

Miscellaneous

A CHRISTIAN PATRIOT AND MARTYR.

Chaplain Twichell gives the Independent the following account of an interview with the lamented General Rice, a few days before he fell in one of the battles of the Wilderness. General Rice was a member of Madison Square Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Adams, New York:

When the orderly admitted me, at the time appointed, the General was giving audience to three private soldiers of his command, who had come for counsel in some matter. It was delightful to witness the spirit that presided at the interview. The grace with which his kindness met their confidence showed that kindness and confidence were the law and custom of the place; yet, no one could have failed to perceive that the proprieties of rank were not, in the least article, violated. That he was their commander appeared as plain as that he was not their tyrant. When finally he dismissed them, satisfaction and gratitude shone in all their faces, and I comprehended why it was that once (as I heard himself tell,) during the "Seven Days" in the summer of '62, when he was colonel, the remnant of his wasted regiment, ordered in as a forlorn hope to save a battle well-nigh lost, followed him steadily up, struggling through the reluctant tide of our own broken line—until it dashed, bayonet to bayonet against that of the enemy, sweeping down fifty to one, and stopped it at the fearful cost of nearly half that started. The smile of encouragement by which he lighted the hearts of his men, and more than that, the frequent prayers he offered, kneeling in their midst, boded ill to the foe against which he led them. Thus was my forenoon with Gen. Rice introduced. Before it ended I heard him say many, many things, that I wish might be told in his own noble words—it would honor his memory so much more than can any representation of mine. But the long intervening agony of this campaign, whose battles have almost jostled each other—the echoes of one scarcely dying out before the thunders of the next have begun—makes that quiet April day seem a great way back, and I cannot recall it as I would. His words, as he uttered them, are for the most part gone from me, but their substance and manner, and the impression they made on me, are vivid as yesterday. His country was the one engrossing theme with him. He did not much discuss parties, or campaigns. Though he gave his opinion freely of both, neither political aspects nor alone the military situation appeared uppermost in his thought; but rather the true goal of our legislation and our arms—the advancement of Liberty. That it was the duty and privilege of the nation to be free was a truth that, on this day at least, possessed him utterly. He betrayed little interest in other things. We walked out, looked at his horses, talked somewhat of men and books, remembered our Alma Mater, touched on a variety of topics, and occasionally a staff officer came with business; but whatever the diversion, the General each time soon returned from it to the cause for which, soul and body, he was in arms; and, listening, I felt the charm that dwells in consecration. I wish again that I could repeat all the strong words his loyalty chose; but these I do remember: As we strolled through an orchard that adjoined his quarters, he stopped me by the shoulder, and, turning so that we faced each other, said, with a great weight of earnestness on every syllable, and his eye burning: "Why, I have thought this over so much, and have lain awake so many nights in anxiety for the country, and have grown to love her so—"

He did not conclude the sentence; but the intensity of his expression, and especially on the last clause, though it was tenderly spoken, was such that I have added, "That I offer her my life," would have weakened the sense. After a silence, he continued, "If we should fall in this war, and I survive it, my course is determined. I shall never leave off fighting for Liberty—if not in this country, in some other—if not with my sword, with my pen—to the end of my life." And so the General went on, as long as I remained his guest, breathing out his passionate devotion to the truth, for which, in a few days, he was to spill the blood of his brave heart; and knowing how many times his knight-hood had been proven in the fires of conflict, he seemed to me, while speaking, as grand as man could be.

Of the Christian piety that was Gen. Rice's eminent trait, though it was manifest in his whole conversation, I have not spoken distinctively, because I had yet something to relate that will set it clearly forth. My desire to tell this moved me more than anything else, to write a sketch of the visit.

As the day advanced to noon, and we returned from our walk to his room, we fell talking of what would follow if our cause should be lost. The strain grew more and more sombre, till it dropped into silence—a silence which the General broke by saying, as one proposing the solution of a difficulty, "Suppose we pray?" He rose, and taking the Bible from the shelf, opened it and read the 4th chapter of 2d Corinthians—"Therefore, seeing we have the ministry," etc.—after a manner that showed how deeply he felt that a ministry had been committed to him. At the 8th verse he paused to look up and smile; and when the reading was ended, we knelt down. I would the whole nation could have listened to his prayer, as a lesson of trust, and hope, and courage. It drew very near the throne, revealing how closely a Christian soldier may walk with God. It is not often that any single passage of a life can be taken as a specimen of the whole, and especially the ordinary, every-day expres-

sion of a great and useful career is not up to the level of its grand significance; but I think that this prayer of General Rice, written over his tomb, might stand as a just monument and record, to tell the true story of what he was. It was the last of earth between the General and me. As we rose from our knees, he remarked in a cheerful tone, "It looks brighter; doesn't it?" and I, feeling that the visit was complete, soon took my leave. I saw him once more. He lay in a tent—dead. A wounded soldier, with his face buried in his hands sat beside the body. I lifted the hat that covered his features. They were calm as the slumber of peace. I remembered how he once said to a friend of mine, who told it to me, "Give my life for the country! I have given it many a time." The sacrifice was often carried to the altar; at last, the flame had touched it, and it was consumed. The sound of cannon at the front, where the battle yet raged, was born back on the trembling air, but his sword reposed quietly beside the still hand that two hours before had grasped it in God's name. It was a pleasure then, as it has been through the six weeks of fiery toil and tempest that have since worn wearily by, to think that the General was at rest.

HOW THE COLORED TROOPS TOOK THE PETERSBURG FORTS.

The following letter from Rev. H. M. Turner, chaplain of the 1st Regiment U. S. Colored troops, will be read with interest. It graphically describes the brilliant achievement of the colored troops, including his own regiment, before Petersburg. Surely the rebels when they beheld that irresistible column of swartthy forms pouring over ditch and abatis into their elaborate fortifications, slaughtering their defenders and capturing their artillery, must have felt that Nemesis herself was upon them, flashing from the black thunder clouds of her wrath, her long-accumulating stores of revenge. The letter, written by a colored man, and published in a paper conducted by colored men, as the organ of the African M. E. Church—the Christian Recorder of this city, proves that the African race can not only furnish brave and gallant soldiers, but is competent to treasure their illustrious deeds. The events spoken of took place June 15th. The chaplain says:

"The prosecution of my journey soon led me to where the first conflict had taken place. The rebels had a line of rifle-pits and embankments thrown up across the road which lead to Petersburg, and intended to stop our advance way if we attempted to cross; but the colored troops told the rebels, that it was too early in the morning for such fun as that. Consequently, they charged upon the rebel works, took all their cannon (four pieces) and flayed the scoundrels as they would a set of mad dogs. Those of them who escaped the death-pills of our boys, played a most successful game of skedaddling, many of whom won their life by it. My regiment then led the advance, drove the rebels some five or six miles, keeping up a continual skirmish all the time.

Our gallant and efficient Colonel, John H. Holman, having been placed in command of a brigade by General Hinks, the Division Commander, the duty of leading our regiment devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Elias Wright, whose military genius and strategical skill in maneuvering his regiment to save his men, and at the same time evincing the most surprising bravery himself, and inspiring his command with the same spirit, purchased for him a place in the affections of the regiment, that I doubt whether time, circumstances or events will ever obliterate. With this noble officer in front, our regiment followed the rebels in hot pursuit, until they came in front of the five forts on the heights around Petersburg. These forts and fortifications were considered impregnable by the rebels. Here my regiment, in the advance, and the rest of the colored troops lay under the galling fire of the rebel forts and sharpshooters for nearly eight hours, part of which time I was with the advance skirmishers, and the only chance a man had for his life was to lie as flat on the ground as a leech upon his prey.

A shell would often burst in the midst of the ranks, and sever arms and legs from the bodies of our brave soldiers with as much ease, apparently, as if they had dropped off themselves. Sometimes the rebel forts would be playing on us and over us in the front, and our own artillery playing on us (not knowingly) in the rear. Several of our men were killed by our own shells that day. In this precarious predicament we had to gain foot by foot and inch by inch toward the rebel forts, till late in the afternoon, when Colonel Holman resolved that he would keep his men under fire no longer, unless it was to accomplish some end more than had been achieved for several hours. So he rode down the line of his brigade, and told the men to get ready to take the forts, which was glorious news to the boys. A few moments only intervened before the bayonets were fixed, and away went Uncle Sam's sable sons across an old field nearly three-quarters of a mile wide, in the face of rebel grape and canister and the unbroken clatter of thousands of muskets. Nothing less than the pen of horror could begin to describe the terrific roar and dying yells of that awful yet masterly charge and daring feat.

The rebel balls would tear up the ground at times, and create such a heavy dust in front of our charging army, that they could scarcely see the forts for which they were making. But onward they went, through dust

an every impediment, while they and the rebels were both crying out—"Fort Pillow!" This seems to be the battle cry on both sides. But onward they went, waxing stronger and mightier every time Fort Pillow was mentioned. Soon the boys were at the base of the fort, climbing over abatis, and jumping the deep ditches, ravines, &c. The last load fired by the rebel battery, was a cartridge of powder, not having time to put the ball in, which flashed and did no injury.

The next place we saw the rebels, was going out the rear of the forts with their coat-tails sticking straight out behind. Some few held up their hands and pleaded for mercy, but our boys thought that over Jordan would be the best place for them, and sent them there with a very few exceptions.

Thus ended the great battle for that day, after driving the rebels six miles, taking their fortifications, killing many, and capturing five forts that were considered impregnable, all their cannons, wagens, ammunition &c., &c.

It is my intention to send you a list of the killed and wounded as soon as I get time to prepare it, which I have not time to prepare now, as there is not a minute, from one week's end to another, but what a gun is firing. Whether it be night or day, all you hear is bang! bang! either with muskets, cannons, mortars, or shells. I would remark, however, that the loss in our regiment, amounts to one hundred and fifty-six killed and wounded, one hundred and forty-six soldiers, and ten officers. I am sorry to mention that Orderly-Sergeant George W. Hutton was shot through the leg near the knee. Sergeant Hutton was widely known for his usefulness in the Israel Lyceum, in Washington, D. C. When he was shot, he fell and exclaimed to Bro. Hunter who was near by, "Chaplain, I am shot, and am dying for my rights." But, thank God, he was not dying, though he thought so then. I wish I had time to mention dying expressions made by those who did die and those who thought they were dying. Some of the sentences were too sublime for earthly beings to utter, and every one highly patriotic.

I must refer, however, to one man whose arm was blown off by a shell near his shoulder. In his helpless condition he begged another soldier to load his gun while he fired, and was only got off the field by persistent measures.

There is one thing, though, which is highly endorsed by an immense number of both white and colored people, which I am sternly opposed to, and that is, the killing of all the rebel prisoners taken by our soldiers. True, the rebels have set the example, particularly in killing the colored soldiers; but it is a cruel one, and two cruel acts never make one human act. Such a course of warfare is an outrage upon civilization and nominal Christianity. And inasmuch as it was presumed that we would win a brutal warfare, let us disappoint our malicious anticipations; by showing the world that higher sentiments not only prevail, but actually predominate.

Before closing I would say that the brilliant achievements of our boys in front of Petersburg, was more than timed and did more to conquer the prejudice of the army of the Potomac than a thousand newspaper puff. Providentially the most of that immense army had to pass right by the forts taken by the colored soldiers. Every soldier with whom I came in contact had but little to say, except to pay the most flattering compliments to the brave colored men of our division. After that the white and colored soldiers talked, laughed, and eat together with a friendly regard, not surpassed by any previous occasion. Let the Forts of Petersburg add new stars to the glorious constellation, which are glittering with untarnished brilliancy above the horizon of the black man's elevation. Let them stand a monument to his bravery, heroism, and daring.

GO TO THE PRIMARY ASSEMBLIES.

Among the incidental lessons which we ought to learn, and are likely to learn, from this terrible war, not the least valuable is the lesson, that our government and our free institutions are too precious a treasure to be entrusted to the care of incompetent or unprincipled men. They have cost us oceans of money and rivers of blood; and we shall be dull scholars indeed in the school of adversity, in which Providence is now manifestly educating us as a nation, if we do not learn to guard with sleepless jealousy at home, and in peace, those institutions which we have defended at the expense of the choicest treasures and the best blood of the country on so many fields of battle. It is not worth while to fight for the country, and then let knaves or fools rule over it.

Under these circumstances, duty to our brave soldiers, too many of them, alas! already fallen on the bloody field, duty to our imperiled country, duty to mankind, for whose rights and interests we are struggling, and duty to God, all unite and demand of every patriot, every philanthropist, every Christian, that he go to the polls, and cast his vote for good men and true, and no others, to fill all the offices of the town, the county, the State and the nation. The polls are every citizen's post of duty, and he has no right to be absent from them—no more right than the sentinel has to leave his post, or the soldier his place in the ranks, or the officer his command in the army—no more right than our civil rulers have to neglect entirely the duties of their respective offices. The people are the rulers of our great republic, and the polls are the tribunals from which they administer the government. Shame on the man who is perpetually censuring the delinquencies of our civil rulers, and our military officers, and yet does not even pretend to perform his own duty as a citizen. He is condemned out of his own mouth.

The vices, follies and crimes of the rulers all come home, like curses, to his own door. Bad men would not have been entrusted with the management of public affairs, if good men had done their whole duty as citizens. And if our liberties are subverted, our government destroyed, and our country ruined, the responsibility will rest on the heads of good men who have failed to exert the influence, to wield the controlling power, which God has given them as citizens of this great republic.

It is not this enough to go to the polls. We must go to the primary assemblies, where candidates are nominated, and thus virtually elected to all our important offices. It may be of no use to go to the polls, unless you go to the primary assemblies. There is the root of all our political troubles, and there alone the evil can be cured. You have no right to complain that incompetent and unprincipled men are put forward and elected to office, while you make no effort to secure the nomination of better men. Go to the primary assemblies. Insist on the nomination of honest and capable men, true patriots, genuine republicans, unswerving friends of liberty and humanity, for every office. Treachery, cowardice, weakness, want of backbone in any office now may strike to the very heart of the republic. Go to the PRIMARY ASSEMBLIES. And take your neighbors and friends, who love their country and love universal liberty, along with you. And vote for none but men of undoubted patriotism and integrity. Then if you fail to secure the nomination and election of such men, you will have the satisfaction of having done your duty.

But you will not fail. You will find intrigue and management and selfishness there. Perhaps you will even find bribery and corruption. But beard the monster in his very den, and slay him or drag him to the light. You will be tried, perchance disgusted, and tempted to renounce all participation in politics henceforth and forever. But it is just because good men have wanted the manliness and the moral courage to persevere in standing up for the right, that so much that is wrong and disgusting has become so prominent in politics. Perseverance will rarely fail to conquer and win the day. Go to the primary assemblies and secure the nomination of the right men. Then go to the polls and elect them. And may God go with you, and thus save the Commonwealth and the United States of America.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Cash acknowledgments for the week ending July 21, 1864.

Contributions received at the Washington agency during the month of May, as follows: Ladies' Fair, Washington, D. C., \$12,583; Ypsilanti, Mich., 400; Hatfield, Mass., per Rev. J. M. Green, 200; Rev. O. P. Pitzer, 33 33; Pres. Ch. Odgersburg, N. Y., 50 01; Rev. J. M. Ch. Odgersburg, N. Y., Pitzer, Martinsburg and Lovell, N. Y., 52; Rev. David Terry, 50; Donations at Chris Com stations, 46 05; Chaplain Proudfit, Portsmouth Grove, R. I., 15; D. L. A. Edwards, do, do, 5; Mrs. L. A. Edwards, do, do, 5; Dr. Parker, Peacham, Vt., 10; Pulaski, Oswego Co., N. Y., 20 80; Commodore John Rodgers, Washington, 15; Miss Mary C. Moore, do, 5; A. Friend, do, 3; Isaac Egan, Monticombery co., Ind., 10; M. E. Ch. Weedsport, N. Y., Rev. O. P. Pitzer, 21; Bap. Ch. Dover, Me., 11; Miss Helen Griggs, 50—\$13,748 65; Contributions received at the Washington agency during the month of April, as follows: Citizens of New Castle and Damariscotta, Me., 216 69; Citizens of Webster, N. H., per Rev. A. Little, 100; 24 N. Y. Mounted Rifles, per Major Cady, 100; Adams, Jefferson co., N. Y., 92; Ladies Sanitary Fair, Washington, 500; Congress St. M. E. Ch., Troy, N. Y., 50; Albion M. E. Ch., N. Y., 20 50; Nassau, N. Y., 20 50; Arsenal St. M. E. Ch., Watertown, N. Y., 25 17; State St. M. E. Ch., do, do, 15; Bap. Ch. Watertown, N. Y., 20 44; Add'l from do, do, 4 72; G. Wilson & Co., do, do, 11; Mrs. Sheppard, Arkport, N. Y., 5; Pres. Ch., do, do, 2 50; Thomas Black, do, do, 5; Bridge St. Pres. Ch., Georgetown, D. C., 68 97; Ladies' Benevolent Soc., Webster, N. H., per Rev. A. Little, 17—\$1,285 65; Branch Chris Com., Cleveland, Ohio, per Rev. L. F. Mellen, Sec., 1,000.

Philadelphia—Penna R Co, \$5,000; Mrs. Jane Ferrine, per J. S. Davison, 100; collected from ladies of West Chester Presbyterian Church, per M. Tenbrook, 100; Chas F. Ruppel, do, do, 50; J. G. Steen, 20 50; W. S. Zettling, do, do, 51; Ladies' Chris Com, per Union Pres ch, per Mrs. Gamble, 10; Proceeds of the sale of an Afghan, through Mrs. A. 40; Young Men's Chris Ass'n, West Phila, 25; A Lady, 10; A Friend, 25; Ch. of the Intercessor, per Mrs. R. O. Lowry, 27 50; Sab-sch 1st Ger Pres ch, 5; A Widow, 2; "L. S. C.," 1; Cash 1.

Pennsylvania—Ladies' Chris. Com, Chanceroff Manse, per John Farquhar, \$100; per Rev. C. E. Taylor, Abington, 48; per Rev. R. V. Van Valkenburg, Hyde Park, 50; per Rev. T. D. Swartz, Northampton, 25; \$129 55; per Rev. W. C. Smith, Treas. Wyoming District, Wyoming Conf M. E. Ch.; Citizens of Harrisburg, 40; do Millersburg, 55 40; G. M. Benbaker, do, 50; Paxton Sab-sch, 10—\$155 40; per R. A. Lambertson, Treas; Coll'n at Jackson, per Rev. J. M. Slayman, 20 95; Luth Cong, Lewisburg, per L. Sterner, 13; Ref Prot Dutch chs of Manheim and Indian Castle, 30; Geo Marsh, York, 9 40; Ladies of Luth ch, York, 2—\$11 40; per Samuel Small; Catawissa H. R Arch Chapter A. Y. Masons, No 178, per John Sharpless, Treas, 50; Aid Soc of Johns Bradford co, per Miss S. P. Perkins, Sec, 68; Upper Chest Miss S. P. Perkins, Sec, 48; \$4 60; A Bap ch, 80; M. Clara Allen, 11—\$4 60; A few cents of the First Pres ch, Easton, per Miss S. J. Davies, ch, West, 4; Cash, Pottsville, 50; St James' ch, Treas Marlborough, per Rev. Geo Kirke, 1 40; Proceeds of a fair held by four small girls at Easton, per Jas W Long, 7 44; Mrs M. Horner, Bath, 5.

New Jersey—M. E. ch, Red Bank, per Isaac D King, \$200; Proceeds of a celebration held on July 4th, at Pleasantville Grove, Atlantic co, per Rev. J. F. Wilson, 222; 60; at Peapack, per Rev. Wm Anderson, 12 60; Christ Episc ch, Abington, per Bennington Gill, 18 00; Children's fair, New Brunswick, 5; Mrs. A. Reilly, Blairstown, 1 50; Eliza P Conson, Trenton, 55.

Amateur Concert, given in Aurora, Cayuga co, per Edwin B Morgan, 161 51; Ladies Chris Com, Adams, Jeff co per Miss Susan Allen, Secy, 168; Coll'n at Colton, per Rev H C Meddington, 21; First Ref Dutch ch at Fort Plain, 36 15; M. E. Cong, East Ham, 25 25; Ladies' Fourth of July Festival, Morrisville, per R S Williams, Treas Army Com Y M C A, Utica, 72; Soldiers' Aid Soc, Watervleit, C W Lawson, Secy, 13; Cong at White Creek, per Rev T A Gardner, 40 85; Ref Dutch ch, North Easton, per Rev T A Gardner, 24 33; Ch at Johnsonville, per Rev T A Gardner, 20 51—\$41 84; Army Com, Utica, per S R Williams, Treas, 20; Welsh Congregational church, Utica, per R S Williams, Treasurer, \$21; Mrs Mary K Wheeler, Malone, 10; Ladies Aid Soc, Manlius, per J C Sasey, 85; United Pres ch, Lisbon Centre, 30 76; First Pres ch, Port Henry, per O Ransom, 20; Episc ch, Brockport, 7, Meth ch, do, 3—10; Coll'n taken up at a Union meeting of the Bap and Westminster churches, Utica, per R S Williams, Treas, 47 47; M A B, Cooperstown, 2; Mrs Geo Hubbard Phelps, 5; Miss May, per Rev John W Armstrong, Watertown, 3; A W Chamberlain, Angelica, 5; Edwin N Hall, Hall's Corners, 5; United Pres Congregations of Burlington and Garrettsville, per R G Wallace, 25.

Ohio—Salem Evan Luth ch, at Evans Creek, Tuscarawas co, per Rev D Sparks, \$21 60; Mrs A M Morrison, Gambier, 10; Two Bridges Pres ch, Steubenville, 5 50.

Connecticut—Proceeds of Children's Fair at Miss C R Churchill's school, New Haven, \$30; a member of Cong'l ch at East, Westbury, per Israel Carlston, for Cherokee furniture, 10; Coll'n at church concert at Terryville, per Milo Blakesley, 10; Miss Julia C Dudley, North Guilford, 8.

Vermont—Cong'l ch, Putney, \$26 51, M E, do, do, 19 25; Bap do, do, 29 92—\$75 68; per M Clarke.

Michigan—Reading Soldier's Aid Soc, per Rev A D Abbott, 40; Friends in Marshall, per Rev Dr S H Hall, 34 85.

Oregon—S S of Corvallis, per R M Thompson, \$60.

Wisconsin—Plymouth ch and S S at Milwaukee, per J A Ditcher, \$17; U P ch, Dover, Racine co 34; M L A, Babcock, 5.

Illinois—M and M J O of La Prairie, \$2. Canada West—C Manson, Camden, \$1. Soldiers—A soldier at Fredricksburg, per Rev A G McAuley, 1 50; Thomas Kerr, Co F, N Y Mounted Rifles 5.

Virginia—D U G, Wheeling, \$2 50. Amount previously acknowledged, 671,916 58

Total, \$697,576 24

In the acknowledgments for the week ending June 30th, "R B Wigton, Huntington, Penna, proceeds of Broad Top Coal \$700," should have been "R B Wigton, Esq." In the acknowledgments for last week, "Ladies' Christian Commission Presbyterian ch, per Mary Colwell, \$183," should have been "Ladies' Christian Commission Central Presbyterian church" of Philadelphia.

JOS. PATTERSON, Treasurer.

The United States Christian Commission begs leave to acknowledge the receipt of the following additional stores up to July 21, 1864:

Pennsylvania—Philadelphia, 1 pkg, St Jude's ch; 9 bottles of wine, a Lady; 1 pkg, North Broad st ch; 1 box, Ch of the Epiphany; 1 box, Hedding M E ch; 1 box, Bethel African M E ch; 1 pkg, 1st Pres ch, Daily Pkg Philadelphia Daily News, 1 pkg, W. C. Pitzer, Treas. Pennsylvania, 1 box, Colerberg, 1 box, Mrs R Patterson, Pottsville, 2 boxes, Mrs Benj Rappan, Lebanon, 1 box, Michael's Bran Luth ch, Allentown, 1 box, Ladies' Chris Com, West Chester, 1 box, Ladies' Aid Soc, Easton, 1 box, A few school girls of Pres ch, New Philadelphia, 1 box, Juvenile Sol Aid Soc, New Germantown, 1 box, 1 bbl, Ladies of Luth ch, Wayneburg, 1 box, 1 bbl, Ladies Aid Soc, Erie, 2 boxes, Sol Aid Soc.

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