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THE ERIE OBSERVER.

VOLUME 35. ERIE, PA., THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 19, 1865. NUMBER 34

WHOLESALE GROCERS.
Siegel, Carver & Co.
DEALERS IN
Groceries, Flour, Pork, Fish,
SALT,
WATER,
GLASS,
SOAP,
CARBON OIL,
Ales, Wines, Liquors, Cigars and
TOBACCO.
CANDIES,
CRACKERS,
OIL VITROL,
GLUE & BUNGS.
Lowest Market Prices.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
Whitman & Brecht,
Publishers.
Whitman & Brecht,
Publishers.

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Whitman & Brecht,
Publishers.

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 dry; and, while it down and print it, in your biggest type of gold.

For sure a brave heart that his 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, slung up as of death, Virginia's thicket lay. Before us, on the hill, the sun had set, and the stars were in the sky. We talked about old Bufile, and how the girls we knew at the college, with their sweet hearts, as we sat and looked 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 a moon so low to rise when I lay dead to-morrow night." Will hold her face to mine when I lay dead to-morrow night.

We charged at noon, the Colonel led great Erskine's old brigade. 'Twas Longstreet's blinding column behind their breast-works played. We charged full, full in front, we felt that they break-ers fell. A sea of rattling muskets to a storm of grape and shot. The Colonel led, in fire and smoke his sword would wave and shine. And still the brave sound of his voice drew on the thrilling line.

There all at once our colors sank; I saw them reel and fall. The Colonel jumped and took them before they reached the spot; another spring, and with a shout—the rebel will stand it well. He stood alone upon their works, waved the old flag, and fell!

As o'er the surf at Wicket I've seen the sea gull fly, His wings had sailed above the storm and sounded clear and high. It seemed a year, I had no heard the ballist crash and rattle. Till then, all sudden, on my ears, the thunder crash crashed in. 'Twas vain to stand on longer; what could they do but our broken remnant 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 watch his parting lips and shade him from the light. "I'm not to blame, George," he said, "so, save yourself a good night!" As tender as my mother, that smile came up and glowed.

Once more upon his marble tomb, and the gallant soul was gone! Three times the same full moon arose and looked back at his tomb. Before the rebel again 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.

Where from the streets he loved to walk and roam, And the lake low near upon the beach is silent night would come. Ah! well he'd to the tomb, 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 true correspondent of the Leader, "McPherson," thus writes of the message 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 it will please the public?" "I don't think it will please the public, boss," said he. "Hah!" said I, "but how do you find its eloquence and force?" "I don't find its eloquence and force, boss," said he. "D—n 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."

"Sir," said I, rather firmly, "the rebellion is a mere sholl."
"Father Abram doesn't say so in his message," said he, "and he'd ought to know. Ef he thinks so why didn't he tell his soldiers so? No, boss, I'm afeard he doesn't think so. Ef your folks ask you tell 'em it's a dern sight easier whippin' the rebels on paper, in a newspaper office, than whippin' 'em on the field, down here!"

There was certainly some justice in the man's remark, uncouth as it was. I myself have been doing the former for four long years—the end is not yet. I have talked with a good many soldiers and officers about the message, and find that this poor artilleryman's opinion is shared by many who wear stars and eagles on their shoulders.

The document is cold, grave, not the least bit enthusiastic or hopeful in its tone, however much encouragement we may gather from its facts. The only reference in it that bears upon the possibility of ending the rebellion, is the doubtful phrase, "If the war should extend another year." There is nothing in the message to indicate that the war is unlikely to extend into another four, six, ten or twenty years. It seems accepted in the words of my artilleryman, as quite a regular and satisfactory condition of the country.

How the Confederate Ladies Talk.
We are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter, written by a young lady at Plymouth, North Carolina, to her relatives in this city. She has one brother in the Northern and two in the Confederate army, and one of them had just been at home for a visit. We quote as follows:

"The United States soldiers came here while he was at home and they would sit and talk as though they were brothers. They would call him 'brother reb,' and he would call them 'brother Yank.' I wish this war would end, for I want to see my brothers meet again. . . . There are very few cities in this country now. They have nearly all been driven from their homes. The Rebs would come and run the Buffaloes to the Yankees, and then the Yankees would retaliate. We are between two fires now, and the only way for a person to get along here is to be a good reb when the rebs are about, and a good Yank when the Yanks are here. A person dare not act from principle."

"There is nothing to be bought either in the clothing or living line. We have to make all the clothing we wear. I have spun and woven by myself, without the least help, one hundred and fifty yards of cloth. I have made me a beautiful homespun dress, with flounces to my waist. The flounces are trimmed with red. I call it my artillery dress. I have, also, made me a Confederate cloak and gaiters. We make our own hats—wheat straw for winter, palmetto for spring, and Indian corn husks for summer—and we make a ribbon out of the lining of mulberry bark to trim our hats. They are plain, I know, but they show what Southern girls will do for Southern rights."

"We expected when the rebs got possession of Plymouth they would lay the country waste; and they acted like gentlemen, and did no further damage than to cut out the conscripts. I enjoyed myself very nicely while they were here. I went to four balls and several drill parties. The ladies all dressed in homespun, and looked as nice as though they were dressed in silks. We scorn silk and mother lace, and wear homespun with much grace. We envy not the Northern girl, her robes of beauty rare, nor the pearls that deck her hair."

"Write me that the people out there think about the war, and which side they think will be victorious. The people here think the South will gain her independence. There are some among the low-class of people who think old Mr. Link will subjugate the South. As for our rights we will have or lose every man in the Southern Confederacy. The South is just preparing to commence the war—she has just commenced to strengthen herself."

Ingenuity of the Germans.
The following are some of the inventions generally credited to natives of Germany, and also the time when made known: Saw-mills in 960; sun dials in 998; fulling mill in 999; windmills and oil paintings in 1100; spectacles in 1270; paper of linen rags in 1300; organs in 1312; gunpowder and cannon in 1318; hats in 1330; wire making in 1350; pins 1370; grist mills in 1389; wood engraving in 1436; printing in 1436; printing presses in 1439; copperplate engraving and printing ink in 1440; cast types in 1442; chiming of bells in 1487; watches, letter press or mails, etching and bolting apparatus in 1500; gun locks in 1527; spinning wheels in 1535; alarm-clocks in 1590; wooden bellows in 1610; microscopes in 1620; thermometers in 1638; non-stent engraving in 1643; air pumps in 1650; electric machines in 1651; pendulum clocks in 1655; chronometers in 1690; white china ware in 1706; Prussian blue in 1707; stereopticons in 1709; mercurial thermometers in 1715; piano fortes in 1717; solar microscopes in 1736; the gamut in 1753; lithography in 1783.

It is reported by a correspondent that Gen. Grant was lately walking the dock at City Point, absorbed in thought, and with the inevitable cigar in his mouth, when a soldier touched his arm, saying, "No smoking on deck, sir." "Are those your orders?" asked the General, looking up. "Yes, sir," replied the soldier, courteously but decidedly. "Very good, orders," said Grant, throwing his cigar into the water.

THE DEBTS OF EUROPEAN NATIONS.
It is an old saying, "Misery loves company," and if the adage be an offspring of truth, as no doubt it is, we will find consolation, while we are depending upon the condition of our government finances and the enormity of our liabilities, in the fact that the national debts of the principal nations of Europe have also largely increased within the last few years. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts which England has made to reduce her indebtedness, it appears that her debt is now nearly as large as it was fifty years ago, when she was just emerging from her protracted war with France, and is one hundred and twelve millions of dollars greater than it was in 1815, as may be seen by the following table showing her aggregate liabilities at various periods:

Year.	Debt.
1815	\$4,300,000,000
1829	4,300,000,000
1834	4,885,000,000
1849	3,955,000,000
1853	3,845,080,000
1846	3,957,000,000

England has struggled hard for half a century to reduce her public debt, with what success may be seen by the above figures—and at the end of each year she has barely been enabled, as Mr. Gladstone remarked, to make both ends meet.

And how has it been with France? In 1851 the French Government owed \$902,000,000, or less than half of the present debt of the United States. In 1853 she had increased to \$1,218,500,000; in 1850, to \$1,700,000,000; and now her national debt amounts to \$1,990,000,000, which, with floating bills to the extent of \$163,000,000, makes the aggregate liabilities of the empire at the present time foot up \$2,063,000,000. It appears by these figures that the debt of France has increased more rapidly within the last ten years than that of any other nation in Europe.

The Italian States have also been expending money without stint, they having increased their liabilities in three years from \$453,000,000 to \$800,000,000, or nearly half the present debt of the United States, without a tenth part of the resources wherewith to meet it. And the same, in a greater or less ratio, may be said of Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and many other countries; so that we find at the present time the debts of the different nations of Europe reach the aggregate of \$12,500,000,000, which is about the liabilities of the United States multiplied by six.—N. Y. Herald.

Reminiscence of General Jackson.
Mr. Rives was a worshiper of General Jackson, with whom he was on the most intimate terms, as publisher of the *Globe*, then edited by Mr. Blair, and the acknowledged organ of the Old Hickory. No man was better acquainted with the eventual administration of Gen. Jackson than Mr. Rives was, and I have sat in his office hour after hour listening to reminiscences. Among these were the attempts made at different times by Mr. Van Buren, Attorney-General B. F. Butler and others, to tone down and modify Jackson's messages and proclamations. One such occasion it was in the message of December 8th, 1835, on the French indemnity—Gen. Jackson had written:

"The honor of my country shall never be stained by an apology by me for the statement of truth and the performance of duty; nor can I give any explanation of my official acts, except such as is due to integrity and justice, and consistent with the principles on which our institutions have been framed."

"I was waiting for the *Globe's* copy of the message," said Mr. Rives, "obstating with the General, who was smoking his pipe, when Mr. Major Donelson, his private Secretary, came in, and read the page or more of manuscript which the Cabinet had substituted for this sentence."

"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 this was the original copy to show that I 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 courier in, 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," said I, and take a cheer. "No, Lizzy," said he, "I've come on an errand, and I always do my errands first." "But you had better come in and take a cheer, Mr. —," said I. "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, ef you've a mind to hev me, an' take care of my home, an' my children an' things, tell me, an' I'll get some me else in." "Why I was afeard, and—"

"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. L. 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's 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.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.
"I say, boy, where does that right-hand road go to?" inquired a pedestrian of a country rustic. "I don't know, sir," replied the boy, "taint been no where else since we live here."

The Missouri Democrat publishes a copy of the application of U. S. Grant for the office of County Engineer, of St. Louis county, which is dated August 15th, 1856, and is marked "Rejected."

It seems that Sampson was the author of the celebrated phrase, "Any other man." When Delilah had persuaded him to tell her the secret of his strength he said to her: "If I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man!"

"My son," said Spriggles senior to Spriggles junior, thinking to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the hen species, "My son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they," said the junior. "I thought eggs came out of chickens!" Thus ended the first lesson.

The "Law and the Gospel."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher having nominated General Butler for the next President, the Fall River News proposes the pastor of Plymouth Church himself as Vice President, on the ground of the natural strength of a combination of the law and the gospel.

If you have cold feet, immerse them morning and evening in cold water; rub them with a rough towel, and run about your room till they are warm. In one month you will be entirely relieved. All the red pepper and mustard applications are like run to the stomach—relieve you to-day, but leave you colder to-morrow.

Disappointed.—A man applied to Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist, with a box of specimens. "Can you tell me what this is?" "Certainly I can, sir; that is iron pyrites." "What, sir?" in a voice of thunder, "iron pyrites!" "Iron pyrites, and what's that?" "That's what it is," said the chemist, putting a lot on the shovel over the hot coals, where it disappeared. "Dross—and that are iron pyrites worth!" "Nothing." "Nothing!" Why then a woman in our town who owns a whole bill of that—and I've married her!"

A few weeks after a love marriage, the doting husband had some peculiar notions on putting on a clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of a "washing." He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning, and kindled a fire. When hanging on the kettle, he made a noise on purpose to arouse his easy wife, she peeped over the blankets and exclaimed, "My dear, what are you doing?" He deliberately responded, "I've put on my last clean shirt, and am going to wash one for myself."

"Very well," said Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me, too!"

No Legal Demand.—A doctor was employed by a poor man to attend his wife, who was dangerously ill. The doctor gave a hint that he had fears of not being paid. "I have thirty dollars," said the man, "and if you kill or cure you shall have them." The woman died on the doctor's hands, and after a reasonable time he called for his thirty dollars. The man asked the doctor if he had killed his wife. "No," "Did you cure her?" "No." "Then," said the man, "you have no legal demand."

Try to be kind.—A young fellow was taking a sleigh-ride with a pretty girl when he met a Methodist minister who was somewhat celebrated for trying the knot matrimonial at short notice. He stopped him and asked hurriedly: "Can you tie a knot for me?" "Yes," said the minister. "I guess so; when do you want it done?" "Well, right away," was the reply; "is it lawful, though, here in the highway?" "O, yes, this is as good a place as any—as safe as the church itself."

Well, then, I want a knot tied in my horse's tail, to keep it out of the snow," shouted the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away, leaving the minister, in his profane wrath, should fall from grace.

More Anxious Dimensions.—The New York World says there is every indication that the old difference of opinion between the conservatives and radicals in the administration ranks still exists, and that it will break out into an open fight. The object of both wings of the ruling party is to get possession of the President, and hence we are not surprised to hear that a determined effort is to be made to oust Seward from the cabinet. In the fight which seems inevitable, Democrats will have the same lively interest that the old woman had when the mortal struggle was going on between her husband and the bear.

Gracious Mother.—"Ma," said a little girl the other day, who had scarcely entered her teens, "ma, mayn't I get married?" "Why, child," said the anxious mother, "what on earth put that notion into your head?"

"Because all the other girls are getting married as fast as they can, and I want to, too."

"Well, you must not think of such a thing—don't you ever ask me such a foolish question again. Married, indeed! why, I never heard the like."

"Well, ma, if I can't have a husband, mayn't I have a piece of bread and butter?"

Ladies Included.—A few days since, Saxe, in making a speech at a flag raising at Albany, concluded his remarks by proposing three cheers for the young gentlemen of East Albany, through whose liberality the flag had been procured. As cheers were about to be given, the chairman of the occasion amended the proposition of Mr. Saxe, so that the cheers went up for the young ladies as well as the young gentlemen of East Albany. When the voice of the cheers became silent, Saxe arose and gave an explanation and apology for omitting to speak of the young ladies in his original proposition for cheers, that he thought the young gentlemen always embraced the young ladies!

Something Wrong.—A lady of Columbus, Ohio, in making a speech at a flag raising at Albany, concluded his remarks by proposing three cheers for the young gentlemen of East Albany, through whose liberality the flag had been procured. As cheers were about to be given, the chairman of the occasion amended the proposition of Mr. Saxe, so that the cheers went up for the young ladies as well as the young gentlemen of East Albany. When the voice of the cheers became silent, Saxe arose and gave an explanation and apology for omitting to speak of the young ladies in his original proposition for cheers, that he thought the young gentlemen always embraced the young ladies!

Mr. Beecher's Salary.—Plymouth Church Society held a protracted meeting last Thursday evening, at which Messrs. Stearns, Arnold and Gibbon were elected trustees, the salary of the pastor was made \$12,500 for the present year, and a lengthy discussion ensued on the subject of paying off his scrip indebtedness.

A conductor on the Cleveland and Columbus railroad was alarmed, a few days since, by the apparition of a man on the embankment; who was gesticulating violently, and apparently desirous of stopping the train. The conductor with some difficulty stopped the train, and running to the man, ascribed to his disgust that he was fighting a hornet's nest.

Nobody likes to be nobody, but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody; but when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

An old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

An Irishman just from the sod was eating some old cheese, when he found, to his dismay, that it contained living inhabitants. "Be jabers," said he, "does your cheese in this country have children?" "Oh, auntie, baby's mouth is so funny; it's just like your's before you get out of bed—no, not one tooth!"

Pastor for Display.—The world is all for show. There is not one person in a thousand who dares to fall back on nothing but his real simple self for power to get through the world, and to extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is too much of living in the eyes of other people. There is no need to the aping, the miming, the false airs, and the superficial airs. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened conviction in these times. Unless you consent to the office for recording deeds in the county where the lands lie, within six months after the execution of such deeds and conveyance, and every such deed and conveyance not recorded against, shall be adjudged fraudulent and void against any subsequent purchaser for valuable consideration, unless such deeds be recorded before the recording of the deed or conveyance under which such subsequent purchaser or mortgage shall claim.

The Milwaukee News, speaking of the F. J. Jackson, who is an applicant for re-appointment as Postmaster in a town of Wisconsin, says he was "always a Democrat" until the Democrats lost the power of appointing Postmasters.

Penalons, Bounties, Arrears of Pay, &c., can be procured by the Widows, Orphans, and next of kin of those who have died in the service of the United States; also, by Soldiers and Seamen who are disabled by wounds received in battle, or disease contracted, upon application to G. P. Garrity, Licensed Military and Naval Claim Agent. Office in the Common Council Room, Wright's Block, corner State and Fifth sts., (under the Dispatch Office), Erie, Pa.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
Corner of Fifth and Peach streets, will be open for the service of Pass for the ensuing year, on every Monday afternoon, during the month of January, between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock p. m.

Persons who are unable to read will be furnished with Bibles free of charge at that time to the poor.

NOTICE.
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P. A. BECKER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER,
North-East Corner of the Park & French Streets,
(CHESAPEAKE).
Respectfully call the attention of the community to his extensive stock of
PURE LIQUORS,
which he has imported direct from the celebrated
distilleries of France, and is prepared to serve to
order.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER,
North-East Corner of the Park & French Streets,
(CHESAPEAKE).

Wholesale & Retail Grocery Store.
P. A. BECKER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER,<