## THE DAILY E . . NG TELEGRAPH-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1869.

## A VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

Translated for Every Salurday from the Allge-

The two points of attraction of my last Italian journey lay above on Vesuvius and below in subterranean Rome. In the Roman catacombs we had for our distinguished guide a prince of the Church, who devotes himself to their investigation in conjunction and alternately with Rossi. The great results of such studies are now known, and a more natural and correct picture of the first centuries of Christendom is produced than those obscure representations of death-like paleness and the darkness of the grave. I wished on Vesuvins, ten times over, for a scientific guide. How many dark secrets lie petrified around it | Longingly I thought, amid the smoke and roaring of the volcano, of my honored teacher at Göttingen who enlivened his sparkling geological lectures with a poetical intuition, Another new source of rich recollections I now found in Italy. But this lay neither above nor beneath the earth; the best part of it floated, as in Kaulbach's Battle of the Huns, in the air. It was the spirits of the old Goths, who, over the rains of their royal city of Ravenna, over the half-baried tomb of Theodoric, over that wide, solitary pine forest by the solitary sea, go hither and thither in the air, mourning and sighing that they were slain so soon. Yet, always unsatisfied, they cannot quit the sight of that beautiful land in which Gothie virtue was at least able to establish permanent forms of government.

Yet of Ravenna and the catacombs perhaps another time; now I would tell of our visit to Vesuvins.

We had actually given it up. The mountain was too uneasy. As soon as it was dusk in Naples, the red tuft of flame shone upon its heights, threatening and solemn. All night through one saw every couple of minutes the summit veiled in smoke and fire. In Pompeil every one said, it is exceedingly dangerous-impossible to climb up to the orater. Travellers who had come down from the mountains had scarcely seen anything but the current of lava which had broken out at the cone of ashes. There did not seem to be sufficient to compensate us, that I should ask my lady companion to undergo the pain and fatigue which I was able to appreciate from a fermer ascent. We went, therefore, from Pompeli as far as Sorrento.

For those who do not wish to go to Sielly, there is no more beautiful resting-place on the Italian journey than Sorrento. Our entrance was favored. Before the gates of the city Signor Gargiulo-the proprietor of the Cooumella in which I had spent so many pleasant days five years before-met us. The host recognized and greeted me immediately. The great flower-terrace, with its rooms, was vacant, the house not too full. A few minutes later we were surrounded by the refreshing shade, the fresh scent of flowers, and the deep, nnchanging quiet which fill this house on the shore, distinguished among all the splendid spots on the earth. An ! what heavenly days of repose were those again in Sorrento ! Our terrace projected like an elevated hall. far out into the orange-garden, over whose green tops one looked into the blue sparkling sea. From the green woods around, from the screen of flowers on the terrace, rise inexhaustible perfumes; from the sea floats up eternal freshness. But the Gulf of Naples is grand enough to be preemiently sublime and beautiful. The shore opposite, with the green mountain behind, the strand beneath as f sown with pearls, the blue pointed heads of the islands swimming in the pure ether, all combines to form the most magnificent tablean, and all is as if drowned in splendor, and surrounded by eternal rest. One observes not death under the Droskies. A revolting spechow time passes, in looking and thinking. And this sea so sparkling and so lovely When we sat below between the rocks, how beautiful were the green waves in their swelling and murmuring, and so clear and transparent even beneath their mirror to the mossy rocks below, down to the gloomy depths out of which the white shells sparkled. The sun goes on its eternal course in the lofty firmament, the shadows grow longer; suddenly all the water swims in a red glow, and then a mist sinks down, and the rippling and whispering and plashing of the waves become londer -yes, it is evening; one has not observed the passing of the day in this cool rest and quiet, where no thoughts throw any shadows of strife into the heart, and the soul is bright and clear to the bottom, as the wide, warm, blue ether around and the illuminated depths of the sea. Only a little disquietude ever again returned; it was Vesuvius even, which looked down so proud in its might, so challenging. As the ruler of the gulf it had already met us when we descended at Capus from the coach. How beautiful and magnificent he stretched upwards, slothed in the purest velvet blue like a prince's mantle, the white cloud of smoke like a crown on his head! When we role down, two evenings later, from Camaldoli, and the sun was setting, the entire monutain seemed drowned in rosy light, just as if a mild inward glow had broken out on every side. And now he thundered sullenly through the silence of Sorrento, and now he threw up his sheaves of flame into the night. A giant of the gloomy primeval ages, he projected into the gentle present, dark, mysterious, and hostile to man. The volcano occupied the mind even when one was not looking at it. On the fourth evening we made a sudden resolution, and a quick three-horse team brought us speedily the four hours' journey to Pompeii-a lovely drive in the night through blooming fragrant gardens, or down by the sea beneath lofty hills from which the white towns threw down their lights on the quiet mirror of the gulf. When we came through Castellamare there were great illuminations and splendid fireworks. They were celebrating the anniversary of the Constitution. Five years before I had joined in the celebration at Naples. Since then Italy has improved little, the people here are more industrious and cleaver, but there they have grown terribly wilder, the entire world of officeholders much more thievish, and yet five years had again passed and no ground had been lost, but Venice gained. So mournfully, so despairingly did the best look into future, to see if the unity of Italy the abould endure, yet in this they were all united. What will this country be in five years more ? The ravens of ill fortune still sit on the hedge and prophesy what is to come and does not.

comes to the crowd of pretty country girls, this is indeed true, at least for many pars of the German world. The most beautiful of t women, however, Italy certainly has; theis women, however, italy certainly has; the's one is always more picturesque than another. It was late in the night when we arrived at the well-known inn "To Diomed," which lies close to the gates of Pompeli. One finds a lodging at need there. The upper room opens on a broad balcony. We stepped out. The wide starry heaven shone and sparkled with great power and brilliancy. The millions of stars looked down so earnestly and solemnly, and yet the night was so unspeakably mild and beautiful, full of softly breathing per-fumes, of secret charms, as if beneath the veil of the gentle darkness were hid many sweet secrets. The old experience occurred to me, that Italy gives us Northerners a piece of the magical charms and perils of the Tropics. Nature here comes so cordially near us, yet in her gentle embrace lies something which softly seizes on the nerves of the soul, and dissolves thought and will in delightfal sensation.

Next morning we departed at daybreak. It was a wonderful morning, the 27th April, fresh and colored and bright everywhere. April, the Italian month of flowers, had not brought us this year much good; it had been a very damp April in Rome, a bitter northern companion. But these last days at the Bay were like the finest May days with us, only interwoven with lialy's golden sun and her wealth of flowers. The roses blossomed upon hedges and walls. The broad cactuses and aloes shone leaden green in the sun, and the houses seemed burled in vine leaves.

In Bosco tre Case the people put their heads out of the windows, and my companion often received a friendly "Early up, early up! bella donnal" But scarcely had we left the town behind us than three men with cords and sticks came trotting by our side. I knew the fellows from old experience, and prepared myself for an endless clatter of words to the top of Vesuvius. It did not last long, however; we saw them moving up to the moun-tain, grey points on the dark ground. They seemed so lazy, yet proceeded so rapidly.

The vineyards accompanied us far up the heights, when the guides and horses had been long since wading in lava gravel. Wherever there was an opening in the black lava rubbish a pair of vines spread their green leaves in the dry desert. At length they ceased, here and there were still to be found coarse tufts of grass. Even these soon became scarcer, and gradually we were surrounded by the black waste. Nature, when she rages in her primitive fury, terrifles us as with evil, man hating powers, but nowhere do her traces seem so really ugly, so adverse to all our senses, as on the bare lava fields. In the meantime we still advanced pretty rapidly. The line of Veauvius when seen from Sorrento is exceedingly beautiful; it goes up and down in one pure delineation. As beautiful as the mountain appears to the eye, as easy is it to ride up, because it rises everywhere gently and uniformly. One is on a considerable height before one suspects it, and the view back on the splendid plains below becomes always wider and more magnificent. While the lava fields at Bosco tre Case have

been formed since fifty years, we came in an hour and a half to a species of small plateau where two streams of lava cross one another, one of which was still smoking a little. This one was a fortnight old, the other had flowed more than twenty years before.

From this ont it became steeper, and our horses had to take hold in earnest. "Macaroni ! Macaroni !" was the cry with which the guides urged them on. This word, which exercises the greatest charm on the people. must also sound joyfully in the ears of their Nevertheless they were cruelly horses. beaten. Italians, like Americans, treat their animals like machines, which feel nothing. had to think of an esteemed lady friend of mine in Rome, who, in the goodness of her heart, had founded an asylum for old horses, in order that they might not be whipped to

thickly at the edge of the new summit, that there no flat surface any longer surrounded the orater.

It was a real land of hell into which wa It was a real land of hell into which we three were steering, all full of smoke, which now curled upwards, and now rolled lazily away, all black or grey or sulphurons yel-low, rubbish, ashes, and fragments thrown up above one another as high as a house, and from the thunderer and rattler on the top new stones and blocks were continually falling down. The ground was hot everywhere, and if one only pushed away a piece with the foot the warm vapor immediately poured out. A glance backwards, when the smoke divided in the glittering landscape, on the light blue gulf beneath, it was as if from hell into para-dice. Only the devil's kitchen was here high above, while one thinks usually of the dear angels being in the blue atmosphere.

We first came to a circular gargling hole of about ten feet in diameter, from which poured out steam and warm sulphurous air. One looked down into the black gulf as into a round smoking chimney. Pieces of lava, which I threw down, gave no sound of striking against anything. Thus, far greater than the opening above is the interior excavation, as if t were covered with a crust. Were baudits to visit now, as they did five years ago, the heights of Vesuvins, they would find this very convenient if they wished to destroy the traces of some murderous robbery. For what is thrown into this gulf is doubtless consumed in a moment, skin and bones, by the glowing mass in its depths. For the rest, Lower Italy breathes now a little more freely from the bandit plague. It its place other murderers arise, much more numerous, those who slay in the streets. It happens mostly from political hatred, but not seldom from greed of gain, envy, and revenge for an injury. The boldness of the murderer increases daily as the general wildness increases. Not in the number and audacity of such crimes lies the greatest evil, but in the cowardice with which they are tolerated. Italy, indeed, has in these last years presented thousands enough who went courageously into the rain of bullets, and fought like heroes for their ideal; but if any one is stabbed or shot maliciously on the open street, the murderer escapes without a hand being stretched after him; and, if the officers appear, no one will know the unfortunate ono who is lying in his blood, even if he were known by every child around. That is indeed a cowardice which lies in the core.

When we had gone a few steps farther, the guide pointed to a living stream before us. It seemed from the distance like black streaks and shadows moving away rapidly in a vapor. To come up to it, we had to pass through a little hollow. The guide litted and helped my wife quickly over it. I stumbled a moment: it was but a second that I had bent my head, but I thought I should have fallen lifeless, so stifling were the hot fumes of the sulphur. At the edge of the lava stream, we had before us, as it were, a breaking up of black floes, be-tween which the red-hot mass looked out gloomily. The heat was terrible, for the opening, from which the stream proceeded, was only a hundred steps further up. As we wished to go to it, and the guide sawthat mycompanion had courage enough, he seized her again under the arm, and the uucouth-looking man led and lifted her skilfully and attentively over the clods and blocks which had very sharp edges. We had to make a little circuit, which sgain led us through frightfal sulphurous vapors, and then clambered up to the warm edge, until we stood close before the oven which vomited for the the red hot stream. The lava came just like a stream from a steep monntain, which breaks out suddenly without any grotto or cave, and flows down rapidly. On its exit from the mountain the mass was glowing red; but in the air the surface began to harden immediately, and break up isto black scales and pieces.

Never shall I forget the quarter of an hour which I spent at this lava fountain. The crater was straight above us, and did its work

hellish oven, just as the air with us in winter

trembles over the hot stoves. On the whole side of the mountain the different streams of hard lava stretched clear down. The stream which had poured down on this side a fortnight before had remained on half the height of the mountain, and stretched over the grey fields of ashes like a broad river of black clods and pieces. Desper beneath, the older lava had formed a dark lake in the green pastures. Still farther down lay the ruins of Pompeli, which had imbedded itself right in the midst of a fruitfal semicircle, beautifully bounded by hill and sea.

Yet the eye was always drawn away from the land as by a sparkling mass of light to the gulf and its shining surface. Here, deep beneath us, the steep incline of Vesuvius rose straight up from the mirror of the sea. At both sides the rocky coasts and, opposite, the strand of the islands, were surrounded by a mist like a thin silver veil, but high above, throned in the blue sky, sharply notched, rose on the left the high-peaked Mont Angelo; in the middle, the huge rock of Capri, lying straight before the gulf, on the right, the proud royal head of the Epomeo at Ischia. On a charper examination, white points sparkled through the whitish mist-the castle of St. Rimo, Nisita, Vivara, Proelda, Ischia, Here, in this joy and splen-dor of the earth, men found it forever necessary to add one prison to another in order to chain the volcanic outbreaks of the suffering people. Far behind and between the islands and promontories, which are crowned with forts and prisons, the midland sea sparkled clearly. But it was rarely that a white sall was seen passing over it into the galf. The finest bay in the world is from morning to evening as deserted and solitary as if its shores were occupied by poor fishermen's villages, and not by a capital of half a million of men. To sea! to sea! thither roll all the good fates of Italy. If this land is to be healed and made sound, its inhabitants must learn to move on the sea, to build ships, to found mercantile associations, and to seize again on the trade of the Levant. But where shall men of enterprise come among this people, who always hang their little provision-bag around their necks, and think of nothing the entire day but how to fill it in the morning and empty it in the evening? Must one wait for more ship-owners and merchants from other peoples to settle on these shores. to send out fleets of trading vessels on the sea? In this the Italians could even learn from the Greeks, whose lively activity on the sea leaves them already far behind, in spite of old Turkish oppression and new English envy.

Yet also in our vicinity there was something to see. Around our breakfast-place there swarmed little narrow chafers of a dark brown color, like those one finds with us under every loose stone. How came they up? When one scratched the ashes with a stick, a couple of them would fall dead immediately from the hot exhalation. They had not, therefore, orawled up. Neither could their larvæ have lain among the old rubbish; for the ashes, which had covered it, had come too lately from the crater above us. The chafers must, therefore, have been, while flying-for they had wing-sheaths-taken in swarms by a current of air, and carried up the mountain. S ill, their great number remains enigmatical. This swarming little life near the hot jaws of desolation !

When our breakfast was eaten, and our gnide appeared in better humor, I again urged him to attempt climbivg up the mountain. Again, with every appearance of terror, he refused, and implored us to come some other day, when the mountain was quieter. I asked him what he would do if we went up without him ? Then he would wait two hours, he said, and if we did not come back, he would go down and give notice. As my wife, also, had long been convinced that there was no danger, we began to climb up. It was not so difficult, because the ground, although very hot in ome places, consisted less of loose ashes than of stones and a new kind of sulphur-cakes. On looking back, I saw that our good Curzo Dominica-so our guide was called -had seated bimself tranquilly. But when we entered the clouds he sprang up suddenly, was with us in a few bounds, and played again the diligent and obliging servant, picking his way skilfully between the yellow heaps of sulphur. In less than ten minutes we were on the top. As if stunned, we stood in the beginning at the howling and raging and crashing before us and beneath us. We looked as if from the sharp edge of a wild uptorn chain of mountains down into a huge black gulf, full of steam, from which boiling currents of air and black masses were thrown up. By degrees, when the clouds divided a little, the outlines became clearer and the view more quiet for observation. It was the most frightful, and at the same time most magnificent sceneone of those spectacles which fix themselves powerfully in the memory and remain henceforth indestructible, justas when one has seen for the first time the great ocean in a wild storm and tempest. Five years before, as already remarked, the crater was on the level summit of the mountain, in the middle of which it formed a beautiful wide circle. Its inner walls shone in every color, diversified and hung with the most beautiful crystals of sulphur, green and red and yellow and brown. The bottom was a level ground of ashes and sulphur; here and there a little cleft showed itself, out of which steam drizzled up. The whole was an empty kettle of immense diameter sunk into the flat head of the mountain, quite empty, and with beautiful yellow sides. It was now altogether different. The crater seemed much smaller and much less deep, but it had black fissured walls with sharp reefs, just like the Somma when seen from below A deep and black uptorn mountain peak would give the best idea of it. The ground, however, was level as formerly, and covered with ashes and sulphur. In the floor of the crater, straight below us, was a large round hole, exactly in the middle, out of which there was a constant hissing and gurgling. A yellowbrown mass seemed to be cooking and steaming inside. On the other side, below, in the crater, stood a new mountain of ashes of regular form, which almost reached to the top of the highest reef. From the month on the top of this cone, which seemed to be only composed of ashes, came the thundering and cracking and the eruptions, during which the entire month of the crater seemed continually to tremble. To get so close to the volcano to look as it were, into its chimney, had quite a peculiar attraction. It looked magnificent, as the thousands of clods and fragments came rushing out, as just so many black rockets rose in the air, and separated high up, in order to fall back into the abyss or to be hurled over the walls of the orater. Yet I was seized with a slight shudder when a couple of fragments fell close to the spot where we had hitherto stood, on the declivity near the lava foun-Here above we were out of the reach of tain. the rain of stones. Danger would only be in-curred if one rashly stepped into the crater over the pointed cliffs. Then the crust of lava or ashes would break, and one would go down and never be seen again. One would be killed in a moment by the hot fumes of tho sulphur. Every one should therefore take round we could see it trembling over the good care not to forget the direction of the

wind, lest, when the vapors surround him, he might jump some feet deeper into the crater. TELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSUR-The fumes were at last too strong and in a few steps we were sale again, we went jumping and running and down the mountain, the last reward troublesome ascent. The people at the l place called out to us their good wish the guide who was with our horses brought out fresh shoes, as those panion had on her feet were not worth The horses, after their rest, brou quickly to the breakfast and good Cap at the "Diomed," and three hours were sgain in Naples. When we cam the San Carlos, about midnight, and V was doing his best to fire and to lighte longer seemed to us nearly so threaten terrible. We had seen the great lo close to him.

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Let us leave them on their hedge. Please God, they may also scream themselves hoarse in Germany!

The groups of happy ones in Castellamare gave me much pleasure. All the people were abroad, thronging round the lighted stalls; every one was rejoicing and jumping and langhing like children of a Christmas night. How splendid the old women looked when they put their heads together around the glow of the frying pans. Many contend that Germany, and particularly England, have more beautiful maidens than Italy. When it | also see by the flying stones which poured out

tacle was by this means removed from the streets; but the Italians laughed at the waste of money, and a priest was not a little indignant-because horses had no souls of their Our poor horses panted and clambered own! up slowly and began to stumble. We were heartily glad when the halting-place was reached and we alighted. If you fall here with your horse you will not escape contusions, ecause the pieces of lava are as sharp as glass and iron. The three men, who were waiting at the

halting-place, rushed towards us to hold our horses and offer sticks and cords. As we had two men with us, we did not need so many services, and then began that wild play of grimaces, protestations, and oaths which are meant to soften or frighten the stranger. They conjured us in a stream of words, if they had shortened their sweet night's rests for nothing and nothing only ? Merely on our account had they got up so early. Therefore we should be grateful and considerate to them. As I proceeded on, only laughing and jesting with them, all five followed us, and one cried louder than another. But the higher we mounted the more civil they became, and at last all was pleasant and satisfactory, when my wife seized on the cord of one and allowed herself to be dragged along. Then the others stayed behind, and wished us friendly a good journey.

One could easily make the last piece of the way passable for horses; for the present ascent from Pompeii, which is frequently, as it were, paved with pieces of lava, is not to be compared with the former cone of ashes. For a lady, it is always a laborious task to elimb between ashes and broken stones and up blocks. Even a man must often stop to take breath, because the air is so warm. However, the whole is child's play to that which a chamols hunter goes through on the chase with his rifle on his shoulder. Our mountains, indeed, are quite silent. Ascending the heights of Vesuvius, one has, on the contrary, the unpleasant feeling as if the broad back of a black living monster were rising up under one's feet, and one were climbing up to his laws.

"At length," said the guide, "we are on the top; no further can we go." Not at all agreeably suprised, I saw a considerable mountain on my left, on whose summit it unceasingly smoked, rattled, thundered, and discharged huge fragments of ashes and stones up to the sky. Before us, round the foot of this head of Vesuvius, towards the side which is turned from the sea, was a long break like a narrow smoking terrace, covered with ashes and pieces of lava and streaks of yellow sulphurous dust. From here down the streams of lava had poured quite recently into the valley, which formerly opened deep between the Somma and the cone of ashes. The sharp reefs of the Somma still, indeed, projected, but at their feet now lay heaped-up disorder like the remains of a frightful deluge of black rubbish, sand, and stones. Also here above all was changed. Five years ago Vesuvius had a broad flat summit, in the middle of which was sunk the circular crater. Of this summit only the edge seemed to me to be left, on which we struggled forward, and the new cone of eruption near us had lifted itself out of the old crater. What was formerly a mountain of ashes now showed itself covered with hardened streams of lava. One could

with hellish magnificence. Every two or three minutes there was a shove through the clouds of steam which veiled the summit. Before this every time a dull roaring went on, as if deep in the earth, the latter began to tremble gently, then followed hissing and gurgling, then rose whistling, rattling, thundering in numerable stones and blocks in a perpendicalar line to the sky with incredible rapidity. whirling clouds of ashes and steam between High in the air all spread out, and fell back into the crater like rain. Often the ashes were blown towards us; thousands of stones also fell over the walls of the crater, and danced and tumbled down the heights, many times huge blocks rolled to our very feet. All went as if by time, just as regularly as the work of a colossal steam-kettle, which, indeed, would have to be four thousand feet high, and of inconceivable breadth at the bottom. It was as if subterranean water was entering the fire mountain by minutes and seconds, changed into steam, and thrown out with all the rubbish which was in the chimney. Whenever there were two fee bler eruptions, one was certain to follow which was so much the more powerful, and which stood for a moment in the air like a gigantic black tuft. I cannot tell how this slow, solemn measure moved me, in which the most enormous powers of nature were here work-How often have I in the silent night ing. leaned overboard and watched the regular heaving and sinking of the ocean ! As formerly on the sea, here on the raging volcano I was filled with a presage of the immutable swinging hither and thither of the ever restless, ever equal pendulum, by which the immeasurable universe does its work.

The wind, which had hitherto driven the clouds of steam away from us, changed somewhat its direction. Suddenly we breathed in sulphurous vapors, scarcely could we see the ground. More quickly than we had ascended, we hastened back to the point of exit. There the air was free, and the wonderful prospect unspeakably refreshing and beneficial.

I had observed that the eruptions fell only over one part of the summit, and that the clouds which veiled the crater had, moreover, longer interstices between them. I therefors proposed to the guide that we should go from the place where we now saw the movement of the lava only from a distance up to the last height. He refused, however, most decidedly. "It is much too dangerous when the mountain is as uneasy as it is now. He would not take the responsibility. A stranger who had gone up three days before had returned with shattered arm, half dead, struck by a falling block of lava. What did we want on the summit? We could not reach it under half an hour, and we could not see a particle on the top from the smoke and clouds."

As the guide persisted in his refusal, there remained nothing for us in the mean time but to breakfast. Stretched on the warm ashes, we let our eyes wander over the splendid plains beneath. How the gulf shone ! How the mountain peaks projected deep blue into the pure ether ! Before and 'beneath us the true air of heaven, like a sea of deep, pure water, so enticing and so lovely that one might wish for a swing to rock oneself and float in this pure element, and then a hot fume of sulphur came suddenly out of the black waste behind us, fuil of smoke and Before us the air glittered vapor and fury. with splendor and clearness, and if we turned

noilton on the sist day of December, 1868 is pub-	JA
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uthorized Capital	no A

 $\begin{array}{c} 5,503 & 00 \\ 8,633 & 34 \\ 2,500 & 00 \end{array}$ Cash in bank. \$109 183 8

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Premium on fire risks. 29,266 8 LOSSES, EXPENSES, ETC.

Con missions to agents..... 3,443 14 28,133 48

Total amount at risk. \$1,340,723.87 8.500 0

. N. Atwood.	J. F. Baker.
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of an Ordinance of Councils approved April 24 1868, notice is hereby given that the final esti-mate for the construction of the sewer on Eighteenth and Vine streets will be paid February 20, 1869. All persons having claims for labor done or material furnished for said sewer are requested to present the same for nayment on or before 12 o'clock M., February 21, 1869, 1 22 fe5 19 \$t] MAHLON H. DICKINSON, Chief Commissioner of Highways.

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