

OFFICE ON STATE STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, ERIE, PENN.

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF PER YEAR, IF PAID IN ADVANCE. \$2.00 IF NOT PAID UNTIL THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME 34

ERIE, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

NUMBER 21.

NEW GOODS! NOW OPEN AT R. S. MORRISON'S. DRESS GOODS. CLOAKS, SHAWLS, GLOVES AND HOSIERY. ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF CLOTHS, STAPLE AND DOMESTIC GOODS!

TO THE PUBLIC. I HAVE opened this room No. 2 French Street, in West House Block, to close out the stock of

MRS. S. H. HALL. Has just returned from NEW YORK. NOW OPENING A LARGE STOCK OF

FALL MILLINERY! CHEAP FOR CASH, OR READY-PAY. Particular attention paid to bleaching, coloring and pressing.

Administrator's Notice. LETTERS of Administration having been granted to the estate of the late

WHAT THE VARIETY OF NEW STYLE BEDS. A stock of fine, heavy, and light beds, with

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERY STORE. P. A. BECKER. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER.

MANHOOD! How Lost! How Restored! Just Published in a Small Envelope. Price 6 Cents.

ERIE BONNET STORE. (Late Model Bonnet Store). WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN MILLINERY GOODS.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO. HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT. CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT. CAPITAL \$500,000.

Notice to Oil Refiners. WE are prepared to sell to Refiners OIL TITRUM

FOR RENT - A TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, on Second Street, between State and Peach Streets.

AGENTS FOR THE OBSERVER. The following gentlemen have been selected as agents in the places where they reside.

DIAMOND'S PILL. This medicine is so general for good, to bleed, to cure, to relieve, to soothe, to soothe, to soothe.

ONE OF THE PECULIAR FEATURES OF HARPER'S Magazine is the "Editor's Drawer," a collection of rich, rare and laughable incidents.

A VISITOR in London sent Lord Derby a sample of wine that he recommended as a specific for the gout.

"I AM AN ALIEN," says a correspondent of the "Drawer," and was expatiating the other day upon the duty of every good citizen.

THIS following is a surgeon's certificate given to one of our militia boys to exempt him from active service.

"JUNE 18: 1863 military fourcenite his own officers John Jeffrey is unusual man.

A REAR printer, writing to the "Drawer," says: "I am connected with the printing office in our little place, and a few days ago the following advertisement was handed in."

"The undersigned has just opened a New Saloon well arranged & with all kinds of good liquors fitted up in the Hotel, where I invite with all my friends and strangers.

One of our customers, deeply indebted to me, residing in the West (says a mercantile correspondent) failing to respond as he should.

"Six," said the individual in defect in these parts. He was, however, a well-to-do man, and made his house, by going to the Far West.

One of the soldiers tells the "Drawer" of a sudden discovery of the "gold" of a family down in Dixie.

"Our regiment, he says, was in Northern Mississippi, and halting near a fine mansion the boys were making for the chicken quarter.

"In the good old times before the war, candidates for office in this Southern country were accustomed to resort to strange dodges to conciliate the people and get their votes.

"And there seems to be an analogous tendency of the right eye accompanied with opthalmia."

A CORRESPONDENT from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, informs us that when the rebel army was on the march from that place to Gettysburg, several privates stopped at the hotel of Mr. John Brown in Fayetteville, and inquired for Mr. Brown.

"What a fine fellow he was, and for what purpose he had come. The man, however, was dressed in the ordinary dress of a soldier, and the soldiers were all in a state of excitement.

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asked him if he should hold the cow, which seemed to be uneasy, and the old man consenting very readily, he took her by the horns and held fast till the operation was done.

"Have you had Robison [his rival] around here lately?" he asked. "Oh, yes," said the old man: "he's behind the barn, now holding the calf!"

This was a little too much; Robison was ahead; and Jones gave in—just as Caged did—as narrated, with a picture of the scene, in the Magazine for June, 1862.

It was election day—writing a Pennsylvania correspondent—and Grimes having "assisted" on the occasion by the deposit of his vote and the absorption of about as much "old rye" as he could walk under, started with two of his neighbors, who were in the same state of elevation, to make their way to their homes.

They had to cross the Brandywine Creek by a foot-bridge constructed of a single log thrown across, and bent flat on the upper side, but without any hand-rail to aid in the transit.

There would have been no difficulty with a clear head and steady legs in crossing; but with our party it was felt to be no devoid of difficulties "under existing circumstances."

However, the creek must be crossed. Grimes' two friends took the lead, and with much swinging of arms and contortion of body reached the farther side. It was now Grimes' turn to face the music, and making a bold start, he succeeded in getting about one-third of the way over, when a loud splash announced to his friends that he was overboard. Emerging from the water, it being about breast high, he quietly said, as if his course was the result of mature deliberation, "I guess I'll wade!"

AWAY in Switzerland wanders one of the "Drawer's" many readers; he sits down in Neuchâtel and writes of his American memories: "The musquitos down on the Mississippi River are supposed to be rather large, and tolerably ferocious. I am not prepared to believe the story of the man who came to look for his cow one day, and found the skeleton on the ground and a large mosquito on an adjacent tree picking his teeth with one of the horns. But I will say that it would take a man gifted with considerable imagination to exaggerate the prowess of those Southern swamp mosquitos. We were discussing them one night in a hotel in New Orleans, when one gentleman of the party told the following anecdote:

"There was once a man in the city who insisted on it that he was musquito-proof, and would take the down for ten dollars. My friend hearing him make the proposition took him at his word, and with several others they both started off for a nice marshy place between the town and Lake Pontchartrain—a regular musquito paradise. Arrived on the ground the musquito chaps took to his shirt and coat, and lay down on his face. The musquitos came in crowds, lighted on his back, and biting commenced. The man scratched he would lose the ten dollars; even scratching he would lose the ten dollars; even scratching he would lose the ten dollars.

"I have come across a considerable number of musquitos in my life, he remarked, scratching with one hand and working into his shirt with the other, but I never saw a musquito like that before. He wasn't much to look on, gentlemen, he continued; but when it comes to biting, gentlemen, that musquito was a snorter."

"He lost his ten dollars, and went home grumbling that when he made that 'ar bet he hadn't calculated on no bumble bees being smugged in."

Is the city of Detroit an excellent and eminent lawyer, Judge Lane, who has but one failing, and that is simply that he is a bachelor. Retaining all the vivacity, activity, and habit of youth, he is a universal favorite, especially among the belles, to whom he devotes the leisure that an extensive practice and his literary tastes will allow. Mr. Howland was delivering a lecture on Old Times in Detroit, and speaking of the man who was active in public life forty years ago, he spoke of Judge Lane, "then and now a promising young lawyer in this city."

The remark brought down the house with applause, in which none joined more heartily than the gallant and learned Judge.

This is very natural, and undoubtedly true: in the good old days of slow coaches and the slower mails, when Northern New York was about as far out of the world as some of our Northwestern Territories are now, there was gathered around the post-office one night, in a small town, quite a crowd, to hear the news brought by the stage just in.

"What's the news?" asked an old fellow, who was not so worldly-wise as he might have been—"what's the news?"

"Martin Van Buren has been appointed Minister to Great Britain," said a friend at his elbow.

"Why he can't preach no more than I can!"

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I write for the Observer. Obituary. [Killed, July 21, at the battle of Gettysburg, William Kennedy, of 1416 1/2 Reg. Penn's Vol., son of James and Mary A. Kennedy, of Fairview, aged 22 years.]

He left his home in March of this year. With a brave heart, he fought for his country, and in the defense of his young and brave country.

While battling most nobly for this glorious Union, he fulfilled the laws which the traitors defied, he fell, wounded and bleeding, by a Minnie ball strike, and was left there alone on the field to die.

Oh Gettysburg, ill-fated field of battle, Deep dyed in the sacred blood of the brave, To thee our dead hearts are most affectionately true.

For these three our dear, loved William a grave, We know not, alas, the spot where they laid him; Unmarked and unheeded in the place of his rest—And carelessly feet will trample upon The sod which lies over a loved one's breast.

But for a short earth and all of its trials, We know that our dear William's spirit has flown, And we often think of him bending in prayer, With angels and saints 'round the heavenly throne.

And this is a soothing balm for our sorrow; We mourn our sad loss, but still brightly pray That, like him, we may all prepare and be ready When death shall come to call us away.

SURGICAL EXAMINATION OF A CONSCRIPT. [From the Gunter Hill Aurora.] The other day chief engineer Deane, of the Fire Department, called at the office where I make shoes for a living, and handed me a big white envelope, notifying me that I was drafted and must report myself for examination; at Lawrence, on the 18th of August.

Now, I consider it the duty of every citizen to give his life, if need be, for the defence of his country; so, on the morning of the 19th, I put on a clean shirt and my Sunday clothes, and started for Lawrence, to see if I could get exempted.

Lawrence is situated on the Merrimack river, and its principal productions are mud, sand and factory girls. The city proper, at least that part what I saw, consisted of a long, narrow entry, up one flight of stairs, adorned overhead with a freestone of gas meters, and carpeted with worn out tobacco quids, and furnished with one chair, two settees, and as many huge, square packing cases, marked "Q. M. D." Scattered around this palatial hall were some forty or fifty conscripts, looking very much as if they expected to be exempted by reason of old age, before the young man with a ferocious moustache should notify them of their turn. Most of them, however, were doomed to disappointment, for while they counted the hours of delay, the door would suddenly open, and the tall young man would single out a man and march him through the open doorway to be seen no more.

By and by—that is, after several hours waiting—my turn came. "John Smith," shouted the door keeper, "That's me," says I, and with a cheer from the crowd, I entered a large square room where two persons sat writing at a table, and a third, evidently a surgeon, was examining a man in the last stages of nudity.

One of the writers at the table, a young man with curly eyes and blue hair, maddled to me, and dipping his pen in the "ink, commenced—"John Smith, what's your name?" "John Smith," says I. "Where were you born?" "Paducah, Maine."

"What did your great-grandmother die off?" "Darned if I know," says I. "Call it hapentap," says he; "and your grandfather, too?" "I don't care what you call it," says I, for I was a little riled by his nonsensical question.

"Did you ever have boils?" says he. "Not a boil!" "Or fits?" "Or delirium tremens?" "No sir-ee!" "Or rickets?" "I'll ricket you," says I, for I thought he meant something else. "Did you ever have the measles?" says he. Here I took off my coat.

"Yes, sir," I—"that er first (and I shovved a very large brown one within three inches of my nose) has been itching, for the fast ten minutes, to knock your pecky head off, you little mean, low-lived, contemptible whelp, you."

"My dear sir," said the mild spoken, gentlemanly surgeon, laying his hand on my arm: "calm yourself, I pray. Don't let your angry passions rise, but take off your clothes, so I can see what you are made of."

So I suppressed my anger, and withdrawing to a corner, I hung my clothes up on the floor, and presented myself for examination, clad only with the covering nature had given, except about a square inch of coat plaster on my right shin, where I had fallen over on a chair, the night before, feeling for a match.

"Young man," said the surgeon, looking me straight in the eye, "you have got the myopia."

"Yes, sir," said I, "and a good one, too—a little Bininger, with a drop of Stoughton, makes an excellent eye-opener of a morning."

"And there seems to be an analogous tendency of the right eye accompanied with opthalmia."

"And that white spot in the left eye be known a cataract."

feet in the scapular membrane and inapical phlysis!" "Hoggen's!" says I. "what's that?" "And cardiac disease."

"No!" said I. "And pericarditis!" "Thunder!" said I. "Stop talking! Now count after me—one!" "One!" said I, dead with fright.

"Asthma! Two." "Two," I yelled. "Knocks of the right febril! - Three." "Three!" I gasped.

"Cossigial Four." "Murder!" said I, "Four." "Confirmed duquenn of the right ventricle Five."

"Oh! doctor, ain't you most through? I feel faint!" "Through? No! Not half through. Why my friend, Pandora's box was nothing to you chest. You have syphilis, and gonorrhoea, and concolithia, and peristage, and—"

"Here my knee supported so I leaned against the table for support." "And permanent luxation of the anterior lobe of the right phalanx?"

"My only sufferer was a deprecatory gesture. And an scrofulous diathesis and omniopodites." "I sank to the floor in utter despair."

"Estriction!" he yelled, for he saw I was going fast—"and maxillation and—"

"I heard no more. Entirely overcome, I swooned away, and was obliged to be carried to the nearest hotel."

But I was exempted! ROSECRANS IN DISGRACE—WHY HE WAS REMOVED. [Washington Correspondence New York Times.]

The removal of Rosecrans is the subject of much and contradictory comment. The more correct understanding of the causes that led to it is that charges were preferred against him by Generals McCook and Crittenden of an offensive conduct on the battle-field, of a non-assertive flight from the field to Chattanooga, while the battle was in its crisis, and of his unskillful and mischievous conduct in publicly reporting on reaching Chattanooga, to both officers and men that the day was lost.

Superadded to this is alleged Government resentment of his disobedience of positive orders not to risk a general engagement by advancing beyond Chattanooga before he was reinforced; also, his impatience of his disposition and handling his troops on the field.

The reputation for courage that he won at Stone River is placed in bar by the imputation of cowardice in his abandonment of the battle ground, and his friends attribute it to a mistaken impression that his army had been wholly whipped and was wholly on the retreat. The replication to this is that such a mistake is a complete disqualification for command.

The statement acquiring growth that he had an attack of epilepsy during the battle, and that he was constitutionally and by education subject to fits of religious depression of the profound character, is correct, tho' he was an austere Roman Catholic, as is well known. In connection with this it may not be unavailing to add that it is understood that the fourth specification of the preferred charge is an excessive use of opium.

The relations between Gen. Rosecrans and the General-in-Chief, Halleck, have been bad. A sharp correspondence took place between them after the battle of Chattanooga; and before that the Government had found fault with his military conduct on several occasions, and he had retorted by charges of neglect by the Government and want of support.

His removal has been in contemplation for some time. POLICY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. The Chicago Times, alluding to the fact that many persons who agree with the Democracy in their negative policies of opposition to the Administration, are in doubt as to what would be the positive policies of the party, if in power, states the affirmative position of conservative men as follows:

First—"They would restore the supremacy of our violated constitution and laws, and with entire and absolute liberty of speech, of the press and of ballot, and the sacred privilege of the habeas corpus."

They will free the loyal States from the presence of military encampments and of all officers and soldiers physically able to take the field; thus reinforcing our armies at least one-third.

They will abolish the system of arbitrary arrests for opinion's sake. They will offer the rebels fair and honorable terms of peace, provided they will ground the weapons of their rebellion and come back to the Union; offering them the constitution of the United States in the one hand, and a "vigorous prosecution of the war" with the other. The wars of 1812 and of 1847 sufficiently exemplify what Democrats mean by a "vigorous prosecution of the war." They do not fight with proclamations. Confidence in the management of national affairs being thus restored, the conscription act, the proclamation of emancipation, and the unconstitutional confiscation act will be abrogated. They would fight armed rebels, to restore the Union; but not populations, for purposes of revenge, or for abolition. They would make the war, not punitive, but reformatory, in its nature.