ADVERTISEMENTS.
Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1,00 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.
A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.
Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged ten cents a line for each insertion.
Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 52—No. 35. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday August 31, 1870. Established 1818.

THE BEAVER ARGUS
Is published every Wednesday in the old Argus building on Third Street, Beaver, Pa., at $2 per year in advance.
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.
Letters and communications should be addressed to
J. WEYAND, Beaver, Pa

Business Cards.

J. H. McCREERY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Third Street, Beaver, Pa.
Office below the Court House, Beaver, Pa.
je2tf

DR. JOHN C. LEVIS, Surgeon & Physician.—Office, during the day, at Dunlap's Corner; at night at my residence on Water street, Bridgewater, Pa. Will practice Surgery and Medicine. [mar9:1y:cu'd apr27

JOHN B. YOUNG, Attorney at law, Beaver, Pa. Office and residence on Third St. east of the Court House. All law business entrusted to my care shall receive prompt attention. Also persons having *Real Estate for Sale*, and those wishing to buy town property, coal or farm lands, may save time and money by calling at my office. apr27:1y

J. S. McNUTT, M. D., Having permanently located in Beaver, would respectfully tender his professional services to the citizens of Beaver and surrounding country. Special attention paid to the treatment of female diseases. Surgery done with a skillful hand. Office on Third street, a few doors west of the Court House. apr20;'70;6m

J. J. ANDERSON, having taken hold of his old Foundry again, in Rochester, Pa., will be pleased to meet his old customers and friends who may want either the BEST COOKING STOVE, Heating Stove, or any other kind of Castings of best material and workmanship. The business will be conducted by
je9:tf] J. J. ANDERSON & SONS.

WILLIAM BARNES, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, &c., next door to Porter's Tin shop, Bridge street, Bridgewater, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture and sell everything in his line at reasonable rates. Having removed his place of business from the corner near the Bridge to his present location, he invites his old friends and patrons to give him a call.
my26'69:1y.

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly attended to.
sep29'68:1y.

E. P. KUHN, Attorney at Law, Office in McKinley's building, east of Public Square.
mar31:1y.

P. JEUNET, Watchmaker and Jeweler, 3d street, Beaver, Pa. (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.
apr17'68:3m.

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 Leat's brick row, Diamond, Rochester.
apr20'os

WAGON FOR SALE.—The undersigned has a **Two Horse Wagon,** in good running order, which he will sell low for cash, or exchange for a good horse. Also a good cultivator for sale. J. C. MOULTER.
apr20tf Bridgewater, Pa.

J. LINNENBRINK;
Dealer in Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry, Periodicals and Stationery.
Watches and Jewelry repaired. Agent for the "WEED" Sewing Machine, Rochester Pa.
jy13.6m

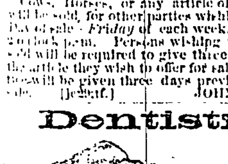
COAL FOR SALE.—The undersigned has constantly on hand a good article of Lump and Nut Coal, which he will sell at reasonable prices, either at the bank, or will deliver to purchasers. The bank is located on McKinley's Run, a few rods from the Pitt. Ft. Wayne & Chicago Railroad, and but a short distance from Beaver station. I have also a good article of Fire Clay, which I will dispose of at reasonable rates.
Orders left at my residence in Bridgewater, or at Michael Camp's in Rochester, or at the bank, will receive prompt attention. J. C. MOULTER.
apr20,1870 -1y

EXecutor's Notice.—Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of Jacob White, dec'd, late of the borough of Rochester, Beaver county, Pa., having been issued to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment is required; and all persons having claims against the same will present the same duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN WHITE, *Ex'r.*
aug17,69*

OPERA HOUSE ENTERPRISE,
ALLIANCE, OHIO.
VALUE......$80,000 | TICKETS....$5 EACH.
THE Proprietor of this fine structure, Mr. Crew, having made an assignment, the mortgagee & assignee have consented to put it up in a
GIFT ENTERPRISE.
For the benefit of his creditors generally, who, outside of the mortgage holders, would meet with the entire loss of their claims if the building should be put at forced sale. The rents of the Opera House building amount to about $10,000 a year, and could be made to pay better. The honesty of the transaction is endorsed by E. Teeters & Son, and Greiner, Steel & Co., Bankers, Alliance, Ohio, which firms can be consulted by any one desiring further information. The money from the sale of tickets will be deposited with the above named Bankers, at whose counters the ticket money will be refunded, provided anything should occur to prevent the distribution. If the tickets are not sold sooner, the drawing will take place **September 10th, 1870.** S. G. McKEE, *Gen'l Agt.*
Alliance, Stark County Ohio.
Agent for Beaver County: M. SCHIFF,
3,6m] Of Schiff & Steinfeldt, New Brighton.

AUCTION SALES.
THE Undersigned, having made arrangements with a County Auctioneer, proposes to hold *Auction Sales* in his yard, in rear of his dwelling on Third Street, in the borough of Beaver, for the purpose of *Selling at Public Out-Cry.*
Cows, Horses, or any article of Merchandise, will be sold, for other parties wishing the same.—Day of sale—*Friday* of each week, at the hour of 2 o'clock p.m. Persons wishing to have articles sold will be required to give three days notice of the article they wish to offer for sale. Public notice will be given three days previous to days of sale. [je29tf.] JOHN BORDER.

Dentistry.



Dr. J. Murray, of Bridgewater, is determined that no Dentist in the State shall do work better or cheaper than he offers it to his patrons.—He uses the best materials manufactured in the United States. Gold and silver filling performed in a style that defies competition. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations, or the money returned. Give him a trial.
St'eb:1y

ARTIFICIAL TEETH PERFECTED!—T. J. & H. J. CHANDLER have purchased the exclusive right of Beaver county to use Dr. Stuck's Patent by which they can put up Vulcanite as thin as Gold Plate, with a beautiful enameled polish;

and so light and elastic as to perfectly adapt itself to the month; obviating all that clumsy and bulky condition, so much complained of heretofore; and lessening their liability to break 100 per cent. Indeed, no one seeing it would be willing to wear the old style plate any longer than they could conveniently get them exchanged. All branches of Dentistry performed in the best and most substantial manner. In filling teeth with gold, etc., we challenge competition from any quarter, and can refer to living subjects, whose fillings have stood between thirty and forty years. Among the number Hon. John Allison will exhibit fillings we inserted some 25 years ago; the teeth as perfect as the day they were filled. Laughing Gas prepared on a new plan, freeing it from all unpleasant and dangerous effects, making the extraction of teeth a source of pleasure rather than of horror and pain. Prices as low as any good dentist in the State. Office at Beaver Station, Rochester Pa.
nov3:tf] T. J. & H. J. CHANDLER.

Singer Sewing Machine.
HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINES,
The most perfect and simple machine of the kind ever invented.
Each of the above popular machines have been fully improved until they stand without a rival.
Price of the SINGER FAMILY SEWING MACHINE from $65.00 upwards.
Price of HINKLEY'S KNITTERS $30.
Circulars and Samples mailed free on application.
STRAW & MORTON,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 20 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh Pa.
Agents wanted for the Hinkley Machine everywhere, and for the Singer in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Va., where there are none already established.
nov24:1y. chd je15

BUYERS, LOOK HERE!
The undersigned, thankful for past favors would respectfully inform the public that he has one of the finest selections of
WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
Etc., Etc.,
on hand to be found in the county. His assortment of
School, Miscellaneous and Religious
BOOKS
is complete; while no pains are spared on his part to make his
STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
equal to the best of City Establishments. He is the exclusive agent for the celebrated
Foley's Gold Pen,
for this county. Those seeking a good Gold Pen, would do well to see them before purchasing.
He is the Agent for this county for Krider's Photograph Marriage Certificate. The attention of Clergymen is respectfully called to this, as he can sell them at the same discount as they would get from the Publisher. Atwater's School Government for sale at Publisher's prices.
Also on hand, Toys and Variety Goods, suitable for all seasons.
J. F. PRICE,
jan1,1870:1y Broadway, New Brighton.

Miscellaneous.

THE SUEZ CANAL!
WHILE the World is more or less excercised over the opening of the Suez Canal, the Public, in Beaver and vicinity, should not lose sight of the fact that
S. SNITGER & Co.
At their old stand in Beaver, Pa., are still furnishing to their customers everything called for in their line. They always keep a full assortment of
GROCERIES.
Flour, Feed, Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Spices,
Tobacco and Cigars;
And all other articles usually found In a First Class
GROCERY STORE.
From their long and intimate acquaintance with the Grocery, Flour and Feed business, and their disposition to render satisfaction to those who may favor them with their patronage, they hope in the future, as in the past, to obtain a liberal share of the public patronage.
Give us a Call
and see if we do not make it to your interest to call again.
jan5. S. SNITGER & CO.

Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, Justices' Blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale at this office.

COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ETC.
No medicine or treatment can excel the powerful curative power of
DR. SIMMS'
White Pulmonic Balsam.
It cures with a rapidity unequalled by any other remedy offered for Throat and Lung diseases. It is recommended by over 2,000 persons in Wilmington, and hundreds in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities and communities throughout the country. Mr. Pennington, of Wilmington, Illinois, writes that there is not (with a few exceptions) a family in that city who will be without it if possible to procure it. Such is its popularity wherever it is known—and this popularity arises from the fact that it universally cures all who use it. There is no case of COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, BLOOD-SPITTING, HOARSENESS, and even PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, where the system is not broken down with the wear of the disease, or pretended medicine, or inexperienced advice; that this Balsam will not cure if carefully used according to directions. We guarantee it all we represent it to be, and invite a trial from the afflicted everywhere. Price 50 cents, medium size, and $1 for large sized bottles. Prepared only by
J. H. SIMMS, M. D.,
PRACTICAL ORGANIC CHEMIST,
No. 707 Market St.,
WILMINGTON, Del.
Philadelphia depot, Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch Street.
Baltimore depot, S. S. Hance, 108 Baltimore St. For sale by Medicine Dealers generally.
June15;'70;1y

Blank Deeds for sale at the ARGUS office.

NEW
BOOT & SHOE STORE,
NELSON'S BLOCK,
DIAMOND, ROCHESTER, PENN'A.
The Undersigned, having taken the Store Room formerly occupied by
STEWART & WILSON
Invites the attention of
The Public Generally
To his Stock of
BOOTS, SHOES,
Gaiters & Slippers.
Custom Made Work
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
GOODS ALL NEW
AND OF THE
Finest and best Quality.
CALL AND BE CONVINCED
that he sells as
CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.
J. D. MILLER,
apr13:1y Diamond, Rochester.

MOORES' DRUG STORE,
IN BEAVER,
May be found the best assortment of
DRUGS,
Medicines,
CHEMICALS,
PURE
LIQUORS, WINES
And Brandies,
Paints, Oils,
AND,
DYE STUFFS:
TOILET ARTICLES, SOAPS
BRUSHES.
PATENT MEDICINES
in great variety, all of the best quality, and sold cheaper than can be bought at any other Drug Store in the county.
Sponco's Female Pills. 75 cents per box; Cheeseman's, $1; Clark's, $1.
The Largest Stock of
LAMPS & LAMP TRIMMINGS, LANTERNS, STATIONERY, WINDOW GLASS & PUTTY.
Ever offered outside of the city, at Moore's Drug Store, and sold cheaper than can be bought anywhere else.
Let those who doubt this call and see, and they will doubt no more.
july1'67 J. MOORE.

SLATE
THE
TWIN CITY
SLATE COMPANY
Are prepared to furnish Builders or Slaters, their
Very Dark Blue Colored Superior
Roofing - Slate,
From their own quarries located in Northampton county, Pa., AT QUARRY PRICES.
Samples may be seen, and communications addressed to
E. L. GOODWIN, Agent.
J. N. SHALLENBERGER, Pres't.
Office: BREWER'S BUILDING, DUQUESNE WAY, corner Eighth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
apr27tm;

Miscellaneous.

BANKING-HOUSE.
THOMAS M'CREERY & CO.
THOS. M'CREERY, *Cashier.*
J. F. DRAVO, J. H. ANGIEL,
J. H. M'CREERY.
Interest paid on time deposits; Prompt attention given to collections. Also, Insurance Agents for good and reliable Companies. [may18tf

REMOVAL.
Thomas Allison,
HAVING REMOVED HIS STORE
TO BEAVER, Pa.,
In the Rooms formerly occupied by Orr & Cooper, where he now has and intends keeping
A General Stock of
MERCHANDISE
Having received from the East, within a few days past, a fine selection of
DRY - GOODS,
OF THE
Latest Spring Styles,
CONSISTING IN PART OF
ALPACA, POPLINS,
De LAINS, PRINTS,
CHECKS, GINGHAMS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
JEANS, TWEEDS,
DINIMS, COTTONADES,
CRASH, FLANNELS,
BOOTS & SHOES, HOSIERY, &c., &c,
SHOVELS, HARDWARE,
RAKES, SPADES,
HOES,
TUBS, BUCKETS, QUEENSWARE, &c.
To the above articles he has added a choice selection of
GROCERIES:
COFFEES,
TEAS,
WHITE & BROWN SUGARS,
SYRUPS,
MOLASSES,
SPICES.
TOBACCO,
SOAPS, &c.
All the above articles will be sold low for cash, or exchanged for country produce. Call and examine his stock and prices. **THOMAS ALLISON.**
apr20 '70:1y

ICE CREAM SALOON
AND
CONFECTIONERY ESTABLISHMENT.
The undersigned having bought out the Ice Cream Saloon and Confectionery establishment of J. C. Hays, near the Post office, in Rochester, Pa., would respectfully inform the public that he will
Keep the best quality of Ice Cream
during the Summer, and respectfully urges those in want of that article to give him an early call.
His Confectionery department is well stocked; and parties, weddings, &c., will be supplied with everything needed on short notice and in the best of style.
Families furnished with fresh bread as often as desired. **GEORGE FREDERICK.**
may11:1y

Iron City College!
The Most Complete Business College in the United States,
Affording facilities for acquiring a thorough practical business education, possessed by no other School in the country.
Since its incorporation in 1855, nearly Sixteen Thousand Students, representatives from every State in the Union, have attended here.
No vacations. Students enter at any time, and receive private instruction throughout the entire course.
N. B.—Circulars with full particulars and all necessary information, on addressing
SMITH & COWLEY, Principals,
PITTSBURGH, Pa.
jan19:1y.

B. S. RANGER,
Bridge Street,
BRIDGEWATER, PA.
IS WEEKLY RECEIVING A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOODS IN EACH OF THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:
DRY GOODS.
Steubenville Jeans,
Cassimeres and Sattinets,
White Woollen blankets,
White and Colored and
Barred Flannels,
Merinos,
Delaines,
Plaids,
Ginghams,
Cobergs,
Lawns,
Water Proofs,
Chinchilla,
Cloths,
Woollen Shawls.
Brown and Black Muslins,
Drillings, Tickings,
Prints,
Canton
Flannels,
Joconets,
Table Linen,
Irish Linen,
Crash,
Counterpanes,
Hosiery,
Gloves
& Mits.
Groceries,
Coffee, Teas, Sugar, Molasses, White SilverDrips, Golden and Common Syrups, Mackerel in barrels and kits, Star and Tallow Candles, Soap, Spices and Mince Meat. Also, SALT.
Hardware, Nails, Glass,
Door Locks, Door Latches, Hinges, Screws, Table Cutlery, Table and Tea Spoons, Sleigh Bells, Coal Boxes, Fire Shovels and Pokers, Nails and Glass, Spades, Shovels, 2, 3 and 4 Tine Forks, Rakes, Scythes and Snaths, Corn and Garden Hoes.
WOODENWARE.
Buckets, Tubs, Churns, Butter Prints and Ladles
CARBON OIL,
Linseed Oil & White Lead.
Boots and Shoes
LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDRENS' SHOES, in great variety.
Rifle Powder and Shot,
Blasting Powder and Fuse.
Flour Feed & Queensware.
All heavy goods delivered free of charge.
By close attention to business, and by keeping constantly on hand a well assorted stock of goods of all the different kinds usually kept in a country store, the undersigned hopes in the future as in the past to merit and receive a liberal share of the public patronage.
B. S. RANGER.
dec23'68:1y.—jy7chgd.

Brighton Paper Mills,
BEAVER FALLS, PENN'A.
PRINTING,
MANNILLA,
ROOFING, BAILING,
Hardware, Glass, Straw,
RAG AND CARPET
PAPERS,
MANUFACTURED
AND SOLD AT
Wholesale & Retail by
Frazier, Metzger & Co.,
82 Third Avenue,
PITTSBURGH.
Rags taken in exchange. (sep

Railroads.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY. On and after June 12th, 1870, trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows.—[Train leaving Chicago at 5.35, P. M., leaves daily.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 2.55 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	EXP'S
Pittsburgh	1215AM	255PM	645AM	1030AM
Rochester		358	820	1135
Salem	248	550	1021	127PM
Alliance	315	620	1055	200
Canton	355	724	12:15PM	257
Massillon	411	744	1240	315
Orrville	439	818	125	350
Wooster	500	845	201	420
Mansfield	615	1020	403	558
Crestline {A	640	1050	440	630
Crestline {D	700	1105	600AM	650
Bucyrus	720	1129	628	733
Upper Sandusky	746	1159	705	815
Forest		1228AM	737	852
Lima	856	130	905	1020
Van Wert		230	1012	1128
Fort Wayne	1035	340	1135	1240AM
Columbia		419	1223PM	129
Warsaw		505	130	215
Plymouth	1233PM	625	250	308
Valparaiso		731	430	455
Chicago	320	920	630	650

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	EXP'S
Chicago	1120AM	930PM	600AM	535PM
Valparaiso		1142	807	715
Plymouth	150PM	150AM	950	905
Warsaw		310	1053	951
Columbia		419	1153	1030
Fort Wayne	315	5'5	1240PM	1110
Van Wert		658	213	1225AM
Lima	440	805	315	130
Forest		937	437	242
Upper Sandusky	548	1005	503	310
Bucyrus	615	1045	550	352
Crestline {A	640	1115	620	420
Crestline {D	655	1205PM	600AM	430
Mansfield	716	1234	642	500
Wooster	823	201	825	621
Orrville	843	227	857	645
Massillon	906	258	933	717
Canton	919	313	957	735
Alliance	950	350	1045	820
Salem	1018	423	1140	908
Rochester		603	205PM	1034
Pittsburgh	1220	705	315	1155

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 2:35 p. m; New Castle, 3:15 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 5:50 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7:15 a. m; arr. at New Castle, 9:50a. m. Youngstown, 10:40. a. m.
Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6:10 a. m; New Castle, 7:20 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10:10 a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 3:30 p. m; arrives New Castle 6:20 p.m; Youngstown, 7:05 p. m.
F. R. MYERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD. On and after May 29th 1870, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Cleveland	815AM	1230PM	345PM
Euclid Street	826	1241	356
Hudson	930	135	457
Ravenna	1004	205	529
Alliance	1100	244	620
Bayard	1132	310	
Wellsville	105PM	427	

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Wellsville	855AM	450PM	
Bayard	1025	608	
Alliance	1115	655	725AM
Ravenna	1203PM	740	815
Hudson	1237	812	855
Euclid Street	141	908	950
Cleveland	155	920	1010

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	*	MAIL.	ACCOM
Bellair	545AM	725AM	200PM	605PM
Bridgeport	555	815	210	615
Steubenville	700	1100	310	730
Wellsville	815	125PM	445	
Smith's Ferry	840	146	508	
Beaver				
Rochester	925	220	550	
Pittsburgh	1035	325	655	

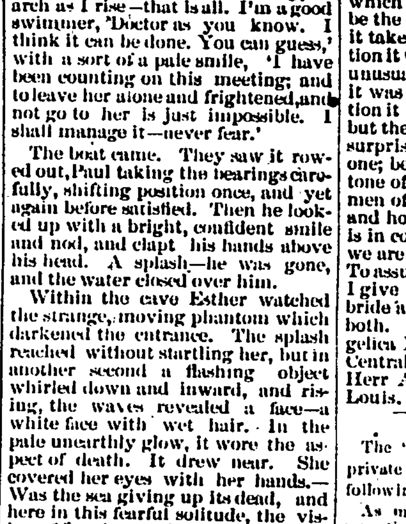
GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	625AM	245PM	420PM	
Rochester	735	350	530	
Beaver				
Smith's Ferry	817	120	624	
Wellsville	850	505	655	
Steubenville	950	605		705AM
Bridgeport	1100	710		815
Bellair	1110	720		830

* This is a mixed train to Wellsville and an express train from Wellsville to Pittsburgh.

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.
Leaves Arrives
N. Philadelphia, 640 a. m. | Bayard, 945, a.m.
B.yard, 11:50a.m. | N. Philadelphia, 340pm
F. R. MEYERS, General Ticket Agent.

NEW MARBLE WORKS.
AT BEAVER FALLS, PENN'A.
W. H. MARSHALL.



We Manufacture
MONUMENTS,
Head and Foot Stones,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Stone Work
ON SHORT NOTICE.
We Claim to do the Best Work in
Western Pennsylvania,
FOR THE LEAST MONEY,
And Mean to do as we Represent.
WE CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD
AT HOME OR ABROAD.
Persons wishing work in our line are invited to call and examine our work and prices before purchasing elsewhere, as we will guarantee satisfaction in every case. We have, also, a very fine selection of work at the Rochester Works, which can not be beat, for workmanship or price, anywhere. W. H. MARSHALL.
mar16;6m—je22;ct.

HENRY MERZ, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Slippers and Gaiters. Boots and shoes made to order. A long experience in the business enables him to do work in a superior manner. Terms moderate. Shop on Third street (near Rev. Miller's Bookstore), Beaver, Pa. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
apr7,1869:1y

DRUGS!
DRUGS & MEDICINES
TRUSSES!
W. BUECHLING
German Apothecary and Druggist!
IN THE DIAMOND,
ROCHESTER,
Keeps constantly on hand a well selected stock of
PURE DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
PERFUMES AND SOAPS,
PAINTS, OILS,
PURE WINES AND
LIQUORS FOR
Medical Purposes.
Cigars and Tobacco, Crude and Refined Oils.
ALSO
Sole agent for Dr. Betzel's Patent Trusses.
All kinds of Trusses will be delivered on short notice. Physicians prescriptions will be filled at all hours of day and night.
A share of patronage solicited
jy21:1y.

SELECT POETRY.

THE GUARD ON THE RHINE.

[Translated from the German for Buffalo Express.]

There swells a cry as thunders crash
As clash of swords and breakers dash—
To Rhine, to Rhine, to the German Rhine.
Who will protect thee, River mine?
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

To millions swiftly goes the cry,
And lightnings flash from every eye;
Our youth, so good and brave, will stand
And guard thee—Holy Border Land.
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

And though my heart should beat no more,
No foreign foe will hold thy shore;
Rich—as in water is thy flood—
Is Germany in hero blood.
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

Up looked he to the heaven's blue
Where hero-dead our actions view;
He swore, and proudly sought the strife—
"The Rhine is Germany as my life."
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

While yet one drop of blood throbs warm,
To wield the sword remains one arm,
To hold the rifle yet one hand,—
No foeman steps upon the strand;—
Loved Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

The oath resounds, the billows run,
Our colors flutter in the sun!
To Rhine, to Rhine, to the German Rhine,
We will protect thee, River mine!
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

SELECT MISCELLANY.

UNDER THE SEA.

They were scrambling down the rocks; a gay, chattering procession—pretty Kate with her Captain; Dr. Gray supporting his invalid; Helen, Isabel, Tom, and their midshipman cousin; last of all, Esther Vane—alone. It seemed to her morbid fancy right that it should be so. Henceforth she must be alone—always.

The little guide trotted on in advance—his round ten-year old face wearing the vacant look strangely common to that part of the Maine coast, with its glorious scenery. There the ocean is considered simply a vast depot of herring and "porgy oil," and the mountains as untoward obstacles in the way of a primitive husbandry. "Blast 'em, I—wish they was flat," the natives say, as their ploughs encounter the boulders at the base; and if they look aloft at it, it is to calculate the patches of "medder land" which might be made to occupy the same area, if they were out of the way.

The parties felt on the eve of the great things. Having arrived only the day before, *enroute* to Newport with its wonderful reach of sapphire sea, the bluffs, the lakes in their setting of dark blue hill, were still to them images of things not seen. This, their first excursion, they had dedicated to the "Grotto," or "Devil's Oven," as the coast people term it—a sort of submarine cave, unveiled and accessible at low tide only, and a great wonder in its way.

The path grew steeper. Carefully they followed its windings, step by step, sure-footed Kate accepted the hold she didn't need, that pleasure in being guided and watched. And now the little guide paused, and with a freckled forefinger points round a projection of rock and around to the spot. Ah! the ... mingled surprise and enchantment bursts from the party at the sight.

Beneath the low browed arch the rocky floor rises, terrace after terrace, till in its highest recess it meets the roof above. A floor for the nereids to dance upon, a floor of pink coraline, gleaming here and there through pools of emerald water left there by the retreating tide. And each of these lakelets seemed brimming with flowers—the flowers of the ocean—green whorls, like chestnut burs; anemones with their dahlia bloom; brown and rosy mossed, among whose tendrils bright fish darted and played, and snails of vivid orange clustered; broad leaves of brilliant dye swaying and undulating with the emotion of the poor—minute specks of life flashing every iridescent hue. No earthly garden was ever so gorgeous. The rock shelves were dimpled with hollows—softly, exquisitely curved. No fancy or the old classic days seemed too fantastic or too far for the spot. The imagination instinctively kindled into pictures, and saw the seanymphs sporting in the foam; bold tritons winding their shell, mermaids playing at hide and seek; nixies and mocking water spirits peeping from the basin—all dream land and wonder land opening, and the common earth put aside and far away.

What cries of delight, as the party made their way down, and scattered through the cave. There was room for an army. It was hard to realize that with the returning tide the space must fill, the gateway close, and leave no resting place for human foot.

"You said the tide was going down didn't you, little boy?"

"Ye-ah."

"You are sure?"

"Ye-ah."

"That's nice," cried Isabel. "Then we can stay as long as we like. Oh! do somebody come here and see this."

She was lying with her face almost touching the anemones. Nobody responded to her cry—each had found some other point of interest. Tom had fished up a sea urchin and was exhibiting it. Kate and the Captain in a niche of their own, at safe whispering distance were absorbed in each other. Esther had climbed to the topmost ledge, and was sitting there alone. For the first time in six weary months, a sensation of pleasure had come to her, and she was conscious of but one longing—that they all would go away and leave her there to realize it. With some vague hope she got out her color box and portfolio, and began to sketch. At least it kept people off and furnished an excuse for silence.

And so an hour or more passed by. She heard as in a dream the chatter of the others, their questions to the little guide, and his short; jerky replies. The pools were all explored; the urchins and anemones had been tickled with parasols, and made to shut and open and shut again; the young people began to sigh for further worlds to conquer, and Mrs. Gray to consider it very damp.

'Little boy, isn't there something else near by which we would like to see?'

'Guess so.'

'Well, what is it? Tell us please.' There's the heads, I guess.

'Oh! how far off is that? A mile did you say? That's not far. Papa, the boy says there's a place called the Heads only a mile away, and we want to go and see it, Can't we go? You know the way, don't you, little boy?'

'Ye-ah.'

'I think this place is very damp,' sighed Mrs. Gray. 'I shall really be glad to go somewhere and feel the sunshine again. I begin to have creeping chills. Suppose we let the boy show us the way to this other place, father.'

'Very well. Get your things together, girls. Come Esther, we are going.'

Esther roused herself as from a dream. 'O, Mr. Gray! must I go? I am in the middle of a sketch, you see. Could not you leave me here quietly, and pick me up as you come back? I should like it so much.'

'Well—I don't know. The tide is going out, the boy says; there won't be any trouble of that kind. Are you sure you won't be chilled or lonely?'

'Oh! quite sure.'

'Promise me that if you are, you will go to the cottage on the bend and warm yourself, or sit on the rocks in the sun. We'll look for you in one place or the other. Good-by my dear.'

'Good-by, sir.'

'And, O Esther! you must have some lunch. You'll be starved before we come back,' cried careful Helen.

So she and Tom and a basket made their way upward, and a deposit of sandwiches and port wine was left in a convenient crevice within reach.

'Good-by dear. I hope the sketch will be lovely.' And they were gone—up the cliff side—Mrs. Gray last, leaning on her husband's arm.

'Poor child,' she said, 'it makes my heart ache to see her look so sad. Didn't you notice how she was longing to have us go, and to be alone?'

'And the very worst thing for her. She needs rousing, and all this morbid thinking does her harm.'

The voices died away. Esther caught the words, and she smiled at them—a bitter little smile. That was what all of them have said since her trouble came. She must be roused—amused—and they crowded business and pleasure upon her until she sometimes felt that she could stand it no longer. This was the first time in many weeks that she had felt really free—free to be silent, to look sad, to cry if she wished. What a luxury it was! No anxious-eyed mother to watch her—these comparative strangers withdrawn—this cool, darkling silence—it was delicious! There was something in the very nature of her trial which made it necessary to veil her grief with reserve. A black dress she might wear. Paul was a cousin, and some show of mourning is allowed even for second cousinhood, and for intimate friendship such as theirs had been. But no one knew of the unavowed engagement which bound them since that hurried farewell letter in which his love found utterance, and which only reached her after he sailed—the sailing from which there was to be no return. No one knew, as they talked compassionately of her having had a 'dreadful shock, poor girl—her own cousin, you know, and such, a fine young fellow,' that her heart was wearing widow's weeds, and mourning its dead as the great loss of life. It wouldn't bear talking about. She had kept silence, and tried to wear a brave face.

At first there had been a little hope, as rumors came of one boat-load escaping from the midnight collision; but that was over now, and the terrible suspense of hope was over, and everything had faded into a sort of gray acceptance of sorrow. The light had gone out.

Left alone, she found with some surprise that she didn't want to cry. All the morning she had felt that to creep away somewhere and weep, and weep her heart out, would be so good; but tears are contrary things. She sat there dogged, with a calm almost like content. She was thinking of the time when Paul had visited the island and climbed about that very cave. On the very rock shelf where she sat he might have rested. She liked to think so. It brought him nearer.

She put her sketch away a little later, and crept down to a broad ledge, where, through the arch, the exquisite sky-line was visible. The serf tumbled, and chimed like distant bells. She lay as if fascinated, her eyes fixed upon the shining horizon. Somewhere far beyond it was the spot where the good ship which held her all went down. Down where? Her imagination ran riot. Cleaving the liquid depths to the utmost sanctuary of ocean, she saw the golden sands, the shadowy green light percolating through miles of water—the everlasting repose which reigned there beyond the reach of storm, wind or hurricane. She tried to fix the wandering images, and to think of it as a heaven no less tranquil than the quiet moulds under which are pillowed beloved heads on earth. But it would not stay. Thoughts of tempest and fury, of chill piping winds whipping the foam from the waves, of roar and tumult, and a heaving wilderness of dark waters came over her, and through all the all the refrain of John Ingelow's pathetic strain mingled and blended:

"And I shall see thee no more, no more,
Till the sea gives up its dead."

Great drops forced themselves beneath the closed eyelids, and she sobbed 'O, Paul, Paul! how can I bear it?'

And then she thought, as she had thought before, how glad she should be to die! Life didn't seem desirable any longer, and it would be blessed to be with Paul, even at the bottom of the ocean. And thinking thus, the long eyelashes drooped more and more heavily—peace fell on the brow and lips; she was asleep—asleep and dreaming a sweet joyful dream.

How long she slept she never knew. She awoke with a sensation of intense cold. The spell of slumber was so strong upon her that for a moment she did not realize what had taken place. The cave was half full of water. Her feet and the hem of her dress were already wet, and the roar of the waves beneath the hardly distinguishable archway told that the tide had surprised another victim, and already the avenue of escape was barred.

Was this the answer to some unspoken prayer?

The thought flashed over her. Had she really prayed for death? Here it was, close at hand, and she was conscious of no gladness—only an intense instinctive desire for life. It was too dreadful to be drowned in that hole, and washed away like a weed. Life was worth living for after all.

Had somebody said, or was she dreaming, that a portion of the cave was left uncovered by the water? She could not remember, but now searched about for some indication. Ah! surely this was one—a cork, a scrap of paper, lodged on the highest shelf—fragile things which a tide must inevitably have washed away. With the instinct of property which survives shipwreck and fire, she collected her drawing materials and other little belongings, and retreating with them to this possible place of refuge, wrapped her cloak about her, and with folded hands sat down to await her fate.

The cave was full of pale green light. It was beautiful to see, as the advancing flow rose ledge over ledge and flooded the fairy pools, how each starflower and sea-urchin, each crimson and goldweed, trembled and quivered as with delight at its refreshing touch. Each anemone threw wide its petals and expanded into full blossom to meet the spray baptism. No mortal eye ever looked upon a sight more charming; but its beauty was lost to the shivering and terrified girl.

The doorway had quite disappeared. Sharp spray dashed against her dress, The drops struck her face. She shrank and clung more tightly to the rock. A prayer rose to her lips; and through the tremulous light of the submerged archway a strange shadow began to go and come, to wave and pause, and move again. Was it fish, or weeds, or some mysterious presence? Did it come accompanied by life or death.

Meantime upon the rocks above a distracted group were collected. The party had come gayly back from the Heads. Dr. Gray, ignorant landsman as he was, had grown uneasy and hurried them away. Arrived at the Grotto, the full extent of the calamity was at once evident. The boy had mistaken the tide—flow or ebb—and the only hope left was that Esther, discovering her danger in the time, had taken refuge at the cottage near by. Thither they flew to search but as we know, in vain.

The sobbing girls hung distracted over the cliffs, listening to the hollow boom with which the waves swung into the cavern beneath—sickening to think of the awful something which might at any moment wash outward on the returning billow. The gentlemen went for assistance and brought a couple of stout fishermen to the spot. But what could any body do?

'If the young woman has sense enough to climb up the right hand corner and set still, it won't hurt none perhaps,' one of them said. 'Not more nor two tides a year gets up there.'

Ah! if Esther could only be told that! They all could but trust powerlessly to her steadiness of nerve and common sense.

'She's such a wise thing.' Helen sobbed out. As they waited.

A rattle of wheels came from the road. They all turned to look, and some one said, 'Perhaps it's a doctor!' Though what earthly use a doctor could have been would be hard to say.

A figure was coming rapidly up the path—a young man. Nobody recognized him till Dr. Gray started forward with the face of one who sees a ghost.

'Paul! Good God! Is it possible!'

'Yes, doctor,' with a hasty handshake. 'No other. I don't wonder you stare.'

'But in heaven's name, how has it come about? Where have you been since we gave you up for lost?'

'It's a long story. You shall hear it some day. But'—rapidly—'forgive my impatience—where is my cousin?—What is the matter?'

There was a dead silence. At last, with a groan, Mr. Gray spoke:

'Paul, my dear fellow, how can I tell you? Esther is down there.'

'In the grotto?'

'In the grotto. Can there be anything done?'

The young man staggered. The glow faded from his face, leaving him ashy pale. For a moment he stood irresolute, then he roused himself, and his voice though, husky, was firm

'It's a frightful place; but still there is no absolute danger if she keeps her presence of mind. I stayed there over a tide myself once, just to see it. Is your boat at home?' to one of the fishermen.

'Yes sir.'

'Fetch it round then as quickly as possible.'

Then to Dr. Gray. 'I shall row out there opposite the entrance, and make a dive for it.

If I come up inside, it's all right, and I will see that no harm happens to Esther till the water falls, and we can get her out.'

'But—the risk!'

'There is the risk of striking the arch as I rise—that is all. I'm a good swimmer, Doctor as you know. I think it can be done. You can guess,' with a sort of a pale smile, 'I have been counting on this meeting; and to leave her alone and frightened, and not go to her is just impossible. I shall manage it—never fear.'

The boat came. They saw it rowed out, Paul taking the bearings carefully, shifting position once, and yet again before satisfied. Then he looked up with a bright, confident smile and nod, and clapt his hands above his head. A splash—he was gone, and the water closed over him.

Within the cave Esther watched the strange, moving phantom which darkened the entrance. The splash reached without startling her, but in another second a flashing object whirled down and inward, and rising, the waves revealed a face—a white face with wet hair. In the pale unearthly glow, it wore the aspect of death. It drew near. She covered her eyes with her hands.—Was the sea giving up its dead, and here in this fearful solitude, the vision of her drowned Paul confronted her—or was she going mad?'

Another second and the hands were withdrawn. The peril, the excitement of the past hour, strangeness and unreality of the spot, combined to kindle within her an unnatural exaltation of feeling. Had she not craved this? If they met as spirits in this land of spirits, was she to be afraid of Paul or shrink from him? No, a thousand times no.

The face was close upon her. With rapid strokes, it drew near—a form emerged—it was upon the rocks.—With a shriek, she held out her arms. Cold hands clasped hers; a voice (did dead men speak?) cried "Queenie, Queenie!"

The old pet name! It was Paul's ghost, but none the less Paul. 'I know you are dead, but I am not afraid of you,' and felt unterrified. A strong arm enfolded her; but the breast upon which her cheek rested was throbbing with such living pulsation that, half aroused, she began to shudder in a terrible blended hope and fear, and she shrank away from his touch.

'O, Paul! are we both dead, or only you? Is this the other world?'

'Why, darling,' gently seating her on a rock, 'you are in a dream; wake up love. Look at me, Esther. I am not a dead man, but your living Paul—feel my hand, it is warm, you see. God has restored us to one another; and now, if his mercy permits, we will never be parted again.'

'Paul! Paul!' cried Esther, convinced at last.

They were very happy. Prosy people, could they have looked in, would have seen only two exceedingly wet young persons seated high up on a rocky ledge, with receding waters rippling about their feet; but they, all aglow with life and happiness, scarcely knew of the lapse of time before the shiny line of light appeared at the mouth of the cave.

With blessed tears streaming down her cheeks, Esther had heard his story—how picked up—the sole survivor of that dreadful wreck—by an Indian bound trader, her lover had lain delirious for many weeks in a far land, unable to tell his name or story; and, in part recovered, started at once for home, and landed in advance of the letter which told of his safety. And so they had met here, mid 'and as she heard the history of his perils, Esther clasped the hand she held as if she never again could let it go.

That provident little Helen—bless her heart!—'builded better than she knew,' in providing such a store of damp sandwiches and refreshing wine for those drenched and happy lovers. When at last the receding tide opened again the rocky gate, and the vista of the sea tinged with rosy sunset, and Esther aided by strong arms, left her rocky prison, it was with a glow like the sunset, upon her cheeks, and in her eyes such a radiance of happiness that it fairly dazzled the forlorn, be draggled group above. Mr. Gray embraced her fondly, and fell incontinently into a fit of long deferred hysterics. The boys executed a war-dance of congratulation, and Helen and Isabel laughed and cried for joy. And as Esther turned with Paul for a last look at the scene of her deliverance, and the chime and murmur of the sea seemed full of blessing—the blessing of the dear Lord who had compassion on her weakness, restoring her to life, and to that its lost joy. With thankful heart, she went her way.

And so we leave her.

A German War Scene—A Wedding in Camp.

A special correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Saarbruck August 1, gives the following account of a scene he witnessed there a day or two before:

The bivouacing of the two battalions of the 40th, with the unceasing stream of the bearers of patriotic gifts for the town, was a sight which no one could forget. I am sure that your readers will be pleased with the following incident, which illustrates so well both the composition of the German army and the naturalness of German life. A young and thriving merchant of Saar Louis was to have been married at Saar Louis to a young lady from Scheliz, on the 16th of July. On that morning came the telegraphic order of mobilization. The train carried off the bridegroom a quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the marriage. He like thousands of other men of an equally good position in life, took his place as a private in his regiment—the 40th Hohenzollerns—and cheerfully arranged with his bride that the marriage should take place as soon as his battalion should reach Saarbruck. He would then go off to the war, and she would return, as his wife, to her home. The bride came yesterday with her brother to Saarbruck. I had the pleasure of walking up with them this afternoon to watch the battalion in which the bridegroom was to appear, pass from the high road into the bivouac field. The bridegroom was there in the thick of the helmeted stream, and ran from the ranks and kissed his bride with German fervor. The men marching past looked at them with sympathetic admiration, but with no sign of wonder, much less of coarse derision. Then the bridegroom ran on to the place he had left, and the bride went to an officer and begged a few hours' leave for the bridegroom, that they might get married. The officer, of course, was only too glad to listen to such a request from the lips of such an applicant, and escorted the bride to the colonel of the regiment, from whom leave had to be obtained. We saw the bride with dark eyes more expressive than ever, and a shadow of apprehension over her broad forehead, not too German for perfect beauty, repeating her request to the colonel, and winning from his lips of discipline the gentlest answer. The bridegroom was sent off on leave till mid-day to-morrow. The marriage will be a few hours earlier.

I do not think that any Englishman could have witnessed the scene without the thought crossing him that it implied such a society in the army and such a noble simplicity of life as we in England have not yet learned even to aspire to. Extraordinary, how *outre* would it seem in England, if we were told that a gentleman serving as a private in the army ran from the ranks and kissed his bride, and then that the bride went up before half the regiment to the officers and made the request which I recorded! And what would be the behavior of the men who saw it take place? If it excited admiration it would be for the singularity and unusualness of the thing; in Germany it was perfectly natural, and I mention it not because it was singular, but the reverse, because it caused no surprise and no embarrassment to any one; because it shows what is the tone of the German army in which men of all ranks serve side by side, and how simple and natural society is in comparison to everything that we are acustomed to in England.—To assure you that this is no romance, I give with the approbation of the bride and bride groom, the names of both. The bride is the Fraulein Angelica Hennig, born in Schleiz, in Central Germany: the bridegroom, Herr August Britz, born in Saar-Louis.

Massacre in China.

The "San Francisco Bulletin" has a private letter from Tientsin giving the following account of the massacre:

As most of the reports thus far have come through Chinese channels it has been difficult to get a clear and connected statement of the details and causes which led to it. From the best information attainable the Sisters of Charity have been in the habit of paying a certain sum per head for all the children brought to their institutions. This caused, as the Chinese assert, "kidnapping" to obtain the bounty. I have no doubt this is true to some extent—at any rate, the Chinese honestly believe it, and have complained of it for a long time. In addition to this unwise action inducements were held out to induce children to be brought to the Catholic Mission in the last stages of illness for the purpose of having them baptised at the hour of death—'in articulo mortis.' In this way many children were taken to the Missions, baptized, and soon after brought away dead.

About the beginning of June an epidemic broke out in the "Sisters" establishment and many children died. A report got about that the Sisters were killing the children for the purpose of getting their eyes and hearts to use in the manufacture of a medicinal specific which commanded a fabulous price abroad. The rumor, too improbable and absurd for belief by any civilized or Christian people, was told by one to another and honestly believed by the mass of this ignorant and superstitious people. Angry and excited crowds assembled in the street from time to time in the neighborhood of the Mission buildings and demanded a release of the children, Nothing, so far as I can learn, was done by the Sisters, Priests or the French Consul, to allay the excitement or disabuse the minds of the populace. The Consul, who, if reports be true, was one of the most impracticable of Frenchmen, positively refused to have an examination made.

We annex a few paragraphs from the Tientsin correspondence, discriptive of the horrors of the massacre:

Simultaneously with the assault on the French Consulate, the mob and soldiery surrounded the Hospital of the French Sisters of Charity. Having set fire to a portion of the building, they entered the gates and dragged all the Sisters of Charity into the street. There they stripped them naked, exposed them to the public gaze, plucked out their eyes, cut off their breasts, ripped them open, tore out their hearts, and deliberately cut them to pieces and divided portions of their flesh among the infuriated mob. Chinese spectators of the bloody scene relate other horrors perpetrated on these innocent ladies that cannot be mentioned. The Lady Superioress of the Hospital was cut in twain while yet alive.

No sooner had the mob and soldiers glutted their appetite for blood on the unfortunate Sisters, than they burned the entire hospital. Nearly a hundred orphan children who had been received into the orphanage attached to the hospital, perished in the flames. The mutilated remains of the dead Sisters were thrown into the burning ruins. And thus, together with the little children they were charitably nurturing, was the holocaust completed.

Such a tale of horrors would suffice, but more still remains to be told. Mr. N. Protopopoff, a Russian merchant, with his wife, to whom he had only been married two days, were met in the town of Tientsin by the same infuriated mob and soldiery and attacked with swords and spears. Mr. Protopopoff fell almost immediately, and was murdered. His wife, who was mounted on a spirited horse, fled for her life; but, being repulsed from the road, turned back and attempted to leap an open sewer in the town. She fell with her horse; but, extricating herself, hid for a few minutes in the sewer, until she was dragged out and killed by the mob. The bodies of these two Russians were thrown into the river, and afterwards recovered by their friends. They had been stripped naked, and had been subjected to most barbarous usage.

About fifty Cantonese men, who were suspected of being on intimate terms with Europeans, were murdered during the excitement.

A Heart-rending Calamity.

The *Point Pleasant* (*Va.*) *Journal* says: A gentleman just from Roane county gives the particulars of a most heartrending calamity that happened last week on Spring Creek in that county, and by which one family were bereft of four children in less than an hour. A lady, whose name our informent had forgotten, residing upon the above named creek, went down to it in the morning for the purpose of doing the "week's washing," taking with her the youngest child, an infant about a year old, leaving the other three at the house, While engaged at her work she heard suppressed cries at the house, taking up her child from the soiled clothes on which it was sitting, she placed it in an empty tub to keep it from crawling into the creek during her absence, and hastened to the house, where she met her eldest child with its head frightfully disfigured and swollen. She hastily gleaned from this one that the three children had crawled under the house in search of eggs; that while under, something hurt them, and that the other two were still under the house. The mother, upon looking under the house, found them dead, with several moccasin snakes (a very poisonous and deadly species) crawling around their bodies. The neighbors were alarmed, and by their assistance the snakes were killed, and the unfortunate children taken out, their bodies presenting a frightful and sickening appearance. By this time the elder one was a corpse. The mother in her despair and agony had forgotten until now her little one at the creek, and upon going down to the creek for it, it was only to find it also a corpse in the creek. It is supposed the little child climbed up in the tub and was holding on to the lower edge of it when the tub upset, rolling the child into the water below and drowning it. It is said the mother's grief was so great that at last accounts she was a raving maniac.

Wild Bees.

The bumble-bees come singly, says *Putnam's Magazine* for July, never in pairs, and only one sex—the female. In the bee-kingdom royalty is confined exclusively to the females. All females are queens. Where the large queen bee, which is the only one we see in spring, comes from, is a mystery—apparently from a warmer region, like birds; but the books say a few escape the rigors of winter in a torpid state, and come out in the spring like the frogs, &c. At any rate, there is no doubt some special provisions of nature. She is impregnated by the males in August, goes into winter quarters in the fall, in some snug retreat or other, and lies torpid till spring.

'When the fierce Northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast
Though already slumberest deep;
Woe and want though canst outsleep;
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.'

After this long nap, the queen mother appears fresh and new, hunts out some abandoned mouse-nest in the meadow bottom or in a stone-heap; or some other place, and sets up her household gods solitary and alone. A few rude cells or sacks are constructed, eggs deposited, and in due time, early in June, the young appear. These are neuters, neither males nor females, but workers.—These proceed to build other cells, and fill them with honey, relieving the queen of all care but the laying of the eggs. The first honey is very delicious, being clear and white, like the clover honey in the hive, but of a different flavor. Ordinarily, the quantity found in a single nest is very small, scarcely more than a large tablespoonful. One summer, when a boy, by making a point of it, I collected quite a boxful in a comb, making when pressed out, about a pint of clear honey, and representing the labor of two or three dozen swarms.

Emancipation in Brazil.

The Rio Janerio correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes: The battle in the Chamber of Deputies over the provisions, forcing the monastic orders to sell their lands, houses and slaves, has been unfavorable to them as that in the Senate, and the measure passed, although that ultra-devout deputy, Dr, Ferreira Vianna, editor of the *Diario de Rio*, pleaded their cause warmly, now pathetically bewailing the extinction of those who taught us religion, laws, science, morality, trades, farming and how to save our country; now roaring in minatory denunciation of all who would dare to purchase the sanctified lands, houses and niggers. "Oh!" said he, "will not all Europe be horrified to hear that the monks of Brazil have been forced by this accursed measure to sell their slaves—their brethren in Christ?" "As to that," says a member interrupting him, "the act does not forbid them to free their slaves." However, only another Deputy supported the learned doctor, and the motion to eliminate or separate was negatived by a large majority.

"As for the coolers coming here,' said Mrs. Partington, as she wiped her brow with the old bandana handkerchief, bearing the pictorial representation of the battle of Lake Erie; "I should say let 'em come; for goodness knows it is hot enough, with every rag of one's clothes so satiated with moisture, that one almost wishes to be a great white bear and sit on the top of the North Pole, if it would be proper, and ice so dear! The more of them the better, I should say, with the mockery at ninety, and going up at that, goodness help us! O if heaven would only freeze the ponds over in summer, what a luxury it would be, with ice for picnics, and no thanks to the monopolarizers, who are taking advantage of folks' extremities, and are pinching 'em to make 'em pay, so that a ten cent ice cream isn't enough to fill a hollow tooth with, if anybody should want to, and iced lemonade is not to be thought of without paying for it, and the lord knows where it will end, unless the coolers come." She stooped, exhausted in idea and breath, wiping her face with her handkerchief, while Ike sat beside the full milk pan with a boat in it, the sails of which he was filling by fanning it with Mrs. P.'s great black Sunday fan, with the red flowers on it, that she had just laid away in the drawer up stairs.

—The Union town *Genius* says: A student of Mercerburg College, who is spending vacation at his father's house in the mountain, took his gun and went some distance in the woods a few days ago, for the purpose of hunting pheasants. He was sauntering along slowly, when he heard a strange noise, not far from the path along which he was walking. He went in the direction whence it came, and discovered a large rattlesnake in the act of charming a squirrel. The young man watched the performance for some time, which was suddenly brought to a close by a large hawk which had been sitting on a tree over head, a quiet spectator of the whole scene. His hawkship darted down and seized the squirrel, and carried it in his talons to the tree on which he had been sitting. He says he never saw anything look any more disappointed than the rattlesnake.—The young man concluded his turn had come to take a hand in the performances, and by the discharge of the contents of one barrel of his gun, brought the hawk and the squirrel to the ground, and with the contents of the other barrel, killed the snake.