

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

To be twenty years of age, with a sound digestion, a light heart, and a latch-key, seems to me, in certain moods, the summum bonum of earthly enjoyment. I am not going to remark that a man at that time of life is cleverer, or more virtuous, or a more profitable member of society than when his beard begins to graze. I only say he is happier; that he has probably never been so happy before, and that he certainly will never be so again. The jollity of schoolboys is, I fancy, overrated. We look back upon that so-called golden period of early youth through a pleasant but deceptive halo, which makes us forget the alloy of discomforts which it contained. In the old Greek epigram, a certain hero bails with reverence both Menemose and Lethe in one breath. "Let me," cries he, "remember all the good I have done, and forget my errors." And, after this fashion, we indulge in a retrospect of cricket and round jackets. We call to mind the delights of "breaking-up day," our unimpaired appetite for pastry, the glow of pleasure with which we received our prizes (you may guess how many fell to my share), but we forget the miseries we endured; the horrors of froggia qua maribus and Pons asinarum; the fussy platitudes of that old pedagogue in a trencher cap; the brutal conduct of the young sixth-form tyrant for whom we had the honor of fagging; the depressing chill of early "chaps;" the cruel scars which were left upon us; no; not even if Mr. Gunter himself were to offer me the whole contents of his shop, bride-cakes and all; not even if I might be captain of the school eleven, or the "Times" newspaper; not for the rosiest cheeks in the world, the most generous "tips" that could be hoped for;—no; not to be that model of scholastic perfection, Mr. Thomas Brown himself—would I go back to fifteen again!

To be called oneself man for the first time; to wield the razor with a consciousness of real necessity (boys used to shave in 184-); to live in lodgings or chambers on one's own account;—to go out or come home when one likes; to enter upon life with a keen zest for life's enjoyments with health, spirits, hope, and a tolerably easy conscience—ah! that is the true golden age; those are the rosy hours when, taking old Father Time kindly by the hand, setting his scythe and hour-glass in the chimney-corner, and passing the loving-cup across the table to him, most of us would cry, "Here, venerable sire, here let us linger!" I believe a common protest is raised from time to time, by old fogies, that young men in this country are not what they used to be; and, upon my word, though I disregarded the notion a dozen years ago, I begin to have some faith in it now. One faculty, at least, they seem to be losing—the faculty of enjoyment. Look at Young England in a ball-room, at the theatre, or during a picnic. Does he look happy, amused, or interested in any way? Or is he a more listless young dandy, more bored, or affected to be so—with everything and everybody around him? I vow there are some young gentlemen of this description whom I never see without feeling a strong desire to slap them heartily between the shoulders (can't you imagine their horror at such a greeting?) and ask what on earth they think worth caring for. Early in the last decennium, we young fellows, whose whiskers were just beginning to bud, not only enjoyed life, but didn't mind showing that we enjoyed it. Our tastes were none of the most intellectual, I am afraid. We courted the Muses after a rough and ready fashion—over pipes of bird's eye and tankards of pale ale. There weren't so many novels to read then as there are now; but somehow I fancy they had better stuff in them. I know we looked forward every month to the appearance of Mr. Thackeray's two yellow leaves, and Mr. Dickens's two green leaves, with a zest which is unknown to the rising generation. There was not a chapter in "David Copperfield" that we didn't discuss, laughing at Peggotty and Mr. Micawber, indignant with Uriah Heep, pitying poor little Doris, and deeply touched by the fate of handsome, reckless, proud, misguided Steerforth. Pemmion was noted somewhat of a prig; but his friend, George Warrington—was not that a character to study, to admire, to emulate? I believe when the great satirist of our day, in his profound world-wisdom, sketched that life-like portrait, half the interest with which he invested it was due to the fact that he was unconsciously describing himself. Only a few of us had kept up our Latin; and Raikesmere, of the State-Secretary's Office (who went up from Eastminster to Oxford, but left that university, for reasons which need not here be named, without taking his degree), was mighty apt with his quotations from Horace when we met at the Cimbrian Stores to dine, or sat gossiping round some third-floor fireplace in the Temple. "Nunc est bibendum!" he used to cry, blowing off the froth from his pewter; and most of the young artists who heard him, not having themselves had the advantage, as the phrase is, of a classical education, regarded that thrifless reprobate as a miracle of wit and learning. But when we came to talk of books in our own mother-tongue—of English poets, from Chaucer down to Mr. Tennyson—my goodness, what a chattering there was! what a fierce puffing of three-penny cheroots! what an outpour of earnest, frank, and beer-inspired arguments!

The Cimbrian Stores was an old-fashioned tavern, where an eighteenpenny ordinary was held at 6 o'clock. The bitter ale (and a very decent tap too) came to fourpence, and one gave twopenny more to the waiter, which, you see, exactly made up the two shillings—a modest but sufficient item in our daily expenses. I've had worse dinners in my time, I can tell you. They gave us soup or fish, a cut of the roast, vegetables, and a famous piece of Cheddar cheese. There was wine at a moderate rate for those who liked it. Mr. Volkins, the respected landlord, took the chair precisely as the quaint old mahogany-cased clock in the corner struck the hour, and, rapping the table with his carving-knife, said a brief but impressive grace. It was a snug and cosy little set that gathered around that table. A few middle-aged personal friends of Mr. Volkins sat right and left of him. On the subject of their respective professions I was then, and am still, completely in the dark. They entered the room just five minutes before dinner-time, and fell half asleep over their grog, when we youngsters went back to our books and drawing-boards, or, if my memory doesn't deceive me, to the pit of some theatre, especially in the winter season, when we made a point of visiting all the pantomimes. I am thankful to say that I have not yet lost my relish for pantomimes. Barleagues, I admit, bore me horribly. It wasn't with dead Planché's inventions. His wit was elegant and scholar-like; his jokes, if not profound, had a genuine sparkle about them quite independent of the mere double entendres; the stories which he chose for illustration were admirably adapted for his purpose. You didn't want a breakdown nigger dance, or an infant prodigy, or an optical illusion to thrill you. The days of Vestris, the days of Harley, of Mad'les St. George, Reynolds, and Horton—that was the golden age of burlesque writing and burlesque acting. Those artists played their parts as if they enjoyed the fun themselves. Your modern actors and actresses seem only to condescend to theirs. They enunciate those wretched little milk-and-water puns as if they were ashamed of them—and well they may be, for, as a rule, weaker halloards has never passed for a wit. Jokes indeed! why you might make a gross of them in an hour. They are not jokes; they are not even puns—but a silly jingle of sounds. The audience don't laugh at this stuff; they can't. I defy any one with a grain of sense to do so. They only utter a dismal groan, which runs around the dress-circle like a banshee's wail. Like a pantomime, a real, genuine, well-organized pantomime, with a regular transformation scene and plenty of harlequinade, is a national institution which I trust may never become extinct. It is not an intellectual amusement, perhaps, to enjoy it; you need be familiar neither with politics nor the pages of Dr. Lempiere's dictionary. It is simple nonsense, if you will—but then it pretends to be nothing else. We can't always (thank goodness) combine instruction with amusement, like the amiable pedagogues who invent geographical games, and playfully beguile little boys into the rule of three. No; a pantomime is solely intended to make us laugh, and the man who refuses to laugh at it once a year, and in the presence of children, may be a gloomy misanthrope. For my part, I confess to enjoy it sympathetically with Mr. Merryman in his various escapades. I like to see him purloining sausages, geese, and legs of mutton, and admire the adroitness with which he transfers those comestibles to his capacious pocket. I am pleased when he divides the fish with Pantaloon, and, with a great semblance of fairness, reserves for far the larger share for himself. I rejoice when he is fired out of a cannon or pressed flat in a mangling machine, and know by experience that his constitution can stand these trials, and that ten to one he will be livelier for them in the next scene. As for Columbine, I have always regarded her as one of the most fascinating women in Christendom, and could desire no better fare than to go through life with such a partner, pirouetting up and down the world dressed in a tight suit of spangles, like that lucky dog Harlequin, who can leap into a clock-face, or disappear through a shop shutter as quick as lightning—whenever it suits his convenience.

A hale of intense respect surrounds the memory of those old cimbrians as they picture them to myself, seated on sturdy Windsor chairs, in that homely but hospitable parlor panelled high with English oak, and bearing on its walls fair copies of the Lely portraits at Hampton Court. They were very strong in politics—those stout and ancient Britons—a subject which, judging from my own experience, interests the art-student but very little. So we let them say their say, and wag their venerable old heads with solemn earnestness, as they discussed the merits of Sir Robert Peel, and entered at length upon the great Chartist question. As for nous autres, we kept our conversation pretty much to ourselves. Sometimes a dozen of us—painters, sucking barristers, government-office clerks, and a medical student or two—would form a little cove on one end of the table, and, content for once to spend a quiet evening, would sit on, gossiping, long after the old habits of the place (the extra ordinaries, as we used to call them, in playful allusion to the nature of the banquet) had toddled home. It was at 1 o'clock, I think, when Robert, the head waiter, used to come in, rubbing his eyes, with a "Now, gentlemen, if you please!" the usual form of warning which he gave us previously to turning off the gas. I fear a good deal of what military men call "pipelay," and of civilian "shop," was talked on all sides, and the artists had the best of it. It will, I believe, be admitted that the falling is natural to us as a class. Scarcely any other calling can be said to furnish a theme for work and play to the same devotees. When Mugwell, the rising young lawyer, goes off to Switzerland for the long vacation, do you suppose he troubles his head with Blackstone on the Wengern Alp, or pops a brief into his pocket before stepping on board the boat at Lucerne? You might travel all day and not see a copy of Blackstone, or a copy of Pillington and Mr. Lancelot Probyn, and never find out that one gentleman obtained a livelihood by writing hieroglyphics at a guinea a page, and that the other would be ready at any moment to cut you up—not metaphorically, but in the flesh—without the slightest remorse? I have known even sober and unimpeachable divines modify their costume to no small extent as soon as they have crossed the channel, exchange the conventional white choquer for a easy silk neckerchief, replace the stern chimney with a comfortable wide-awake, and wear an ordinary shooting-coat instead of the more orthodox paletot. Barring a slight tendency to intone his conversation, you would hardly recognize his reverence in the frank and genial talker who sits next you at the table d'hôte. If our young clergy have their little failings, they certainly do not intrude ecclesiastical intelligence upon you between the wine and walnuts; that is, unless you begin the subject. But what does an artist like to talk about so much as his art? How delighted he is sure to be if, agreeing with the theories which he propounds, you endorse his opinion; that Madder Brown is a great genius! With what mingled pity and contempt he will regard you if you happen to admire the landscapes of Stippler! "What, my dear fellow, that man's work like nature? Nonsense! I tell you there isn't a bit of nature in it! It's the feeblest, most commonplace stuff you ever saw! I don't suppose he ever drew anything but a cork correctly in all his life! Color, indeed! the fellow's got no sense of color in him! That foreground of his thing last year—hung on the line too; by Jove! it was nothing but a sheer piece of cabbage from Fogley's picture, and as for his greens—!" etc. etc.

The artist-diners of the Cimbrian Stores outnumbered all the others put together. Law and medicine held their own sometimes; and when the gossip turned on general literature, we met on common ground. But art was the favorite subject of conversation, or "jaw," in the polite language of the Cimbrians. Our occasional visitors, perhaps, found it a little too much of a good thing sometimes, but most of them were very good-tempered on this point, and listened in meek astonishment to the astounding expressions of sentiment which came pouring forth from our lips in a fragrant cloud of tobacco. Once, and once only, was there any marked or offensive allusion to this habit, when that man, Raikesmere, would insist on bringing his friend, young Tuttleigh Hunter, also of the 8-nee-re Office, to dine with us. The idiot came in evening dress, with a jewelled shirt-front, and looked round upon our tired looks of surprise and contempt. We were civil enough to him at first, but he scarcely deigned to speak to one of us, and winking at Raikesmere after dinner (he had been drinking pretty freely), remarked that there was a d-d smell of paint in the room. I don't think any one of us would have seen the allusion, but that the fool began to chuckle (as fools will) when he had uttered this splendid piece of witicism. I was sitting just opposite him, and my old schoolfellow, Dick Dewberry, of the Middle Temple, was by my side. Dick had been at Oxford with Tuttleigh, and knew his line. Moreover, Dick was an amateur painter of no inconsiderable merit, and had a fellow-feeling for our cause. "I beg your pardon, sir," cries Mr. Dewberry, very stiffly, across the table; "I think you said that there was a smell of paint. Yes, I did, I say the grinning dandy; 'perhaps you don't object to it?'" "To which, sir, the paint or your remark?" asks Dick, pretty smartly. "Raikesmere turned crimson." "I'm on my life I don't know," drawled Hunter. "You seem to take offense. Are you a painter?" "Why, no, sir, but I'm a gentleman," cries Dick, lighting his cigar; "and a few of my friends here are both." "Then I s'pose you're accustomed to paint," sneers Hunter, nastily. "Raikesmere, nudging his elbow, and telling him to shut up." "Perhaps so," retorts Dick; "but there are some things we are not accustomed to, and don't mean to endure. Raikesmere, if your friend wants the fresh air, there's plenty of it down stairs in the street." Tuttleigh, pouring out another glass of wine, muttered something about a public room being public property, and that he'd be blanked before he moved to oblige anybody. He was getting rapidly drunk. Dewberry rang the bell. "Robert," said he, when the waiter made his appearance, "is the billiard-room engaged?" "Not a soul but the marker in it, sir," says old Bob. "Very well. Then what do you say to a game of pool, gentlemen?" We all started up glad of the opportunity to avoid a row, and left this uninvited civil servant alone with his friend. Raikesmere came after us with an ample apology, but it was the last time he ventured to bring one of his dandiacal acquaintances to dine with us. "I had a dog puppy," growled Dewberry, when he had got back to his chambers; "I wish I had punched his head. I would if he could have stood up and taken care of himself. There's no love lost between us, I promise you." "Ever seen him before?" I asked, for I felt sure there was some old grudge rankling in Mr. Dewberry's bosom. "Well, yes, I have," said Dick, somewhat mysteriously. "He was pointed out to me at the Crystal Palace last Thursday." "By whom?" said I. "Mr. Dewberry blushed a little, and, in reply, asked me whether I could keep a secret." "To be sure," I said, for the honest fellow had turned as red as a peony, and I saw at once that we were on delicate ground. "The fact is, Jack," continued D. D., "that that fellow has been annoying a very great friend of mine for some time past, and in such a way that it would be very awkward, and, in fact, almost impossible for her—you're right, it is a lady—for me, on her behalf, to take any notice of it." I now ventured to ask for a full explanation, having in the meantime mixed myself a glass of toddy, at Mr. Dewberry's express desire. "You must know, then," said Dick, after a pull at his own tumbler, that I have some friends living at Kensington, not far from where this fellow Hunter lives. In fact, they attend the same church at St. Didymus. Their pew is in one of the aisles, and he generally manages to get a seat close by. Well, fancy, for some weeks past the horrid snob has been in the habit of staring in an impudent manner every Sunday during service at this lady, who is very young, you know, Jack, and—ahem!—really very pretty; and she hasn't any father or brother, by the way—yes, by Jove! in such a manner as really to annoy her very much, and she has tried to frown him down, but he won't be frownd down, and keeps on staring worse than ever. Now isn't that a disgusting shame, and don't you think it ought to be put a stop to in some way or another?" "Most decidedly," said I. "Couldn't you call him to account yourself, or send a message by Raikesmere?" "Why, no," cries Dick; "that's just the rub. I'd do that directly if I might, but Miss Petworth won't let me; and when one comes to think of it, you know, Jack, it would be rather awkward to mix a lady's name up with such an affair at all; because, of course, he'd deny that he meant to be rude, and say it was an accident, or something of that kind, and so get off without receiving his deserts. I want to teach him a lesson which he shan't forget in a hurry." "Well, what do you propose?" I asked. "Why," continued Mr. Dewberry, "I've been thinking the matter over lately, and I see only one way of tackling it. It appears that Mr. Hunter's rudeness is not confined to one object. He has annoyed other ladies in the same way. Now I don't like the notion of anonymous letters, but really in a case of this kind I think the end would justify the means. He seems to be such a donkey that I really think if he received a letter written in a woman's hand, he would believe it came from one of those ladies whom he is always ogling, and then we could make as much fun of him as we chose." "I confess I don't exactly see how," said I. "Why, you old stupid," cries Dick, "don't you see that a man of this kind would be vain enough to keep any appointment anywhere, from the top of the monument to the bottom of the Thames Tunnel, in the fond belief that a lady had fallen in love with him, if he thought he was going to meet her. Supposing the rendezvous chosen was the Temple Gardens—"

"And you prepared with a tremendous horsehair, I suppose," said I. "Why, no," retorts Mr. Dewberry, "that wouldn't be exactly fair—to inveigle a man, cad as he is, into a quiet place, and then kick him at one's leisure. No; I'm not going to do that. But there's nothing in the world to prevent his becoming a fund of amusement to us as he struts about waiting for his imaginary Daléma, while we are quietly watching and laughing at him from these windows." "Capital notion, upon my word," observed Mr. Dewberry's humble servant. "But it's easier said than done. Mr. Hunter mayn't be quite such a fool as he looks." "We can but try," answers D. D. "Sup- pose we put on a bait to begin with. We might sketch out a preliminary note, asking him to give evidence of the sincerity of his affection in some sign which I should be able to recognize." "And when are these documents to be drawn up?" I asked. "There is no time," said Mr. Dewberry, fetching an inkstand from a side-table, "like the present." Down we sat accordingly, and in the course of half an hour the following billet was indited in a delicate female hand, on a sheet of superfine Bath post:—"Sir.—The experience which a nature such as yours must ere this have derived from a contemplation of the confiding impulses to which a woman's heart is occasionally subject may, I trust, be deemed some excuse for the exceptional character of this communication. It were impossible for me to witness week after week the flattering, because unadvised, attention with which you regard the writer of these lines, without becoming aware that you take an interest in her welfare which has not been—my affection is—altogether unappreciated? Should my suspicions—I had nearly written my hopes—be not without foundation, will you kindly oblige me by wearing a pea-green tie (my favorite color) round your neck on Sunday next? After seeing it I shall feel free to tell you more." "Till then I remain, 'Your unknown friend,' BELINDA." "P. S.—Isn't Belinda a pretty name? I'm afraid you won't think mine half so pretty when you know her." I present the note as it was, and instead of the girls to whom he has made eyes, but if I told Miss P., she would certainly betray herself by blushing or showing some confusion next Sunday, and then the whole thing would be spoiled. No, I must not compromise her in that way. What a jolly sell it will be, though, for him, if he falls into the trap! Can't you fancy him in his pea-green tie? I chose that color because he usually wears crimson silk." Well, a week after the above conversation Dick and I met again at the chambers by appointment. He told me that Mr. Hunter had obeyed the request so literally that he thought if we had begged him to wear a bonnet instead of a hat we might have expected compliance. The time was now come for a second letter, which was couched in the following elegant language:—"Sir.—How can I express to you in adequately earnest terms the great satisfaction, nay, the pleasure, which I felt in recognizing on your part, through the medium of a sign which I myself had suggested, an evidence of what, until I knew it, I did not dare to anticipate? I am going with my aunt (an old maid, very kind in her way, but unfortunately indifferent to the feelings of young people) into the city on Tuesday next, and I will try to do her the honor of wearing a bonnet instead of a hat in the Temple Gardens between two and three in the afternoon. I know it is indiscreet in me to say this, but I feel confident that I can rely on your secrecy and good faith. Perhaps I may be enabled to tell you this in person, but if not I am sure you will believe "Your unknown but sincere friend, "BELINDA." "P. S.—If I am unfortunately detained until four or half-past you won't mind, will you? What a lovely color that pea-green tie was, and how well it became you! Of course I couldn't with propriety take any notice of you, but I felt conscious that you had not forgotten me." "I'm afraid he'll see through it," said Dick, as he looked up the letter. "However, old fellow, you'll turn up here at any rate on Tuesday, and we'll keep a look out for the young gentleman." On Tuesday, the 11th of January, 185—(you see I purposely refrain from giving the date in full, out of consideration for Mr. Tuttleigh Hunter's feelings, as he may, for aught I know, by this time be married, and have become the father of a family; if so, it will be far better for Mrs. Tuttleigh Hunter's happiness if she remains in ignorance of her husband's antecedents), on this bleak and frosty winter's day, as I was saying, two young and not altogether ill-favored Englishmen might have been seen ensconced behind decorated window in one of those quaint but historically interesting windows that command a view of the Temple Gardens. A pile of half-bound tomes piled in careless confusion on an adjoining table, indicated the legal studies in which one at least of the striplings was ostensibly engaged. But the remains of an unexceptionally grilled steak, and of what had once been a symmetrical pyramid of mashed potatoes, flanked by a tankard of foaming stout, would have inspired the most careless observer with a conviction that both these young gentlemen had dined, while a recently opened box of cigars, and a delicious perfume which hung upon the non-day air, suggestive of the well-known Havana plant, might have been accepted in evidence that the less necessary but more refined wants of civilized life were being amply satisfied. "How goes the time, Jack?" asked Mr. Dewberry, blowing rings of smoke out of an elegantly-carved meershaum pipe. "I let my watch fall in the pocket-coat, yesterday, and broke the mainspring, I think." "Ten minutes past nine," said I, after consulting my own chronometer. "Then I give him up," said Dick, rather gloomily; "but hark! what is that striking now? You're a little fast, I believe, like some of my other friends. It is but just two o'clock, and—hallo, why there he is, I declare. Punctuality is not only the soul of business, but the very quintessence of confiding affection; and I may say, my dear Jack, do look here," adds Mr. Dewberry, bursting into a roar of laughter, "I'm hanged if he hasn't sported the pea-green tie, as a delicate attention. Ah! my acquaintance Mr. Tuttleigh, I really begin to pity you. This is verily with a vengeance." It was too true. The misguided young man had appeared in full rig, and clad after a manner anything but suited to the inclemency of the weather, in order, I presume, to show off his figure to the best advantage. He was walking about with the air of a stage gallant, evidently rejoiced that he had arrived before his innamorata. After he had strolled up and down for about a quarter of an hour, however, he pulled out his watch and began to walk quicker, and no wonder, for it was intensely cold. Another interval, somewhat shorter cold. Another interval, somewhat shorter cold. Tuttleigh again ascertained the time, and to make assurance doubly sure, referred to a piece of paper which he drew from

GOVERNMENT SALES. LARGE SALE OF IRON, STEEL, AND LUMBER. DEPOT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 13, 1867. By direction of the Quartermaster-General, the following quantities of Iron, Steel, and Lumber will be sold at Public Auction, at 10 o'clock, on WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1867, at the Depot Quartermaster's Office, No. 1524 Broadway, New York, N. Y., under the supervision of Captain James G. Payne, Assistant Quartermaster, commencing on MONDAY, June 3, at 10 A. M., to wit:—About 200,000 lbs Flat Iron, from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2, assorted. 40,000 " Nail Rod Iron. 100,000 " Horseshoe Iron, light and heavy. 30,000 " Hammered Iron, assorted. 400,000 " Assorted Iron, all sizes. 240,000 " Round Iron, assorted from 3 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches, all sizes. 114,000 " Square Iron, assorted, from 1/2 to 2 inches, all sizes. 58,000 " Round Iron, assorted, from 1 to 3 1/2 inches, all sizes. 30,000 " Hoop Iron, assorted, from 3/4 to 1 inch, all sizes. 128,000 " Spring Steel, assorted, from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches, all sizes. 15,000 " American Blistered Steel. 80,000 feet Oak Lumber, from 1 to 2 inches thick. 16,000 " Hickory Lumber, from 2 to 4 inches thick. 40,000 " Poplar Lumber, 1/2 inch thick. 42,408 " Pine Scantling, 3 1/2, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9; 12 to 18 feet long, assorted. Wagonmakers, cartbuilders, and others will find this a fine opportunity to replenish their stock, as the material is entirely new. Transportation will be allowed to Sixth street wharf or the railroad depot, as purchasers may desire, and at their risk. From 10 to 15 days will be allowed in which to remove the goods. Terms—Cash, in Government funds. CHARLES H. TOMPKINS, 514 1/2 Bvt. Brig. Gen., Depot Quartermaster.

UNSEPARABLE QUARTERMASTER'S STORES AT AUCTION. DEPOT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 8, 1867. By direction of the Quartermaster-General, a large lot of Quartermaster's Stores will be sold at Public Auction, at Lincoln Depot, commencing on WEDNESDAY, May 22, at 10 A. M., under the supervision of Captain James G. Payne, A. Q. M., consisting in part of:— 30 four-horse Army Wagons, 200 Saddle Blankets, 1000 Blankets, 2000 Bedsteads, 6 two-horse Army Wagons, 200 Office Coat Stoves, 6 spring Army Wagons, 200 Office Wood Stoves, 10 four-horse Scavenger Army Wagons, 100 Smith's Forges, 3 Cooking Ranges, with 1000 tinware, 36 two-horse Ambulances, 100 Bath Tubs, 100 Doors, 115 sets Wheel Harness, 15 Wheelbarrows, 40 sets Lead Harness, 1000 Carpenters' Saws, 57 sets wheel Ambulances, 1000 Tinners' Harness, 300 yards Cocoa Matting, 125 Moccasin Saddles, 1000 pounds assorted Waggon Saddles, 1000 Hops, 141 B. S. Waggon Whips, 10000 pounds Scrap Iron, 313 Buckets, 20000 pounds Scrap Iron, 927 Gum Buckets, 1000 Shoes, 251 Waggon Bridles, 100 Window Shades, 66 Saddle Bags. And a large lot of other articles. Purchasers will be allowed to examine their goods within ten days from date of sale. CHARLES H. TOMPKINS, 514 1/2 Bvt. Brig. Gen., Depot Quartermaster.

LARGE SALE OF GOVERNMENT LUMBER. PHILADELPHIA DEPOT, ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, No. 1524 Broadway, New York, N. Y., May 13, 1867. Will be sold at Public Auction, at the United States Storehouse, No. 1524 Broadway, N. Y., on SATURDAY, May 18, 1867, commencing at 12 o'clock M., a well-selected and selected assortment of Lumber, as follows:— 37,500 feet Oak Lumber, 5,028 feet Ash do. 51,000 feet Pine do. The above lumber is equal to the best in the market, and was specially selected for the manufacture of Army Wagons and Ambulances in 1861 and 1862, and will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. Wheelwrights, Wagon, Ship, and House Builders are respectfully invited to attend this sale. Terms of Sale—Cash in Government funds. The lumber purchased must be removed within 10 days from date of sale. By order of Brevet Maj.-Gen. G. H. CHOSMAN, Asst. Quartermaster, HENRY W. JAMES, Captain and Asst. Quartermaster, Brevet Major U. S. A. 513 1/2

PROPOSALS. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. WASHINGTON, D. C., May 8, 1867. Proposals will be received at a Department until 12 o'clock, June 6, 1867, for furnishing all the materials and performing the work required in the construction of a Brick Building for the use of the Department of Agriculture, to be erected on reservation No. 2, in this city, according to plans and specifications that can be seen at the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. No proposal will be entertained from any person who is not known to be a practical builder. Bidders are requested to state the shortest time possible in which the building is to be completed, the work to be commenced in three days after the signing of the contract. The Department reserves the right to reject any or all bids, if it be deemed for the interest of the Government to do so, and no bid will be received that does not conform to the requirements of the plans and specifications and of this advertisement. Ninety per cent. of the amount of work done and materials furnished, according to contract price (said amount to be ascertained by the estimate of the Superintendent), will be paid to the contractor to time as the work proceeds, and ten per cent retained until the completion of the contract and the acceptance of the work by the Department. Every proposal must be accompanied by the bond of two responsible persons in the sum of twenty thousand dollars, which the bidder will accept and perform the contract if awarded to him, the sufficiency of the security to be certified by the United States District Judge, United States District Attorney, or Clerk of the United States Court. Proposals should be enclosed in a sealed envelope, inclosed "Proposals for a Building for the Department of Agriculture," and addressed to the Commissioner of Agriculture, 610 2 1/2 ISAAC NEWTON, Commissioner.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD MILITARY DISTRICT. OFFICE CHIEF QUARTERMASTER, ATLANTA, GA., May 8, 1867. BY ORDER OF THE CHIEF QUARTERMASTER, GENERAL.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office for the sale of seven thousand four hundred (7400) tons of COAL at Barcoona Florida, payment to be made in Government funds. The proposals will be opened at 12 M. SATURDAY, the 8th of June, 1867, at this office. Proposals to purchase COAL, and addressed to Brevet Brig.-Gen. R. SEXTON, Chief Quartermaster Third Military District, Atlanta, Ga. 513 2 1/2

LEGAL NOTICES. IN THE SUPREME COURT OF PENNSYLVANIA—EASTERN DISTRICT, THOMAS G. HARRISON, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY G. HOBBS, Defendant. The Auditor appointed by the Court to distribute the fund arising from the above execution, will meet the parties interested at his office, No. 22 WALNUT STREET, in the city of Philadelphia, on SATURDAY, May 18, 1867, at 10 o'clock A. M. H. T. COLLIER, Auditor.

UNITED STATES REVENUE STAMPS.—Principal Depot, No. 22 WALNUT STREET, Central Depot, No. 100 NORTH SEVENTH STREET, one door below the depot. Revenue Stamps of every description constantly on hand to any amount. Orders promptly attended to. Gross by Mail.

GROCERIES, ETC. PURE RHINE AND MOSELL WINES. Especially Imported for Private Use, and Superior Qualities of Claret Wines FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES. A. WOYTT, No. 325 WALNUT STREET. NEW ITALIAN MACCARONI "PRUNELLES" FOR STEWING OR PIE. HARDING'S BONELESS MACKEREL. DUN FISH; Yarmouth Bloaters FOR SALE BY ROBERT BLACK & SON, 212 1/2 N 15th St. GARFIELD'S SUPERIOR CIDER VINEGAR. Warranted free from all POISONOUS ACIDS. For sale by all Grocers, and by the Sole Agents, PAUL & FERGUSON, 419 N 2nd St. SPANISH OLIVES. THREE HUNDRED GALLONS OF Fine Spanish Olives, For sale by the gallon, much below the cost of importation, by JAMES R. WEBB, 814 1/2 Corner WALNUT and EIGHTH Sts. LONDON BROWN STOUT AND SCOTCH ALE, In stone and glass, by the cask or dozen. ALBERT C. ROBERTS, Dealer in Fine Groceries, 117 1/2 Corner ELEVENTH and VINE Sts. HARDWARE, CUTLERY, ETC. STANDBRIDGE, BARR & CO., IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND AMERICAN HARDWARE, No. 1321 MARKET STREET. Offer for sale a large stock of Hardware and Cutlery, TOGETHER WITH 1000 KEGS NAILS AT REDUCED PRICES. [37 cents] CUTLERY. A fine assortment of POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY, HAZOBS, RAZOR STROPS, LADIES' SCISSORS, PAPER AND TAILORS' STAMPS, ETC. L. V. HELMOLD'S Cheap Store, No. 125 South TENTH Street, Three doors above Walnut.