From Sharpe's Magazine.

A RAINY EVENING.

A pleasant little group was gathered round Uncle Ned's domestic hearth. He sat on one side of the fire-place, opposite Aunt Mary, who, with her book in hand, watched the children seated at the table, some reading, others sewing, all occupied but one, a child "of large growth," a young lady, who, being a guest of the family, was suffered to indulge in the pleasure of idleness without reproof.

"Oh! I love a rainy evening," said little Ann, looking up from her book, and meeting her mother's smiling glance. "It is so nice to sit by a good fire, and hear the rain, pattering against the windows. Only I pity the poor people who have no house to cover them, to keep off the rain and the cold."

"And I love a rainy evening, too," cried George, a boy about twelve. "I can study so much better. My thoughts stay at home, and don't keep rambling out after the bright moon and stars. My heart feels warmer, and I really believe I love everybody better than I do when the weather is fair."

Uncle Ned smiled, and gave the boy an approving pat on the shoulder. Every one smiled but the young lady, who, with a languid, discontented air, now played with a pair of scissors, now turned over the leaves of a book, then, with an ill-suppressed yawn, leaned idly on her elbow, and looked into the fire.

"And what do you think of a rainy evening, Elizabeth?" asked Uncle Ned. "I should like to hear your opinion also."

"I think it ever dull and uninteresting, indeed," answered she; "I always feel so stupid, I can hardly keep myself awake. One cannot go abroad, or hope to see company at home, and one gets so tired of seeing the same faces all the time. I cannot imagine what George and Ann see to admire so much in a disagreeable rainy evening like this."

"Supposing I tell you a story, to enliven you?" said Uncle Ned.

"Oh! yes, father, please tell us a story!" exclaimed the children, simultaneously.

Little Ann was perched upon his knee, as if by magic, and even Elizabeth moved her chair, as if excited to some degree of interest. George still held his book in his hand, but his bright eyes, sparkling with unusual animation, were rivited upon his uncle's face.

"I am going to tell you a story about a rainy evening," said uncle Ned.

"Oh! that will be so pretty!" cried Ann, clapping her hands. But Elizabeth's countenance fell below zero. It was an ominous an nunciation.

"Yes," continued Uncle Ned, "a rainy evening. But though clouds darker than those which now mantle the sky were lowering abroad, and the rain fell heavier and faster, the rainbow of my life was drawn most beautifully on those dark clouds, and its fair colors still shine most lovely on the sight. It is no longer, however, the bow of promise, but the realization of my fondest dreams."

George saw his uncle cast an expressive glance towards the handsome matron in the opposite corner, whose color perceptibly heightened, and he could not forbear exclaiming:—

"Ah! Aunt Mary is blushing. I understand uncle's metaphor. She is his rainbow, and he thinks life one long rainy day."

"Not exactly so: I mean, your last conclusion. But don't interrupt me, my boy, and you, shall hear a lession, which, young as you are, I trust you will never forget. When I was a young man, I was thought quite handsome——"

"Pa is as pretty as he can be now," interrupted little Ann, passing her hand fondly over his manly cheek.

Uncle Ned was not displeased with the compliment, for he pressed her closer to him, while he continued:—

"Well, when I was young, I was of a gay spirit, and a great favorite in society. The young ladies liked me for a partner in the dance, at the chess board, or the evening walk, and I had reason to think several of them would have made no objection to take me as a partner for life. Among all my young acquaintances, there was no one whose companionship was so pleasing as that of a maiden whose name was Mary. Now, there are a great many Marys in the world, so you must not take it for granted I mean your mother or aunt. At any rate, you must not look so significant till I have finished my story. Mary was a sweet and lovely girl, with a current of cheerfulness running through her disposition that made music as it flowed. It was an undercurrent, however, always gentle, and kept within its legitimate channel, never overflowing into boisterous mirth or unmeaning levity. She was the only daughter of her mother, and she a widow. Mrs Carlton—such was her mother's name—was in lowly circumstances, and Mary had none of the appliances of wealth and fashion to decorate her person, or gild her home. A very modest competency was all her portion, and she wished for nothing more. I have seen her, in a simple white dress, without a single ornment, unless it was a natural rose, transcend all the gaudy belles who sought, by the attraction of dress, to win the admiration of the multitude. But, alas! for poor human nature. One of these dashing *belles* so fascinated my attention, that the gentle Mary was for a while forgotten. Theresa Vane was, indeed, a rare piece of mortal mechanism. Her figure was the perfection of beauty, and she moved as if strung upon wires, so elastic and springing were her gestures. I never saw such lustrous hair—it was perfectly black, and shone like burnished steel—and then such ringlets! how they waved and rippled down her beautiful neck! She dressed with the most exquisite taste, delicacy, and neatness, and whatever she wore assumed a peculiar grace and fitness, as if Art loved to adorn what Nature had made so fair. But what charmed me most was the sunshiny smile that was always waiting to light up her countenance. To be sure, she sometimes laughed a little too loud; but then her laugh was so musical, and her teeth so white, it was impossible to believe her guilty of rudeness or want of grace. Often, when I saw her in the social circle, so brilliant and smiling, the life and charm of everything around her, I thought how happy the constant companionship of such a being would make me—what brightness she would impart to the fireside of home—what light, what joy to the darkest scenes of existence!"

"Oh! uncle," interrupted George, laughing, "if I were Aunt Mary, I would not let you praise any other lady so warmly. You are so taken up with her beauty, you have forgotten all about the rainy evening."

Aunt Mary smiled, but it is more than probable that George had really touched one of the hidden springs of her woman's heart, for she looked down, and said nothing.

"Don't be impatient," said Uncle Ned, "and you shall not be cheated out of your story. I began it for Elizabeth's sake, rather than yours, and I see she is wide awake. She thinks I was by this time, more than half in love with Theresa Vane, and she thinks more than half right. There had been a great many parties of pleasure—riding parties, sailing parties, and talking parties—and summer slipped by almost unconsciously. At length the autumnal equinox approached, and gathering clouds, northeastern gales, and drizzling rains, succeeded to the soft breezes, mellow skies, and glowing sunsets, peculiar to that beautiful season. For two or three days I was confined within doors by the continuous rains, and, I am sorry to confess it, but the blue devils got complete possession me. One strided upon my nose, another danced on the top of my head; one pinched my ear, and another turned somersets on my chin. You laugh, little Nanny, but they are terrible creatures, these blue gentlemen; and I could not endure them any longer. So the third rainy evening, I put on my overcoat, buttoned it up to my chin, and, taking my umbrella in my hand, set out in the direction of Mrs Vane's. 'Here,' thought I, as my fingers pressed the latch, 'I shall find the moonlight smile that will illumine the darkness of my night—the dull vapors will disperse before her radiant glance, and this interminable equinoctial storm be transformed into a mere vernal shower, melting away in sunbeams in her presence.' My gentle knock not being apparently heard, I stepped into the anteroom, set down my umbrella, took off my drenched overcoat, arranged my hair in the most graceful manner, and, claiming a privilege to which, perhaps, I had no legitimate right, opened the door of the family sitting room, and found myself in the presence of the beautiful Theresa."

Here Uncle Ned made a provoking pause.

"Pray, go on;" "How was she dressed?"—"And was she glad to see you?" assailed him on every side.

"How was she dressed?" repeated he. "I am not very well skilled in the technicalities of a lady's wardrobe, but I can give you the general impression of her personal appearance. In the first place, there was a jumping up, and an off-hand sliding step towards an opposite door, as I entered; but a disobliging chair was in the way, and I was making my lowest bow before she found an opportunity of disappearing. Confused and mortified, she scarcely returned my salutation, while Mrs. Vane offered me a chair, and expressed in somewhat dubious terms, their gratification at such an unexpected pleasure. I have no doubt Theresa wished me at the bottom of the Frozen Ocean, if I might judge by the freezing glances she shot at me through her dark lashes. She sat uneasily in her chair, trying to conceal her slipshod shoes, and furtively arranging her dress about the shoulders and waist. It was a most rebellious subject, for the body and skirt were at open warfare, refusing to have any communion with each other. Where was the graceful shape I had so much admired? In vain I sought its exquisite outlines in the folds of that loose slovenly robe. Where were those glistening ringlets and burnished locks that had so lately rivalled the tresses of Medusa? Her hair was put up behind in a kind of Gordian knot, which would have required the sword of Alexander to untie. Her frock was a soiled and dingy silk, with trimmings of sallow blonde, and a faded fancy handkerchief was thrown over one shoulder.

"'You have caught me completely *en dishabille*,' said she, recovering partially from her embarrassment; 'but the evening was so rainy, and no one but mother and myself, I never dreamed of such an exhibition of gallantry as this.'

She could not disguise her vexation, with all her efforts to conceal it, and Mrs Vane evidently shared her daughter's chagrin. I was wicked enough to enjoy their confusion, and never appeared more at my ease, or played the agreeable with more signal success. I was disenchanted at once, and my mind revelled in its recovered freedom. My goddess had fallen from the pedestal on which my imagination had enthroned her, despoiled of the beautiful drapery which had imparted to her such ideal loveliness. I knew that I was a favorite in the family, for I was wealthy and independent, and, perhaps, of all Theresa's admirers, what the world would call the best match. I maliciously asked her to play on the piano, but she made a thousand excuses, assiduously keeping back the true reason—her disordered attire. I asked her to play a game of chess, but 'she had a headache; she was too stupid; she never could do anything on a *rainy evening*.'

"At length I took my leave, inwardly blessing the moving spirit that had led me abroad that night, that the spell which had so long enthralled my senses might be broken. Theresa called up one of her lambent smiles as I bade her adieu.

"'Never call again on a rainy evening,' said she, sportively; 'I am always so wretched dull. I believe I was born to live among the sunbeams, the moonlight, and the stars. Clouds will never do for me.'

"'Amen!' I silently responded, as I closed the door. While I was putting on my coat, I overheard, without the smallest intention of listening, a passionate exclamation from Theresa

"'Good gracious! mother, was there ever any thing so unlucky? I never thought of seeing my neighbor's dog to night. If I have not been completely caught!'

"'I hope you will mind my advice next time,' replied her mother, in an agrieved tone. 'I told you not to sit down in that slovenly dress I have no doubt you have lost him forever.'

"Here I made my good retreat, not wishing to enter the *penetralia* of family secrets.

"The rain still continued unabated, but my social feelings were very far from being damped. I had the curiosity to make another experiment The evening was not very far advanced, and, as I turned from Mrs. Vane's fashionable mansion, I saw a modest light glimmering in the distance, and I hailed it as the shipwrecked mariner hails the star that guides him o'er ocean's foam to the home he has left behind. Though I was gay and young, and a passionate admirer of beauty, I had very exalted ideas of domestic felicity. I knew that there was many a rainy day in life, and I thought that the person who was born alone for sunbeams and moonlight, would not aid me to dissipate their gloom. I had, moreover, a shrewd suspicion that the daughter who thought it a sufficient excuse for shameful personal neglect that there was no one present but her mother, and as a wife, be equally regardless of a husband's presence. While I pursued these reflections, my feet involuntarily drew nearer and still nearer to the light, which had been the loadstone of my opening manhood. I had continued to meet Mary in the gay circles I frequented, but I had lately become almost a stranger to her home. 'Shall I be a welcome guest?' said I to myself, as I crossed the threshold. 'Shall I find her *in deshabille* likewise, and discover that feminine beauty and grace are incompatible with a rainy evening?' I heard a sweet voice reading aloud as I opened the door, and I knew it was the voice which was once music to my ears.—Mary rose at my entrance, laying her book quietly on the table, and greeting me with a modest grace and self possession peculiar to herself.—She looked surprised, a little embarrassed, but very far from being displeased. She made no allusion to my estrangement or neglect, expressed no astonishment at my untimely visit, nor once hinted that, being alone with her mother, and not anticipating visitors, she thought it unnecessary to wear the habiliments of a lady. Never in my life had I seen her look so lovely. Her dress was perfectly plain, but every fold was arranged by the hand of the Graces. Her dark brown hair, which had a natural wave in it, now uncurled by the dampness, was put back in smooth ringlets from her brow, revealing a face which did not consider its beauty wasted because a mother's eye alone rested on its bloom. A beautiful cluster of autumnal roses, placed in a glass vase on the table, perfumed the apartment, and a bright blaze on the hearth diffused a spirit of cheerfulness around, while it relieved the atmosphere of its excessive moisture. Mrs. Carlton was an invalid, and suffered also from an inflammation of the eyes. Mary had been reading aloud to her from her favorite book. What do you think it was? It was a very old-fashioned one, indeed. No other than the Bible. And Mary was not ashamed to have such a fashionable young gentleman as I then was, to see what her occupation had been. What a contrast to the scene I had just quitted! How I loathed myself for the infatuation which had led me to prefer the artificial graces of a *belle* to this pure child of nature! I drew my chair to the table, and entreated that they would not look upon me as a stranger, but as a friend, anxious to be restored to the forfeited privileges of an old acquaintance. I was understood in a moment, and, without a single reproach, was admitted again to confidence and familiarity. The hours I had wasted with Theresa seemed a kind of mesmeric slumber, a blank in my existence, or, at least, a feverish dream. 'What do you think of a rainy evening, Mary?' asked I, before I left her.

"'I love it of all things,' replied she, with animation. 'There is something so home-drawing, so heart-knitting, in its influence. The dependence which bind us to the world seem with drawn, and, retiring within ourselves, we learn more of the deep mysteries of our own being.'

"Mary's soul beamed from her eyes, as it turned, with a transient obliquity, towards heaven. She paused, as if fearful of unsealing the fountains of her heart. I said that Mrs. Carlton was an invalid, and, consequently, retired early to her chamber, but I lingered till a late hour. Nor did I go till I had made a full confession of my folly, repentance, and awakened love; and, as Mary did not shut the door in my face, you may imagine she was not sorely displeased."

"Ah! I know who Mary was. I knew all the time!" exclaimed George, looking archly at Aunt Mary. A bright tear, which at that moment fell into her lap, showed that, though a silent, she was no uninterested auditor.

"You haven't done, father!" said little Ann, in a disappointed tone. "I thought you were going to tell a story. You have been talking about yourself all the time."

"I have been something of an egotist, to be sure, my little girl, but I wanted to show my dear young friend here how much depend on a rainy evening. Life is not made all of sunshine. The happiest and most prosperous must have their seasons of gloom and darkness, and woe be to those from whose souls no rays of brightness emanate to gild those darkened hours. I bless the God of the rain as well as the sunshine. I can read his mercy and his love as well in the tempest, whose wings obscure the visible glories of his creation, as in the splendor of the rising sun, or the soft dews that descend after his setting radiance. I began with a metaphor. I said a rainbow was drawn on the clouds that lowered on that eventful day, and that it still continued to shine with undiminished beauty. Woman, my children, was sent by God to be the rainbow of man's darker destiny. From the glowing red, emblematic of that love which warms and gladdens his existence, to the violet, melting into the blue of heaven, symbolical of the faith which links him to a purer world, her blending virtues, mingling with each other in beautiful harmony, are a token of God's mercy here, and an earnest of future blessings in those regions where no rainy evenings will ever come to obscure the brightness of eternal day."

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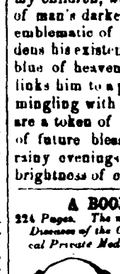

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Erie, Feb. 22, 1856. 41

Dissolution.

THE copartnership heretofore Existing between Saml. S. Sterrett & John Q. Sterrett known as the firm of Sterrett & Sterrett, (Grocers) is this day dissolved by mutual consent, John Q. A Sterrett purchasing the Stock of Goods, will continue the Store at the old Stand. Thankfull for the very liberal patronage the public has seen fit to bestow upon us we hope that by strict attention to their wants to continue the same with the new firm as well as make many new customers.

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Erie, Dec. 13, 1856 G. A. BENNETT, Agt.

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COUNTRY MERCHANTS and Dealers would find it a profitable investment for themselves and a great convenience to their customers were they to keep a supply of CARTER'S FAMILY MEDICINES on hand. The great and increasing demand for the *GERMAN WORM CANDY*, the *BALM OF GILLEAD, FEMALE RESTORATIVE*, &c., &c., assure a ready sale for them, and wherever they are once used the demand for them is sure to increase. They can be had genuine and on the most liberal terms of the proprietors. CARTER & BRO.

Erie, Dec 26, 1856.—33

Look Here!

THE subscriber would inform the public that he has removed to the stand on the corner of Eighth and State Streets, where he may be found with Groceries, Fruits, and them "Bang-up" Pies. In expectation of the "good time coming"—that is, the Sunbury and Erie Railroad—he is about to replenish his shelves with the "finest and best," and earnestly desires "every body and every body's child," of give him a call. H. BALDWIN.

Erie: April 3

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL MEDICAL ADVICE.

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It is a melancholy fact, that thousands fall victims to the Venereal Disease, owing to unskillful men, who, by the use of that deadly poison, Mercury, ruin the constitution, cause ulcerations, with blotches on the head, face and body; dimness of sight, notes in the ears, deafness, obstinate gleets, nodes on the shin bones, ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, with nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, till at length a general debility and decay of the constitution ensues, and a melancholy death puts a period to their dreadful suffering.

A CURE WARRANTED.

Dr. AMOS & SON have devoted their attention exclusively to this peculiar class of maladies, and the relief they have consequently been enabled to render to their fellow creatures is fully testified and gratefully acknowledged by convalescent patients and others daily arriving in town from all parts of the country, for the express purpose only of consultation, while their services have been crowned with the most signal advantages; yet from what they have experienced in inquiring into the cause of these infectious complaints (from their most simple condition to that of the most dangerous and inveterated) they have always ascertained the possibility of their prevention and removal, and likewise invariably found that the most horrible and malignant forms of disease would almost always be traced to one of the following causes:—Ignorance, neglect, or the ill effect of unskillful and improper treatment; therefore Dr. AMOS & SON have succeeded in discovering, in the selection of certain vegetables, a safe, speedy, and unfailing cure, by adding all combination of remedies which bear an equivocal character as well as those whose premature or injudicious application might be productive of bad consequences in the hands of private individuals. In short, the laudable end of their remedies is the benefit of a grand mass of human misery by the alleviation, relief and prevention of those grevious afflictions that are in reality the secret foes of life and which, while they so extensively surround us call aloud for our skill and interference for their extermination.

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A GOOD assortment of all kinds of good TEA, and at almost any price from 3s to 6s per lb., in 6 lb. sheets and 10lb papers at
June 7, 1856. 4 J. S. STERRETT'S.

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SUGAR.—A general assortment of all kinds and qualities can always be found at cheap, if not cheaper, than any house in the city
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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 confiding 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 theories.

When Benjamin Franklin, by the simple means of his 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 DE GRATH, the discoverer and maker of the great ELECTRIC OIL. Prof. De Grath'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.

Than 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, Tic Doloureux, Headache, Cramps, Croup, Piles, Felons, Sprains and Bruises, Cuts and Wounds, Swelled Glands, Stiff Joints, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Sore Nipples, Swelled Breast, Womb Disorders, Salt Rheum, Canker in the mouth and stomach, Palpitation, Eruptions, Caked Breast, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Palsy, Pleurisy, Ulcers, Lock Jaw, Heart Burn, Tooth and Ear-ache, 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. De GRATH, from John Livingston, Esq., Editor of the well known Monthly Law Magazine, 157 Broadway, New York; a word of such testimony is of more weight among the best classes 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 your "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 a bottle, though at the time of purchasing, I fully believed it to be a quack medicine and a catch penny humbug. But a trial convinces me that it does possess a magic power, and its use will prove a blessing to suffering humanity.

I recently took a cold from sleeping in damp sheets, and my neck became so much swollen and painful, that I could not turn my head.

After using, without success, everything prescribed by my physician, I last evening tried your Electric Oil. This morning I am well, the relief having been as complete as it was instantaneous.

Yours very truly,
JOHN LIVINGSTON,
Editor Monthly Law Magazine,
157 Broadway & 139 West Fourteenth st. N. Y.

Mr. Livingston belongs to the old wealthy and highly respectable families of the first settlers of New York. Any one can address him on the subject of the above letter, which will be answered with pleasure.

LETTER FROM DR. KEYSER.

PHILADELPHIA,
May 28, 1856.

Prof. DE GRATH, 39 South 9th street, Philadelphia.

I have a remarkable cure. Deputy Sheriff Kerr, of Pittsburgh, had a very painful leg, pronounced by the old physicians incurable, which gave instant relief. He has recommended the oil to others afflicted with rheumatism, in which the results were most satisfactory.

Yours, very truly,
GEORGE H. KEYSER, M. D.

Dr. Keyser stands in the first ranks of his profession in Pittsburgh.

The Clergy having themselves and some of their families been healed almost as miraculously as the miracles of Scripture, speak of complaints that made life a burden and impaired their usefulness in their calling, have not been backward in recommending this alleviator of suffering to thing people. The Reverend gentleman, whose letter we publish below, insisted on taking a number of Prof. DeGrath's cards and pamphlets and handing them personally to members of his church and of the late Conference of the M. E. Church in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA,
June 9th, 1856.

Prof. DE GRATH—My dear sir:—I must inform you of the benedictal effects I have experienced 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 two squares without stopping to rest, and for five years I have not had a good night's rest, being unable to sleep from pain. About the 20 of last month I commenced using your Electric Oil, and poured two doses internally and applied it externally to the most painful parts. On the first night I slept better than I had done for many years, and now, at the end one week, I am like a new man; can sleep well, walk any distance, and attend to my duties. Your Oil having done for me in this short time what the entire Medical Faculties of the New York Colleges of Medicine and those of the Jefferson and Pennsylvania of Philadelphia have failed to do in 13 years.

Most truly yours,
Rev. JAS. TEMPLE,
210 South street, Philadelphia.

Any party can have further information if wanted by addressing the Rev. Gentleman.

We will give the following also, from a Merchant of New Haven, Connecticut:

8 YEAR'S DEAFNESS CURED.

NEW HAVEN,
May 19th, 1856

Prof. DeGrath—My brother has been deaf three years. After taying many things, he used your Oil a few times, and it cured him entirely.

CLIFFORD R. SCRANTON

From a Merchant in Alexandria, Va.—By taken off his crutches in 20 minutes:

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 by the application of Prof. Chas. DeGrath's Electric Oil, he was immediately relieved of pain and could walk without the use of the crutch I believe he was saved from becoming permanently lame thereby. I would therefore, recommend it to all whose class of complaint it professes to cure.

JOHN ARNOLD, Hatter

We might go on adinfinitum with these letters of testimony, but our space will not permit, and the above will convince all who have any doubts, and those who know some will try it for themselves.

The sale of this Great Remedy has been unprecedented, last year alone, over $136,000 worth was sold, and wherever it is known, there it is used. Purcell, Ladd & Co., of Richmond, bought last year over $1,200 worth; Barnes & Park of New York $2,000 worth Seth S. Hance, of Baltimore, over $4,000; J. D. Park, of Cincinnati, $1,080 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 them limbs amputated and being cripples for life, by the timely application of his great Electric Oil.

It is needless to say their thanks were overwhelming, and the Oil can scarce to manufactured fast enough to meet the present demand.

This Electric Oil takes the pain from a burn in twenty minutes and leaves no scar. Dont use any thing else for this. Wallace Elliott, Esq., Washington, celebrated throughout" says, it immediately cured a gentleman's lame leg, and Messrs. Barnes & Park, N. York, published the cure of Wm. F. Beers, Esq., of a frightfully swollen ankle. L. Wood, of Wood's Philadelphia Museum, cured of Neuralgia; Geo. Wandrick, Artist, No. 4 Fayette street, Philadelphia, cured in one day, Charles Grescom's two children, (and 500 others,) cured of Mumps, Broad and Coates' streets—his wife of Neuralgia Jones Ott, Esq., Hotel, between 6th and 7th sts., Rheumatism cured in two days; Jacob Hatsell, Diamond street Germantown Road, cured sub. Chas. W. Ward, Esq., large Furnishing Store, Chestnut street, if it cured him. The Mayor of Pittsburgh, says it acted like a charm with him, and many Physicians use it, and many editorial notices have been voluntarily given this meritorious Balm—Cincinnati "Evening 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 sarsaparilla, 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 our article, which the makers dare call Electric Oil, I deem it well to put the public on their guard. DeGrath's Electric Oil is harmless, sweet as cologne, and always lessens you better than I found you. One bottle always produces an effect, often a couple to 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. SPOTT & Co., and other Druggists, Washington City.
PURCELL LADD & Co., Richmond, Va.; M. A. SAUNDERS & SON, Norfolk, Va., and J. J. HEAT, Frederick, Md., and Druggists in every town in the U. States. 6m21.

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.

Erie, Aug. 1, 1856. 12tf

Immense arrival of Boots and Shoes.

C. MILLER has been receiving for the past few days a very large Stock of Fancy Boots and Shoes, comprising all the latest styles of Ladies and Gents Gaiters, suitable for the season, also a large variety of Children's Fancy Gaiters; in fact a general assortment in his line, to which he calls the attention of his friend and the public generally. His motto is quick sales, light profits and ready pay. Please call and examine at my old stand opposite Brown's Hotel, one door North of T. M. Austin's Jewelry Store.

All kinds of work made to order and repairing done at short notice. C. MILLER.

Dec 20, 1856.

Watches, Clocks and Fancy Goods.

T. M AUSTIN, at his old stand, on State street, opposite Brown's Hotel, is now making large additions to his stock in trade by late arrivals from the eastern cities, and would invite everybody in want of anything in his line of business to examine goods and prices and determine whether it is for their interest to encourage him a little longer with patronage (such a good thing when you get it) or pass over on the other side, for if it is Bargains you wish, all shall be suited, if possible, in price and quality. Having a large assortment to dispose of, and the "slightting times ahead." Austin is determined to sell at a small profit and not be undersold by any one.

A residence of nearly Twenty Years in Erie makes him feel quite at home, and no deception whatever will be used in making sales to those who put their trust in man, for temporary gain.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry of all kinds carefully repaired at moderate prices as usual.

Silver Forks and Silver Spoons, of all the latest styles, manufactured from Coin Silver, for sale or made to order.

Engraving of letters done in a neat manner, together with numerous jobs requiring Mechanical Skill and taste.

Erie June 7, 1856. 4 27

T. T. T.

JUST received at the *Ready Pay Store* 15 Half Chests, and 100 @ 5 pound Chaldron, and will be sold in quantities to suit buyers at wholesale or retail. As it is difficult to select good teas, we propose to sell 5 lb. caddies on trial, and if the buyer is not satisfied it will be taken back and the money refunded. MINING & BRO.

Erie, June 21, 1856. 6

Rindernecht and Justice

ARE Receiving direct from headquarters a nice assortment of Fresh Groceries which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest for Cash or Country Produce; call and see.

June, 14, 1856.

Fire and Burglar Proof Safe's.

HAVING been appointed Agent for the WORLD'S SAFE COMPANY'S Burglar and Fire Proof Safes, I am prepared to furnish Safes of any size, at manufacturer's prices.

Erie, Oct. 11. J. C. SELDEN.

WALL COMBS! A fine variety to be had at the store of
CARTER & BRO.

IRVING'S Life of WASHINGTON, three volumes, at
Nov. 1, 1856. PARK ROW BOOK STORE.

BUSHELS! A choice assortment by
CARTER & BRO.

IT is conceded fact that the best assortment of Heavy and Shelf Hardware is at No. 3, Reed House.

CITRON, Raisins, Currants, Figs, and Prunes, at
Dec. 27, RINDERNECHT & JUSTICE'S.

Ladies Dress Goods.

A LARGE assortment of Plaid, Plain, and Striped all wool goods, also all wool Delaines in great variety, at the store of
Nov 20, 1856. BARR & BRO.

GREEN PAINT—Suitable for Window Blinds, both dry and in oil, for sale low by
CARTER & BRO.
June 1, 1856.

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

BUCKEYE HAMS for sale very low by
Nov. 1, 1856. J. C. SELDEN.

Erie City Carriage Manufactory.