GEORGE THE FIRST. Continued from the last four of THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.]

That beautiful Aurora von Konigemarck and her prother are wonderful as types of bygone manners, and strange illustrations of the morals of old days. The Kon'gsmarcks were descended from an ancient noble tamily of Brandenburg, a branch of which passed into Sweden, where it enriched itself and produced several mighty

men of valor.
The founder of the race was Hans Christot, a famous warrior and plunderer of the Thirty Years' War. One of Hans' sons, Otto, appeared as ambassador at the Court of Louis XIV, and had to make a Swedish speech at his reception before the Most Christian King. Otto was a famous dandy and warrior, but he forgot the speech, and what do you think he did? Far from being disconcerted, he recited a portion of the Swedish Catechism to his Most Christian Malesty and his court, not one of whom understood his lingo with the exception of his own suite, who had to keep their gravity as best they might.

Otto's nephew, Aurora's elder brother, Carl Johann of Konigsmarck, a favorite of Charles II, a beauty, a dandy, a warrior, a rascal of more than ordinary mark, escaped, but deserved being hanged in England for the murder of Tom Thynne of Longleat. He had a little brother in London with him at the time—as great a beauty, as great a dandy, as great a villain as his elder. This lad, Philip of Konigsmarck, also was implicated in the affair; and perhaps it is a pity he ever brought his pretty neck out of it. He went over to Hanover, and was soon appointed colonel of a regiment of H. E. Highness' dragoons. In early life he had been page in the Court of Celle; and it was said that he and the pretty Princess Sophia Dorothea, who by this time was married to her cousin George, the electoral prince, had been in love with each other as children. Their loves were now to be renewed, not innocently, and to come

to a fearful end A biography of George I, by Dr. Doran, has lately appeared, and I confess I am astounded at the verdict which that writer has delivered, and at his acquittal of this most unfortunate lady. That she had a cold, selfish libertine of a husband no one can doubt; but that the bad husband had a bad wife is equally clear. She was married to her cousin for money or convenience, as all princesses were married. She was most beautiful, lively, witty, accomplished: his brutality outraged her; his silence and coldness chilled her; his cruelty insulted her. No wonder she did not love him. How could love be a part of the compact in such a marriage as that? With this unlucky heart to dispose of, the poor creature bestowed it on Philip of Konigsmarck. than whom a greater scamp does not walk the history of the seventeenth century. A hundred and eighty years after the fellow was thrust into his upknown (grave, a Swedish professor lights upon a box of letters in the University library at Upsala, written by Philip and Dorothea to each other, and telling their miserable

The bewitching Konigswarck had conquered two female hearts in Hanever. Besides the electoral prince's lovely young wife, Sophia Philip had inspired a passion hideous old court lady, the Countess of Platen. The princess seems to have pursued him with the fidelity of many years. Heaps of letters the fidelity of many years. Heaps of letters followed him on his campaigns, and were answered by the daring adventurer. The princess wanted to fly with him; to quit her odious husband at any rate. She besought her parents to receive her back; had a notion of taking refuge in France and going over to the Catholic religion; had absolutely packed her jewels for flight, and very likely arranged its details with her lover in that last long night's interview, after which

Philip of Konigsmarck was seen no more.

Konigsmarck, inflamed with drink—there is scarcely any vice of which, according to his own showing, this gentleman was not a practitioner-had boasted at Dresden of his intimacy with the two Hanoverian ladies—not only with the princess, but with another lady powerful in Hanover. The Countess Platen, the old favorite of the Elector, hated the young electoral princess. The young lady had a lively wit, and constantly made fun of the old one. The princess' jokes were conveyed to the old Platen, just as our idle words are carried about at this present day; and so they hated each other.

The characters in the tragedy, of which curtain was now about to fall, are about as dark a set as ever eyes rested on. There is the jolly prince, shrewd, selfish, scheming, loving his cups and his ease (I think his good humor makes the tragedy but darker); his princess, who speaks little, but observes all; his old painted Jezebel of a mistress; his son, the lectoral prince, shrewd too, quiet, selfish, not ill-humored, and generally stlent, except when goaded into fury by the intolerable tongue of his lovely wife; there is poor Sophia Dorothea, with her coquetry and her wrongs, and her passionate attachment to her scamp of a lover, and her wild imprudences, and her insane fidelity. and her furious jealousy regarding her husband (though she loathed and cheated him), and her prodigious falsehoods; and the confidante, of course, into whose hands the letters are slipped; and there is Lothano, finally, than whom, as I have said, one can't imagine a more handsome,

wicked, worthless reprobate.

How that perverse fidelity of passion pursues the villain! How madly true the woman is, and how astoundingly she lies! She has bewitched two or three persons who have taken her up, and they won't believe in her wrong. Like Mary of Scotland, she finds adherents ready to conspire for her even in history; and people who have to deal with her are charmed. nd fascinated, and bedevilled. How devotedly Miss Strickland has stood by Mary's innocence! Are there not scores of ladies in this audience who persist in it too? Innocent! I remember as a boy how a great party persisted in declaring Caroline of Brunswick was a martyred angel. So was Helen of Greece innocent. She never ran away with Paris, the dangerous young Tro jan. Menelaus, her husband, ill used her; and there never was any siege of Troy at all. So was Bluebeard's wife innocent. She never peeped into the closet where the other wives were with their heads off. She never dropped the key, or stained it with blood; and her brothers were quite right in finishing Bluebeard, the cowardly brute! Yes, Caroline of Bruns-wick was innocent; and Madame Lafarge never poisoned her husband; and Mary of Scotland never blew up hers; and poor Sophia Dorothea was never unfaithful; and Eve never took the apple-it was a cowardly fabrication of the serpent's.

George Louis has been held up to execration as a murderous Bluebeard, whereas the electoral prince had no share in the transaction in which Philip of Konigsmark was seuffled out of this mortal scene. The prince was absent when the catastrophe came. The princess had had a hundred warnings—mild hints from her husband's parents: grim remonstrances from him-self—but took no more heed of this advice than self—but took no more need of this advice than such besotted poor wretches do. On the night of Bunday, the 1st of July, 1694, Konigsmarck paid a long visit to the princess, and left her to get ready for flight. Her husband was away at Berlin; her carriages and horses were prepared and ready for the elopement. Meanwhile the spies of Countess Platen had brought the news to their mistress. She went to Ernest Augustus, and procured from the Elector an order for the and procured from the Elector an order for the arrest of the Swede. On the way by which he was to come, four guards were commissioned to take him. He strove to cut his way through the four men, and wounded more than one of them. They fell upon him; cut him down; and, as he was lying wounded on the ground, the countess, his enemy, whom he had betrayed and insulted, came out and beheld him prostrate. He cursed her with his dying lips, and the furious woman stamped upon his mouth with her heel. He was despatched presently; his body burned the next day; and all traces of the man disappeared. The guards who killed him were enjoined silence under severe penalties. were enjoined silence under severe penalties.

The princess was reported to be ill in her apartments, from which she was taken in October of the same year, being then eight-and-twenty years old, and consigned to the castle of Ahlden, where she remained a prisoner for no less than where the remained a prisoner for no less than the castle of the castle thirty-two years. A separation had been pro-nounced previously between her and her hus-band. She was called henceforth the "Princess

of Ahlden," and her silent husband no more

of Abiden," and her silent husband no more uttered her name.

Four years after the Konigsmarck catastrophe Ernest Augustus, the dirst Elector of Hanover, died, and George Louis, his son, reinned in his stead. Sixteen years he reigned in Hanover, after which he became, as we know, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. The wicked old Countess Platen died in the year 1706. She had lost her sight, but nevertheless the legend says that she constantly saw Konigsmarck's ghost by her wicked old bed. And so there was an end of her.

In the year 1700 the little Duke of Gloucester, the last of poor Queen Aune's children, died, and the folks of Hanover straight way became of prodigious importance in England. The Electress

prodigious importance in England. The Electress Sophia was declared the next in succession to the English throne. George Louis was created Duke of Cambridge; grand deputations were sent over from our country to Deutschland; but Queen Anne, whose weak heart hankered after her relatives at St. Germain's, never could be got to allow her cousin, the Elector Duke of Cambridge, to come and pay his respects to her Majesty, and take his seat in the House of Peers. Had the Queen lasted a month longer; had the English Tories been as bold and resolute as they were clever and erafty; had the prince whom the nation loved and pitted been equal to his fortune, George Louis had never talked German in St. James' Chapel Royal.

When the crown did come to George Louis he was in no burry about putting it on. He waited at home for a while; took an affecting farewell of his dear Hanover and Herrenhausen, and set out in the most leisurely manner to ascend "the throne of his ancestor," as he called it in his first speech to Parliament. He brought with him a compact body of Germans, whose society be loved, and whom he kept round the royal person. He had his beautiful German chamberlains; his German secretaries; his negroes, captives of his bow and spear in Turkish wers; his two ugly, elderly German favorites, Mesdames of Kielmansegge and Schulenberg, whom he created respectively Countess of Dar-lington and Duchess of Kendal. The Duchess was tall and lean of stature, and hence was irreverently nicknamed the Maypole. The Countess was a large sized noblewoman, and this elevated perso lage was denominated the elephant. of these ladies loved Hanover and its delights; clung round the linden trees of the great Herrenhausen avenue, and at first would not quit the place. Schulenberg, in fact, could not come on account of her debis; but, finding the Maypole would not come, the elephant packed up her trunk and slipped out of Hanover, unwieldy as she was. On this the Maypole straightway put herself in motion, and followed her beloved George Louis. One seems to be speaking of Captain Macheath, and Polly and Lucy. The King we had selected; the courtiers who came in his train; the English nobles who came to welcome him, and on many of whom the shrewd old cynic turned his back-I protest it is a wonderful satirical picture! I am a citizen waiting at Greenwich pier, say, and crying hurrah for King George, and yet I can scarcely keep my countenance and help laughing at the enormous absurdity of this event!

Here we are, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the head of his Church, with Kielmansegge and Schulenberg with their ruddled cheeks grinning behind the Defender of the Faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who be trayed King William—betrayed King James II— betrayed Queen Anne—betrayed England to the French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector; and here are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former, and, if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster The great Whig gentlemen made their bows and conges with proper decorum and ceremony; but yonder keen old schemer knows the value of their loyalty. "Loyalty," he must think, "as applied to me—it is absurd! There are fifty nearer heirs to the throne than I am. I am but an accident, and you fine Whig gentlemen take me for your own sake, not mine. You Tories hate me; you archbishop, smirking on your knees, and prating about heaven, you know I don't care a fig about your Thirty-nine Articles and can't understand a word of your stupid You, my Lords Bolingbroke and sermons. Oxford-you know you were conspiring against me a month ago; and you, my Lord Duke of Mariborough—you would sell me, or any man else, it you found your advantage in it. Come, my good Melusina, come, my honest Sophia, let us go into my private room, and have some oysters and some Rhine wine, and some pipes afterwards: let us make the best of our situation: let us take what we can get, and leave these bawling,

lying English to shout, and tight, and cheat in their own way!" If Swift had not been committed to the statesmen of the losing side, what a fine saurical picture we might have had of that general sauce qui peut among the Tory party! How mum the Tories became; how the House of Lords and House of Commons chopped round: and how decorously the majorities welcomed

King George! Bolingbroke making his last speech in the House of Lords, pointed out the shame of peerage where several lords concurred to condemn in one general vote all that they had approved in former Parliaments by many particular reso lutions. And so their conduct was shameful. St. John had the best of the argument but the worst of the vote. Bad times were come for him. He talked philosophy and professed in-nocence. He courted retirement, and was ready to meet persecution; but, hearing that honest Mat Prior, who had been recalled from Paris, was about to peach regarding the past transactions, the philosopher bolted, and took that magnificent head of his out of the ugly reach of the axe. Oxford, the lazy and good humored, had more courage, and awaited the storm at home. He and Mat Prior both had lodgings in the Tower, and both brought their heads safe out of that dangerous menagerie. When Atteroury was carried off to the same den a few years afterwards, and it was asked what next should be done with him? "Done with him? Fling him to the Hons!" Cadogan, said Mariberough's lieutenant. But the British lion of hose days did not care much for drinking the blood of peaceful peers and poets, or crunching the bones of bishops. Only four men were executed in London for the rebellion of 1715, and twenty-two in Lancashire. Above a thousand taken in arms submitted to the King's mercy, and petitioned to be transported to his Majesty's colonies in America. I have heard that their descendants took the Loyalist side in the dis-putes which arose sixty years after. It is plea-sant to find that a friend of ours, worthy Dick Steele, was for letting off the rebels with their

As one thinks of what might have been, how amusing the speculation is! We know how the doomed Scottish gentlemen came out at Lord Mar's summons, mounted the white cockade, that has been a flower of sad poetry ever since, and rallied round the Stuart standard at Braemar. Mar, with 8000 men, and but 1500 opposed to him, might have driven the enemy over the Tweed, and taken possession of the whole of Scotland, but that the Pretender's whole of Scotland, but that the Pretender's duke did not venture to move when the day was his own. Edinburgh Castle might have been in King James' hands, but then the men who were to escalade it staid to drink his health at the tavern, and arrived two hours too late at the rendezvous under the castle wall. There was sympathy enough in the town—the projected attack seems to have been known there—Lord Maharita and the continuous contin Mahon quotes Sinclair's account of a gentleman not concerned, who told Sinclair that he was in not concerned, who told Sinclair that he was in a house that evening where eighteen of them were drinking—as the facetious landlady said, "powdering their hair" for the attack of the castle. Suppose they had not stopped to powder their hair? Edinburgh Castle, and town, and all Scotland were King James'. The north of England rives, and marches over Barnet Heath upon Lendon. Wyndham is up in Somersetshire, Packington in Worcestershire, and Vivian in Cornwall. The Elector of Hanover and his hideous mistresses pack up the plate, and perhaps the crown jewels in London, and are off, via Harwich and Helvoetaluys, for dear old Deutschland. The King—God save him l—lands at Dover, with tumultuous applause; shouting multitudes, roaring cannon, the Duke of Marlborough weeping tears of joy, and all the bishops kneeling in the mad, In a few years

mase is said in St. Paul's: matins and vespers are song in York Musser; and Dr. Swift is turned out of his stall and deanery house at St. Patrick's to give place to Father Dominic, from Salamana. All these changes were possible then, and once thirty years afterwards—all this we might have had but for the pulcoris exigui jaciu, that little toss of powder for the hair which the Scotch conspicators stopped to take

You understand the distinction I would draw between history—of which I do not aspire to be an expounder—and manners and life such as these sketches would describe. The rebeltion breaks out in the north; its story is before you in a hundred volumes, in none more fairly than in the excellent parrative of Lord Mahon. The clans are up in Scotland; Derwentwater, Nithis-dale, and Forsier are in arms in Northumberland-these are matters of history, for which you are referred to the due chroniclers. The Suards are set to watch the streets and prevent the people wearing white roses, I read pre-sently of a couple of soldiers atmost flogged to death for wearing oak boughs in their hats on the 29th of May-another badge of the beloved Stuarts. It is with these we have to do rather than with the marches and battles of the armies to which the poor fellows belonged—with states en, and how they looked and how they lived, rather than with measures of state, which be-long to history alone. For example, at the close of the old Queen's reign, it is known the Duke of Marlborough left the kingdom-after what menaces, after what prayers, lies, bribes offered, taken, refused, accepted; after what dark doubling and tacking, let history, if she can or dare, say. The Queen dead, who so eager to return as my lord duke? Who shouts God save the King! so lustily as the great conqueror of Blenheim and Malplaquet! (By the way, he will send over some more money for the Pretencer yet on the sly.) Who lays his hand on his blue ribbon, and lifts his eyes more gracefully to heaven than this hero? He makes a quasi-riumphal entrance into London, by Temple Bar, in his enormous gilt coach—and the enormous gilt coach breaks down some-where by Chancery lane, and his Highness is obliged to get another. There it is we have him. We are with the mob in the crowd, not with the great folks in the procession. We are not the Historic Muse, but her ladyship's attendant, tale-bearer—valet de chambre—for whom no man is a bero; and, as yonder one steps from his carriage to the next handy conveyance, we take the number of the hack; we look all over at his stars, ribbon, embroidery; we think within ourselves, O you untathomable schemer! O you warrior invincible! O you beautiful smiling What master would you not kiss or What traitor's head, blackening on betray? the spikes on yonder gate, ever hatched a fitne of the treason which has worked under your

We have brought our George to London city, and if we would behold its aspect, may see it in Hogarth's lively perspective of Cheapside, or read it in a hundred contemporary books which paint the manners of that age. Our dear old Speciator looks smiling upon these streets, with their innumerable signs, and describes them with his charming humor. "Our streets are filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, and Red Lions, not to mention Flying Pigs and Hogs in Armor, with other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa." A few of these quaint old tigures still remain in London town. You may still see there, and over its old hotel in Ludgate Hill, the Bell Sauvage, to whom the Spectator so pleasantly alludes in that paper; and who was, probably no other than the sweet American Pocahoutas, who res-cued from death the daring Captain Smith. There is the Lion's Head, down whose jaws the Spectator's own letters were passed; and over a great banker's in Fleet street, the effigy of the wallet which the founder of the firm bore when he came to London a country boy. People this street, so ornamented with crowds of swinging chairmen, with servants bawling to clear the way, with Mr. Dean in his cassock, his lackey marching before him; or Mrs. Dinah in her sack, tripping to chapel, her footboy carrying her ladyship's great prayer book; with itinerant tradesmen singing their hundred cries (I remember forty years ago, as a boy in London city, a score of cheery, familiar cries that are silent now). Fancy the beaux thronging to the chocolate-houses, tapping their snuff-boxes as they issue thence, their periwigs appearing over the red curtains. Fancy Sacharissa brokoving and smiling from the upper windows, and crowd of soldiers brawling and bustling at the door-gentlemen of the Life Guards, clad in scarlet, with blue facings, and laced with gold at the seams; gentlemen of the Horse Grenadiers, in their caps of sky blue cloth, with the garter embroidered in front in gold and silver; men of the Halberdiers, in their long red coats, as bluff Harry left them, with their ruffs and velvet flat caps. Perhaps the King's Majesty himself is going to St. James' as we pass. If he is going to Farliament, he is in his coach-audeight, surrounded by his guards and the high officers of his crown. Otherwise his Majesty only uses a chair, with six footmen walking before, and six yeomen of the guard at the sides of the sedan. The officers in waiting follow the

King in coaches. It must be rather slow work. Our Speciator and Tatter are full of delightful glimpses of the town life of those days. In the company of that charming guide we may go to the opera, the comedy, the puppet-show, the auction, even the cock-pit; we can take boat at Temple Stans, and accompany Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator to Spring Garden—it will be called Vanxhall a few years hence, when Hegarth will paint for it. Would you not like to step back into the past, and be introduced to Mr. Addison?—not the Right Honorable Joseph Addison, Esq., George Ps Secretary of State, but to the delightful painter of contem porary manners; the man who, when in good humor himself, was the pleasantest companion in all England. I should like to go into Lockit's with him, and drink a bowl along with Sir R. Steele (who has just been knighted by King George, and who does not happen to have any money to pay his share of the reckoning). I should not care to follow Mr. Addison to his Secretary's office in Whitehall. There we get into politics. Our business is pleasure, and the town and the coffee-house, and the theatre, and the Mall. Delightful Spectator! kind friend of leisure hours! happy companion! true Chris-tian gentleman! how much greater, better you are than the King Mr. Secretary kneels to!

You can have foreign testimony about Old World London, if you like, and my before quoted friend, Charles Louis, Baron de Polluitz, will conduct us to it. "A man of sense," says he, "or a fine gentleman is never at a loss for company in London; and this is the way the latter passes his time. He rises late, puts on a frock, and, leaving his sword at home, takes his cane, and goes where he pleases. The park is com-monly the place where he walks, because 'tis the Exchange for men of quality. Tis the same thing as the Tulleries of Paris, only the park has a certain beauty of simplicity which cannot be described. The grand walk is called the Mall; is full of people at every hour of the day, but especially at morning and evening, when their majesties often walk with the royal family, who are attended only by a half-a-dozen yeo-men of the guard, and permit all persons to walk at the same time with them. The ladies and sentlemen always appear in rich dresses; for the English, who, twenty years ago, did not wear gold lace but in their army, are now be daubed as much as the French. I speak of persons of quality; for the cirizen still contents himself with a suit of one cloth, a good but and wig, and fine linen. Everybody is well clothed here, and even the beggars don't make so razged an appearance as they do elsewhere." After our friend, the man of quality, has had his morning or undress walk in the Mall, he goes home to dress, and then saunters to some coffee-house or chocolste-house frequented by the persons he would see, "For 'tis a rule with the English to go once a day, at least, to houses of this sort, where they talk of business and news, read the papers, and often look at one another without opening their lips. And 'tis very well they are so mute; for were they all as talkative as people of other nations, the coffee-house would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one man said where they are so many. The chocolate-house in St. James' street, where I go every morning to pass away the time, is always so full that a man can scarce turn about in it."

Delightful as London city was, King George

I liked to be out of it as much as ever he could; and when there, passed all his time with his dermans. It was with them as with Blucher, one hundred years afterwards, when the bold old reiter looked down from St. Paul's and sighed out, "Was fur Plunder !" The German women plundered; the German'secretaries plundered; the German cooks and intendents plundered; the German cooks and intendents plundered; and even Mustaph and Mahomet, the German negroes, had a share of the booty. Take what you can get was the old monarch's maxim. He was not a lofty monarch, certainly; he was not a patron of the fine arts; but he was not a hypocrite, he was not revengetul, he was not extravagent. Though a despot in Hanover, he was a moderate ruler in England. His aim was to leave it to itself as much as possible, and to live out of it as much as be could. His heart was in Hanover. When taken ill on his last journey, as he was passing through Holland, he thrust his livid head out of the coach window, and gasped out "Osnaburg, Osnaburg!" He was more than fifty years of age when he came among us: we took him because we wanted him, because he served our turn; we laughed at his uncouth German ways, and sneered at him. He because he served our turn; we laughed at his uncouth German ways, and sneered at him. He took our loyalty for what it was worth; laid hands on what money he could; kept us assuredly from Popery and wooden shoes. I. for one, would have been on his side in those days. Cynical and selfish as he was, he was better than a king at of St. Germain's, with the French King's orders in his pocket, and a swarm of

The Fates are supposed to interest themselves about royal personages, and so this one had omens and prophecies specially regarding him. He was said to be much disturbed at a prophecy that he should die very soon after his wife; and sure enough, pallid Death having seized the luckless princess in her castle at Ahiden presently pounced upon H. M. King George I in his travelling charlot, on the Hanover road What postilion can outride that pale horseman It is said George promised one of his left-handed widows to come to her after death, if leave were granted to him to revisit the glimpses of the moon; and soon after his demise, a great raven actually flying or hopping in at the Duchess of Kendal's window at Twickenham, ske chose to imagine the King's spirit inhabited these plumes, and took special care of her sable visitor. Affecting metempsychosis—funereal royal bird! How pathetic is the idea of the duchess weeping over it! When this chaste addition to our English aristocracy died, all her jewels, her plate, ber plunder, went over to her relations in Hanover. I wonder whether her heirs took the bird, and whether it is still flap-

Jesuits in his train.

ping its wings over Herrenhausen? The days are over in England of that strange religion of king worship, when priests flattered princes in the temple of God; when servility was held to be the ennobling duty; when beauty and youth tried eagerly for royal favor; and woman's shame was held to be no dishonor. Mended morals and mended manners, in courts and people, are among the priceless conse-quences of the freedom which George I came to rescue and secure. He kept his compact with his English subjects; and, if he escaped no more than other men and monarchs from the vices of his age, at least we may thank him for preserving and transmitting the liberties of ours. In our free air, royal and humble homes have alike been purified; the Truth, the birthright of high and low among us, which quite fearlessly judges our greatest personages, can only speak of them now in words of respect and regard. There are stains in the portrait of the first George, and traits in it which none of us need admire; but among the nobler features are justice, courage, moderation-and these we may recognize ere we turn the picture to the wall. [To be continued in our next issue.]

LUMBER.

1867.—SELECT WHITE PINE BOARDS
AND PLANK.
44, 5-4, 5-4, 23½, 3, and 4 inch
CHOICE PANEL AND ist COMMON, 16 feet long
44, 5-4, 6-4, 2, 2½, 3, and 4 inch
WHITE PINE, PANEL PATTERN PLANK,
LARGE AND SUPERIOR STOCK ON HAND, -BUILDING! BUILDING

7-BUILDING! BUILD
LUMBER! LUMBER! LUMBER!
4-CAROLINA FLOORING.
5-4 CAROLINA FLOORING.
4-4 DELAWARE FLOORING.
5-4 DELAWARE FLOORING.
WHITE PINE FLOORING.
ASH FLOORING.
WALNUT FLOORING.
SPRUCE FLOORING.
SPRUCE FLOORING.
RAIL PLANK.
PLASTERING LATH.

67.-CEDAR AND CYPRESS
SHINGLES,
LUNG CEDAR SHINGLES,
COOPER SHINGLES,
FINE ASSORTMENT FOR SALE LOW,
NO. 1 CEDAR LOGS AND POSTS,

1867.-LUMBER FOR UNDERTAKERS LUMBER FOR UNDERTAKERS! RED CEDAR, WALNUT, AND PINE

1867.—ALBANY LUMBER OF ALL KINDS,
SEASONED WALNUT.
DRY POPLAR, CHERRY, AND ASH,
OAK PLANK AND BOARDS,
ROSEWOOD, AND WALNUT VENEERS.

1867. CIGAR-BOX MANUFACTURERS.
SPANISH CEDAR BOX BOARDS.

1867.—SPRUCE JOIST! SPRUCE JOIST!

FROM 14 TO 22 FEET LONG.

SUPERIOR NORWAY SCANTLING.

MAULE, BROTHER & CO.,

No. 2600 SOUTH STREET.

[S. BUILDERS' MILL, NOS. 24, 26, AND 28 S. FIFTEENTH ST.,

ESLER & BRO., Proprietors. ways on hand, made of the Best Seasoned Lumber, at low prices. WOOD MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, BALUSTERS AND NEWELS.

Newers, Balusters, Bracket and Wood Mouldings WOOD MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, BALUSTERS, AND NEWELS, Walnut and Ash Hand Ralling, 3, 314, and 4 inches.

BUTTERNUT, CHESNUT, and WALNUT

F. H. WILLIAMS,

MOULDINGS to order.

Seventeenth and Spring Garden. BUILDING LUMBER

AND HARD WOODS, [515 wamin

C. PERKINS. LUMBER MERCHANT. Successor to B Clark, Jr.,

NO. 324 CHRISTIAN STREET. Constantly on hand a large and varied assorts of Building Lumber.

NOVERNMENT PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE

AWNINGS, WAGAIN COVERS, BAGS, ETC. If you want an extra Awning very cheap, let our awning makers take the measure, and make it from a lot of 1500 hospital tents, lately purchased by us, many of which are entirely new, and of the best 12 ounce duck. Also, Government Saddles and Harness of all kinds, etc.

1 PITKIN & CO.,

1 8 3 3 Mos. 337 and 839 North FRONT Street.

PATENT WIRE WORK FOR RAILINGS, STORE FRONTS.

GUARDS, PARTITIONS, ET

COAL SCREENS, FOURDRINIER WIRES, ET

Manufactured by

M. WALMER & SQNS,

NO. II N. SIXTH Street

W I. L. I. A. M. S. G. R. AN. T. COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 25 S. DELAWARE Avenue, Philadelphia,
AGENCY FOR
Dupont's Gunpowder, Refined Nitre, Charcoal, Etc.,
W. Baker & Co.'s Chcoolate, Cocoa, and Broma,
Crocker Bros. & Co.'s Yellow Metal Sheathing,
Boltz, and Nalk.

FINANCIAL

TICE

TO THE HOLDERS

OVERDUE LOANS

for THE

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

Holders of the following Loans of the Common wealth of Pennsylvania can receive payment (principal and interest) by presenting them at the FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK, on and after MAY 20, 1867:-

Loan of March 24, 1828, due December 1, 1853. Loan of April 22, 1829, due December 1, 1854. Loan of April 16, 1845, due August 1, 1855. Loan of March 21, 1831, due July 1, 1856. All of the above Loans will cease to draw interes after August 1, 1867.

> JOHN W. GEARY, GOVERNOR.

JOHN F. HARTRANFT. AUDITOR-GENERAL.

WILLIAM H. MEMBLE.

STATE TREASURER. BANKING HOUSE

5 1 wfm34t

JAY COOKE & Co.,

NOS. 113 AND 114 S. THIRD ST., PHILA

Dealers in all Government Securities,

OLD 5.20s WANTED

IN EXCHANGE FOR NEW.

A LIBERAL DIFFERENCE ALLOWED,

Compound Interest Notes Wanted.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

Collections made, Stocks bought and sold on Special business accommodations reserved for adles. [6 24 3m]

7 3-10s,

ALL SERIES. CONVERTED INTO

Five-Twenties of 1865. JANUARY AND JULY,

WITHOUT CHARGE BONDS DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY.

DE HAVEN & BROTHER

NO. 40 S. THE D STREET. 8. SECURITIES

A SPECIALTY.

SMITH, RANDOLPH & CO. BANKERS AND BROKERS,

NO.16 S THIRD ST., NO. 2 MASSAU ST., PHILADELPHIA. NEW YORK

ORDERS FOR STOCKS AND GOLD EXE. CUTED IN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW

7 3'108-SEVEN - THIRTY NOTES

CONVERTED WITHOUT CHARGE INTO THE NEW

5 - 2 0 s.

COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES WANTED at highest market rates.

BONDS DELIVERED AT ONCE.

WM. PAINTER & CO., NO. 36 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING. PAINTING.

THOMAS A. FAHY, MOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, (Late Fahy & Bro.)

No. 31 North THIRD Street, Above Market.

OLD BRICK FRONTS done up, and made to look equal to the finest press brick. Samples at the shop, city and country trade solicited. All orders by Post promptly attended to.

419 fmw GARDNER & FLEMING

COACH MAKERS, NO. 214 SOUTH FIFTH STREET.

New and Second-hand Carriages for sale. Particular attention paid to repairing. 5 80 6m DRIVY WELLS-OWNERS OF PROPERTY-The only place to get Privy Wells cleaned and disinfected at very low prices. Manufacturer Poudrette

102 GOLDSMITH'S HALL, LIBRARY Street

WATCHES JEWELRY, ETC.

CHEY INTELLIGINGE

A MERICAN WATCHES.



W. W. CASSIDY, BO. 12 SOUTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA

ABKS ATTENTION TO HIS VARIED AND EXTENSIVE STOCK GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES

AND SILVER-WARE. Customers may be assured that none but the bes

articles, at reasonable prices, will be sold at his store PLATED-WARE CONSTANTLY ON MAND WATCHES and JEWELRY carefully repaired. Al orders by mail promptly attended to, [416 wam2m

EWIS LADOMUS & CO.

Diamond Dealers and Jewellers, NO. 802 CHESNUT ST., PRILADELPHIA Would invite the attention of purchasers to their large and handsome assortment of

DIAMONDS. WATCHEN,

JEWELRY.

SELVER-WARE, ETC. ETC. ICE PITCHERS in great variety.

A large assortment of small STUDS, for eyelet holes, just received. WATCHES repaired in the best manner, and guaranteed.

WATCHES, JEWELRY.

W. W. CASSIDY, NO. 12 SOUTH SECOND STREET,

Offers an entirely new and most carefully selected AMERICAN AND GENEVA WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER-WARE, AND FANCY ARTICLES OF

EVERY DESCRIPTION, suitable FOR BRIDAL OR HOLIDAY PRESENTS An examination will show my stock to be unsur-

passed in quality and cheapness.

Particular attention paid to repairing. G. RUSSELL & CO.,

NO. 22 NORTH SIXTH STREET, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FINE WATCHES,

FRENCH CLOCKS.

GOLD JEWELRY, AND SOLID SILVER WARE.

HENRY HARPER, No. 520 ARCH Street,

Manufacturer and Dealer in WATCHES. FINE JEWELRY. SILVER-PLATED WARE, AND

NOLID SILVER-WARE C. & A. PEQUIGNOT, Manufacturers of

Gold and Silver Watch Cases, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN WATCHES.

Office-No. 13 South SIXTH Street, Manufactory-No. 22 Eouth FIFTH Street.

LEGAL NOTICES.

IN THE ORPHANS COURT FOR THE CITY

AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Estate of WILLIMAN WHILLDIN, deceased.

The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle, and adjust the account of WILLIAM M. FARR, Administrator of the Estate of Captain WILMON WHILDIN, deceased, under letters granted by the Register of Wils, of Philadelphia, May 25, 1886, and to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant, will meet the parties interested for the purpose of his appointment, on TUESDAY, the 22d day of July, inst., 1867, at it o'clock A. M., at his office, No. 118 South SIXTH Street, second story, in the city of Philadelphia.

712 fmw 53

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE CITY

AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHTA.

Estate of MARGARET SCANLON, deceased,
The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit settle,
and adjust the account of JOHN O'BYRNE, Administrator of all and singular the goods and chattels,
rights and credits which were of MARGARET
SCANLON, late of the county of Philadelphia,
deceased and to report distribution of the balance in
the hands of the accountant, will meet the parties
interested for the purpose of his appointment, on
WEDNESDAY, the 24th day of July Inst., 1867, at 2%
o'clock P. M., at the office of John O'Byrne, Esq.,
No. 514 WALNUT Street, in the city of Philadelphia,
712 mwst. GEORGE W. RAUGH, Auditor,

IN THE ORPHANS COURT FOR THE CITY IN THE ORPHANS COURT FOR THE CITY
AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Estate of JOHN TURNER, deceased.
The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle, and adjust the account of HUGH GAMBLE, surviving Executor of the last will and testament of JOHN TURNER, deceased, and to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant, will meet the parties interested for the purpose of his appointment, on WEDNESDAY, the 24th day of July, 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M., at his office, No. 118 S. SIXTH Street in the City of Philadelphia.

712 fmwst Z. A. ATWOOD GRACE, Auditor,

The Orphans' Court for the City and country of philadelphia.

Estate of John R. Workell, deceased. The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle, and adjust the account of William T. Lowbern, Samuel F. Fisher, and frederick S. Frp. Per, surviving Executors of the last will and testament of John R. Workell, deceased, and to report distribution of the balance in the bands of the accountant, will meet the parties interested for the purposes of his appointment, on Monday, the 25th day of July, 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M., at his office, S. E. corner Sixth and Walnut Streets, in the city of Philadelphia.

7 10 wimsts

W. J. McElboy, Auditor.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM PRICE, DECEASED,-

Liam Phice, Deceased,
Liam Price, late of the city of Philadelphia, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indested to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay, to

JUSEPH B. NEVINS,
No. 207 MARKET Street,
MARY PRICE,
No. 1205 FHANKLIN Street,
CHARLES H. MASSON,
No. 229 N. SIXTH Street.

FURNITURE, BEDDING, ETC. TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

I have a large stock of every variety of FURNITURE. Which I will sell at reduced prices, consisting of-FLAIN AND MARRIE TOP COTTAGE SUITS, WALNUT CHAMBER SUITS, PARIOR SUITS IN VALVET PLUSE. PARIOR SUITS IN HAIR CLOTE. PARIOR SUITS IN REIS. Bideboards. Extension Tables, Wardrobss. Book Cases, Mattresses, Leonges, etc. etc.

P. P. GRIMPINE.

E. E. corner RECOND and BACE Streets,