THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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AGENTS FOR THE OBSERVER.

The following gentlemen have been selected as our agents in the places where they reside. Persons desiring to subscriptions or Job Work, or to remit money to us can do it through their hands:

..... Albion.
A. Pomeroy, ... Waterford
..... Edinboro.
..... Mill Creek.
..... Wesleyville
..... Harbor Creek
..... Greenfield.
..... East Greene
..... Wattsburg.
..... Springfield X Rds
..... West Springfield
..... Plates.
..... Kingsville, Ohio
..... Girard.
..... Fairview.
..... Cherry Hill
..... Union.
..... Columbus.
..... Warren.
..... Garland.
..... Spartansburg
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MANHOOD:

How Lost! How Restored!

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BENJAMIN GRANT.

The Old Fashioned Choir.

BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

I have fancied sometimes, the Bethel-boat beam
That trembled to earth in the Patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of Song in that wilderness rest
From the pillow of stone to the Blue of the Blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred" and "Corinth" and "China" and "Mear"
All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,
That those breaths can blow open to heaven and God!
Ah, "Silver Street" leads by a bright, golden road,
—Oh, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed—
But those sweet human psalms in the old-fashioned choir,
To the girl that rang alto—the girl that sang air!

"Let us sing in His praise," the Minister said,
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at "York,"
Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that he read,
While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
And politely picked up the key-note with a fork,
And the vicious old viol went growling along
At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song.

I need not a wing—did no gentl come,
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,
So bear me again up the river of Time,
When the world was in rythm and life was its rhyme;
Where the stream of the years flowed so noiselessly and narrow,
That across it there floated the song of a sparrow;
For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village choir,
When clear of the floor my feet slowly swung
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise as they sung,
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!
You may smile at the navels of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent till he run the tune down—
And dear sister Green, with more goodness than grace,
Rose and fell on the tunes as she strode in her place;
And where "Coronation" exultantly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes!
To the land of the leal they went with their song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong.
Oh, to lifted, ye Gates! Let me hear them again—
Blessed Song, blessed Sabbath, forever, Amen!

THE AWFUL DISASTER IN CHILI.

One of the most horrible calamities that has ever fallen upon any people, occurred in the city of Santiago, the capital of the Republic of Chili, on the night of the 8th of December last. The Church of the Jesuits, in which was being celebrated the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, was destroyed by fire, and with it were *burned and suffocated over two thousand women and children*, numbering among them the flower of the beauty and fashion of the capital. The *Mercurio del Vapir*, of the 17th, gives the following account of the terrible catrophe:

On the commemoration of the Immaculate Conception, the last of the festivities of the month of May, the most popular and frequented of all our solemnities, thousands of fair devotees thronged to the last performance, which was to eclipse all that had preceded. At six in the evening the spacious steps and part of the open place before the church swarmed with ladies in veils frantically struggling to enter a temple where not one more could be made room for. A few minutes before seven, and when the religious performance was about to commence, they were still lighting the last lights in the chancel, when the portable gas in the half moon of canvas and wood that formed the pedestal of a colossal image of the Virgin Mary began to burn one of the extremities of that apparatus. Some one rushed on the rising flame and succeeded in smothering it, but by a fatal rebound the gas, compressed by the effort, burst out with redoubled vigor at the other extremity of the false half moon. Immediately a fierce flame rushed up. The persons who thronged the chancel flew towards the sacristy, crying "water, water," whilst the women, who filled the nave, arose in tumultuous confusion, screaming for help.

The fire spread with wonderful rapidity to the *retablos* of wood and hangings, and thence, attracted by the current of air that always circulates between the upper boarding and the roof, rolled through the church. In a few moments all over head was a mass of flames. In the meantime the men had succeeded in escaping; for in this church the sexes are separated by an iron grating, and the women had fled as far as the middle of the church, in a state of the most terrible confusion. But the headlong hurry, the fainting, the obstruction of the bell-shaped dresses and the frantic eagerness to gain the street, formed an impenetrable barrier before the two doors, which, by a culpable imprudence, gave access to the free air only towards the open space in front and the small court of the west side of the church. That obstacle was the barrier of death.

Help was all but impossible; a Hercules might have strained his strength in vain to pull one from the serried mass of frenzied wretches, who, piled one above another, as they climbed over to reach the air, wildly fastened the grip of death upon any one escaping, in order that they might be dragged out with them. Those who longed to save them were doomed to bear the most harrowing *sight that ever seared human eyeballs—to see* mothers, sisters, tender and timid women, dying that dreadful death, that appalled the stoutest heart of man. Within one yard of salvation, within one yard of men who would have given their lives over and over again for them. It was maddening, the screaming and wringing of hands for help as the remorseless flames came on; and then, while some already dead with fright were burned in ghastly indifference, others in their horrible agony—some in prayer—were tearing their hair and battering their faces.

Hardly had the noble men who had devoted themselves to save lives at the peril of their own, seized by the arms or the clothes a prostrate form than the other women, mad with terror from the nearness of the fire, clutched the victim about to be saved, and in some cases dragged those who came to help them into that fiery vortex. It was almost impossible to extricate even one from that heap of despairing wretches and undo that ghastly knot. But the fire accomplished that which baffled man, and the passage into the doomed church was not cleared until that impenetrable phalanx of precious, beautiful life was a handful of cinders.

The fire, imprisoned by the immense thickness of the wall, had devoured everything combustible by ten o'clock; and then, defying the sickening stench, people came to look for their lost ones. Oh, what a sight the fair, placid moon looked down upon! Closely packed crowds of calcined, distorted forms, wearing the fearful expression of the last pang, whose smile was once a heaven; the ghastly phalanx of black statutes, twisted in every variety of agony, stretching out their arms as if imploring mercy; and then, of the heap that had choked up the door, multitudes with their lower parts entirely untouched, and some all a shapeless mass, but with an arm or foot unscathed.

The silence, after these piercing screams were hushed in death, was horrible. It was the silence of the grave, unbroken but by the bitter wail or fainting cry—over two thousand souls had passed through that ordeal of fire to the judgment seat of God.

Heroic acts of sublime daring have not been wanting. Enduring gratitude has been excited in every christian heart by the gallant efforts of Mr. Nelson, the Minister of the United States, his countryman, Mr. Meigs, and several other foreigners. There were generous men who defied the fury of the flames to save lives, and some of those died martyrs to their noble hearts. An Englishman or an American, it is unknown which, was seen to rush through the flames, seize in his powerful arms a lady, stride with her a little way, and then, with his hair in a blaze and choked with smoke, fall back into the volcano, never to rise again. A young lady named Ovello, having in vain implored some bystanders to save her mother, rushed in and shortly afterwards miraculously issued forth with her parent in her arms, saved. A young lady of the name of Solar, just before the smoke suffocated her, had the presence of mind to tie her handkerchief around her leg so that her body might be recognized.

The priests are much censured for their part in the affair. It is alleged that they confined their efforts to the saving of a few of the valuables of the church, and aided in no way in ministering to the sufferings of the few who were saved. The following from the *Mercurio* gives an idea of the class of persons that perished by the deplorable accident:—"Although many heroic men performed prodigies of daring and strength in tearing some from the death grasp of the phalanx of bodies that choked the door, in some cases literally tearing off their arms without being able to extricate them, the number of saved by this means falls short of fifty. More than five hundred persons of our highest society have perished, the greater part young girls of fifteen to twenty years of age. One mother has perished with her five daughters. Two-thirds of the victims were servants, and there are many houses in which not one has escaped. Several houses have been noted by the police as empty because all their inhabitants have perished."

The latest information says that seventeen hundred bodies have been recognized, between four and five hundred were beyond recognition and many were nothing but a shapeless mass. Three thousand at least were in the building, and it is not yet known how many have escaped. No names are given. One hundred and fifty cart loads of unrecognized corpses were, on the 9th and 10th, carried to the cemetery. The beauty and the wealth and the proud Spanish aristocracy all had their representatives in that awful cortege.

A re-action has taken place here against the clergy. Public opinion demanded at once the conversion of the Church site into a public square. This has been and is violently opposed by the clergy and their formidable party.

WHY THE VICTIMS WERE NOT SAVED—INCIDENTS OF THE CATASTROPHE.

The Providence *Journal* publishes a letter received by Mr. W. A. Pearce, of Providence, from his father, resident in Santiago, Chili, who witnessed the recent appalling catastrophe by which more than two thousand human beings were burnt to death. It appears that the failure to rescue the unfortunate victims was owing to the idiotic police system of the Ghilians. The writer says:

"I hear you asking, why were those sufferers not rescued? Yes, why were they not rescued? My heart sickens within me at the question. Those determined, stupid ignoramuses of policemen! Fifty engineers, had they been allowed to work, and to work in their own way, could and would have rescued nearly or quite the whole mass. But no, as is always the case here on an alarm of fire, the police place a sentry on every avenue leading to the fire. They have, as you know, no fire engines except some two or three old Gordon pumps. I fought my way past the police one entire square, by wresting guns and sabres from their hands, knocking them out of my way and being knocked in return, until I was overpowered by numbers and compelled to retreat, and all within hearing of the most heart-rending lamentations that ever sounded on human ears. And nearly every foreigner fared similar to myself—was kept back. Mr. Demilow of the gas works received a bayonet wound at the fire while in the act of rescuing a young lady that he recognized, a Miss Larren. He had fought his way in company with one of the workmen at the gas works to the church, and battered down a side or private door and saw Miss Larren, she at the same time recognized him and called on him to save her. He could not enter in consequence of a sheet of flame between them. He reached his cane to her, which she grasped with both hands, when he and his friend attempted to drag her through the flames, but she was so surrounded and hemmed in with the dead and dying that her strength was not sufficient. They abandoned this method and went in pursuit of some other means to rescue her, and returned again, and on presenting themselves with the means of saving her at the door, the police ordered them back, and not heeding the order, he (Demilow) was bayoneted. His friends wrested the gun from the policeman, and knocked him senseless to the ground, and made a second attempt to save the poor girl. But the time lost in dispute with the police was a life lost with her. This is only one of many similar scenes.

"Your brother Charles battered a door down on Calle Bandera, or Flag street, entered and found in a small ante-room some thirty females, and all living, but like so many statues, perfectly unconscious. He was compelled to take many of them in his arms and carry them into the street and saved them all. Mr. Meiggs and H. Keith fought their way through the police and reached the church at a late hour, and when the tower was falling all about them succeeded in saving several. Mr. Meiggs saw a woman still alive under a crowd of others then dead. She recognized him and called to him, saying, 'for God's sake, save me!' He rushed through the fire to her and pushed several of the dead from her, then attempted to lift her out from among the dead, but they were so firmly wedged in about her and on her, he had to abandon that. He then procured a lasso, fastened that about her waist, and the united strength of eight men could not extricate her from her companions, and they had to leave her amid such cries for help as no Christian heart could endure, neither can language describe.

"The police had full charge of the front of the church, and in such force that the foreigners could do nothing there. The police rescued but a few. Axes and crowbars were not to be had until a late hour. A single instance will suffice to show the stupidity of the police. An officer of the police set some half dozen of his men to hew or batter down one of those large front doors with their old broad swords. The doors are made of two inch hardwood, double thickness, and riveted through and through with iron rivets. You can judge the effect their old cutlasses made on the doors better than I can describe it.

"The scene at the church the following day was the most revolting, heart distressing, that ever was witnessed since the world was created. There were the poor unfortunate dead in all stages of consumption, the greater portion of them naked. But a few could be recognized by their surviving friends. The police ordered on the peones, or laborers, to remove the dead. Those demons—worse than devils damned—commenced their work with as much hilarity as you ever saw school-children entering on some pleasure excursion. The dead were pulled about and pulled apart as one would pull apart tangled brushwood. You could see two or more peones pulling on a limb of some one buried under the others, until the limb was pulled from the body.—Then they would have a peone howl of exultation, and commence at another. The dead were actually separated with crowbars and picks. Limbs, heads and fragments were shoveled into carts with no more feeling than Irish laborers would have in shoveling gravel into a railway car. Hundreds of bodies but partially burned, entirely naked, were tumbled into open carts and packed up in the cemetery in one promiscuous heap, without even the covering of a bundle of straw or a bulrush, and hundreds of those fearless wretches commenting and joking on the scene, and all under the supervision of the police.—I have seen, within the past ten years here among these people, many things that were to me very unpleasant. But this is so horrifying to the soul that I cannot find language to express my disgust of them.

"Twenty-two hundred bodies have been counted out from the ruins, and it is supposed many were burned entirely up. The prevailing opinion is the number of lives lost will reach twenty-five hundred. The count and names collected to date amount to some fifteen hundred. Many families have lost the entire female members—six, seven, eight and nine from one family. All those that could not be recognized by their surviving friends are now buried in one grave or hole. A place twenty-five yards square was excavated, and into this they were laid, or tumbled or shoveled.

"The government have stepped in and ordered the ruins to be taken down and carted off, and will purchase the ground and erect a monument to the memory of the dead. The place is to be closed with a substantial iron fence, and the remainder of the ground laid out in a flower-garden."

The Late Horrible Accident on the Cleveland & Erie R. R.

Since writing our account of the accident near Painesville, published in last week's issue, we have received the *Telegraph* of that village, containing a graphic account of the affair. It will be seen that it was even more horrible than the reports which reached this city represented:

"The Express Train from the East, which left Buffalo at midnight on Monday, and was due at this place at 5.55, a. m., on Tuesday, was detained by the severe storm that prevailed throughout the night, and was proceeding on its way with great difficulty, several hours behind time. At Madison, the train was absolutely stopped by the snow drifts and compelled to await the labors of a gang of workmen in clearing the track for it to proceed. An extra engine was here procured to assist the regular locomotive in overcoming the heavy condition of the track; after which the train proceeded to within three miles of this place where it encountered another enormous drift that completely defied the efforts of the engine. Laborers were again set at work with shovels and the engine was detached to assist with its plow. At this time the snow was falling with almost unparalleled severity and a most pitiless wind was driving it into drifts and packing it closely and densely behind every embankment, fence or cut. At times the atmosphere was so completely impregnated with the driving snow that it was impossible to see even the length of a car.

"To render all safe, the Conductor of the Express train, Mr. Murray, sent flagmen in both directions so soon as his train was stopped, to warn all approaching trains. That the Accommodation train, approaching from the East, was not notified by the flagman sent in that direction, is clear, from the fact that it thundered along at full speed over the track the Express had cleared for it, and without any warning dashed into the rear of the unfortunate Express at the point above indicated. It is understood that the flagman claims to have performed his duty faithfully, but that owing to the driving snow, the Engineer of the Accommodation train failed to see his red flag. However this may be, it is a matter for future investigation.

"The Express train consisted of the baggage and Express cars, five passenger coaches filled, and a sleeping car containing perhaps 25 or 30 passengers. The forward part of the train was fast in the snow, the locomotive detached. The passengers were dozing away the time, fretting at the delay, scolding at the Railroad men who were so heroically resisting the storm, endeavoring to open the track, or making themselves miserable of the prospect of still further delays. In this way all were, we had since learned, spent in the snow drift, it being then half past three o'clock in the morning, when the accident occurred.

"It is hardly possible to give any correct view of the scene that followed. It was heart-rending in the extreme. The engine of the accommodation, striking the rear of the sleeping car, driving completely through that car, and crushing and splitting it into the smallest fragments, there only remained the roof as a recognizable part of the car.

"The momentum of the approaching train was only checked when it had driven through this car and well into the one ahead of it, which was filled, to a large extent, with women and little children. This car was driven into the one in front of it, the two becoming inseparable. Both were badly broken in pieces. The third car from the sleeping car also had its rear end broken in and the interior torn to pieces by the concussion. The reaction from this terrible blow broke the coupling between the two forward cars and the rest of the train, and they were fortunately thrown some distance ahead. The couplings between them and the baggage cars were also broken, and the mails, baggage and express were driven still farther forward beyond the possible reach of danger.

"In the sleeping car and the two cars next in front of it occurred the principal casualties from this frightful collision. The chapter is extended and its harrowing character heightened by the ignition of the debris of the broken cars from the fire of the stoves, by which untoward event the wreck of these passenger coaches were quickly in flames. Indeed, so suddenly did the fire break out, that it was impossible to remove all the wounded from the ruins, and it is feared that several perished who might otherwise have been saved. The remains of at least two bodies, charred and blackened, and wholly unrecognizable, have been already exhumed from the ashes. It is hoped that this is the total of bodies consumed, but whether it is or not is at this time wholly a matter of conjecture.

"When the wreck took fire the two foremost cars were yet filled with passengers. In their haste to get out, the forward door of the leading car, which formed the only exit, became choked by the crowd. For a moment it seemed as if a multitude must perish. The flames, with unequalled rapidity, were working towards these miserable unfortunates, and already told of their presence by their unwelcome heat. At this critical moment sashes were burst from the windows and extra openings made with axes, through which the crowd were extricated. But their release from the burning ruins was only a leap into another and almost equally great danger. Since early daylight the thermometer had been rapidly falling, and at this time the cold was most intense and penetrating—aggravated greatly by the pitiless wind and the driving snow. In the ditches beside the track the snow lay several feet deep. The passengers, startled thus suddenly from their quiet in the warm cars, were wholly unprepared for this leap into the freezing cold. The ladies and children particularly were sufferers from this cause. Their outer garments had been removed for comfort in the over-heated cars, and, in the haste of their exit, cloaks, shawls and furs were all left behind, to be consumed by the flames. The able men who were uninjured by the collision were exerting themselves in extricating the unfortunate sufferers from the ruins, where the flames had not reached. Under these circumstances, the condition of the women and children was pitiable in the extreme. Rushing with shrieks and cries from the cars, they sank immovable in the deep snow, and, in many instances, despairingly gave themselves up for lost.

"But when the rapid progress of the fire rendered efforts to save the wounded, who were buried in the ruins, unavailable or impossible, attention was quickly turned to this other class of sufferers. Then the strong men shouldered the weaker females and the helpless children, and bore them off to places of security and comfort. The two remaining passengers cars were soon filled with the rescued, and the houses of Mr. B. B. Parks, Mr. R. Marshall, and others in the neighborhood, furnished an asylum for a few more. Many were sufferers from frozen fingers and feet, but these were but slight injuries and not mentioned in the general list of casualties which we append.

"In the meantime Conductor Murray had sent couriers forward to this place for assistance. Our people, to their everlasting credit be it said, turned out en masse to the unfortunate passengers. Every available team was brought out and loaded with blankets and other needed articles, and started for the wreck. Upwards of fifty sleighs were thus sent down after the survivors, while hundreds of our citizens plodded their way thither on foot, heedless of the storm and cold, to render such assistance as might lie in their power. Thus by night the passengers, with the exception of a very few whose injuries forbade their removal, were brought to Painesville.—Here the hospitality of the citizens was freely shown. Every house was thrown open and no efforts were spared to make the passengers as comfortable as possible.

"Supt. Nottingham, of the Cleveland, P. & A. Railroad, as soon as he received notification of the accident, which was sent to him at Cleveland by telegraph, started with two powerful engines for the scene. No trains had been run from Cleveland since the previous evening, and the road was completely blockaded; yet he forced his way through, though being three hours and a half in accomplishing the feat, in which he was assisted by a large gang of workmen whom he brought with him, and arrival at the wreck early in the afternoon.

"After accomplishing all that was possible there, he hurried to Painesville to look after the comfort of the passengers. Every arrangement in his power was here made for their care during their forced stay in our midst—Hotel keepers were instructed to provide the best accommodations for them, at the Company's expense.

"In giving praise, *it is proper, too, that the* physicians of Painesville should be mentioned. The fraternity is usually honorable for its humanity. On this occasion the entire staff of the village were promptly on the ground ministering to the necessities of the wounded."

The total in killed, says the Buffalo *Courier*, three of who were burned to death, is nine; the number wounded and still surviving is about seventeen. In the collision two locomotives and three cars were almost entirely destroyed. We are informed that one man, while being slowly burned to death, being wedged in between the timbers of the wreck, managed to throw his pocket book to the crowd so that he might be identified.

VERY NATURAL THOUGHT.—A native of the green isle of Erin called at one of our drug stores, the other day, with a prescription, the putting up of which he watched with great curiosity. "What's that, any way?" asked the customer. "This" said the obliging apothecary, "is tincture camicitage racemosa and liniment of saponis, cantharides and opii." A look of bewilderment changed to one of grave concern as the Irishman inquired, "And what is the price?" "Thirty-seven cents," was the reply. "By jabers," said Pat, "I thought two such names as that would cost me at least a dollar and a half."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We invite contributions to this department of the Observer from persons of every shade of opinion—religious, political or otherwise,—it being understood, of course, that the Editor is in no way to be held responsible for the views or statements of his correspondents. All articles, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the real name of the author.]

Burlesque on the Governor's Message.

Written for the Erie Observer.]

GENTLEMEN,—We have reason to thank a good Providence that we are prosperous.

We yet owe forty millions of dollars, but a sinking fund will be created by further increased taxation, and the people will feel satisfied with the hope of reducing the debt.

Our financial condition is remarkably healthy, but I much fear embarrassment which it is desirable to avoid—we are unable any longer to pay specie for interest on our debt. You will, therefore, support the general government by ordering the payment of interest in its issues.

We owe two millions of dollars to our State banks, which, with the interest on our debt of forty millions, will be due on the first of March next. You will, therefore, provide for this. As expenses increase we must increase the salary of government offices, and I am gratified to say that under the existing state of affairs executive patronage is very largely increased. Our Adjutant, Quarter Master, and Commissary Generals are now approving some hundreds of thousands of military claims against the State. You will prepare to meet these contingent claims. You will provide means also for payment of claims for damages done by the raid of 1862 upon our Southern border. The executive of the State was busily employed preparing flags for the State regiments, and other duties of like nature, and overlooked the necessity of defending the State. The last year you gave the executive the sum of twenty thousand dollars for contingencies of a military character. I have expended this sum in agencies at Washington and elsewhere. Another fund for like purposes will be required. On the invasion of the State during the past summer, I made, with the approbation of the President, a call for militia. As this call was made after the enemy had invaded our borders, and had done us incalculable injury, the militia promptly assembled. Volunteers from neighboring States were equally prompt, and I am happy to say that they were all about equally useful. I borrowed rather less than a million of dollars to meet the expenses of this force from the banks. You will take proper measures to replace this sum.

You will revise the revenue laws and make them more productive. Thus far the people have patriotically borne taxation. Their sense of duty will enable them to bear yet heavier burdens. The demands of government are heavy, but high taxes will leave a balance in the treasury at the end of the fiscal year.

You will have judgments filed against all who owe the State for unpatented lands. Then charge twelve per cent. interest on the sum. Innocent purchasers who obtained lands without any knowledge of this debt, from the absence of any county record of it, will suffer, but should be disregarded. The State is very prosperous, but needs more money. Force the payment of this money, and add to the debt ten per cent. damages and patent fees, and also a special tax besides on such lands.

I refer for information as to their departments to the reports of the very numerous officials by whom at the present crisis I am surrounded, and who are dependent on my patronage.

The limits of a message forbid a detailed account of the invasion of the State by rebel hands the past summer. It is sufficient to state that Generals Brooks and Crouch were appointed to superintend the military departments of the State—that with great promptness and energy these commanders made extensive arrangements, and that by the time the robber bands had got within three miles of the State Capital we had collected some of the State militia, and some troops from New York and New Jersey, who gallantly followed the rebels backs to Gettysburg, where Gen. Lee required their assistance. It is proper to say that the people of the State were eager to be enrolled, and would have been able to save Cumberland, York and Franklin counties from devastation, but that owing to a misunderstanding with Washington I doubted the prudence of permitting them to go forward, except under regular government procedure.

To the full extent of my official ability the general government shall be supported and assisted to crush this unnatural rebellion, and I rely on your hearty co-operation to effect this end. I pursue this course the more gladly as Providence has placed the direction of affairs in the hands of those from whom alone I can hope for political advancement, and the power to advance the interests of my fellow citizens. Let us rejoice that the greatly increased patronage of the government is now in the power of those with whom we are most desirous it should remain, while we bless a kind Providence for the wealth and power of a continent whose resources we can command, and whose energies we can direct.

A. G. CURTIN

—No man, says Mrs Stowe, in the Boston *Watchman*, has suffered more and deeper, albeit with a dry, weary, patient pain, that seemed to some like insensibility, than President Lincoln. "Whichever way it ends," he said to the writer, "I have the impression that I shan't last long after it is over." After the dreadful repulse of Fredericksburg, he is reported to have said, "There is a man out of hell that suffers more than I do, I pity him." In those dark days his heavy eyes and worn and weary air told how our reverses bore upon him, and yet there was a never-failing fund of patience at bottom, that sometimes rose to the surface in some droll, quaint saying or story, that forced a laugh even from himself.

—"Occasional," in the Philadelphia *Press*, says: "I think the temper of the American people, as exhibited during this rebellion, worthy of all praise." This compliment is deserved, for if ever a people had their temper tried by unworthy and incapable rulers, it is ours. We suspect, however, they will exhibit a temper at the next presidential election that "Occasional" won't feel like praising.

—In China, marriage is a mere occurring of adolescent responsibility. The law of Pekin ordains that if a man is not married at twenty he shall be drummed out of town!

Pen, Paste and Scissors.

—A Hartford paper tells a good story of a ten-cent currency note—one of the new issue—which was shown to a clergyman, a day or two ago, as a curiosity. "Is that a counterfeit," he inquired. "No; that's one of the new ten-cent bills." "Well," said the clergyman, with a comical look, as if he smelt the joke in the distance, "there was a contribution at my church last Sunday, and we found one of these bills in the box. The deacon and I both thought it counterfeit and *tore it up!*"

THE BEST COAT.—A Scotch nobleman, seeing an old gardener of his establishment with a very ragged coat, made some passing remark upon its condition. "Its a verra guid coat, said the honest old man. "I cannot agree with you there," said his lordship. "Ay, its just a verra guid coat," persisted the old man; "it covers a contented spirit, and a body that owes no man anything, and that's mair than many a man can say of his coat."

—An Irish gentleman having taken home a large turtle, placed it in the servant's bedroom in order *to enjoy her surprise*. Next morning, first thing, Biddy bounded into the breakfast room exclaiming, "Be jabers I've got him!" "Got what?" inquired the head of the house, feigning surprise. "The bully bed-bug that's been stealin' the childer the last month; I've got him sure."

A "CORPSEHEAD" PARSON.—Rev. Mr. Shine, a chaplain of the House of Representatives in the Iowa Legislature, on the opening of the recent session, prayed thus: "Bless Thou the young and growing State of Iowa, her Senators and Representatives, the Governor and State officers! Give us a sound currency, pure water and undefiled religion—for Christ's sake, amen.

SETTLED AT LAST.—There have been a great many astute speculations respecting the hole through which John Morgan escaped from the Penitentiary at Columbus. The message of Governor Tod puts an end to the vexed question. His Excellency announces that John Morgan escaped *through a misunderstanding*.—This is official. We of course give it up.—*Louisville Journal*

—What a charming thought there is in these lines from Longfellow's "Birds of Killingworth:"

"'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

—The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Fox, challenges the New York steam marine to a trial of speed with one of his war steamers. Somebody sarcastically advises him to test his vessel against the rebel steamers Rappahannock, Alabama, and Florida.

MARRYING OLD MEN.—Wycherley, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bedside, and having taken her hand in a very solemn manner, said, he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again.

—The trial of a conductor on the Reading Railroad, for embezzling money, resulted in his conviction. Evidence at the trial showed that twenty-three conductors on the road had been detected in embezzling money, but all the rest had made restitution and were not prosecuted.

—We are informed by way of Boston that a call for a convention to take measures for a return to the Union, has been issued at Raleigh, N. C. Gov. Vance is also reported to have said that every leading man in the State is in favor of such a movement.

—The people of St. Paul are congratulating themselves on the return of mild weather. Says a dispatch of the 6th inst.: "The mercury is 28 below zero this morning, but the weather is calm and bright, and a great improvement over the past few days."

—Concerning the New York Custom House, the Springfield *Republican* says—"The professed loyalty and Republicanism of these officials only make their treason the more flagrant and deserving of the severest punishment."

—Herodotus says:—"War reverses the order of nature: in time of peace sons bury their fathers, but in time of war fathers bury their sons."

—A dandy being told that he would soon have to wear a wig, as he was getting gray, exclaimed, indignantly: "No, sir, I'll dye first."

—The Albany *Evening Journal* publishes a letter from a soldier in the Libby Prison, which was brought home in a plug of tobacco.

—A little girl told her ma that orphans were the happiest children, because "they had no mothers to spank 'em."

—More than $100,000 worth of property and a number of lives were lost on the Plains during the late cold spell.

1864. 1864.

BUFFALO & ERIE R. R.

ON and after Monday, Jan. 4th, 1864, Passenger Trains will run on this Road as follows:

LEAVING ERIE.

5 30 A. M., *Mail and Accom.*, stopping at Harbor Creek North East, State Line, Quincy, Westfield, Portland, Brocton, Dunkirk, Silvercreek, Irving and Angola, arriving at Buffalo, at 10 30 A. M.

2 00 P. M., *Day Express*, stopping at North East, West Sp., Dunkirk, Silver Creek, and Angola, and arriving at Buffalo at 5 50 P. M.

6 40 P. M., *Cincinnati Express*, stopping at Westfield, Dunkirk and Silver Creek, and arrives at Buffalo at 9 40 P. M.

1 05 A. M., *Night Express*, stopping at Westfield, Dunkirk and Silver Creek, arrives at Buffalo at 4 25 A. M.

This train Express connects at Dunkirk and Buffalo, for the Night Express at Buffalo only, with Express trains for New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c.

LEAVING BUFFALO.

7 00 P. M., *Mail & Accom.*, stopping at Hamburg, North Evans, Angola, Irving, Silver Creek, Dunkirk, Brocton, Portland, Westfield, Quincy, State Line, North East and Harbor Creek, arriving at Erie at 6 25 P. M.

7 00 A. M., *Toledo Express*, stopping at Silver Creek, Dunkirk, Westfield and North East, arrives at Erie at 10 30 A. M.

11 45 A. M., *Day Express*, stopping at Angola, Silver Creek, Dunkirk, Westfield and North East, arriving at Erie at 5 45 P. M.

11 45 P. M., *Night Express*, stopping at Silver Creek, Dunkirk and Westfield, arriving at Erie at 3 20 A. M.

Giant at Erie ten minutes faster than Erie time.

Nov. 21, 1863. A. S. BROWN, Supt.

1864. 1864.

CHANGE OF TIME.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. R.

This great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and under their auspices is being rapidly extended throughout its entire length.

It is now in use for Passenger and Freight business from Harrisburg to Emporium, (125 miles) on the Eastern Division, and from Sheffield to Erie, (78 miles) on the Western Division.

TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT ERIE.

Mail Train Leaves ..... 4 10 P. M.
Express Train Leaves ..... 10 30 A. M.
Mail Train Arrives ..... 7 35 A. M.
Express Train Arrives ..... 2 25 P. M.

For full information respecting Passenger business apply at the Depot, corner 11th and Market sts., and for Freight business at the Company's agencies.

A. S. KINGSTON, Jr., corner 12th and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

J. W. REYNOLDS, Erie.

J. M. DUNN, Agent N. C. R. R., Baltimore.

E. H. HOUSTON, General Freight Agent, Philad'a.

LEWIS L. HOUPT, General Ticket Agent, Philad'a.

JOS. D. POTTS, General Manager, Williamsport.

Jan. 16, 1864.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN

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SALAD OIL!

I HAVE just received a few Cases of that celebrated Olive Oil of the Barton & Guestier Brand. Hardness. It is unequalled in this or any other market. ap'6'63. E. CARTER.