rie Weekly Observer:

n Rosenzweig's Block, (up stairs,)
W Corner State St. and Park.

ription.—Single copies, paid in advance; if not paid until the end of the . Five copies sent to one address, $10; , $20.

subscription accounts must be settled No paper will be sent to any person sponsibility is not known, unless the paid in advance.

ising.—The following are our advers, which will be strictly adhered to. the length of advertisements, an considered a square. Anything over is rated as a full square:

ons	1 sq.	2 sq.	3 sq.	4 sq.	¼ c.	½ c.	1 c.
	1.00	1.75	2.25	2.75	5.00	7.00	12.00
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	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	8.50	15.00	25.00
eks	2.50	3.75	4.50	6.00	10.00	18.00	30.00
	2.75	5.50	7.00	8.50	16.00	25.00	45.00
ths	5.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	20.00	40.00	60.00
nths	8.00	12.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00	85.00
hs	12.00	20.00	30.00	35.00	50.00	80.00	130.00

s and Administrators' Notices $3 ditors' and Estray Notices $2 each; Notices, set in Leaded Nonpariel, and before Marriages and Deaths, 25 per addition to regular rates; Local Notices, by the parties, 15 cents per line, of ten first insertion, 12 cents per line for second, cents for each subsequent insertion; Notices 25 cents per line; Marents; Deaths 25 cents each. Advers inserted every other week, two-thirds Persons handing in advertisements e the period they wish them publerwise they will be continued until at the expense of the advertisers.

inting.—We have one of the best Jobs in the country, and are prepared to of work, in large or small orders, at prices, and in as good style, as any in the country.

munications should be addressed to

BENJ'N WHITMAN,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Notices.

WARD HOUSE,

street, Union Mills, Erie County, Pa., d, Proprietor. tf.

E. CAMPHAUSEN,

the Peace, Farrar Hall Building, oc6'61-tf.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,

at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. and other business attended to with ness and dispatch.

SPENCER. SELDEN MARVIN.

& Marvin, Attorneys and Counsellors gills Paragon Block, near North West the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

E. PHILO BENNETT,

of the Peace. Office, second floor, Block, French street, between Fifth and

---

EAGLE HOTEL,

ford, Pa., Robert Leslie, Proprietor. commodations and careful attention the comfort of guests. aug6'65.

BRAWLEY & BALL,

s in Pine, Whitewood, Cherry, Ash, and Oak Lumber, Lath and Shingles, ate street, North of R. R. Depot, Erie, my2-tf.

WHILLDIN & DARLING,

ans and Surgeons. Office, 606 Peach northwest corner of Sixth. Office open night. Dr. Whilldin's residence 914 street, between Ninth and Tenth streets.

GEO. W. GUNNISON,

at Law, and Justice of the Peace, and Claim Agent, Conveyancer and office in Rindernecht's block, southof Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa.

M. D. OSBORNE'S

and Sale Stable, on Eighth street, beand French. Fine horses and carlet on reasonable terms. my28'64.

A. KING,

Brewer and Dealer in Hops, Barley, Lager, &c. Proprietor of Ale and Breweries and Malt Warehouses, Erie, jy12'66-tf.

W. E. MAGILL,

Office in Rosenzweig's Block, north Park, Erie, Pa.

H Y. PICKERING, D. D. S.,

office, French street, second story Block, near the corner of the Reed oct18.

SKINSON, WILLIAMS & CO.,

rs to George J. Morton, Commission s, and Wholesale Dealers in Coal. N. Y. & E. and People's Line of Steam-Public Dock, Erie, Pa. ja4'65.

FRANK WINCHELL & CO.,

and Commission Merchants, and Real Agents, 82 State street (corner Ninth;) Advances made on consignments.

WINCHELL. W. S. BROWN.

WM. MARKS,

and Clothes Cleaner, Union Block, Bennett's office. Clothes made, cleanpaired on short notice. Terms as reasany. mr22.

SPENCER. ROGER SHERMAN.

SPENCER & SHERMAN,

neys at Law, Franklin, Pa. Office in uilding, Liberty street. Pithole City, over Kemp's Bank, Holmden street. ns promptly made in all parts of the ja12.

NOBLE, BROWN & CO.,

sale dealers in hard and soft coal, Erie, aving disposed of our dock property to named firm, we necessarily retire from trade, recommending our successors as worthy of the confidence and patronour old friends and the public.

SCOTT, RANKIN & CO.

JAMES LYTLE,

eable Tailor, Fifth street, between State Erie, Pa. Custom Work, Repairing attended to promptly. ap19'66-tf.

VERY AND BOARDING STABLE,

of French and Seventh streets, Erie, Johnson proprietors. Good horses rriages always on hand at moderate jy12-tf.

CHAPIN & BARRETT,

ans and Surgeons. Office No. 10 Noble Office open day and night. Dr. Barrett's No. 334 West 5th St. my16'67-ly

---

BENNETT HOUSE,

Mills, Erie Co., Pa., George Tabor, tor. Good accommodations and moderges. my9'67-tf.

GEO. C. BENNETT, M. D.,

an and Surgeon. Office, East Park St., verstick's flour store,—boards at the resof C. W. Kelso, 2d door south of the M. ch, on Sassafras street. Office hours m. until 2 p. m. my10'66-tf.

E. J. FRASER, M. D.,

pathic Physician and Surgeon. Office sidence 628 Peach St., opposite the Park office hours from 10 to 12 a. m., 3 to 5 p. 7 to 8 p. m.

JOHN H. MILLAR,

Engineer and Surveyor. Residence corth street and East Avenue, East Erie.

IE CITY INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

tions furnished for girls of all descripor private families, at short notice. Chambers, Nurses, Housekeepers, Seamstresses, s and Mechanics of all kinds. Also, Hoarding Houses and Private Families supwith servants of all kinds at short notice. forget to call at this office, No. 1232 State Erie, Pa. J. F. CROSS.

NEW STORE.

Cronenberger, at the new brick store, Village, has on hand a large assortment ceries, Provisions, Wood and Willow Wines, Liquors, Segars, &c., to which he fully calls the attention of the public, that he can offer as good bargains as had in any part of Erie county.

REAL ESTATE,

fe & Fire Insurance!

No. 817 State street, Erie, Pa.

Z. SMITH, Agent.

MUSIC STORE!

NOS, ORGANS AND MELODEONS!

RICES VERY LOW FOR CASH!

ry Instrument warranted for five years.

Z. SMITH, 815 State Street,
Erie, Pa.

-67-tf.

OFFEE AND SPICE MILL.

dersigned has established a manufactory for the

oasting and Grinding of Coffee,

and the

GRINDING OF SPICES,

will furnish these articles to grocers and others, both at

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

lower prices than can be obtained at any er establishment in Erie, and give a better icle. He also keeps on hand for sale at retail, cheap,

CHOCOLATE, TEA, MUSTARD,

most other articles in the line of condinals and sauce.

actory at 1211 Peach Street,

Between 12th and 13th Sts., Erie, Pa.

my9-3m.

J. W. BRIGDEN.

HORSE BLANKETS!

Selling at Reduced Rates, by

dec13-tf.

J. C. SELDEN

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

VOL. 38. ERIE, PA., THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 6, 1867. NO. 2.

Groceries, Produce, Fruit, &c.

GROCERY, FRUIT,

AND

Confectionery Depot!

No. 8 South Park Place, Erie, Pa.

HORACE L. WHITE

Has purchased the stock and lease of the above stand and proposes to keep the most complete stock of goods in this line ever offered in Erie. The public can hereafter rely upon finding a full assortment of

Groceries, Home and Foreign Fruits,
VEGETABLES, EGGS,
AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,
CONFECTIONERIES, &C., &C.

Give me a call and see what I can do for you.

apr25'67-tf. H. L. WHITE.

FAMILY SUPPLY STORE,

Nos. 23 & 24 West Park, (Beatty's Block,)
ERIE, PA.

HEARN, CHRISTIAN & CRAIG,
Wholesale and Retail
GROCERS!
And dealers in
COUNTRY PRODUCE, FLOUR, FISH,
PORK, DRIED AND SEALED FRUITS,
Wooden and Willow Ware, Tobacco, Segars, &c., &c. The best qualities of
PAINTS AND OILS!
Agents for the Cleveland
RIFLE, MINING AND BLASTING POWDER.

A choice and fresh stock always kept on hand, which will be sold at the lowest figures.

We pledge ourselves not to be undersold, and invite all to give us a call.

☞ The highest price paid for country produce. ma17'66-tf.

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

Groceries Retailed at Wholesale Prices!

JOHNSTON & BREVILLIER,

The well known Wholesale Grocers of 513 French street, have opened a

RETAIL BRANCH STORE,
AT
728 STATE STREET,

Three doors north from Eighth, where they will keep on hand a large supply of

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE, ETC.,
Which will be sold to
CASH CUSTOMERS,
AT
WHOLESALE PRICES!

Being enabled, as Jobbers, to buy our Goods at much lower figures than retail dealers, we propose to give our customers the benefit of such advantage, and invite the attention of all those who wish to save money in buying groceries, to our large and well selected stock.

Goods delivered, free of charge, to any part of the city. my16-tf.

NEW GROCERY STORE!

SIEGEL & FRIDAY,
Dealers in
GROCERIES, FRUITS & PROVISIONS,
COUNTRY PRODUCE,
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
VEGETABLES,
SHIP CHANDLERY, &C.,
502 STATE ST., CORNER FIFTH;
ERIE, PENN'A.

C. SIEGEL,
Late of the firm of Siegel & Scott.
G. F. FRIDAY. apr13'67-tf.

New Grocery Store.

THOMAS BRYAN. HENRY J. M'GIVERIN.

BRYAN & McGIVERIN,

Have opened a new Grocery Store, at the stand lately occupied by J. Evans, Jr.,

NO. 505 FRENCH STREET, WAYNE BLOCK,
(Next to McConkey & Shannon's,)

Where they will keep on hand a complete stock of everything in their line of trade, including

GROCERIES, PRODUCE,
WOOD, WILLOW & CROCKERY WARE, &C.,
All of which will be sold at
The Lowest Market Price.

The public are invited to call and examine our stock. We pledge ourselves not to be undersold by anybody. apr4-3m.

CHEAP GOODS!

Wholesale and Retail
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE,
WINES AND LIQUORS.

F. SCHLAUDECKER,

Successor to F. & M. Schlaudecker, is now receiving a splendid assortment of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES,
Liquors, Willow, Wooden and Stone Ware, Fruits, Nuts, &c. A large stock of
TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
Call and see us, at the
Grocery Headquarters,
American Block, State St., Erie, Pa.

my9'67-tf. F. SCHLAUDECKER.

WHY IS IT THAT A. MINNIG,

Corner of 8th and State Sts.,

Is selling goods so much cheaper than others? For the reason that he TRUSTS NO ONE, consequently has no bad debts. To convince people that he means what he says, he offers a

Reward of One Hundred Dollars!

To any man who can get goods at his store on credit, no difference whether he be rich or poor.

10 Pounds Sugar for One Dollar—10 Bars Chemical Soap for One Dollar,

And other goods in like proportion.

☞ Read the bulletin board in front of the store.

my9'67-tf. A. MINNIG.

HEARN, CHRISTIAN & CRAIG,

The Place to buy
CHEAP FAMILY GROCERIES!

Such as Teas, Coffee, Chocolate, Baker's Broma, Corn Starch, Farina, Sago, Tapioca, Pearl Barley, Rice Flour, Rice, Baking Powder, Cream Tartar, Split Peas, Cracked Peas, Capers, Spanish Olives, Self Raising Flour, Family Flour, Corn Meal, Oat Meal, all kinds of Sauce, Sardines, Raisins, Pickles, Currants, Figs, and, in fact, everything belonging to a First Class Family Store. aug23-tf.

Dry Goods.

WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS STORE,

423 STATE STREET, ERIE, PA.

Southard & McCord,
JOBBERS IN
DRY GOODS!
NOTIONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, &C.

Our stock is the largest ever brought to the city, consisting of

PRINTS, DELAINES, SILKS, CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
BLEACHED & BROWN SHEETINGS,

A complete assortment of Dress Goods, every kind of article in the Notion Line, and, in short, a general assortment of everything needed by Country dealers.

TO BE SOLD AT
NEW YORK PRICES!

Country Dealers are invited to give us a call. We do a strictly wholesale trade, and propose selling at such prices as will make it to the advantage of merchants in this section to deal in Erie, instead of sending East for their goods.

H. S. SOUTHARD. J. M'CORD.
my21-tf.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED

Carpet & Dry Goods House

IN N. W. PENNSYLVANIA.

A complete stock of Sheetings, Prints, Linens, Cloths, Sackings, Flannels, Irish and French Poplins, Mohairs, Alpacas, Delaines, &c. Also,

WHITE GOODS, HOSIERY,
GLOVES AND NOTIONS,

Call and get prices before purchasing.

WARNER BROS.,
apr3'67-1y. No. 506, Marble Front, State St.

---

512 STATE STREET.

Dry Goods! Dry Goods!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!

The largest and best stock of
BROWN AND BLEACHED SHEETINGS,
PRINTS, FLANNELS, LINENS,
Cloths, Cloakings, DeLaines, Alpacas, Leons, Mohairs, Silks, Black and Colored, Thibit, Cashmere, Silk, Brocha and Paisley Shawls, White Goods, Hosiery, Notions, &c., &c.

Goods marked down to meet the market. No trouble to show goods. Call and examine.

my25'67-1y. ROSENZWEIG & BRO.

FURNISHING STORE!

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

A variety of Children's Plain and Fancy
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
Ladies' Ready-Made Underclothing. A variety of Gents' Furnishing Goods!

All of which will be kept on hand, and also made to order. Our goods are all manufactured by ourselves.

Stamping, Stitching, Fluting and Braiding done at the shortest notice. Also, a large variety of the latest style Patterns for ladies' and children's garments. All orders will be promptly attended to. JOHN FERRICK,
ap10-1y. French St., between 4th and 5th.

Furniture & Undertaking.

J. H. RIBLET. J. NECE. JOS. A. STERRETT.

J. H. RIBLET & CO.,

NO. 818 STATE STREET, ERIE, PA.,
Manufacturers and dealers in
Furniture of Every Description!
INCLUDING
Parlor, Dining Room and Bed Room Sets, Office, School and Hotel Sets, and every article in the line.

Our Manufactory is located on Eighth street and the Canal, and our Ware Rooms at 818 State street. In the latter place we keep a larger supply of furniture than can be found anywhere else in Erie, all our own manufacture, gotten up with particular care for custom trade, made of the best material and after the most approved style and manner. Particular attention is directed to our

UPHOLSTERED GOODS!

Of which we can make a better article than can be purchased at any of the attractive warehouses in the East, and which we guarantee to be First Class in every particular. Full sets gotten up in Walnut, Rose Wood or any other desirable material, covered with the best goods manufactured for the purpose. Our assortment of Furniture in this line is so complete that every customer can be suited at first examination.

UNDERTAKING.

We have commenced the business of Undertaking with the best equipment ever introduced in Erie, and with two excellent hearses, one of which is as fine as any in the State, are enabled to attend to funeral orders with the utmost facility and satisfaction. Our stock of Coffins and Burial Cases, Trimmings, &c., is full in every particular, and we are satisfied that we can fill every order promptly and satisfactorily, in the city or county.

my25'67-tf. J. H. RIBLET & CO.

NOTICE.

HAVING sold our entire stock of Furniture to J. W. Ayres, we hereby thank the community for their liberal patronage to us, hoping they will extend the same to him. We will devote our time hereafter to the

UNDERTAKING BUSINESS!

With the consent of J. W. Ayres we still hold our office in the same old place, 715 State street, where will be found at all times ready to attend to the wants of the community in our line of trade.

Ready Made Coffins!

Trimmed to order. Metallic and Iron Burial Cases, of all styles and sizes, on hand; also, Shroud and Coffin Trimmings. Undertakers will find it to their advantage to buy them of us, as we cannot be undersold west of New York.

apr25'67-1y. MOORE & RIBLET.

Miscellaneous.

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

Revolution in the Boot and Shoe Trade!

Notice is hereby given that after April 5th, 1867, the entire stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &C.,

Manufactured by and in store at the establishment of J. Eichenlaub & Co., 628 State street, and which for quality and finish cannot be surpassed in this market, will be sold by them to individual customers at wholesale. This plan of operations is to be permanent, and the manufactory is to be still further enlarged by the addition of new buildings and improved machinery.

J. Eichenlaub & Co., State St.,

Not being countenanced by the retail dealers in this section, because they will not abandon their extensive retail trade, have resolved to hereafter sell their stock by

RETAIL, SINGLE PAIR,

To all who choose to patronize them. Every pair of Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c., of their immense assortment will be offered at

WHOLESALE PRICES,

Thus saving to the retail customer the entire profit which he will be obliged, as heretofore, to pay at all other establishments.

TO ALL WHO CHOOSE TO BUY

We make this very liberal offer, proposing to permanently establish the system. The acknowledged superiority of our goods, manufactured under our especial care, will be maintained, and we are preparing large additions to our manufacturing facilities. We invite an inspection and comparison of our stock, and wish all to bear in mind the fact that by purchasing of us they save the profit made by the retail dealer. Call and be convinced.

J. EICHENLAUB & CO.,
april'67-tf. 628 State St., Erie, Pa.

F. A. WEBER & CO.,

DEALERS IN
Country Produce, Groceries, Provisions,
WINES, LIQUORS, SEGARS,
Tobacco, Crockery Ware, Fruits, Nuts, &c.,
No. 814 State Street,
West side, between 8th and 9th Streets, Erie, Pa.

Cash paid for country produce.

F. A. WEBER. my23-tf. W. ERHART.

HEARN, CHRISTIAN & CRAIG,

Have just received a fresh lot of
PAINTS, OILS, BOILED LINSEED OIL
SPERM AND LARD OIL.

Special Notices.

A Card to the Ladies.—

DR. DUPONCO'S
GOLDEN PERIODICAL PILLS,
FOR FEMALES.

In Correcting Irregularities, Removing Obstructions of the Monthly Turns, from whatever cause, and always successful as a preventative.

ONE BOX IS SUFFICIENT

In removing obstruction and restoring nature to its proper channel, quieting the nerves and bringing back the "rosy color of health" to the cheek of the most delicate.

Full and explicit directions accompany each box.

Price $1 per box, six boxes $5. Sold by one druggist in every town, village, city and hamlet throughout the world. Sold in Erie by J. B. CARVER & CO., druggists, sole agents for the city.

Ladies by sending them $1 through the Post Office, can have the pills sent (confidentially) by mail to any part of the country, free of postage.

S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
my9'67-1y. New York.

To Consumptives.—The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung Affections. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be valuable, and he hopes every sufferer will try this remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription FREE, by return mail, will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings Co.,
my16'67-1y. New York.

Prepared Oil of Palm and Mace.—

For preparing, restoring and beautifying the Hair, and is the most delightful and wonderful article the world ever produced.

Ladies will find it not only a certain remedy to restore, darken and beautify the hair, but also a desirable article for the toilet, as it is highly perfumed with a rich and delicate perfume, *independent of the fragrant odor of the oils of* palm and mace.

THE MARVEL OF PERU.

A new and beautiful perfume, which in delicacy of scent, and the tenacity with which it clings to the handkerchief and person is unequalled.

The above articles are for sale by all druggists and perfumers at $1 per bottle each. Sent by express to any address by the proprietors.

T. W. WRIGHT & CO., 100 Liberty St.,
oct18-1y. New York.

Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu—Is a certain cure for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Organic Weakness, Female Complaints, General Debility and all diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in male or *female, from whatever cause originating*, and no matter of how long standing.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a diuretic. If no treatment is submitted to Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our Flesh and Blood are *supported from these sources*, and the health and happiness, and that of posterity, depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy. Helmbold's Extract Buchu, established upwards of 18 years, prepared by

H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist,
594 Broadway, New York, and 104 South 10th Street, Philadelphia. mr14'67-1y.

Errors of Youth.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, *send free to all who need it*, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN,
my16'67-1y. 42 Cedar St., New York.

Marriage and Celibacy and the Happiness of True Manhood.—An essay for young men on the crime of Solitude, and the Physical Errors, Abuses and diseases which create impediments to MARRIAGE, with sure means of relief. Sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, Philadelphia, Pa.
jan17'67-1y.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu and Improved Rose Wash cures secret and delicate disorders, in all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience and no exposure. It is pleasant in taste and odor, immediate in action and free from all injurious properties. mr14'67-1y.

Take no more unpleasant and unsafe Remedies for unpleasant and dangerous diseases. Use Helmbold's Extract Buchu and Improved Rose Wash. mr14'67-1y.

The Glory of Man is Strength.—Therefore the Nervous and Debilitated should immediately use Helmbold's Extract Buchu. mr14'67-1y.

Shattered Constitutions restored by Helmbold's Extract Buchu. mr14'67-1y.

Hats, Caps, &c.

A Frightful Outrage!

Has been committed upon people who, in good faith, have paid their money for what they supposed was an equivalent. But the

1,001 PERSONS!

Who have been

VICTIMIZED!

Didn't buy their HATS and CAPS of

WILSON, THE HATTER,

Had they done so, they would have had no occasion to complain, as he guarantees to furnish as GOOD goods as the market affords, at prices with which none can compete. All

Among the Number!!

Of his friends and patrons are cordially invited to give him a call as often as their needs justify, where they will be kindly received and well treated by

J. E. WILSON,
At the "Big Hat" Store, 23 Park Row, Erie, Pa.
my16-tf.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS,
JEWELRY, SILVER WARE,
And a great variety of
FANCY GOODS,
AT AUSTIN'S,
Paragon Building, 28 N. Park Place, Erie,
Next door to Merchant's Union Express Co.

A stock of $20,000 worth of elegant and fashionable goods will be offered, for the next three months, at a very great reduction in price.

The stock is all new and purchased at lower rates of gold than now, and determined to avoid losses in future, small profits and cash transactions shall benefit alike customer and dealer.

Thirty years established in Erie, in the same business, may be some guarantee that no great amount of misrepresentation will be employed, but just enough Old Fogy and Young America spirit to warrant safe transactions and good bargains.

SILVER SPOONS OF COIN SILVER,

For sale or made to order. Watches and all kinds of time keepers and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted. Give me a call.

my2'67-tf. T. M. AUSTIN.

GEO. C. DUNN,

Formerly of the firm of Chambers & Dunn, would respectfully inform his old customers and the public generally that he has purchased

PRATT'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

Paragon Building, over Austin's Jewelry Store, where he is prepared to make all kinds and sizes of pictures in the most approved style.

Prices always reasonable. apr4-3m.

HEARN, CHRISTIAN & CRAIG,
Have just received from New York a
FRESH LOT OF COFFEE AND SPICE!
Also received from New York
One hundred kits No. 1 Shore Family Mackerel,
and the genuine Cod Fish.
aug23-tf.

The Erie Observer.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6TH, 1867.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

When Freedom from her mountain height,
  Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
  The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
  And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
  Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
  To where the sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
  Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
  Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
  Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
  Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
  Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
  Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
  Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
  By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in Heaven.
  Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
  With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

I am old now. The gray indications of age surround my wrinkled brow and decrepit form. At times I am peevish and fretful, bewailing my lot, and wishing that my days were ended; then a sweet reminiscence of the past sweeps over me, and inspires me with reverence. Though I am an old maid, there are things connected with my life which afford me pleasure to contemplate.

At the age of eighteen I was left an orphan. My mother died when I was quite young; my poor father lingered a few short years, then, like the fragile flower, withered and died. Falling heir to my father's immense fortune, I was flattered, courted, and admired, by people of the world—not for myself alone, but for my wealth. Well, I knew that if I were destitute of that which has power to attract thousands; my friends would be few. I soon became restless, weary, and tired of those empty flatteries.

At length the tortured brain hit upon a wild scheme, which I determined to carry out, spite the expectations of my maid.

Anastase, my waiting maid, had relatives residing in a proportionately large village, some six miles from W——, and there I determined to execute my project. It was a radiantly beautiful morning in the month of May. The sweet carol of birds, and the delicious perfume of the flowers, seemed to add a balm to my aching heart, and revive my drooping spirit. I was not a philanthropist; but on that beautiful morning I felt that there were others beside myself, and that the Creator had not designed this terrestial universe for me alone to enjoy. All I now desired was a true and trusting friend, one whom I could love, and whose faithfulness the adversities of life could not shake.

My maid and I stood upon the portico, literally surrounded by trunks, boxes and bundles, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the rustic, lumbering stage coach. I was completely metamorphosed, having substituted the plain, comely traveling dress for my usually rich apparel. No jewelry adorned my person; it was my object to appear as one in ordinary circumstances. At an abrupt curve in the road a cloud of dust revealed to my anxious eyes the wished-for conveyance. With the aid of the porter and coachman, our trunks, &c., were deposited on the top; and, with a brief farewell to those at the house, we were rolling toward our new home.

This caprice of mine was, indeed, remarkably novel. I, the wealthy Anna D'Haven, daughter and heir of Captain D'Haven, U. S. N., riding in a country stage coach; destination—an old farm house, where, in order to find some one to love me, independent of gold as a dowry. I had assumed a fictitious name and become a plain country lass. What would some of my aristocratic friends say? First, the old time-worn barn, then a cluster of freshly painted comfortable cottages revealed our wished-for destination. It was the "dawn of a new era" to me.

"Miss Howard, I believe," said a portly old gentleman, advancing to where my maid and I stood.

It was Anastase's uncle. He had come to meet us, with the wagon.

"I am she," I answered, slightly bowing, and, as I gazed upon his round, genial face, a feeling of friendship was awakened in my bosom, which I had never before experienced.

I cannot describe my state of mind as I rode through that country village. I was almost tempted to forego my original intention. How humiliating it would be, were it made public, I thought. My name would be a by-word to gossips. My reverie was brought to a close by the termination of our journey.

"This, then, is to be my temporary home," said I, looking at the old, antique-looking house looming up from among large and shady willows.

I was introduced to the inmates, and then Mrs. Williams (a kind, gentle matron of two score and ten—one whom I shall always remember with a feeling akin to awe,) accompanied me to my room. After expressing many wishes and apologies, she said:

"My dear Anna—for such I must call you—you must make yourself perfectly at home. Our mode of living is not grand, but we will do all in our power to make you comfortable."

"Thank you," I replied, "I shall endeavor to do so. I am perfectly entranced with your rural home. It is so different from what I pictured it. Everything is so homelike—so inviting."

I had been in my new home two months—months of bliss to me—and what changes were wrought in those two months? I met him—Eugene St. Clair. Tall, dark and handsome. I fail to describe him. He remains an incognito to this day. He seemed too and distant to all but me. I met him, and loved him—loved him as mortal seldom loves. One night, as we stood upon the lawn facing the lake, the crescent moon shone full upon us, and nothing disturbed the stillness but the gentle rippling of the water. His hat he held in one hand, the other clasped mine. He was gazing dreamingly into my eyes. I could not speak. I was silently happy.

"Anna," he said, in his low, harmonious voice, which sounded like music to my ear—"Anna, will you be my wife? Will you link your destiny with that of a gambler?"

"A gambler!" I gasped, disengaging myself from him, and gazing with terror into his pallid face.

"A gambler I have been, but I have renounced that hellish life. I mean to reform, to make myself worthy of the name I bear; and all for you, because I love you. It was not my choice, Heaven knows 'twas not! I was driven to it. I was a spendthrift; became dissipated and reckless. My father twice threatened to discard me. I did not heed his threat. I became involved in debt; appealed to my father, promising to reform, but he ordered me from the house. There was only one resource left, and that I adopted, I became a gambler."

He buried his head in his hands and wept. I could not articulate a word. I seemed petrified. Objects began to grow dim around me. I staggered, and would have fallen had he not caught me in his arms. I left the spot the affianced bride of Eugene St. Clair.

I was happy and sorrowful alternately, happy in the belief that Eugene loved me, yet apprehensive of the future.

We were to be married in three weeks. I did not know his reason for a hasty, quiet marriage. I did not inquire. Whatever Eugene desired, I willingly assented to. I had implicit faith in his love.

"Anna, I am compelled to leave you for a short time. I have business—business of vital importance—which I must immediately transact; but I shall not be long absent."

I felt piqued at his not telling me the nature of his business; but with a single smile I bade him God-speed. He lifted my hand to his lips, and passionately imprinted kisses upon it.

As his form passed from view, there came a thought to my frivolous mind—a thought which was destined to blast my bright hopes and visions. I asked myself: Why not start for home, and write to Eugene, asking him to join me. It would be such a surprise—such a pleasant surprise—to see him enter my mansion—stare in bewilderment, and gaze upon his wealthy affianced with wonder. I thought 'twould be delightful. Accordingly I had my trunks packed, so as to be able to start on the morrow.

"Mrs. Williams, this evening will terminate my stay under your hospitable roof; an occurrence which I regret most exceedingly. I shall always remember the happy days I have spent here, and with tears recall those bright faces at the old stone farm-house."

We were sitting on the porch, enjoying the refreshing breeze from the lake. I noticed the crest fallen look on their faces as I spoke of departing. I, too, experienced a poignant pang of regret at leaving such kind and sympathizing friends. The kind old lady turned her beaming face full upon me, and in a voice husky with emotion, said:

"Anna, I take as much interest in your welfare as I would in my child's. What I tell you is for your own good—you must take no offense. We are about to part—your path leads one way—mine another; perhaps we shall never meet again, in this world. If we should not, remember what I tell you. You are about to marry a man of the world, who, I have no doubt, loves you; but whose reputation was so very bad, he was at one time reckless, dissipated, and is even now reported to have been a—a gambler."

"I learned that from his own lips," I replied, rather haughtily.

"Yes, my child; but you do not know the danger into which you are precipitating yourself. I would like to warn you before it is too late; but—"

"Heaven and earth could not move me in my resolve. I have as much faith in that man as I had in my father; and were he to prove false, I would not condemn, but pity him."

She made no answer.

But that evening, as I bade her "good night," she fondly drew me to her, and fervently pronounced a blessing.

The morning dawned radiant and beautiful. Mrs. Williams greeted me with a merry "good morning," inquired after my health, and invited me to partake of a frugal meal she had prepared for me. Then came the final leave-taking, and in a short time I was on my homeward journey.

I found everything as I had left it at home. The servants were somewhat surprised at my unlooked for arrival. I left Anastase to make all explanations, and sought my room. I immediately changed my dusty garments for more suitable apparel, and proceeded to write to my future husband. In it I stated that I wished to see him concerning material matters—gave him the necessary directions—wrote his address on the envelope, and placed the note in my writing desk, intending to send it on the morrow. It had again become cloudy, and toward evening the rain descended in torrents. The hoarse roaring of the thunder, and the dull pattering of the rain, did not sound discordant to my ear. I liked it. It agreed with my turbulent state of mind.

I had just finished a book in which I was deeply interested. The clock tolled the hour of eleven. I started, rubbed my eyes, and threw my book on the table. Time flies on rapid wings, I thought, and made preparations to retire. I lay listening to the rain beating against my window, thinking of my all-absorbing and only love—thinking of the time when he would place his arms about me, and call me his little wife. And I, too, was performing a good action. I was rescuing from the jaws of an untimely grave—from the yawning gulf of perpetual perdition, one of God's creatures—one for whom I would have willingly sacrificed my life. The clock struck twelve, I turned myself on my pillow, and tried to compose my mind for sleep. I had sunk into a sweet, dreamy slumber, when I was awakened by a slight noise in the direction of the window. A noise too loud to be caused by the rain, and too low, I thought, to be made by a human being. I raised myself in bed, and peered through the darkness. The light which I generally kept burning flickered dimly, casting vague shadows here and there.

Intent on learning the cause of the noise which disturbed me, I quickly arose and approached the window. At that instant a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the room, and revealed to me the window, partly raised. For a moment I stood irresolute, caused by the reflection that, perhaps, burglars had attempted to gain an entrance to the house. The raised window convinced me that danger was imminent, for I had securely closed it before retiring. Before his death, my father had presented me with a small pistol, and this weapon I always kept under my pillow. In an instant more I was by the bedside, and had the pistol in my hand. I gazed again toward the window; but oh! horror! before it stood a man, masked, and holding in his hand a large poignard.

I tried to cry out, but my voice failed me. The next instant I was rudely seized by the throat, and a hoarse voice hissed in my ear:

"One word, and you die!"

I was frantic with fear. I clenched my pistol, leveled and fired. His hold relaxed, he staggered, and fell. I tore the mask from his face. A flash of lightning revealed the features of Eugene St. Clair. The clock tolled one.

My story is told. I feel relieved of a heavy burden.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams are dead, and I occupy the old stone farm-house. There, near the grave of Eugene, I pass my days. He tried to rob the rich Anna D'Haven, to marry the poor Anna Howard. It was his mistake—my folly.

Female Suffrage.

Mark Twain is publishing a series of articles on Female Suffrage in the St. Louis *Democrat*. Some of his arguments in opposition to the measure are original and amusing. He says that even now they are so fond of office that they are continually getting up associations of all kinds, and running for President of them without pay, but once allow them to vote and go to the Legislature, and they will start a thousand more societies, and cram them full of salaried officers. Instead of the usual fee-bill for judges, State printer, &c., he says the list would read something like this:

OFFICERS AND SALARIES.

President Dorcas Society	$1,000
Subordinate officers of same, each	2,000
President Ladies' Union Prayer Meeting	2,000
President Pawnee Educational Society	4,000
President of Ladies' Society for Dissemination of Belles Lettres among the Shoshones	5,000
State Crinoline Directress	10,000
State Superintendent of Waterfalls	10,000
State Hair Oil Inspectress	10,000
State Milliner	50,000

You know what a state of anarchy and social chaos that fee-bill would create. Every woman in the Commonwealth of Missouri would let go everything and run for State Milliner. And instead of ventilating each other's political antecedents, as men do, they would go straight after each other's private moral character. (I know them—they are all like my wife.) Before the canvass was two day's old it would be an established proposition, that every woman in the State was "no better than she ought to be." Only think how it would lacerate me to have an opposition candidate say that about my wife. I know that my wife isn't any better than she ought to be, but still I would not like these things aired in a political contest.

Think of the torch light processions that would distress our eyes. Think of the curious legends on the transparencies:

"Robbins forever! Vote for Sallie Robbins, the only virtuous candidate in the field!"

And this:

"Chastity, modesty, patriotism! Let the great people stand by Maria Sanders, the champion of morality and progress, and the only candidate with a stainless reputation!"

And this:

"Vote for Judy M'Ginnis, the incorruptible! Nine children—one at the breast!"

In that day, a man shall say to his servant: "What is the matter with the baby?" And the servant shall reply: "It has been sick for hours." "And where is its mother?" "She is out electioneering for Sallie Robbins." And such conversations as these shall transpire between ladies and servants applying for situations: "Can you cook?" "Yes." "Wash?" "Yes." "Do general housework?" "Yes." "All right; who is your choice for State Milliner?" "Judy M'Ginnis." "Well, you can tramp."

My Courtship.

When I was sixteen, I fell in love. There is nothing remarkable in that, for most all young men of the above age do the same thing. But what I am going to tell you is how my courtship terminated. At a party I saw Ella Jones, who was one of the sweetest girls in Ticktown, and let me tell you, she looked sweet in her white muslin ball-dress, with her hair falling loosely over her shoulders. I got an introduction, danced with her once, twice, thrice, and was just the happiest man in all Ticktown. Well, at last the party broke up; but I had an invitation to call on Miss Jones. That was all I wanted, and I didn't sleep much before Sunday evening—for that was the time fixed to call. I called, saw Miss Ella to church, saw her home, and when we parted I had a pressing invitation to call again, and I did not forget it either. At the end of a month I was completely gone. At last I resolved to "pop the question," and fixed on my next visit for the time, studied "Courtship Made Easy" thoroughly, and concluded I was ready for the task. The time arrived. Here I was, sitting by the side of my beloved, with my arm around her waist. I took her hand in mine, and screwed up my courage to say: "Dear Ella, do you love me?" She made no answer, but her eyes were cast down and I hoped. Yes, I was certain that she loved me. I put both my arms around her neck, and pressed one, two, three kisses on her rosy lips. She did not resist, but raised her head and said: "You're as bad as Sam Simmons!" I took my hat—havn't been back since.

HOW SIMON SUGGS WAS TREATED BY THE WIDOW FLAKE.—"Now, Solomon," said Simon to Solomon Smith, his intimate friend, I will tell you how the lovely Julia treated me, if you will faithfully promise not to tell any one alive. You promise, do you? Well, I had been courting Julia assiduously for a year or more past, and never could bring matters to a close, so I determined to pluck up courage and have my fate decided at once. I therefore decked myself in my best bib and tucker, had my hair cut, my beard and mustaches trimmed, and called on my dear Julia one morning in May, and after much cooing, I was very desirous of billing, but my heart failed me to make the attempt. I placed my hand on her shoulder, and said: 'Widow, this is the softest place I ever put my hand in the course of my life.' 'Indeed, Mr. Suggs,' said she, 'I will put it in a softer place,' and—Solomon, now you promise you won't tell anybody? She took my hand from her shoulder, in her own soft little hand, and put it right on top of my head."

"How much do you charge, Massa Magistrate, to marry me and Miss Dinah?" "Why Clem, I'll marry you for two dollars." "Two dollars! What you charge to white folks, Massa?" "We generally charge them five dollars, Clem." "Well, you marry us like white folks, and I'll give you five dollars too." "Why, Clem, that's a curious notion; but as you desire it, I will marry you like white folks for five dollars." The ceremony being over, Clem and Dinah being one, the magistrate asked for his fee. "Oh no, Massa, you no come up to the greement—you no kiss the bride." "Get out of my office, you rascal!"

BOOKS.—Give us a house furnished with books, rather than furniture. Both, if you can; but books at any rate. To spend several days in a friend's house, and hungry for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting down on luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. A book is good company; it is full of conversation without loquacity. It talks to you not through the ear, but another way.

An old gentleman from the country stopped at a first class hotel in New York, and wrote home that his room was six stories high, and his bill was three stories higher than his room.

"I WILL GO."—GENESIS 24: 58.

"I will go!" Yes, leaving all—
All the life that erst I knew;
Former loves, or great or small,
Centred in this one I view;
Leaving all, I love thee so,
With thee, chosen, I will go.

I will go, from girlhood here,
Sunny with its home-born love,
Into woman's higher sphere,
Where the lights and shadows move;
All life's cares I then shall know,
Yes, I answer, I will go.

I will go—to bless thy way,
Cheer thee with a gentle voice,
Make thee happy every day,
In the lightest smiles rejoice;
All thy cares and joys to know
As mine own—yes, I will go.

I will go—to walk with thee
On the rugged path of life;
I will try a help to be,
Sharing with thee in the strife;
I will never leave thee—no—
Till God calls me—I will go.

I will go—stand at thy side,
In the sunshine, in the shade;
I will let no cloud divide
This one life our two have made;
Nobler, stronger, love shall grow,
Reaching heavenward—I will go.

THE DANDY AND HIS TURKEY.—Chief Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen at sunrise, with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions a fashionable young man from the North, who had removed to Richmond, Va., was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his turkey; Marshall stepped up and asked where he lived, and on being told, said: "That is my way, and I will take it for you." When he came to the house, the young man inquired: "What shall I pay you?" "Oh, nothing," said the Chief Justice, "it was on my way, and no trouble." "Who was that polite old man that brought home my turkey?" inquired the young man of a bystander. "That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States." "Why did he bring home my turkey?" asked he. "To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply. True, genuine greatness never feels above doing anything that is useful; but especially the truly great man will never feel above helping himself.

IRREFRAGIBLE PROOF.—A Philadelphia gentleman of festive tastes, who takes a "fair shake" at all the obtainable pleasures of the town, last week assisted at a heavy dinner, took much portable, and did not leave for home until ever-so-many o'clock. On reaching his door steps and fishing up his night key, he became convinced that he was essentially convivialized and *not* precisely in the condition which a good husband should be to meet a good wife. Cautiously entering the hall he stopped, listened a moment, heard no noise, and congratulated himself that the family were asleep. Quietly he took off overcoat, drew off boots, turned off hall light, slowly ascended stairs to family bed-room, hesitated at door, believed he was *reasonably* right, stealthily entered, found gas turned low, wife apparently asleep, thought she *was* asleep, sat down, listened again, no stir; began to undress; got coat, vest, pants, drawers, stockings, all safely off; was journeying carefully toward couch, when wife of his bosom quietly asked: "Coming to bed, dear?" "Yes, love." "Well, dear, *hadn't you better take off your hat?*"

ONE'S MOTHER.—Around the idea of one's mother the mind of a man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us far from the object of filial love, we may become wild, headstrong and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst our tears. Around that idea, we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

THE ultimate release of Jeff. Davis has been an exciting topic of discussion among the Cabinet; and his present freedom will result in a few days in eliciting the fact that he cannot be tried on the charge of high treason. The Attorney-General is said to take this view of the case; and Judge Chase, he holds, is responsible for the result, as the Judge, during the war, decided that the rebels were belligerents, in order to justify the disposal of the blockade-runners in prize courts, and belligerents cannot be tried for treason. To reverse the decision would be to declare all the sales of prize vessels unlawful. It will be remembered that the South claimed such vessels should be the subject of adjudication in Admiralty Courts; but to overcome this objection, Judge Chase declared that they were belligerents. This is the true cause why Jeff. Davis has not been tried.

THE TRUE RICHES.—A beautiful reply is recorded of a Dalecarlian peasant, whose master was displaying to him the grandest of his estates. Farms, houses and forests were pointed out in succession, on every hand, as the property of the rich proprietor, who summed up finally by saying: "In short, all that you can see in every direction, belongs to me." The poor man looked thoughtful for a moment; then, pointing up to Heaven, solemnly replied: "And is *that*, also, thine?"

A WELL dressed fellow walked into a room where they were talking politics, and stretching himself up to his full height, exclaimed in a loud voice: "Where is a Democrat? Show me a Democrat, gentlemen, and I'll show you a liar!" In an instant a man exclaimed: "I am a Democrat, sir." "You are?" "Yes, sir, I am!" "Well, just you step around the corner, and I'll show you a fellow who said I couldn't find a Democrat in this ward. Ain't he a liar, I should like to know?"

SOME people place their ideas of happiness upon one thing and some upon another. A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner she said: "I have been to see Mrs. ——." "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy." "Happy? I should think she ought to be; she has a camel's hair shawl two-thirds border."

AFTER purchasing dishes, knives, forks, coffee, &c., Jacob looked round, and observing a grain cradle, he asked: "Vat ish de brice of de gradle?" The red cheeked little spouse did not see the useful farming implement, and when her liege lord asked the question, she turned with a blushing face, exclaiming: "Now, Shake, ton't pe a fool; you knows ve ton't vant no gradle now."

A DARKEY'S wife undertook to run away with another chap the other day, but was caught in the act and licked by her husband, after which he said to her: "Now, den, take dat an' git wid dat nigga, an' ef you eber cum back to me, I'll gib you wuss an' moah ob it. Run off, will you? Larn't dat frum de poor white folks. Git!" She *got*.—*Louisville Democrat.*