

## General Business Notes.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

From the *Old Journal*  
One year ago the other day,  
Some twenty years old or so,  
The last time I saw him, I served  
Some twenty years ago.

The blushing cheeks, the sparkling eye,  
The hair of raven flow,—  
Ah how they set my heart a-blaze.  
Some twenty years ago!

I spoke—her answer does not speak.  
Of wit or wisdom show—  
But that the lovely Mary talked  
Some twenty years ago.

What could it have been like that  
My love would say?

I must have been a little green  
Some twenty years ago!

I've met the lovely Mary since—  
Her charms have vanished though—

Her wit and wisdom are the same—  
As twenty years ago.

I lost my first check,  
Under my feelings glow;

And thank her that she soured my love  
Some twenty years ago!

Fond boy who now would play die  
To please some old dame.

God rest her soul, that will think of her  
Some twenty years from this!

A Hairy Shopkeeper.

Upon the banks of the Mississippi, in the State of Tennessee, there lived an old chap by the name of Fudge—Tom Fudge. Now Tom had been an honest, hard working man, all his life, but he had never owned a saddle—but as Tom grew old his wealth and his importance increased, so much so at a desire, a stodgy, fat, and well dressed up a clean shirt, stashed a hundred dollars away in his wallet, stepped upon a stool, and into the started down the river for New Orleans, to buy him a saddle. Now this was the first trip Tom ever made, and had lived all his life where he was born, and had never heard any other language than that of his mother tongue. In the course of a few days he landed upon the levee in New Orleans.

Poor Tom, little did he know what he had to encounter. The Frenchman was there, and the German was there—some from all parts of the world were crowded upon the levee, and there was Tom, with his eyes stretched, and his ears open, completely mystified at the strange jargon going on around him; he stood as long as mortal man well could, and at last struck out, with his mind fully prepared to be surprised at nothing he saw, upon his errand after the saddle.

After wandering about the city for a time, like some poor lost urchin, he at length found a saddler's shop. Tom, with heart elate, walked in.

The fine and only living creature which met his vision was a baboon of the largest species sitting upon the counter, playing with the girl which was hanging from the saddle immediately over his head! Tom very politely addressed him.

"How do you do?" the baboon grunted and nodded. "I want to buy a saddle," says Tom. The same expression from the monkey. In a louder key from Tom—"I want to buy a saddle." A very polite grin from the baboon. "I will give you \$20 for that saddle," says Tom at the same time handing him a \$20 note. The animal, having seen his master put the money into the drawer, took it, and hopping along the counter made a deposit of Tom's \$20 note. He returned immediately to his former position.

"Tom—Well, hand me down the piggy,"

"Very little notice from the baboon—'Well, I want to buy a saddle,' I said to him, 'and when I go to it, so hand it down, or I will take it myself,' chattering from the baboon.

—but no—ever had the poor fellow, than the nails and teeth of the monkey were driven into his arm. Tom kicked and swore, out of the shop, a Frenchman with a long mouth, taking the room.

"What the deuce—does that mean? What's want in here, you old dogged rascal? By gar shall give you—"

Tom, not in the least daunted but very much exasperated, ripped out: "I inform old hairy mouthed scoundrel! I believe you wish to steal my \$20. I came here, bought a saddle, paid the money down for it, and now when I want to go with it, your son there has refused to let me have it, and has kicked up a fuss about it."

Tom, however, got the saddle, and returned the next morning in a boat going up the river, but has been heard to swear it was the last one he ever wished to purchase.

MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON'S CHEER AMIE.—The Paris correspondent of the *New York Herald*, notices the marriage of a personage who has acquired some celebrity in the gossiping circles of Europe and elsewhere:

A lady whose name will probably be handed down to fame, and who has lately entered into the solemn bonds of wedlock, is at present an engrossing subject of conversation in all circles. The celebrated De Beauregard, better known as the celebrated Miss Howard, the companion of *chevre amie*, up to a very late date of Napoleon III, a few days ago was married to a Mr. Trelawny, at St. James, Piccadilly, London. Miss Henrietta Howard was the second daughter of a butcher driving a small trade at Bristol, in the county of Somerset. His name was said to be Hubbard; but when his beautiful daughter accepted the protection of Lord Clifton, it was determined that, as ladies under such circumstances usually adopt a *nom de guerre*, her's should be the euphonious and aristocratic name of Howard. We live in a world of great changes, and so thought probably Miss Howard when she accomplished an amicable arrangement with Lord Clifton, by whom that nobleman died his privileges, if not rights, to Prince Napoleon. How faithfully, however, each of the new contracting parties adhered to their engagement, is a matter of public history. To promote the prince's fortunes, at the revolution of 1848, Miss Howard turned to ready cash the annuity settled upon her by her former protector; and in all Napoleon's anxiety during his election and subsequent presidency, until his final coup d'etat, she continued his constant friend and confidante.

She was the mother of Louis Napoleon, the Marquis of Normandy, bold frequent conferences in her presence with Napoleon. Up to the very last, indeed, till within a few days of the disruption of the connection, by the marriage of the emperor with the fair Eugenie, family councils were held at her hotel in the Rue du Cirque, where King Jerome Bonaparte, the Princess Mathilde and Louis Napoleon might be seen by the initiated in earnest conclave. Since his marriage the Countess de Beauregard has retained her hotel in Paris, as also a magnificent chateau at Beauregard. Her fortune is supposed not to be less than £10,000 a year, and her style of living is quite equal to such an income. Mr. Trelawny is a member of an old Cornish family, who spent his patrimony in early life, and joined the Austrian service. He has now returned to hang up his sword, and enjoy the smiles and riches of the emperor's early love.

ADMIRERS OF PETER CARTRIGHT.—While we are passing, years ago, Gen. Jackson entered the church, when pastor, seated in the pulpit, gave his "Brother Cartright" a nudge, and whispered that the old hero had just come in,—"as much as to advise, 'He will be particular when you say.' But Peter to the consternation of every one, louder than ever exclaimed, 'Who cares for Gen. Jackson? He'll go to hell—now as anybody, if he don't repeat it!'

When the sermon, a home made one, was finished, a friend asked the General what he thought of that rough old fellow, and received for answer, "Sir, give me twenty thousand such men, and I'll whip the whole world, including the devil!"

## The Erie Observer.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
BY DURLIN & SLOAN,  
TO WHOM ALL LETTERS RELATING TO BUSINESS  
SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

OFFICE—NO. 9, BROWN'S BLOCK, ERIE, PA.  
Printing Office, corner of State and 5th Streets.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

TERMS: If paid in advance, or within 5 months, \$1.00; if paid within 30 days, \$1.00 will be charged. A "charge" subscriber failing to pay within the year, the bill will be disconnected and the account left with a pre-officer for collection.

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Sixteen lines or more make a square.

One Square, one week, \$ .75 | One Square 3 months \$ .90

One " " 3 " " 1.25 " " 1.50 "

One square a year, changeable at pleasure, \$5.

Cards inserted in the Business Directory at \$3 per annum. Six lines allowed for a Card, over six, and under eight, \$4.

Two squares—3 months, \$6; 6 months, \$8; 9 months, \$11.50; 1 year, \$13.

One column, or 10 squares—one year, \$36; 6 months, \$20; 3 months, \$18.

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CITY Lots near the Railroad.

SELLING City Lots, slightly located on State, French and Beach Streets, ready for sale on terms, by the undersigned.

SPRING, 1864.

Boots and Shoes.

Again we come in measure again.

The Erie Railroad has made a decided improvement.

With a view to returning peace.

Every quiet season, come.

A house affords a noble shelter.

Three houses, a stable, a garden, a fence.

And a good deal more.

And a good deal more.