Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

DYING AUTUMN.

I.

Blustering winds are ceaseless moaning
'Mong the red and yellow trees—
Gone the golden sea of corn,
Waving in the balmy breeze.

II.

See secure in stack-yard lying,
Ceres' bounty of the year;
Cares she for rude Boreas' warning,
"Winter's advent's drawing near?"

III.

No summer birds, their carols piping,
Herald in the morning sun;
Winged away the forest minstrels,
Ere the Winter has begun.

IV.

Sing, wild winds, your dirge-like music,
O'er the dying Autumn's bier—
Homage pay, ye leaves that linger,
'Tis not yours to tarry here!

THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

DESCRIPTION OF ONE OF THEIR TEMPLES—SINGULAR MIXTURE OF BUSINESS AND SUPERSTITION—JOSS IN HIS SANCTUM SANCTORUM, ETC.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

It may not be known to our readers that there are in California six influential and wealthy Chinese companies, which are partly commercial associations and partly benevolent orders, and with which all the Chinese who come hither are in some sort connected. These companies are known as the Sam Yep, Yeong Wo, See Yep, Ning Yeong, Hop Wo, and Yen Wo. They all have their headquarters in this city. Every Mongolian who comes to this coast is either consigned or indentured to the service of one of these companies. They have a complete registry of the names and whereabouts of their countrymen, and are bound to look after them in health and sickness so long as their connection with the company is preserved, and if they die here to return their bodies to China.

They are not unlike in their characters and objects those great commercial and colonizing companies that sprang up in Europe after the discovery of America, and that furnished emigrants and slaves to the New World, which they visited in search of gold and furs, for the purpose of establishing settlements and trading posts, and sometimes avowedly to convert the heathen. The system of the Chinese companies is, however, more thorough, their motives and transactions generally more regular, and they also mix the religious element with their business in a different manner, not seeking to proselyte us "outside barbarians;" but to furnish temples wherein the members of their own guilds may worship the wooden gods of the Celestial empire, and Joss sticks and holy paper. The See Yep Company have long had a temple on *Pine* street, in a building which *rustic visitors to* the city during the smallpox visitation of 1862 used to be waggishly misinformed was a pest-house.

The Ning Yeong Company have recently built a large establishment on Dupont alley, between Pacific street and Broadway, which has been popularly reported to be a pagan temple wherein all manner of idols are worshipped and mysterious rites performed. Popular report is partly right and partly wrong. The Ning Yeong Company, which is said to be the largest and richest in the State, and to have a total membership in California of 18,000, erected the new building for its business headquarters, mainly at a cost of about $16,000, the furniture and outfit costing many thousand more. Its recent completion has been made the occasion of a grand festival, continuing through many days and nights, in which all the Chinese in the city are participating, and to which many Americans have been invited. The ceremonies began with a Chinaman going about blowing water from his mouth upon the furniture and into the corners of the room; and the queer proceeding was followed by a hideous outburst of barbaric music, the burning of incense, bowings before Joss, visiting and feasting. A great many "outside barbarians" have improved the opportunity to study Chinese customs, and to inspect the new temple of trade and superstition, which is worth describing. The main building is of brick, about twenty feet front, forty deep, and three stories high. The front has a pointed arch, under a square cornice, the windows opening upon iron-railed balconies built within the arch and outer square line of the building. This edifice is approached through a square one-story brick, opening into an inner court.

Standing in the courtyard and looking up, one sees that the front of the main struc ure is hung with long gilt wooden signs, inscribed with raised or sunken blue letters—four letters on each sign—and red and blue signs with gilt letters, while rice paper lanterns are suspended from the balconies. The first floor of the main building is divided into several small reception and smoking-rooms, at the entrance to which stands a police officer, who admits whoever has one of the individual cards issued by the Company. In these rooms visitors are sometimes handed a cup of tea, some fried cakes, or a paper cigar, and Chinese may be seen reclining on lounges and smoking pipes of wood and metal, which emit a villainous smell. Back of the reception-room is a sort of altar, with gilt and red hangings, the front being open and showing what resembles a succession of small steps or shelves, which are covered with paper and inscribed with Chinese characters. This is the register of the dead.

Here are inscribed the names of all the members or wards of the Ning Yeong Company who had died in California. In front of this ghostly record, lamps are kept burning night and day. The furniture of all the apartments on the first floor is of the planest description. On the second floor is the Company's business room or exchange, where the President, or Sing-Song, whose name is Wing Ga, and his head manager, Ah Wee, sit and smoke and talk, receive visitors, preside over meetings of the Company, and direct its ordinary concerns, relieving the tedium of these occupations with an occasional tune on some of those thrilling two-stringed instruments for which Cainadom is so famous. The apartment is supplied with chairs and tables of a very hard, black wood that Ah Wee assures his American friends will break the edge of a steel implement.

The walls are papered and partly hung with oblong tapestry of crimson and yellow silk, or satin, elaborately embroidered in gold and high colors, and heavily fringed. Ah Wee says it costs $150 a yard, and was presented to the Company by some of its friends. Ah Wee mixes a little English with his native language, and can answer almost any question except it relates to abstract subjects, such as the religious opinions of his people, when he shakes his head and says, "No shabbee." He is glad to show his sleeping apartment, where he reclines upon an elegantly embroidered mat, and to exhibit his fine silken jackets and breeches, and his straight sword. He will even lay aside his dignity to play you a dismally doleful ditty upon the Som Yen—a two-stringed banjo, the small drum of which is made of gay colored snake skin—or upon the Good Kim—a three-stringed instrument, which has a larger drum of wood. These instruments, with several variations of them—larger or smaller—are thrummed upon by nearly every adult Chinaman with smooth bits of bone. Although this singular people have no written music, they have quite a variety of melodies which are transmitted from generation to generation, as were the ancient ballads of our own ancestors in Europe. The eccentricity with which Ah Wee serenades his guests is delightful, but imagine the head of an American trading house of equal wealth putting down a banjo in his back office to entertain a stranger during business hours.

Wing Ga, the President or Sing Song of the Company, has more dignity and longer nails than Ah Wee. Three of the nails on his left hand are fully three inch s long, two of them bent like a bird's claw, one curled like an augur, and all the color of putter-mud. These long nails are a sign of blood—of aristocratic breeding; a proclamation to all whom it may concern that he, the great Sing Song of the Ning Yeong, is not obliged to labor. He has fairer skin than the Chinese *canaille*, wears silk, smokes a great deal, says little, and keeps up a great deal of thinking. The room occupied by these worthies, like every other one in the house, has hung upon the walls a number of big wooden signs, bearing the everlasting and inscrutable Chinese characters, which look like a bunch of triangles on a spree.

But the wonder of the whole building is the temple in the third story. The first glance at it reveals only a confused heap of gilt, crimson, and blue cabinets, brass ornaments, crimson hangings and gaudy signs, while the air is laden with warm and sickening odors. A more careful survey extracts something wonderful and systematic from this melange of barbaric tinsel furniture. The walls and ceilings are nearly hid with the huge crimson, blue, and gilt signs, each bearing four large letters—supposed to be a motto of some sort—and some inscriptions in smaller characters on one end. These are said to be presents from other companies, and from friends here and in China. Across the centre of the room are placed three cabinets, each about ten feet long by two feet wide and four feet high, made of exceedingly dark and heavy wood, and the fronts carved in high relief in the most grotesque and elaborate manner.

Some of the carvings represent the interior of houses, with figures of men, beasts, birds, and insects in strange juxtaposition; while others consist of trees, vines, and scroll work, all gilded, the background being the original dark color of the wood. On top of these massive cabinets are large brasiers filled with incense, or containing live coals, in which sticks of sandal-wood are slowly burning; fantastic wax tapers, sticks of punk three feet high and four inches thick; lofty vessels of a metal like tin, whose use is not apparent; small images, peaked yellow flags, pyramids of fan-shaped bunches of artificial flowers, peacock tails, and insects, mixed with tinsel ornaments; blazing lamps, carved with gilt sticks of sandal-wood, etc. Along the sides of the room, at the ends of these cabinets, are banners of embroidered silk, round and square and fringed; drums, brass emblems, military and civic, and weapons of war. Much of the furniture and trumpery described was presented to the Company. The front cabinet, which Ah Wee says cost $400 in China, where wages are less than a cent a day, in some districts, was a gift from the Chinese employed at the Mission Woollen Mills.

In the rear of all this splendor stands the altar of Josh, the wooden god of the almond eyed idolators. This is a square alcove of carved and gilded wood, about one hundred feet high and perhaps as wide, in which sits the awful Josh himself—a big paunched Chinaman, with a bricked red face, long strips of red cloth flowing from each side of his head, three long tails of horse-hair spreading out of his mouth, and his person bedizened with blue, green, crimson, and gilt carvings, studded with bits of glass, to represent his small clothes, and high above his head a brass axe, as if this celestial superstition had mixed with it a bit of Parseism. We were asked to believe while in this awful presence that Josh, when alive on earth, stood fifteen feet in his bare feet, wielded a battle-axe that weighed a ton, and one day killed thirty thousand of his foes.

In proof of this story we were shown by Ah Wee, in a manner that admitted of no controversy, a wooden battle-axe, highly carved and gilded, which is an exact representation of the one that Josh swung with such fateful fury. Under Josh's august nose blazed several oil lamps; and sticks of burning sandal wood and punk and brasiers of incense powder sent up wreaths of smoke, filling the room with an odor that was rather pleasant after a while. Before this altar the heads of the companies, clad in long blue robes and black skull-caps, appear daily during the festival, bowing, kissing the floor, and chanting, while the Som Yen and Good Kim are twanged, and drums are beat in horrid dissonance. Hither are brought offerings of baked and raw meats—whole sheep and hogs.

A record of these is kept, but, with the exception of the left hand quarters of the baked animals, they are taken away again by those who bring them. This is an economical form of sacrifice, and probably does Josh as much good as though his votaries did not save their bacon so carefully. The religious ceremonies are soon over (and that is another wise economy), though, during the current festival, they are frequently repeated. It is a curious fact that the Chinese do not recent, or apparently object to, the presence of Americans during these rites.

Perhaps they are willing to give us every opportunity to be converted, and desire to set us an example of liberality and courtesy which we will be long in following. It will be seen from the above sketch that a queer world there is within our own; what a queer civilization, older than ours by thousands of years, and representing in the glare of the nineteenth century the intellectual achievements, the manners and costumes of a people who seem to have been revived and transplanted from an epoch that antedates the flood.

HISTORY OF AN ORGAN.

The Music of St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

At this time, when the musical public is so much interested in the subject of organs, and when Erben, Jardine, and Hook are turning out such noble instruments, the record of a once famous organ will be of interest. We find in the London *Musical World*, an interesting history of the old organ in St. Paul's, London. The instrument—now set aside for the huge one lately built by Messrs. Hill—was erected by the celebrated Father Schmidt.

WHO WAS FATHER SCHMIDT?

An ordinance passed in the House of Lords, dated January 4, 1644, establishing a new form of divine worship, in which no music was allowed but plain psalm singing; it was thought necessary for the promotion of true religion that no organs should be suffered to remain in the churches; that choral books should be torn; painted glass windows broken; sepulchral brass inscriptions defaced; and, in short, that the cathedral service should be totally abolished. In consequence of this ordinance, collegiate and parochial churches were stripped of their organs and ornaments; some of the instruments were sold to private persons, who preserved them; some were totally, and others but partially destroyed; some were taken away by the clergy in order to prevent their being destroyed, and some few were suffered to remain; among this number was the one in old St. Paul's Cathedral, built by William Beton, organ builder to King Henry the Eighth. The great fire happening in 1666 destroyed, among other churches, the old cathedral of St. Paul's, the organ perishing with it. After the churches began to be rebuilt, and organs wanted for them, no organ builders except Dallams of London, Lonsemore of Exeter, Thamar of Peterborough, and Preston of York, could be found; and these not being sufficient to supply the immediate want of the cathedral and parish churches with organs, it was thought expedient to invite foreign builders of known abilities to settle in England; and the premiums offered on this occasion brought over two celebrated workmen—Schmidt and Harris, the former from Germany, the latter from France. Schmidt brought with him his nephews, Gerard and Bernard, as assistants; and to distinguish him from these, as well as to express the respect due to his abilities, which placed him at the head of his profession, he was called Father Schmidt. The first organ Father Schmidt was engaged to build in England was for the royal chapel White Hall; which, from its being put hastily together, did not give entire satisfaction to those who were appointed to judge of its excellence. It was from this failure that he never after would agree to build an organ upon a short notice, or deliver it in a state of less perfection than he wished.

About the latter end of King Charles the Second's reign, the masters of the Temple Church determined upon having an organ erected, and received proposals from both Schmidt and Harris, who were backed by the recommendation of so many powerful friends and celebrated organists, that they were unable to determine among themselves which to employ. They therefore told the candidates, if each of them would erect an organ in different parts of the church, they would retain that which should be declared to deserve the preference—to which both of the candidates agreed; and in about nine months each had an instrument ready for trial. Dr. Blow and the famous Henry Purcell performed on Schmidt's organ; and Mr. Lully, organist to Queen Catharine, performed on Harris's.

They continued vying with each other for near a twelvemonth; and at length the decision was left to the Lord Chief Justice Jeffrey, who was of the society; and he terminated the controversy in favor of Father Schmidt. Harris's organ was taken away; and the reed stops were put into an organ soon after erected in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, where they are still in existence; and the rest of the work went towards completing an organ building for Christ Church, Dublin. The Hon. Roger North, in his memoirs of music, says the competition between Schmidt and Harris was carried on with such vivacity by the friends of both sides, that "they were just not ruined." And in the night preceding the last trial, the friends of Harris cut the bellows of Schmidt's organ in such a manner, that when the time for playing came, no wind could be conveyed to the wind chest.

In consequence of the reputation which Father Schmidt had acquired by building the Temple organ, he was made choice of to build an instrument for St. Paul's Cathedral, then erecting. A place was accordingly fitted up for him, in the cathedral, to do the work in, but it was a long time before he could proceed with it, owing to a contention between Sir Christopher Wren and the Dean and Chapter. Sir Christopher Wren wished the organ to be placed on one side of the choir, as it was in the old cathedral, that the whole extent and beauty of the building might be seen at one view; but the Dean, on the contrary, wished to have it at the west end of the choir; and Sir Christopher, after using every effort and argument to gain his point, was at last obliged to yield. Schmidt, according to his instructions, began the organ; and when the pipes were finished, found that the case was not spacious enough to contain them all; and Sir Christopher, tender of his architectural proportions, would not consent to let the case be enlarged to receive them, declaring the beauty of the building to be already spoiled by the —— box of whistles. Three of the stops were in consequence obliged to be kept out; namely, a bassoon, a clarion, and another stop, of minor consequence, which were kept in the cathedral for several years after, Schmidt hoping he might get them in at some future period; but he died a few years before Sir Christopher Wren.

After all this contention, the architect, surely against his will, was obliged to make an addition to the case. He not only had been niggardly in regard to the depth of it, where another foot would have been of no consequence whatever, but also in the height; for when Schmidt came to put in the large open diapason pipes, in the two side flats, they appeared through the top nearly a foot in length, and spoiled the appearance entirely. Schmidt now entertained hopes of having a new case; but Sir Christopher, who before would not suffer any ornaments on the top, was now obliged to add several feet, or else alter the case, which vexed him exceedingly. These ornaments consisted of angels, with trumpets, standing at the side of a small altar. The color of the wood that these were made of being lighter than the organ-case, the addition was soon discoverable.

THE ORGAN.

The organ consisted of twenty-seven stops; it had three rows of keys and two octaves of pedals for the great organ. The compass of the great organ was from C below CC, to C in alt; but no double CCC sharp. The number of pipes was 1976.

The diapasons in the great organ have always been esteemed the finest that Schmidt ever made. Those at the Temple were very fine in bass, but fell off exceedingly in the treble; those of St. Paul's did not, but were regular and uniform in the quality of the tone throughout. The effect of the three diapasons with pedal basses (the right hand engaged with the melody in the treble, the left accompanying it on the swell), was beautiful, and showed the diapasons off to the utmost advantage. The style best calculated for the diapasons was *adagio, legato*, and *cantabile* movements, which had the richest effect imaginable. Three or four notes, or a chord held down in the bass on the diapasons, had all the effect of thunder at a distance; and, when comparing these diapasons with any other that Schmidt ever made, or even Harris, or Schreider, Schmidt's principal man, who built the organ at Westminster Abbey, they fell far short in respect to the quality as well as the body of tone. The rest of the stops in the great organ blended finely together; and when the basses were doubled by the pedals, the power of the chorus was very great. Schmidt seems to have excelled in the diapason or foundation stops.

The choir organ at St. Paul's was not in any respect inferior to the great organ. The stop diapason was certainly the finest of the kind ever heard; and the body of tone in the bass far superior to the one in the full organ. It was a fine stop for accompanying the voice in solo. The flute mixed beautifully with it. There was something particularly rich in the quality of tone of the principal; and when used with the two former stops, it made a fine bold choir organ. The twelfth and fifteenth added made a good chorus, but being seldom used, were generally out of tune. The Mixture, Cremona, and Voxhumana were never used, and the stops, in consequence, were wedged up. The swell, a later invention, was not made by Schmidt; it was originally built by Crang, its first inventor. If an organ had three rows of keys formerly, the third was called "the echo," and consisted in general of four or five stops, fastened up in a box without any opening, seldom extending below middle C. The invention of the swell was a wonderful improvement in the art of organ building, as the finest effect can be produced by its judicious use.

If the swell is of good compass, and swells well in tune, the player can throw in so much coloring and shading that it is almost impossible to tire the ear, especially if he be dexterous at the pedals, as he can then play the bass with his feet, while his hands are engaged alternately at each set of keys. The first swell made after its invention was for this organ, and turned out somewhat like the first organ Schmidt built after his arrival in England—not very good. It was always considerably flatter than the other part of the organ, and did not appear to be of the same temperament, neither did it sound well in tune. The diapason and principal musical well together, but the reed stops did not resemble what they were called. The trumpet resembled the hautboy, the hautboy the cromorne, but they were not nearly powerful enough for the building.

The organ at St. Paul's underwent a repair about fifty-nine years ago, at which time every note in the organ was transposed. It is a remarkable circumstance that all Schmidt's organs were a quarter, and some even half a tone above pitch. This used to be so severely felt by the wind instrument at the performance of the Sons of the Clergy that they could not get near the pitch of the organ, in consequence of which it was agreed upon that the organ should be altered to concert pitch by transposing the pipes, so that the CCC became DDD, and so on through all the organ. The double CCC was an entire new note, and by no means good. The diapason was of wood, which was soon discoverable after touching the other notes.

Those who remembered the organ in its original state would never say it was bettered by the repair it underwent. It had four pairs of bellows eight feet by four; which, from some defect in them, caused at times a sad shaking throughout the whole instrument, especially when the basses were doubled by the pedals. This was very unpleasant, and might easily have been remedied in the hands of a skillful manipulator. The touch of the great organ was rather too light, at least in the bass, as the palates would not close time enough to admit of very quick playing. The pedals to the great organ being short were of very little use, and were frequently complained of by foreigners, who played upon the instrument, but could not manage them after the German style. The organ case (to the top of the ornaments) stood near thirty feet high; from the bottom of the building it was about forty-six feet. It was eighteen feet wide and eight feet deep. The carving about the case was very handsome; this was executed by Gibbons, whose decorations embellished every part of the choir. The organ was opened, with Divine service, on the thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick, December 2, 1697.

Jeremiah Clark was the organist of St. Paul when the new organ was opened. He died in 1707. The other organists have been Mr. Bridge died 1718; Dr. Maurice Green, died 1775; Mr. Jones, died 1796; Mr. Attwood, a pupil of Mozart; and Mr. John Gross, the present organist.

A Maori Maiden and Her Admirers.

Frazer's Magazine, in a paper on New Zealand, has the following description of love at the Antipodes:—

Arriana is a remarkably pretty half-caste, the offspring of an Englishman and a Maori woman. Her mother died some years ago; and her father, one of those restless, unsettled beings so often to be met with in the colonies, left her to the care of her Maori relations, and started for Australia. Nothing has been heard of him since. When the war broke out she was living with a settler near Awamutu; the family was obliged to leave, and she was carried off by the Rebels. She says that this was done against her will, and that while the fighting was going on at the pah, she was tied to another woman to prevent her from attempting to escape. We suspect, however, that she was tied only by the gentle cords of love, and that a Maori warrior had something to do with her presence there. When the pah was evacuated she was hit by a bullet, which shattered her arm. It would have gone hard with her, in the indiscriminate slaughter which ensued, had not some brave fellow stood over her and defended her life. No less than ten men came forward to claim the honor due to his gallant deed; but this was after the report of her beauty had spread over the camp, and each claimant doubtless imagined that he could establish a lien over her heart. Nay, some weeks after the fight, an enthusiastic militiaman travelled all the way from Raglan, a distance of thirty miles, and demanded an interview with the brigadier; he stated that he was the preserver of Arriana's life; he could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep for thinking of her; so he had made up his mind to make her his wife. He had fifty pounds in the savings bank, which sum he wished to devote to her education, so as to prepare her for the duties of the married life. All that he desired at present was an interview with the object of his affections; Arriana would at once recognize him and rush to his arms. There was only one slight difficulty, he spoke no Maori, and she knew no English; but love has a language of its own; he had no doubt that they would understand one another. The brigadier, amused at the fellow's earnestness, granted the desired interview, and allowed the interpreter to be present to assist if the silent language of love should prove insufficient. The lover entered the room with a bashful, sheepish air, and stared at Arriana, who stared at him in return, but there was no recognition on her part, no outburst of gushing gratitude, no rushing to his arms. On the contrary, she turned to the interpreter and coolly asked what the man wanted, on learning which she laughed heartily, and told him to go away, as she had never seen him before and would have nothing to say to him. The poor man begged, beseeched, implored, and looked unutterable things; Arriana only tittered, and turned away her head. Ever since that time he has continued to urge his suit in letters, written by a half-caste amanuensis, but the Maori maiden is still obdurate. The poor militiaman is not the only man who has felt the power of her beauty, or claimed to be her preserver. So importunate were some of her admirers, that a guard had to be stationed at the hut for her protection. She has now almost recovered from her wound, and an asylum will be provided for her in an orphan institution. We have still some hopes of the militiaman; perseverance often leads to success in love, as in everything else.

ACTORS LOSING THEIR IDENTITY.—Macready used to excuse his rather rough handing of his tragic scenes on the plea that he had so perfectly identified himself with the part as to forget he was William C. Macready, gentleman, and that he knew himself only as Signor "Othello," General in the Venetian service. One actress at rehearsal informed him that she had filled her hair and clothing full of fish hooks, and he had better be careful. The identity was broken. The truth is that the perfect identification of the character is all humbug, unless the actor, as in the case sometimes of the elder Booth, was unduly excited by stimulants. Certainly, however, there is a singular difference in the personal powers sometimes when on the stage, from the same when off. We knew an amateur actor once who stammered fearfully, but whose elocution on the stage was admirable, his enunciation especially being clear, distinct, and unhesitating. A famous English actress, a Mrs. Prichard, was exceedingly vulgar, talking about her silk "*gownd*," and it was said had never read any part of *Macbeth* except her own written "lengths." Yet her actions were perfection—combining the rendering of a scholar with the manner of a gentlewoman, and the port of a princess.

THE LATE GENERAL LIPRANDI.—The Russian papers announce the death of the famous General Paul Petrovitsch Liprandi, so well known in the Crimean war. Liprandi, born in 1796, served under General Wittgenstein in the campaign of 1812-15. In the Polish war of 1831 he greatly distinguished himself—notably at the capture of Warsaw—and at his storming of two Polish redoubts. In 1848 he became Lieutenant-General, and Commander of the 12th Division of Infantry. In 1854 he replaced General Anrep at the blockade of Kouafat, and, after the Alma, went to the Crimea, where he inflicted great damage on the English cavalry. He led the Russian troops at Inkerman, November 5, 1854, and was immortalized by *Punch*—

"Rem-inder, remember,
The third of November,
Inkerman! powder and shot!
When Liprandi Liprandi,
Met Pat, Jack, and Mat Dy,
And a mighty fine licking he got!"

He occupied the heights of the Tchernaya, and menaced the flank of the allied army. In 1855 he commanded the left wing of the Russian army at the battle of Traktir, and defended the defiles of Inibeck. Latterly General Liprandi commanded the 6th Division of Infantry in the interior of the Russian empire.

LONDON CHIMES.—A gentleman, writing to the *Times*, says:—"From morn to dewy eve," and even later, this miserable street is full of the loudest, the most piercing, the most melancholy, and most discordant shouts. They begin at half-past seven in the morning with "Herrsh stoves" (perhaps the loudest and worst of all), and they go on till eleven at night. On some days we have no less than thirty-five different cries. There is a wretched little boy who used to cry "Paper" about twenty times as he brought me your freshly-printed journal every morning, with such a loud, shrill, cockle shriek, that I was obliged to entreat him to modify his call. My appeal was not in vain; but he is now, alas! the agent of a milkman, with whom I possess no influence, and pierces my ears with "Milk below!" set to the same horrible music. A melancholy woman sings "Water-cresses" in such a dull and doleful strain, that it used to make my heart bleed to hear her; and as she walks very slowly along the pavement, she is seldom on the stage for less than seven or eight minutes at a time. Her jolest torment, who generally turns up about 11 P. M., is a roadman, I believe, and sells, or professes to sell, cob-nuts. He wears wooden shoes, and cries his goods with such a loud, raucous jerk, that he can be heard a quarter of a mile off. There is no going on with your writing until this fellow has passed out of hearing. Now, sir, is this state of things inevitable? It may be looked upon as a small nuisance by some; but when it lasts all day long, and when we consider that, after all, a great majority of our life is made up of small pleasures and small pains, I think you will agree that it should be put a stop to, or be modified. Had proper measures been taken to shield John Leech from such inclemens, his life might have been spared, and we might have looked with delight for many a year to come on fresh beauties and fresh sources of mirth from his facile pencil.

—The powers of the King of Sweden as head of the church within his realms far exceed those of Queen Victoria as head of the English Church. He appoints bishops directly, and is absolute in the exercise of his right of granting dispensations for marriages, which would otherwise be illegal, and in other matters, also, where the civil process is insufficient without a religious sanction.

—An iron-plated frigate with a spur, named the *Ancona*, has just been launched at Bordeaux for the Italian Government. The *Ancona* is fitted with engines of seven hundred horse-power, and is to carry twenty-two guns. She is two hundred and twenty-four feet long, forty-five feet wide, and twenty-eight feet deep. She is covered with teak wood to the depth of twenty inches, and the iron plates are fastened over the teak. The flooring of the deck is covered with sheet iron. The *Ancona* measures four thousand two hundred and fifty tons.

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CHEAPER THAN COAL OR WOOD!
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With less trouble, in less time, and at less expense than any Coal or Wood Stove. They are very convenient for use in apartments in which there is no Chimney Flue.
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He will convince them of the utility, comfort, and economy of Browne's Metallic Weather Strips and Window Bands. These Strips totally exclude Cold, Wind, Rain, Snow, and Dust from the crevices around Doors and Windows, and are warranted for five years.
Call or send for Circular. 11-18mthfR

BANK NOTICES.

WHEREAS, THE AUDITOR-GENERAL, as required by the 11th Section of the Act entitled "An Act to enable the Banks of this Commonwealth to become Associations for the purpose of Banking under the laws of the United States," passed on the 22d day of August, A. D. 1864, has certified to me that "THE CONSOLIDATION BANK OF PHILADELPHIA" has furnished satisfaction to him that all the requirements of said Act have been complied with by the said Bank, and that it has become an Association for the purpose of Banking under the laws of the United States;
I do, therefore, cause this notice thereof to be published, in accordance with the provisions of the said 11th Section of the said Act, and do declare that the Charter of said Bank, by the terms of said Act, is deemed and taken to be hereupon surrendered, subject to the provisions of the 1st Section of said Act.
A. G. CURTIN,
Governor of Pennsylvania.