THE BEAVER ARGUS

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY in the old ARGUS building, on THIRD STREET, BEAVER, PA., at

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Single copies of the paper will be furnished, in wrappers, at *five cents* each.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To insure attention, favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guaranty against imposition.

Letters and communications should be addressed to

J. WEYAND, *Editor & Proprietor.*

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1.00 a square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. All Monthly Notices and Yearly Advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measured a square.

Business Notices all under a head to be inserted immediately after the local news, will be charged twenty cents a line for each insertion.

Marriages and deaths announced free of charge.

The publisher reserves the right to change advertisements from one place in the paper to another whenever it is desirable to do so.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

Notice to Stockholders — Election of Directors, &c.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE SAMUEL JOHNS Oil Company, will meet at my office, in Rochester, on Monday, Sept 14th at 10 o'clock, a. m.

By order of the Board.

CHAS. B. HURST, Secretary.

sept9'68.

DRS. MARQUIS & CUNNINGHAM

PRACTICING PHYSICIANS,

ROCHESTER, PA.

Office two doors east of Ankeny's Hote Prompt attention given to all calls.

apr2'68:1y.

G. L. EBERHART,

CIVIL ENGINEER & SURVEYOR

NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

SURVEYS, MAPS AND PROFILES MADE ON short notice. [jy17'68.

Executor's Notice.—Whereas letters testamentary upon the estate of Charles M'Henry, late of Raccoon township, Beaver county, Pa., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate, are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims, to present the same without delay, to

JOHN M'HENRY, } Executors.
S. L. M'HENRY, }

aug19'68*.

Beaver Seminary & Institute.

FALL SESSION OPENS SEPT. 8, 1868.

THIS SCHOOL, SO LONG AND SUCCESSFULLY conducted by Prof. Taylor and able assistants, offers effective courses in the Classics, English and Music. For catalogues address H. T. TAYLOR, jy8'68.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

MEN OF OUR DAY.

THE MEN WHO GOVERN OUR COUNTRY, make its laws, have fought its battles, charmed us with their eloquence, founded our colleges, control our railroads, manufactories, and our finances—one attractive volume, full of vivid interest, life-like illustration and characteristic anecdote. 550 well-filled pages—12 fine steel portraits, and the lives of over 50 men. Price to suit the times. The cheapest as well as the most interesting book published within five years. Sales immense. Every body wants to know the life history of these men. Send for Circular to

ZEIGLER, M'CURDY & CO.,
Phila. Pa., Cincinnati O., Chicago, Ill. or St. Louis, Mo.
aug26'68.

WINE FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS A LARGE LOT OF Pure Domestic Wines, manufactured by himself, at his vineyard near Industry, Beaver county, Pa., which he will sell at moderate rates. This wine is made from the Concord and Catawba Grape, and will be sold by the bott'e, gallon or keg.

Concord plants one year old, for sale at my vineyard apr19'68:tf. CHARLES ROEDEL.

JOS. H. GREER,

ARCHITECT, MECHANICIAN, AND

Engineer of Arts and Manufactures.

Office and Residence, ROCHESTER, PA.

LAUGHING GAS!

COME ALL YE THAT HAVE BEEN SUFFERING the untold miseries of toothache, and dread of extraction, and you will find that Dr. Chandler & Co. are ready to relieve you by the use of the great pain destroyer. Having had many years experience in the use of Gas, they feel confident that they can administer it with as little danger as any operator in the country.

All dental operations performed in the best possible manner, and at reasonable terms as by any good Dentist in the county.

Office in Beaver Station, Rochester, Pa.

T. J. CHANDLER & CO.
aug26'68—1y.

DENTISTRY.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Beaver and vicinity, that he has opened an office in Beaver, Pa., for the practice of Dentistry. He has had considerable experience in the profession, and flatters himself to be able to give general satisfaction in his business.

Office in the old "Stormly Hotel" building, Third street, Beaver, Pa. All work warranted for one year.

J. S. GOSHORN.
apr12'68:1y.

Law Partnership.

J. H. CUNNINGHAM, ... E. P. KUHN.

CUNNINGHAM & KUHN,

Atty's at Law.

OFFICE, THIRD ST.,

BEAVER, PA.

apr26'68:tf.

E. S. BRIGGS, MANAGER. E. BLUNT, JR., SEC. & TREAS.

INDUSTRY SALT CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

TABLE & COARSE SALT,

Industry, Beaver Co., Pa.

All salt put up in good order and warranted to give satisfaction.

All orders promptly attended to.

apr15'68.

P. JEUNET,

Watch Maker and Jeweller,

Third Street, Beaver, Penn'a.,

(In room adjoining J. C. Wilson's office.)

Gold watches and chronometers repaired and warranted. Engraving done to order.

☞ The patronage of the public is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

apr17'68:1m.

Chas. B. Hurst,

Notary Public, Conveyancer and Insurance Agent.

DEEDS AND AGREEMENTS WRITTEN AND acknowledgements taken, &c.

Having been duly commissioned as Agent for several first class Insurance Companies, representing the Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock Departments, is prepared to take risks and write policies on the most liberal terms.

Also, Agent for the "Anchor Line" of first class Ocean Steamers. Tickets sold to and from all ports in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France.

Office in Leaf's brick row, Diamond, Rochester, Pa. jy22'68.

Sands & Reineman,

No. 80 Fifth Sreet, Pittsbugh

DEALERS IN

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE, BRITANIA, JAPANNED, Wooden and Willow Ware, American and French Clocks. They have always on hand the following:

Table Spoons,	Tea Setts,	Water Coolers,
Tea Spoons,	Goblets,	Walnut Brackets,
Table Forks,	Tea Trays,	Iron Tables,
Dessert Forks,	Salvers,	Clothes Horses,
Coffee Urns,	Ice Chests,	

apr22'68:1y.

THE CHEAPEST

Boot and Shoe House

IN THE CITY,

J. H. Borland,

MANUFACTURERS, WHOLESALE & COMMISsion dealers in Boots, Shoes & Rubbers, at New York and Boston Prices, thus saving of expenses and freight.

Also, Agent for Philadelphia City made goods at manufacturers prices.

Country Merchants and Shoe Dealers will save money by calling on me before going East.

Goods Received Daily

At No. 102 Third Street,

Near Wood, PITTSBURGH, PA.

RETAIL STORE

No. 98 Market Street,

2D DOOR FROM FIFTH

jy22'68:3m.

JAS. CAMERON,

Attorney at Law,

BEAVER, PENN'A.

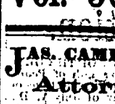
OFFICE IN THE NATIONAL HOTEL BUILDing. Collections, &c., promptly attended to. sept9'68:1y.

G. T. PARKER.

Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

TENDERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO the citizens of Rochester and surrounding towns. He would say that he pays particular attention to Surgery. His new mode of distinguishing diseases, enables him to offer great relief to persons suffering with chronic diseases. He will also aid other physicians in surgery and the diagnoses of difficult cases, by having timely notice.

Office on the Diamond, two doors east of Coulter's store, and nearly opposite Mr. Johnson's grocery, Rochester, Beaver county, Pa. sept2'68.



PITTSBURGH Flag Manufactory,

AND

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

CAMPAIGN GOODS!

SILK, BUNTING AND PRINTED MUSLIN

FLAGS!

ALL SIZES—WITH OR WITHOUT STAFFS AND FIXTURES.

Also, Hats, Ties, Canes, Silk Badges, Banners, Transparencies, Rosettes, Badges, Buttons, Portraits, and Card Photographs of Candidates.

Song-Books, Political Documents of all kinds, &c.

Send for a Democratic Price List.

Address JOHN W. PITTOCK,

Bookseller, Stationer, and Newsdealer,

Opposite Post Office, PITTSBURGH, PA.

☞ Country Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

Grant Tanner Clubs supplied with caps, capes and torches, sent in your orders.

jy8'68:10w.

One of the Largest & Most Successful WHOLESALE HAT HOUSES

In the old extensive and reliable House of

Wm. Flemming,

No. 139 Wood Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

OUR GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT EASTERN PRIces, and will be found to compare in extent and variety with first class houses in New York. The stock consists of Men and Boys Fur and Wool Hats, Silk and Cassimere Hats, Men and Boys Caps, Men, Boys and Childrens Straw goods, Palm leaf Hats, Shaker Hoods, Sundowns, Ladies' and Misses' Hats, trimmed and untrimmed. Country Merchants are invited to call and examine our Stock. jy15'68:1y.

NEW HARDWARE HOUSE.

Lindsay, Sterrit & Euwer,

Importers and Dealers in

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &C.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK HAVING BEEN BOUGHT during the late decline in prices, we are enabled to offer greater inducements than old houses who are carrying over stocks at old prices. Country Merchants should not fail to visit us when in the city.

Lindsay, Sterrit & Euwer,

337 *LIBERTY STREET,*

NEAR UNION DEPOT, PITTSBURGH.

LUMBER, LUMBER, LUMBER

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE ON HAND AND offer for sale at the lowest rates in the market.

200,000 feet No. 1 Common Board, undressed.
100,000 " " 2 " "
200,000 " No. 1, 2 and 3 Faced Boards, extra dry.
20,000 " Extra Dry Flooring 12, 14 and 16 feet long.
5,000 " " Weatherboarding, worked
Weatherboarding of all kinds made to order.
3,000 " No. 2 Flooring, 13, 14 and 16.
2,000 " 1 Oak Flooring Boards.
4,000 " " 1 Clear Panel stuff, ½, ⅝ and ¾ inch.
Shingles and Lath.
400,000 No. 1, 16 and 18 inch Shingles, guaranteed full count.
200,000 " 1, Lath, full width and evenly sawed.
Joists and Studding.
200,000 feet Hemlock Joists and Studding, all sizes.
Frame Stuff sawed to order.
Wheeler's Water Drawer, and Boardman's Celebrated Water Elevator, constantly kept on hand and for sale.

FEED! FEED!! FEED!!!

300 bush. Corn and Oats mixed in the grain.
200 " " Chopped, for sale.
At low rates.
J. & H. DARRAGH.
jy22'68:3m.

FLOUR! FLOUR!! FLOUR!!!

CHEAP AT

J. B. CLARK'S, BEAVER, PA.

BEST QUALITY.

25 lb Sack	$1 50
50 " "	3 00
Barrel	11 50

SECOND QUALITY.

25 lb Sack	$1 25
50 " "	2 50
bbl.	10 00

aug26'68:tf.

T. O. MORGAN

SUCCESSOR TO

SHALLENBERGER BROS.

DEALER IN

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES

Queensware, Hardware,

NAILS, WINDOW GLASS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, BACON, FISH, FLOUR, SALT, LIME.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in Exchange for Goods.

Goods Delivered Free of Charge in all the Villages.

BRIDGEWATER, PA., Aug. 19, 1868.

G. W. PUSEY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

IN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

and TEAS,

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC FRUIT,

Pickles, &c.

All kinds of Country Produce sold on commission, and prompt returns made.

NO. 49 FEDERAL STREET,

Allegheny City, Penn'a.

aug26'68:1y.

Coal For Sale.

PARTIES WISHING TO LAY IN A SUPPLY OF good Coal for next winter's use, can by application dated by calling on or addressing

J. R. ELLIOTT,
Rochester.

Notice to Stockholders — Election of Directors, &c.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PHOENIX OIL Co., will meet at my office, in Rochester, on Thursday, Sept. 10th, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

By order of the Board.

CHAS. B. HURST, Secretary.

sept2'68.

House Furnishing Goods,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

CUTLERY, QUEENSWARE, LOOKING GLASSes and Glassware. Also, Japan, Tin, Wooden and Willow ware, Matting and Fancy Baskets, Brushes, Kitchen Sets, Clothes Wringers, &c., &c. Also,

WRIGHT'S JARS AND CANS.

Country Merchants will find it to their advantage to give us a call and examine our stock before making their purchases.

J. & H. REGGS & CO.,
No. 194 Federal St., Allegheny City.
sept9'68:1y.

Orphans Court Sale of Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF THE ORPHANS Court of Beaver county, the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of John Braden, Sr., late of said county, deceased, will offer at public sale on the premises, on MONDAY, OCT. 12th, 1868, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the farm belonging to the estate of said decedent, situate in Chippewa tp., Beaver county, Pa., bounded on the north by lands of David Boyle's heirs, on the east by Beaver creek, on the south by lands of Daniel Bernard, and on the west by lands formerly of Benj. Haines, being, containing about one hundred and fourteen acres, more or less, on which are erected one two story stone dwelling house, in old log barn. About 90 acres cleared, orchard on the premises, and said premises well watered.

TERMS.—The purchase money to be paid in cash upon the confirmation of the sale by the court and the execution and delivery of the Deed.

JOHN BRADEN, Executor.
sept9'68:tf.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!

MRS. E. H BEACOM,

HAS JUST RECEIVED a select assortment of

Fall Goods

which she offers to the public at the lowest possible rates. The stock embraces every variety of

Ladies and Gentlemens Woolen Goods

Plain and Fancy Yarns,

ZEPHYRS,
HOOP SKIRTS, YELL STUFFS,
CORSETS, HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES,
COLLARS, CUFFS, HOSIERY,
COLORED CAMBRICS,
EMBROIDERIES,
LACES,
DRILLING,
PAPER MUSLIN.

Also a good assortment of
LADIES, MISSES, AND BOYS

FALL HATS

which will be increased as the season advances.

She asks a continuation of the patronage of her friends and the public generally. Goods not on hand can be had at twenty-four hours' notice.

Call and Examine!

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

3d St. Opposite the U P Seminary.

Sept6tf.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS LEAVE TO INFORM his friends and the public generally that he has just received a new stock of goods of the latest styles for SPRING and SUMMER wear, which he offers at very moderate rates.

GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Clothing made to order on the shortest possible notice.

Thankful to the public for past favors, I hope by close attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

DANIEL MILLER,
BRIDGE ST., BRIDGEWATER, PA.

JOHN ENGLAND. JOHN BENDLEY.

JOHN ENGLAND & CO.,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE & CUTLERY,

AND

File Manufacturers,

263 *LIBERTY STREET*

Old Files Re-Cut. PITTSBURGH, PA.

aug26'68:3mos.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

S. J. Cross & Co's.

RETAIL PRICES REDUCED.

BEST WHITE WHEAT

WARRANTED.

25 lb sack,	$ 1,45
50 " "	2,90
Barrel,	11,50

Second Quality, "STARK COUNTY."

25 lb sack,	$ 1,22
50 " "	2,44
Barrel,	9,75

Rochester, Sept. 5d, 1868.tf.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world. Has all the strength of old rosin soap, with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS 48 North Front Street, Philadelphia. sept2'68.

Medical.

The Medical Society of Beaver county met according to previous adjournment, at Economy, on Thursday the 20th inst. Dr. Winans, Vice President, in the chair.

Members present—J. Winans, J. S. Elliott, G. W. Langfitt, J. Linningrine, W. J. Langfitt, R. Felch, J. E. Jackson, Dr. Waggoner of Economy, was present as a corresponding member.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Report of cases being now in order, Dr. Winans reported a case of Varicose Ulceration successfully treated by Carbolic Acid, which case elicited some discussion in regard to the application of this remedy in traumatic diseases. Dr. G. W. Langfitt reported a very interesting and obstinate case of neuralgia, which recovered under judicious treatment.

The President, Dr. W. J. Langfitt, having arrived, assumed the duties of the chair. Dr. Nye, the regular essayist, being absent, his alternate, Dr. Elliott, was called upon, who responded promptly by reading a well written and interesting essay on the subject of "Nursing in the sick room," pointing out many defects and making some valuable suggestions, which, if carried out generally, would both aid the physician in his arduous labors as well as benefit the patient.

Dr. Langfitt, President of the Society, read a very excellent and appropriate [illegible] on the true therapeutical action of [illegible] cancelling effectually [illegible] remedy for controlling morbid arterial action. This paper was followed by a very profitable discussion—the main ideas advanced by the writer, however, were fully sustained by all those having had experience in the use of this valuable agent.

The chair continued Dr. Nye principal essayist for the next regular meeting, and Dr. Winans alternate.

The morbid anatomy, pathology and treatment of pneumonia, being on file for discussion was now taken up, the chair (in the absence of Dr. McKinney, who was to have opened the subject,) appointed Dr. Jackson to proceed in the discussion, which was continued in a very interesting manner up to the hour of adjournment, nearly all the members participating.

Phthisis Pulmonalis, was then selected as the next question for mutual discussion, and the chair appointed Dr. Joseph Linningrine to open the subject.

On motion the society adjourned, to meet in Rochester on the 12th day of November, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

J. E. JACKSON, Sec'y.

TRAITS OF NICHOLAS I.

Some interesting members of the Emperor Nicholas I., of Russia, have recently been put forth in Paris, by a writer who was formerly a page in his Majesty's service. The Emperor, it will be recollected, won for himself the detestation of his own people and of all Europe, by his inhuman severity and despotism.

I have seen, says the writer, most of the sovereigns of Europe, and more than once have been admitted to the honor of direct conversation with them; but never have I experienced the icy impression that the view of the Czar produced upon me. He walked straight forward in lordly style, his leaden eyes coldly fixed on those of each person to whom in turn he addresses himself, and gazing deeply into each face with a penetration that seemed to mark the very secrets of the soul. His step impressed you; his aspect intimidated; and his attitude, so truly sovereign, added to a physiognomy so haughty, reflected the guiding sentiment of his life, his utter contempt for mankind, and his mystical faith in his own all-powerfulness. Of colossal height, and admirably beautiful in face, his hard and penetrating eye subjugated you at once.

Firmly convinced that he represented celestial power on earth, sincerely persuaded that to his own people he was the mandatory of God, and held within himself divine prerogatives, he watched with an overshadowing jealousy the sacred deposit with which he believes himself charged, and any attempt against his authority appeared to him a sacrilege, and proved him inexorable.

EXECUTION OF THE POET RELIEFF.

The first conspirators of his reign, Pestel, Mourovieff-Apostol, and the poet Reliefl, were condemned to be hung. The Emperor signed the decree after the Russian formula, "*Byt po siemau*" (so be it.) They were then conducted to the place of execution. Reliefl, a poet of the highest order, was the first one led to the scaffold. Just at the moment when the executioner, having passed the slip-not over his head, had raised him on his shoulders to launch him into eternity, the too-weak cord broke, and he fell forward, bruised and bleeding.

"They know not how to do anything in Russia," said he, raising himself without even turning pale, "not even how to twist a rope."

Accidents of this kind—besides being very rare—were always considered occasions of pardon, they sent, therefore, to the Winter Palace to know the will of the Emperor.

"Ah! the cord has broken?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, sire."

"Then he was almost dead? What impression has such close contact with eternity produced on the mind of the rebel?"

"He is a brave man, sire."

The Czar frowned.

"What did he say?" asked he, severely.

"Sire, he said, 'They know not how even to twist a rope in Russia.'"

"Well," replied Nicholas, "let them prove to him the contrary. And he went out.

CAPRICIOUS BARBARITIES.

One day, a short time before the Crimean war, at a grand military review at Krasnoe-Selo, the Emperor, on horseback, presented his troops to the Empress, seated in her carriage. Suddenly there appeared on the drill ground a cariole drawn by one horse, and out of which stepped a feld jaguer (courier of the palace), charged with two autographic letters from the King of Prussia to the Emperor and Empress. As the Empress was the more easily approached, he handed her the first letter, and ran towards the Emperor to present the second. But some steps from him he pauses, turns pale, and bursts into tears.—The letter is lost.

Trembling from head to foot, he retraces his steps to try and find it, but the soldiers, the aides-de-camp, the horses, have already trodden it in the dust; and the precious envelope cannot be found.

"What ails that animal?" asked the Emperor of one of his aides-de-camp.

"I do not know, sire."

"Well, go and ask him, and bring me his reply."

The aide-de-camp spurred his horse, and from the lips of the poor feld jaguer he learned that an autograph letter from the King of Prussia to the Emperor of Russia had been lost. He brought the Czar the information.

The face of Nicholas clouded instantly, and his expression was gloomy and severe.

"Take charge of this man yourself, and without allowing him to communicate with any one, conduct him to Siberia. Let him never again appear in Europe."

The aid-de-camp, as well as the unhappy feld jaguer, were both to set out, without even changing their boots, for this journey of two thousand leagues. The aid-de-camp returned eight months afterward, and was recompensed by promotion from the Emperor, but the poor courier was doubtless dying or dead in the neighborhood of Tobolsk, such faults as his having escaped an amnesty.

Such instances (I witnessed the one I am about to relate) were not rare in the life of Nicholas. One morning in the spring, when a freshet of the Neva had rendered its crossing extremely perilous, the Emperor, on looking from the window of his Winter Palace, saw a large crowd watching, in evident stupefaction, a man directing himself by leaps from one piece of ice to another, toward the opposite shore.

He called his attendant aid-de-camp.

"Look at that fool," said he. "What courage!" Run and see what motive he has for [illegible] and returned.

"Sire, he is a peasant who has bet he would cross the Neva for twenty-five roubles, and is trying to gain the reward."

"Give him twenty five lashes," replied Nicholas; "a man who risks life in this miserable way would be capable of anything for money."

ORIGIN OF THE GREAT NICHOLAS RAILROAD.

To a desperate caprice of the same kind is due the construction of the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, called the Nicholas Railroad. The Emperor had in his court a certain general, Kleinmichel a disagreeable person, exceedingly unpopular, and of equivocal fidelity, but who pleased by his reticence and promptness in executing orders. When the road was decided upon by a council of ministers, and its erection considered urgent, a map of Russia was brought to the Czar, who was asked to look over the course designated by the different engineers, and give his preference. Nicholas, without saying a word, took the map, marked a straight line from Moscow to St. Petersburg, and said to the stupefied engineers:

"This is the line of the railroad."

"But, they all cried, "impossible. Your Majesty will find no one to undertake such a work. It would be to hide treasures in the desert."

No one to undertake it when I command to be done?" said Nicholas. "We shall see.

And signalling to Kleinmichel from a corner:

"Kleinmichel," said he, "do you see this line?"

Yes, sire."

This is a new railroad I propose construcing in my empire.

Sire, it is magnificent!"

You think so? Will you charge yourself then, with the execution of my orders?"

"With the greatest pleasure, sire, if your Majesty orders it. But the funds, the funds?"

"Don't be troubled about them. Ask for all the money you want."

And turning to the engineers:

"You see," said Nicholas to them, "I can get along without you. I will build my own railroad."

And the construction of this road lasted ten years. It did not deviate one inch from the line marked out by the Imperial finger; and leaving on one side, at about a distance of ten leagues, the villages of Novgorod, Twer and a host of others equally rich and important, it traversed, in the midst of marshes and woods, nothing but immense solitudes; seven hundred and six kilometres of iron rail cost Russia four hundred million francs—a little more than half a million a kilometre—of which the devoted Kleinmichel, but that as a matter of course, took a good share. Nicholas, however, was right in saying nothing could resist him.

CONTRASTS OF CHARACTER.

With a brutality unworthy a sovereign, and at times a delicacy astonishing in a man of such a character, the most contrary qualities and defects reproduced themselves in a hundred fits of his life. For instance, one night I saw him fisticuff a poor Jew in the face, and accompany the act with the most enormous oaths, because, in giving light to the postillions of the Berlin Imperial, he had awakened him with a start, by throwing the light of his lantern into his face. Again, at Warsaw, where he went to receive the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria, he took Francis Joseph into his arms to force him to occupy the seat of honor in a carriage, which the young Emperor was unwilling to accept; a courtesy, according to the Cossack, that would have exactly suited him.

Yet this man, so rude and so haughty, evidenced occasionally great delicacy of sentiment. One very cold day, returning from a review, where he had almost frozen, he stopped at the house of a lady, whom he knew to be in ill-health, and met the doctor in the waiting-room.

"How is Madame——?" said he to the latter.

"Very poorly, sire. The cold of St. Petersburg is killing her."

"Ah! the cold is injuring her? Feel my hands. They are frozen, are they not?"

"Very cold, sire."

"Well, I will wait here until they are warm. I would not for the world increase her malady."

And the the Emperor waited in this sort of an antechamber, talking to the Doctor, until his hands resumed their natural warmth.

Strange character! Curious mixtures of faults and good qualities, of littleness and grandeur; brutal and chivalrous, courageous, even to temerity, and distrustful even to poltroonery, equitable and tyrannical, generous and cruel, at once the friend of ostentation and of simplicity! His palace was magnificent, his court splendid, the luxuriousness of his courtiers dazzling, while in his own person, his habits and tastes, he affected an imposing austerity. His working cabinet was almost bare; he slept always on a camp bed. The oldness of his uniform, and of his military cloaks, was proverb'al at St. Petersburg. Worn out, pieced in different places, they evidenced, by their shining neatness, how carefully they were preserved. At his repasts, even, he drank no wine; he never smoked, and the odor of tobacco was so disagreeable to him that it was forbidden, not only in the Winter Palace, but in the streets of St. Petersburg. Even the Grand Duke Alexander, the Czar truly, and an inveterate smoker, was obliged to sit under the mantelpiece, to enjoy the luxury of a cigar in the imperial palace.

THE RULING PASSION.

The character, the conduct, the whole politics of the Emperor Nicholas may be embodied in the word pride. His ruling passion was pride, a pride incommensurable, a pride such as neither Louis XIV, Henry VIII, nor Solyman the Magnificent—those three crowned representatives of capital sins—could ever equal. The idea of humiliation would leave him smiling, so entirely he believed such an event impossible. It may be truly said that he never submitted, for the first repulse he had to suffer killed him.

This pride in him passes all bounds, and touches sometimes on the aberrations of a Schahabanam. One day, one of his aides-de-camp came to him very much excited, and throwing himself at his feet—

"Sire," cried he, "I beg your Majesty to grant me a favor."

"Speak."

"Permit me to fight a duel."

"Never!" replied the Emperor.

Nicholas had a horror of duels. In his eyes, all blood was criminally shed in Russia that was not for the country or in its service, and he punished the guilty in this respect most severely.

"Sire, I am dishonored. It is necessary for me to fight."

"What do you say?"

"I have been struck in the face."

"Ah!" said the Emperor, contracting his brows. "But know I cannot permit a duel. You must come with me."

And taking him by the arm, he conducted him before the assembled court, and, in the presence, of all kissed him upon the offended cheek.

"Go, now," said he, "and resume your tranquility, the affront is washed out."

During the war in Crimea, and especially when the [illegible] turn affairs had taken. But after the battle of Alma the truth had to be confessed. A courier, Colonel A., was dispatched to him in great haste. He received orders to repair immediately to Czar.

"Well, what news?" said the Emperor to him brusquely, giving him scarcely time to enter or fulfil the accustomed formalities of etiquet.

"The battle has been fought, sire."

"Finish!" said the Emperor with an emotion that caused his usually firm voice to tremble.

"Alas!—"

"You say—?"

"Fortune has failed us."

"We are—?"

"We are beaten, sire."

The Emperor arose from his seat.

"It is impossible," said he, in a quick manner.

"The Russian army has taken flight."

"You lie!" cried Nicholls with a frightful explosion of anger.

"Sire—"

"You lie! My soldiers never fly."

"Sire, I have told you the truth."

"You lie! I say, you lie!"

And his eye beaming with anger, his lips contracted, his hand raised, he threw himself on the military courier and tore off his epaulettes.

"Go! You are now only a soldier."

The unhappy colonel, pale with shame, smothered his rage and the tears that rose to his eyes, went out, his soul in despair. But hardly had he reached the staircase, when he heard the voice of the Emperor begging his return. He retraced his steps, and Nicholas running to meet him ardently begged pardon for his brutality, and offered for his acceptance the post of aid-de-camp.

"May your Majesty hold me excused," replied the poor officer; "for in taking off my epaulettes, you have deprived me of my honor. I leave them in your hands with my dismissal."

"You are right," replied Nicholas. "It is not in my power to repair the offence of my hasty action. Ah! we are both unhappy, and I am vanquished. Yes, completely vanquished!"

And he walked up and down with an agitated step, like a subdued lion in his cage, his heart bleeding with the wound given his pride.

"Go leave my empire," continued he, turning to Colonel A——, "and pardon me. We must not meet again. Both of us would suffer too much pain in each others presence."

Frank Blair's Strategy.

In one of Gen. Sherman's great moves Gen. Blair commanded a division in the advance, that had our narrator, with his brigade, as part of the force. One morning the column came to a halt. The men fell out, and hour after hour went by in idleness. At last our friend rode to the front, and found Gen. Blair reconnoitering the passage of a river that had a house on the opposite bank, and people moving about in a very suspicious manner. Gen. Blair had fixed his headquarters for the time under some shady trees, and through field glasses and glasses of cocktail was trying to comprehend the situation. In this he was being efficiently aided by his staff.

At last an orderly volunteered to ride his horse over, and reconnoitre in person. Gen. Frank consented, and ordered the man to strip naked before plunging in. The orderly did as directed, and was about plunging into the river, when Sherman dashed by.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

Gen. Frank explained.

"Tut, tut," responded Sherman, in his quick nervous way, "That's all very well for this brave fellow, but it isn't war. Here, fetch me a piece of artillery. Now, my good fellow, he continued to the lieutenant in command of the gun, "see how near you can send a shell to the roof of the house without hitting it."

The order was obeyed, and in five minutes a boat came over to say that the house was a hospital, with a few sick and wounded Confederates left in it.

Frank Blair on an Electioneering Tour.

[From the Des Moines (Iowa) Register.]

If Frank Blair is "the coming man," Parton need never have asked if he will drink wine. If Frank were asked himself, he would no doubt be honest, and say, "No, thank you, I'll take whisky," and the answer would only show his faithful devotion to Democratic principles. The leaders of the party which has hoisted him as a candidate, deny, however, that Frank indulges in anything, but assert that he is as temperate as Neal Dow himself. Perhaps he is, when at home—but when abroad, he isn't, as we will show.

On Sunday, August 30, only a little over a fortnight ago, Frank Blair, was at St. Joseph, Mo., on his way to the mountains, to attend to his duties as one of the Commissioners of the Pacific Railroad. No train running from St. Joseph to Council Bluffs, he hired some railroad laborers to take him through on a hand-car. With a full supply of Frank's favorite beverages aboard, they started, but on reaching Hamburg, Fremont county, of this State, they had become so "demoralized" that they laid up for repairs. Arriving there in the afternoon, and stopping at the railroad eating house kept by Mr. Scoville, the distinguished genius of the new revelation had his presence announced to the faithful, who soon came flocking to pay due homages to their chief. Well, it so transpired that they "homaged" too much, and, by 8 or 9 o'clock the party were as drunk as even Democrats ever get, and the "head centre" was the possessor of them all. The noise of the convivialists attracted quite a crowd, and it is said that Blair gave them more antics, and cuter ground and lofty tumbling than they have ever seen in a circus.—So drunk did he finally become that he was picked up from the floor and carried bodily to bed by two men, and put away out of sight of the tittering crowd.

These statements are true and indisputable. We have the testimony of several reliable men who saw all we have related, and more, too. Mr. Scoville, the proprietor of the hotel, expressed his willingness to make affidavit to the statement, and we defy any one to disprove the fact.

Did you ever hear the story of the Irishmen and the horse-radish?

"No; how was it?

"Well, seeing a dish of grated horse-radish on the table where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to the sauce, supposing it to be eaten as a potato or squash; and the first putting a forkfull into his mouth, jerked out his tankerchief from his trowsers and commenced wiping his eyes.

"What troubles yer, Jemmy" inquired his comrade.

"Sure, and I was thinkin' of my poor old father's death when he was hung," he replied.

Presently the other taking as freely of the pungent vegetable, had as sudden use for the handkerchief, when Jemmy coolly inquired.

"And what *troubles yer*, Pat?"

"Troth," he replied, "that you wasn't hung with your father."

Mr. Bangum's Balcony Band.

The following excellent hit is from the Musical Review, which appeared in the good old days of the New York Museum at the corner of Broadway and the Bowery:

Mr. Bangum was sitting in his office in the museum the other day, when he heard a knock at the door.

"Come in," said he.

The door opened, and a trombone entered. Mr. Bangum stared. The trombone was followed by an arm, and the arm by a body, the body belonging to no less a personage than Mr. Eli Fant.

"Mr. Bangum?" said Mr. Fant, inquiringly.

"That's my name," said the gentleman.

"Good morning," said Mr. Fant.

"Good morning," said Mr. Bangum.

"I see that you have a band on your balcony," began Mr. Fant.

"Yes," said Mr. Bangum.

"And I came to see if I could get a situation as trombone."

"I presume you can," said Mr. Bangum, from two to three in the afternoon, and six to eight in the evening."

"What is the place worth?" said Mr. Fant, inquiringly.

"Five dollars a week?" said Mr. Bangum, inquiringly.

"Very well," said Mr. Fant with great satisfaction. He had not expected more than three or four.

"You can begin to-day, if you like," said Mr. Bangum. "The payments are weekly."

"Very well," said Mr. Fant.

In accordance with this agreement, Mr. Fant's trombone did duty for a week for Bangum, and very hard too, did Mr. Fant hone away on his trombone. At the end of the week he called on Mr. Bangum for his week's salary.

"I will make out a bill if you like," said Mr. Bangum.

"If you please," said Mr. Fant.

After a little turning over of leaves and comparing of books, Mr. Bangum handed him the bill. He read it over once, twice, three times, looking every time more and more mystified. At last he said—

"Mr. Bangum, you have made a little mistake here, I believe."

"Eh," said Mr. Bangum, "not that I am aware of."

"Yes," said Mr. Fant, smiling. He couldn't help smiling to think how Mr. Bangum would laugh when he learned where the mistake was.

"Its rather a funny mistake. I don't see how you came to make it. The bill reads—

"Mr. Eli Fant to Mr. P. T. Bangum, Dr.

"To privilege of playing a trombone in his Museum for the week ending May 15, 1853, $5."

"Well," said Mr. Bangum, "I believe it was five dollars, wasn't it?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Fant, perplexed, "I believe it was. But I don't look at it in that light."

"In what light did you look at it?" said Mr. Bangum.

"W-h-y," said Mr. Fant, still more perplexed, "I thought you paid me five dollars, not I you."

"Oho! no," said Mr. Bangum. "This is the state of the case. There are quite a number of persons in this city who wish to practice such instruments, but cannot do it at home on account of disturbing the neighbors so I let them a standing up place in the balcony; and each gentleman who comes here brings what instrument he likes, and practices whatever he wants to, without disturbing anybody; that, is anybody we care anything about."

The office door opened, and the trombone went out followed by Mr. Fant; while Mr Bangum proceeded to make out his bills against the other instruments. Mr. Fant has since given up the trombone.