SELECT MISCELLANY.

HANNAH'S QUILTING.

Hannah thought she knew the state of Aleck Freeman's heart. She had trifled with him a little, and her own mind was not quite made up.

She was sitting now in her chamber, sweet and clean with whitewash and new buff paper, and bowery with green light which fell from the pear tree boughs through freshly starched muslin curtains. Hannah was a nice looking blonde maiden, dressed in a tidy chocolate print, with a blue bow nestling in her thick wavy hair. She had been writing a note by the stand, and was sealing it with one of the motto seals then in fashion. This one said "Come," and it was easy to see that it indorsed a note of invitation.

She ran down stairs in the fresh morning air, where her father, Deacon Ashley, was just ready to head old Charley toward the village. Her mother, a buxom matron, was standing bare-headed beside the democrat wagon, handing up the molasses jug, and charging the Deacon not to forget the pound of castile soap and the lampwicks. Hannah tucked up her trim skirts, and ran out through the dewy grass.

"See here, father," she called, in her pleasant voice, "you must stop at the school-house and give this note to Andy Freeman. It's for Jane, you know, asking her and Miss Lang to come to the quilting."

"Ain't there one for Aleck, too?" inquired the good-natured old Deacon, with a wink.

"I told Jane he could come in the evening, if he chose," returned Hannah, with slightly heightened color. "Dr. Bingham will be here, and some other young men."

"Aleck Freeman is worth the whole kit," responded the Deacon, "and that young pill-box, according to my way of thinking, runs too much to hair dye and watch-chains, but Aleck has sat good hard sense and upright feelings from his cradle. Girls don't look out, Han, he'll be shining round that pretty girl from Hillsdale."

"It makes no difference to me who he shines round," returned Hannah, with a slight shade of offense; but, nevertheless, there was a little pang at her heart as she turned back toward the house. Hannah's mind was not quite easy about Jane Freeman's visitor, but she thought if she could see Aleck and Mary Lang together she would know in just what quarter the wind was settling.

The Deacon tucked the note into his breast-pocket, took the molasses jug between his feet, and gave old Charley a cut with his lines preparatory to making him begin to move, an operation of some length, as Charley believed the Deacon to be under his orders. At last, however, the two were trotting and rattling past the goose-pond, and the big barns, and tall elms, that cast some very cool shadows across the brown dust of the road, until with a kind of mutual understanding and sympathy they came out against a stretch of post and rider fence, enclosing a field of the biggest kind of clover. It looked like good running to the Deacon's eyes. He could calculate pretty closely the number of tons of sweet juicy feed there would be to the acre, and yet this morning the fragrance and rosy bloom, and the hum of insects among the thick heads, brought him a different kind of pleasure.

With the long sight of age he could see the cows grazing in the back-pasture, and he thought of the "cattle on a thousand hills," and whose they were. His gaze wandered back lovingly even to the old stone walls, with mullein growing beside them, and the shadows of the birds flitting over them, and everything seemed good, even the May weed and thistles, and Canada thistle, that farmers hate by instinct. He felt a gush of childlike thankfulness, because "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

Presently the Deacon and Charley came across a group of school children—brown, freckled-faced. Little urchins, in calico shirts, tow trowsers, and shilling hats, much the worse for wear. Then there was a tall red headed girl who had outgrown all the tucks in her dress, and had torn her apron in following the boys over the wall after a chipmunk, and one or two little tots, with very floppy sun bonnets, whose short legs would not allow them to keep up. They carried dinner pails and dog's eared spelling books, and at the very end of the string there was a low spirited yellow dog.

"Whoa!" cried the Deacon, setting his two boot-soles, which resembled weather-beaten scows, against the dash-board, and pulling in hard—an operation Charley did not at all relish, although he at last yielded, with a shake of his homely head, which intimated it was done by special favor, and could not be repeated.

"Jump in, children!" cried the good-natured old man; "I'll give ye a lift as far as the school house. Beats all how little shavers think of ketchin' a ride. There, don't crowd, boys. Let the girls in first, and mind your manners;" and he lifted in a rotypoly maid, with pincushion hands and very suggestive stain of wild cherries, and seated her on the buffalo, beside him. The others all fumbled in a trice.

"'Pears to me I wouldn't eat them puckery things," said the Deacon, in his grand-fatherly fashion, pointing to some suggestive smears on the little maid's high gingham apron. "They'll give you the colic."

"Yes, sir," replied the child, folding her funny little hands contentedly in her lap. "Sissy had the measels and I didn't, and my mother said I might have the colic if I wanted to."

The Deacon leaned back and laughed, and Charley shook his ears, and turned up at him an eye of mild reproach.

"What a little goose you are!" said a bright-faced little boy who had been very much squeezed in the legs, and had just administered several sharp pinches in the side of the squeezer, as he leaned over the back of the seat to pinch the little girl's ear.

"Bless me! there's Andy Freeman, and I had liked to forgot the what-d'ye-call-it—billy-doo-my Hannah sent to the girls up at your house!"

The Deacon veered half around, and checked Charley, who by this time began to consider the whole thing disgusting, especially as the low spirited dog had mixed himself up with his feet.

"This 'mind be it," he went on, fumbling in his pocket. "You see I've left my best eyes at home; the old pair I carry in my head don't amount to much."

Andy took the folded paper and promised to be careful of it; and by that time Charley and his load had arrived at the stone school house, which looked very much like a juvenile penitentiary. The school mistress was standing in the door ringing the bell, and the children scrambled down the side of the wagon, and scampered off to save their marks for punctuality.

Jane Freeman had been busy all day with her friend Mary Lang, the pretty girl from Hillsdale. There is nothing at first so engrossing to the mind of a country girl as the stylish clothes of her city visitor. Mary had a number of fashionably-made dresses; and as old Mrs. Freeman remarked, she had got the "very latest quirk" in her pretty hair. She was a good natured girl, and had let Jane cut the pattern of her visie and her tabbed muslin cape, and had shown her just how to make the captivating twist. Now the two girls were bending out of the sitting-room window, which looked upon the orchard, with its guarled boughs and cool, green lights and white clover-heads dropped upon the grass like unstrung pearls. Aleck had come up from the garden, and was leaning on his hoe handle, talking to them. He was a muscular, well-made young fellow; and the fact that he had once passed three years in a city, and had rubbed off the rustic bashfulness, told upon him well. Now, there was a half quizzical, half pleased look peeping out from his drooped eyelids, and old Mrs. Freeman, sitting on the back porch, with her glasses in the fold of a ingrainbe story, and the toe of one of her husband's socks covering her knobby finger ends, glanced at the group, and thought to herself that Mary Lang with all her finery would not be sorry to catch Aleck! Then the memory of Hannah Ashley there came a little twinge of anxiety; for Hannah was her prime favorite; and sat quilting in the manner of substantial matrons, she desired her boy to marry a practical wife, who knew how to cook his dinner and make him comfortable. The sight of Mary Lang's white nervless hands, with their pretty rings, caused the old lady to shake her head, and mutter something about "dolls and puppets."

Andy had come home from school, and had let the low-spirited dog out into the back lot to bark at the hens a little while by way of recreation. He was preparing to go down to his squirrel trap in the woods; and as he sat fussing away and whistling on the porch step, suddenly he pulled a paper out of his jacket pocket, and scampered off with it to the window.

"Here's something Deacon Ashley told me to give you, sis. He called it a billy."

"You mean a William," put in Mary, chucking him under the chin.

"Why it's nothing but that advertisement of Puffer's Pills the Deacon promised father! I thought Hannah would be sure to invite us to her quilting," said Jane, in a disappointed tone. "Say, Aleck, have you and Han been quarreling?" and she gave him a provoking little thrust, such as sisters are wont to administer.

Aleck turned round, and set his elbows squarely against the window sill, and he began to whistle low to himself.

"Let's take that ride over Saddleback Hill I promised to give you tomorrow afternoon, Mary," said he, veering back again and chewing an end of grass.

Miss Lang expressed herself delighted to take the ride; and everybody appeared satisfied but Jane, who now would have no opportunity to display the new twist to the girls before Sunday.

Hannah's quilt had been put on the frames the day before, up in the spare chamber—a large apartment with a carpet in Venitian stripe, a high post bedstead draped in the whitest dimity, a heavy mahogany bureau with respectable brass knobs, and an old fashioned glass adorned with festoons of pink and white paper. There were faded footstools, worked by Mrs. Ashley when a girl, in chain-stitch embroidery; and framed samplers and silhouette portraits upon the wall of a cuppy old lady and a spare old gentleman. And a matronly bunches of life-everlasting and crystalized grass, filling the plethoric vases upon the mantel piece. Everything was in apple pie order, from kitchen to parlor. A pleasant, moist odor of Hannah's sponge cake hung to the walls; and if you don't know what Hannah's sponge cake was like, it is useless for me to describe it.

Hannah had put on her prettiest lawn dress—a pale green that became her blonde beauty, and touched it up here and there with a bit of pink ribbon. Mrs. Ashley was pinning on her false puffs before the glass, and fastening her collar with a brooch adorned with a dagger-cut-type likeness of the Deacon, which looked as if it had been taken in a particularly bad fit of dyspepsia. She dearly loved young company; and there was a bright twinkle in her eye, and a puckering about her mouth provocative of fun.

When the girls had assembled, and the kissing and taking off of things was well through with, the grand business of the afternoon began. Everybody praised Hannah's pretty quilt—pink stars dropped on a white ground. Miss Treadwell was champion quilter. She understood all the mysteries of herring-bone and feather stitch, and had with a chalk line in her hand, as the Deacon's wife expressed it, "ruled the roost." Miss Treadwell was a thin faced, precious old maid, with kind of withered bloom on her cheek-bones and a laudable desire to make the most of few skimpy locks.

"Heard all how young Salina Treadwell appears," whispered the Deacon's wife to her next neighbor. "She's as old as I be if she's a day, and here she goes diddling round with the girls."

"Hannah, you ought to give this quilt to the one that gets married first," put in Susan Drake, threading her needle.

"I know who that will be," said Mrs. Ashley, winking hard toward Hetty Sprague, a pretty, soft-headed little maiden, with cheeks of the damask rose and dewy dark eyes.

"Oh, Mrs. Ashley!" cried Hetty, simpering sweetly, "how can you talk so? You know I never mean to get married at my born days. Men are such deceitful creatures!"

Miss Treadwell heaved a deep sigh, and snapped the chalk-line sentimentally, as if she too could a tale unfold that would tell of the perfidy of the male sex.

"I don't for my part see why everything should be given to the married folks," returned Hannah, tapping lightly on the frame with her thimble and feeling annoyed because Jane Freeman and her children not yet put in an appearance. When I get to be an old maid, I'll stuff everything soft with feathers and wool, and keep sixteen cats, like Aunt Biceps."

"You an old maid!" cried merry little Nancy Duffy. "That's a likely story. I guess Aleck will have a word or two to say about it."

"It looks as if Aleck had got a new string to his bow," remarked Miss Treadwell, who liked now to give a sharp little thrust of her own. "He appears to be mighty thick with that girl from Hillsdale."

"Why, there goes Aleck now," cried Hetty Sprague; and the girls ran to the window upsetting one end of the quilt in time to see Aleck's sleek chestnut mare trot past with Aleck himself so absorbed in the companion by his side that he did not appear to remark the battery of bright eyes under which he was passing.

Hannah colored and bit her lips, but she recovered herself with a light laugh.

"Never mind, girls," said she, "there are as good fish in the sea as ever have been caught. I'll show you Dr. Bingham to-night, and you'll all say he is perfectly splendid."

Then began a little mild gossip over the Doctor, as to who he was and what had brought him to the out-of-the-way Dracle—for the young man was only a visitor in that neighborhood—and in the clatter of tongues, before the second rolling, Hannah had slipped out to get tea. At first she did a very curious thing for a sensible young woman to do. She got behind the buttery door and hid her face in the roller-towel, and something very much like a genuine sob shook her bosom, while some bitter tears were absorbed into the crash. The truth is Hannah was jealous. The sight of Aleck devoting himself to that girl from Hillsdale, whom she had begun to detest, woke her up to the state of her own feelings, and perhaps nothing but that would ever have done the work.

Nevertheless there was the sponge-cake to cut, and the best doyleys to be got out, and the ivory-handled knives to be taken down from the top shelf of the closet. She had to calculate how much of the strawberry preserves it would take to go round and not look skimpy, and who should sit by the glass dish, and how many custard cups would be required to fill the middle of the table. All these things Hannah performed with as much accuracy as if her heart had not been smarting with disappointment and vexation.

Mrs. Ashley was never more in her element than when she presided at a feminine tea party.

"We won't have any of the men folks round to bother, girls," said she, as they settled like a flock of doves about the table, which Hannah had so temptingly spread. "It's busy times on the farm now, and the Deacon likes a bite of something hearty for his tea, and so I told Han he and the boys might wait. Ahem, Salina, do you take sugar in your tea?" as she poured out a cup of the delicate, green-flavored beverage, that diffused an appetizing fragrance through the room.

"Oh, Miss Ashly," cried Nancy Duffy, "you'll tell our fortunes, won't you? There isn't a soul here to know about it, and we'll keep as whist as mice."

"Now, girls, don't make me appear simple," said Mrs. Ashley, leaning back and wiping her red and smiling face free from the steam of the teapot. "If Miss Whitcomb should get hold of it she'd say it didn't become a deacon's family."

"Never mind Miss Whitcomb," broke in Susan Drake. "She thinks she's arrived at perfection, and such folks are always disagreeable. Here, do look at Salina Treadwell's cup. If I'm not mistaken there's an offer in it."

"Of course there is," said Mrs. Ashly, taking up the cup with professional litterest. "Don't you see that ring almost closed, with a heart inside? And she's going to accept. It's coming from a light complected man. Looks like Sile Winthrop, down at the Corners."

"Oh, Miss Ashley, how you do talk!" cried Salina, mincing her biscuit and blushing up on her cheek bones.

"He ain't agoing to live long, whoever it is," the Deacon's wife went on, twiring the cup, with the girls hanging over her shoulder, and her eyes studying with fun. "Yes, Salina, your will be left a widder."

"What a sad thing it must be to lose a companion," put in sentimental Ann Davis. "I should hate to be left a relic."

"Never mind, Salina," the Deacon's wife continued, with a wink. "If I'm not mistaken, you'll console yourself with number two. Look there, girls, at the true-lovers' knot and the bow and arrers."

Miss Treadwell held up her hand in mock horror, and affirmed that she didn't believe a word of it; but it was noticeable, as Mrs. Ashly said, that she was "chipperer" all the rest of the evening.

"Come, now tell Hannah's," cried Hetty Sprague. So Hannah passed along her cup.

"Why, child, you're going to shed tears; and there's a little cloud of trouble round you; but it will clear away, and you'll get your wish in spite of everything."

"Don't you see saddle-bags and pill-boxes there?" inquired Nancy Duffy.

"Go along with your stuff and nonsense, girls!" exclaimed the Deacon's wife, waving away the cup. "If husband should get hold of it, he'd say I was trifling."

That evening after Dr. Bingham had looked a good deal with Hannah—had pressed her hand at parting, and whispered he should hope to see her next evening at the singing class—she remembered her fortune, and did let some bitter tears soak in the pillow. She was not wise enough in worldly ways to suspect that the Doctor, a town bred man, and like Hetty Sprague's silly little heart a fluttering while he walked home with her under the warm starlight, although, in very truth, he did not care a fip for either of them. Hannah was content to play him off against Aleck, let the consequences be what they might; and more and more as she thought the matter over, she blamed that designing girl from Hillsdale.

The next night set in with a mild drizzle; and in spite of Mrs. Ashley's protestations, Hannah was off for the singing class. The class had been established to improve the church music, which, as the Deacon said, sadly needed "tinkering;" and gradually it became a resort for the young people of the village, while its functions were stretched to include a good deal of mild flirtation. Hannah, on entering, looked mildly around to discover the Doctor; but, strange to say, he was absent. Aleck, who belonged to the choir, sat in his usual place alone. Neither Jane nor her young lady visitor had accompanied him. These facts Hannah ascertained before she let her eyes drop on her note-book. She watched the door keenly all through the hour of practice; but the doctor did not make his appearance, and her indignation grew apace. She hoped to slip away a little in advance of the crowd before the exercises were quite over, and the Doctor's young man had formed about the entrance. But just as she was stepping off into the darkness, with the warm summer rain falling steadily, a hand touched her arm.

"Let me walk home with you, Hannah? I have an umbrella, and you are unprovided." It was Aleck's voice, and Hannah was jostled to remark not even a touch of penitence in his tone.

"But you cannot refuse my company for a few steps, we decide," said he, pushing up his umbrella and shielding her whether or no; "for I have brought an apology from Bingham, I am going to tell you as a great secret," Aleck went on, confidentially, while Hannah keep still from sheer astonishment, "that the Doctor and that forty-leventh cousin of ours from Hillsdale, were engaged once. The Doctor's a capital fellow, but there's a jealous streak in him. He wants to keep a loose foot and wasn't willing Mary should do the same. She's an uncommonly pretty, lively girl"—a sharp twinge in Hannah's side—"and, of course, she wasn't going to be cooped up, and the result was, they quarreled. But they did really care for each other, and now the thing is made up and I guess they have found out what a sneaking, unrighteous thing jealousy is."

"There might be a cause for it" returned Hannah, faintly, as she felt her spirit oozing away.

"Come now, Hannah, you mean to hit me, and I might hit back again, but I won't; for I haven't loved anybody but you—ever since I was a boy. I am of the constant kind. Don't you know I am, Hannah?"—very softly spoken for such a big fellow. "My heart has learned one trick of loving, and it can't unlearn it."

"Why, sir, didn't you and Jane come to my quilting party?" spoken in a shaky voice, and showing the white feather badly—"and why did you go gallivanting off with that girl?"

"You did not ask us, in the first place, and that girl was a visitor, and I liked her."

"Don't be saucy. I sent a note to Jane, and told father to give it to Andy."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Aleck, "it is all explained now. The old gentleman sent in an advertisement of Puffer's Pills by mistake, and you will find the note quietly reposing in his pocket."

I am afraid Aleck was saucy, for when Hannah got into the house there was something very sweet and delicious tingling upon her lips. She crept into the sitting-room, where she could hear the good old deacon calmly snoring, and slipped the little note out of the breast-pocket of his coat.

Long afterward, she had been Aleck's wife many a year, and the colors of the pretty star quilt had faded upon her bed, Hannah would take the little billet, grown yallow now, from an inner drawer, where she kept it along with a silky tress cut from the head of the baby she had lost, and kissed it tenderly, as if new faith and trust emanated from its folds.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Mission to the Court of St. James—Washington Citizens Returning to the Capital—Statistics of Freedman's Bureau—Dismal Swamp.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Sept. 23, '70.

The mission to the Court of St. James has been a subject for much discussion in Washington for a long time. Secretary Fish, who it was thought would have much to do in indicating the President's wishes on this subject, has been interviewed from time to time, and numerous candidates by their respective friends for this mission have been proposed. No doubt ex-Congressman Orth's friends have been a little encouraged in the belief that he would be the lucky one, and consequently through the medium of the press he has been advertised gratuitously for the position, and the pretentious knowing ones here had, until the denial from Orth, become to feel assured that he would be the man. "Who will be the next one hatched up," says the people here. Almost simultaneous with this exclamation, "Hon. Ben. Wade is seen wending his way alone on Pennsylvania Avenue from the Baltimore Depot toward the Departments. All eyes, as he passed, centered upon him. "Why wouldn't *Old Ben*, says an ingenious fellow, satisfy the anxious public for a few days as a candidate for the Foreign Diplomacy, and who knows by the by, but he may be nominated for that position? He is as gentlemanly looking as *Forney*. We will try him any way." Newspaper Rows was immediately besieged, and the result is, that the report has gone all over the country that a proposition to send the Hon. ex-Vice President to England, is the latest sensation at the National Capital. Doubtless, Mr. Wade has business here and he has come to attend to it, as it is customary for him to do. What this business is, I am unable to say; probably it is connected with the Departments of some of his friends' office—that's all. As for the Mission, it is pretty well authenticated, that Hon. Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, has the refusal. Mr. M's health, however, is such that his most intimate friends here say that he will not vacate his easy seat in the U. S. Senate to accept it.

The advent here during the last few days of old familiar faces, residents of Washington, fresh from their summer resorts of the North, has gladdened the hearts of our stay-at-home citizens. The season just ended has been so terrifically hot with us that, only those who could get away North remained here. The Department clerks, have generally contrived to extend their month's leave of absence, and the result has been that some of the rooms in the Departments, as well as out, public streets have, at times, been almost deserted.

The statistics of the Freedmen's Bureau show that this Bureau has performed its mission in the South and save in the Educational interests there (which is mainly supported by the Educational Associations aided by the wealth, regardless of party) it is ended. There are a few formerly belonging to the Bureau now employed by the Government to aid in the settlement of bounties to the colored soldiers.

It has been discovered that the dismal swamp in Virginia, is one vast bed of peat. It is worth being dug out and compressed into blocks about the size of an ordinary brick, and thrown into the market as fuel. An enterprising company has been formed and it has taken hold of the matter in earnest, and we hope soon to have our market supplied with a fuel not only cheaper and more cleanly, but one which will give us fire as cheerful as the good old fashioned wood fire. There are very fine beds of it in the swampy ground of the Anacostia branch of the Potomac which skirts Washington on the East, but as yet, no effort has been made to utilize them.

The General Land Office has just had prepared thirty-one patents, embracing nearly 20,000 acres in favor of certain reserves, named in the 5th article of the treaty, concluded October 14th, 1865, between the United States and certain Chiefs and headmen of the Cheyenne and Arrapahoe tribe of Indians. These lands are situated in Colorado territory, on the north bank of the Arkansas river. Also this office has transmitted to the Governor of California a certified copy of approved list No. 8, of swamps and overflowed land in the Stockton district, selected as inuring to the State of California, under the Act of Congress approved September 28th, 1850, embracing 7,670 acres. Also, just received from the Surveyor-General of Montana, the plat and filed notes of survey of the Lee Mountain Mining Company's claim for 2200 linear feet of the Lee Mountain Lode, together with an adjoining tract of land for milling purposes embracing an area of 14 acres in Young Ireland Mining district Lewis and Clark county, Montana territory. The lode is reported to be a vein of gold and silver-bearing ore, assaying from $200 to $320 per ton in silver and from $53 to $70 per ton in gold, the width of the crevice, being from 17 to 20 feet. The claim has been improved to the amount of $2000, and patent is now applied for under the mining Act of Congress, approved July 26, 1866. Also, received a plat from the Register of the local Land Office at Carson city, Nevada, showing the final adjustment of the boundary line between the cities of Virginia and Gold Hill.

I presume the European War news of to-day, are of much more interest to your readers than a long Washington letter. Therefore excuse brevity.

CHIEF.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Sept. 29, '70.

Probably no one place in the Union is there such great anxiety attending the approach of State elections, as in the District of Columbia. With us the September elections in Vermont and Maine, have been entirely satisfactory, when considering that the Republicans of those States, being sure of a triumph, most wantonly remained inactive in the political canvass. The October elections are near at hand. Florida, Indiana, Iowa, Mississippi, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia, respectively on 3rd, 1st, 11th, 3rd, 11th, 11th, proximo, and the clerks, generally, in the Government Departments from those States (save from Florida and Mississippi) have made arrangements for going to their respective homes to vote, on half-fare tickets, arrangements, having been made with the several Departments to grant leaves of absence to those clerks desiring to go home to vote.

Stories omen the most appalling result is now rife in this city from the different parts of the South, in reference to the present political canvass now going on there. For instance, we receive from South Carolina that the political leaders opposed to the reform party in that State, are in wait on the northern borders of that State, for the appearance of armed forces from North Carolina. From some districts in Virginia we learn that similar troubles are anticipated during the approaching campaign. Your correspondent, from the best evidence in the matter, conclude that there is not the least danger of any disturbance attending the election. The Southern people have long since come to the conclusion that there is no use of "kicking against the pricks," and having made up their minds to accept the situation of things, without a murmer, further than giving a wink, simply, to the opponents of the Republican party.

Treasurer Spinner does not go back on his word.—A few days since he offered $5 for a Counterfeit 50 cent fractional note, the new issue, bearing the Vignette of Stanton. To his surprise, as he did not expect there was one in existence, he received it from a gentleman of Springfield, Mass, and according to promise the Treasurer cheerfully paid over the $5. This counterfeit is by no means a good one, but might possibly deceive some; therefore let this be a warning to your readers, to look well before taking, the new 50 cent notes.

Of course, the Franco-Prussian War here, as everywhere else, is the absorbing topic at present. At the outset, public sentiment was quite pronounced on the side of Germany, but this feeling has since undergone considerable modification. Thoughtful men regard the contest with reference to its bearing on the progress of liberty among the people, rather than as mere partisans of this or that nation. They wish to see the unification of Germany completed, and her prosperity assured, but they do not wish to see France entirely deprived of her independence, nor do they regard the overshadowing preponderance of a great military nation like Prussia, as a favorable to the growth of freedom. Under the leadership of her present government, that power is rapidly becoming, if she has not already become, what Macaulay said, it was the object of Frederick the Great to make her—*all aing*. The pacific non aggressive character which we have been accustomed to attribute to the German people, cannot, by any means, be imputed to Prussia. In fact, the exact reverse is notoriously the case, and it greatly to be feared that she may impress her warlike and aggressive temper upon all the rest of Germany, for there is nothing more contagious than the love of power, and the pride of military glory. Animated by such a spirit, Germany, under the military primacy of Prussia, would become more dangerous to the peace of Europe and to the independence of her neighbors than France has ever been. Powerful—dangerously, so as it would seem—she is already; and therefore, true friends of liberty scarcely desire to see her further strengthened at the expense of France, by the annexation of a portion of the territory of the latter.

Moreover, it cannot be overlooked that in her social system, France assimilates with our own democratic society far more than does Prussia. In the latter country, the lines which separate classes are very rigidly drawn. Scarcely more than five per cent. of the officers of the Army are of other than aristocratic birth, and in the civil service also, "blood" is an almost indispensable requisite to official advancement. So far is this idea of the natural superiority of the aristocracy carried that law does not recognize the validity of a marriage between a nobleman and a daughter of a merchant.

As to the Government itself, it is well known that the Prussian Monarchy represents the most ultra absolutism of the European continent. The declaration of King William upon his coronation in Oct. 1861, that he obtained his crown by the grace of God alone, is well remembered. His prime minister, the great Bismarck, recalls his words at the time of the revolution of 1843. When the German Parliament assembled at Frankfort, sent a deputation to Berlin to offer the imperial crown of Germany to Frederick William IV., Bismarck opposed the movement "because he recognized the sovereignty of the people." He declared that democratic representative ideas and the principles upon which the Prussian Government rests, were mutually exclusive of each other, and could never be made to amalgamate, the former being founded upon the will of the people, while the latter existed by Divine installation. He said, they could never be reconciled by Parliamentary debate, but sooner or later, the God of battles must decide between them by a throw of the iron dice. The question irresistibly forces itself upon our minds, whether Bismarck and his master do not regard this very war as the "throw of iron dice" to which he then alluded.

The great Prussian minister has, indeed, given utterance to very much modified ideas since 1848. However little he may think of the *rights* of the people he has learned something of their *power*, and has judiciously consented to recognize it so far as it was necessary to secure their co-operation in the accomplishment of his own purposes. But that his real sentiments have been changed since then is doubtful. How far they had been changed in 1868, is best illustrated by his dispersing the Prussian Parliament in that year, and resolutely persevering in carrying out his views in open defiance of the known wishes of the people. Such a man may be ever so much admired for his transcendent courage and ability but Republicans anxious above all things for the freedom and elevation of the masses, may well regard the unrivalled ascendency of such a man in Europe an politics with very serious misgivings.

CHIEL.

Miscellaneous.

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.

Lozenges, 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.

☞ Blank Mortgages for sale at the ARGUS office.

☞ Blank Deeds for sale at the ARGUS office.

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.

jan1, 1870:1y J. F. PRICE, Broadway, New Brighton.

Miscellaneous.

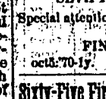
MEYRAN & SIEDLE,
Successors to
HEINEMAN, MEYRAN & SIEDLE,
No. 42 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS,
And dealers in
FINE JEWELRY,
WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND
SILVER PLATED WARE.

Agency for all the best makes of
AMERICAN WATCHES,
SETH THOMAS CLOCKS.

Special attention paid to the repairing and adjusting of
FINE WATCHES.

octb:'70-1y.

Sixty-Five First Prize Medals Awarded.



THE GREAT
Baltimore Piano
Manufactory
WILLIAM KNABE & CO.,
Manufacturers of
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANO FORTES,
BALTIMORE, MD.

These Instruments have been before the public for nearly Thirty years, and upon their excellence alone attained an *unprecedented pre-eminence* which pronounces them unequalled. Their

TONE

combines great power, sweetness and fine singing quality, as well as great purity of intonation, and sweetness throughout the entire scale. Their

TOUCH

is pliant and elastic, and entirely free from the stiffness found in so many Pianos.

In Workmanship

they are unequalled, using none but the very best SEASONED MATERIAL, the large capital employed in our business enabling us to keep an immense stock of lumber, &c., on hand.

☞ All our SQUARE PIANOS have our New Improved Over Strung Scale and the *Agraffe Treble*.

☞ We would call special attention to our late improvements in GRAND PIANOS and SQUARE GRANDS; PATENTED Aug. 24, 1866, which bring the Piano nearer perfection than has yet been attained.

Every Piano Fully Warranted for Five Years.

We have made arrangements for the *Sale Wholesale Agency* for the most Celebrated PARLOR ORGANS and MELODEONS, which we offer Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Factory Prices.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.
Baltimore, Md.
sep28:6m]

Orphans' Court Sale.

Valuable Real Estate in New Brighton, Penna.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Beaver county the undersigned administrators of the estate of Benjamin Whisler, deceased, will expose to public sale on the premises, on

Monday October 24th, 1870,

at 11 o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, late of said deceased, viz: Two lots of ground situate in the borough of New Brighton, county of Beaver, and State of Pennsylvania, being lots Nos. 183½ and 184, in the general plan of said borough, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the corner of Water street and Sassafras alley, thence by said alley 70½ feet to Division alley; thence by division alley 8½ feet to lot No. 183; thence by said lot 81 feet to Water street; thence by Water street 80 feet to the place of beginning; on which is erected a

Two Story Frame Dwelling,

30 by 40 feet; containing 9 rooms, 2 kitchens, hall and attic—and also, a

Cellar under the entire Building.

The house is in good repair, and well calculated for two families. There are, also, a

Stable & other necessary Outbuildings

on the premises, and a never failing well of water on the premises. The lots are planted with good

Fruit trees and Grapevines,

a large number of the latter being in good bearing condition.

The property is in every respect desirable.

TERMS—One third of the purchase money to be be paid in hand at the confirmation of the sale by the Court, and the remainder in two equal annual instalments with interest.

ABELARD WHISLER, *Adm'rs.*
sept23,5w.] MARY WHISLER.

Allen's Potato Digger.

WILL DIG MORE POTATOES THAN
Can be Lifted by
THREE MEN IN THE USUAL WAY

Over One Hundred Sold Last Season by us. ALL WARRANTED.

Only one returned. Sent on receipt of fifteen dollars. W. W. KNOX.
137 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gen'l Agency for the West. [aug10:2m

THE SUEZ CANAL!

WHILE the World is more or less exercised 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.

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.

apr28:6m.

BARGAINS!!

Ladies Satchels selling 85 cents, $1.00 and $1.40

Just received from our importers and manufacturers a large stock of

NOTIONS,

FANCY BASKETS,

CHINA and BOHEMIAN WARE,

HOBBY HORSES, WAGONS, WAX DOLLS, &c. &c.

Call and Examine our Goods.

O'Leary & Singleton's,
148 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.,

apr13:1y] ch'gd june, sept.

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale 'A Farm of one hundred and three acres, situated in Hanover township, Beaver county, one-quarter of a mile from the village of Hanover. Seventy-five acres cleared, balance well timbered; all under fence and in good state of cultivation; plenty of good springs, good fruit; convenient to church, schools and mills. Buildings are a frame house in good repair, frame barn, two frame sheep houses, hog pen, and other out buildings. For further information address, or call on the premises.

JAMES SHILLITO.

Harshaville, Beaver Co. Sept 14, 1870.—3m*

Miscellaneous.

FALLSTON
Foundry & Repair Shop.

Having been Engaged in the Foundry Business for more than thirty years,—during which time I have accumulated a variety of useful patterns, besides constructing models and taking out patents for improvements on

COOKING - STOVES

—and after having thoroughly tested these improvements, I feel warranted in offering them to the public.

PLOWS,

The GREAT WESTERN has no Superior for this Locality.

STOVES,

Stoves of Different Style, for Heating and Cooking,

The Great Republic Cooking Stove

Has the best Record of any Stove ever offered in this market.

IT TAKES LESS FUEL,
LESS ROOM TO DO MORE WORK,
BEST BAKER,
MOST DURABLE
ALTOGETHER
THE BEST STOVE IN USE.

In connection with the stove I have got up a Patent

EXTENSION TOP,

which occupies little room, no additional fuel, and is not liable to wear out, dispenses with all pipe, can be put on or taken off at any time, and made to suit all stoves of any size or pattern.

Five Hundred Persons

Who have purchased and used the

GREAT REPUBLIC COOKING STOVE,

Most of whose names have been published in the ARGUS, are confidently referred to, to bear witness of its superior merits as a cooking stove.

Having three first class engines on hand, of about fifteen horse power capacity, they are offered to the public at reasonable rates.

JOHN THORNILEY.

apr20:1f.

HENRY LAPP,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
FURNITUE,
LOOKING-GLASS & PICTURE FRAMES,
OF ALL SIZES FURNISHED TO ORDER.
Brighton St. above Plow Factory,
ROCHESTER, PENN'A.

The largest stock in Beaver county constantly on hand, and selling at the very lowest prices. Coffins and Hearse provided at the shortest notice. Having a large stock of all kinds of furniture on hand, and wishing to make room for fall and winter work, I have reduced my prices accordingly. aug31:tf.

BEAVER
DRUG STORE,
HUGO ANDRIESSEN,
Druggist & Apothecary,
BEAVER, PENN.

Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines,
AND ALL THE OFFICINAL
Pharmaceutical Preparations,
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Window Glass, &c.

At the Lowest Cash Prices.

Agents for Fahnestock, Haslett & Schwartz's

Strictly Pure White Lead

At Manufacturers' Prices.

Agents for the Chemical Paints, one hundred different shades, all ready for use.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions carefully and scientifically compounded at any time day or night. [aug31:6m