THE ERIE OBSERVER.

TWO DOLLARS AND A-HALF PER YEAR, IF PAID IN ADVANCE; $3,00 IF NOT PAID UNTIL THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME 35. ERIE, PA., THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 2, 1865. NUMBER 40.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER, PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON, AT THE "OBSERVER BUILDINGS," STATE STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

SUBSCRIPTION—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum if paid in advance; Three Dollars if not paid until the expiration of the year. Subscribers served by carrier will be charged Fifty Cents a year in addition.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—One Square of Ten Lines one insertion $1,00; two insertions $1,50; three insertions $1,75; one month $2,00; two months $2,75; three months $3,50; six months $5,50; one year $9,00; larger advertisements in proportion. These rates will be strictly adhered to, unless changed by special contract, or at the option of the publishers. Audit-Notices, Strays, Divorces and like advertisements, $2,00; Administrator's Notices $3,00; Local Notices five cents a line; Marriage Notices twenty-five cents a piece; Obituary Notices (over three lines) one cent per line. Original poetry, unless written at the request of the editor, one dollar per line. All advertisements will be continued at the option of the person advertising, until ordered out, the direction, unless a specified period is given for the insertion.

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

WHITMAN & BRUCHT, Publishers

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Business Cards inserted in this column at the rate of Five Dollars per year according to space.

WILLIAM H. CUTLER, Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

S. WETMORE, Attorney at Law, in Walker's Office, Sixth street, Erie, Pa. apr 7'63

D. PERKINS, Insurance, Realty office, North side of the Park, Erie, Pa. april'63 tf.

P. ENSIGN, Bookseller and Dealer in Stationery, Paper, Magazines, Newspapers, &c. Country dealers supplied. Store under Reese's Hotel, fronting the Park.

[illegible] has taken the Lime Kiln at the foot of Peach Street, near the Philadelphia depot, Erie, and is prepared to furnish White Lime, in large or small quantities, at the lowest market prices. [illegible] 63 tf. G. ELDER MARVIN.

SPENCER & MARVIN, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office, Paragon Block, near North West corner of the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

JOHN H. MILLER, City Engineer, being many years County Surveyor, is prepared to Survey or make Plans or Maps of any part of Erie County, Pa. Office in Common Council Room, City Hall Block. apr 1'64-1y.

D. WALKER, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Erie, Pa. Warehouse on Public Dock, East Corner of State Street. Also, dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour, Feed, Water Lime, &c. N. B.—Particular Attention given to the Receiving and Forwarding of Petroleum, Crude and Refined, to all parts of the country. [illegible]

PHILO BENNETT, Justice of the Peace. Office second door in Wayne Block, French Street, between Fifth and Sixth. june16-y.

SINCLAIR'S Excelsior Photograph Gallery, Reitzweig's Block, Erie Pa. june16 '64tf.

CHAPIN & WILBUR, Attorneys at Law, Ridgway, Pa. Office in Elk, McKean, Cameron and Jefferson counties. H. C. CHAPIN [jan30'65 1y*] W. W. WILBUR.

W. HILL, PROPRIETOR. MORRISON HOUSE, Corner State and Market Street—one square east of the Exchange, Warren, Pa. Sept. 29—1y.

CAMPBHUSEN, Justice of the Peace, Paragon Block, adjoining Best of Farrar Hall, Erie, Pa. oct5'63.

GEO. W. GUNNISON, Justice of the Peace. Office in Gazette Building, north west corner of Fifth and State streets. Conveyancing done neatly and collections made promptly. jel'64-1y.*

W. COLE, Book Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, Second Story of Rinderneck's Block, Erie, Pa.

LAFAYETTE HOTEL, French street, between 4th and 5th streets, near the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Depot, Erie, Pa., Jno. Shoemaker, Proprietor. Extensive accommodations for strangers and travelers. Board by the day or week. Good stabling attached. apr25'63tf.

LIEBEL & BROTHER, Fashionable Tailors and Drapers. Agents for Platner & Kayser's Patent Sewing Machines, the best in use—State Street, between 5th and 6th Sts., Erie, Pa. Clothes made to order in the finest style. apr28 '63 1y

D. OSBORNE, Livery and Sale Stable, on Eighth street, between State and French. Fine Horses and Carriages to let on reasonable terms. apr28'63-1y.

TIDDLE, & M'CARTER, Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Gearing, Agricultural Implements, Railroad Cars, Erie, Pa.

W. E. MAGILL, Dentist, Office in Reese's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa. apr.

HYDE HOUSE, Ridgway, Elk Co., Pa. Mrs E. O. Clapports, Proprietor. This is a new and handsomely fitted up House, in the midst of one of the best Trouting and Hunting regions in Pennsylvania. Commodious Rooms, Clean Beds, a Good Table and Moderate Prices. The public patronage is respectfully solicited. sep'64-1y*

WM. A. GALBRAITH, Attorney at Law—Office on 6th street, nearly opposite the Court House, Erie, Pa.

H. GROUBLD, M. D., Office on Seventh Street, near Walnut, Erie, Pa. Nov. 4, 1864.—3mos*.

JOHN C. BEEBE, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Nails, Glass, Seed, Plaster, etc., corner of Sixth street and Public Square, Erie, Pa. ja17tf.

J. DREISICKER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Liquors, Groceries and Provisions, Flour and Feed, Wood and Willow Ware, Wines, Liquors, Tobacco, Segars, &c., State street, next to Young's House Furnishing Emporium, Erie, Pa. june1—1y2.

TWENTY YEARS.

DR P HALL'S CELEBRATED

COUGH REMEDY!

This well established and popular medicine has been extensively used during the last twenty years in curing Throat and Lung diseases with more decided efficiency than any other medicine before the public. Not a word of recommendation is necessary to those familiar with its merits. Its numerous and speedy cures in past years have won a degree of confidence in its value long to be remembered. This remedy is safe, pleasant, speedy and thorough in its operation—is adapted to all ages and constitutions—and should be kept in every house for immediate use when required. If throat and lung affections are treated with the use of this Remedy in their earlier stages, a less number of deaths will be caused by Consumption.

HALL'S COUGH REMEDY is the best remedy known for curing the following complaints,

COLDS, COUGHS, CROUP or RATTLES, ASTHMA or PHTHISIC, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, WHOOPING-COUGH

It cleanses the Force and invigorates the Lungs.

Retail Price—50 Cents & $1 Per Bottle.

HALL & BARKER, Manufacturers and Proprietors, State Street, second door north of Seventh street Erie, Pa. For sale by Druggists and dealers throughout the country.

STRONG TESTIMONY.

We, the undersigned citizens of Erie City and vicinity, have used Dr. P. Hall's Celebrated Cough Remedy with great success, in curing diseases of the Throat and Lungs, and take pleasure in recommending its use to the afflicted as a speedy and effectual remedy, fully worthy of public patronage.

James Thompson,	Matthew Hamilton,	D. Shirk,
John Neubert, Sr	J. W. Ryan,	Richard Rees,
John A. Tracy,	Robert Cochran,	J. T. Cass,
John W. M'Laur,	Daniel Ever,	Daniel Hurer,
John W. Hays,	J. Robinson,	C. K. Riblet,
John S. Cochran,	W. F. Rinderneck,	J. Mooney,
John R. Dunnett,	P. E. Burton,	J. W. Calver,
John M. Warren,	Atanson Sherwood,	Wm. H. May,
John S. Brown	W. H. Cooper,	A. M. Tarbell,
S. L. Forster,	Joseph Penner,	E. A. Bennett,
J. W. Hull,	Henry Grant,	J. Salsbury,
Orrice Smith,	Lucius A. Hall,	M. Mayer,
C. Damaris,	Thomas M'Kee,	J. L. Long,
H. H. Kent,	W. M. Gallagher,	J. Robinson, 2d,
Wilson Kies,	Chas. W. Kelsey,	Silas H. Finch.
Daniel Bindt,	O. P. Kasigin,	C. G. Howell,
C. R. Wright		

Erie, Dec. 22, '64—6m

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The subscriber will cheerfully send (free of charge) to all who desire it, the copy of a Simple Remedy by which he was cured of that dreadful disease Consumption.

Sufferers with Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any lung affection, he sincerely hopes will try this Recipe, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Gentlemen desiring the prescription will please address Rev. WM. A. ALLEN, No. 46 John Street, New York.

C. DECK,

Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in

SEGARS, TOBACCO, SNUFF, &C.,

Fifth below State Street,

ERIE, PA.

Opposite the Dispatch Printing Office.

COUGH MORE

FOR

STRICKLAND'S

COUGH BALSAM

DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

For sale by druggists. General depot, No. 6 East Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Discovered.

ALL the Medical men and the Press recommend Dr. Strickland's Anti-Cholera Mixture, as the only certain remedy for Diarrhœa and Dysentery. It is a combination of Astringents, Absorbents, Stimulants and Carminatives, and is warranted to effect a cure after all other means have failed.

For sale by Druggists. General depot, 6 East Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY.

DR. Strickland's Pile Remedy has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.

For sale by druggists. General depot, 6 East Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dispepsia, Nervousness and Debility.

DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC.—We recommend those suffering with loss of Appetite, Indigestion, or Dispepsia, Nervousness and Nervous Debility, to use Strickland's Tonic. It is a vegetable preparation, free from Alcoholic Liquors; it strengthens the whole Nervous system; it creates a good appetite, and is warranted to cure Nervousness and Nervous Debility.

For sale by Druggists generally, at $1 per bottle.—Prepared by Dr. A. Strickland, 6 East Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Great Gift Distribution.

OF

Watches, Chains, Lockets, Bracelets, Gold Pens, &c., &c.

S. M. WARD & Co,

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,

208 Broadway, New York.

100,000 Watches, Chains, Lockets, Bracelets, Rings, Gold Pens, &c., &c.,

WORTH $500,000, TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.

And not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive, and not to be kept unless you are perfectly satisfied.

Splendid List of Articles to be sold for $1 each:

100 Gold Hunting Cases,	$100 00 each
100 Gold Watches,	60 00 each
200 Ladies' Watches,	35 00 each
500 Silver Watches,	$15 00 to 25 00 each
600 Gold Neck and Vest Chains,	12 00 to 15 00 each
1,000 Chatelaine and Guard Chains,	5 00 to 15 00 each
3,000 Neck and Vest Chains,	4 00 to 12 00 each
4,000 Solitaire Jet & Gold Brooches,	4 00 to 8 00 each
4,000 Coral, Lava, &c., Brooches,	3 00 to 8 00 each
7,000 Gold Jet, &c., Ear Drops,	3 00 to 8 00 each
5,000 Gents' Breast and Scarf Pins,	3 00 to 8 00 each
8,000 Oval Band Bracelets,	3 00 to 8 00 each
2,000 Chased Bracelets,	5 00 to 10 00 each
3,500 Cal. Diamond Pins and Rings,	2 50 to 8 00 each
2,000 Gold Watch Keys,	2 50 to 6 00 each
5,000 Solitaire Sleeve But. & Studs,	2 00 to 5 00 each
3,000 Gold Thimbles,	4 00 to 8 00 each
5,000 Miniature Lockets,	2 00 to 8 00 each
3,000 Min. Lockets, Magic Spring,	4 00 to 9 00 each
3,000 New Style Belt Buckles,	4 00 to 8 00 each
2,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, &c.,	2 00 to 6 00 each
3,000 Fob and Ribbon Slides,	2 00 to 5 00 each
5,000 Chased Gold Rings,	2 00 to 5 00 each
4,000 Stone Set Rings,	2 00 to 6 00 each
6,500 Setts Ladies Jewelry, jet & gold	5 00 to 17 00 each
6,000 " " " various styles	3 00 to 15 00 each
8,000 Gold Pens, silver case & pencil,	4 00 to 8 00 each
4,000 Gold Pens, Gold Case & Pencil	5 00 to 10 00 each
9,000 Gold Pens, gold mounted holder	3 00 to 6 00 each

Certificates of the various articles are placed in envelopes, sealed and mixed. These envelopes will be sent by mail as ordered, without regard to choice. After receiving the certificate and seeing what article it represents, you are at liberty to send and get the article, or any other on the list of the same value, and after seeing the article, if it does not give perfect satisfaction, we desire you to return it and get the money. In all transactions by mail we charge for one certificate 25 cents, five certificates will be sent for $1, eleven for $2, thirty for $5, one hundred for $15. Agents wanted everywhere. We allow agents ten cents on each certificate, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Also, extra premiums for large orders.

Army Badges.—On the receipt of $1 50, we will send a solid silver shield (pure coin) or badge, for either division or corps in the army, or cavalry, infantry, artillery, engineer or pontooner's pin, with your name, regiment, and company handsomely engraved thereon, together with our wholesale illustrated circular to agents.

S. M. WARD & Co.,

208 Broadway, New York.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERY STORE.

P. A. BECKER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER,

North-East Corner of the Park & French Street,

(UNRAPSIDE,)

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." april'63tf.

READY PAY STORE!

J. & A. MINNIG

Would respectfully inform the Public that they have purchased the

STOCK OF GROCERIES OF JAMES A. BLISS,

CORNER OF 8TH AND STATE STS.,

Where they intend to keep in 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. [jan26'65.1y] A. MINNIG.

D. W. HUTCHESON,

United States Claim Ag't,

GIRARD, PENNA.,

PENSIONS, BACK PAY, BOUNTY,

And all other Claims against the Government attended to with promptness.

CHARGES REASONABLE.

☞ Application by Mail attended to the same as if made in person.

Crawford, Christian & Ruth,

Dealers in

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Dried and Seated Fruits,

PAINTS & OILS,

Ship Chandlery, Boat Stores, &c., &c.,

NO. 7 REATTY'S BLOCK, PARK ROW,

Also, Public Dock, Foot of State Street,

ERIE, PENNA.

W. J. CRAWFORD, E. F. CHRISTIAN, JOHN C. RUTH, J. STROH, JR.

LARGE LOT of Bruges Birds and Bird Cages, Monkeys, &c., just received by EMIER & BURGER. may 16-1y

The Baby Soldier.

Another little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin.

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave!

A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MODEST YOUNG MAN.

I couldn't think of such a thing."

"But you must. My happiness depends upon it. Here, put on the thingumbobs; and the what's his name."

And my friend Bob Styles held up before my hesitant gaze a whole suit of feminine apparel.

His idea was that I should personate his lady-love for one day, to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party—until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied a knot between them that nothing but a special grant of the Legislature could untie.

The scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with an almost masculine air, and at that time I had a very slight form—almost effeminate, so that, in fact, there was really but little difference in that point. Then I had light hair in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head and few persons will suspect that I was not of the softer sex. These accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's pa was to drive her at D—, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D— river, to the grove three miles below; from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.

Our plan was, that I should be waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should slip off with Bob Styles across the country.

At last I got dressed and presented myself before Maggie, blushing a great deal, I believe, feeling much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my—my shirt sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.

Everything finished, in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me in his light wagon and drove me over to P——, by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the pic-nickers were already there, and they greeted my cavalier with cordiality, (everybody knew Bob Styles,) asking if he was going with them. He told them he was not.

"Pressing engagements, you know, and all that sort of thing. Deuced sorry I can't go, though. I had just time to bring Miss Lee over, and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby, this is Miss Lee. Miss Withergall, Miss Lee," and he rattled off a long string of introductions, which convinced me that but few of the company were acquainted with the young lady whom I was thus personating—a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise. Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal-looking man, with a hook nose, and eye glass and puffy hair, seemed to be prepossessed with my personalle, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles as he went out:

"Nice looking girl, that Miss Lee."

"Yes," answered Bob with a mischievous glance at me, "she is a nice girl, though a little go ahead sometimes. Keep a little lookout on her, will you?"—then lowering his voice, said—"not a bad match for you, old fellow, she is rich."

"Is she?" said Bimby, his interest deepening.

"On my honor," said Bob. "Forty thousand dollars in her own right. Day, day," and he was gone.

Maggie Lee, artful creature that she was, had told her father that the sailing party was to assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her.—Having business in D——, he left her there, merely saying he would send the carriage for her at 11 o'clock. She, like a dutiful daughter, kissed him and bid him good bye, and before he had got a hundred rods, got into Bob Styles' light wagon, which had been driven up to the back door as Mr. Lee's drove from the front, and the old story of head strong love and prejudiced age was enacted over again.

As for us, of the picnic excursion, we had a delightful sail down to the Grove, but somehow, I could not enjoy it as much as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat, I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer, high in Blackstone and his own opinion. He insisted on paying my fare (the boat was a regular excursion packet,) and purchasing enough oranges, pears and candies to set up a street stand. Four or five times I was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent my exposure. But it was not with him that I found my *role* the hardest to play.

Not the young ladies were the most difficult ones to deceive. For instance, there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course she was delighted to see my whilom chum, and she found Miss Maggie Lee, which, by the way, did not occur until after we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times in a manner that made my finger ends tingle for an hour. It was all very nice, but had I been in *propria persona*, I would have liked it much better. As it was, I felt as if I was obtaining goods under false pretenses, and Lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground at any moment.

A whole lot of crinoline then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter and consequent disgust of Mr. Bimby and all the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet, only speaking in monosyllables, in a falsetto voice; but the others—Lord bless you! how they gabbled! Under a strict promise of secrecy, the little boarding-school maiden, who had kissed me affectionately, revealed all her love affairs and also became very unpleasantly confidential about other matters—innocent enough in themselves, but not customarily talked of between ladies and gentlemen.

I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do for me to give it up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles' trick would come out and as news of that kind travel fast in this country, he and his lady-love would be telegraphed and followed before they could reach Philadelphia, where Bob Styles lived and where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from the boarding school laid her face dangerously close to mine and whispered: "My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high—your ankles will be town talk with the gentlemen!"

Now, I was conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open-worked stockings, which came up nearly to my waist, with a pair of gaiters borrowed from a servant girl, in all of which toggery my "running gear" looked quite feminine and respectable; but the idea of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, and of being thus told by a young lady, who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me. I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my filagree lace edged handkerchief. The young ladies looked at me in apparent astonishment at such a voice, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately, Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment and edged himself in among the crinoline.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.

"Certainly," I simpered, in my high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby, with a lackadaisical air which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another; "you are as kind as you are fascinating!"

"You flatter me!"

"? No, indeed; praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee."

"Oh, sir, really, you are a very naughty man," I said, in the most feminine tone I could command.

He cast a languishing glance at me through the black lace veil, and I fairly began to feel for his "feelings."

We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band, engaged before-hand, awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out for a schottische. It was hard at first to take a lady's part in the dance, but I got accustomed to it. A waltz was proposed, and I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Mr. Bimby.

I had first made him purposely jealous by dancing with one or two other young fellows, one of whom I knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. The young man was a great woman-killer—a sort of easy devil-may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him, by his alternate wrath of action and coolness of protestation. I selected him to play off against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold on me very closely, and occasionally looked at him with a half fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing, he led me to my seat, keeping his arm about my waist, and I permitted it.

Having thus stirred Bimby up to wrathful feats of valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem—a—Miss Lee, shall I have the honor of—a—trying a waltz with you?"

I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and we commenced.

Now, I am an old stager at waltzing. I can keep up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Chachuca or Schbunnebrunnun rings in my ears, I can go on, if it is a year.

Not so Bimby. He plead want of practice, and said that he soon got dizzy.

"Aha, old boy," thought I, "I'll give you a turn then." [illegible] Bimby smiled, and said that he should probably get over it first.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed. "Of course; I can waltz as long as any one lady, but not more."

For the first three minutes my cavalier did well. He went smoothly, and evenly, but at the expiration of that time began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath grew harder and harder. On he went, however, and I scrouged to notice his slacking up at every round, when we passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes the wretched man gasped out between his steps.

"Ah, a—are you not—a—getting very tired?"

"Oh, no," I burst forth, "I feel only as if we were riding about this room—so—and I feel as if I could dance all night."

The look of despair he gave was terrible to see.

I was bound to see him through, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made wild steps in all directions. His shirt collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaw hung down; and, altogether, I saw he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," said I, "and you, Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily."

"Puff—puff—ah—puff—yes—oh—puff—very, puff—delightful," he gasped.

"Don't you think it ought to go a little faster?"

He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony.

"Ah, puff—puff—I don's—ah puff—don't know."

So when we neared the musicians, I said:

"Faster, if you please—faster," and they played *a la* whirlwind.

Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of a teetotum which was nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong into the midst of a bevy of young ladies in the corner. I turned round coolly, walked to my seat, and sent the young woman killer after a glass of ice water.

The miserable lawyer turned around just in time to see me thank his rival for the water.

I got some idea from this of the fun some young ladies have in tormenting us poor devils of the other sex.

At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came rushing into the pavillion which served for a ball room. As she came near, I perceived her hands were clutched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered as she whispered to me:

"Oh, Maggie? come and help me fix my skirts—they are all coming down!"

What should I do? I was in agony. A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I wished myself a thousand miles away, and anathematized Bob Styles masquerading project inwardly, with fearful maledictions.

Said I was tired out—could not somebody else go?

No, nothing would do but I must accompany her to the house of a gentleman who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing.

So I went.

What if it should be necessary to remove the greater part of her raiment? What if she should tell me to do some sewing? What if in the midst of all the embarrassments of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex should be discovered.

I felt as if an apopletic fit would be a fortunate occurrance for me at that moment.

However, I nerved myself for the task, and accompanied her to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of relief, let go her dress. As she did so, a—pardon my blushes—a petticoat fell to the floor. She was about to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried frantically, forgetting my falsetto; "don't undress, for God's sake."

She opened her great brown eyes to their widest extent.

"And why not?"

"Because I am—I am—a—can you keep a secret?"

"Why, yes—how frightened you look! Why, what is the matter, Maggie—you—why—oh! oh! oh!"

And she gave three screams.

"Hush, no noise, or I am lost!" I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth. "I swear I mean you no harm; If I had I would not have stopped you. Don't you see?"

She was all of a tremble, poor little thing; but she saw the force of my argument.

"Oh, sir," said she. "I see you are a man; but what does it all mean?"

I told her the story as briefly as possible after exacting from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy.

I then went outside the door, and waited till she had arranged her dress, when she called me again. She had heard of me from Maggie and others, and wanted to know all the particulars; so I sat down by her and we had a long talk, which ended in mutual feelings of friendliness and old acquaintanceship, quite wonderful for people meeting the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavillion, I said I must relieve my mind of just one more burden.

"And what is that?" she said.

"Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back."

And I did.

She blushed a great deal, but she didn't resist; only when I got through, she looked up and said—

"I think you are real naughty, my now."

When we returned, I found lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his disasters and all hands ready for supper, which was served in the ball room. I sat between Bimbie and Jennie, and made love to both of them in turn; to one as Maggie Lee did to the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished a great many by eating rather more than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted rather strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz.

He didn't take the hint.

Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned the pleasure and persuaded Jennie to slip off into the moonlight with me.

We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque nooks, corners and rustic seats; and great grey rocks leaning out over the river. On one side of these latter a little bench was placed, in a nook sheltered from the wind and from the sight.

Here we sat, in the full flood of the moonlight, and having just had dinner, I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly I went back to the little stand near the ball room and purchased several of the wonderful woman who sold refreshments. Then returning to the seat by the rocks, I gave up all cause for fear for my incognito, and revelled in the pleasures of solitude—the fragrance of my cigar—the moonlight—and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there, heaven knows. We talked, and laughed, and sang, and looked into each other's eyes, and told fortunes, and performed all the nonsensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love with each other, and might have remained there till the month of August, in the year of our our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, for aught I know, had not the carriage been sent to convey us home and the rest of the company began to wonder where we were.

This wonder begat questions, the questions fears, and fears search, headed by the valiant Bimby. They called, and looked, and listened, but our position, down in the sheltered nook among the rocks prevented them from hearing us or we them.

At length they hit upon our path, and all came along in single file, until they got to the open space above.

Then they saw a sight.

I was spread out in a free and easy position, my bonnet off, and my hair somewhat towzled up. One foot rested on the ground, and the other on a rock, about level with my head, (regardless of ankles this time,) and there I sat in a very unlady-like manner.

Jennie was sitting close beside me with her head almost on my shoulder, and her small waist encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above, I laughed out in a loud muscular voice—

"Just to think of poor what's his name there, Bimby! Suppose he knew he was making love to a man."

"Hush!" cried Jennie. "Look! there he is—and oh, my gracious! the whole company!"

"Yes, we are fairly caught." It was of no use for me to clap on my bonnet and assume my falsetto again—they had all seen too much for that. Besides, by this time, Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless "one flesh," and my disguise was of no further importance, so I owned up and told the story.

Lawyer Bimby was in rage. He vowed to kill me, and even squared off, but the rest of the party laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that we should waltz it out together, that he literally cooled, and slunk away to take some private conveyance to D——.

Bob Styles and I are living in a double house together. He often says he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he doesn't feel under any obligations to me, for I owe my wife to the same thing.

N. B—My wife's name is Jennie.

The Brother of Topsy.—During the last winter, a "contraband" came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

"What's your name?"

"My name's Sam."

"Sam what?"

"No, sah; not Sam Watt. I's jist *Sam*."

"What's your other name?"

"I hain't got no oder name, sah. I'se Sam—that's all."

"What's your master's name?"

"I'se got no massa now; massa runned away—yah! yah! I'se a free nigger now."

"Well, what's your father and mother's name."

"I'se got none, sah—neber had none. I'se jist Sam—ain't nobody else."

"Haven't you any brothers or sisters?"

"No, sah, neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no mudder, no massa—nothing but Sam. *When you see Sam you see all der is of us.*"

A Boy's Prayer.—A Presbyterian clergyman in northern New York had two smart boys, just old enough to have inquiring minds, but not to discern the reason of things. They were taught to pray, and the efficiency and need of prayer was daily impressed upon them. Both had a patch of "tucket" or "pop" corn in the garden, and the growing blades were watched with intense interest, a small reward being held out to stimulate their industry. One day, the father walking near the patch, heard the voice of the youngest solemnly engaged in prayer, and drawing near listened to the following petition: "O Lord, make my corn grow great big corn, but make brother Sam's grow all little nubbins!"

Hotel Prices in Washington.—Artemus Ward says he went to Washington and put up at a leading hotel where, seeing the landlord, he accosted him with—"How'd ye do, Squire?"

"Fifty cents, sir," was the reply.

"Half a dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for looking at the landlord, and fifty cents for speaking to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you the dining-room for twenty-five cents. Your room being on the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much do you ax a man for breathin' in this equinomikal tavern?" said I.

"Ten cents a breath," was his reply.

By Way Authority.—We have received a letter to-day postmarked "Louisville, Ky., Feb. 18," and marked on the left hand, "Inspected, J. S. P." The contents were some harmless verses on "First Love." We hope the Inspector was gratified and edified.—*N. Y. Express.*

A Very Great Rascal.—Two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Thomas Jones, were fond of popping into Mr. Smith's parlor and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary. One evening, when Brown was there, and he and Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly in his sweet tones, struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home, with all its ease and comforts, and emigrate to the far West with a young lawyer, who had but little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him search out a home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify and make delightful and happy, like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she whispered:

"I think I could, Archy."

"Well," said he, "there's Tom Jones, who's going to emigrate, and wants to get a wife; I'll mention it to him."

An Irishman went into the grocery store of Mr. C——, and after looking around, remarked that he wanted something he hardly knew what, but believed he would have some crackers. They were done up, he took them, held them a minute, and then said:

"Come to think, I am more dry than hungry, and would like it if you would take the crackers back and let me have a bottle of beer."

The exchange was made, and Paddy started, when Mr. C—— called him back, telling him he had not paid for the beer.

"Why, yes," retorted Paddy, "I gave you the crackers for the beer."

"But you have not paid for the crackers."

"Well," said he, "and haven't you got the crackers?"

He left Mr. C—— to study it out at his leisure.

The English people are refined and cultivated, and boast of it. Yet at a fair recently there was exhibited publicly a being in human shape, wearing only the savage garb around his waist, who devoured rats for John Bull's delight and edification. A dozen were brought to him alive. He seized one after another in his hand, and placing its head between his teeth, with a sickening crash of the skull, instantly killed it, and devoured the whole in a little over a minute. Only three or four tails were left when he had finished his meal.

The Mayor of the city of McGregor, Iowa, was married last week. The people of the city honored the event by suspending business; the military turned out, headed by a cornet band, and the town went on a general "bust." When the bridal party left home it was under the escort of the military, who opened an artillery fire as the Mayor and his bride started across the Mississippi for an eastward trip.

Distorval.—At the recent election in Maryland, one gentleman who had taken the oath and answered satisfactorily other questions, was at last asked if the two armies were engaged in battle, which would he desire to be victorious? He answered, "That which was right in the sight of God;" and this reply was deemed sufficient to establish his disloyalty, and his vote was rejected.

A correspondent of the Newburgh (N. Y.) *Journal*, of the 11th inst., says he saw in that village, on that day, the widow and two children of a soldier who had died while bravely battling for his country, turned into the street by her landlord for want of a month's rent on the day it was due—and one of the children too sick to raise its head from the pillow!

The Richmond newspapers (which are only half sheets) are sold at fifty cents each. The carriers pay thirty dollars per hundred, and deliver them to subscribers at two dollars and fifty cents per week. The editors intimate that the prices must soon be raised again, in consequence of an increased cost and scarcity of paper.

The Secretary of War recently received through the mail a letter containing four large pills. There was nothing in the letter to indicate who the donor of the gift was. Perhaps if he had swallowed them he might have thrown up his position.—Why didn't he?

A gentleman whose father had been hanged was accustomed to say of him—"He died suddenly, upon a platform, at a large public meeting."

Agents for the Observer.—We have selected the following persons as agents for the Observer in their respective localities. They are authorized to collect bills for subscription, advertising and job work due this office, and receipt for the same. Parties who know themselves indebted to the office will much oblige us by calling upon these gentlemen and making immediate payment:

Fairview,	Amos Stone.
Girard,	Capt. D. W. Hutchinson.
Lockport,	J. C. Cauffman.
Albion,	C. E. Lincoln.
Waterford,	W. C. White.
Corry,	Amos Heath.
North East,	B. A. Tabor.
Youngsville,	Capt. G. J. Whitney.