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, APRIL 16, 1864. NUMBER 46.

THE ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

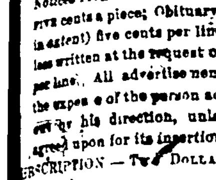
OFFICE IN THE "OBSERVER BUILDINGS," STATE STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—One Square of Ten Lines one insertion 75 Cents; two insertions $1,00; three insertions $1,25; one month $1,50; two months $2,50; three months $3,00; six months $5,00; one year $8 00; other advertisements in proportion. These rates will be strictly adhered to, unless changed by special contract, or at the option of the publishers. Auditor's Notices, Strays, Divorces and like advertisement, $1,50; Administrator's Notices $2,50; Local Notices FIVE cents a line; Marriage Notices TWENTY-FIVE cents a piece; Obituary Notices (over three lines in extent) five cents per line. Original poetry, unless written at the request of the editor, one dollar per line. All advertisements will be continued at the expense of the person advertising, until ordered out by his direction, unless a specified period is agreed upon for its insertion.

SUBSCRIPTION.—TWO DOLLARS per annum, in advance.

JOB PRINTING.—We have one of the best Jobbing Offices in the State, and are ready to do any work in that line that may be entrusted to us, in equal style to any establishment outside of the largest cities.

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 and pressing.

Peach St., 6th door above the Depot, Erie, Pa. may16'63tf.

A FACT GENERALLY KNOWN,

THAT the variety of new style Bedsteads, of Gothic, Cottage, Congress, Round Corner, Camp Sofa, Jenny Lind and other patterns, with serpentine and strait front, handsomely veneered Bureaus, Extension, Dining, Breakfast, Centre and other Tables, Whatnots, 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 even one price dealers to undersell me. Feathers bought and sold. Cane seat, Parlor, Bedroom, Rocking, Sewing, Office 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 soft are only nailed, and by no means durable. Wood Windsor, 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 beat for strength, price and finish. Spring Beds. I have sold over 300 and have the highest testimonials with a list of prices of all goods sent on application. Packing and shipping free.

After five years, experience and contending with unprincipled two price dealers, I am determined to sell at one price to all, give worth for your pay, and do Justice to all who trade with me.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Live Stock, Crude and Refine Oil, Store Pay, Produce &c., taken at fair market valued in pay. Remember the place, next corner of 8th street and State, 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,)

Would 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 SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SYRUPS, TOBACCOS, FISH, &C.,

is not surpassed in the city, as he is prepared to prove to all 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.

His motto is, "Quick Sales, Small Profits and a full equivalent for the Money." april1'63tf.

MANHOOD; How Lost! How Restored!

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

A LECTURE on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Spermatorrhoea or Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Nervousness and Involuntary Emissions, inducing impotency, Consumption and Mental and Physical Debility, by ROB'T J. CULVERWELL, M. D.

The important fact that the awful consequences of Self Abuse may be effectually removed without Internal Medicines or the dangerous application of caustics, instruments, medicated bougies, and other empirical devices, is here clearly demonstrated, and the entirely new and highly successful treatment as adopted by the celebrated author, fully explained, by which every one is enabled to cure himself perfectly, and at the least possible cost, thereby avoiding all the advertised nostrums of the day. This lecture will prove a boon to thousands and 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. apl4'63-1y

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. No. 3 Hughes' Block, State St. may3tf.

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 expense and securing promptness in shipping. CLEMENS, CAUGHEY & BURGESS.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES! AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

P. SCHAAF,

Would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a Store in

No. 2 Hughes' Block, Erie,

where he will always keep on hand a large supply of GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND WOODEN WARE, WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, and everything usually for sale in an establishment of the kind.

Terms as reasonable as any other store in the city. janl6'64tf.

A. WEBER. JOHN UHR.

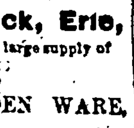
NEW GROCERY STORE.

The undersigned have opened a new Grocery Store, on the WEST SIDE OF STATE ST., 3d HOUSE NORTH OF RAILROAD BRIDGE,

Where they intend keeping a full supply of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUITS, NUTS, CROCKERY WARE, YANKEE NOTIONS, WILLOW WARE, CONFECTIONARIES, TOBACCO & CIGARS, and everything usually on hand in an establishment of the sort.

We are determined to offer as good inducements as any other dealers in the city, and invite the public to call, confident that we can give entire satisfaction. A. WEBBER & UHR.

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, as 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.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION having been granted to the Undersigned, on the estate of Lawrence Lensh, deceased, late of Millcreek township, Erie County, Pa., Notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to the same to make immediate payment and those having claims against the estate will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement. H. GINGRICH, F. W. KOEHLER, Administrators. Millcreek, Feb. 13, '64-6w.

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, Westfield, 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 3 20 A. M.

Railroad time is ten minutes faster than Erie time. Nov. 28, 1863. M. N. BROWN, Supt.

Cleveland and Erie Railroad

ON and after Monday, April 20th, 1863, and until further notice, Passenger Trains will run as follows, viz:

LEAVE CLEVELAND.

9 45 P. M. Night Express Train stops at Painesville, Ashtabula and Girard, only, and arrives at Erie at 1 03 P. M.

4 20 P. M., Mail and Accommodation Train, stops at all stations, and arrives at Erie at 8 25 P. M.

4.00 P. M., Cincinnati Express, stops at Painesville, Ashtabula and Girard, arrives at Erie at 7 00 P. M.

10 00 P. M., Day Express, stops at Willoughby, Painesville, Geneva, Ashtabula, Conneaut and Girard, arrives at Erie at 1 23 P. M.

LEAVE ERIE.

1 15 A. M. Night Express Train stops at Girard, Ashtabula and Painesville only, and arrives at Cleveland 4 45, A. M.

5 50 A. M., Mail and Accommodation Train, stopping at all the stations and arrives at Cleveland at 9 55 A. M.

9 55 A. M., Toledo Express, stopping at all stations except Swanville, Saybrook, Unionville, Perry, Mentor and Wickliffe, arrives at Cleveland 1 00 P. M.

1 23 Day Express, stops at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtabula and Painesville, arrives at Cleveland at 4 55 P. M.

All the through trains going Westward, connect at Cleveland with trains for Toledo, Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, &c. &c.

All the through trains going Eastward, connect at Dunkirk with the trains of the N. Y. & Erie Railroad; and at Buffalo with the N. Y. Central and Buffalo and N. Y. City Railroads, for New York, Albany, Boston, Niagara Falls, &c., &c. H. NOTTINGHAM, Superintendent. Cleveland, April 20, 1863.

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.

9 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 12 15 P. M.

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

Freight trains will run to and from Erie. jan9'64tf. R. N. BROWN, Sup't.

1864. 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 rapidly being opened throughout its entire length.

It is now in use for Passenger and Freight business from Harrisburg to Emporium, (196 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 50 A. M.
Mail Train Arrives	9 50 A. M.
Express Train Arrives	6 50 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. B. 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. mar17'64.

ERIE RAILWAY

CHANGE OF HOURS, COMMENCING MONDAY, FEB. 29, 1864.

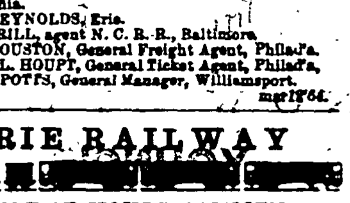
Trains will leave Dunkirk at about the following hours viz:

Eastward Bound—Depart:

Night Express	5 05 A. M.
Mail	7 00 A. M.
Stock Express	9 40 A. M.
Fast Freight	4 20 A. M.
Way Freight	5 05 A. M.

Night Express runs every day. CHAS. MINOT, Gen'l Sup't.

New Music Store.



PIANO FORTES AND MELODEONS,

From the following celebrated MAUNFACTURERS:

Steinway & Sons, New York.
Wm. Knabe & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Lindeman & Sons, New York.
Wm. B. Bradbury, New York.
John B. Dunham, New York.
J. P. Hale & Co., New York.
Geo. A. Prince & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Carhart, Needham & Co., New York.

Prices at a Large Discount below Manfacturer's Prices.

SEVEN OCTAVE, IRON FRAME, OVERSTRUNG ROSE WOOD PIANOS FOR $250.

Also, Instruction Books and Sheet Music,

All persons wishing a first rate Piano Forte or Melodeon, are invited to call and examine our instruments before purchasing elsewhere.

Reed's Block, State street, nearly opposite the Post Office. ZEBINA SMITH.

P. S.—Every Instrument warranted for five years. may7'63-1y.

C. ENGELHART,

Dealer in Boots & Shoes!

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF CUSTOM MADE BOOTS AND SHOES!

WOULD take this method of returning his thanks to his friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and hopes to have a continuation of the same. I take pleasure to inform the public that I am still selling

READY MADE BOOTS AND SHOES AS CHEAP, If not a Little Cheaper,

Than any House in this place, and I am still making the best qualities of Gents' Boots and Shoes, for which I employ none but the BEST of WORKMEN, under the Superintendence of C. MILLER.

Having obtained a license to use the

Plumer Patent Last,

I am now prepared to make the Plumer Patent Boots and Shoes in a manner not to be surprised in Style and Workmanship.

I always keep on hand a selection of the best Brands of French and American Calf and Kips.

P. S.—Repairing attended to. mr12'64tf.

READY PAY STORE!

J. & J. MINNIG,

Would respectfully inform the Public that they have purchased the STOCK OF GROCERIES OF JAMES A. BLISS, CORNER OF 5TH AND STATE STS.,

Where they intend to keep as good an assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES & PROVISIONS, WOOD & WILLOW WARE, AND VARIETY GOODS, as is kept in Erie.

Best Brands of Erie County Flour! Kept constantly on hand and WARRANTED A GOOD ARTICLE!

The highest Market Price paid for all kinds of Country Produce.

Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the City.

J. MINNIG. [feb27'64tf.] A. MINNIG.

A Psalm of Love.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Love is but an empty dream!
That the heart e'er coldly slumbers,
And the bonds ain't what they seem.

Love is real! hearts alone!
Know the beauties love unfurls;
It is good to live alone,—
Was not spoken by the girls.

Single blessedness, nor bliss
Is our destined end—oh, no!
But to change the title, Miss,
And be Mrs. and so.

Life is short, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though young and true,
Still, with cold hearts often meeting,
May be split with coldness too!

In the world's conjugal May-day,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not left a maiden lady—
Be a happy, cheerful wife.

Trust no prospects, howe'er pleasant,
Dollar not mind may how be done;
Act,—act in the living present—
Heart and hand be joined in one.

Lives of old maids all remind us
We might make our lives the same,
And, regretting, leave behind us
All the chance that ever came.

Chance that, may be, some one else,
Sailing o'er love's ruffled main,
Some forlorn and wretched spinster,
Seeing shall a husband gain.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Never sitting, still pursuing,
Learn all women should to wait.

"PARLY VOO FRANGSAY."

A CAPITAL IRISH STORY.

A certain old gentleman, in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by drawing out one of his servants who was exceedingly fond of what he termed "thravels," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few and trusty privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "troth you won't sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason either from former service, general good conduct, or the delinquent's "wife and childer," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing: on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying the siege to some extravaganza of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the by, Sir John," (addressing a distinguished guest,) "Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat," turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to him, "you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Troth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cried mine host; and Pat adds, "ay, and farther, so please your honor."

"I assure you, sir John," continues mine host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoined the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Troth, then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head.

"I believe, Pat, it was while you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat in a seductive air, and leading into the "true and full account," (for Pat had thought fit to visit North Amerikay, for "a reason he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crossing the broad Atlantic, a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital, "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the Colleen dhas (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps were choked (divil choke them for that same,) and av coorse the wather gained on us, and troth to be filled with water is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call it, and faith I was never good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' biskits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a trifle of rum aboord and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the Colleen dhas went down like a lump o' lead, afore we were many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket at the ind of a pole, as well as we could, and thin we sailed iligant, for we daren't show a stitch o' canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good lookin' eyes, but the canapy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sky and the sae; and though the sky and the sae is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it would be land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough troth, our provisions began to run low, the biskits, and the wather, and the rum—troth that was gone first of all—heaven help us—and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face. 'Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I.

"'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for such a good wish, and it's meself wishes the same.'

"'Oh, that it may plase you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a dissolute island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad christians as to refuse us a bit and a sup.'

"'Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a suddint,' says he.

"'Thrue for you, captain darlint,' says I—I called him darlint and made free wid him, you see, becase distress makes us all equal—'thrue for you, captain jewel—heaven betune us and harm. I owe no man any spite,' and throth that was only truth. Well, the last biskit was served out, and by gor the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night very cowld. Well, at the break o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as crysthal. But it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel terrible hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor, I thought I felt my heart in my throat in a minit, and 'thunder and turf, captain,' says I, 'look to the leeward,' says I.

"'What for?' says he.

"'I think I see the land,' says I.

"So he ups with his bring-em-near (that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir,) and looks out; and, sure enough, it was.

"'Hurra!' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away, boys,' says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'may be it's only a fog bank, captain darlint,' says I.

"'Oh, no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh, then, whereabouts in the wild world are we, captain?' says I; 'may be in Roosia, or Proosia, or the Garman oceant,' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he—for he had a consaited way wid him, thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—'tut, you fool,' says he, 'that's France,' says he.

"'Tare and ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? And how do you know it's France it is,' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishkey we're in now,' says he.

"'Troth, I was thinking so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heard av it in regard ov that same; and troth, the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and with the help o' heaven, never will agin.'

"Well, with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever; so says I, 'captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"'Why, then,' says he, 'thunder and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"'And sure, bad luck to ye,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin you wor a pelican o' the wilderness,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron!' says I; 'och, in troth, I'm not such a gommoch all out as that, anyhow. But sure, if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beef stake,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beef-stake?' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice off the pork?' says I.

"'By gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Pat,' says he, laughin.

"'Oh, there's many a true word said in joke,' says I.

"'Thrue for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well, then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there, beyant,' (for we were nearing the shore all the time,) 'and sure I can ax them for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stir-about in airnest now,' says he; 'you gommoch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before, that's France—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well, says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o'thim.'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o'thim.'

"'Make me sinsible,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do,' says I; and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for this bit o' consait about the German Oceant.

"'Leave off your humbuggin,' says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all, at all.'

"'Parly voo Frangsay,' says I.

"'Oh, your humble servant,' says he; 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy,' says he.

"'Troth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeering like.

"'You're not the first that's said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain; 'and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake French?'

"'Parly voo Frangsay,' says I.

"'By gor that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the devil—I never met the likes o' you Paddy,' says he. 'Pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and may be we won't get a good stomachful before long.'

"So with that it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand an iligant place for the ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was, after bein' cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit in a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it quite timptin' like.

"'By the powhers o' war, I'm all right,' says I; 'there's a house there'—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childer, sitting their dinner round a table quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the French was always mighty polite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'heaven save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt eating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be taken from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron; and so,' says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in distress in regard of aiting,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I (knowing what was in their minds,) 'indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tathered to pieces, and heaven knows, I look quare enough, but its by rason of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they took me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, troth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that may be the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all, at all—and so says I—'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man with a head of hair as white as silver—'may be I'm undher a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in France, sir; aren't you furriners?' says I—'Parly voo Frangsay?'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and faith myself began to feel flushered like and onaisy—and so, says I, making a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I thake, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in regard of bein' cast away, and if you plase, sir,' says I, 'Parly voo Frangsay?'

"'We, munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the old chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit of gridiron he'd give me; and so I began to think they were all naygars for all their fine manners; and troth my blood began to rise, and says I, 'by my sowl, if it was you was in distress,' says I, 'and it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put on it, too, and a dhrop o' dhrink into the bargin, and cead mile failte.'

"Well, the word cead mile failte seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand—'Parley—voo—Frangsay—munseer?'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Thin lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scram to you.'

"'Well, bad win' to the bit he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"'Phoo!—the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison,' says I—'Parly voo Frangsay.'

"'We, munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his ould noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you were in my country, it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse of the crows on you, you old sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vexed, and thought as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'well, I'll give you one chance more—you old thief—are you a Christian at all at all? are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—Parly voo Frangsay?' says I.

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then, thunder and turf!' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me; and so with that, 'the curse o' the hungry on you, you owld negarly villain,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my foot to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,' says I; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I, and with that I left them there, sir, and cam away—and in thruth it's often since, that I thought it was remarkable.

GRANT ON LAWLESS SOLDIERS.—The Indianapolis Sentinel states that some days ago a Pennsylvania regiment left that city for the front, over the Jeffersonville railroad. At several places on its route acts of lawlessness were committed. The regiment stopped at Franklin a short time, and while there some of the soldiers completely riddled the Herald office, which had just been fitted up after a similar demolition a few weeks previous. When the train arrived at Vienna, General Grant happened to be there. Upon being informed of the conduct of the regiment, he inquired of one of its officers if any officers or men were sober. The officer replied that a few of them were. He then gave orders for the car doors to be locked, the sober men stationed upon the platforms, with instructions to shoot down all who offered any act of insubordination. In addition, he ordered the regiment to be placed under arrest upon its arrival at Louisville.

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION.—There is nothing very astonishing about the abolition triumph in the Nutmeg State. Lincoln carried Connecticut in 1860 by 26,418 over Douglass and by 6,688 over Douglass, Breckinridge and Bell. In 1862 the Republican candidate for Governor had 7,148 majority. Now, the administration candidates are elected by about 5,000 majority.

"Wherever I go," said a gentleman, remarkable for his State pride, "I am sure to find sensible men from my own State."

"No wonder," said the gentleman he was addressing, "for every man of that State who has any sense, leaves it as fast as he can."

Dr. Kirkbridge, in his report on the Insane Asylum of Pennsylvania, notes the enormous increase of female patients whose insanity is caused by the loss of relatives in the war.

The Dead Alive—A Fact.

Some hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way, and some in another; some have insisted that they were tea-pots, and some that they were town clocks; one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But, perhaps, none of this blue-devil class ever matched in extravagance a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson, of Baltimore.

This hypochondriac, after ringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead, actually dead. Dr. Stevenson, having been sent for one morning in great haste by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bedside, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous.

"Well, sir, how do you do? how do you do this morning?" asked Dr. Stevenson, in a jocular way, approaching the bed.

"How do I do!" replied the hypochondriac faintly; "a pretty question to ask a dead man."

"Dead!" replied the doctor.

"Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night at twelve o'clock."

Dr. Stevenson, putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriac, as if to ascertain if it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful tone, "Yes, the poor man is dead enough; 'tis all over with him, and now the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering to her not to be frightened at the measures he was to take, he called to the servant: "My boy, your poor master is dead; and the sooner he can be put in the ground the better. Run to C——, for I know he always keeps New England coffins by him ready made; and, do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master makes a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long."

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the doctor, gathered round him, and howled not a little while they were putting the body in the coffin. Presently the pall bearers, who were quickly provided, and let into the secret, started with the hypochondriac for the church-yard. They had not gone far before they were met by one of the town's people, who having been properly drilled by Stevenson, cried out:

"Ah, doctor, what poor soul have you there?"

"Poor Mr. B——," sighed the doctor, "left us last night."

"Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago," replied the other; "he was a bad man."

Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same question, "And what poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," answered the doctor again, "is dead."

"Ah! indeed," said the other; "and so he is going to meet his deserts at last."

"Oh, the villian!" exclaimed the man in the coffin.

Soon after this, while the pall bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another stepped up with the same question again, "What poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," was the reply, "has gone."

"Yes, and to the bottomless pit," said the other; "for if he is not there, I see not what use there is for such a place."

Here the dead man, bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leaped out, exclaiming, "Oh, you villian! I am gone to the bottomless pit, am I? Well, I am come back again to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are." A chase was immediately commenced by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at the sight of a corpse, in all the horror of the winding-sheet, running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastic race, the hypochondriac was brought home by Dr. Stevenson, freed from all his complaints; and by strengthening food, proper attention, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, was soon restored to perfect health.

Resumption of Exchanges.

The telegraph informs us that in his brief visit to Fortress Monroe, Gen. Grant is said to have succeeded in effecting preliminary arrangements for a resumption of the exchange of prisoners. The World's Washington correspondent corroborates this report, and says that the cartel for future exchanges will be framed on the principle of man for man and rank for rank, which will insure a complete exchange of all our men except the colored prisoners.

If this news shall be substantiated there will be little room left for doubt as to where the responsibility for the long suspension of exchanges has rested. The appointment of such a man as Butler to the management of the negotiation was equivalent to an expression of the administration's utter indifference to the sufferings of our imprisoned soldiers. That the first effort of a competent and proper agent on the part of our government has been successful, may well prompt the inquiry why such a course was not permitted months ago.

HOW THE SOLDIERS REGARD MCCLELLAN.—The Holmes county (Ohio) Farmer of the 24th ult., states that a few evenings since Mayor Geisdorf, of Sandusky City, gave a supper to the Third Division of the Sixth Army Corps, stationed at that city. This division belongs to the Army of the Potomac, and has had a good opportunity of testing the merits and character of Gen. M'Clellan, to whom they are devotedly attached. During the evening, the mayor, who is a radical Abolition ultraist, incidentally made some remark derogatory to the character of Gen. McClellan, when Gen. Terry and his entire staff, together with most of the officers present belonging to that division, instantly took their departure, thus showing their contempt for a man who dared impugn the loyalty and patriotism of their late commander.

Gen. Grant has set his face against the luxurious style of living prevalent in the Army of the Potomac. He says he can maintain his physical integrity on pork and beans, as soldiers do out West, and believes it can be done in Virginia. The sutlers are in spasms at this announcement, but pork and beans are to be the programme.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.

A thoughtless old gentleman, the other day sat down on the open of the moment. His screams were horrible.

It is stated that there are forty thousand sick and disabled soldiers now in the military hospitals of the country, a number equal to the whole army of little Switzerland.

A country girl in speaking of the polka, said that "the dancin' was nothin', but the huggin' was heavenly."

A recruiting agent in Ward One has a large dog, which he calls "Quota," because he never appears to get full.

"Did you pull my nose in earnest, sir?"

"Certainly, I did, sir."

"It is well you did, for I don't take a joke in that way."

A Frankfort (Germany) letter says: "German emigration to the United States, will, this coming summer, be very largely beyond that of many preceding years."

"You may talk as you please of the Golden Age and the Iron Age," said a shoddy contractor, "but give me the age of Steal."

The Spiritualists (who have just held a national convention in Boston) claim now to number five millions in this country. There are said to be a million of them in New England.

The paper having the largest circulation in the world, is now said to be that issued by Secretary Chase. It is an extremely loyal publication. It supports both the Administration and the War.

The London Times editorially argues that the object of the war in America this year will be neglected in the North, and the armies of the federals be employed more for electioneering than military purposes.

Refugees from Richmond report Lee's army being largely augmented, and he is expected to start on the Spring campaign with 80,000 or 90,000 troops.

The Turners of Chicago have rented their Hall to the Democratic National Convention to be held in that city on the Fourth of July next. The rent to be paid is $2,000.

Our military authorities seem to succeed a great deal better in scattering their own armies than those of the rebels.—Louisville Journal.

It is said that when Com. Vanderbilt was asked to contribute to the New York Sanitary Fair he said he would give what A. T. Stewart did. Stewart wrote his check for $100,000 and Vanderbilt immediately covered it with a check of his own for a like amount.

A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very unpopular man, put the usual question—"Are you willing to go, my friend?"

"O, yes," said the sick man.

"I am glad of that," said the deacon, "for all the neighbors are willing."

The Administration organs are beginning already to quote from rebel journals to show that Gen. McClellan is not an able officer. Of course it is for the interest of both rebels and Abolitionists to depreciate this gallant man; the rebels to keep him out of the command of the army, and the negro faction to keep him out of the Executive chair at Washington.

A conundrum was given out at a New Orleans theatre: "Why is Mr. Lincoln like an owl in daytime?" the answer to which was; "because he is 'A' blinking." A soldier, with his and his companion's rations of whiskey in him, hiccoughed out, before the answer could be given: "Because he is a d——d old fool." The soldier spent the night in irons, in meditations on the President's capacity.

Mrs. A. H. Heckle, of Columbia, Arkansas, finding that the exigencies caused by the blockade were such as to prevent the purchase of pantaloons for her husband—there being no cloth in the neighborhood from which to manufacture that necessary garment—took her crochet needle, and with homespun yarn got up an article warranted to last during "three years or the war."

It is said that Lieut. General Grant was going down to Washington one day last week, when the train, having attached to it the special car, stopped at Brandy Station. Some soldiers who were waiting to go down asked if they could get into the car. "No," was the answer of an officer, "this is General Grant's special car." Whereupon Grant, who was sitting by the window, spoke and said, "General Grant only occupies one seat; the soldiers can ride."

A hospitable gentleman one day informed his butler that six clergymen were going to dine with him, and desired him to make due preparation.

"May I ask, sir," deferentially replied the butler, "whether they are high or low church?"

"What on earth makes you ask such a question?"

"Because, sir, you see, if they're high, they drink; if they're low, they eat."

The London Saturday Review says that:

A SENSATION STORY SPOILED.—The Washington Republican had a sensation story, the other day, about the hanging of a Rev. Mr. Cox, Chaplain of a Negro regiment, by the rebels near Donaldsonville, La. The story is spoiled by the New Orleans Era, of the 25th, which says:

"We met Mr. Cox on our streets yesterday, looking as well as ever. We were the first to convey to him the information that he had been hanged, at which he was not a little astonished."

The Independent being asked to give its definition of a religious newspaper, answers, "The Independent." Now, will it please define religion?—Springfield Republican.

It is hardly worth while for our friend to seek the definition, but the thing itself does not need—Independent.

Sharp, O Theodore, but we search the Independent in vain for the thing itself, or any definition of it.—Springfield Rep.

At a fancy fair in Pesth, Hungary, recently, the stalls were, as usual, tenanted by young, noble, and beautiful ladies. An Hungarian noble, the Count P. de S——, approached near to the charming Countess Z——, who commenced, of course, insisting on his selecting some article from her stall.

"Is there nothing that will suit you?"

"Yes, a kiss." And as the lady seemed to hesitate, he pressed the subject. "How much?"

"A thousand florins."

He drew the sum from his pocket-book, laid it on the counter, leaned over and obtained the promised guerdon.

The late massacre of negro soldiers near Vicksburg is now said not to have been a rebel outrage, but quite otherwise. The negroes went to a hotel where there were only white women and children with their servants, committed the grossest possible outrages on the women, and then hung all. An Illinois regiment heard of the affair and attacked and killed the negroes. No rebels were concerned in the shocking affair. Admiral Porter said in a late report: "The negro troops near Vicksburg have been committing many outrages."