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Miscellancous.

Death of Hon. John Van Buren.

Particulars of his fast Illness. The New York World has a most graphic account of the last illness and the death of Hon. John Van Buren. Our readers of all classes will find the extracts we make of sufficient interest

to be read with pleasure: MR. VAN BUREN'S LAST ILLNESS. Last May, Mr. Van Buren resolved upon a short tour of the United Kingdom and the Continent. In the latter part of that month, Continent. In the latter part of that month, necompanied by his daughter, Miss Van Buren, and his neice, Miss Nellie Van Buren, the daughter of his eldest brother, Coloner Abraham Van Buren, now residing as 46, East Twenty-first street, he embarked on the Seotia, for Liverpool. During the sammer months their travels extended through parts of Sweden, Norway and Prussia, Mr. Van Buren was present at the inte festival tendered the American ironthe late festival tendered the American iron the into festival tendered the American iron-chal squadron at Cronstadt, but declined the request that he should speak. His health, had been apparently good during the period of travel up to this time, and he enjoyed to the utmost the scenery, adventure, novelty, and all that met his eye. Towards the latter part of September it became necessary for Mr. Van Buren to arrange for his return to the United States. It was his wish, and the United States. It was his wish, and the unamous desire of the leaders of the Nu-tramat bemocratic party, that his voice should be heard during the pending can-vass; and several of the most important appointsments in this State had been ar-ranged for him against his expected return. Before final departure, Mr. Van Buren concluded to accept the warm invitation of his freend, Lord bathousic, that he should visit him at his seat in the Highlands, Sev-crat lays were smon with extreme pleasure. unanamous, desire of the leaders of the Naerat days were spent with extreme pleasure an a variety of enjoyment. On Friday, the 2stn of September, Mr. Van Buren and the Messes Van Buron were received at Derei Messes Van Buren were received at Deren-lieh House, Perthshire, Scothand, by Mr. Alexander Dimean, the friend of the dis-tinguished gentleman. It was at his man-sion that Mr. Van Buren was apparently seized with his bital illness, which is stated to have had its sent in an affection of the katheys, inchiening general prostration of the system. During Saturday and Sunday, September 29 and 30, the sickness was not assective as to effect more than a not ino severe as to effect more than a not unusual and an unlarming indisposition. The usual and an unfarming indisposition. The gentleman did not omit his appearance in the social circle at Mr. Duncan's, nor a moder-nic degree of exercise. It was noticeable, however, at this point, that Mr. Van Buren was evidently suffering at times very severe pain of body, which had a retroac-tive effect to a degree upon his mind and bearing. The hermiton unfinitest considerabearing. The began to manifest considera-ble *hauteur* of deportment and a change ableness of choice, that, at the time were not attributed, as afterwards rightly they were, to an incipient mental disorder; but were accounted for by the supposition that his occasional twitches of extreme agony of his occasional twitches of extreme agony of body were not unmaturally producing a peovishness of temper and that eccentricity and variableness of wishing, united to an undue alternion to fittle things, which are so frequent a feature of suffering. These moods were often alternated by sensons of excessive leveliness and almost crotesous indulumna of the obscibilist grotesque induigence of the playfullest fancy, which, though less abnormal to Mr. hancy, which, though less abnormal to Mr. Van Buren's genutity of disposition, were not less exaggerated in their degree and exhibition. But whether rigidly reserved or furereally free in his occasional manifestations of a peculiarity of bearing, the mind of the distinguished gentleman never, in his palmiest hours of oratory or social cheer stone forth with an intenser sourkle. his palmiest hours of oratory or social cheer, shone forth with an intenser sparkle, or a more rapid research. Gems of poetry stores of epigram, a wealth of remembere couplet and anecdote flowed from his tongu illuminated by an originality of diction and which were so characteristic yet inimitable in the man. While at Mr. Dunean's, Mr. Van Buren ordered apartments for himself and party on the Scota, the vessel in which

had be came out from New York. Or Monday, the 1st of October, while still at Derculich House, Mr. Van Buren's condition became much worse, and he scome to be suffering also from a sort of numb ness and paralysis in the left thigh, but he insisted on his departure for the steamer, against the advice of his physician and friends. On the evening of the 5th of October, Mr. Van Buren arrived at Liverpool. His condition was then extremely weak. It was thought advisable, as he declined on any account to remain in England for a while, in the prospect of recruiting greater strength against the fatigues of an Atlantic passage, that the invalid should at once be conveyed to his state rooms on the Seotia, ress and paralysis in the left thigh, but he conveyed to his state rooms on the Scotia. Accordingly it was done. Mr. Van Burer had to be borne thather on a col. had to be borne thither on a cot. The medicidents of embarkation developed a greater degree of observation and attempted energy than had been for several days shown by Mr. Van Buren. He was minute in inquiring about the due disposition of the effects of himself and friends, and during the evening was able to sit up a little and to walk with assistance.

to walk with assistance.

During the night, his rest was uneasy, and towards the morning his mind becam slightly affected, while his system was heated to a high degree, skin dry, and body showing a lack of strength, that was quite alarming to his friends

Alarming to his friends,

On the morning of the 6th, the Scotia weighed anchor and lifted out of the Merseymptoins of febrile excitement, although he was able partially to sit up and be shaved. His disinchination for food continued. A slight amounty of mutton chen tinued. A slight quantity of mutton chor timed. A slight quantity of mutton chop and some tea were all he could be persunded to attempt, and these he didn't take much of. At 9 o'chock br. Brice, the surgeon of the Scotia, was called in at the request of the Misses Van Buren. He found the patient's pulse running high, and that he was suffering considerable nervous depression, which the complaint in the kidneys critically complicated. Other than an administration of stimulants to rally the deficient vital force, but little was preserbed. From this time until Tuesday Mr. Van Buren's condition was a continuance of considerable name and services. of considerable pain and increasing weal

of considerable pain and increasing weak-ness, without any marked symptoms that developed any new features of the disease. He received the unremitting attention of his daughter and mece.

During the period from Tuesday to Fri-day Mr. Van Buren grew apparently neither better nor worse, but simply held his own in the battle with death. He was frequently deligious, mover violantly see requently delirious; never violently but even his aberration was characteriz by the bonhomme that crowned his whole career. He would talk much, at times most willingly. His mind ran mainly on politics. He was full of the situation of the country. Singular to relate, not once did his memory of men, parties, and candidates fail him. He retained that minute knowledge of the political history of the past and of the present political complexion that distinguished him when in health. His anxiety for the restoration of the Union was intense in his illness, and in his life. Could those fervid appeals of the dying sattesmen bonhommie that crowned his who intense in his illness, and in his life. Could those fervid appeals of the dying statesman and patriot have been preserved beyond the occasion that gave them birth, they had been most interesting and sacred. Forgetful of himself and his intense pains, his reason errant on all else, still appreciated and was alive with the peril of the land which he loved with all the fervor of his nature.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

On Friday this supreme anxiety of Mr. Van-Buren for the restoration of the Union showed itself in an instance which is probably one of the most remarkable in mortnary history. He was feeling physically better. His mind showed, however, no increase of directness or clearness upon general topics, or upon any or all, excepting that singular intensity with which he contemplated the distracted condition of the country. While half reclining, half sitting up, supported by distracted condition of the country. While half reclining, half sitting up, supported by the arm of his daughter and niece on either side, Mr. Van Buren's eyes lighted up with an unusual brilliancy, and even in his position he seemed to expand to the eye with the pride and port of the orator of other days. The narrow cubin becomes rare artists was narrow cabin became a vast auditoring to his view, the few friends a mighty audience, but more than all, the int ence, but more than all, the interests of the country rose supreme in his mind and compelled utterance. He began a speech on national affairs, and concluded it not until he had spoken without interruption two and a quarter hours. The gentlemen around his bed say that it was in all respects worthy of, and in some superior to, his happiest efforts. At the first he rapidly and perspicuously photographed the progress, the purposes, and the problems of the late war, and emphasized the pledged faith of the government that it could and should ultimate only in a secured Union of free and equal States. He then adverted to the efforts of Mr. Johnson to carry out that pledge in letter and spirit, and to have for his inspiration and guide the unmistakable commands of the Constitution, and the generous magnammity of the people. This part of this most remarkable address was followed by a scarification of Congress in terms of satire, eloquence and reproach, of which none were so capable as he. A rapid review of policy of regulation and development. the country rose supreme in his mind a compelled utterance. He began a speech which none were so capable as he. A rapid review of policy of reunion and distunton next ensued, and he thought he was once more addressing his fellow-citizens in his native State. The subject was presented with splendid reference to the material in-terests and historic greatness of the Empire

State imperatively demanding that she plant herself square on the side of a perfected Union of equal honored States. At the close Mr. Van Buren pronounced a eulogy upon the worth, the talent, the integrity of Hon. John T. Hoffman, such as only a man of his strong intimucy with the subject of his praise, and that intensity of personal attachment, of which he developed such a remarkable amount, could so gracefully, so sincerely, and so magnetically ed such a remarkable amount, could so gracefully, so sincerely, and so magnetically pronounce. As a piece of composition, whether viewed as a literary, an argumentative, or an oratorical production, this dying address was in all respects no less a credit to the National reputation of the speaker, than it was a vindication and tribute to the cause and motives that evoked its utterance.

its utterance. THE FINAL HOUR.

After the delivery of this extraordinary and affecting address, Mr. Van Buren relapsed into a state of more care and platitude than he had manifested since the beginning of his illness. He seemed more comfortable in body and mind was not either so petulent or restless, and passed a comparatively easy night on Friday. On Saturday the condition was the same. Up to this time no immediate apprehension of a fatal result had been felt. Mr. Var. Buren's attendants, and he himself, in his lucid seasons, thought he would get better on landing, and quickly recover the tone of his mind and system. His fever still continued, but his pain was more occasional. On Saturday evening he appeared more hopeful than ever, and notlesd with that emment courtesy of his, he presented and attendance of his develop THE FINAL HOUR. offeed with that eminent courtesy of his the presence and attendance of his devoted nices, and daughter, and his friends. They left him, as was their wont, shortly after 10 P. M., in the expectation of his passing a not usually easy night. Just before the clock was on the stroke of cleven Mr. Vanr Buren signified to the nurse his desire to rise and in proceeding to assist him, the nurse saw that imperceptibly but fearfully, rapidly, a decisive change had come over the countenance of the sufferer. He did not speak, nor seemed able to do so. The floridity had left his face. His eyes appeared vacant. The end was coming. Dr. Brice, the surgeon, was called. He came. As he supported Mr. Van Buren, and just as his daughter and nicco were entering in answer to the summons sent them, his head left back upon the pillow, and he dieft without a struggle or the least visible pain, a smile spreading over his forch to desadulous at the worm. the presence and attendance of his devoted r the least visible pain, a smile spreading ever his face in dissolution as if he were at ast at rest and in peace. It was ten minutes sast eleven at night. The cause of his sadpast eleven at night. The cause of his sodden departure when in apparently not an immediately dangerous condition was owing, it was supposed, to there having been a severe and complete collapse of the powers in that part of the system affected by the muhady. The body of the decased was properly and promptly had out, and placed in a temporary collin, which rested in the boat just suspended beyond the wheelhouse on the port side of the ship. At the request of the Misses Van Buren, the desire of the missengers to declare their sympathy of the Misses Van Buren, the destre of the passengers to declare their sympathy and condolence for them, and their ad-miration for the distinguished deceased, by a public meeting, was withheld expression. When the Scotla arrived yesterday the tidings of the death of Mr. Van Buren created a profound grief and surprise in the circles of all parties, and in every social and business centre of the city. Major General Dix, Collector Smythe, and Surveyor Wake-man, assisted by the Democratic State Cen-tral Committee, through Hon, S. J. Tilden, trail Committee, through Hon, S. J. Tilden, proceeded on the revenue cutter Jamestown to the Scotia lying off Jersey City, and obtained the body, which they delivered to Mr. Isaac Brown, of Grace Church, who has superintendence of the preparations of the obscquies. For the present the remains are temporarily mayaultat Grace Church, where the funeral services will occur at 104 A. M., on Frichay morning, the 19th inst., Rev. Dr. Morgan officiating. The flags of the city will remain half-masted, until the final interment, which is expected will be at the tral Committee, through Hon, S. J. Tilden. terment, which is expected will be at the family ground at Kinderhook.

The Evening Star Disaster.

Painful Details----Frightful Scenes of Board .--- An Hour of Agony ---- Terrible

Suffering and Loss of Life. The propeller Virgo arrived at New York on Sunday from Savannah, with three of the survivors of the steamer Evening Star the survivors of the steamer Evening Star on board—the purser, Ellery S. Allen, chief engineer, Robert Finger, and a passenger, W. H. Harris. The statements of the pur-ser and engineer are brief, being in sub-stance that the vessel began to leak early in the hurricane, grew more unmanagable un-til she went down at daybreak of the 3d inst. The narrative of the passenger gives more details, and is a thrilling story of his own and his companions' suffering. The own and his companions' suffering. The following is one of the statements:

following is one of the statements:

STATEMENT OF MR. W. H. HARRIS.
The Evening Star, Capt. Knapp, sailed from New York, Sept. 29, for New Orleans. On the morning of the 2d of October it began to blow pretty hard, and continued to increase gradually until the morning of the 3d, when it blew a perfect hurricane. At this time we were 180 miles east of Tyber Island. After weathering the storm for fourteen hours, she foundered at daylight on the morning of the 3d, with two hunon the morning of the 3d, with two hun on the morning of the 3d, with two hundred and seventy-five souls on board, only sixteen of whom were saved. About 5 o'clock on the morning of the 2d it began to blow very hard. I stood in the doorway of what was called the "social hall," which is a little saloon at the head of the stairway leading to the main saloon. This saloon was filled with ladies at this time. At 6 o'clock the vissel commenced to shin such 6 o'clock the vessel commenced to ship such heavy seas that the floor of the hall was covered with water, and made it very disa-greeable for the ladies to remain there. At 1.30 o'clock all hands were called on decl

tion of clock an nation were called on deck to bail water out of the engine room, the seas having washed down over the vessels and into the room. A party of men went forward and succeeded in getting the water all out of there.

We had some trouble with the French-men of the Opera Trouble, in consequence men of the Opera Troupe, in consequence of their not being able to understand Eng-lish. However, they did their best, and worked willingly when they understood what to do. At 2 o'clock the men were all what to do. At 2 o'clock the men were all tired with hard work, and, as the water continued to gain upon us, we gave up all as lost. The water at this time was six feet feet deep in the hold, and the ship was rolling about in the tempest like a log, the waves breaking over her in quick succession. However, all was done that could be done, and as darkness came on, most of the passengers went below. At 5 o'clock next morning I went on deck, and the sight that there met my gaze can never be erased morning I went on deck, and the sight that there met my gaze can never be erased from my memory. At daylight, on looking around, I found the ship, sure enough, a total wreck, and the sight one to make the stoutest heart quail. The whole of the paddle boxes had been carried away, nothing but the fans being left. The pilothouse was gone, and the guards also. The sea was running monatains high, the spray ca was running mountains high, the spray dowing about like rain, and the wind ushing through the rigging and about the dismantled ship. The hurricane was now at its height. I forgot to mention that the

dismantled ship. The hurricane was now at its height. I forgot to mention that the engine stopped working at 2 o'clock in the morning, in consequence of the breaking of the steampipe, and the fires being put out. The donkey engine was therefore also uscless. At daylight the captain told the women that nothing more could be done, and that if any of them wanted to get into the boats they could do so.

Mr. Allen, the purser, then came with the ladies out of the cabin. All those who could get life-preservers had them, and they were very few. He placed them in a boat, but she no sooner touched the water than she capsized, and all were washed away. The ship all this time was filling fast; I stood by some hatches, intending to hold on to them along with several women, when we shipped a heavy sea forward of the wheelhouse on the starboard side, and went down. In an instant the sea swept me clear of the deck, and carried me down some twenty-five feet, I thought. When I came to the surface, I found myself in the midst of the wreck of the vessel, surrounded by floating spars and drift wood. Men and women were floating all about, clinging to anything they could lay ho.d of. All shouts for aid were drowned by the fury of the hurricane. I got hold of a piece of the fragments of the saloon, upon which I pulled myself, but was thrown off again and again by the violence of the waves, in each new effort to regain my position, lacerating my hands and limbs on the nails and splinters effort to regain my position, lacerating my hands and limbs on the nails and splinters

hands and limbs on the nails and splinters in the pieces of wreck. In this way I clung to life for two or three hours.

While drifting about in this way I could see the whole of the wreck as it lay before me. I saw the hurricane deck, two hundred feet along, crowded with human beings, herded together. Some of these were standing, and some sitting, all helpless and despairing. I now drifted near a life-boat, keel up, for which I abandoned my piece of wreck and swam. Others were clinging to wreck and swam. Others were c wreck and swam. Others were clinging it, whom I assisted to right it. When I su nt, whom I assisted to right it. When I succeeded in getting in with the others I recognized the purser, Mr. Allen. There were now ten of us, but after this we were frequently upset, each time losing one or more of our number, again adding to them by picking up others. Helpless to manage the boat, which was filled with water and drifting at the mercy of the sea we passed and boat, which was filled with water and drifting at the mercy of the sea, we passed and
repussed the wreck during the day. Towards
evening we lost sight of it. We had been
sitting in water all duy long, and when night
came on we began to feel the want of food
and water, but we had neither. Just after
dark I picked up a turnip, of which we each
took a bite, and this was all we ate during
the day. We were now so dry that some

drank sea water, which made them very flighty, while others drank their own urine, which answered better. The morning of the fourth was very fine, so we determined to get the water out of our boat.

At daylight we came up to one of the wrecked, who was floating on a piece of the cabin, and had an oar with which to guide his craft. We got alongside and put some of the men on it, after which we upset our boat, thus getting the water out of it. We then got in again, and felt comparatively comfortable, but still suffering for the want of food and water. We then rigged two masts out of pieces of the wreck, and two masts out of pieces of the wreck, and made sails out of the covering of the life-preservers. We then headed east-north-

preservers. We then headed east-north-east. At 8 o'clock we fell in with the third mate, with nine men in another life-boat, who gave each of us a handful of crackers; but, unfortunately, our throats were so parched with the long thirst, and by drink-ing sea water, we were unable to swallow this food. The two boats then part-ed company, we taking a more northerly direction than the other. At 5 o'clock, on the 5th, we fell in with the Nor-worden bark Fleetwing, from Balize, Hono'clock, on the 5th, we fell in with the Nor-wegian bark Fleetwing, from Balize, Hon-duras, for Liverpool, who took us on board. Here we remained thirty-three hours. On the 6th spoke the schooner J. Waring, Capt. Frank Smith, from New York for Apala-chicola, Florida. This vessel having suf-ferred in the gale and got crippled, she put into Savannah for repairs. While we were n board the Waring the captain and crev did all in their power to relieve our wants, even at their own discomfort. While we even at their own discomort. While we were floating in the life-boat, a young woman, about eighteen years of age, caught hold with us and clung on for several hours. She held on while we enpsized three times, but kept growing weaker. At last we were turned over again, and she was lost. We will got very much exhausted and could ill got very much exhausted and could scarcely hold on to the bout; Mr. Allen became very weak, and would have been lost but for assistance given him. We were all bruised more or less, and the sait water made our wounds very painful.
Captain Knapp did his duty faithfully
broughout, doing all in his power to save
ils ship, and when he found there was no
tope, contributed much to preserving order
unong the passengers and crew. He floated
or some time, but while clinging to one of
he life hasts he was struck or the board by

he life-bouts he was struck on the head by piece of timber and killed. On our arriva a piece of timber and killed. On our arrival at Savannah, the purser, Mr. Allen, did everything that was in his power to make us comfortable. We had lost everything, and even the clothes we had on were ruined by our long exposure in the water. New suits were given us, and passage to New York secured for us on the propolite Virgo. On board this latter vessel we received every attention from the officers. We were all vory much simburned while in the open Il very much sunburned while in the open out, and during our passage home the skin celed off our faces and hunds.— I am still peeled off our faces and hands. I am still hume and sore, but will be all right in a few days. One of the passengers on board the Evening Star was Capt, Joseph P. Robin-son, of Boston, a brave and gallant man. He was one of the coolest mon on board the swreck, and labored manfully to save the ship and to earn the fours of the women and frightened men. He struggled hard for and frightened men. He struggled hard fo als life, but was struck by a piece of th

his life, but was struck by a piece of the floating wreck and went down.

The women on board the ship behaved nobly during the terrible scences of the tempest, yielding a ready compliance to all orders given them. There were about forty prostitutes on board the ship, but they had behaved with great propriety from the first. There were but two or three exceptions to this, and they were not particularly bad. Most of the women had been obliged to remain in their rooms or in the saloons, premain in their rooms or in the saloons, pre vious to the storm, owing to the rough vious to the storm, owing to the rough weather. Many of them were sea-sick, as, indeed, were many of the men. One of the prostitutes, who was the proprietress of an elegant house of ill-fame in New Orleans, had a beautiful pair of ponies on board and a fine new carriage. They were all anxious to work when danger appeared, and some of them did good service.

Captain Robinson, referred to in the statement of Mr. Harris, was a member of the firm of Bouve & Robinson, and was returning to New Orleans, where his house turning to New Orleans, where his house

had a branch store, Captain Robinson was a son of Rev. J. P. Robinson, a well-known min was one of the earliest volunteers in the late war, and was connected with the Potomac army through all its vicissitudes. He was detached from the regiment in which he enlisted and attached to the United States engineer corps. In all the bloody battles wherein he had taken part he escaped with hardly a scratch. His destiny present to mark to seeme the partis, of proved to have been to escape the perils of he buttle-field and meet a watery grave. the battle-field and meet a watery grave. Among the passengers on the fil-fated steamship whose names did not appear in the published list, were Lieut, W. P. Dixon, of the Sixth United States cavalry, who graduated at the United States military academy at West Point, in June last; also Wylde Hardinge, of the late Confederate privateer ship Shenandoah. He was the husband of Belte Boyd, who is now in New York city.

The Pony and the Hand Organ. The Paris correspondent of the Nationgossipping about Franconi's circus gives this glimpse of pains-taking be

York city.

hind the scenes: A writer in one of the popular journal here, apropos of the surprising feats of the animals now performing at Fran-coni's new establishment, has given the public the benefit of his researches into the matter, and tells to a listening world how the feat of playing on a barrel-organ was taught to a horse belonging to a trainer with whom he happened to be

acquainted. acquainted.

It seems that the horse in question had already, under the lessons of his master, developed an unusual degree of intelligence, his eyes in particular be-coming so full of expression that one could hardly doubt that he understood very much of what was said to him. But his leanness was such to him. But his leanness was such that he had become a mere skeleton. His master had great hopes of him. He had been in training about a year and had already learned to lie down and get up as ordered, to enact the dead horse, to fire a pistol, and to give which-ever of his fore hoofs was asked for. At ength the professor began the task of teaching this promising pupil to turn barrel organ; but either this particula species of exercise was repugnant to his astes, or the sound of the organ was lisagreeable to his ears. Certain it was that the animal, usually so docile, wa esolute in his refusal to touch the handle of the barrel organ. His pre-ceptor had labored the point for a month without being able to vanquish the repugnance of the horse for the object so constantly presented to his att ntion. Coaxings, caresses, and the whip were employed in turn, and equally without success. On these occasions the horse's eves expressed as clearly as though he had spoken it in so many words, the absolute determination not to touch the

The trainer, though naturally of a violent temper, was always patient and gentle with his equine pupil. Whenever he felt that the obstinacy of the handle of the organ. orse was on the point of getting the better of his apparent calmness, he leave the stable to give vent to his irritation out of sight or hearing o the animal. To those who prophesied that the horse would never turn the handle of the organ he replied, "He shall turn it or die.

At length, perceiving that he made no progress in the work of vanquishing the animal's obtinacy, he caused the windows of the stable to be stuffed with a ray of light was visible, and a couple of men, hired for that purpose, beat a frum incessantly beside the animal's stall, relieving one another at stated intervals. The struggle was continued for four days and nights, during which the professor returned to the charge once every hour, presenting the handle of the organ to his refactory pupil, re-newing his command to the latter to take hold of it.

The neighborhood was beginning to threaten the trainer with a summons before the police court to answer to the charge of disturbing its slumbers with the perpetual beating of the horrible drum, when the unfortunate horse comrehended at last that there was no prehended at last that there was no other chance of deliverance left to him, suddenly seized the handle of the organ with his teeth, and turned with all the liltte strength that was left him. Daylight was at once restored to the stable, the drummers were dismissed, all pos-sible caresses and the finest oats were avished on the new docile scholar, who never forgot the terrible lessons of his four days' struggle, but whatever may have been the sentiments with which he regarded the operation, never falled vigorously to turn the handle of the

Charles Dickens. Home Life of Box |From Every Saturday.|

I had long felt an ardent desire to make the acquaintance of the eminent author whose works, and especially whose David Copperfield, I had read and re-read. Informed of this desire, my old neighbor, Paul Feval (who is the most obliging fellow in Christen-dom) offered me a letter of introduction to Charles Dickens, which I accepted

with alacrity.
The moment I reached London I asked for the celebrated novelist's addres was told that "Charles Dickens lived at Gadshill, about twenty-four miles from London by rail." I wrote to Mr.

Dickens the next day.

The tollowing morning I received a note, in very good French, and in a fine, regular hand, which formed a marked contrast with the terrible scrawl of your humble servant. Mr. Dickens informed me in this note that he was scarcely ever bsent from home, except on Saturdays when he went to London to superin tend the publication of his last novel, which appeared in numbers) and invited me to come out to see him. The railway from London to Gadshill s built on the right bank of the Thames, and runs parallel with the river almost the whole way; consequently the jaunt is a very pleasant one. The train takes about an hour to run the distance, so at the end of 60 minutes I got out of the railway carriage at Gadshill station; and, as I had not informed him of my coming, I had to walk up the hill or whose summit lies the village in which is Mr. Dickens' residence.

As I drew near the first house of the

As I drew near the first house of the village, and was about to ask my way. I saw a gentleman coming up the hill behind me with firm and rapid step. He was a man about 50 years old, of average height, good shape, straight as an arrow, with moustache and goatee turning slightly gray, and having the energetic look and decisive air of our officers of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, 1 asked him, in execrable English you please to tell me which is Mr. Dickens' house ?'' The gentleman replied in French, Allow me to show you the way there.

I am Charles Dickens. I am Charles Dickens.
On the way he talked in the most friendly manner about Paul Feval, whose talents he esteems very highly, and about Feehter, with whom he is extremely intimate. I noticed that he had a very sympathetic tome of volce, and a clear and abrupt way of talking, which added to his military manners. We reached his house, situated at an uncle of the village. In front of it hay angle of the village. In front of it lay a lawn stretching to the road. A large garden, likewise belonging to Mr. Dickens, lies on the other side of the road; it is reached by a subterranean passage under the road. The stable yard, the stables, and carriage-houses are on the

right of the house.

Like most English cottages, Mr.
Dickens' is plainly built and kept up with the most perfect order. It is not more than two stories high. As you right of the house. more than two stories high. As you enter, there is a small drawing room on the right, containing Mr. Dickens' library; next is Mr. Dickens' study, which is very plainly furnished, and has no ornament except two or three bronzes. The windows open on a sort of garden surrounding the house, and, as the house stands on a high piece of ground, an extensive view of the neighporing country may be enjoyed from them. On the left is the large drawing room, filled with everything to make one comfortable, and decorated with great luxury, but with no attempt at show. Perfect taste reigns over everything. The drawing room opens into The drawing room thing. The drawing room opens into the dining room; under the dining-room is the kitchen. Above these rooms are the bed-chambers, which are irregularly distributed, but they are ex-tremely comfortable and profusely fur-

nished with those needful and vast utensils which are indispensable to the toilette of every Englishman. After talking for a few minutes in his study, Mr. Dickens introduced me to his family. It consisted that day of his daughter and sister-in-law. He has several other children, as many as six or eight, I believe; but his sons, kept in London by their professions, rarely ome out to see him, exception Sundays.

Another of his daughters is married to a cousin of Wilkie Collins, the author of "The Woman in White." The daughter I had the honor to meet at Gadshill is a young and beautiful lady of twenty, whose courteous and kind of twenty, whose courteous and kind features are a good deal like those of her father. Both of the ladies spoke French and their conversation had a French

turn, which was probably due to the annual visit they make to Paris. Dickens is very fond of France and the French.

Dickens' favorite time for working is in the morning. He rises very early and sets to work at once. He lightly breakfasts at about half past nine, and continues to work until twelve o'clock. At this hour he lunches. After lunch he goes out into the fields, and does not return home until half-past six o'clock. He walks every day some eight or ten miles. He walks rapidly.

Dickens' writing is as I have said, fine and regular. It is not unlike Paul Feval's hand. He keeps and has had bound the manuscript of some of his works. It seems to me his favorite.

works. It seems to me his favorite novel is "David Copperfield." How-ever, he rarely speaks of his works; but when he is driven to talk of them, he talks about himself with rare impartial-ity, without vanity, and without false products. His conversation is striking modesty. His conversation is striking by its vivacity, natural tone, and the absence of everything like humbug and studied attitude.

Charles Dickens possesses a remarka ble talent for reading. He reads admi-rably and with wonderful spirit. I have rably and with wonderful spirit. I have been told by several persons that he acts comedy with rare perfection, and that it was formerly one of his favorite amusements. He is, as I have already said, on an intimate footing with Fetcher, who has obtained an immense success in the part of Hamlet, and who is now the manager and one of the chief actors of the Lyceum Theatre. After my first excursion to Gadshill I returned there with M. and Mme. Fechter, and stayed two or three days with him. It is impossible for anybody to

be more amiable and kind to guests than are Mr. Dickens and all his family. There are two enormous Newfounds and dogs in the yard, which visitors are warned not to approach too near, and two small dogs of more friendly humor. There is very little seen of the servants in his or in any other English house. The service is performed rapidly and noiselessly, and nobody seems to pay it attention. Dickens' favorite wine is Bordeaux wine. Dickens is extremely hospitable. He is fond of receiving company informally and intimately every day of the week, and especially Sunday, despite the English custom which is beginning to be modified some what on this subject. A happy and kindly nature, his eminently sympa-thetic influence is a charm which works

on every one brought in contact with

Queen Victoria has five daughters. The oldest is the wife of the Crown Prince of Prussia. She is destined t The second, Alice, is the wife of Hesse-Darmstadt whose principality has been lately absorbed by Prussia. The third, Helena, became recently the wife of the Prince of Teck, who is a Prince without a principality. Two remain unmarried—Lousie, who is in her eighteenth year and Beaetrice, who is in her ninth. What is to be done with Louise, now that most of the Protestant German Princes have been ousted from their petty thrones by Prussia? There is only one Protestant Prince now available for royal conjugal purposes, and he is the brother of the Princess of Wales, King George of Greece. Mr. Gladstone s consequently, to proceed to enter upon this delicate negotiation. Her proposed husband was a mere youth, who dances have been the sentiments with which he regarded the operation, never failed vigorously to turn the handle of the barrel-organ whenever the word of command was given.

Hudsdand was a line by outh, who dances children put on gorgeous harness and sturt on a tower to astonish peple. They succeed in doin it. Meantime the He had squirts, and Time rolls on. Let it roll.

A very nice old town is Stratford,

A. Ward at Shakespeare's Tomb. [From the London Punch, Sept. 26.] MB. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR: I've been lingerin by the tomb of the la-mentid Shakspeare.

It is a success.
I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as such.
You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of litteratoor, you may publicate it.
I told my wife Betsy when I left home that I should go to the birthplace of "Otheller" and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know he was the greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as prowses, and the

breezes as Blowses but a Boss Poit—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything,' She was packing my things at the time, and the only answer she made was to ask me if I was goin to carry both of my red flaunel night caps.
Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the
Avon, the birthplace of Shakspear. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The people of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem' and them as sell picture of his bir place, &c., make it prof'tible cherishin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom.

As I stood gazing on the spot where Shakspeare is s'posed to have fell down on the ice and hurt hisself when a boy (this spot cannot be bought—the town

authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford), I wondered if three hundred years hence picturs of nin birthplace will be in demand? Will the peple of my native town be proud of me in three hundred years? I guess they won't short of that time, because they say the fat man weighin 1,000 pounds which I exhibited there was pounds which I exhibited there was stuffed out with pillers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July, "Oh bother, I can't stand this," and commenced pullin the pillers out from under his weskit 'and heavin 'em at the audience. I never saw a man lose flesh so fast in my life. The audience said I was a pretty man to come chiselin my own townsmen in that way.
Do not be angry, feller-citizens. hibited him simply as a work of art. 1 simply wished to show you that a man could grow fat without the ald of codliver oil." But they wouldn't listen to me. They are a low and grovelin set of peple, who excite a feelin of loathin in

every brest where lorfty emotions and original idees have a bidin place. I stopped at Learnington a few minits on my way to Stratford, onto the Avon, and a very beautiful town it is. I went into a shoe shop to make a purchis, and as 1 entered I saw over the door those dearfamiliar words," By Appointment: H. R. H.; and I said to the man, "Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London four hundred boot and shoe shops by Appoint ment: H.R. H.; and now you're at it.
It is simply onpossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots." "Don't tell me," I said, in a voice choked with emotion—"Oh, do not tell me that you also make boots for him. Say slippers -say that you mend a boot now and then for him; but do not tell me that you make 'em reg'lar for him."

The man smilt, and said I didn't understand these things. He said I per-

haps had not noticed in London that dealers in all sorts of articles was By Appintment. I said, "Oh, hadn't I?" Then a sudden thought flasht over me. "I have it!" I said, "When the Price walks through a street, he no doubt looks at the shop windows." The man said, "No doubt." 'And the enterprisin' tradesman,' continued, "the moment the Prince I continued, "the moment the Prince gets out of sight, rushes frantically, and

has a tin sign painted, By Appintmint, H. R. H.! It is a beautiful, a great I then bought a pair of shoe strings, and wringin the shopman's honest hand, I started for the Tomb of Shakspeare in a hired fly. It lookt, however, more like a spider. "And this," I said, as I stood in the old church-yard at Stratford, beside a tomb stone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakspeare. Alars! and this is the spot where -

a man—a worthy villager: "S peare is buried inside the church." "Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commence movin backwards towards the street. I pursood and captered him, and after talkin to him a spell in a skarcastic stile, I let him went.

The old church was damp and chill.

It was rainin. The only persons there when I entered was a fine bluff old gentleman, who was talkin in a excited manner to a fashnibly dressed young man. "No, Ernest Montresser," the old gentleman said, "it is idle to pursoo this subjeck no further. You can never marry my daughter. You were seen last in Piccadilly, without a umbreller! I said then as I say now one reller! I said then, as I say now, any young man as ventures out in a uncertain climit like this without a umbreller, lacks foresight, caution, strength of mind, and stability, and he is not the proper person to intrust a daughter's slapt the old gentleman on the

shoulder, and I said, "You'r right! You're one of those kind of men—you He wheeled suddenly round, and in a indignant voice said, "Go way—go way! This is a privit intervoo."
I didn't stop to enrich the old gentleman's mind with my conversation. I sort of inferred that he wasn't inclin to listen to me, and so I went on. he was right about the umbreller.

really delighted with this grand old country. Mr. Punch, but you must admit that it does rain rayther numerously here. Whether this is owing to monerkal form of gov'ment or not, I leave all candid and onprejudiced per sons to say.

William Shakspeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentaters, Shaksperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurtsaid poet or dramatist much. And there is no doubt if these commentaters and persons continuer investigatin Shakspeare's career, we shall not, in doo time, know anything about it at all. When a mere lad little William at-

tended the Grammer School, because, as he said, the Grammer School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark, comin from one so young and inex-perunced, set peple to thinkin there night be somethin in this lad. He subsequently wrote "Hamlet" and "Geo. Barnwell." When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, ittle William was chosen by his fellowoupils to deliver a farewell address. pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, Sir," he said, "in a glorus career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall all be gratified! That's so." My young readers, who wish to know

about Shakspeare, better get these val-lyable remarks framed. I returned to the hotel. Meetin a young married couple, they asked me if I could direct them to the hotel which Washington Irving used to keep? "I've understood that he was onsuccessful as a landlord," said the lady. "We've understood," said the young man, "that he busted up." I told 'em I was a stranger, and hur-

ried away. They were from my country, and ondoubtedly represented a thrifty He well somewhere in Pennsylvany. It's a common thing, by the way, for a old farmer in Pennsylvany to wake up some mornin and find ile squirtin all around his back yard. He sells out for 'normous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and A very nice old town is Stratford,

and a capital inn is the Red Horse.

Every admirer of the great S. must go there once certinly; and to say one isn't a admirer of him, is equiv'lent to sayin one has just about brains enough to become a efficient tinker.

Some kind person has sent me Chawcer's Poems. Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a lit'rary man onless he knows how

pe a lit'rary man onless he knows spel. It is a pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus, was so unedicated. He's the wuss speller I know of. I guess I'm through, and so I lay down the pen, which is more mightier than the sword, but which I'm fraid would stand a rayther slim chance beside the needle-Adoo! Adoo!

ARTEMUS WARD.

Legal Aotices. A UDITOR'S NOTICE.—ESTATE OF
A Jacob Minnich, Jr., late of Manheim
township, Lancaster county, decea-eel. The
undersegned Auditor, appointed to distribute
the balance remaining in the hands of Kate G.
Minnich and Z.ccheius Minnich, Administrators of sail I deceased, to and among those legally entitled to the same, will sit for that purpose
on THURSDAY, THE STH DAY OF NOVEMIBER, ised, at 20 clock, in the ufternoon, in the
Library Room of the Court House, in the City
of Lar caster, where all persons interested in
said distribution only attend.
oct 17 4tw 4! W. R. WILSON, Auditor.

ENTATE OF ANNA RLINE, LATE OF the Borough of Washington, Manor township, deceased.—Letters of Administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons, indebted thereto see resigned, all persons indepted thereto are re-quested to make immediate payment, and those having calms or demands against the same will present them for settlement to the undersigned, reading in said township. BARNHERD MANN, (Farmer), oct 17-tw*41 Administrator. E NTATE OF SARAH REGERREIS.

L hate of West Cocalico township, deceased, betters of Advalustration on said estate hav-leg been granted to the undersigned, all per-sons finitelited thereto are requisited to make a mindlate payment, and those having claims of mands against the same will present them for settlement to the undersigned, residing in add township,
BENJAMIN KEGERREIS,
Administrato

INTATE OF CURISTOPHER GRAHAM, LATATE OF CHRISTOFF IN A CARLES Into of Bart township, deceased. Letters testamentary on said Estate having been granted to the subscribers, rest-ling in said township, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them, without delay, properly authenticated for settlement, to HARRISON GRAHAM,

JOHN M. HEYBERGER, oct 1761w ii Executors.

A UDITOR'S NOTICE ... ESTATE OF A UDITOR'S NOTICE.-ENTATE OF A Richard Ferrick, are of Columbia borough, decid.-The undersigned Audi or appointed to distribute the balance remaining in the bands of Samuel Truscott, Administrator d. b. n. c. t. a., to and among those legally entitled to the same will altend for that purpose, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd, 1866, at 10 or oct. A. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, where all persons interested in said distribution may attend.

H. B. SWARR, oct 3 flw 39 Auditor.

E STATE OF HENRY KAPROTH, Late of sulfsbury township, dec'd. Lotters stamentary on the estate of said deceased as ing been granted to the absertbor residing read township, all persons indected to said sade are requested to make immediate payor at, and those having claims will present our, without delay, properly authenticated or settlement, to MILTON L. KAFFROTH, sep 19 6 tw 43 LISTATE OF JEREMIAH SWISHER.

oct 3 Itw 39

Lilate of Colerain township, dee'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of said dee'd, having been granted to the subscribers residing in said township, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate paymen, and those having claims will present teem, without delay, properly authenticated for settlement, to

S. U.S.WISHLER,

Sen 1960 v. 37.

J. P. SWISHLER

ISTATE OF MARTHA FRY, DECD.— Letters testamentary to the estate of Martha Fry, late of Mount Joy borough, Lan-caster county, dee'd, having been granted to the understaned, residing in said borough; All persons intelled to said decadent will please make meaning the property of the prop make prompt payment, and those laying claims against her will present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to MOUNT JOY, Sep. 23th, 1886.

OFICE FROM THE CLERK OF THE
Orphans' Court of Lancaster county, Pa,
—In the matter of the petition for the sale of
the real estate of James Cory, late of the City
of Lancaster, deceased, and now, September
fith, 1866, the Court, on motion of Jesse Landis,
Esq., grant a rule on all persons interested in
said estate to appear in Court on or before the
3rd MONDAY in NOVEMBER, 1868, and show
cause why the Court should not make a decree
commanding Robert A. Evans, Administrator
of the estate of said deceased, to sell said real
estate at public sale, and the moneys arising
from such sale to be disposed of agreeably to
the provisions of the Will of said decedent.

J. C. BALDWIN, sep 26 6tw 36)

J. C. BALDWIN,
Clerk of Orphans' Cour

Miscellaueous.

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are some characteristics where.

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SYMPTOMS

slight. Persons finding they have a cold, that they have frequent attacks, and are more sensitive to the changes of temperature. In this condition the nose may be dry, or a slight discharge, thin and acrid, afterwards thick and idhesiye, may ensue. As the disease becomes chronic, the discharges

The symptoms of Catarrh are at first very

are increased in quantity and changed in quality; they are now thick and heavy, and are hawked or coughed off. The secretions are offensive, causing a bad breath; the voice thick and nasal; the eyes are weak; the sense of smell is lessened or destroyed; deafness fre quently takes place. Another common and important sympton

of Catarrh is, that the person is obliged to

clear his throat in the morning of a slick or slimy mucous, which has fallen from the head during the night. When this takes place, the person may be sure that this disease is on its way to the lungs, and should lose no time it The above are but few of the many Catarrha symptoms. Write to our Laboratory for ou

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