ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office in Rosenzweig's Block, opposite entrance on the Park, Erie, Pa.

W. R. MAGILL, DENTIST, Office in Rosenzweig's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa. Erie, Nov. 7, 1857.

C. B. WRIGHT, & CO., Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, uncurrent Money, Land Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also, Drafts on the principal cities in the Union, and all parts of Europe for sale. Office in Rosenzweig's Block, corner of State and 6th Sts., Erie, Pa. C. B. WRIGHT, C. P. GUNNISON.

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M'CONKEY & SHANNON, Successors to Barnes & M'Conkey, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hardware and Cutlery, Iron, Steel, &c. No. 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

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M. SANFORD & CO., Auctioneers, Brick Store, Cheapside, Erie, Pa. Deposits, Advances on the produce, to other cities constantly for sale. Office Public Square, Erie, Pa.

JAMES CROOK & CO., Manufacturers of Sash, Doors and Blinds, Peach st., Erie, Pa. Formerly occupied by Hugh Jones.

T. HERRON STUART, Attorney at Law, Office at his residence, fourth street, East of the old Apothecary Hall, Erie, Pa.

MINNIG & BANYARD, Commission Merchants, Provision Dealers, Pork, Fish, Salt, Oil, Fruit, Nuts, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, and Stone Ware, &c. Terms cash. Produce Store, No. 4 Brown's Block, State Street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

STARR & PAYNE, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Dealers in Lime, Fish, Salt, Water Lime and Plaster. Public Dock east of State st., Erie, Pa. JAS. S. PAYNE.

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B. R. FULLERTON, Dealer in Shoes, No. 3, Douglass Block, State Street, Erie, Pa.

JACOB H. SHANK, Formerly of Parkin, has returned from the West, and will be during the winter at his residence, corner 4th and French sts., Erie, Pa.

EMPIRE STORES, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, &c., State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

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W. B. RUSHMORE, Late Churchill, Johnson, & Co., Importers of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, No. 2 and 3 Warren Streets, New York. CHURCHILL, JOHNSON, RUSHMORE & CARTER. CHARLES S. SHEPARDS, CARTER A. SAUNDERS.

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JOHN HEAKN & CO., Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, Salt, and the fine of Upper Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

CAUGHEY & CLARK, Wholesale Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines, Cigars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Erie Ale. No. 7 Bonnell Block, State street Erie, Pa. N. J. CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, Rocking, Office and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Key Block, Erie, Pa.

JAMES C. MARSHALL, Office upstairs in Tammany Hall, Erie, Pa.

N. R. CHURCHILL, Dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the French at, Erie, Pa.

J. G. BARR & CO., Boots and Shoes at Wholesale and Retail, at No. 10 State street, Erie, Pa.

PARK HALL, Commodious Hall for Concerts, Lectures, and Public Sales, east of the Park. Enquire at the Banking House of Reed & Co., No. 3, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

OLDS & LOW, Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the cheapest and best now in use. Fifth street near Peach, Erie, Pa. Also, for carrying water for family, farm or mechanical purposes, cheap. M. L. Low.

JOSEPH R. FERGUSON, Fourth Ward Constable.—Office in the rear of his Residence, No. 3, Fifth street, Erie, Pa. All business in his line will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Erie, 1858.

DENTISTRY.
DR. O. L. ELLIOTT, Rooms and Dwelling in south Park Row, first door west of Bank buildings. July 10, 1858.

JARECKI BROTHERS, Watches, Clocks, Silver, Brittannia and Plated Ware, Spectacles, Pocket and table Cutlery, Fancy Goods, Brown Block, State street Erie Pa.

GRAY & FARRAR, Importers and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, Oil, &c., &c., No. 1 Bonnell's Block, State street, Erie, Pa. F. F. FARRAR.

JOSEPH RICHESLAUB Jr., Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Leather, French and American Findings, Findings, Kips and Calfskins, Thread, Laces, Lastings, Gallloons, Rivets, Hammers, Pincers, Tacks, Pegs, Nails, &c. New Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

LIDDELL, HERSHEY, & Co., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricultural Implements, Railroad Cars, &c., Erie, Pa.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE LOST MEXICAN CITY.

BY REV. C. BENSTEAD

"A large city once stood here; its name is lost, its history unknown. For centuries it has been completely buried as with the lava of Vesuvius."

Far away within the glowing
Valleys of the sun's domain,
Where Pomona's bends o'erflowing,
Down in bloom the tropic plain,
With the mocking smile of summer
Round its crumbling columns shed,
Barred from toil and traffic's murmur,
Lies a city of the dead
Lies a vast and silent city
Nameless city of the dead

Round about, like monarchs reigning,
Rise the old woods green and tall,
With their crown that knows no waning,
With their thick and tangled wall,
And their long, dark aisles that never
Wake to human voice or tread
Green they stand their gloom forever
Looks the city of the dead
Lies the vast and silent city,
Nameless city of the dead

Where these lonely streets resounded
With the tread of surging throngs,
Where life's tree, and pulses bounded
To the sound of lute, and songs
Where mid pomp and trumpet's lauds
Was the battle banner spread
Temple of toil and stack of shames
Look the city of the dead
Lie the vast and tumultuous city
Nameless city of the dead

Here the sun shone on the acres
As the warring host rolled by
And the fount s pelluced glances
Answered childhood's lustrous eye
All are gone—the mirth, the anguish,
Groans of slave and kingly head,
And the strength and glory languish
In the city of the dead,
In the vast and silent city,
Nameless city of the dead

Here the keen eyed panther prowling,
Roams the mouldering haunts of men,
And the haggard, wolf like howling,
With the adder makes his den
Crumbled arch and mossy column
Falls the tiger's bloody tread,
And the owlet's cry falls solemn
Through the city of the dead
Through the vast and silent city
Nameless city of the dead

FEMALE HEROISM.

A TRUE STORY FOR THE LADIES

A number of years ago, a woman of the name of Isbel Lucas kept a small lodging-house in the southern suburbs of Edinburg She was the daughter of a respectable teacher in the city, who at his death, had bequeathed to her, as his sole surviving relation, about three hundred pounds, together with the furniture of a house The latter part of the legacy suggested to her the propriety of endeavoring to support herself by keeping lodgings, while the part which consisted in money promised to stand effectually between her and all the mischances that could be expected to befall her in such a walk of life She accordingly, for several years, let one or two rooms to students and other persons, and thus contrived to live very decently, without trenching upon her little capital, till at length she attained the discreet age of two and forty

Isbel had at no period of life been a beauty She had an iron-gray complexion, and a cast of features bespeaking rather strength of character than feminine grace She was now less a beauty than ever, and for years had tacitly acknowledged her sense of the fact, by abandoning all those modes and materials of dress which women wear so long as they have any thoughts of matrimony Where, however, is the woman at that or any more juvenile period of life, in whose bosom the spark of love lies dead beyond recall?—If any such there be, Isbel was not of the number

Among her lodgers was an individual known by the name of Fordyne, who kept a grocery shop of an inferior order in the neighborhood—This person gave himself out for a native of the Isle of Man, and stated that he had made a little money as messenger to a militia regiment, by which he had been enabled to set up in business He was a large, dark, coarse man, of about twenty and thirty, with a somewhat unpromising cast of face, and a slight twist in his left eye Fordyne seemed to be a man of great industry and application, and used to speak of his circumstances as agreeable in every respect, except that he wanted a wife This, he said, was a great want There were many things about his shop which no one but a female could properly attend to—Without such a helpmate, things were continually going wrong, but with her, all would go right One point, however, he must be clear about; she who should be his wife would require to bring something with her, to his stock, and buy the necessary house furniture He cared little about good looks, if there was good sense; and indeed a woman of some experience in the world would answer his purpose best

Honest Isbel began in a little while to turn these matters in her mind She one day took a steady look at Fordyne, and discovered that he had a good upright carriage of body, and that though his mouth was of the largest, yet his teeth were among the best she had ever seen. Next time she visited his shop, she took a glance at the room behind, and found that it had a nice out-look upon Salisburg Crags. Fordyne, observing that she glanced into his back shop, invited her to come in and see what a fine house he had, for such in reality it was, though unfurnished Isbel very quickly saw that there was one capital bed room, a parlor, a kitchen, and a vast variety of closets, where things could be "put off one's hand" One press, Mr Fordyne showed, was already furnished, being tenanted by a huge dram bottle, and a server full of short-bread, which he said, had been lately required to treat his customers, on account of the New Year Of this he made Isbel a partaker, drinking in his turn to her good health, and a good man to her before the next recurrence of the season. This exchange of compliments did not take place without some effect. Isbel ascended the stair in a kind of reverie, and found herself entering the next door above instead of her own, before she was aware. In a month thereafter the two were married

Three days after the nuptials, Mrs. Fordyne was sitting in her little parlor, waiting supper for her husband, and reflecting on the step she was about to take next day—namely, the transference of her household furniture to the apartments behind Fordyne's shop, and surrender of her little fortune into his hands. Her eye happened in the course of her cogitations, to wander to a portrait of her father; and as she gazed on it, she could hardly help thinking that its naturally stern and even sour features assumed an expression still sterner and sourer. No doubt this was the mere effect of some inward pleading of conscience, for she could not but acknowledge secretly to herself that the step she had taken was not of that kind which her parent would have approved. She withdrew her eyes with a disturbed mind and again looked musingly towards the fire, when she thought she heard the outer door open, and a person come in. At first she supposed that this must be her husband, and she began, therefore, to transfer the supper from the fire to the table. On listening however, she heard that the foot-steps were accompanied by the sound of a walking-cane, which assured her that it could not be Fordyne. She stood for a minute motionless and silent, and distinctly heard the sound of an old man walking along the passage with a stick—sounds which at once brought to her recollection her departed father. She sunk into her chair: the sounds died away in the distance; and almost at that minute her husband came in to cheer her, calling to the servant as he passed, in his loud and boisterous way, that she had stupidly left the outer door open.

Though Isbel Lucas had committed a very imprudent action, in marrying a man who was a perfect stranger to her, nevertheless the predominating feature of her mind was prudence The impressions just made upon her senses were of a very agitating nature, yet knowing that it was too late to act upon them, she concealed her emotions There could be no doubt that she had received what in her native country is called a "warning;" yet conceived that her best course was to go on, and betray no suspicion, she never faltered in any of her promises to her husband She was next day installed in Mr. Fordyne's own house, to whom, in return, she committed a sum rather above four hundred pounds; for to that extent had she increased her stock in the course of her late employment

For some time matters proceeded very well.—Her husband professed to lay out her money upon those goods which he had formerly represented himself as unable to buy. His habits of application were rather increased than diminished, and a few customers of a more respectable kind than any he had hitherto had, began to frequent his shop, being drawn thither in consideration of his wife Among the new articles he dealt in was whiskey, which he bought in large quantities from the distillers, and sold wholesale to a number of neighboring dealers By and by this branch of his trade seemed to outgrow all the rest, and he found himself occassionally obliged to pay visits to the places where the liquor was manufactured, in order to purchase it at the greatest advantage His wife in a little while became accustomed to his absence for a day or two at a time, and having every reason to believe that his affairs were in a very prosperous state, began to forget all her former misgivings

One occasion he left her on what he described as the Highland distillery visit, intending, he said, to be absent for at least a week, and carrying with him money to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds, which he said he would probably spend upon whiskey before he came back.—Nothing that could awaken the least suspicion occurred at their parting; but next day while his wife superintended matters in the shop, she was surprised when a large bill was presented, for which he had made no provision On inspecting it she was still further surprised to find that it referred to a transaction which she understood at the time to be a ready money one Having dismissed the presenter of the bill, she lost no time in repairing to the counting-house of a large commission house in Leith, with which she knew her husband to have had large transactions—There, on making some indirect inquiries, she found that his purchases, instead of being entirely for ready money, as he had represented to her, were mostly paid by bills, some of which were on the point of becoming due It was now but too apparent that the unprincipled man had taken his final leave of her and his creditors, bearing with him all the spoils that his ingenuity could collect

Isbel Lucas was not a person to sit down in idle despair on such an event. She was a steady Scotch woman, with a stout heart for a difficulty; and her resolution was soon taken She instantly proceeded to Glasgow coach office, and ascertained, as she expected, that a man answering to the description of her husband had taken a place for that city the day before The small quantity of money that had been collected in the shop since his departure she put into her pocket; the shop she committed to the porter and her old servant Jenny; and having made up a small bundle of extra clothes, she set off by the coach to Glasgow On alighting in the Trongate, the first person she met was a female friend from Edinburg who asked with surprise, how she and her husband happened to be traveling at the same time "Why do you ask that question?" asked Isbel "Because," replied the other, "I shook hands with Mr Fordyne yesterday as he was going on board the Isle of Man steamboat as the Broomielaw" This was enough for Isbel She immediately ascertained the time when the Isle of Man steamboat would next sail, and, to her great joy, found that she would not be two days later than her husband in reaching the island—On landing in proper time at Douglas, in Man, she found her purse almost empty; but her desperate circumstances made her resolve to prosecute the search, though she should have to beg her way back

It was morning when she landed at Douglas The whole forenoon she spent in wandering about the streets, in the hope of encountering her faithless husband, and inquiring after him at the inns At length she satisfied herself that he must have left the town that very day for a remote part of the island, and on foot. She immediately set out upon the same road, and with the same means of conveyance, determined to sink with fatigue, or subject herself to any kind of danger, rather than return without her object. At first the road passed over a moorish part of the country; but after proceeding several miles, it began to border on the sea, in some places edging on the precipices which overhung the shore, and at others winding into deep recesses of the country. At length, on coming to the opening of a long reach of the road, she saw a figure, which she took for that of her husband, just disappearing at the opposite extremity.—Immediately gathering fresh strength, she pushed briskly on, and after an hour's toilsome march had the satisfaction, on turning a projection, to find her husband sitting right before her on a stone

Fordyne was very much surprised at her appearance, which was totally unexpected; but he soon recovered his composure. He met her with more than even usual kindness, as if concerned at her having thought proper to perform so toilsome a journey. He hastened to explain that some information he had received at Glasgow respecting the dangerous state of his mother, had induced him to make a start out of his way to see her, after which he would immediately return It was then his turn to ask explanation from her; but this subject he pressed very lightly; and for her part, she hardly dared, in this lonely place, to avow the suspicions which had induced her to undertake the journey.

"It is all very well," said Fordyne, with affected complaisance; "you'll just go forward with me to my mother's house, and she will be pleased to see me since I bring you with me." Isbel, smothering her real feelings, agreed to do this, tho' it may well be supposed that, after what he had already done, and considering the wild place in which she was, she must have entertained no comfortable prospects of her night's adventures. On then, they walked, in the dusk of fast approaching night, through a country which seemed to be destitute alike of houses and inhabitants, and where the universal stillness was hardly ever broken by the sound of any animal, wild or tame. The road as formerly, was partly on the edge of a sea worn precipiece, over which a victim might be dashed in a moment, with hardly the least chance of ever being more seen or heard of, and partly in the recesses of a rugged country, in whose pathless wilderness the work of murder might be almost as securely affected.—Isbel Lucas, knowing how much reason her husband had to wish her out of this world, was fully alive to the dangers of her path, and at every place that seemed more convenient than another for such a work, regarded him, even in the midst of civil conversation, with the watchful eye of one who dreads the spring of the tiger from every break. She contrived to keep upon the side of the road most remote from the precipices, and carrying in her pocket an unclasped penknife, though almost hopeless that her womanly nerves would support her in any effort to use it Thus did they walk on for several miles, till at length, all of a sudden, Fordyne started off the road, and was instantly lost in a wild, tortuous ravene. This event was so different from any other which she had feared, that for a moment she stood motionless with surprise Another moment, however, sufficed to make up her mind as to her future course, and she immediately plunged into the defile, following as nearly as possible in the direction which the fugitive appeared to have taken. On, on she toiled, through thick entangling bushes, and over much soft and mossy ground, her limbs every moment threatening to sink beneath her with fatigue, which they would certainly have done very speedily, if the desperate anxieties which filled her mind had not rendered her in a great measure insensible to the languor of her body It at length became a more pressing object with her to find some place where she could be sheltered for the night, than to follow in so hopeless a pursuit; and she therefore experienced great joy on perceiving a light at a little distance As she approached the place whence this seemed to proceed, she discovered a cottage, whence she could hear the sound of music and dancing With great caution she drew near the window through which the light was glancing, and there, peeping into the apartment, she saw her husband capering in furious mirth amidst a set of coarse peasant like individuals, mingled with a few who bore all the appearance of sea smugglers. An old woman, of most unamiable aspect, sat by the fire-side, occasionally giving orders for the preparation of food, and now and then addressing a complimentary expression to Fordyne, whom Isbel therefore guessed to be her son After the party had seemed to have become quite tired of dancing, they sat down to a rude but plenteous repast; and after that was concluded, the whole party addressed themselves to repose Some retired into an apartment at the opposite end of the house; but most stretched themselves on straw which lay in various corners of the room in which they had been feasting. The single bed in this apartment was appropriated to Fordyne, apparently on account of his being the most important individual of the party, and he therefore continued under the unsuspected observation of his wife till he had consigned himself to repose. Previous to doing so, she observed him place something with great caution under his pillow

For another hour Isbel stood at the window, inspecting the interior of the house, which was now lighted very imperfectly by the expiring fire. At length, when every recumbent figure seemed to have become bound securely in sleep, she first uttered one brief, but fervent prayer, and then undid the loose fastening of the door, and glided into the apartment Carefully avoiding the straw pallets which lay stretched around, she approached the bed whereon lay the treacherous Fordyne, and slowly and softly withdrew his large pocket-book from beneath the pillow To her inexpressible joy she succeeded in executing this manoeuver without giving him the least disturbance. Grasping the book fast in one hand, she piloted her way back with the other, and in a few seconds had regained the exterior of the cottage

As she had expected, she found the large sum which Fordyne had taken away nearly entire—Transferring the precious parcel to her bosom, she set forward instantly, upon a pathway which led from the cottage, apparently in the direction of Douglas This pursued a little way, till she regained the road she had formerly left, along which she immediately proceeded with all possible haste Fortunately, she had not advanced far, when a peasant came up behind her in an empty cart, and readily consented to give her a lift for a few miles. By means of this help she reached Douglass at an early hour in the morning, where finding a steamboat just ready to sail, she immediately embarked, and was soon beyond all danger from her husband.

The intrepid Isbel Lucas returned in a few days to Edinburg, with a sufficient sum to satisfy all her husband's creditors, and enough over to set her up once more in her former way of life She was never again troubled with the wretch Fordyne, who a few years afterwards she had the satisfaction of hearing had died a natural death of an epidemic fever in the bridewell of Tralee, in Ireland.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—A few days ago Judge Davis commenced a prosecution in the Police Court against John Wendell On the trial, Wm. Davis was the principal witness for the prosecution, and made the case strong against the defendant Mr C, the attorney of the defendant, took him in hand for cross-examination, as follows:

Mr. C.—Are you in any manner related to the prosecuting witness?

Witness—Yes

Mr. C.—How?

Witness.—We are brothers in law

Mr. C.—You can go down, sir.

Mr. C. then called up and examined about a dozen witnesses, who swore that William Davis and the prosecuting witness were father and son This was clinching testimony, Mr C was calling another witness yet, when the Judge said:

"Mr. C., there is no use in calling any more witnesses on that point It is now abundantly proved."

Mr. C. replied—"If your honor is satisfied, I am; I only wish to show that the witness is a liar and not to be believed;" and he tilted himself back in his chair, ran his fingers through his hair, and looked around upon the crowd, while a triumphant grin covered his face

The City Attorney then recalled Wm Davis

Attorney.—A dozen witnesses swear that you and the prosecuting witness are father and son—how is that?

Witness—It is true.

Attorney.—Why then did you say a few minutes ago that you were brothers in law?

Witness.—Because we married sisters

Here all hands became convulsed with laughter, and Mr. C.'s triumphant grin passed into the "reflection of despair," and his client into the county jail.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A LONG JOURNEY.—Saturday afternoon we saw a Swedish lady at the depot, on her way to her husband at Sheboygan, who left Sweden one year ago last August, for this country, and has consequently been over fourteen months on her way! She was shipwrecked twice, the first time on the coast of Scotland, on board an American vessel called the "May Queen. She has endured innumerable hardships on her way, and paid her passage twice, with that of her children, who accompany her. She has three children—girls, from about seven to twelve years of age. She has been to this country before, and returned to Sweden on a visit. The family took the cars for Chicago, Saturday night, greatly rejoiced that their long journey was so near a termination.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

☞ Colfax, of Indiana, candidate for Congress, at La Porte, was introduced to a prominent German, a little deaf, "*Bole Dax,*" said the German, "to ter devil mit der boledax—I pays him now two times!"

Social Life in Germany.

BERLIN, Aug. 1858

A traveler who spends but a few days in a place, and then proceeds on his way, has very little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the social habits of a people Such has been to a great extent the case with me, and yet I have had many opportunities of seeing the Germans in their homes Let me give in a few words the results of my observations

The Germans are more social than the Americans I believe they do not talk so much (certainly not so fast) as the French, but they certainly do talk much more than we do You never see two Germans sitting together at a table, or in a parlor, in silence They live together also to a very great extent

When an American settles down in life, his wife and children constitute the center, not only of his affections, but of his plans and hopes—Home is the most sacred spot on earth to him His meals he takes at home, his evenings he spends at home; his cares and his struggles with life terminate on his home. His own home thus becomes as it were a little independent kingdom by itself Each household, great or small, thus goes through by itself with all the formularies of baking, cooking, eating, scrubbing, just as though there was no other family in the wide world Hence you see all over the rural districts of our country almost entirely isolated houses, each built on the domain of its occupant Even in towns and cities the same isolation is in a great degree kept up, though the houses may perhaps join each other

Now all through Germany this matter lies in a very different shape You see no isolated houses through the country, the people all live in villages and cities No family does its own baking, nor much of its cooking People mingle together by day and by night. Whole families will leave their homes for the day, or for the evening, and will be found in some garden or in some place of amusement, taking their meals together The children play together, the women knit together, and the men smoke and drink together Take a German or a German family away from all others and they would feel like a fish out of water and in another element You have observed that German emigrants in America settle in little squads, and very seldom isolate themselves from each other In our cities, also, they are often satisfied to live, many families in the same house, and sometimes in the same room

I do not intend to discuss the taste or economy of German social life, but I will venture the remark that the method of patronizing the baker, exclusively, both for their bread and meat, thus avoiding the trouble and expense of ovens and fires in their own houses, must be, especially in summer, a matter of very great convenience and economy

The simple diet on which the great masses of the German people live facilitates the carrying out of their habits of social life. About three-fifths of the whole population do not eat meat of any kind oftener than once a week, and multitudes not so often The great staple of diet among the poorer classes is a very black bread, made exclusively of rye, coarsely ground, and made sour, probably as a matter of taste, by the infusion of some acid I often tried to eat it, but never happened to be hungry enough to succeed. In their season vegetables of various kinds are freely used by all classes, but the rye bread is the main thing. It is baked in loaves about two and a half feet long and sometimes not more than four or five inches in diameter It would be a very easy matter to knock a man down with one of these loaves of bread To my own taste it is very unpalatable, and yet I have often seen Germans at hotels taking it in preference to a better quality made of wheat

The common wheat bread I have always found, with hardly one exception, most excellent It is far better, as a general rule, than that found in England, and I will add that it is much better than that ordinarily made in the United States They always bake it in small loaves, about twice the size of a tea-cup, and it is white, light and delicious Not only with the poorer classes is meat an article of luxury—it is used very little, compared with American habits, by the better classes A German never takes meat for breakfast A cup of coffee and a piece of bread and butter invariably constitute the morning meal

A SAD FATE.—The Cincinnati *Times* says the body of a match pedlar, named Henry Brant, was discovered a few days ago in the Miami Canal, at Cincinnati The deceased was about twenty eight years of age, and emigrated from Germany with his family He and his wife were both of highly respectable families, and brought with him to this country, $42,000 in cash He purchased an estate not far from this city, in the State of Kentucky, paying $12,000 cash for it

There he resided, surrounded by all that the heart could wish, and apparently happy in his domestic relations While residing there, a libertine won the affections of his wife He persuaded her to seize all her husband's ready cash, and elope with him She did so The news of the elopement came like death to the unfortunate husband and his children They did not pursue the erring one, but spent days and weeks in silent grief At last the father proposed to the eldest son to complete the domestic ruin, and cover themselves with life long misery The son assented They prepared torches and, in the darkness of the night, they fired the farm house, the barn, and every improvement upon the estate

Houses, grain, fences, and every article on the farm were destroyed The morning sun arose on a desolated estate Brant then came to Cincinnati. He plunged into drink, and what little property he had was soon squandered He then took to peddling matches and blacking to sustain himself. For several years he has lived a vagabond life, and whatever he made peddling was expended in drink.

☞ At a political meeting in Indiana the other day, a speaker named Long responded to the loud call and took the stand; but a big, strapping fellow persisted in crying out, in a stentorian voice, "*Long!*"—"*Long.*" This caused a little confusion, but after some difficulty in making himself heard, the President succeeded in stating that Mr. *Long*, the gentleman honored by the call, was now addressing them. "Oh he be d——d!" replied the fellow; "he's the little sketcicks that told me to call for *Long!*" This brought down the house.

☞ A friend just from the famous Aroostook Valley, in northern Maine, tells that as a man was walking along in a thoughtful mood, a cucumber vine gave chase to him, ran up his leg, and into his pocket The man in great terror, thrusting his hands into his pocket to eject the impudent intruder, drew forth a ripe cucumber!

☞ A Yankee has invented a plague which kills off all who do not pay the printer. It has played sad havoc in New England, and is extending rapidly west of the mountains. Some in Illinois, Ohio and Indiana have already began to "smell a mice." Pennsylvania stands in imminent danger.

☞ Some one gives this cogent advice to Bachelors: "Be sure to annex a woman who will lift you up, instead of pushing you down—in mercantile phrase, get hold of a piece of calico that will wash.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

"Life on the Ocean Wave."

"A life on the Ocean Wave!"
The man who wrote it was green
He never has been to sea,
And a storm he has never seen.

He never was been aroused
From the morning's gentle doze
By the sound of splashing water,
As it fell from the heavy hose!

He never has heard a man
Scrubbing right over his head,
With a noise sufficient to rouse
From the grave the slumbering dead

He never has seen a fat woman
Growing thinner day by day,
And leaning over the vessel's side,
Throwing herself away;

While people look carelessly on,
Though in fears the woman may be,
And unfeeling say it is nothing at all,
Only the roll of the sea

And O! he has never been sea-sick
And crept into bed in his cost,
While every motion increased his *throes*,
And his *feelings*—was all in his throat.

That man may have sailed in a boat,
In some puddle or on a sound;
But if he has been to sea and wrote
Such a song, he deserves to be drowned

A New Religious Sect in Iowa.

From the Iowa State Democrat.

Some sixty or seventy miles north of Council Bluffs, in the county of Monona, about fifteen miles from the Missouri River, there is a town containing six or eight hundred inhabitants, generally known as Preparation.

This town is the Zion of a new body of religious enthusiasts, who call themselves "Conjeprezites," and their system of religion or religious organization, "the Conjeprezion," the meaning of which term remains to the Gentile world a profound mystery

At the head of the organization is a man, by name, Charles B Thompson, who is besides the editor of a weekly newspaper called *The News paper* This paper is large, well printed, and upon political and general subjects is edited with much ability

Of this sheet one or two pages are usually devoted to the publication of what are called "open letters" upon religious subjects, addressed by Charles B Thompson, as follows:

"*The Chief Apostolic Pastor and Evangelical Bishop:* To all the Elders of Israel, Evangelical and Traveling Presbyters of the Ecclesiastical Kingdom, and to Bishops, Presbyters, Deacons and Members of the Conjeprezion, scattered abroad throughout all the world sendeth greeting"

These letters are all dated at "the tower of the flock," and are most curious specimens of incomprehensible cant, being made up of passages from the Bible, extracts from "the Book of the Law and Covenant of Israel," and remarks by the "Chief Apostolical Pastor," indiscriminately mixed up together

From what we are able to learn from these letters, this curious sect believes in the Bible as the word of God; but also holds that it is in a measure done away with by new revelations made since the year 1848, by "the voice of Baneemy" through the medium of the "Chief Apostolical Bishop" These new revelations are styled "the Law and Covenants of Israel"

The property of the organization is held in common, and the earnings are all thrown into the common stock, somewhat after the manner of the Shakers The people are said to be quiet and orderly in their deportment, moral in their customs, and most devotedly and blindly attached to their religion or system of belief.

However strange it may appear, this organization has during the last year rapidly increased from fifty to eight hundred members, and is still receiving large accessions to its members

SHOCKING DEATH—A MAN SMOTHERED IN A CHIMNEY.—Last evening about eight o'clock, the neighborhood of Fourth and Shippen streets were thrown into a state of great excitement by the news that a man was lodged in the chimney flue of a house on Shippin street, below Fourth, occupied by Jane Bell. From all the facts to be gleaned by us, it appears that Richard Dillon, a young man of about 22 years of age, has, for a long time, been keeping company with a female named Lizzie Hackert, who resided at the above house Latterly some estrangement between the parties took place, and Dillon was deserted for another man This caused him to entertain bitter feelings towards her, but no violence was apprehended from him until yesterday, when, after indulging pretty freely in liquor, he entered the house about seven o'clock and inquired for his former companion He was informed by the inmates that she was out—which was the truth—Not believing this he became excited, and made his way to the third story room, which is appropriated to the use of Miss Hackert Finding the room locked, and receiving no answer to his repeated demands for admission, he clambered up the ladder leading to the loft, and from thence to the roof He then managed to work his body into the flue of the chimney, evidently with the intention of thus effecting an entrance into the third story room But, as might be expected in a small three story house, the flue was too contracted to admit of a free passage, and he soon became fast His cries soon attracted the attention of the inmates, as well as of passers by, and every means were then used to extricate the unfortunate man from his disagreeable position—Ropes were lowered from the top, but his body being in such a posture, he was unable to take advantage of the assistance thus at hand. Finally a hole was cut in the wall on the stairway, and Dillon was dragged out in an insensible condition Every exertion was made to resuscitate him, but to no purpose, and after drawing one or two breaths he expired A young man who was in the company of the deceased during the afternoon, stated that he then made threats to settle his difficulties with Miss Hackert, and purchased a black jack, but whether to use on the girl in question, he did not say. The deceased was a plasterer by trade, but of late has been engaged in peddling oysters. He resided with his mother on Carpenter street, below Fifth.—*Phila Ledger.*

☞ A speaker in a meeting, not long since, enlarging upon the rascality of the devil, hit off the following pithy words:

"I tell you that the devil is an old liar, for when I was about getting religion he told me that if I did get religion I could not go into gay company, and lie or cheat, or any such thing, *but I have found him out to be a great liar.*"

☞ When we see a lady looking at us through an opera glass, we are apt to suppose she might think it very indelicate to look with her naked eye.—*Pentice*

Very likely she does think so in the case alluded to. A dirty object is always an "indelicate" one.—*Boston Post.*

☞ A countryman, who witnessed a lady lifting up her dress, exclaimed, upon beholding the numerous rings of hoops that encircled her petticoat in the shape of crinoline, "Well, may I be danged, if she arn't got a fire barred gate wrapped round her."

☞ The Bank of Tennessee, one of the largest financial institutions in the west, resumed specie payments on Monday.

ALARIC,
OR
THE TYRANT'S VAULT.

A SCILLIAN STORY OF EARLY TIMES.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED

ALARIC

At this juncture Bellerus returned in haste, and there was a look of trouble upon his brow. He closed the door behind him, and then turned towards our hero

"Alaric," he said, evidently striving to assume a calmness which he did not feel, "have you any reason to suppose that your entrance into the city this evening was particularly noticed."

"Why do you ask?"