Poetry.

FACES.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

A terror is in the city,
By night and by day,
And whenever the street I pass,
I tremble and pray,
And the eye of my soul closes swiftly,
To shut it away.

Not the sneer of the worldling,
The sneirk of the saint,
Not the poor lost women
With their smile of paint,
But faces, and ever faces,
With a warning faint.

Faces, all over those
They pass on the stream—
Phantom human faces,
Like things in a dream;
Morning and night, and most awful
In the gaslight gleam.

Faces, terrible faces,
With a pale unsaid,
Fixed human faces
Whence the light has fled;
Faces, and ever faces,
Where the soul is dead.

Faces, lost pale faces,
Of the rich or the poor,
Faces of hearts where meanness
Hath eat to the core,
Faces—the signs of spirits
That muse no more.

The sadness of these faces
Is sad beyond belief;
Meanes than the thrill sorrow
Of the harlot or the thief;
The gladness of those faces
Is sadder than their grief.

O, there seems hope for evil,
Though bloodiest crime befall—
But life that hath neither beauty
Nor foulness—it is so small!
Alas, for the frozen spirits
That do not sin at all!

They gather the gold and raiment,
They buy and they pay;
Just as fast the glittering of their face
Flies clean away.

Charge of the Dress Brigade

Half a league, half a league, half a league rearward,
Right through the mire and dirt,
Much to its beauty's hurt,
Dragged the rich silken skirt,
Half a league rearward.

Half a peck, half a peck, half a peck fully,
Hirsute and woolly,
Right into the liquid air—
Rose up the pile of hair,
From other heads sundered.
While astraddle upon it,
Rode the brave bonnet
Rode, though it wondered.
Curls to the right of it,
Curls to the left of it,
Curls to the rear of it,
Curls that were plundered.

What though shout "Oh, fie!"
"Fortunes you have squandered!"
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to dress or die—
"Charge!" to the clerks they cry—
"Charge by the hundred."

Original Story.

[For the Argus.]

THE YOUNG CREOLE'S ADVENTURE.

BY "Y——I——."

The golden rays of the orb of day, reflected back from beneath the horizon to which it had sunk, fell with a beautiful and subdued light upon a spot comprising a part of the great forests skirting the St. Lawrence river, and were again reflected from the crystal waters of tiny lakes and purgling rivulets. A gentle and refreshing breeze stole through the air, laden with the perfume of sweet flowers, rustling the green leaves of the forest trees, and rippling the waters as it passed.

Reclining on the soft green grass, with his head resting on the palms of his hands, supported by a gentle knoll, and his legs extended half bent on the ground, was a young man, whose careless, indifferent position could not conceal the symmetry of his frame, the beautifully proportioned limbs, and the air and carriage of a true son of nature.

His hair, long, and dark as a raven's, his fair but healthy complexion, white teeth gleaming through full, red lips, the upper one of which being shaded by a slight, elegant moustache, and his bright, flashing black eyes, revealing all the ardor and buoyancy of youth, proclaimed him unmistakably a being of highly superior physical and mental endowments, a being, too, descended from hot-blooded, impetuous ancestors.—He was a creole.

He was clothed in a suit of heavy black broadcloth, with a black hat, and high-topped boots. A beautiful belt, containing a small six-shooter and a long sharp knife, with his pouch and rifle, completed his ornamentations. Now, however, the belt had been taken off and thrown beside the gun, which was leaned against a tree some twenty feet from where he was reclining.

His name was Francis Voltaire.—He was the son of Lafayette Voltaire, a distant relative of the great philosopher of that name, who some months before had migrated to Canada, taking with him, from her southern home, where they had been living, his beautiful charming wife and only son. They were haughty and immensely rich, and lavished every indulgence on their son.

But shortly before our story opens, Francis had celebrated his twenty-first birth-day, and had arrived at such an age, as his parents earnestly informed him, when he must seek a bride worthy of him and his high rank in society.

"But, mother," he said, a few days after his birth-day celebration had taken place, to her who was his chief expostulator, "surely you do not wish me to marry against my own inclinations—when I don't care a straw about anybody—any girl, I mean—and nobody cares for me!"

"Ah, Frank," was replied, "you rogue, you knows that! What of host of others, of the most refined and educated families of Montreal, who are over head and ears in love with you! You knew that night before last!"

"I don't care—I'm not in love with them. But, mother," continued the young man, lowering his voice from a careless tone to one low and serious, "who's that splendid girl who sang so beautifully, and who's so triumph and full of fun? Wasn't she a beauty, though! I couldn't sleep for the last two nights for thinking of her!"

"That," said Mrs. Voltaire, with a slight shade of displeasure in her tone, "is Jeannette Aubrey. She's an orphan, and lives with her guardian, James Aubrey, a short distance beyond Montreal. But weren't you introduced? why did you ask her name?"

"I—I forgot," said the young man, blushing.

"Oh, I see," said the mother, significantly; "you're deep in love with her!"

"Not so bad as that, mother," replied the young man. "I acknowledge I felt curious to know more about her. She's really the most charming creature I ever met; and oh! how superbly beautiful! What rich auburn hair, what glowing cheeks, what a splendid form! Oh mother, she looks more like an angel than a human being!"

"Tut, tut, boy," said Mrs. Voltaire, "what's all that but love—infatuation! I own that she's beautiful, but——"

"But what, mother?" asked the young man, sharply

"She is unlady-like in some of her habits," replied Mrs. Voltaire. "It's scarcely proper for me to say it, but I heard that she didn't ride properly at all times—that is, sitting in her saddle."

"Oh, is that all!" said the young man, with a light laugh; "that's altogether a matter of taste. In some countries ladies ride altogether in that manner—according to the custom, you see."

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Voltaire, her face turning red with indignation, "that my son endorses such unwomanly and unbecoming manners! Retire to your room immediately, Francis! I do not wish to speak any more on this subject!"

"Oh, mother, you havn't seen them ride thus, or you would think differently," said the young blood, audaciously, not in the least daunted by the peremptory command he had received.

The lady silently rose from her chair, and turning around, was about leaving the apartment, with flushed face and heart throbbing angrily, when Frank stepped noiselessly behind her, and throwing his arms around her neck, gave three hearty smacks, which might have been heard through the house, on the lips of the angry lady.

"There, mother!" he cried, "don't keep mad any longer, mother! You know I'm sorry, mother—I appologize! Isn't it all right now, mother?" And Frank finished off with a succession of smacks similar in force and effect to the one preceding it.

"Yes, that will do said Mrs. Voltaire, a smile involuntarily wreathing her lips. "I forgive you. Now leave me in peace."

"Thank you, mother!" said the young man, picking up his hat, and making his exit from the room.

In beginning this tale, we introduced young Voltaire to our readers as he reclined in the woods, a short distance from home. To this place he had strayed shortly after the foregoing colloquy had taken place.

We can guess, then, of what he was thinking, as he lay on the grass, apparently watching the blue clouds, as they sailed through the sky above him.

He was thinking of the lovely being about whom he had been conversing with his mother. Would that he were better acquainted with her! Always she haunted him—her image, her exclamation, and peal after peal of laughter rang out in the clear air as he thought of it.

But suddenly his laughter died away, as though a red bolt from heaven had stricken him where he lay, while yet the merry sounds echoed through the woods!

What was it that caused his face to change from its gay, laughing expression to one almost as white and death-like as a corpse? What was it that caused his heart to stand still with horror, and his limbs refuse to perform their office?

It was a horrible, speedy death staring him in the face!

As if chained by the mesmerizer's gaze, the eyes of the young man were fixed motionless upon the limb of a tree near him, the branches of which, reaching out, extended over his head.

On one of these, almost within ten feet of him, with body crouched, prepared for a deadly spring, its long tail lashing to and fro, its eyes flashing upon him with a venemous and ferocious fire, was one of the most fierce and ferocious denizens of the forest—the deadly panther!

Almost involuntarily, the hand of the youth sought the handle of his revolver, but it was not in its place! the belt containing it had been laid aside.

For an instant he thought of resistance—of fighting the beast with his naked hands, and then he quickly dropped the idea, and turning away his face from the awful sight, resigned his soul into the hands of Him who gave it!

All this took place in a moment.

He heard the rebounding of the limb, as the panther left it, he heard the whirring of a swift body through the air, and then he heard the sharp crack of a rifle ringing through the woods. He felt the fall of a heavy body upon him, an intense feeling of pain pass through his frame, and then he knew nothing—he had fainted.

When the youth recovered consciousness, he felt weak and dizzy, with a feeling of pain at his side. He felt soft hands on his forehead, laving it with water, and looking up at his preserver, an exclamation of surprise escaped from his lips, and the hot blood rushed to his pale cheeks.

Beside him, stooping down and bathing his forehead with water from a funnel-shaped leaf which she held in her hand, stood a young and beautiful girl, whose eager eyes were fixed upon his face.

Her long auburn hair was thrown carelessly back over her shoulders, revealing a neck of marble whiteness, graceful shoulders, and bosom heaving with excitement.

It was Jeannette Aubrey. It was this that caused the young man's face to flush and his heart to throb so violently.

Recovering his presence of mind, Francis looked enquiringly around him. A short distance from him lay the dead body of the panther, and near it a rifle which he recognized as his own. A ruffling and slight stain in the glossy hair on one side of the neck showed where a bullet had done its work.

In an instant he comprehended what had passed. The beast had been shot by the girl, while making the fatal leap.

But why the pain in his side?—Ah, the fangs of the panther had entered there, in his last frenzied agonies. But it was bodimaged.—His clothes had been partially torn aside, and a strip of a lady's garment had been bound around his waist, covering the wound.

Again the youth blushed, and looking up, he perceived two vived spots on the girl's fair cheeks.

"I hope you feel better, Mr. Voltaire," said the young lady, at last breaking the silence. "I was beginning to think of procuring some assistance. Had I arrived one moment later, however——"

"I would not have owed my life to you, heroic girl!" said Francis, interrupting her. 'How can I. thank you for the noble service you have endered me?'

'By not again mentioning it,' said Miss Aubrey. 'I but performed a fellow creature's duty.—my eyes. No, never.'

'You do not, then,' Francis began, but stopped suddenly. 'Allow me to say,' he continued, resting his eyes admiringly on her blushing face, 'that not one lady among a million would have acted with that admirably presence of mind, that quickness and heroism, by which you have just saved my life.'

The young lady's eyes fell under his gaze. "You will have it so," she said, smiling; "but we must not talk here. You must be taken home and cared for. Can you walk?"

The youth made a mighty effort to rise, but a feeling of faintness came over him, and he fell back into his former position.

"I will run to your dwelling and procure assistance," said Miss Aubrey. "I will not be long."

"Stay!" said Frank, seizing the small white hand, "remain with us for the night. It is well nigh dark, and you cannot return home this evening. My parents will also desire to thank you for your gallant conduct."

"Thank you, Mr. Voltaire! but do not detain me;" and the girl disappeared in the woods.

In a short time a carriage arrived, and the young man was conveyed home.

"Is she at home, father?" anxiously inquired Frank, as he was lifted into the carriage.

"Yes; we have detained her for the night. She's a noble girl, Frank!—But do you feel bad, my son? A physician has been sent for, and he will dress your wound.'

'It has been cared for, father,' said the youth, looking down at the bandage.

'What! as I live, the young lady has been using her own dress. Can you explain the reason of this?' he asked, mischievously.

The youth's face lighted up with an expression of joy, and then he blushed, as he replied:

"Yes, indeed; she was in too great a hurry to spend much time for reflection.'

The young man was taken to his chamber, and the doctor, having arrived, examined and dressed his wound, saying 'it was only a deep flesh cut and merely demanded careful attention.' He felt his pulse, gave a few directions, and took his leave.

The sun rose bright and cloudless the next morning, illuminating the apartment of the invalid, and causing his spirits to rise accordingly. They were considerable dampened shortly after, however, when Mrs. Voltaire informed him, in answer to his inquiries respecting her that Miss Aubrey was not in. She had left early in the morning, after asking how his wound progressed, saying her guardian would be anxious concerning her absence.

The days passed long and wearily to the young man during his illness, notwithstanding that he received daily visitors in the persons of his young male and female acquaintances.—Among the latter were Misses Le Sage, Montague, Beumont and others who cast many long, loving glances at him, as he spoke of his narrow escape, or frowned and bit their lips with vexation as he poured lavish praises on his young and gallant preserver.

Miss Aubrey did not call. What was the reason? Was she angry with him, or did she care nothing about him? the youth mentally asked himself, as he tossed impatiently from side to side on his couch. What if she cared nothing for him? Of unhappy thought! Rather would he have been torn to pieces by the claws of the wild beast than that this were true.

Mrs. Voltaire noticed his restless unhappy mood, and with true maternal instinct, instantly divined the cause of it. But reason, she stooped down and kissed his fevered brow, saying, 'Frank, why do you feel so restless and disturbed this morning? There is something on your mind that pains you deeply. Tell me what is the matter with you?'

'Oh, mother! mother!' cried the boy passionately, 'you know what it is! oh, mother! do you think she cares anything for me?'

'I know it my son,' said Mrs Voltaire, again kissing him affectionately, 'She loved you when you first met,'

The young man's face lighted up in an instant. 'How glad would I be could I think so, mother,' said he joyfully. 'Oh would that I could see her.'

'When you get better you can call on her, my son,' said the lady. 'So cheer up and get well, and it will be all the sooner.'

Frank's spirits rallied rapidly after this, and in a few weeks he was able to leave his room, and take short walks in the garden.

At last one lovely morning, when the sun shone out bright and cheerfully, and the birds filled the woods with their sweet joyful songs, and everything looked bright and happy, Frank said to his mother in a low earnest tone, 'Mother, I will know the worst this morning, I will call on her, and ask her to be my wife. May I hope mother?'

'She will accept you, my son,' said Mrs. Voltaire, confidently, 'so be in good spirits.'

Frank went to his room, and after carefully attiring himself and combing his dark hair, he left the house. He looked handsome that morning as he walked proudly through the woods.

He was dressed in a suit of fine dark broad-cloth, with sack coat and short vest. Beneath a black casimere hat, fell gracefully his long dark hair, beneath a face pale and thin with his past sickness. On one slim finger gleamed a solitaire diamond ring, but no other ornament was observable.

Opening a gate, and travelling a gravelled walk to an imposing edifice which he knew was Miss Aubrey's house, he ascended the steps of the porch, and rang the bell.

A servant appeared, and politely invited him in. 'Is Miss Aubrey in?' asked Frank, without occupying the proffered seat.

'No, sir,' said the man; 'neither her nor master is in at present. Mr. Aubrey has been away since yesterday morning, but Miss Aubrey is taking a morning walk, and I can call her in. Be seated, and I will go in search of her.'

'Thank you,' said Frank, but I will not trouble you. Can you tell me in which direction she's gone.'

'Certainly,' said the man, giving the desired information.

Frank thanked him, and quickly started in the direction indicated. His heart beat with joy, for he saw it lead to the spot where the late adventure had taken place.

Quickly he stepped along, and soon he heard the soft tread of footsteps, and the next instant stood face to face with the woman he loved.

How lovely she looked, as she stood before him, with the flush of health mantling her cheeks, and her beautiful auburn hair falling in splendid disorder over her shoulders. She was attired a in merino morning dress, but Frank's vanity suggested that there was a great deal of tastful care manifested in the apparently hurriedly prepared toilet.

His heart beat hopefully, as he bowed and said, 'A beautiful morning, Miss Aubrey! I see that are out enjoying it. May I compliment you on your good taste in choosing this beautiful wood in which to make your morning rambles.'

'I am glad you appreciate it, sir,' said the young lady, 'but indeed this is the first time I have entered it for several weeks. But allow me to congratulate you on your convalescence. I was about sending John to enquire how you were getting along.'

'I have saved you that trouble then, by calling myself, I see,' rejoined Frank. 'Will you allow me to enjoy your walk with you,' stepping into her side.

'Proferred arm, unhesitatingly took the in silence.' They were nearing the well know spot where they had before met, when they heard the low rippling of flowing waters and in a moment found themselves standing on the grassy, overhanging banks of a murmuring stream.

'Miss Aubrey,' said Frank, low and passionately to the beautiful being by his side, the color on whose cheeks fair exceeded the bloom of the ripening peach, 'will you sit down with me on this lovely green bank? I have something I must tell you now.'

She seated herself, but at a few feet's distance from Frank, the observing of which, however, it might be noticed, he was not particular in doing, for but a moment had elapsed before the daring youth had decreased it to so many inches.

'Miss Aubrey,' said Frank, taking the soft white hand, which trembled in his grasp, but was not withdrawn, 'you know what I would say! Jeannette! oh Jeannette! may I call you thus? he cried, I love you! I love you!' The arm of the youth was passed, unrestrained, around the slender waist of the girl, and the next instant—may I tell it?—she was clasped to his bosom, in a close passionate embrace, their hearts beat wildly together, and hot, loving kisses were lavished on each other's lips.

We shall not reveal more of these delicate proceeding, nor tell of the passionate utterances, the vows of eternal fidelity, the affirmative answers of the maiden to certain, &c., but we will say that the diamond ring seen shortly before sparkling on the finger of Frank Voltaire was transferred to that of Jeannette Aubrey, though its place was occupied by a small gold opal-crowned one.

And we will further state that after they had arisen, which they did in the course of time, and were returning toward Mrs Aubrey's home, no such distance was observed between them as there was when they were leaving it at their meeting a few minutes before.

GONE.

Oh, lay her gently in the mould
Over her o'er!
She from her bed so dark and cold
Will come no more!
Hushed now forever is her song,
So touched with fire;
Pain would I still its strains prolong
On Memory's lyre.

Ye gentle gales, that breathe of spring,
Flit o'er her grave,
And when ye balmy odors bring,
Give as she gave.
Oh, nurse the willow-tree that weeps
O'er her sweet breast;
Oh, nourish each fond flower that keeps
Watch o'er her rest.

Thou soft and fragrant summer breeze,
Her grave come nigh,
And linger 'mong the cypress trees
That o'er her sigh.
Ye brightest stars of shining spheres,
Smile from above:
Thou rosy morn, thy dewy tears
Weep o'er my love.

Oh, weep them at thy dawning hour,
When none is near;
Oh, fill the chalice of each flower
With one pure tear.
So, should they drop upon the ground
From flow'rets' eyes,
They'll fitly consecrate the mound
Neath which she lies.

A Country Maiden in Boy's Attire All for Love.

Commission houses and their counting rooms have little of romance about them, and consequently they are the last places where the world looks for the romantic. But very recent developments in a dry goods establishment have very beautifully illustrated that line of Walter Scott's that

"Love rules the camp, court, grove and mart,
And sheds its influence untrammeled as the sunshine, investing with its warmth and brightness the darkest and lowliest objects.

Six months or more ago a vacant clerkship in the house referred to was applied for and filled by a youth apparently about sixteen years of age. He applied in response to an advertisement of the firm—"Wanted, a youth, who can write a good hand and come well recommended." Out of sixty odd applicants, our hero (or heroine) took the palm for the neatness, legibility and regularity of his chirography; was sent for, presented himself, and was installed in the position of entry clerk. He displayed remarkable aptitude for business; was quick and accurate at figures, ever ready to run an errand or lend a hand at anything that was to be done. In a manner he was polite, blushed when looked at or spoken to, wept when chided by his employers, or chaffed by his fellow clerks because of his peachy cheeks, feminine fingers and general girlishness of appearance.

Time wore on. The busy season came, and brought with it a gentleman from beyond the Blue Ridge, who had occasional dealings with the house. Desiring to examine the stock, the entry clerk was called from his stool and instructed to show the gentleman over the floors. Their eyes met, those of the strange gentleman and the entry clerk, the gentleman stammered: 'Great God!' and staggered into a seat; the clerk blushed scarlet to his ear tips, then burst into tears. Then came the *denouement*. The gentleman explained that he recognized in the clerk the lost daughter of a citizen of his county; that she run away in August last, and had since been mourned as dead, as they could gain no tidings of her whereabouts or fate, though all the considerable towns of the State had been searched by the father in person aided by the police.

The daughter in clerkly disguise then explained, as best she could between sobs, and it was 'the old story again.' She had loved and seen her love thwarted by parental opposition the most relentless and unfeeling.—Her lover, youthful as she, being also opposed by his parents, left his home soon after, and came to this city, where he was not long in obtaining employment. A secret correspondence was opened between the two, aided by other parties.

This lasted for some time, and strengthened the cords of affection, drawing the twain nearer each other, though separated by the misty mountains and many miles of cruel space. At last, in one of those fatal moments of a girl's weakness, she resolved to give up all for love—home and heaven too, if need be—and left the house one evil night, when the family was absent, equipped in her brother's Sunday suit, determined to join her lover in the city. This she did do, and though he—timid boy—was at first frightened at the step his sweetheart had taken, she, by artful stories of her treatment, at home, infused into him a manly spirit, and he—bold boy—resolved to become the protector of innocence while he buried the secret of her sex in his own bosom. He took her to his boarding house, and procured her a room apart from his own. It was agreed between them that she should preserve her *incognito*, and sink her sex and identity in male apparel.—Thus, with his assistanee, in this disguise, she had sought and obtained the position of entry clerk in the establishment where she was discovered as we have related.

Well, having told her romantic story, the girl, who shall be nameless, gave the address of her lover, a messenger dispatched for him and he came. He made a clean breast of it, confessing all. They had both been industrious, working hard each in their situation, with the one object in view, and that was marriage, so soon as they had accumulated enough money to procure a bride *trosseau*, rent chambers and set up housekeeping. The respective parents of the truant lovers were informed by telegraph of the situation of affairs, and they telegraphed back at once: 'Marry them and send them home.'

One day last week witnessed the return and reconciliation beyond the mountains. May the couple who have attained the fruition of earthly bliss through such tribulation have scores of children, and live to celebrate their golden wedding.

BEECHER has just written a [illegible] explanation of a sermon preached by him on the judiciary. It contains the following: "We have just finished one battle for the life of the republic. Another one lies right before us. It is the battle of mammon. Capital rightly employed is civilizing and beneficent. As a corruptor it is almost omnipotent. Already our government is assailed by it. If a new Administration can find no remedy, and things go on as they have the end is at hand. The purse will outweigh the Constitution. The lobby will control the public policy. If not arrested mammon will soon be mightier than President, Senate and Representative."

A WASHINGTON paper reports Senator Wade as saying, concerning the Alabama claims, that he would present the bill to Lord Stanley, or whoever else might be in the British Foreign Office, and demand immediate payment for the damage done by rebel privateers under the protection of British gold and British connivance; and that if the cash was not forthcoming he would declare war.

THE thieving gentry of New York occasionally assume the dress and stars of policeman, and arrest their own confederates whom they manage to catch purloining diamonds in the jewelry stores, but neglect to commit their prisoners or restore the stolen property found on them.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, upon being stricken down with apoplexy, the report says, "was immediately conveyed to his residence, and is now lying on a couch, surrounded by all his family." He is expected to survive, this being the first attack.

The public documents of the late Confederate States, it is asserted, are now concealed in the South.

1798. 1868.

The Pittsburgh Gazette.

This journal enters upon the commencement of its existence with [illegible] been more vigorous, or [illegible] by the confidence of the friends of [illegible] substantial support, than does the Gazette. Always a leading newspaper of the Commonwealth, the journal [illegible] of the people, the third state in the Union, still regard it, as one that [illegible] faithfully, still [illegible] with unabated respect, and with an [illegible] upon its faithful exposition of the soundest principles of political and social economy. The Proprietors may [illegible] point to the unblemished record of this journal in the past, to plead for it the support of fellow-citizens the same fidelity to the highest considerations of duty for the future.

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PITTSBURGH

A Story.

Mr. North and Mr. South were joint owners and occupiers of a large farm. They both had equal claims to it, and for a long time lived on the farm together in peace and prosperity. It, however, happend that Mr. South one day got angry with his partner and taking possession of a good share of the farm, and feeling a great many able lawyers, he tried to dispossess Mr. North. The part of the farm taken by Mr. South was very productive and was situated in such a position that Mr. North had to cross it to get to one of the public roads. After taking possession, Mr. South refused to let Mr. North have the right of way out. Of course, Mr. North, relying on the justice of his cause, entered suit against his opponent and tried to obtain possession of what was his own. He was however short of money, and could not carry on legal proceedings without it. He accordingly went to his neighbor, Mr. Patriot, and asked him to lend him the money to carry on the case with. Mr. Patriot was willing to help him, but success seemd doubtful. He knew that Mr. South had possession of a large part of the land. The preliminary proceedings in the court were unfavorable to Mr. North.—Many of the neighbors sympathized with Mr. South, declared he was in the right, and prophesied that he would eventually win the suit. It was a great risk to run, and one which many of his friends advised him not to take. Mr. North told him he was certain he would succeed, and if he did [illegible] paid, he would pay. But, Mr. [illegible] Out of feeling for [illegible] he finally lent him $750 and [illegible] note for $1,000, payable in [illegible] with interest annually. Mr. North agreeing to pay the interest promptly, and if he succeeded he would at the end of that time pay the note in full. Without Mr. Patriot's money Mr. North would have lost his farm entirely and been made a beggar. As it was the money came at the right time, and with it he fee able lawyers and won the suit, completely driving out Mr. South. After getting possession of his whole property and prospering in business every day, what did Mr. North do with Mr. Patriot who so kindly lent him the money when every one; even his own wife told him he was a fool and would lose it all. What would our readers have done?

There were several plans proposed by the neighbors. One was to be honorable and fair and pay the interest as it came due, and pay the note when it matured. That's the Republican party.

Another was to say to Mr. Patriot, I am able to pay that note now, but you only let me have $750, and that's all I will pay you. It is true the money was worth double that to me just then, and saved me the loss of all I had, but for all that, you only let me have $750, and that's all I shall pay you, and you must take it in corn wood, cabbage and potatoes, at my own price. That's the Democratic party.

Another was for Mr. North to say to Mr. Patriot, "the lessons of the past admonish the lender that it is not well to be over anxious in exacting from the borrower rigid compliance with the letter of the bond." You don't want to say, too much about that note, or the interest on it either, for if you say much I won't pay it at all. If I can understand figures, by the time I have paid you the interest for 17 years I shall have paid you over $1,000, and what more do you want? I'll do this; I will stop paying you the interest, and when the amount of interest—which should have been paid—amounts to $1,000 I will pay the note and take it up.—That's Andrew Johnson, and the miserable old dotard actually has the effrontery to say that four years from now the American People will elect him President on account of his new way to pay old debts.

Legal &c.

Administrator's Notice.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Adam Buchenbaugh, late of Rochester Borough, Beaver county, Pa. deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them to the undersigned.

JOHN BAILEY, Administrator.

Executor's Notice.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of James Hood, of Hanover township, Beaver county, Pa., dec'd having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for payment. All persons indebted to said estate will make payment to the undersigned.

J. A. MOON, Hookstown, } Executors.
ELIZA HOOD, Hanover tp.

Administrator's Notice.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Saml. Sheldon dec'd., of Hopewell tp., Beaver county, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them to

WILLIAM SHRODES of Moon Tp., Admr.

Dec. 9, 1868.

J. C. Frank } In the Court of Common Pleas of Beaver County, No. 56, November term, 1867, Foreign Attachment in debt.
vs.
D. B. Jeffries.

October 19, 1868, on motion the Court give judgment against defendant. Same day Narr and Affidavit of claim being filed rule on the Prothonotary to assess the damages in the above case.

Notice is hereby given that said damages will be assessed at the Prothonotary's office, on the 8th day of December, 1868, at 9 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN CAUGHEY, Pro.

Nov. 18—6w

Michael Grim } In the Court of Common Pleas of Beaver county, No. 149 March T., 1868, Foreign Attachment in debt.
vs.
R. Pritchard & Co.

October 19, 1868, on motion the Court gives judgment against defendant. Same day Narr and Affidavit of claim being filed rule on the Prothonotary to assess the damages in the above case.

Notice is hereby given that said damages will be assessed at the Prothonotary's office, on the 8th day of December, 1868, at 9 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN CAUGHEY, Pro.

Nov. 18—6w

ELECTION NOTICE.

NATIONAL BANK OF BEAVER COUNTY,
NEW BRIGHTON, Dec. 9, 1868.

The Stockholders of the National Bank of Beaver County are hereby notified that the Annual meeting or the election of nine (9) Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House in New Brighton, on the second Tuesday of January next, 1869, the 12th day, between the hours of twelve o'clock and two o'clock of the same day.

By order of the Board.

Dec. 9, 1868. EDWARD HOOPS, Cashier.

Administrator's Notice.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Samuel Black, late of Brighton tp., Beaver county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the city of Pittsburgh, Allegheny county, Pa., all persons having any claims or demands against the estate of said decedent are requested to make known the same to the undersigned on or before the 21st day of January next, and those indebted to said estate are required to make payment on or before that time or leave their bills with Mrs. Margaret May, in Beaver, the last week in December.

SAMUEL BLACK, Admr.

Dec 9

Bounty Account.—Account of receipts and disbursements by School Directors of North Sewickly Tp. for bounty purposes from June 3d, 1867, to June 1st, 1868

DR.

To cash on hand and outstanding tax for the years 1864, 1865, 1866 and 1867 as per last settlement	446397—446397
CR.	
By notes and bonds redeemed	2,561.66
By interest on same	192.46
By stamps	1.86
By warrant, Wilson and Daugherty Attorney fee	200.00
By warrants sundry individuals	57.80
By treasurers commission	15.06
By error in assess.	11.00—3,040.16
June 1st, 1868.	
To cash on hand and outstanding tax	1,433.51

We hereby certify that the above account is correct as it stands stated.

JAMES WARNOCK,
ADAM ROUSER, } Auditors,
THOS. GILLASPIE,

Aug 22 68

Dry Goods.

FALL GOODS.

DRY GOODS.

IMMENSE STOCK, AT

J. W. BARKER & CO.'S,

59 Market Street,

Pittsburg Pa.

Silks,
Linen,
Cloths,
Dress Goods,
Cassimeres,
Sheetings,
Shirtings,
Hosiery,
Satinets,
Prints,
Jeans,

And HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS.

And Underwear, for Ladies, Gents and Children. Cloaks of all materials, on hand and made to order.

French Merinoes, all wool, full width, choice colors, 75 cents, formerly $1.00.
Water-Proofs, good quality, $1.00.
White Blankets, 10x4, all wool, $4.00.
Best Paints, at 10½

☞ Country Merchants supplied by dress patterns, piece or package at lowest eastern rates.

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 Gentleman's Woolen Goods.

Plain and Fancy Yarns,

ZEPHYRS,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
HOOP SKIRTS, VEIL STUFFS,
CORSETS, HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS, GLOVE CUFFS, HOSIERY, EMBROIDERIES,
COLORED CAMBRICS,
LACES, 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 handcan be had at twenty-four hours' notice.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

3d Street, Opposite the U. P. Seminary.

Sept 16.

GREAT AUCTION SALE.

The Clothing Store, (Sign of the Union Clothing Hall,) will be sold out entirely, at Auction, on

Monday Afternoon, Dec. 28th,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

the stock consists of
Overcoats, Business Coats,
Pants and Vests,
Shirts and Drawers,
Hats and Caps,
Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Paper Collars, &c.

—ALSO—

One Large Looking Glass, Stove & Pipes,

LAMPS, COUNTER, &c.

The sale to continue every afternoon and evening until the whole stock is closed out.

JOHN BOYLE, Auctioneer.

Dec. 16, 1868—2t

Stoves, &c.

KEYSTONE FOUR WHEEL

Car Factory Buildings,

New Brighton, Pa.

Stoves, Grate Fronts, Register & Register Faces,

CHEAPER THAN EVER SOLD IN THIS COUNTY.

LOOK AT THE PRICES!

FIRST PREM. COOK STOVE

RUBY.

No. 7, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven,	$14.50
No. 8, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven,	16.00
No. 9, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven,	18.50

Franklin Parlor Stoves

No. 1, Juno Parlor, extra heavy,	10.25
" 2, " " "	13.00
" 3, " " "	17.00

HEATING STOVES.

No. 2, Ribbed Egg, very heavy,	8.00
" 3, " " "	10.00
" 4, " " "	15.00

Enameled Grate Fronts,

No. 63,	Grate 15¼ inch,	$2.60
" 62,	" 17 "	2.85
" 61,	" 18 "	3.25
" 31,	" 19 "	3.50
" 78,	" 19 "	3.50
" 6,	" 20 "	4.00
" 191,	" 21 "	4.75
" 190,	" 21½ "	4.75
" 5,	" 21½ "	5.40
" 189,	" 23½ "	5.60
" 38,	" 23½ "	5.60

Fenders.

No. 73,	Plain Rod, Wide,	.75
" 75,	" " Narrow,	2.75
" 14,	Fancy "	2.75
" 14,	" without Rod,	2.00
" 22,	Plain Rod,	1.75
" 33,	Box, without Rod,	1.50
" 23,	" "	

Pressed Sheet Iron Summer Pieces

Plain Enameled,	$1.35
" " with Ornamental Centre,	1.50

All Work Warranted. Give us a Call.

TERMS, CASH.

MERRICKS & CO.

oct14'68

FALLSTON FOUNDRY.

ENGINE & REPAIR SHOP

IN FALLSTON,

BEAVER COUNTY, PA.

Having refitted and enlarged my stock of machinery and tools, and having secured the services of a first-rate workman, I am prepared to warrant work done at this shop. I have on hand different patterns and styles of Engines, Fire Clay Rolls, and am prepared to make or repair all descriptions of machinery, on reasonable terms.

PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS.

I have all the best plow patterns that suit this market, among which is the "Great Western," which has been the plow of the county for the last fifteen years. Also almost all other Plows now or previously in use.

STOVES! STOVES!!

I have on hand and will continue to manufacture a large assortment of

COOKING, FRANKLIN & HEATING STOVES,

Of the latest styles and with all the modern improvements, which I will sell at modern rates. Among these is the GREAT REPUBLIC. This Stove has an extension top, which gives it a large surface without taking up much room, and it is now looked upon as