

ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

\$1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1858.

B. F. FLOAN, EDITOR.

NUMBER 15.

MOORE, PUBLISHERS.

VOLUME 29.

ERIE OBSERVER.

Published every Saturday.

Office at No. 10, N. Moore's.

Subscription price, \$1 50 per annum.

Advertisements charged at the rate of 10 cents per line.

Business Directory.

W. A. GALEMATH.

CHANGED SONS.

By A. J. MILLER.

For up the dizzy mountain side

The hunter calmly springs.

To where the wild chamois roams.

What power his daring foot shall stay

When he has reached his goal?

As lightly as a feather's wing

He seems to glide away.

He may not think when reaching there

That he has reached his goal.

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THE DEVIL'S MARK.

From Dickens' Household Words.

On the morning of August the first, sixteen

hundred and fourteen, the village of Hambleton

was the scene of a dwelling which had been

chiefly noted for the merriment of Master Simon,

farmer, blacksmith, and wheelwright for the town.

Master Simon's only daughter Rose—the

only daughter of Hambleton, the folks called her

going to be married that day to her cousin

Richard Nicholl, who had come to Hambleton

about a year before to work at the forge for his

kinsman, whose strength was declining, and had

fallen in love at once with the pretty and warm-

hearted Rose. They were a very well matched

couple of young people, for if she was as bloom-

ing and sweet as her name, Richard was the

goodliest man in that parish, and many another

for there the nicest and best of many—both

of them in the full and excellent sense of the

word. The forge fire was out that morning, and

if any traveler's horse had chosen to cast a

stare at the village, he must have gone a couple

miles further, to Wistebank, before the damage

could have been repaired. In Master Simon's

ottage were collected half the women of the

place, but Rose's chamber was the favorite point,

for there the young men's toilet was being

accomplished by half a dozen of the best of the

town. We ought not to go into that mys-

terious anecdote, I know; but for the telling of

our story, it is necessary that we should look

at the circumstances which led to the

crowding of the chamber, and listen also to the

remarks of the bandmaids engaged in their agree-

able tasks. The custom of those days was not

remarkable either for its picturesque quality or

its grace; but Rose's pretty shape and sweet

face were proof against its disadvantages. She stood

in the centre of the room, fair and blushing, in

a posture of remarkable stiffness and a bodice

of preposterous length, her gold-colored hair

rolled up elaborately, and a highly-starched

rufling close at hand to imprison her round white

throat.

There was not one of the half-dozen friends

so beautiful as Rose; but one of them—the

chief it seemed—from her being the putter on

of the bows and decorative paraphernalia of the

dress, had a singular countenance—cold, repel-

ling, and songery. The bandmaids, pale and

brown, which had been depressed over her

eyes; gave her a furtive, stealthy expression, and

her narrow scarlet lips, while they indicated a

sensual disposition, showed also one of cruelty

and vindictiveness. She was older than most of

the girls, but still quite young, and had pretensions

to beauty which she was more ready to as-

sert than others were to allow. Everybody,

however, Rose included, looked on her as a

body of some importance, and a bodice

which she was wearing, and which she was

pointing at her own reflection in the glass; she

always laid the blame of Nature's defects on her

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DOUBTLESS ON LAGER BEER.

Do doubtless on Lager Beer.