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THE ERIE OBSERVER.

VOLUME 35.

ERIE, PA., THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 19, 1865.

NUMBER 34

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ADVERTISING.—Advertisements in this column at the rate of \$1.00 per line for the first week, and \$0.50 for each subsequent week. Advertisements for less than one week at special rates. Advertisements for one year at special rates. Advertisements for one year at special rates.

AMUSEMENTS.—Theaters, Music Halls, and other places of amusement. Theaters, Music Halls, and other places of amusement. Theaters, Music Halls, and other places of amusement.

ARTS AND CRAFTS.—Painters, Sculptors, and other artists. Painters, Sculptors, and other artists. Painters, Sculptors, and other artists.

BAKING AND CONFECTIONERY.—Bakers, Confectioners, and other food vendors. Bakers, Confectioners, and other food vendors. Bakers, Confectioners, and other food vendors.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.—Booksellers, Stationers, and other vendors of books and stationery. Booksellers, Stationers, and other vendors of books and stationery.

CLIPPING AND PRINTING.—Clipping services and printing shops. Clipping services and printing shops. Clipping services and printing shops.

COFFEE AND TEA.—Coffee and tea vendors. Coffee and tea vendors. Coffee and tea vendors.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—Druggists and medicine vendors. Druggists and medicine vendors. Druggists and medicine vendors.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.—Fruit and vegetable vendors. Fruit and vegetable vendors. Fruit and vegetable vendors.

GROCERIES.—Grocery stores and vendors. Grocery stores and vendors. Grocery stores and vendors.

HAIRDRESSING.—Hairdressers and beauty salons. Hairdressers and beauty salons. Hairdressers and beauty salons.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.—Household goods vendors. Household goods vendors. Household goods vendors.

IRON AND STEEL.—Iron and steel vendors. Iron and steel vendors. Iron and steel vendors.

JEWELRY.—Jewelry vendors. Jewelry vendors. Jewelry vendors.

MEAT AND BUTCHERY.—Meat and butchery vendors. Meat and butchery vendors. Meat and butchery vendors.

PAINTS AND OILS.—Paint and oil vendors. Paint and oil vendors. Paint and oil vendors.

RETAIL AND WHOLESALE.—Retail and wholesale vendors. Retail and wholesale vendors. Retail and wholesale vendors.

SHOES AND BOOTS.—Shoe and boot vendors. Shoe and boot vendors. Shoe and boot vendors.

TOBACCO.—Tobacco vendors. Tobacco vendors. Tobacco vendors.

WINE AND SPIRITS.—Wine and spirit vendors. Wine and spirit vendors. Wine and spirit vendors.

WRELS.—Wreling vendors. Wreling vendors. Wreling vendors.

THE YOUNG COLONEL.

How the Young Colonel Died.

You want to hear me tell you how the young Colonel died? God help me, memory will not fail on that, or tongue be tied. As I sit down and print it, in your biggest type of bold, for now a brave heart has no mortal breast could hold.

'Twas the second weary night of that hot and bloody June, Through the brush, along the picket, we walked beneath the moon.

Behind us, lay the sea of death, Virginia's thicket lay; Before us was Old Harbor, the hell to come next day. We talked about old Buffalo, and how the girls we knew At the doors up, with their sweet hearts, as in the moonlight, and looking at the folds below, where the mist lay like a pond.

We seemed to see the long dark streets and the wide lake far beyond. Then, turning sudden, "George," he said, "I'm glad I never saw your face when I lay dead to-morrow night."

We charged at once, the Colonel led great Erie's old brigade. 'Twas Longstreet's blinding smoke behind their breast-works played. We charged full, full in front, we felt that they break-ers well.

A sea of rattling muskets in a storm of grape and shell. The Colonel led, in fire and smoke his sword would wave and shine, And still the brave sound of his voice drew on the thrashing line.

There all at once our colors sank; I saw them reel and fall. The Colonel jumped and took them there they touched the wall. Another spring, and with a shout—the rebels will stand it well.

He stood alone upon their works, waved the old flag, and fell. As over the surf at Winkler I've seen the sea gull fly, His voice had sailed above the storm and sounded clear and high.

It seemed a year, I had no heard the bellish rank and drum. Till then, all sudden, on my ears, the thunder crash rushed in.

'Twas vain to stand on longer; what could they do but fly? Our broken remnants walked back across the bloody sky. I stayed to help the Colonel, and kept to where he lay; A smile came under his face, but he motioned me away.

I bent to kiss his parting lips and shade him from the light. "I'm not to please, George," he said, "Go, save your- self—good night!"

As tender as my mother, that smile came up and shone. Ourselves upon his marble face, and the gallant soul was gone.

Three times the same full moon arose and looked back to the sea. Before the rebels hung a trace above the curved plain, We laid him near Old Harbor, but the spot is black and bare.

I hate to think of him at home and he still lying there. I doubt if sleep will be sweet, nor his loving spirit still. Till he lies among the friendly dead of yonder springing hill.

Where from the streets he loved to walk might foot to foot, daily. And the lake low near upon the beach is silent night would show.

Ah! well! he told me that night, with marble words to tell. How the bravest of his blood was poured when young McPherson fell!

The President's Message in the Army.

The rainy correspondent of the Leader, "McPherson," thus hits off the essence of the President's message upon the soldier:

Before Petersburg, Dec. 8. My Dear Leader: I was centering along our outer line of works the other day, when I came across a very dirty artilleryman on an ammunition chest, reading the President's message.

"Well, my man," said I, in that distinguished and encouraging tone which I always employ towards the humble, "well, my man, what do you think of the message?"

"I don't think of the message, boss," said he.

"Well," said I, "how do you think of it?"

"I don't think it will please the public, boss," said he.

"Ha!" said I, "but how do you find its eloquence and force?"

"I don't find its eloquence and force, boss," said he.

"Don't it all," said I, "what is your opinion of it, then?"

"Well, boss," said the man, "to tell the truth, I haven't much opinion of it."

"What objections have you against it?" I asked.

"Now look a-here," said he, describing a geometrical figure in the air with the stem of his pipe, "I went and 'listed into this yef artillery for two year, in '61."

When my time was out, I read in all the papers, and especially in proclamations, that the backbone of the rebellion was broke and the Johnnies couldn't hold out much longer. So I fowed I'll be in at the death, and I went and 'listed again for two years. Last June my time was out, and everybody was saying the cussed backbone wasn't broke yet, and the Johnnies must be fetched this time, no how. So I went and 'listed again. Then they said I'd vote for Father Abram, and we'd get a dead open and shot on the rebels, and Christmas would show us a peaceful, happy and reunited country."

"Did you vote for Father Abram?"

"Well, yes, I did twice," he replied, looking a little sheepish; "and I 'listed again. And now the old show goes a writin' a message, in which, so far's I can make out, he 'pears to consider this yer state of things quite regular and satisfactory, and doesn't say one word of encouragement or hopefulness about ending up the war. There don't seem to be no special reason in his mind why it shouldn't go on another four years just as well as it's been a going on for the last four. Mebbe he thinks it has been a-going pretty well. Now, boss, I've got three red stripes on my sleeve for three enlistments, but I guess by the time I've seen six years of the service, I can get along without it, whether it oug to get along without me or not. And I reckon I ain't the only man along this yer line that holds them 'pinions neither."

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"It was late on Sunday night, and Congress was to meet the next morning. When Major Donelson read the substituted sentence, the General said, 'Now read that again.' It was read a second time, and he then rose and 'passed the floor, stopped, and said, 'Strike all that out, sir, and put what I wrote. That's what I meant, and by G—, that's what my message shall say.' The alterations were made, and I made them, and I have the original copy to show that this was so. The words omitted," Mr. Rives went on to say, "were 'milk and water, but those retained had the bark on."

Just as well to do it in a hurry. Why, you see, when my man came a 'gourine' me, I hadn't the least thought of what he was after—not I. Jobie came to our house one night, after dark, and rapped at the door. I opened it and sure enough, there stood Jobie right before my face and eyes. 'Come in,' I said, and take a cheer. 'No, Lizzy,' he said, 'I've come on an errand, and I always do my errands first.' 'But you had better come in and take a cheer, Mr. —,' I said. 'No, I can't. The fact is, Lizzy, I've come on this courtin' business; my wife's been dead these three weeks, and everything's going to rack and ruin right straight along. Now, Lizzy, if you've a mind to be a wife, I'll take care of my home, and my children and all things, tell me, and I'll come in and take a cheer. If not, I'll get some else to do it.' Why I was akeered, and said, 'If you come on this courtin' business, come in; I must think on it a little.' 'No, I can't till I know. That's my errand, and I can't sit down till my errand's done.' 'I should like to think on a day or two.' 'No you needn't, Lizzy.' 'Well, Jobie, if I must I must, so here's to you, then.' So Mr. — came in. Then he went after the Squirt, and he married us right off, and I went home with Jobie that very night. I tell you what it is, these long courtin' don't amount to nothin' at all. Just as well to do it in a hurry.

A booby fellow was observed the other day driving a pig, holding on to its tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying geology.

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