

DRUGS  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL  
SPECIAL ATTENTION  
WHOLESALE TRADE  
THE RETAIL DEPARTMENT  
HEMIALS  
A FACT GENERALLY KNOWN  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL  
PURE LIQUORS  
SMITH & GILLMORE  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS  
LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS  
WHOLESALE GROCERS  
Siegel, Carver & Co.  
GROCERIES, FLOUR, FISH, SALT, WATER, LIME, GLASS, SOAP, CARBON OIL, Ales, Wines, Liquors, Cigars and TOBACCO, CRACKERS, OIL VITROL, GLUE & BUNGS

# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, IF PAID IN ADVANCE; \$3.50 IF NOT PAID UNTIL THE END OF THE YEAR.  
ERIE, PA., THURSDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 16, 1864  
NUMBER 29.

CHRISTMAS!  
NEW YEAR!  
SANTA CLAUS!  
ARE COMING.  
Bener & Burgess  
Are preparing to meet the demand for Goods in their line with a large and carefully selected stock.

VOLUME 35.

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One blessing yet bestow?  
Has it not made men worse than brutes,  
Filled every land with woe?  
Taxation, debt and misery  
Have followed in its train—  
It ruined every country yet,  
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The mutilated forms behold,  
The blood that stains the air,  
And ask how many human souls  
Have perished in the strife.  
Go hear the orphans, prayers and groans  
Upon the gory plain—  
These things are but the fruits of war,  
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Private Letter of General Lee.  
The original of the following letter was found at Arlington House by a Federal soldier:  
ARLINGTON HOUSE, April 5, 1862.  
MY DEAR SON:—I am just in the act of leaving home for New Mexico. My fine old regiment has been ordered to that region, and I must hasten to see that they are properly cared for. I have but little to add in reply to your letters of March 25, 27 and 28. Your letters breathe a true spirit of frankness; they have given myself and my mother great pleasure. You must study to be frank with your mother; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do it. If a friend asks a favor you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and yourself by equivocation. If any one asks you to do a thing that makes a friend or keeps one; the man who makes you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to quarrel with anyone. If you have any quarrel, do it with one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, let us say, nothing to the injury of any one. It is not our business to meddle with the principles of others, but it is the path to peace and honor.  
In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as the dark day, that day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming off, they started in the general awe and terror. It was supposed that the sun was about to be extinguished, and that the day of judgment had come. Some one, in the congregation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in so that the house could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty.—Duty, then, is the sublime word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.  
Your affectionate father,  
TO G. W. CHESTER LEE. R. E. LEE.

Names of Women and their Meanings.  
Mary, the commonest of female names, is one of the sweetest given to woman.—It is not strange that it prevails so universally. It signifies exalted, Maria or Marie, the latter French, are only forms of Mary, and of course have the same meaning. Martha signifies bitterness.—Annie and Anna, probably Nancy, are from the same source, and signify kind and gracious. Ellen was originally Helen; Helena, Latin; Helena, is French; according to some etymologists it has the meaning of alluring, but others define it as one who pitie. Jane, now generally familiarized Jennie, signifies, like Annie, kind and gracious. For Sarah, or Sally, there are two definitions, a princess or a morning star. Susan signifies a lily, and a fitting name for a tall, slender girl of delicate complexion and mature grace. Rebecca, plump. Lily signifies light, and was anciently given to girls born at day-break. It may also be considered as meaning brightness of spirit and applied accordingly. Bertha, bright, Albertina, all bright, Louisa, in French Louise, is the feminine of Louis, and signifies one who protects. Fanny, or Frances, signifies frank or free. Kate, or Katrina, pure or chaste, is one of the best of our female names. Sophia, from Greek, means wisdom. Caroline and Charlotte, queens. Emma, tender, affectionate, motherly.—Margaret, a pearl. Julia, soft-haired. Juliet and Juliette, the same as Julia. Agnes means chaste. Amelia, Amy and Ann, beloved. Clara, clear, and bright. Eleanor, all fruitful, Gertrud, all truth. Laura, a laurel. Matilda, noble or brave maid. Phoebe, light of life.

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Paddy Hayes and the Turtle.—In New York a man was carrying a live turtle along the street when along came an Irishman, followed by a large dog. The countryman tried hard to get the son of Emerald to put his finger in the turtle's mouth, but he was too smart for that.  
"But," says he, "I'll put my dog's tail in, and see what the baste will do."  
He immediately called up his dog, took his hand, and stuck it in the turtle's mouth. He had scarcely got it in when Mr. Turtle shut down on the poor dog's tail, and off the latter ran at a railroad speed, pulling the turtle after him at a more rapid rate than it ever had traveled before. The countryman (thinking his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run long at that speed, turned savagely to the Irishman and exclaimed:  
"Call back your dog!"  
Patrick put his hands into his pockets, threw his head to one side, winking with a provoking squint—  
"Call back your fish!"  
The young gentleman who sang—  
"My heart and lute are all the store  
That I can bring to thee,"  
was solemnly assured by the young lady's paternal relative that it would be quite impossible to support a family from the receipts of such a store, and earnestly enjoined him not to undertake the experiment with any member of his household. The heartless wretch!  
Don't be bashful young man. Don't be like the person who rode ten miles in a sleigh with a pretty girl, on a bright, moonlight night, with the intention of popping the question, but all he said was: "It's quite moony to-night."  
"Yes," she replied, "truly."  
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A gentleman remarked the other evening at a party, that a woman is the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," was the indignant reply of a young lady, "woman was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked then what must the whole body be?"

ANTHRACITE  
BITUMINOUS COAL!

SELECTION TOWN NEGROES.  
A citizen of Glasgow, who is at present in St. Louis, relates a remarkable incident which attended the late capture of Shelby and Clark. Among their camp followers were some dozens of negroes who acted as cooks, servants to officers, and the like, and who professed as ardent an attachment to Rebel principles as their masters did. After the fall of the place, these blackamoors hunted up the negro soldiers who were included in the capitulation, and treated them liberally to jeers and curses, and to taunts of being "Nigger Yanks" and "Lincolnsites." They continued this for some time, until one of their number, whose malice was of an inventive kind, went off and in a few minutes brought back a large bucket of white paint, which he had observed somewhere in the town. With this he went to work thickly daubing the faces of the captives until he had changed the visage of several from a charcoal black to an undeniable white color. His fellow scoundrels assisted in the performance with great alacrity, and with many yells and guffaws expressive of their high delight. By the time they had polished off six or eight of the Union dummies they were interrupted in their sports by one of Clark's aids, and sent off to their legitimate camp duties.—St. Louis Republican.

LABOR AT THE SOUTH.  
We cannot conceive how any man who has ever lived both North and South can give place to the ridiculous idea that labor was ever regarded as more ignoble at the South, or as degrading a man in the estimation of either the rich or the poor, the slaveholding or the non-slaveholding.—On the contrary, the only place where the laboring man, and especially the mechanic, was never clogged in his efforts to rise among his fellow men, where his employment and the hardness of his hands never gave exclusion from company—where his family easily passed into the charmed circles of good society, when their accomplishments suit them therefor, was in the South. The favorite mayor of New Orleans, the one who longest retained his position, was a journeyman hatter, another a printer, nor can a single instance be shown in the State where a man was helped into office by the reputation of being an "aristocrat," or a man of wealth. So in Mississippi; its favorite Governor, Joe Matthews, was a well digger, Governor Tucker, a blacksmith; and its Senator, John Henderson, a shoemaker. A man aspiring to high places in the affections of the people, had always to appeal to evidences of early industry and toil to prove himself to be a practical friend of the people, and to know their wants. In truth, the "aristocracy" of the South has always been of poor men.—True, there were some who affected to despise labor and loafing men, but these were invariably such as had traveled North and returned snobbishness among the vulgar rich at Newport and Saratoga. Ask the mechanic, who has journeyed over the Southern States and North alike, in which of them he was treated with most respect. It has been the fashion for years for the Northern press to assert that labor was considered degrading to the white man in the South. The Southern people and Northern men living South did not deem the accusation worthy of a reply. When it is repeated in our midst, and through the suzerainty of men who know better, we deem it our duty to reply to it with emphasis, that it is less true of the South and Southern people than of any other upon God's footstool.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE FROG STORY.  
A few years since, Squire G. was keeping a hotel in the town of C—, State of Indiana. It was just after the war with Mexico, and the volunteers had been disbanded, and were on their way home, that among others that stopped at Squire G.'s hotel was a volunteer who carried under his arm a cigar box. To the question if he could spend the night, the Squire answered in the affirmative.  
"Give me your box," said the Squire.  
It was handed to him, and he was about placing it under the bar room counter, when the volunteer remarked, that there was a great curiosity in that box.  
"Ah!" said the Squire, "I should like to see it."  
The volunteer took the box, drew back the lid, and exposed to view one of those horned frogs peculiar to Mexico. The Squire, as he had never seen its like before, took the box and exhibited it to the family, as well as to several boarders about the house. The next morning the volunteer called for his bill.  
"Seventy-five cents, sir," said the Squire.  
"Then you just owe me one dollar," said the volunteer.  
"What for?" asked the Squire, opening his eyes.  
"Why, for exhibiting my frog last night." The Squire found he was fairly caught, and without more ado, paid the dollar. The volunteer went on his way rejoicing, and the Squire takes great delight to this day, in telling his "frog story."

THE UNDERGIRDING OFFERS FOR SALE.  
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CONRAD SCHMOLL, Eds. Nov. 19, 1864—28.

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READY PAY STORE!  
J. & J. MINNIG

NEW GROCERY!  
JACOB BOOZ would respectfully announce to the people of Erie and vicinity that he will continue to deal in Coal during the present year, at

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Mary, the commonest of female names, is one of the sweetest given to woman.—It is not strange that it prevails so universally. It signifies exalted, Maria or Marie, the latter French, are only forms of Mary, and of course have the same meaning. Martha signifies bitterness.—Annie and Anna, probably Nancy, are from the same source, and signify kind and gracious. Ellen was originally Helen; Helena, Latin; Helena, is French; according to some etymologists it has the meaning of alluring, but others define it as one who pitie. Jane, now generally familiarized Jennie, signifies, like Annie, kind and gracious. For Sarah, or Sally, there are two definitions, a princess or a morning star. Susan signifies a lily, and a fitting name for a tall, slender girl of delicate complexion and mature grace. Rebecca, plump. Lily signifies light, and was anciently given to girls born at day-break. It may also be considered as meaning brightness of spirit and applied accordingly. Bertha, bright, Albertina, all bright, Louisa, in French Louise, is the feminine of Louis, and signifies one who protects. Fanny, or Frances, signifies frank or free. Kate, or Katrina, pure or chaste, is one of the best of our female names. Sophia, from Greek, means wisdom. Caroline and Charlotte, queens. Emma, tender, affectionate, motherly.—Margaret, a pearl. Julia, soft-haired. Juliet and Juliette, the same as Julia. Agnes means chaste. Amelia, Amy and Ann, beloved. Clara, clear, and bright. Eleanor, all fruitful, Gertrud, all truth. Laura, a laurel. Matilda, noble or brave maid. Phoebe, light of life.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.  
Paddy Hayes and the Turtle.—In New York a man was carrying a live turtle along the street when along came an Irishman, followed by a large dog. The countryman tried hard to get the son of Emerald to put his finger in the turtle's mouth, but he was too smart for that.  
"But," says he, "I'll put my dog's tail in, and see what the baste will do."  
He immediately called up his dog, took his hand, and stuck it in the turtle's mouth. He had scarcely got it in when Mr. Turtle shut down on the poor dog's tail, and off the latter ran at a railroad speed, pulling the turtle after him at a more rapid rate than it ever had traveled before. The countryman (thinking his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run long at that speed, turned savagely to the Irishman and exclaimed:  
"Call back your dog!"  
Patrick put his hands into his pockets, threw his head to one side, winking with a provoking squint—  
"Call back your fish!"  
The young gentleman who sang—  
"My heart and lute are all the store  
That I can bring to thee,"  
was solemnly assured by the young lady's paternal relative that it would be quite impossible to support a family from the receipts of such a store, and earnestly enjoined him not to undertake the experiment with any member of his household. The heartless wretch!  
Don't be bashful young man. Don't be like the person who rode ten miles in a sleigh with a pretty girl, on a bright, moonlight night, with the intention of popping the question, but all he said was: "It's quite moony to-night."  
"Yes," she replied, "truly."  
And there was not another word spoken.  
Rather unexpected was the reply of the ushyn, who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, "Do you know where those little boys go who play marbles on Sunday?" replied innocently, "Yes, some of 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em goes down the side of the river."  
A gentleman remarked the other evening at a party, that a woman is the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," was the indignant reply of a young lady, "woman was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked then what must the whole body be?"

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THE ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.  
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 applied, unless changed by special contract, or unless otherwise specified by the advertiser. Notices, Quizzes, Dramas and Libretto advertisements, \$1.00; Administrator's Notices \$2.00; Legal Notices \$1.50 per line; Miscellaneous Notices twenty-five cents a line. Original poetry, unless written to the order of the editor, one dollar per line. All advertisements will be continued at the expense of the person advertising, unless otherwise specified 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 office.  
WHITMAN & BRIGHT, Publishers.

PEACE AND WAR.  
"One murder makes a man a villain, ten thousand a hero."  
Let us sing the song of War.  
Men's hatred to increase:  
He mine the song of Hope and Joy,  
Love, Unity and Peace.  
Away with cannon, powder, ball,  
And all their kindred train;  
They've always been the curse of man,  
And so they will remain.  
Did ever war throughout the world,  
One blessing yet bestow?  
Has it not made men worse than brutes,  
Filled every land with woe?  
Taxation, debt and misery  
Have followed in its train—  
It ruined every country yet,  
And so it will again.

THE "RELIABLE" DESERTER.  
The amusing war correspondent of the New York Leader, writing "from the front," on the Potomac or James, says:  
A little farther on I came to a reliable deserter, who lay on a sand heap scribbling himself. These deserters are very nice fellows. As I approached he arose and saluted.  
"Yes, come from other side, Gin'ral," he said.  
"What do you want?" says I.  
"I'm powerful dry," says he.  
I fetched an orderly and bade him fetch some whiskey.  
"Now," says I, "how's things over on your side?"  
"Well," says he, "pretty bad; old Lee, he ain't got no men whatsoever."  
"I guess you lie," says I. "We felt his line the other day and it didn't feel good. You might just as well tell the truth."  
"Oh," says he, "I was only speakin' figuratively-like. He ain't got no men to speak of—fifty or sixty hundred thousand, mebbe."  
"H'm that's enough," says I.  
"Yes, only they ain't good for nothing. They ain't got no ammynition."  
"They keep up a d—d of a firing for men without ammynition," says I.  
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