched nose."

"But my dear Rosa, you might not have come to my apartment, and we could have conversed without fear of interruption."

"What! Oh, it is a pity that it is not fashionable here in Snoosestadt, for the young ladies to visit their lovers in their apartments. In the street, so to speak, I am under the protection of and my relatives."

"And in case of necessity you might cry out to the watchman."

"Certainly, sir."

"I had believed, that as my future wife—"

"I am not yet your wife, and I fear I shall never be so, if you continue in your present path."

"Path? what do you mean?"

"What imp told you to call my aunt madame? She is not married. She is Miss Spindle. Did you not observe that?"

"Well, to-morrow I will Miss her to her heart's content."

"The more the better. But why did you not eat the buscuit at supper, this evening?"

"I was not hungry."

"No matter—you must be a luke-warm lover, if you think more of your ease than of your love."

"Right, I will eat like a perfect Jack Falstaff."

"Then why did you yawn, when my father is talking to you about the law?"

"I was tired tired of listening to him."

"That does not help the matter. You must listen to him patiently, until he is finished, and pay attention to every word."

"Attention? When you are standing opposite me."

"You can yawn, however, when standind opposite me. But when my uncle speaks of his library, why do you always call it trash?"

"Well it is trash; nothing but a mass of old Robber and Bandit Romances, and Comic Almanacs."

"And why should you care for that? I must tell you one thing, Edgar. If you wish to win the good opinion of our family, you must listen to and believe all my father says, you must not find fault with any thing my uncle possesses, particularly his library, and you must not, above all things, observe that my aunt has arrived beyond the years of discretion. But silence, I hear a noise, it is from Pippin's window. I hope he has not heard us."

Pippin threw open the window blinds, and thrusting out his head, he sung in a loud voice, as he gazed earnestly towards the windows of Rosa's apartment.

"Open thy lattice to me love,
"Open thy lattice to me."

"Ah Rosa," said he, "Divinest of creatures! at time eyes now closed by sleep, thou fairest creature of the universe dost thou think of me?"

"That is really an apostrophy to me," whispered Rosa to Eager.

"There are the dear little window blinds," continued Pippin, "which hide my dear love from my sight. All is dark and dreary now. Sleep, perhaps has closed her triumphant eyes."

"Triumphant eyes, did you hear?" whispered Rosa.

"He tells me nothing new," whispered Eager.

"Melodious melodies shall float like sunbeams round her downy couch," said Pippin, and stretching forth his hand he took his violin and commenced tuning it.

"O, woe!" whispered Rosa, perhaps he intends to set nade me. The man is able to snatch a whole neighborhood out of their slumbers."

"Tallyrum, tallyrum, hear me
Tallyrum, talyrum, leyer," sung Pippin.

At this moment Rosa caught a glimpse of the town crier, who was rapidly approaching.—"Well well," she muttered, "that is just what we want, to make a disgraceful end of our interview."

Eager and Rosa, at the approach of the town-crier, withdrew into the shadow of the building.

The town-crier stopped in front of the Burgomaster's house, and after ringing his bell violently, he shouted at the top of his lungs: "O, yes, O, yes. I have lost a little boy, about four years old—he had on a black frock on; he had on a——"

"Halio, down there!" shouted Pippin, "You impertinent fellow, don't you hear that I am serenading."

"What do I care for your music?" answered the town-crier. "If you will come down and find Mrs. Shock's little boy, Wilhelm, for me, you may." Then in a louder voice than before, he shouted, "he had on a pair of red stockings on—"

Pippin scratched upon his violin with so much vigor, that the town-crier's voice was drowned in the doleful sound. At this moment Miss Spindle appeared at the window, and, as was her usual custom, she commenced singing her evening hymn. "O, that will be joyful, joyful j-o-y-f-u-l.—O, that will be joyful——"

"Whoever will deliver me the child shall be rewarded," shouted the town-crier, in a tone so loud that it completely triumphed over Pippin's violin and Miss Spindle's voice.

"Hark my love; my darling dove," echoed Pippin from the window.

Miss Spindle's indignation was at its height, she thrust her head through the open window, and was about to vent her rage upon the town-crier, when Mr. Van Dam, opened his window. The town-crier, thereupon effected his escape.

"Neighbor," said Van Dam, looking up to Pippin, who was still continuing his song. "Cakele not so loud, you will disturb the dear chickens in their coop."

"And interrupt people in their religious meditations," added Miss Spindle.

"I was only serenading Rosa," said Pippin.

"O, she has been asleep a long time," answered Miss Spindle, and closing the shutters with a bang, which plainly evinced her anger, she withdrew to finish her hymn in peace.

"We have had a perfect frolic to-day, Mr. Pippin," said Van Dam.

"Yes, and who is the cause, but that adventurer from the city."

"That is you," whispered Rosa to Eager.

"Yes, and Miss Impertinence, who went to bed an hour ago," added Van Dam.

"That is you," whispered Eager to Rosa.

"It seems to me," said Pippin, "That she couldn't keep her eyes off the vagabond."

"That is you," whispered Rosa to Eager.

"The girl thinks a great deal of her face,"—said Van Dam.

"Do you hear that?" inquired Eager softly.

"And that Mr. Eager is a conceited puppy," added Pippin.

"Write that down in your memorandum book," whispered Rosa to Eager.

"Well good night Mr. Pippin," said Van Dam.

"Pleasant dreams," returned Pippin, and the two gentlemen withdrew to their respective couches.

"They are gone at last," said Eager, conducting Rosa from their hiding place.

"But we must go also. To-morrow you must speak again to my father. If the worst comes to the worst I shall emphatically refuse to obey them, in regard to my marriage with Pippin.—Follow my directions implicitly."

"Good night Rosa; but you will not refuse me a kiss?"

"A pressure of the hand is more than enough. There, now good night." As Rosa was about to enter the house she caught a glimpse of a lantern which was rapidly approaching the spot.—"Alas!" cried she, "there comes some one else. He will be here before we can both enter the house safely. Quick, quick, we must play hide and seek once more."

No sooner had they safely concealed themselves behind the lamp post than Klaus Isaac, the grocer, out of breath with hard running, and apparently in a high state of excitement, ran up to the door of the Burgomaster's house and saluted it with a multitude of double knocks.

Our next chapter, which we consider the most important, will conclude this veritable history.

The Lazy Man's Paradise.

The following is an account of the daily life of a Creole family in the town of Santa Crux, the capital of the Bolivian department of that name. It is from Lieut. Gibbons' Report of the Exploration of the Amazon. For a lazy man, Santa Crux de Bolivia must be a perfect paradise, to say nothing of a chance a bachelor has of being able to secure a partner in a city where there are five women to one men.

"Very early in the morning the Creole, getting out of bed, throws himself into a hamac; his wife stretches herself upon a bed near by, while the children seat themselves with their legs under them on the chairs, all in their night dresses. The Indian servant girls enters with a cup of chocolate for each member of the family after which she brings some coals of fire in a silver dish. The wife lights her husband a cigar, then one for herself. Some time is spent reclining, chatting, and regaling. The man slowly puts on his cotton trowsers, woolen coat, leather shoes, and vicuna hat, with his neck exposed to the fresh air—silk handkerchiefs are scarce—he walks to some near neighbors, with whom he again drinks chocolate and smokes another cigar.

At mid-day a small low table is set in the middle of the room, and the family go to breakfast. The wife sits next to her husband; the women are very pretty and affectionate to their husbands. He chooses her from among five, there being about the number of women to one man in the town. The children seat themselves, and the dogs form a ring behind. The first dish is a chupe of potatoes with large pieces of meat. The man helps himself first, and throws his bones straight across the table; a child dodges his head to give it a free passage, and the dogs rush after it as it falls upon the ground floor. A child then throws his bone, the mother dodges and the dogs rush behind her. The second dish holds small pieces of beef without bones. Dogs are now fighting. Next comes a dish with a finely-chopped beef; then beef soup, vegetable, and fruits; finally, coffee or chocolate. After breakfast, the man pulls on his trowsers and coat, and lies down with his drawers in the hamac. His wife lights him a cigar. She finds her way back to bed with a cigar. The dogs jump up and lie down on the chairs—the fleas bite them on the ground!—The Indian girl closes both doors and windows, and takes the children out to play while the rest of the family sleep.

At 2 P M., the church bells ring to let the people know that the priest was saying a prayer for them, which rouses them. The man rises, and stretches his hand above his head and gapes; the dogs get down, and whiningly stretch themselves; while the wife sits up in bed and loudly calls out for fire; the Indian girl reapears with a "chunk" for her mistress to light her master an other cigar, and smokes again herself. The dinner, which takes place between 8 and 5, is nearly the same as breakfast, except when a beef is recently killed by the Indians, when they have a boil. The ribs and other long bones of the animal are trimmed of flesh, leaving the bones only coated with meat; these are laid across a fire and roasted; the members of the family, while employed with them, look as if all were practising music.

A horse is brought into the house by an Indian man, who holds while the "patron" saddles and bridles him; he then puts on a large pair of silver spurs, which costs forty dollars, and mounting, he rides out of the front door to the opposite house; halting, he takes off his hat and calls out "Buenas tardes, senoritas,"—good evening ladies. The ladies make their appearance at the door; one lights him a cigar, another mixes him a glass of lemonade to refresh himself after the ride. He remains in the saddle, talking while they lean gracefully against the door posts, smiling with their bewitching eyes. After spending the afternoon in this way, he rides into the house again. The Indian holds the horse by the bridle while the master dismounts. Taking off the saddle he throws it into one chair, the bridle into another, his spurs on a third; and himself into the hamac; the Indian leads out the horse, the dogs pull down the riding gear to the floor, and lay themselves on their usual bedsteads. Chocolate and cigars are repeated.

MRS. PARTINGTON INDIGNANT.—The shadow of something dark fell on the paper we were perusing on Saturday and looking up, the black bonnet of Mrs Partington brooded above our head like a detached thunder cloud. We saw at once that something was wrong. The brow of the dame was troubled like a mountain lake in November, her eye, in the cavernous gloom of the bonnet, seemed unwontedly brilliant, her voice was tremulous as though pent feeling were struggling with some philosophical thumb that was holding it back. "See here," she said at length, and laid a *Transcript* before us, much soiled and crumbled, as if ashamed of itself; "see here," pointing to a paragraph insinuating that it was Mrs. Partington and not Mrs Patterson that had been discovered at Lowell; "I can be contentious and unmovable under most of things," said she, "but this is an importation that I can't stand, any how. What is it that I have virtuous, if I am to be trated with this vile calomel at the last. Don't you think I could level an attachment on the editor for a label?" We saw that she was excited, and not wishing to ruin the *Transcript*, we informed her that it was probably a typographical error, and that the editor would undoubtedly correct it. She went out to join Ike who stood down stair, watching the operations of Mr. Saunder's railway.—*Boston Post.*

A STUPID SCHOOLMASTER.—A pedagogue relates a laughable story of one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell *hostility*.

"H-o-r-s-e, horse," commenced Pat.

"Not *horse*-tility," said the teacher, "but *hostility*."

"Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me, the other day, not to say *hoss*? Be jabers, it's wan thing wid ye wan day, and another the next."

THE MILLER'S BOARDER.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

In the village of Clatville, in one of the northern counties of England, there lived, some years since, a man named Rushton, a miller by occupation, a quiet, good-natured man, and thrifty in his business. Rob was very intimately known by the whole neighborhood, for his mill was the only good one about, in the region of Clatville.

Rushton had no children, and for several years after his marriage the miller and his wife got along nicely, without any domestic, living frugally and happily. At last, there came along an old bachelor by the name of Henry Blessner, who desired to take lodgings with them. He was well to do in the world, and desired only a quiet home; his money was safely invested, and he had had enough of the confusion of town life. The terms were agreed upon, and Blessner took up his abode at the "Pond House," as Rushton called his residence.

Soon after, the miller's wife found the care of her family too great for her, and a servant was taken into the house to assist her, to whom but trifling wages were paid. It was soon found that Betsey Ransom was not what she was taken for. She would lie, when she committed faults, and she was not over-industrious in her inclinations. But Clatville was an out of the way place, and the wife of Rushton could not do better; so she managed as best she could, and continued to retain the girl who soon became acquainted with a dissolute man employed at the neighboring inn, who visited her often at the Pond House.

"Where did you get acquained with this man Easton?" asked the miller's wife, one day of Betsey, alluding to the visits of this fellow.

"'ere in town, ma'am," said the girl.

"And did you never see him, until you came to Clatville, to live with me?" continued Mrs Rushton.

"No ma'am—never in my life."

"Mr. Rushton says he is not a very respectable person. And he thinks you would be better off, if you did not permit him to visit you here."

"If some people I could name would mind their own affairs—I don't mean you ma'am—they'd get along better, I'm thinking," replied Betsey, rudely, and Mrs Rushton turned away.

A week afterwards the miller and his wife went over to the shire town, on a temporary visit, and returning home at a late hour in the day, lost the way, mistaking the road. After riding some miles after dark, the miller discovered his mistake, and turned homeward once more, where he did not arrive until near midnight.

He found his house locked fast, and supposing from the lateness of the hour that the occupants were asleep, he knocked hastily, and called for Betsey to admit him, but he received no answer.

"She sleeps soundly, on my word," suggested the miller's wife.

"Sleep?" exclaimed Rushton, "if she was not so confounded lazy, by daylight, I'd swear she was dead. But where can Blessner be? If he's here, to be sure he must hear this noise. Hallo! open the door!" screamed the miller, and gave it a kick, the latch gave way, and he tumbled headlong into the entry.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, picking up his portly person again, "the door wasn't fastened at all. They left it open for us."

"Why didn't you try the handle, first, then?" queried his wife.

"I s'pposed it was locked, of course, at this time o'night," said Rushton. "But where's Betsey?"

"Abed," suggested Mrs. R.

"See, then, if she be; I've made noise enough to wake a dead man. Go see then if she's in. More'n likely she's taken her chance to be off with that spark of her's Easton."

Mrs. Rushton went to the girl's room, but it was vacant. She came down, and the miller then went to his boarder's apartment, to ascertain if he where there—when, a moment afterwards, his wife was astounded to hear him shriek out for her, as she came to the door of Blessner's bedroom.

"Quick, Esther! Blessner's dead—murdered! Quick!"

And sure enough; when the light came, there lay Henry Blessner's dead body on the floor, his room in disorder, his clothes lying about, and ample evidence existing that there had been a struggle there; but the man was stiff and cold!

While they stood transfixed with terror and amazement at this sight (the miller having taken hold of the body to turn it to the light,) footsteps were heard below, and three or four of the neighbors, headed by Betsey, came dashing up the stairs and into the room where the murdered man lay in his gore.

"There he is," yelled Betsey. "That's the murderer—and his wife's close by.—Here she is," continued the servant girl, drawing forth the miller's wife, who had, almost unconsciously stepped into a side room, a moment before. "They killed him for his money and watch. Hold on to 'em, she continued, wildly, and jumping down stairs, she instantly returned with the overcoat which the miller had thrown off below as he came into the house.

"Examine for yourselves," she added viciously. And upon turning out the breast pocket, the dead man's watch, and a bundle of papers belonging to Blessner, were discovered there. The miller didn't speak! He couldn't utter a syllable! His wife turned pale, moaned, and fainting, fell upon the chamber floor.

"See, see!" screamed Betsey, with raving triumph, "see the blood here, on his hands and sleeve!" and there it was too, fresh and clear as broad daylight. Rushton had moved the body, and had thus stained his hands unwittingly.

The miller's horse had not yet been taken out of the wagon, and the remainder of that fearful night was passed by Rushton and his wife in close confinement. The neighbors seized them, put them into their own vehicle: and drove them four miles away to the nearest jail! They were examined the next day, the evidence of the girl was heard, and the circumstances were recounted that had been witnessed by the neighbors, and they were imprisoned at once, and without much pity, to be tried at a future day for the murder.

At the expiration of seven weary weeks, true bills were found by the grand jury against them; they were duly indicted, and a few days after they were separately put upon trial for their lives, the case of the husband coming up first.

Rushton was placed at the bar, and he pleaded "not guilty," in a clear, manly voice. He had leisure for reflection since the night of the murder, and his counsel had been faithfully informed of all the circumstances of the case, so far as he knew anything about them. He now appeared calm and self possessed, but the chances were decidedly against him.

The prosecution proved, by Betsey Ransom, that the prisoner and the deceased had held frequent private conferences about money matters, which she had overheard, unknown to them. It was also affirmed, through her, that the miller and his wife had come home on that night two hours prior to her giving the alarm, and that the horse had been left before the house door, where he was found, only ass rose. It was proved that Rushton had started from town at a certain hour, and that he ought to have been at home quite as soon as the period of his arrival there, thus sworn by the servant girl. The watch and papers found in the prisoner's pocket, were identified as Blessner's property; and his bloody hands was the final turning point against him.

To certain questions put to Betsey by the defendant's counsel, she stated that she was but little acquainted with a young man named Easton. She had seen him—knew who was meant—but had not for three or four days prior to the murder. She hadn't seen him since, either!—Then the defence of Rushton was entered upon, with an earnestness creditable to his able counsel.

Five witnesses were produced to prove the girl a liar, to commence with. It was shown that she was in Easton's company at nine o'clock on the night of the miller's absence from home. A trunk of her's had been left by Easton, at the stage-house whence he proposed to take a passage for Conway, early the next morning after the death of Blessner, but which he forgot to call for! and which being broken open, was found to contain all the money Blessner was supposed to have had with him at the time of the murder—the notes on the county bank having been identified by the cashier who paid them to him on that very day! In this trunk were also some trinkets and light articles of wearing apparel known to have belonged to Betsey and to Easton. A farmer came forward and swore that he saw the prisoner twelve miles distant from Clatville at half-past ten o'clock, on the night designated, where he had evidently lost his way, and that he directed him back towards the mill. It was shown to the satisfaction to the court and jury that Rushton's horse was incapable of travelling over 7 milesn hour, at the best, and when the dead man was discovered by the neighbors, the body was cold. This was about half-past twelve at night.

The counsel made their pleas, the prisoner was permitted to make his own statement to the jury, and a verdict was given within half an hour afterwards.

"Not guilty!" replied the foreman clearly, in response to the clerk's call. And fifteen minutes afterwards, Rushton and his wife were in each other's arms—the government attorney having *nol pros'd* the indictment against her.

Betsey Ransom was instantly seized, and taken before a magistrate, now charged with being an accessory to the murder. In her desperate fright, she confessed to having perjured herself before the court, and that she placed the watch and papers in the miller's coat, after he came into the house. That, though she did not see Blessner killed, she knew that Easton went up to his room, she saw him come down again, heard the scuffle, and was aware that he had got the man's money.

Within a fortnight, Easton was arrested, tried and convicted, and eventually both himself and his guilty associate, the wretched Betsey, were transported for life to the British penal colony.

The miller returned to his dwelling again, and the sympathy of the public deservedly turned in his favor at once. But he was disheartened, and he could not bear to remain at the old place, after the dreadful scene that had occurred there. It was a good farm, his business was excellent, and he had made money. Soon after he came back, in triumph, at his honorable equittal, he had an offer for the estate, which he accepted, and with his wife he departed for one of the southern counties of England, where he lived afterwards happily and contendedly, though he never consented to receive another boarder into his family, and Mrs Rushton contrived, thenceforth, to get along agreeably in her household matters without ever again hiring a female domestic.

Other Side of the Story.

One of our exchanges extracts from the Deseret News of February 8th, the following, relative to the condition of society in the territory of Utah.

At the reunion of the members of the Assembly at the dwelling of Hon. A W Babbitt, the Chief Justice appointed by President Pierce, the Hon John F Kinney, spoke as follows:

"I do not rise to tell a story, to offer a toast or propose a conundrum, but to express my feelings. I have watched the doings of the Legislative Assembly during the past session. I see you have adopted the wise policy of enacting few and simple laws. Those governments are accounted the most wise which have enacted the fewest and simplest laws. You do not wish to rule your people by law; you try to rule them by love. I speak this not merely to eulogize Governor Young, or his Council. Everything in the valley bespeaks the enterprise, the industry, the refinement and the intelligence of the people. Your fine settlements, unsurpassed in loveliness and beauty—your public buildings—your machinery, and the union and good feeling prevailing throughout your territory, are all monuments of the wisdom and power that influence and control every department. No stranger coming into this territory, but will be struck at the luxury, magnificence, symmetry, and ingenuity that exist throughout this valley.

"I was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court in Iowa for seven years; my salary was $1,000 per year; the salary of Chief Justice in Utah was then $1,800. I had a delightful home in Iowa, as many of you have here. My appointment to Utah was soon rumored, and my friends, the members of the bar, expostulated with me on the propriety of leaving Iowa; my post was flooded with letters from my friends on the subject; my old friend in New York, with whom I studied law for years, informed me that I could not live, here and discharge the official duties assigned me. If I examine my own feelings in relation to coming to this place, I was actuated by one feeling, which was to show to the world that a man could occupy my present position, and discharge the duties thereof faithfully. I was actuated more by a desire to disabuse the public mind, and to show to the world the slanders that had been heaped upon this people, than by any other motive. It could not be for wealth, or honor. I have a wife and five children; one a daughter grown to womanhood; and I can say, there is less immorality, less drunkenness, less licentiousness here, than anywhere I have ever been. I turned my back on the advise of my friends; I have never regretted the steps I took. They tried to stay my family, but I controlled them, though I left it to their choice to come or stay. If you call this a compliment to your Territory, you are welcome to it, and I am proud of it."

RAINING BRIMSTONE.—A gentleman from Chulahoma, Mississippi, informs us that there was "a shower of brimstone" in that vicinity during the last rain, about two weeks since. Particles of brimstone (he says) were scraped from the ground the day after the rain by spoonfuls; and, by tasting and burning were fully decided to be brimstone and nothing else! Brimstone is said, also, to have fallen throughout De Soto and Marshall counties, Mississippi, during the same rain; and reports of a similar shower were in circulation here about the same time. We hope our Mississippi friends are not alarmed. Such showers frequently occur in the tropics and adjacent countries, when the trees are in bloom. The pollen of the flowers is taken up by the wind and distributed far and near, and out of such material was our shower of brimstone made.—*Memphis Eagle.*

The Judge's Mustard Bath.

Two or three days ago, a young friend who has recently been spending some time in Georgia, related to us an anecdote which shows how thoroughly sacred the people of Georgia were during the prevalence of the yellow fever in Savannah.

It seems that Judge B——g of the Supreme Court of the State, was in the upper country at the time, but within twenty hour's run, by mail, of the terrible disease. Quite suddenly, late one afternoon, he was seized with a headache, pain in his back, limbs, &c. Having heard that these were salutations Yellow Jack extended to his victims on approaching them, the Judge, in great consternation, applied to a friend who was "posted," for advice. A hot mustard bath was urgently advised, and being prepared the Judge was soon laving himself in the irritating fluid. Presently he felt better, and finding a cake of soap in the vessel of water he began to apply it quite freely upon the person.

After quite pleasant exercise in this way, he looked down for the first time on his body and limbs, and discovered that he was turning black! Oh, horror! His friend was hurriedly sent for, came and declared that the symptoms were intensely expressive of yellow fever.

"But," said the Judge, shivering the while, "I feel no pain, I feel well."

"So much the worse; the absence of pain is a marked symptom."

"God heavens!" ejaculated the Judge, "what shall I do?"

"The only hope is in the mustard. Rub away," was all the advice his friend could give.

And rub he did, with a will. He used the soap to open every possible pore, and after some minutes sent for a candle, (for the twilight was fading,) to ascertain his exact cuticular condition. On examination, he was as black as a crow, and the soap which a careless servant had dropped into the tub, was discovered to be somebody's "Patent Paste Blacking!"

We need only add that the Judge survived.

ASTONISHING ELOPEMENT.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* of the 11th instant, furnishes the following particulars of one of the most extraordinary cases of elopement we have ever seen recorded:

"One day last week a woman named Sulser eloped from her husband's residence in Morgan township, Butler county, Ohio, with a young schoolmaster named Pease, who had been teacher during the winter in the vicinity, and boarding at Sulser's house. The infatuated woman had lived happily with her husband for near twenty years, and was by him the mother of seven interesting children. She took with her her youngest child, an infant, (leaving six with her husband,) and about five thousand in cash and negotiable notes. She was the daughter of a wealthy old farmer, who died about a year ago, leaving a very handsome property to her. The notes she took with her were given by the purchaser of a portion of land inherited from her father, and were drawn in favor of her and her husband. On the day after her flight, one of her brothers, who was sick in her house, died, and it is presumed that the sudden and strange disappearance of his sister may have given the shock that proved fatal. The husband of the guilty fugitive was in the city yesterday, searching for a clue to the whereabouts of the wretched pair who have robbed him of his peace. He is almost crazy with grief, indignation, and shame, and is of opinion that the flight has been in the direction of New York. It is feared that Pease had some of the notes cashed in this city, but the fact has not yet been ascertained. This is one of the most remarkable cases of elopement of which we have ever heard. It seems wholly unaccountable,—yet the human heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked!" At home, she was in very comfortable circumstances. Her husband had just finished a commodious and elegant new house, and the eldest of his children was a daughter fourteen years of age. A more interesting and happy family than the one now dishonored and broken was a fortnight ago, would be hard to find."

JOHN CHINAMAN AHEAD OF A YANKEE.—A San Francisco paper relates the following incident as having occured lately at a shoe store in that city. The parties concerned were the proprietor of the store and a John Chinaman. Examining a pair of boots, the price of which was five dollars, John inquired:

"How much ee axee for umbootee?"

In a spirit of waggery, it is presumable, the owner replied:

"Two dollar and a half, John. Very cheap bootee, antee."

"Cheap bootee," said John, who thereupon examined a pair, and concluded to buy, offered a quarter eagle.

"But," said the dealer in leather, "this is only enough for one boot. They are two dollars and half a piece—two boots cost five dollars."

John was somewhat astonished—said he would not buy—and demanded the return of his money but the leather dealer was inexorable.

"No John," said the latter, "you have got one boot and have paid me for it. Now give me another piece just like this and take the other."

John saw the drift of the game, and was at once resolved.

"Well," said he, "this bootee be mine, may be—I paid for um?"

"Yes," said the dealer.

"And you no give me the other bootee?"—asked John.

"Not without the money," said the other.

"Well," said John, "I do um bootee what I please—I cutte um up."

And thereupon John whipped out a knife, cut the boot to pieces and threw it into the street, exclaiming as he departed—

"That am my bootee—that other be your bottee; you sell um to next fool Chinaman what come along."

At last accounts the boot dealer was looking for the man with the wooden leg, to whom he might sell the odd boot, and thus save expenses.

DESERVED PUNISHMENT.—A man named Muir has been sentenced to the Penitentiary at Jeffersonville, from the Ripley (Indiana) Circuit Court, for two years, for forging a note for $25. Mr. Muir is probaly the richest man in Ripley County. It is supposed his property is worth near $100,000. It has been his strife to be rich, and now he will have the honor of bragging of being the richest man in the Penitentiary.

☞ Paul Geddes, of Lewisburg, who disappeared some 15 years ago, with $7,000 belonging to the bank of Northumberland, lately turned up rich, in California, returned to New York, sent for Mr. Priestley, paid him about $13,000, being the $7000 with interest; then visited his wife, at Mill Hall, and has returned to California to close up his business there, and return to his old vicinity with ample wealth to live at ease.

THE correspondent of the Detroit Advertiser thus poetically describes Louisville:—

This town doth very curious seem,
For boys run loose at random,
And when folks want a splendid team, they hitch
two jackasses before a dray and get a big nigger with a red
shirt on up behind them to drive them tandem.