AUTUMN.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Though my window shows the stain
Of the oak, grown redly sere;
Autumn frost, and Autumn rain,
Fall a month too soon this year—
Fall a month too soon, my dear.

Were you sitting near to me,
O, my friend, this dreary day,
Brownest fields would seem to be
Sweet speckled pinks, and hay,
And the maples, twice as gay.

In their yellow caps they stand,
Down the ridges, two by two,
Looking very proud and grand,
As if God had made them new—
As I should be, loved by you.

From its bower of biting thorns,
Will the sweetbriar break in May,
Like a thousand little morns
To one round and rosy day?
Never, with my love away

AN EXPLOSION ON THE OHIO RIVER.

A SINGULAR RECONTRE.

On the first day of March, ten years ago, the new, palatial, and powerful steamboat "Siren" floated away from her wharf at Cincinnati, bound for the port of New Orleans, and carrying a gay crowd of passengers, who had been attracted by the splendor of her appearance and the renown of her speed, safety, and luxurious accommodations. As she moved off, walking the sunny waters so truly like a thing of life, a smiling throng stood on the hurricane deck waving their handkerchiefs to friends on the shore, and every thing, even the very air, seemed eloquent of hope and happiness.

The multitude consisted of the usual miscellaneous characters to be found on western vessels. There might be seen, in close proximity, thriving merchants with their stand-ledger like look, politicians with sculptured courtesy in every feature, mere pleasure seekers in easy attitudes, and a sprinkling of black whiskered gentry, whose restless eyes, over dress, and profusion of jewels betrayed their acquaintance with the history of the four queens. Besides these, a number of coarse featured genuine specimens of the backwoods haunted the fore part of the cabin in the neighborhood of the bar.

Nor were the angelic sex unrepresented in their end of the hall. Every description of beauty might be studied there as in a picture gallery—the blue eyed and bright haired belle of the north, the dazzling daughters of Kentucky, and the charming creole with languid air and face like the love light of a dream. All on board seemed joyous in their particular way. No doubt darkened the general festivity, and almost every one appeared to have companions or friends for social converse and the interchange of civilities.

I must, however, mention an exception to the remark. There was a gentleman of fine form and strikingly handsome countenance, with brilliant gray eyes, and a high, white, intellectual forehead, who made no acquaintances, and, indeed did not appear to desire any, as he continued to walk the hurricane deck in a state of profound and somewhat mournful abstraction long after everybody else had gone below. He was dressed in a suit of costly black cloth, entirely without ornaments, and wore a piece of crape round his hat as a token of recent bereavement. Several of the curious had noticed the stranger when he came on board, and saw him register his name as "Captain M. Thomas, of Texas;" but some of the inquisitive parties happened to be old Texans themselves, and they all concurred in the declaration that they had never heard of such a man in the territory illuminated by the lone star, and one or two suggested that he must be an impostor.

At length, the dinner bell sounded, and the handsome captain descended to the cabin; but he found all the seats at the upper end of the board occupied, and was turning to retire, when the head waiter interposed, and conducted him to the lower part of the table, where he discovered a vacant chair among the ladies. A brief and involuntary glance showed that he was on the verge of a constellation of radiant faces, but they all seemed to have society and protection in companions of the strong gender, save only one.

She was a girl some eighteen years of age, robed in deep mourning, and whether it might be this circumstance, exciting sympathy by calling to mind his own sorrow, or the peculiar charms of her person, which fascinated his soul, Captain Thomas did not attempt, on the instant, to determine; but he felt an immediate and almost magical interest in the sad visage shinning from the opposite seat.

It is true, he did not at first think her very beautiful. Her form and features, though exquisitely symmetrical, looked too small and child like for such a poetical epithet; for the term *little* might be applied to her as a whole and apparently in every part. Her face, bust, bosom, hands, feet, were all little, save a pair of large almond shaped eyes, dark as night, and curtained by long raven lashes, which gave them a soft dreamy expression, while the rich black hair and golden warmth of her southern complexion furnished a striking resemblance to the favorite portrait of the immortal Titian.

The captain could not remove his gaze from the *unique* visage before him. Had he seen that face somewhere in his wanderings in Italy or the sunny Orient? He thought so; but misty memory, revolving the vague shadows of the past, could fix on no definite time or place for identity, and he discarded the illusion as the image of a dream.

Presently she raised her dark eyes, and, slightly starting, scrutinised his countenance in her turn, with signs of strange emotion, and then, faintly blushing, withdrew her glance, and soon returned to the parlor. But Captain Thomas sought in vain to banish from his mind that one look, luminous as lightning, which had flashed through his brain when their eyes met. It appeared like both a recognition from the past and a revelation of the future, and yet he could not imagine what was the charm that so wonderfully moved him. It could not be love, or even admiration, for he had often beheld more beautiful features without so much as an additional heart throb, but none had ever inspired him with such deep interest and so earnest a desire for an introduction.

Led by this sudden and unaccountable impulse he seated himself near the folding doors at the entrance to the ladies' cabin, and covering his curiosity under the pretext of reading some book he watched the fair unknown with stealthy glances. He perceived that while others were laughing, chatting, and making new acquaintances, she remained absorbed in sad reflection—No one addressed her, and he thought many eyes glanced at her with looks of undisguised scorn and contempt.

Nor was he mistaken in this involuntary conjecture; for as she not only travelled without an escort or a companion, but had come on board alone just as the steamer was about to start, the *elite* of the female passengers set her down at once as a doubtful character to be studiously shunned, or insulted if she displayed the least presumption of a claim to courtesy or equality. She observed the general state of offensive feeling, and it seemed to irritate as well as pain her.

However, an opportunity soon presented itself for an ample and most justifiable revenge. Several ladies in succession took their places at the piano, but none of them did much credit to themselves as artists. After they had all finished their grating discords, the dark eyed girl assumed the vacant seat, and played without an apparent effort a wild, bewitching, and very difficult air with such consummate success as to astonish and enrapture every unprejudiced auditor.

She then began another of greater simplicity and the most tender pathos, and at the same time sung the words—a touching requiem for the dead—with such effect as to draw tears like rain drops from a score of eyes. Her voice, at once loud, clear, and inexpressibly sweet, lingered on the ear, and wandered at will through all the flying notes in the scale of harmony, as if a nightingale had been imprisoned in her silver throat, or a viewless seraph hovered on her lips! Politicians, merchants, and even whiskered gamblers, bounded from their chairs, and swarmed towards the door of the drawing-room, entranced by the magical melody.

But the brows of the sconful females around her only grew the blacker with envy and mortification, and one of them urged her lover to insult the girl by an impertinent question. Accordingly, the gentleman, who boasted, beside his gaudy dress, a suit of fiery red hair, advanced, and said with a mock obeisance—"May I be permitted to inquire, Miss, if you are a professional singer?"

Her dark eyes flashed lightning as she surveyed the insolent fop in contemptuous silence, and at the moment every spectator could perceived that she was ttancendently beautiful.

"I suppose," continued the red headed monster, "that you must be a professional singer, or a strolling artist of some sort, and therefore thought to raise a collection for your benefit, as that kind of creatures will do anything for money!" And he burst into a derisive laugh, in which his female friends joined.

The lips of the girl turned mortally pale and trembled with agitation. A crimson light shot from her burning black eyes as she exclaimed, in tones of concentrated shame and bitterness—

"Is it the fashion on this boat to insult ladies who chance to travel without protection? I had fancied that no gentleman would either offer or permit such impertinence!"

"I intended no offence," the red haired ruffian began to apologise; but at the same instant a finger tapped his shoulder, and a strange voice hissed in his ear—"Let me see you on the hurricane deck!"

He turned and met the piercing grey eyes of Captain Thomas, and bowed a haughty and defiant acquiescence. As the two left the cabin, several bystanders whispered the stranger—"For your life, have no difficulty with that man! It is George Rayburn, of Arkansas—the most fearful duelist in the world!"

In a few moments the parties gained the hurricane deck, while all the male passengers followed eagerly to witness the expected stormy scene. The ruffian Rayburn walked up till his face almost touched that of his unknown foe, and, uttering an approbious epithet, demanded, with a smile of murderous meaning—"Fool and scoundrel: what have you to say?"

"Nothing," replied Thomas, and coolly knocked the other down.

Rayburn rose with a cry awful as the yell of some wild beast, and attempted to draw his pistol. But the enemy proved too quick for him, snatched the weapon from his hand, hurled it into the river, and again measured his length on the floor!

With blood running in streams from his nose the bully sprung to his feet, and vociferated, in accents nearly inarticulate with rage—"Sir, you shall give me mortal satisfaction for this!"

"I purpose to do no less," was the tranquil answer.

"Here—now—this very minute!" roared Rayburn, grinding his teeth and foaming at the mouth.

Whenever and wherever you like," responded Thomas, in the same careless manner.

"Not so fast, gentlemen;" remarked the commander of the steamer, with a stern countenance. "I will permit no hostile interviews on my vessel, and so you must wait till we stop to wood."

"I am in no hurry," said Captain Thomas, with a smile, and the duellist himself was forced to yield.

When the supposed Texan returned to the cabin, his eyes immediately sought the unintentional cause of his sudden quarrel. She was seated near the door of the drawing room, white and quivering with apparent fear, while the light of her dark orbs looked dim with tears. As soon as he approached, she beckoned him to a chair beside her, and addressed him, in imploring accents: "Stranger, I am not ungrateful for your bravery and kindness in the defense of a friendless girl, but I entreat you not to throw away your life in a combat with that dreadful man—I have heard of him often, and know that his aim is death!"

"The challenge has been passed and accepted, and, of course, I cannot now decline without eternal disgrace," was his proud answer.

"Oh! accursed code of the duelist!" she exclaimed, with startling emphasis; "what infernal fascination lives in thy bloody laws—a charm of hell that no heroism has power to resist! Well have I a right to hate thee!"

"Have you personally suffered from a particular occurrence of the kind in your own family?" inquired Thomas, kindly.

"Oh, God! how much!" she murmured, through her tears. "My father fell on that fatal field; and last year, my only brother had a bosom friend. They differed on the race track about some trifle, the lie passed between them, both were high spirited, they fought on the spot, forgave each other when too late, and died in each other's arms!"

"What was your brother's name?" asked the young man, with pale lips, in a voice almost suffocated by unutterable emotions.

"Eugene Girardin."

"And you are his sister Emily—once the child that I played with so fondly in the bright days of my boyhood, before I wandered from home and friends?" he said, seizing her fairy fingers with a convulsive clasp.

She gazed in his face with a bewildered look, and gasped: "Can it be possible? Yes, you must indeed be Morton Thomas, the brother of my brother's murdered friend!"

"The same," faltered the other, weeping in spite of the utmost exertions to master his feelings.

"You and myself are now orphans, and without a relation in the wide world," she murmured, in accents sweetly tender as an angel's whisper by the pillow of a dying saint. "Let me be your sister, and as such I pray you not to fight that monster! I will speak to the captain of the boat, and have him put on shore!"

In the meantime, George Rayburn, having solaced himself by numerous fiery potations at the bar, sat down to a game of four handed poker, and soon became absorbed in the chances of the play. Being in a desperate mood, he staked enormous sums on every suite of cards he received, and a strange freak of fortune smiling upon him for hours, he reckoned his winnings by thousands.

At length he proposed that each gambler of the party should risk his entire capital on the feat of cutting the highest card in the pack, and this being assented to, he commenced shuffling the pieces of painted paper; but at the moment the bell rang, and the boat stopped to wood.—Instantly, Rayburn threw down the cards, and cried, in a voice of thunder: "Come Captain Thomas, the signal has sounded for your death or mine!"

His foe sprang to his feet for the purpose of going on shore; but Emily Girardin, the dark eyed girl, clung to his arm, and prayed him to decline the bully's challenge.

"Come," shouted the desperado, with a diabolical laugh; "come, or I will shoot you down by the side of your paramour!" and he drew a revolver and took two steps towards his adversary.

But a more appalling enemy than man met him by the way. He stood immediately above the mighty boilers, where the steam devil, for several minutes, had been hissing ominously.—Suddenly there came a low, indescribable moan, like that of some imprisoned fiend—it was the fiend of fire struggling to get free—and then a dull sullen roar, or rather crash; and the front of the cabin was shivered as if torn to pieces by a thunder-bolt! Both boilers had exploded at once, and killed every person in that part of the vessel, while those in the ladies' cabin escaped without injury.

Morton Thomas and Emily Girardin embarked the next day on another boat for the Crescent City, and were eventually wedded.

TO BLACKSMITHS.

OUR assortment of Iron, Steel, Springs, Axles, Bolts, malable Iron, Anvils, Vices, Stock and Dies &c., is complete.
Erie, March 29, 1856. 46 RUFUS REED.

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY.

HAVE this day received a large assortment which will be sold in lots to suit Purchasers. 46 RUFUS REED

Physicians and their Modes of Treatment of Diseases.

There is no subject on which there is so much controversy among its practitioners and professors as that of the PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. One school of physicians will blister, bleed, administer calomel and kindred drugs until the wrecking patient sinks under their weight, and should he die, the practitioner will tell you that the patient's constitution could not bear treatment, when the facts were the treatment was not to be borne even by one in perfect health. How then could reason expect one in imperfect health?

Another school of practitioners will tell you that water alone will cure all the complaints of man. Still another administers herbs, roots, and so on to the end of the chapter. The different schools being as numerous as their diseases.

When Benjamin Franklin, by the simple means of the kite, brought the electricity from the Heavens, the world wondered what use he could make of it. What did he do? He, the first thing, as the benefactor of Mankind, applied it to the saving of human life from destructions by that subtle fluid electricity. And in this there is a remarkable similarity between the experiments and results of the Great Tamer of Lightning and those of Prof. CHARLES DEGRATH, the discoverer and maker of the great ELECTRIC OIL. Prof. DeGrath's experiments commenced with simple means years ago and have gone on until with years of toil and unremitted exertion he has produced, at Philadelphia, the scene of Franklin's success, a wonder second only to that of his great forerunner.

Then this astonishing Annihilator of the ills and pains of Man, there does not exist a more meritorious medicine, nor one which has drawn such universal and undivided testimonials in its favor from all who have given it a simple trial as Clergymen, Physicians, Editors, Congressmen, Mayors of cities, Hotel proprietors and first-class Merchants, in the cure of such diseases and affections as the following—not everything—Rheumatism, Fever and Ague, Deafness, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Spinal and Bronchial complaints, The Dolorous, Headache, Cramps, Cramp, Piles, Bruises, Sprains and Bruises, Cuts and Wounds, Swelled Glands, and Joints, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Sore Nipples, Swelled Breast, Womb Disorders, Salt Rheum, Canker in the mouth and stomach, Palpitation, Erupt ions, Cakes, Breast, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Palsy, Pleurisy, Crows, Lock Jaw, Heart Burn, Colic, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Costiveness, Burns, sore gums of teething infants, &c.

As an example of the estimation in which it is held by one of the ablest jurists and writers on law, &c., in this country, we will give a letter received by Prof. DeGrath, from John Livingston, Esq., Editor of the well known Monthly Law Magazine, for Broadway, New York—a word of such testimony is of more weight among the legal users of the country, than volumes from unknown sources.

GIRARD HOUSE, Philadelphia, }
May 7th, 1856. }

Prof. Charles DeGrath: I freely give it as my opinion that "Electric Oil" is among the most wonderful remedies of modern times. At the earnest request of a lady who alleged she had been relieved of a most painful affection by its use, I was induced to try it, though at the time of purchasing, I had believed it was a quack medicine and a catch penny humbug. But a trial convinced me that it does possess a magic power, and is one will prove a blessing to suffering humanity.

I recently took a cold from sleeping in damp sheets, and in a week became so much swollen and painful, that I could not turn in bed. After using, without success, everything prescribed in my case, I at last, to my great joy, bethought me of your Electric Oil, and having some with me, I was induced to try it. In two days I was well, and resumed my business. Yours, &c.

JOHN LIVINGSTON,
Editor Monthly Law Magazine,
277 Broadway & 120 West 13th street, New York.

Mr. Livingston belongs to the old aristocratic and highly respectable families of the first settlers of New York. Anyone can address him on the subject of the above letter, which will be answered by return post.

DR. DEGRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL.

PHILADELPHIA, }
May 26, 1856. }

Prof. DeGrath—Dear Sir: I have pleasure in informing you that your Electric Oil has proved a very efficient and painful hand. I applied it to a very severe case of rheumatism, which yielded to the application like a charm. I shall not hesitate to recommend the Electric Oil to all who may be afflicted with rheumatism, or any other painful complaint.

Yours, &c.
GEORGE H. KEYSER, M. D.

Dr. Keyser is well known in the first rank of his profession in this city.

The clergy having the interests and welfare of their flocks at heart, are always in advance of the public generally in the matter of testing the merits of any new remedy which promises to alleviate the sufferings of their people. The Reverend Dr. Cummins, as a sufferer we publish below, consented on taking a bottle of Prof. DeGrath's remedy and pamphlets and handing them to a friend who is his church and of the late President of the Mechanics Institute in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, }
June 6th, 1856. }

Prof. DeGrath—Mr. Dear sir: I almost informed you, from personal experience, of the great benefit I derived from your Electric Oil. I have been terribly afflicted for thirteen years past with Neuralgia and other complaints, to such an extent have my sufferings been that I have been unable to walk a few paces without stopping, and for two years I have not been able to walk two blocks, or to sleep from pain. After the 24 hours of the month I commenced using your Electric Oil, taking it all in the parts affected, I have experienced the most painful parts. On the first occasion I rather than kind 2 or 3 minutes to take a dose, and now at the end of two weeks, I am able to walk any where, and, with the exception of a little soreness, I am free from pain. Your oil having done for me in this short time what the entire Medical Faculty of the New York College of Medicine and those of the Jefferson and Penna Dental Colleges failed to do in 13 years.

Yours, &c.
JOHN CUMMINS,
Late President of the Mechanics Institute, Philadelphia.

Also see Advertisement of Mr. Cummins in another column of the Recorder.

3 YEARS DEAFNESS CURED.

NEW HAVEN, }
May 19th, 1856. }

Prof. DeGrath—Mr. Dear Sir: Your Electric Oil has cured my daughter of deafness of three years standing in a few minutes, and it cured him entirely.

CLIFFORD K. SCRANTON.

Firm of Merchants in Alexandria, Va., testimonial in relation to 20 bottles.

ALEXANDRIA, }
July 11th, 1856. }

Prof. DeGrath—Dear Sir: My son stuck a nail in his foot, and was unable to walk without the use of a crutch, when one application of Prof. Chas. DeGrath's Electric Oil, he was immediately relieved of pain and could walk without the use of the crutch. He was saved from becoming permanently lame thereby, and therefore, recommend it to all who may be afflicted with such complaint.

JOHN ARNOLD, Hatter.

We might go on adinfinitum with these letters of testimony, but space will not permit, and the above will convince all who have Corns, Bunions, and those who have none will try it for themselves. In one of this great Remedy has been unprecedented, last year alone over $135,000 worth was sold, and wherever it is known there is no other. Parrott, Todd & Co., of Richmond, bought last year $1,200 worth. Barnes & Park of New York, Egner & Co., of Baltimore, over $4,000. J. D. Park, Cincinnati, $3,000 worth, and other large Druggists all over the United States.

At the late railroad accident on the North Pennsylvania Railroad near Philadelphia, when so many were hopelessly mangled, Prof. DeGrath offered his services and many were saved from having their limbs amputated and being crippled for life, by the timely application of his great Electric Oil.

The demand for this great Remedy was overwhelming, and the Proprietor has taken the contract to manufacture fast enough to meet the present demand.

Prof. DeGrath's Electric Oil takes the pain from a burn in a twenty minutes, and leaves no scar. Don't use any thing else for burns. Wm. Ashhurst Esq., Washington, extensive druggist says, it immediately cured a gentleman's same leg, and Messrs. Barnes & Park, N. York, effected the cure of Wm. P. Beers, Esq., of a frightful swelled ankle. In Washington Wood's Philadelphia Museum, cured in Neuralgia. Wonderful, Arcat, No. 4 Fayette street, Philadelphia, Sale, cure in one day, of hurles tenderness, two children, and 500 others cured of Marble, Broad and Coates streets—his wife of Neuralgia. Jones, Esq., Hope, between 6th and 7th sts., Rheumatism cured in two days. Jacob Hatsell, Diamond street Germantown Road, cured and a W. Ward, Esq., large furnishing Store, Chestnut street, it cured him. The Mayor of Pittsburgh, says it acts like a charm with him, and many Physicians use it, and many editorial notices have been voluntarily given this medicine. Its imitations "Washington Star," "Cleveland Express," Philadelphia, New York and Boston papers, although we have preferred not to see such notices, relying on the medicine itself, because we know that if it has no merit, like sarsaparillas, it would go down sooner by having it noticed beyond its merits. This is an expensive preparation to combine and put up, and we cannot afford to pay for puffs, like those Doctors whose medicines are mostly composed of water. This Oil cannot be adulterated with any thing that would cheapen it, without spoiling it. Capt. Jas. M. Turner of N. York city fell and hurt his back, could not walk—wrote us one effectual rubbing with this Oil cured him.

CAUTION FOR SAFETY

As there have lately sprung up many base imitations of my article, which the makers dare call Electric Oil, I deem it my duty to the public, on their guard. DeGrath's Electric Oil is harmless as sweet as cologne, and always leaves you better than it found you. One bottle always produces an effect, often a complete cure. You must be sure therefore, that you ask for and get

DEGRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL,

the name is blown in every bottle—thus, Prof. DeGrath's Electric Oil Philadelphia.

The Genuine is sold by S. S. HANCE.

108 Baltimore street, Baltimore.

CHAS. SCOTT & Co., and other Druggists, Washington City. PURCELL, LADD & Co., Richmond, Va., M. A. SAXTON & Son, Norfolk, Va., and J. J. HUNT, Frederick, Md., and Druggists in every town in the U. States. 6m21

HYDRAULIC RAMS for sale by
Aug 14. J. C. SELDEN.

THIS DAY RECEIVED, a large lot of fine Table and Pocket Cutlery also, of Shears and Scissors, which are to be sold at a small advance.
Erie, March 29, 1856. 46 RUFUS REED.

WHIPS.—A good assortment at
Erie, March 29, 1856. 46 REED'S

BE IT KNOWN TO ALL MEN, Women and Children, that the place to buy HARDWARE is at REED'S—for he always has a good stock, and sells cheap. June 26

JEWETTS PATENT Ice Cream FREEZERS, best in the market Price $3. Also, Ice Breakers and Picks, at REED'S

SPEAKING of Pocket Knives, it is conceded by all that REED has the best assortment in Erie. June 27, 1856

LADIES, those Button Hole Scissors, about which there has been so much said, are received. REED

THERMOMETERS of various sizes and styles at
REED'S

FLY NETTS, Whips, Curry Combs, and Cards by
Aug 2 REED

JEWETTS Patent Ice Cream Freezer, best in the market, also Ice Picks and Breaks, for sale by REED

TO BLACKSMITHS.—We have now in store a heavy stock of Swedes, Lake Superior and American refined Iron, Cast, Spring and Blister Steel, Axles, Springs, Bolts, Malliable Iron.
Aug 2 No 3 Reed House

MULEY AND MILL SAWS.—REED always has a large stock on hand at No 3 Reed House

FARMER'S HOTEL,
ERIE, PA
J. J. Duncan, Proprietor.

THIS Establishment has just been most thoroughly cleansed REFITTED AND REFURNISHED, and the Proprietor respectfully solicits a call from his friends and the travelling public generally, feeling assured that he can give the utmost satisfaction. Charges moderate. 12tf

CHOICE LANDS FOR SALE!

THE undersigned now offers for sale in large or small tracts the Reserve Lands in Harborcreek, Erie county, extending from the Lake shore to, and one tract south of, the Buffalo Road. They are all situated in the valley of the Lake, six miles from the city of Erie, and of the finest quality of soil, with an immense growth of most valuable timber. Several superior Water-powers and One Double-geared Saw Mill will also be sold with the land. For timber or farming lands and water-power they cannot be excelled in any respect by any others between Buffalo and Chicago. These lands have not been offered before for sale to the public, and will now present a rare opportunity to purchasers. The title is perfect.

For terms, &c., apply to the undersigned at Erie.
Erie July 12, 1856.—6tf WM. S. LANE.

Prints.	Prints.	Prints.	Prints.
30 Pieces Prints at	4½c.	35 Pieces Prints at	7c
20 do do	5c.	25 do do	6c
40 do do	6¼c.		

June 21, 1856. W. F. RINDERNECHT 5

TO BLACKSMITHS.—I have now in store a full stock of Iron Steel, Springs, Axles, Malable Iron, Anvils, Vices, Sledges Stock and Dies, Hollows, Brass Hub and Sand Bands.
June 26. RUFUS REED.

I WILL state, for the information of all, that I have a general assortment of DRY GOODS which were bought as low as ever brought to this market, and I intend to sell them at a small advance for cash. My stock is large, and all I ask is a call to have my Goods examined. Give me a call and judge for yourself—Goods shown with pleasure.
May 3, 1856. WM. F. RINDERNECHT

DOMESTIC GOODS.—The largest and cheapest stock of Domestic Goods ever offered before in this city, are now selling at May 3, 1856 RINDERNECHT'S.

WINDOW DRAPERY.—The best assortment of Embroidered and Damask Window Drapery ever offered for sale, can be had at May 3. RINDERNECHT'S.

CORDED SKIRTS of all qualities now open and for sale cheap for cash, by May 3. WM. F. RINDERNECHT.

CLOVER & Timothy Seed for sale at
50 STERRETT & BRO

RICHARD G. HERRON,
(Successor to Burton & Herron.)
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGIST,
NO 5, REED HOUSE, ERIE
DEALER IN
DRUGS & MEDICINES

Linseed Oil, Spirits of Turpentine, Copal Varnish, Camphene, Burning Fluid, White Lead, Tanner's Oil, Lard Oil, Teeth, Gold AND TIN FOIL, AND DENTAL INSTRUMENTS, Perfumery, Brushes, Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs of every Deterption.

Cleveland Female Seminary.

SAMUEL ST JOHN, L. L. D. PRINCIPAL
MRS. F. C. HOSMER, VICE PRINCIPAL
MISS L. T. GUILFORD PRINCIPAL

THIS INSTITUTION [illegible] which is now in its [illegible] is surrounded by grounds [illegible] and native trees, [illegible] are large, well [illegible] furniture, and every [illegible] of their occupants.

The design of the [illegible] the mental faculties. Early care [illegible] and social branches of study [illegible] engaged in the higher and ornamental departments.

Vocal Music is a [illegible] a lady for some time [illegible] York, and eminent [illegible] talent. She will be assisted [illegible] piano and composition, with [illegible] teen and organ.

TERMS:

[illegible] Board and Tuition, all English [illegible] and French.
Modern Languages [illegible]
The ensuing year will [illegible] admission [illegible]
Cleveland, June 26, 1856.

Groceries at Greatly Reduced Prices.

HAVING PURCHASED [illegible] which I offer to the [illegible] one of the largest [illegible] Cleveland, I am [illegible] my friends and the public generally, that I [illegible] Tea House in this city, and [illegible] of what I sell.

CRUSHED, GRANULATED, POWDERED, AND BROWN SUGARS.

COFFEE.

[illegible] Java, [illegible] Mocha and Laguayra.

[illegible] Fresh Green and Black Teas, [illegible] Mocha and Laguayra.

[illegible] Fresh Spices of all kinds, [illegible] Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, Allspice, Pepper, Ginger, Mustard and Cayenne.

[illegible] Fresh Raisins, Figs, Prunes, Citron, Currants, Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Pecans, Brazil Nuts, Cocoanuts, Pine Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Sweet Potatoes, Cranberries, Tomatoes, Peaches, Pie Peaches, Pie Plums, Pie Apples, Preserves, Jellies, Jams, Pickles, Sauces, Catsup, Olives, Capers, Anchovies, Sardines, Herrings, Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Sardines, Tongues, Pickled Beef, Ham, Chipped Beef, Cheese, Crackers, Cracked Wheat, Farina, Hominy, Rice, Tapioca, Sago, Arrowroot, Corn Starch, Maizena, Gelatine, Isinglass, Cocoa, Chocolate, Broma, Wine for Sacramental purposes, Brandies, Gins, Rums, Whiskies, Port, Madeira, Sherry, Lisbon, Malaga, Teneriffe, Claret, Catawba, Ale, Porter, Cordials, Bitters, Segars, Snuff, Tobacco, Pipes, Matches, Brooms, Buckets, Washboards, Starch, Blacking, Soap, Candles, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Eggs, Potatoes, Onions, Apples, Cranberries, Flour, Meal, Pork, Hams, Shoulders, Beef, Fish, Mackerel