THE ERIE OBSERVER.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, IF PAID IN ADVANCE; $2.50 IF NOT PAID UNTIL THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME 34. ERIE, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 6, 1864. NUMBER 36.

AGENTS FOR THE OBSERVER.

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

Sullivan, A. Pomeroy, J. White,	Alden
Waldron,	Waterford.
[illegible]	Edinboro.
[illegible]	Mill Creek
[illegible]	Westfieldville
[illegible]	Harbor Creek
[illegible]	Greenfield
[illegible]	East Greene
[illegible]	Wattsburg
[illegible]	Springfield X Rds
[illegible]	West Springfield
[illegible]	Platea.
[illegible]	Kingsville, Ohio
[illegible]	Girard.
[illegible]	Fairview.
[illegible]	Cherry Hill.
[illegible]	Union.
[illegible]	Columbus.
[illegible]	Warren.
[illegible]	Garland.
[illegible]	Spartansburg.
[illegible]	Riceville.
[illegible]	Lovella.
[illegible]	McKean.
[illegible]	Youngsville.
[illegible]	Corry.
[illegible]	Le Boeuf.
[illegible]	Spring Creek
[illegible]	Wayne.
[illegible]	Stewart's, Pa
[illegible]	Ridgway, Elk Co., Pa.
[illegible]	Lander, Warren Co., Pa.

NEW GOODS!

NOW OPEN AT

S. MORRISON'S,

EMBRACING ALL THE LATE STYLES OF

DRESS GOODS.

CLOAKS, SHAWLS,

GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF

CLOTHS,

CASSIMERES AND DOMESTIC GOODS!

NOW IS

OUR TIME TO BUY GOODS!

IF YOU WANT TO FIND

GOOD STYLES,

AND GET

GOOD BARGAINS,

GO TO

S. S. MORRISON'S.

[illegible]

TO THE PUBLIC.

HAVE opened the room No. 2 French Street, in Reed House block, to close out the balance of

RYE WHISKEY!

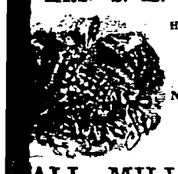
Now distillation in 1860 and '61, which I will guarantee as the grain itself, and shall keep a stock of Liquors, (including the "Old Economite") Cigars, &c.

—I have an A. 1 Pipe Box Lumber Wagon, nearly new, for sale

JOHN W. SHANNON.

dec23-4m.

MRS. S. H. HALL



Has just returned from NEW YORK, and is NOW OPENING A LARGE STOCK OF

FALL MILLINERY!

Which will be sold CHEAP FOR CASH, OR READY-PAY.

Particular attention paid to bleaching, coloring & dyeing.

French St., 6th door above the Depot, Erie, Pa

may16'63tf.

FACT GENERALLY KNOWN,

THAT the variety of new style Bedsteads, of Gothic, Cottage, Congress, Round Corners, Sofa, Jenny Lind and other patterns, with Chairs to match, and all kinds of Furniture, handsomely veneered Bureaus, Tables, Dining, Breakfast, Centre and other Tables, Stands, Quaker Stands, Carpet and Damask Lounges, Beds, Hair and Sea Grass Mattrasses, Feather Beds and Bolsters with other household furniture, &c., all manufactured from well seasoned lumber and healthy materials, by experienced workmen and not by apprentices. For style, quality and low prices I will defy your city dealers to undersell me. Feathers bought and exchanged. Cane seat, Parlor, Bedroom, Rocking, Sewing, and other Chairs, of Eastern and Western manufacture, are hickory dolled and glued, making them as strong as any other part of the chair, where others made of them are only nailed, and by no means durable. Wood Seat, Rocking, Sewing and Nurse, are chairs of hard wood, rounds clinched through the seat and glued, warranted to stand. Handsomely painted, and can't be beaten for strength, price and finish. Spring Beds. I have over 800 and have the highest testimonials with a price list of all goods sent on application. Packing and shipping free.

With five years experience and contending with unprincipled two price dealers, I am determined to sell goods cheap to all, give worth for your pay, and do justice to those who trade with me.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Live Stock, Crude and Refined Coal Oil, Produce &c., taken at fair market values in pay. Remember the place, next corner of 8th street and Peach St., Erie, Pa.

G. W. ELLSEY

Manufact'r and Commis'n Salesman.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERY STORE.

P. A. BECKER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER,

North-East Corner of the Park & French Street,

(CHEAPSIDE,)

Respectfully call the attention of the community to his large Stock of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Which he is desirous to sell at the

VERY LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES!

His assortment of

TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, SYRUPS, TOBACCOS, SEGARS, FISH, &c.,

cannot be surpassed in the city, as he is prepared to prove to those who give him a call.

He also keeps constantly on hand a superior lot of

PURE LIQUORS,

for the wholesale trade, to which he directs the attention of the public.

Motto is, "Quick Sales, Small Profits and a full value for the Money." april'63tf.

MANHOOD;

How Lost! How Restored!

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 Cents.

A LECTURE on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Seminal Debility, Nervousness and Involuntary Emissions, Sexual Impotency, Consumption and Mental and Physical Debility, by

ROBT. J. CULVERWELL, M. D.

An important fact that the awful consequences of Sexual Abuse may be effectually removed without internal medicine or the dangerous application of caustics, instruments, or dilated bougies, and other empirical devices, is here clearly demonstrated, and the entirely new highly successful treatment as adopted by the celebrated author, fully explained, by which *every* one can cure himself perfectly, and at the least expense, thereby avoiding all the advertised nostrums of the day. This lecture will prove a boon to thousands and tens of thousands.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps, by addressing,

DR. CHAS. J. C. KLINE,

127 Bowery, New York.

Post Office Box, 4586.

1862. SPRING. 1862.

ERIE BONNET STORE.

(*Late Model Bonnet Store.*)

E. H. SMITH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

MILLINERY GOODS.

Milliners supplied with Goods at New York Prices. Particular attention paid to Bleaching and Dressing Straws. No 3 Hughes' Block, State St. may1'63tf.

Notice to Oil Refiners.

WE are prepared to sell to Refiners OIL VITRIOL, CAUSTIC SODA and GLUE at the lowest market prices. We can sell Oil Vitriol by the car load at the manufacturers, thereby saving to the purchaser the expenses and securing promptness in shipping.

CLEMENS, CAUGHEY & BURGESS.

For Rent.

FROM APRIL 1, 1864, Two First Class STORES and several OFFICES. Inquire of

BENJAMIN GRAHAM.

1864. 1864.

BUFFALO & ERIE R. R.

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

LEAVING ERIE.

6 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 Field, Dunkirk, Silver Creek, and Angola, and arriving at Buffalo at 5 20 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 20 A. M.

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

LEAVING BUFFALO.

4 00 P. M., *Mail & Acc'm.*, stopping at Hamburgh, North Evans, Angola, Irving, Silver Creek, Dunkirk, Brocton, Portland, Westfield, Quincy, State Line, North East and Harbor Creek, arriving at Erie at 8 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 55 A. M., *Day Express*, stopping at Angola, Silver Creek, Dunkirk, Westfield and North East, arriving at Erie at 3 40, P. M.

11 40 P. M., *Night Express*, stopping at Silver Creek, Dunkirk and Westfield, arriving at Erie at 8 20 A. M.

Railroad time is ten minutes faster than Erie time.

Nov. 23, 1863. M. N. BROWN, Supt.

1864. CHANGE OF TIME. 1864.

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 opened throughout its entire length.

It is now in use for Passenger and Freight business from Harrisburg to Emporium, (155 miles) on the Eastern Division, and from Sheffield to Erie, (19 miles) on the Western Division.

TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT ERIE.

Mail Train Leaves	4 10 P. M
Express Train Leaves	10 50 A. M.
Mail Train Arrives	7 25 A. M
Express Train Arrives	2 01 P. M

For information respecting Passenger business apply at the S. E. corner 11th and Market sts., and for Freight business of the Company's agents.

S. S. KINGSTON, Jr., corner 13th and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

J. W. REYNOLDS, Erie.

J. M. DRILL, agent N. C. R. R., Baltimore.

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

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

JOS. D. POTTS, General Manager, Williamsport.

Jan. 16, 1864.

ERIE RAILWAY.

CHANGE OF HOURS, COMMENCING MONDAY, JAN. 4, 1864

Trains will leave Dunkirk at about the following hours viz:

Eastward Bound—Depart.

Night Express	4 10 P. M.
Mail	8 30 A. M.
Stock Express	9 40 A. M.
Fast Freight	4 30 A. M.
Way Freight	5 00 A. M.

Night Express runs every day

CHAS. MINOT, Gen'l Sup't.

Erie & Pittsburgh R. R.

CHANGE OF TIME, COMMENCING Monday, Jan. 4th, 1864.

TRAINS LEAVE GIRARD.

4 30 P. M., Accommodation, stops at all Stations and arrives at Sharon at 9 50 P. M.

8 25 A. M., Freight No. 2, stops at all stations and arrives at Sharon at 3 15 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE SHARON.

7 30 A. M., Accommodation, stops at all Stations and arrives at Girard at 11 15 P. M.

7 00 A. M., Freight No. 1, stops at all Stations except Clarksville, Sprytville, Centre Road, Spring, Wells and Cro ses and arrives at Girard at 12 15 P. M.

Freight trains will run to and from Erie.

jan9'64tf. R. N. BROWN, Sup't.

FINKLE & LYON'S

SEWING MACHINES

These Machines make the lock-stitch alike on both sides, and use less than half the thread and silk that the single or double thread loop-stitch Machines do; will Hem, Fell, Gather, Cord, Braid, Bind, &c., and are better adapted than any other Sewing Machine in use, to the frequent changes and great variety of sewing required in a family, for they will sew from one to twenty thicknesses of Marseilles without stopping, and making every stitch perfect, or from the finest gauze to the heaviest beaver cloth, or even the stoutest harness leather, without changing the feed, needle or tension, or making any adjustment of Machine whatever!!!

They are simple in construction and easily understood; and if any part is broken by accident, it is readily replaced.

These are PECULIAR FACTS, and will go far to determine the choice of any intelligent buyer.

Please Call and Examine or send for Circular.

N. B.—Local Agents wanted in sections not yet occupied. Address,

FINKLE & LYON, S. M. CO.,

sept5'63-1y. No. 638 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

OYSTERS & CLAMS.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and customers that he is still at his old stand,

No. 2 Washington Fish Market, New York,

And is prepared to furnish HOTELS, STEAMBOATS, RESTAURANTS & FAMILIES with the best

OYSTERS AND CLAMS,

The market affords, at Wholesale and Retail, at short notice, and at the LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

All Orders from the Country Promptly Attended to.

N. B.—Oysters and Clams Pickled to Order.

New York, June 20, 1863.—1y. H. COFFEY.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

We congratulate our readers on the measure of success which has attended our labors, in common with all other advocates of conservative principles. We invite the aid of every reader in the dissemination of the old, sound doctrines taught by Washington, followed by the great and good men who have made our nation illustrious, on which they built, and we must preserve strong, the pillars of the

UNION AND CONSTITUTION.

We advocate no new doctrines in religion, politics or social life. We are known as the earnest defenders of the faith of our fathers and the upholders of

CHRISTIANITY AND CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION,

against every form of attack. We support THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE RIGHTS AND SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE SEVERAL STATES, recognising in these two sources of strength the origin of our greatness as a people, and the only pledge of our perpetuity, power and prosperity. We belong to no political party, and owe no allegiance to any faction. We have opposed and shall continue to oppose AGITATION as the element of discord, the enemy of Union, the avowed foe of the Constitution, exerting a malign influence in society, in the church and in the State. We oppose TRAITORS as a political heresy whose bloody fruits are visible all around us, and we look earnestly for a day when the Constitution shall triumph over the hearts as well as the raised hands of all its foes, North and South.

The Journal of Commerce will present as usual the richest and most useful table of contents of any weekly paper in America. MARKETS of every kind; NEWS from all parts of the world, ARMY NEWS up to the latest date, collected and commented on by a large editorial staff, will be regularly furnished to our readers, together with the miscellaneous matter that will always be welcomed in the family circle.

The terms of the Weekly Journal of Commerce will hereafter be as follows:—

Weekly, in advance, one year	$2.00
" 3 copies, to one address	5.00
" 5 " " "	8.00
" 10 " " "	15.00
" 20 " " "	30.00
(additional copies same rate.)	
" 1 copy, six months	1.00

All clubs of ten or more, if the address is written on each paper, will pay each $1.50.

For each Club of 20 an extra copy will be given to the person sending the money.

The terms of the other editions are as follows:—

DAILY.	JUNIOR DAILY.
In advance one year, $10.00	In advance one year, $8.00
Six mos. in advance, 5.25	Six mos. in advance, 3.50
End of each six mos, 5.50	2 copies one address, 17.00
For one month, 1.00	(addit'l copies same rate.)

Money may be remitted by mail, addressed to

JOURNAL OF COMMERCE, N. Y.

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the valuable Stand, at present occupied by him as a Store, in McKean Corners, Erie county, Pa. The store is 18 feet in with by 64 in length, and has been occupied for its present purpose twelve years.

Also, the frame house adjacent, used by the owner as a residence. The house is 28 by 48 feet in size, with a wing attached 24 x 34. A good barn on the premises.

Also, a Wood Lot, half a mile from McKean Corners, containing 5¾ acres, well timbered.

The above property is amongst the most desirable in Erie county. It is situated in a rich and thickly settled portion of the county, and is every way desirable. My reasons for selling are that I desire to go to the West.

J. D. CHELLIS,

nov28-4t McKean, Corners.

DRS. O. L. ELLIOTT & SON, DENTISTS, Office in Exchange Block, Park Row, Erie, Pa. All work warranted.

Summer—An Extract.

See subtle Summer, with the negro cause,
Win the sly game of office and applause;
What boots it, if the negro sink or swim?
He gains the Senate—that's enough for him.
What though he blasts the fortunes of the State,
With form d measures, and enduring hate?
He makes his speech, his rhetoric displays,
Trims the neat trope, and turns the sparkling phrase.
With well turned period fosters civil strife,
And barbarizes a phrase a nation's life.
Sworn foe, alike, to nice feelings loathe
The dog like faithfulness that keeps an oath;
Ferrets affright the silly crowd may howl.
Like lightning split scores and spare the all;
He heeds not what the decree our Gospel light—
What Summer thinks is right, *ours is right*;
On the side [illegible] *and* [illegible] proved,
Changed in all else, in this agreed;
The [illegible] *all slaves*, this he cannot see
Curses the trade, and mourns the mischief done!
For gold *they make* the negro slaves, and he
Forfeits, and office, seeks to set them free;
Self still the [illegible] in which their creed unite,
And that which serves the end is always right!

HOW I TOLD MY LOVE IN A SLEIGH.

Oh, the glories of a sleigh-ride in the sparkling, bracing air of a Canadian winter! The fir-forests are clasped in a shadowy, ghostly slumber. Far away on our right are those pathless funeral groves where the wolves aggregate in hundreds. To the left lies a ridge of hills sloping down the river, which is locked up in the iron manacles of the Winter King. Ahead, and right before us—whither we are bound—over waste, and plain, and clearing—lies a snugly sheltered village, the headquarters of the "lumberer" and voyager. Our destination is not quite so far.

The said destination is a broadly spread, low-lying farmstead, with its almost numberless outhouses. Within it, warm fires blaze and sparkle from the huge and odorous logs cracking on the broad, bounteous hearth. In the great common chamber, raftered and picturesque as an antique gothic hall, are warm hearts and flashing eyes. Despite the stern, yet musical baritone of the singing wind, as it goes by, stinging cheeks, biting noses into purple, and making the blood tingle, shouts of mirth and laughter rise above the boreal blasts; and our leaping sleigh—flying along, rather—to the music of the soft musical bells, is fast, fast approaching its terminus.

"In the meantime," asks the reader, "who occupy the sleigh?"

I hasten to answer.

First, there was your humble servant, the narrator, Dick Harding by name, rather good looking, a fair shot, a stunning "stroke-oar," can hit with wonderful vigor and straight out from the shoulder, am five feet ten, and—growing. I had been one of a party of adventurous sportsmen, "going in" for something worthy of Alexander, and, with fishing-tackle, spears, and "shooting-irons," had done no inconsiderable execution among the denizens of Canadian woods and "rapids," and hunted the bear in his own bold and picturesque fastness.

Enough for myself. Now for my companions.

Place aux Dames therefore—for nestling by my side, wrapped up in rugs and warm furs, is Lota d'Arville, a bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, laughing Canadian girl, as lovely a girl-woman of seventeen as glance of man rested complacently upon. This by the way, for we had exchanged no confidence as yet on a subject very near to my heart.

We were bound to a merry sleighing party at Windygap Farm—ostensibly to hunt upon a vast scale, which accounts for my two rifles and ammunition lying in the sleigh, and for the noble deerhound, the "individual," who had curled up his great bed at our feet, and aided to keep them warm. I had known her brother—a young officer in the Canadian Rifles—had killed "bar" at the "Salt licks" with him; had met Lota and her family on board a St. Lawrence steamer, and was now a guest at their house, enjoying their frank and bounteous hospitality.

"Hurrah!" Through the keen, sonorous air, sleigh and horses bound along! "Cling—clang!" go the chiming bells. "Crick—crack!" goes the long-thonged whip, with a sharp, cheery significance. My "Madawaska Cariole," a sleigh which is the perfection of locomotion, is not less perfection than the fiery steeds, with their sinews of elastic steel, which I drive.

Driving a sleigh-tandem is the easiest thing in the world, when you are used to it. I was a member of the "Tandem Club," and reckoned a crack hand, of course. I exulted in my skill now, as I bore my rosy companion flying through the air, and the whip went "crack—crack!" like a double-barrel going off, and the sweet bells sang and chimed.

"Oh! sweet echoes of far distant wedding-bells," I thought—and the crisp snow was split and shattered into diamond dust under the grinding of the hoofs and the attrition of the "runners;" and with an exhilaration I could not repress I gave a vigorous "hurrah!" which conveyed itself to Lota, wrapped up in moose and bear skins, and warm as a toast. A sweet, girlish laugh echoed my exulting shout.

"You appear to enjoy this, Mr. Harding!" she said.

"If I don't——" "Crick—crack!" filled up the hiatus. What a pair of beauties! Phoebus Apollo never drove their like down the steeps of heaven! The wily Ithacan never "raised" such cattle when he cleared the stables of Rhesus of his horses! "Crick—crack!" and the horses neigh and toss their arching necks, and the bells are chiming and tinkling, and the mad, exulting rush uplifts one like wine.

I realize to myself, that the sky has deepened into an intense, still darkening blue—darkening with a strange, unearthly tenebrous intensity, is threating a coming snow-storm.

No matter—"Windygap" is right ahead, and the welcome lights will blaze out of the excellent room, for the afternoon is wearing.

On we go—but I do not see them yet, and yet—but no—it's all right!

"Are you warm—quite snug, dear Lota?" said I, half turning to look at the rosy, exquisite face peeping forth with so much tantalizing coquetry from its *encrachement* of white, cosy furs.

"Oh! so comfortable," she answered, with a nestling movement and a smile which made my heart leap joyously upward.

But my attention was called away to the creeping, crepuscular intensity of the sky. It was light, yet not daylight, but blackness—a sombre, ominous, that wintry hue of livid darkening sheet lightning, that always betokens a fierce change in the weather. The only ominous thing about it was its gloom, which gave the more dazzling and intense. I remarked this, but with a momentarily divided and wavering sense.

I had never (familiarity as we had grown, and I was "honest as the skin between your brows," as she was, in fact)—I had never said "dear Lota" before, and the words were yet in mine ears, like a sweet old burthen. I loved her with all my heart and soul, but I had never told it. I yearned to tell her so now; but I thought it scarcely fair—not up to the mark of my manhood—to take what seemed an unfair advantage of the protection I was supposed to extend over her. I magnanimously resolved to wait—choking down with the words—but not for long.

Meantime, "Crick—crack!" went the long—long whip, and still "clang—clang" went the chiming bells, and the horses held on with unabated pace and splendid vigor, but—where had "Windygap" gone to all this time, for time was up and we should be there by this?

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lota all at once, "how strange the sky looks; we shall have more snow—a heavy fall, too."

"I fear so," I replied; "but n'importe, we'll soon be out of it."

"We are very long, I fancy," she continued, reflectively; "you have driven there quicker than this before. Oh, heaven," she cried, with the suddenness of the revelation, can "we have lost the track?"

The blank question harped with a horrible jar on my most vivid fears. Now or never was the time to be quite cool.

"No, I think not," I replied, with assumed carelessness; "we shall come to our landmark presently."

"A clump of firs—an old mill further on, yes," she added, "I recollect; but we should have passed them long ere this. Oh I fear we are lost!"

A cold chill seized me as I tacitly admitted that she was in the right. I could not account for my error, if such was the case. I looked round the horizon, but beheld no friendly sign; it was only a circle gathering closer and growing darker all the while.

Suddenly my brave deerhound lifted up his head and uttered a loud growl. The horses gave a startled swerve just as suddenly. A strange, lugubrious but appalling sound came all at once from windward wailing like a deathcry—a prolonged, awful, groaning discordance—over the white gleaming snow; and then it died away.

The horses halted trembling; only the shivering tingle of the bells broke the death-silence that fell, like an eclipse over all.

"What is that?" asked Lota, in a shuddering whisper, as she clutched my arm.

I listened.

"It is the wind sighing and dying away in the pine forests," I answered.

"And we do not go near the forest," she said. "Hark! there it is again. Oh, what—what can it be?

Again the indescribably hideous and lugubrious sound broke forth, clearer—nearer. It increased; it multiplied; the horrible *crescendo* howling, shrieking and ravening was not that of the wind this time.

"Merciful God!" gasped Lota; "the wolves!"

I never understood, till that moment, what the concentrated essence of literal, deadly horror might mean. I never experienced the shock before or since; and I have in my hunting excursions faced my danger, and played the game manfully. To have lost the way was terrible enough; but the wolves; and Lota! An instant I was numb and dumb.

It was true, however. The severity of the weather, the migration or scarcity of the animals on which these unclean creatures preyed, had made their hunger raging, devouring madness. They were encroaching on civilized territory, and losing their usual characteristic and craven cowardice—were approaching the habitations of men, haunting village and settlement. Woe to those in their path! As the infernal howl rose lingeringly, again the horses darted away with a shrill neigh of fear, and I guided them—beginning to recover myself—in an opposite direction, while "Terror," my noble hound, stood up, with every fang bared, and ever hair erect, waited for the enemy he had scented.

If my good horses had gone on so admirably at first, they sped off now like arrows from the bow, for the madness of fear added wings to their speed, as that of hunger did to our panting pursuers. I was growing cool; Lota was pale but calm. I felt proud of her, though it was certain that if we escaped not speedily the brutes would run us down; and then, horror of horrors, what a fate for her!

I had two rifles, a revolver, ammunition, a spear, and a wood hatchet in the sleigh. I conveyed my intention to Lota.

"Can you load these weapons with those cartridges?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer, and she loaded a Fuller and Manton with a true hunter's skill.

I took one rifle—looked back—the pack was increasing. I fired, and Lota loaded; and one after another fell, to be devoured by their ravenous comrades, and still the horses sped on.

The secured things were, for all this, gaining ground. Doubts, fears, hopes, trembling were at my heart as I turned to the sweet girl whose life or death were all in all to me, and said:—

"Lota! if we die together, remember that I loved you—none but you! I tell it to you now, if I may never again."

"Kill me first," she whispered; "I hear your words; I echo them. You have my heart, Richard——"

"Oh, Lota, best beloved! what a moment to [illegible] I know [illegible] if I feel pain or glad—"

"There are no secrets between us," said Lota, smiling; "take this rifle; give me the pistol; one kiss—so! they come.—Save me from them at any cost."

I thought my ears would have split at their dreadful yells, for they were now upon us, opening out to surround us, and though the horses held bravely on. I dreaded, every instant, that sheer terror would paralyze them. It is scarcely possible to conceive the unutterable horror that was stealing on both young lovers with beating hearts, forever from that hour, interchanged with each other.

With lolling tongues, eyes of flame, hearts deep growth, they had ceased to yap and howl; they were closing in upon us. I remarked one huge monster in advance of the rest; his object evidently being to leap into the sleigh from behind, of course, and mauled him. The [illegible] scrambling over the back; his paws were on me; his fiery breath on my cheeks, and I expected, as I murmured a short prayer, to feel the fangs of the abherrent brute in my flesh. A flash!—a crash!—a gush of blood—and the creature tumbled backward, shot through the throat, to the spine, by my brave Lota! Then I plied the hatchet, and split skull after skull, while the sleigh tore on; but I was giving up all hope, and turning round—oh, heaven—to spare my darling a more hideous fate, when shots and shouts rang round, and troops of dogs and hunters came swiftly to our aid, and—we were saved.

Providence had directed the sleigh to "Windygap;" our firing reached the hearing of our friends, and brought them out in hot haste to aid us. We were saved, and as I bore her fainting form into the hospitable hall, and clasped her tenderly to my breast, you may guess how sincere was the gratitude I breathed in silence to heaven.

It was the prelude to a wedding, which occurred soon afterwards, and you may be sure I never forgot my fight with the wolves, nor pluckily my noble Lota backed me, or the somewhat origional but *apropos* mode in which "I told my love."

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.]

The Republican Party.

Written for the Observer.]

We claim to be a Democratic people. From the earliest period of our history, whether as separate colonies, as a Confederate Republic of independent commonwealths, or a Union of States with a government of delegated powers to be used for the benefit and protection of the whole, the firm establishment of the principle of government by the majority of the people, has been the aim of our patriots and statesmen, its assumed success the theme of our historians and the boast of our citizens. Upon the strength of popular fears that Democratic institutions were threatened, political parties have alternately been enabled to plunder the public treasury while they administered National affairs. Now, however, for once all are agreed that free, popular government is endangered. The Republicans say they are fighting for freedom and good government; if so, they must feel that they are imperiled. The Confederates say that they, also, are contending for free government, while the Democracy of the North, the laboring and thinking masses who value their liberties above all else, do not disguise their alarm at their impending destruction in the struggle between the contending factions.—Since, then, all think that Democratic government is endangered and must be preserved at all hazards, not only in name but in fact; with liberty re-established on sure foundations there can be no impropriety in investigation. Independence and patriotism demand inquiry and reform, and we ask by whom are we governed? and who is it that is proposing to govern the United States? The answer is, that part of the people who compose the Republican faction. Do they represent or have they ever represented the principles of the Constitution? Or failing in that, are they or have they ever been a majority of the people of the United States? Do they even represent or have they ever represented the sentiments of a majority? Did they ever carry out the idea of popular government, or are they doing so now? And here we reach the very bottom of our subject, and in the answers to these questions might be found the solution of our National troubles, the opening of the road to a peace, honorable to both parties, whose warring passions now stifle their reason, a peace that would forever establish the principle of free government by the people, and entrench it securely against the assaults of ambition or of faction.

If the Republican party was not from its very beginning an organization hostile to the fundamental principles of Democracy and Republicanism; if it is not openly and plainly hostile to them now; if it is now a majority of people of the United States, or if it represents a majority, it should receive, at least, the material support of every citizen of the Republic. If, however, it is daily violating these sacred principles, if it is by force of arms putting an end to the power of a people to govern themselves according to laws of their own enacting, if it is destroying the very foundation of popular government, in that it is but a small minority of the people, and if it is betraying Liberty to death while pretending to be her friend and champion, then all that opposes that faction should be encouraged, all that checks it in its career of infamy should be sustained, and it should be put down by the means that necessity demands, as the foe of mankind, the enemy of Freedom and the destroyer of the happiness and prosperity of a great people. America wants no backward revolutions to re-establish those despotic theories of the "divine and inherent rights of governments" that it has taken centuries to overdome, against which her statesmen have contended and her patriots battled.

Let us then inquire—First, What proportion of the American people was the Republican party at the time that it came into power?

Second, What proportion is it now?

Third, What were the principles of that party at the time of its success, and were they consistent with Democratic government and the Constitution?

Fourth, What are now its aims and objects when it is making its demand for the people's support for another four years?

In the year 1860, the number of votes cast for all the candidates before the people was 4,680,193.

Douglas received	1,375,157
Breckenridge received	870,953
Bell received	590,631
Lincoln received	1,866,452

Or about 200,000 more than one-third of the popular vote. The popular majority against him was 970,299, and he was elected only by the operation of the States Rights Principle, which from the moment of his accession to office he began to trample under his feet. He was elected by a strictly sectional vote, he receiving no suffrages in any of the Southern States, and only a few thousand in those known as Border States.

The following statistics of election returns were taken from the *Tribune* Almanac of 1863 and '64, and are correct with the exception, perhaps, of some trifling errors in computation:

The Republican majorities in those States carried by them amounted to about 320,000. Of this about 206,000 was in the Middle, Western and North-Western States with a voting population of nearly 3,000,000, and 115,000 in the six New England States with a voting population of 473,000. Mr. Lincoln was, therefore, not only elected by a sectional vote, by about one-third of the people, but he was the peculiar choice of New England, that section giving him an almost unanimous vote. Thus, then, the matter stands. The people of ten States, forming the Southern section of the Union, voted unanimously against Mr. Lincoln and the platform of his faction. The people of five Border States voted nearly unanimously against him, he receiving in these five States but 25,000 votes, 17,000 of which were in the State of Missouri, and 10,000 of the last in the city of St. Louis.—Twelve great States gave the Republican candidate but 206,000 majority, while six small States, barren and unproductive, whose people gained their livelihood by sharp trading with their neighbors of other sections, gave this "Republican" candidate 115,000 majority.

In a further examination of the claims of the Republican party to support upon the ground that they are a majority of the people of the United States, and therefore entitled to the submission of the minority, so long as they shall not infringe the inalienable rights inherent with all minorities, we inquire next what is that party now, after three years of unlimited power, after full time to test the strength of its theories, and to make proselytes? Has it increased its numbers? Has it gained over to its ranks a majority of the people, or have they continued to lose the adherence of even the third that once were marshaled beneath its banners?

To answer these questions we are happily enabled to produce the returns of the elections held last year and compare the Republican majorities with those of the year 1860:

	1860.	1863.	Rep. loss.	Rep. gain
Conn.,	10,292	2,601	7,691	
Ill.,	4,629	29,398		24,669
Ind.,	5,928	Demo.	15,468	
Iowa,	12,487	17,429		4,942
Maine,	24,504	17,550	6,954	
Mass.,	43,891	41,199	2,692	
Mich.,	22,428	7,079	15,344	
Minn.,	9,401	6,846	2,555	
N. H.,	9,115	no choice	9,115	
N. Y.,	50,136	29,405	20,731	
Ohio,	20,779	61,920		41,141
Oregon,				3,325
Penn'a,	59,618	15,325	44,293	
R. I.,	4,637	3,291	1,246	
Vt.,	22,972	17,651	5,321	
Wis.,	20,202	15,454	4,748	
			137,156	74,077
Republican loss,				63,079

From these Republican majorities subtract the soldiers brought into various States, who had been bribed by furloughs, and deceived and kept in ignorance by their officers, and the imported hirelings of the Administration as follows:

Pennsylvania,	20,000
New York,	35,000
Connecticut,	5,000
In Other States,	5,000
Total,	65,000
Loss as Above,	63,079
Total Republican Loss,	128,079

To such exhibits as these the Republicans reply that all the soldiers in the field are of their party, and attempt to prove it by sending over the country bogus returns of elections held in the army. These "elections" are as fraudulent as those held under the bayonet in the States of Missouri, Delaware, Maryland and the so called State of West Virginia, and in the above statistics have been cast out along with these latter. The armed control of the ballot box by Federal officials is so notorious that the Republicans themselves do not deny but attempt to justify it. They may claim what credit they please on this account, but these returns cannot of course enter into a table that gives the true figures. California has been omitted for the reason that the Republicans placed in nomination and elected Democrats, who from fear of armed interference with the freedom of elections allowed this use to be made of them, but have since taken their seats in Congress as Democrats and vote with the Conservatives. In New Hampshire, there being no choice by the people, the Governor was chosen by a Republican legislature. Though the Governor of Kentucky was elected by military control of the ballot box, yet the result showed that an Abolition party did not exist in that State, and he stands unqualifiedly upon the National Democratic Platform.

The figures, therefore, show an actual diminution of the numbers of this faction by about 128,000, and when we take into consideration the thousands of ultra peace Democrats who were so thoroughly disgusted and disheartened that they could not be induced to vote, the thousands of creatures for whose ears the rustle of a greenback had more charms than the voice of assistance, honor and patriotism, the terrorism, the imprisonment and banishment of Democratic candidates, the open and notorious purchasing of men to vote and advocate the so-called Republican ticket, and those who from fear of the loss of popularity or of business were led to cast their suffrages in violation of their convictions, or to absent themselves from the polls, we may safely say that the Republican party is no longer even one third of the people, and "Republican" in name alone.

Thus we find that the questions answered, and we see this most detestable of factions, whom leaders are sworn to administer the government according to its constitution, desolating a continent with fire and sword, trampling the dearest liberties of freemen under their feet, and grasping the nation's throat [illegible] it to death rather [illegible] power [illegible] are paving the way to usurp and perpetuate. As mankind are prone to be delighted with whatever is grand and extraordinary, however monstrous and vile it may be, we may be pardoned for expressing astonishment mingled with admiration at the intrepidity and sublime impudence with which this numerically contemptible faction [illegible] listening world that they are the "American nation!" In 1859, with denunciations of the Union and Constitution upon their lips, while boldly avowing revolution as their object, and while encouraging the spirit of sectionalism and hate upon which alone they could thrive, these malignant partisans called themselves the "National Republican party!" In 1864, after three years of war, after introducing to our system of government precedents of high handed lawlessness, that if not utterly overturned by the energy and wisdom of a free people, will [illegible] a party history of infamy unparalleled in the annals of factious faithlessness, after violating the laws of the country and of God, they dare to re-christen themselves with a fresh falsehood and come before the people as the "National Union party!" If "national" means that they intend at all hazards to govern the nation, if that is "national" that humiliates and disgraces a nation, and draws bloody tears from every part of it, then and then only can it claim that title. But if that is national that belongs to and exists in every section and State of the Republic, that can count its supporters in every county and village in the land, not clad in the tinselled foppery of military rank, nor backed by hordes of negro janizaries, but in the peaceful garb, and following the peaceful pursuits that marked the happier days of our country, whose principles applied to every part of the land, would bring honor, peace and prosperity, whose religion and policy find their support among the arts of peace and not of war—that needs not to guard the ballot box with the sword for fear that indignant freemen will repudiate at once its doctrines and its despotism—then insult not reason and truth, lie not before God and man, by calling one million and a half of fanatics and despots a "national party."

Nor is their claim to be called "the North" entitled to more consideration than their assumption of nationality.