Loetry.

All letters on business should be addressed to H. G. SMITH & Co.

THE SONG OF THE WORKINGMAN. Those of our hard-fisted, hard-working brethren throughout the North, who have been deluded into acting and voting with the Radical "Blockheads" for the past few years, should read and ponder well the following lines, and then answer for himself, if he can, "why the rich grow richer and the poor poorer.

Work! Work! Work! With pick, and shovel, and axe, ay New England's protection; Your own and the bondholder's tax.

Work! Work! Work!

There are millions of niggers to feed,
And the cost is hitched on with the bondhold
ers' cialm.

And the sum of New England's greed. Tug! Toil! Sweat!
Still harder than each day before;
It will go to keep niggers and bondholde
And the wolfaway from the door.

Work! Work! Work! From the dawn to the dask of day,
For your nopes are crushed with a weight of
debt,
That toll of your fife won't pay. You gave your son to the war; The rich man losned his gold; the rich man's son is happy to day, And yours is under the mould.

You did not think, poor man— on scarce believe when you're told, e sum which the rich man loaned t the wat. Was the price for which you were sold. Your son was as good as his! And as dear, perhaps, to you, But yours died for his, and your daughter now For his must wash and sew.

Nay, do not pause to think, Or sigh for y ur children or wife, your moments are mortgaged to hopeles your moments are mortgage toil, The rest of your weary life.

Misellaneous.

George Francis Train Solves the Indian Question.

[From the Omaha Herald June 8th.] Train's speech to the Vice President's Senatorial party cuts right and left. As usual, he is heading against the tide, but tells some truths that will create a sensation. He said:
You are just in time, Mr. President, to help me settle the Indian question We must introduce them to the Esqui We must introduce them to the Esqui-maux. Sumner's sixty page speech proves that the climate is full of hunt-ing fields. [Laughter.] The only way to settle the question, is to sell our ironclads to Russia and Japan, and give me the contract to remove the Indians forthwith, to the cool and refreshing climate of, our New Territory, Whale-oil-ian. [Laughter and applause.] To show that I am willing to do the fair thing, I will agree to divide the profits with the President. Cabinet, Senate, House, Government, States, and Willenberg, Wood. ernors of States, and Thurlow Weed [laughter]; and I will donate one hunired thousand dollars toward defeating Grant, and elevating myself to the Presidency. [Laughter.] Lo! the poor Indian is on the war path. Comanche, Sioux, Blackfeet, Crows, Pah-Ute, Arapahoes, Poncas, Moquins, Apaches, Cheyennes, Brules, Ogalialias, Uncapus, Yankton and Sansares! The holy alliance is signed. The struggle is for life or death! Fight

ousand strong!
The Seminole Chief speaks for all "Haze with your serried columns, I will not bend the knee, The shackle ne'er again shall bind The arm that now is free.

They are all united, sixty

"I scorn your profered treaty,
The pate-face I defy,
I'll curse ye with my latest breath,
And hate you till I die." Then be it so. Our Christianity has triumphed. We have bought his birth-How grand our civilization. We have debauched him, robbed him, swindled him! [That's so.] Are we not christians? We lie, we cheat, we steal! Are we not his superiors? [Laughter.] We make treaties only to break them! liam Penn ratified his without an oath. and it was good. We solemnly swear, and "damn" is the first christian word the Indian learns. Most of his Great Fathers at Washington swear! Our church steeples still point toward The Indian is too low down for our philanthropy, except with the Lutherans. Two Lutheran missionaries have just come in from the war path ny information is better than the and my information is better than the War Department or the Interior. Itell you we are on the eve of a great Indian [Sensation.] ceived with open arms:

"The white man landed; need the rest be told? The new world stretched its dark hand to the old." Had the Pequot killed Miles Standish, had Powhattan tomahawked Smith, Longfellow would not have written of John Alden the Possbontas history might not have proved a fable. Coope never would have painted an Uncas representative Indian, and Black Hawk yould have never made Jackson President, or Tecumseh pushed Harrison into the White House.

While I have no special admiration for the poetical views our authors and painters have given of the red man's bravery and noble characteristics, I am thoroughly convinced that religious wars or political hate never committed greater outrages in the Old World than the cruelties we have precise. the cruelties we have practiced upon the Indians in the name of Christianity,

civilization and commerce in the New [Cheers and applause.]
Yes, you may talk about Suraj ul
Dowlah, and the Black Hole of Calcutta, or old Malakoff smothering the Algerians in the African caves, or Exeter Hall firing off Sepoys from the Puniaub cannon. But you may search all history for a barbarian's torture equal to clergyman Chivington's unprovoked massacre of the women and children of the Cheyennes. [Sensation.] Yet extermination is the frontier cry. Well, termination is the frontier cry. Well, if commerce demands it, wipe them out, but don't call it Christianity.—
["No!"] Thirty thousand pulpits have been working day and night for thirty years for the blacks, but not a word for the reds. Missionaries go to the uttermost parts of the earth to civilize the beather. The Indians are too poor heathen. The Indians are too near home—you can't christianize the Indian. He tells too much truth the moment he gets into the church. When they converted the old Mackinaw Chief there was great rejoicing in the Methothere was great rejoicing in the Metho-dist prayer meeting. He was loudly applauded when rising to give his experience. But the old fellow was too honest—too confidential—had lived too long among the whites-and when he went into details and showed how wicked he was, and became personal, telling where he had divided the Indian goods among the congregation and spoke of his amours openly, several brothers and one or two sisters got up

and left the congregation. ["Oh," laughter and applause.]
To show how fairly we deal with the Indians, it is well to mention that while our Indian Agents only get fif-teen hundred dollars salary, they are enabled, by great industry and econo-my, to retire in two or three years, rich and owners of houses and estates.— I "That's so—they have been swindled."] For great is Diana of the Ephesians. [Laughter.] Negroes can be enslaved—Indians can't. Four disthat races of men are on the continent, representing four types of horse nature. The white man is the Arabian horse; the black man the donkey who bears the burden; the Indian is the Zebrayou can never tame him—while the mulatto is the mule, who inherits most of the vices and few of the virtues of his fathers. [Loud applause. By a Democratic Senator—"That's a libel on the mule."] The Indian will not be a slave. ur millions of blacks were enslaved,

but nary red.

The reds believed in the whites and to hunting field, until even Indian nature rebels, from the Atlantic almost to the Pacific. They hardly get settled on their new reservation before we cover it, and when we can't cheat him the first of it was drive him out of it. out of it, we drive him out of it .-[Shame.] Searcely five thousand out of every hundred thousand dollars voted them ever reaches the tribe. The Indian gent divides with the Indian trader

and the ranchman, all get rich; while the Indian, having lost his lands and game, is left to starve. [Sensation.] Sanatin-ta told the whole story the other day to General Hancock, and the Indian agent stopped the council, for he couldn't stand the Indian's fire. An Indian war will stop emigration,

stop gold mining, and throw the West back twenty years. oack twenty years. General Sherman says we can have General Sherman says we can have peace or war. Give them justice and we can have peace; injustice and war is certain. If Billy Bowlegs could, keep us at bay twenty years in Florida, these hostile tribes unless pacified will make us add one hundred millions to the debt. Can we afford it? [Covode, "No, 'tis big enough already."] Most frontier towns like war; it makes trade good; hence traders and militia men soon become active, for are we not a soon become active, for are we not a virtuous people? ["Good!" and laughter.] The wheel within wheel system ter.] The wheel within wheel system works charmingly in this enterprising community. Help me cheat the Indi-ans and I will give you one-half! The officer on small salary says "extermination," and the war bugle is sounded.

One fact: The powder and ball with which they shoot us down we sold them the other day! That is our Indian policy. Another fact: The Indians are the best mounted cavalry in the world!—we are sending out infantry to fight them. Bah! what nonesense! Again, one frontiersman like Major North or "old Wicked" is worth a hundred new recruits from the East. If the Church and State say war, let it be done as expensively as possible. The more it costs, the more taxes, and the more it costs, the more taxes, and the surer we are to pay the national debt. [Applause.] I hope that Generals Sully and Parker may succeed in separating the friendly from the hostile tribes in the friendly from the hostic tribes in their northern expedition with the chiefs, but I doubt it. Sully is a good man for conciliation. Was it not his men and his whisky that massacred the Indians in the North before Phil. Kearney was attacked? Keep faith! respect treaties! don't cheat them!

don't lie to them! don't steal from them, and the Indians are at peace.— [Applause.] The Indians always kept faith! the whites generally lied. What occurred before 1853? Did not the overland emigrants pass the Indian hunting fields in safety? That was the year a scamp of an emigrant shot an Indian to test his skill! [Shame. | Revenge was sudden. In two days the train was sudden. In two days the train was destroyed; then more ambuscades. Whites against Indians. Babbitt's mail party was lost. Lieutenant Gratton was killed with his men in pursuit. The Sioux war of '54-5 followed. When Harney and Cook, at Blue Water that year closed the fight with a solemn treaty, giving them all the land between the Platte and Missouri. "This is your land," said Harney, to Little Thunder, Chief of the Sioux, "and you can kill any white man who trespasses thereon." But Presto! Montana gold was found. Miners pour in with revolvers. Harney's treaty is forgotten. Outrages are frequent; massacres are reported. Human nature was simply Indian nature. Then came the age of Brigadier Generals and Indian Commissioners; big pow-wows and sham treaties. The Indians refuse the right of the Powder River route to Montana —more talks—more treaties, when Tay-lor meets them at Laramie and sells them the powder and ball that was used at the Phil. Kearney massacre. [Sensation, "shame!"] Then War Department says you did it! Interior Department replies you are aliar! Bogy makes his report, and War Department escapes by dismissing poor General Cooke, who had nothing to do with it. [A Senator, "Exactly, now you have it."] General Augur succeeds. Another pow-wow Augur succeeds. Another pocommission. Buford follows. Judge Kinney goes to see the Crows. Colonel Lewis organizes volunteers for Mon-tana. Thurlow Weed's friend, young Clark of the H. P. R. R. Engineer Corps, is killed. Hurford loses his stock while getting out ties. Kountz & Ruth lose one hundred mules, Jack Morrow

all his cattle. The Denver stage is at tacked, and the war is looming up by every dispatch.
Senator Trumbull, you are right in saying that "there is not an animal that walks or creeps that will not turn and bite if trod upon. ["True," ap

Thomas Francis Meagher is an old friend of mine, but I fear he has made a mistake in hoisting the black flag in Montana against an entire race, be-cause one white man was killed by five Indians for making immodest proposals to an Indian squaw, and the belle of their tribe. [Laughter. Senator Yates—"And was that so?"] Yes. My Information is authentic; I had it from he squaw herself. [Laughter.] I agree with John Covode, "that an Indian war will bust McCulloch and knock spots out of some of the military

I also agree with you, Mi renerals. Parsons, that killing the Indian traders s better than killing the Indians Sensation.] Once more. Science, civilization and Christianity are ahead, as land pur-chasers. Where is it recorded in any other country that 3,000,000 square mile of gold mines and wheat fields wer purchased for a string of beads and a bottle of whisky? [Loud applause.]

The End of Time.

We are passing on, slowly but surely on, to our graves. Each day brings us nearer to that unseen world, that strange country, into which so many enter to dwell in happiness or misery forever. We meet with no returning travelers, who can relate to us their experience; they pass on never to return. We fol-low our friends with straining eyes, as one by one they pass the sea of life and drawing near to the shadowy land of eternity vanish from our sight. Then the warning speaks deeply to our unwilling hearts.

Perchance we have seen a beloved one

taken from our family circle. We have seen the cheek so bright with health and beauty, grow pale and wan. We have listened to the dear voice, and marked how each day it grew more taltering, till it was hushed in the silence of death—then we have drawn the hair from the plain cold brow, and seen the delicate form deposited in the tomb. It is in moments like those that we fully realize our actual condition— that we ourselves are slowly, yet surely, traveling towards our graves. How many there are who seldom give

How many there are who seldom give any consideration to this serious subject. They are too busy, too anxious after worldly wealth and power, putting forth all their talents and energy for one great object in view—the possession of gold, passing with a careless glance and unfeeling heart, the poor in their desolation and misery; guarding with miserly care their dollars and dimes, unconsciously sowing that others dimes, unconsciously sowing that others may reap, for the time set apart in the future for rest and enjoyment perhaps never comes. Ere that time their souls may be called away, an account de-manded for the misused talents entrusted to their care.
Oh! human nature! what strange

phases you present to an observing eye.
The gay, the sorrowful, the talented the obscure, the impenitent, the be-liever, the rich and the poor, yet al-passing along to the unknown world. Sassing along to the unknown word.
What are riches, talent, wealth, power or fame, placed in the balance with eternity? Mere bubbles that do not, or rather ought not, satisfy the crayings of the heart. Days, weeks, months and years followed each other in succession; but we should consider how we shall appear when the heaven shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the angel of God shall declare, "Time

The Archduchess Matilde, of Austria, who was terribly burned by her dress patching fire on the 22d ult., it is now ought will recover.

was but it is no longer."

of it, we drive him out of it.—
tame.] Scarcely five thousand out
wery hundred thousand dollars voted
mever readnes the tribe. The Indian
ant divides with the Indian trader,
Indian trader divides with the sut.

Waldemar Bodisco, secretary of the Russian legation, who left a short time ago for
St. Petersburg, to convey to his government divides with the Indian trader,
arrived at New York on Mondry, in the
steamer Pereire.

ler; the sutler divides with the farmer | An Artless German Girl Marries a Prince. We find in the Paris letter of the London Court Journal a bit of romance amusingly tricked up in the unctuous and dainty language of a thoroughbred Court Jenkins. The condescension of Court Jenkins. The condescension of the writer borders on the sublime:
The arrival, which has created the greatest interest of all in the poetical portion of the public, is that of the Princess of ——, who having left Paris in the suit of the talented and admired literary baroness on whom devolves the entire responsibility of sustaining the aristocracy of genius in our capital, has returned after three years' absence as the beloved and honored wife of a prince of one of the greatest reigning families in Germany. Much whispering and mysterious con-sultation has been held for some time past, as the baroness, always frank and generous, had announced that the very circumstances which had preceded the marriage of the Princess rendered it doubly incumbent upon her to be the first to do the honors of Paris to one, who returning in a new character might be regarded as a stranger in the place, and visiting it for the first time. As she had expected, curiosity in the

many, and real interest in the few, in duced all her invites to accept the summons she issued for a grand party on Saturday night. "To meet the Princess P. de——." Need we say how various were the schemes afloat to display or conceal the sentiments with which the old aristocracy of France had beheld the terrible mesalliance formed by one of the highest and most venerated of their ladies, taking for example their noble and magnanimous hostess, resolved at once to act as she had done, and receive the new Princess into their coteri without the arriere pensee, and in spite of her humble origin. Her entree was not devoid of a certain degree of ceremony, and at once all prejudice and scruple seemed to vanish at sight of the charming simplicity and absence of all affectation or embarrassment with which she moved slowly forward and greeted her former mistress, now become her honored hostess, as far as the hierarchy of social life is concerned attired with exquisite taste, and although with a modification of costume. still in a manner sufficiently national to wore not a single ornament or jewel of any kind. The dress, entirely of rich silken material, was nevertheless cut in the quaint fashion of the humble

class to which by birth she belongs, but the husband's insistance was visible in the broad flame-colored ribbon she wore con sautoir with the insignia of the order of which, by her marriage, she becomes a member by right, and in the peculiar manner in which the thick masses of her rich golden hair were plaited over her forehead, in exact imitation of the seculiar manner to the property of the pr peculiar crown belonging to his princely house. Not for an instant was the smallest doubt suffered to remain upon the minds of the guests as to the posi-tion which the newly made Princess intended to assume. She spoke at once with the most easy grace of the pleasure and surprise she had experienced on be-holding the improvements which had been made in the manion since she had been made in the mansion since she had left it, and was enthusiastic in her ad-miration of the picture begun in her time by the Baronness, and which is but just now completed. There was no affectation of display in her memory of the past, but at the same time there was no attempt to ward off the same remin. iscence in others. And by this freedom from all pretension or embarrassment her position wasso firmly established and so honestly accepted by the high-born company assembled there, that in a little while it had been almost forgotten that her origin tallied not with theirs, and that had she but faltered for an in-stant she would have been driven back

to her former position, and never have been advanced to her present one. It been advanced to her present one. It was just as she was rising to depart that her eye catching the gilt balustrade of the gallery which runs along one end of the saloon, she remarked the improvement in tapestry and old carved oak work which has been placed behind. "Ah, from thence I have heard the sweetest sounds that ever cheered my solitude," observed the Baroness, smiling with affection on her visitor. "And why should you not hear them now?" was the quick renly and before the Baroness had recovered from her astonishment at this readiness to acknowledge the days gone by on the part of the Princess, the latter mounted the steps and stood leaning over the balustrade, looking down with calm

self-possession on the company beneath.
The accomplished hostess needed no pressing to repair immediately to the iano, and the first cords of " Una vace poco fa" having been struck, a deep silence immediately pervaded the assembly, and to the amazement and de-light of all present, with the most heav-enly voice and most exquisite taste in the world, did the Princess begin the execution of the most difficult of all the chef d' œuvres of Rossini. When the song was over the Princess descended he stair without the smallest symptom of timidity or shyness, and soon after retired, leaving the Baroness the task of telling the history of her guest, which has become the current story of the week. A few years ago the Baroness took into her service a simple German girl, whose sister, her former femme-de-chambre, had married and left her. The young peasant girl, an apt and intelligent pupil, soon learned all the mys-teries of her craft, and became ere long

of the greatest value to her mis-tress, who being essentially a femme artiste, was always more dependent on her attendant than any other lady in her dation. She had chosen her to accompa ny her on a journey to Florenceshe mad for the purpose of copying a picture in the gallery there. The girl had immense musical taste, and while at Florence managed to become acquainted with the melodies of the principal operas ther performing, and when waiting for he mistress in the evening would sing a her work by the open casement with intense enjoyment when she had caught the exact notes of any of the airs which had struck her fancy. Prince P. de— lived alone in a pavilion at the bottom of the garden belonging to the villa occupied by the baroness. Always eccen econtric family, he was determined to become acquainted with the singer who and so often charmed his solitude, and if single and of good moral conduct, to marry her in spite of the qu'en diral-

on. So he got introduced to the ba-roness, and endeavored to couter ficu-rette to the maid, but the latter was firm on her principles and resisted all his offers of settlement and arrangement, and any other agreement than that made before the mayor first and the priest afterward. His pursuit seems to have been so well organized that the poor girl became alarmed, and was one poor girl decime alarmed, and was one day discovered in tears by the Prince. She was just sealing a letter she had been writing. "For my mother—to tell her that I must return—the place is depressed and respect and "Then dangerous and I cannot stay." "Then let me add a word to the epistle," remarked the eccentric Prince as he seized the letter, and, tearing it open, wrote upon the second page a demand in due form of the hand of the fair femme-de-chambre, in the modding which with chambre, inviting the good may, he mother, to the wedding, which, with her approval, would take place immediately. And so it did, and the Princess of —, visiting Paris for the first time

since her marriage, has been received as you have seen. North Carolina Gold Mines. An old miner writes to the Charain & (N. C.) Times that the gold mining interary of the western part of that State is attractify a large share of attention from northering capitalists. The hotels are crowded with them, and every train brings mills, engines and machinery to be used in working the mines. About eighteen or twenty stamp mills are up and being erected, four or five of which are now in full operation; and at the Huey mine they have a ten stamp mill, which is now producing \$300 in bullion per day. Scientific miners from California, with large experience in gold mining, have examined the mining interests of that State, and have pronounced them equal to the famous land of gold. Another Borgia.

A Switzerland correspondent writes: Retween Arvier and the village of Liveroque one sees at the top of a craggy cone the ruins of an old chateau. It is a genuine eagle's nest, and is surround-ed by precipices that "from level meadow basins of deep grass suddenly scale the light." These shapeless tumuli are all that remain of Mootmayeur.
The baron of this title was the terror of his vicinity, and well deserved the motto which his family had borne for ages—Unguibuo et rostro. Having at one time a lawsuit on his hands which concerned the ownership of a vest estate that he claimed, he presented himself before Guy de Ferrigny, Presi-dent of the Senate of Chambery, and pressed his suit. The latter, overcome pressed his suit. The latter, overcome by his importunity, promised to use his influence with the Senate to gain a decision in his favor. Unhappily, he was not successful, and this body decided unanimously against him. The ruined suitor said nothing for a few days, but at length called

on the President, and said to him: "Af ter some reflection, I feel convinced that the Senate gave a just verdict in my case. I had little right on my side, and deserved to lose it. I wish to bury the past, and in order to cement more friendly relations with a relative whom I have unjustly attacked, I propos give an entertainment to him and a give an entertainment to him and a number of my friends at my chateau.— It is to take place to morrow, and I should be gratified if you would make one of the party." He smiled as he said this, and affectionately pressed Ferrigny's hands. The latter accepted the invitation, and on the next day found himself at the baron's door at the hour appointed.
All was dark and silent. There was

All was dark and shent. There was no light gleaming of a hospitable welcome across the dark valley, nor any of the bustle and preparation that denote the expected arrival of bidden guests. The President prepared to depart, for his mind mistrusted some disaster, when his host reappeared. He was calm and serene, and his reception of his guest bland and cordial. "My other friends have disappointed me," he quietly said, "and we will not await them longer. We will place ourselves at table forthwith, Atlans, moncher President. The banquet was luxurious and delicious. The wines were exquisite. Host and guest pledged each other in cups of gold. The gaiety of the former excited that of the latter, and soon forgetting any suspicion, Ferrigny abandoned himself to the winning hospitality of his entertainer. When the Baron at length saw his guest entirely given up to the pleasures of the occasion and reposing tranquilly on the assurances of friendship which he had at intervals lavished upon him, he suddenly looked him in the face with a serious air and said, "Are you s with a serious air and said, "Are you a good Christian, Seigneur President?" "Certainly," was the reply, "why do you ask that?" "Turn your head and look," said the Baron. Ferrigny did so, and trembled. In an adjoining room, behind a curtain which had just been raised, was an onen coffin on a hier. raised, was an open coffin on a bier. Around it were a dozen figures clothed like morks, each with a long wax taper lighted in his hand, and solemnly chanting the funeral service of the church Before the bier was a block. At its side was an executioner, clothed in red, and resting his hand on a shining ax.

"By the loss of my suit I am poorer by a hundred thousand livres. You are the sole cause thereof, and you thus willed it from the beginning. Guy Ferrigny," cried Montmayeur, in a voice of thunder, "if you are a good Chris-God, for you must die!"

Frozen by these terrible words, the Frozen by these terrible words, the unhappy President could not at first reply. At length recovering his presence of mind, he said: "Baron I beg you will cease this cruel pleasantry." "It is no pleasantry." was the response. "Offer your last prayer forthwith, for pothing can saye you, now "said the nothing can save you now," said the ferocious baron, on whose iron countenance the certainty of gratified revenge had already impressed the lineament of field. In well worst the prisoner of a fiend. In vain were the piteous appeals of the victim for his wife, his children, and his own safety. At a signal from the baron the pretended monks came forward and seized the

President. A second later and his head had fallen beneath the ax.
On the morrow the lord of Montmayeur mounted his horse, and departed for Chambery. Behind him he placed a leathern bag, which had lately held the papers relating to his law suit. On his arrival he went at once to the Senate. "Your lordships," said he to the judges who had already assembled, and were awaiting the arrival of their chief. "One thing was wanting for the completion of my case; I have brought it you."
With these words he placed the bag
upon the President's desk and departed, upon the President's desk and departed, after politely saluting them. Time went on and the Magistrate did not appear. The Judge at length, seeing some drops of blood upon his desk, opened the bag and beheld the head of the unfortunate Guy de Ferrigny. So much for the administration of justice in the Middle Ages. Every effort was made to bring the murderer to justice in spite of his power and wealth. He was outlawed, and his property confiscated. He took and his property confiscated. He took refuge in his rocky stronghold and de-fied the law for years. What became fied the law for years. What became of him neither history nor tradition ever told. Infamy made him famous, and his evil life was handed down to

posterity linked with a thousand crimes A Yankee Pedler.

There is a sheriff residing in Illinois who was "taken in and done for" on one occasion. He made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish peddlers for traveling through the State without a license; but one morning he met his match in the per-

morning he met his match in the person of a genuine Yankee peddler. "What have you got to sell—anything?" asked the sheriff.
"Yaas, sartin; what d'ye want? Got razore, fust, that's an article you need, squire, I should say by the looks of your baird. Got good blackin; 'twill make them old boots of yourn shine so't you can shave in 'em e'nomost. Balm of Clumby, too, only a dollar a bottle; good for the ha'r and assisten poor human natur, as the poet says." man natur, as the poet says."

And so he rattled on. At length the sheriff bought a bottle of the balm of Columbia, and in reply to the question whether he wanted anything else, that functionary said he did—he wanted to see the Yankee's license for pedling in Illinois, that being his duty as Sheriff.

The Yank showed him a document fixed up good and strong, in black and white. The sheriff looked at it and pronounced it all right. Then handing back the bottle to the peddler, he said:
"I don't think, now that I've bought
this stuff, I shall ever want it. I reckon

I might as well sell it back to you. What will you give for it?"
"O, the darn stuff is no use to me, but seein' it's you, sheriff, I'll give you twenty-five cents for it, if you really don't want it."

The sheriff handed over the bottle at the large discount from his own pur-chase, and received his change. "Now," said the peddler, "I've got a question to ask you. Have you got any peddler's license about your trow-

sers anywhere?"
"No; I hav'nt any use for the article,
myself," replied the sheriff.
"Hain't eh? Wal, I guess we'll see about that, pooty darn soon. Ef I understand the law, it's a clear case that you've been tradin' with me—hawkin' and peddlin' balm of Columby on the ighway—I'll inform on you—darn'd if The Yankee was as good as his word.

when he reached the next village he made his complaint, and the sheriff was med eight dollars for selling without a He was heard afterwards to say, that "you might as well try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee."

One of our Western exchanges says; "We notice in an Indiana paper the marriage of Mr. Thos. N. Lyon to Miss Mollie Lamb. Another scriptural prophesy in process of fullfillment: 'The lion and the lamb shall ite down together, and '-after a while-'a little child will lead them." Curiosities of Marriage.

How Different Nations Regard the Mari tal Relation—Interesting Resume. Marriage is the first and most ancient of all institutions. As the foundation of society and the family, it is universally observed throughout the globe, no nation having been discovered, how-ever barbarous, which does not cele-brate the union of the sexes by ceremony and rejoicing. The abuses of the institution, as polygamy, infidelity, and divorce, have in no manner touched its existence, however they may have

existence, nowever they may have vitiated its purity.

The condition of women in all countries has afforded a fruitful theme for the observation of the traveler, and the speculations of the philosopher and the ovelist. It has been uniformly found that the savage is the tyrant of the female sex, while the position and considera-tion given to women is advanced in proportion to the refinement of social life. Under the laws of Lycurgus, Numa, and even later law givers, the power of the husband over his wife was absolute, sometimes even including the power over life or death. The wife was lways defined and treated as a thing, not as a person—the absolute property
of her lord. In the earlier ages a man might sell his children or his wife in-differently, and relics of this rude cus tom still survive, even among nations called civilized and christian.

In the countries of the east, where oolygamy is almost universal, marriage is not the sacred tie which it is held to be in Christian countries. In Persia men marry either for life or for a determinate time. Travelers or merchants commonly apply to the magistrate for a wife during residence in any place, and the cadi produces a number of girls for selection, whom he declares to be honest and healthy. Four wives are permitted to each husband in Persia, and the same number is allowed by the Mohammedan law to the Mussulman.

In Chinese Tartary a kind of male polygamy is practiced, and a plurality of husbands is highly respected. In Thibet it is customary for the brothers of a family to have a wife in common, and they generally live in harmony and comfort with her. Among the Calmucks, the ceremony of marriage is performed on horseback. The girl is first mounted, and permitted to ride off at full speed, when her lover takes a horse and gallops after her. If he overtakes the fugitive she becomes his wife and the marriage is consummated on the spot. It is said that no instance is known of a Calmuck girl ever being overtaken unless she is really fond of

her pursuer. The Arabs divide their affections be-tween their horses and their wives, and regard the purity of blood in the former regard the purity of blood in the former quite as much as in their offspring. Polygamy is practed only by the rich, and divorces are rare. In Ceylon the marriage proposal is brought about by the man first sending to her whom he wishes to become his wife, to purchase her clothing. These she sells for a stippleted even generally welling as much ulated sum, generally asking as much as she thinks requisite for them to begin the world with. In the evening he calls on her, with the wardrobe, at her calls on her, with the wardrobe, at her father's house, and they hass the night in each other's company. Next morning, if mutually satisfied, they appoint the day of marriage. They are permitted to separate whenever they please. and so frequently avail themselves of this privilege that they sometimes change a dozen times before their inlinations are wholly suited.

In Hindoostan the women have a peculiar veneration for marriage, as it is a popular creed that those females virgins are excluded from the try the women begin to bear children at about the age of twelve, some even at eleven. The proximity of the natives of India to the burning sun, which rinens men as well as plants at the ripens men, as wen as plants, at the earliest period in these tropical latitudes, is assigned as the cause. The distinguishing mark of the Hindoo wife is the most profound fidelity, submission and attachment to her husband. On the banks of the Senegal, and among many African tribes, the matrimonial

prize most sought after is abundance of flesh. To obtain corpulence is regarded as the only real comeliness. A female who can move with the aid of two men is but a moderate beauty, while the lady who cannot stir, and is only to be moved on a camel, is esteemed a perfect paragon.
Nor is this queer fancy for obesity in

women confined to the savages of the torrid zone, since we read in Wraxall's travels in Russia that "in order to ossess any preeminent degree of lovetwo hundred weight." The Empress Elizabeth, and Catharine II., press Elizabeth, and Catharine 11., both accounted very fine women, were of this massive kind. In Italy, matches are made with pro-verbial levity, and marriage vows, if report speaks truly, are easily broken.

Young virgins are systematically bar-tered and sold by their parents, and young people are married every day vho never saw one another before. Concubinage is a constant remedy for these ill-advised and deceifful marriages, and the peculiar term cicisbeo indicates the indemnity which custom prescribes for the fair sex fettered to prescribes for the fl nusbands unloved. nusbands unloved.

In France, as has often been remarked, women monopolize all the society and a large share of the business of life.

The coffee houses, the theatres, the shops cabarets, or, drinking shops, are filled with women. Women lord it at all assemblies, and are better informed and more capable managers than men. Marriage is looked upon not so much as a matter of affection as of interest, and the sacredness of the tie is proportion ately slender.

Marriage in Sweden is commonly gove

erned wholly by the will of the parents, and is founded upon interest. A stolen match is almost unheard of, and persons of either sex seldom marry before the age of twenty-five or thirty. Divorces are very rare.

Russia appears to be the most prepos terous country in Europe in treatment of women. The nuptial ceremonies, all and singular, are based upon the idea of the degradation of the female. When the parents have agreed upon the match, the bride is examined by a number of women to see if she has any bodily defect. On her wedding day she is crowned with a garland of wormwood, to denote the bitterness of the marriage state. She is exhorted to be obedient to her husband, and it is a custom in some districts for the newly married wife to present the bridegroom with a whip, in token of submission, and with this he seldom falls to show his authority. In this cold and cruel country husbands are sometimes known to torture their wives to death without any punishment for the murder. If a woman proves barren, the husband generally prevails on her to retire into a convent and leave him at liberty. If he fails in persussion, he is permitted to whip her into Such is the slavery in which the Mus-

covites are kept by their parents and guardians, that they are not allowed to dispute any union agreed upon by their eiders, however odious or incompatible it may be. This extends so far, that of it may be. This extends so lar, that or ficers in the army are not permitted to marry without the consent of the sovereign, and wives whom they do not want are even sometimes forced upon

them.
Whether it be the result of this system of oppression, or of their savage climate, or of the unnatural hot air of the stove heated apartments, it is certain that a more unlovely race of women than the Russian would be difficult to find. "They want," says an English traveler, "the genuine flavor which ind. "They want," says an English traveler, "the genuine flavor which only nature can give. That charming firmness and elasticity of flesh, so indispensably requisite to constitute beauty, and so delicious to the touch, exists

not among the Russian females, or in very few of them."
We are told of the Aleutian Islanders who form a part of our new Russian American acquisition, that they marry one, two, or three wives, as they have the means of supporting them. The bridegroom takes the bride upon trial, and may return her to her parents,

should he not be satisfied, but cannot | The Fall of should he not be satisfied, but cannot demand his presents back again. No man is allowed to sell his wife without her consent; but he may (and often does) assign her over to another. This custom it is said, is availed of by the Russian hunters, who take Aleutian women or girls to wife for a time for a triffing compensation.

rifling compensation. A New Letter by Artemus Ward. In the "Savage Club Papers" is given he following letter by "Artemus

Ward." He says: I was sitting in the bar, quietly smokin' a frugal pipe, when two mid-dle aged and stern looking females and die aged and stern looking lemaies and a young and pretty female suddenly en-tered the room. They were accompa-nied by two umbrellers and a negro gentleman. "Do you feel forthe down-trodden?" said one of the females, a thin-faced and sharp-voiced person in green spectacles. "Do I feel for it?" ansered the lan'lord, in a puzzled voice—"Do I feel for it?" "Yes; for the oppressed, the benited?" "Inasmuch as to which?" said the lan'lord. "You see this man?" said the female, pintin' be umbreller at the negro gentleman. marm, I see him." "Yes!" sai marm, I see him." "Yes!" said the female, raisin' her voice to an exceeding high pitch, "you see him, and he' your brother!" "No, I'm darned if he your brother!" "No, I'm darned if he is," said the lan'lord, hastily retreatint to his beer casks. "And yours!" shouted the excited female, addressin! me. "He is also your brother." "No, I think not. marm," I pleasantly replied "The nearest we come to that coloring our fam'ly was in the case of my brother John. He had the janders sev'ral years, but they finally left him. I am happy to state that, at the present time, he hasn't a solitary jander." "Look at this man!" screamed the female. I looked at him. He was an able-bodied man, well dressed, a comfortable looking negro. He looked as though he ing negro. He looked as though he might have three or four good meals a day into him without a murmur. "Look at that down-trodden man!" cri the female. "Who trod on him?" inquired. "Villius! despots!" inquired. "Villius! despots!"
"Well," said the landlord, "why don't you go to the willing about it? Why do you come here tellin us nig-

Why do you come here tellin us niggers is our brothers, and orandishin'y your umbrellers round like a lot of lunatics? You'r wuss than the speritrappers." "Have vou," said a middle aged female No. 2, who was a quieter sort of person, "have you no sentiment—no poetry in your soul—no love for the beautiful? Dost never go into the green fields, to cull the beautiful flowers?" "I not only never dost." said "I not only never dost," said dlord, in an angry voice, "but the landlord, in an angry voice, "but I'll bet you five pounds you can't bring a man as dares say I durst." "The litthe birds," continued the female, "doest not love to gaze onto them?" "I would I were a bird, that I might fly to thee," I humorously sung, casting a sweet glance at the pretty young woman. Don't you look in that way at my dawter," said female No. 1, in a violent voice; "you're old enough to be her father." "Twas an innocent look, dear madam," Isoftly said. "You behold in me an emblem of innocence and puritrain to-morrow, to sit as a model to the celebrated artist, who is about to sculp a statue, to be called Sweet Innocence. Do you s'pose a sculptor would send for me for that purpose onlesshe know'd I was overflowin' with innocency? Don't make an error about me." "It is my opinyn," said the leadin' female, 'you're a scoffer and a wretch! you're a scoffer and a wretch! Your mind is in a wusser beclouded state than the poor negroes we are seeking to aid. You are a groper in the dark cellar of sin. O sinful man!

There is a sparkling fount, Come, O come and drink. Come, O come and drink."
"No; you will not come and drink."
"Yes he will," said the lan'lord, "if you'll treat. Just try him." "As for you," said the enraged female to the landlord, "you are a degraded bein, too low and wulgar to talk to." "This is the sparklin fount for me, dear sister!" cried the lan'lord, drawing and drinking a mug of beer. Having uttered which goak, he gave a low rumblin' larf, and relaxed into silence. "My larf, and relaxed into silence. "My colored fren," I said to the negro kindly, "what is it all about?" He said they was tryin so raise money to send they was tryin so raise money to send missionaries to the Southern States in America to preach to the vast numbers of negroes recently made free there. He said they were without the gospel. They were without tracts. Isaid, "My fren', this is a seris matter. I admire you for trying to help the race to which you betong, and far be it from me to fay any-thing agin carryin the gospel among the blacks of the South. Let the gospel go to them by all means. But I happen to individooally know that there are some thousands of liberated blacks in the South who are starvin. I don't blame anybody for this, but it is a very sad fact. Some are really too ill to work, some can't get work to do, and others are too foolish to see any necessity for working. I was down there last winter and I observed that this class had plenty and I observed that this class had plenty of preaching for their souls, but skurce any vittles for thir stummux. Now, if it is proposed to send flour and bacon along with the gospel, the idea is really a excellent one. If, on the t'other hand, it is proposed to send preachin alone, all I can say is that it's a hard case for the niggers. If you expect a colored person to get deeply interested in a tract when his stummuck is empty, you expect to much." I gave the you expect too much." I gave the negro as much as I could afford, and the kind-hearted lan'lord did the same. the kind-hearted lan'lord did the same. I said, "Farewell, my fren'; I wish you well, certainly. You are now as free as the eagle. Be like him and soar. But don't attempt to convert a Ethiopian person while his stummuck yearns for vittles. And you, ladles—I hope you are ready to help the poor and unfortu-

ome carrots for dinner. Pure Air in Stock Cars.

are ready to help the poor and unfortu-nate abroad." When they had gone the lan'lord said, "Come into the garden,

Ward." And we went in and culled

An ingenious invention for supplying fresh air to a sick chamber, which has been in effective use for some time, is by a simple extension of the principle upor which it is based, to be adapted to rail way cars for the purpose of transporting dressed meats from a distace to our markets. The device is to enclose a narrow space at each end of the car, with an aperture near the floor, and another long and narrow openine, near the top. Within this inclosed space three shelves, or compartments, are to be fitted, the two lower being shelves—the first holding lime and the second charcoal. The upper compartment is to be lined with zinc to contain ice, having a bucket below to catch the water. The air which low to catch the water. The air which enters the aperture at the bottom of the compartment is purified by passing through the lime and charcoal, and after being cooled and moistened by contact with the ice, finds its way out of the upper opening, thus keeping up a constant current of pure, cool air, a an expense after the first cost of only few cents an hour. It is claimed that a car thus provided can be kept filled with perfectly pure air, at an even tempera-ture, for an indefinite number of days and that fresh meats and all perishable fruits can be transported long distances and reach their destination in as good order as when shipped. A car with this attachment has just been completed, and an experiment trip will soon

Wheat for a Barrel of Flour.

The question, how much wheat does t take to make a barrel of Flour? is often asked, and the answer is of a general character, "Five bushels are allowed." At the annual Fair of the Dubuque County Agricultural Society in 1866, a premium of \$3 was offered for the best barrel of Flour made from winter wheat, and also the same from spring wheat. A firm entered one barrel of each, accompanied with the statement that sixteen bubsels of winter wheat yielded three barrels and one hundred and three pounds of flour—at the rate of four bushels and fifteen pounds of wheat to the barrel. Of spring wheat fifty bushels yielded eleven barrels of Flour, being four bushels and thirtytwo pounds to the barrel. The wheat

Queretare and Capture of The special correspondent of the N. Y Herald, who was on the ground, gives the following account of the fall of Queretard and the capture of Maximilian:

The convent of La Cruz, forming the key to the city, many lives have been lost in attacking and defending it. Maximilian had his headquarters in the building; Escobedo is in the mountain of Carretas, immediately opposite. Escobedo's best in-autry—the supremos Poderes, or "supreme obwer" battalion—occupied the valley be-ween the convent and the mountain. Maximilian's best infantry, the first bat-talion of the line, were stationed in the con-

talion of the line, were stationed in the convent.

The Cruz had been sold. The betrayer was one who stood high in the Emperor's confidence and professed for him the warmest personal regard. Traitors there were known to be in the city, but no one suspected Colonel Lopez of treason. If such a suspicion had been entertained one glance at his portly, handsome person, his jovial face, with not a trace of the Mexican about it, but rather the look of an aristocratic Anglo Saxon, would have repelled the idea. Unlimited trust had been reposed in him. He was first made colonel of the Emperatriz regiment—a regiment which, on the frontier, regiment—a regiment which, on the frontier earned a splendid reputation, but which, during the siege of Queretaro, has made but one charge and then got whipped like a pack of curs. Next, when a reserve brigade was formed for the especial protection of the Emperor, Colonel Lopez was named with universal assent to the command, and latterly he had been transferred to the still process important pears of Communication than latterly he had been transferred to the still more important post of Commander of the Cruz. Yet it was Colonel Lopez, and none other, who betrayed the city to the enemy. Just when the liberal Commander in-Chief had given his orders for attack Lopez sent him a letter offering for money—variously stated at sums ranging from 800 to 3,000-ounces—to deliver up the Cruz to theliberals. The offer, whatever it might be, was promptly accepted. Under cover of the darkness Escobedo and Corona moved their forces up under the very walls of the Cruz. darkness Escobedo and Corona moved their forces up under the very walls of the Cruz. Then Lopez, commanding his own troops to lay down their arms, quietly marched them out at one door as prisoners, while the liberal troops marched in at the other and took their places. Thus remained the Cruz all night garrisoned by liberal soldiers, Maximilian placidly sleeping and dreaming of no harm.

With the first faint streak of daylight came the discovery. The Emperor, an incorrigibly early riser, was one of the first to find out something was wrong. Hastily

corrigibly early riser, was one of the first to find out something was wrong. Hastily waking Prince Salm-Salm, he exclaimed, "Come along, quick!" and made for the door. But here a file of liberal soldiers, commanded by Colonel Rincon Gallardo-or "Pepe Rincon," as he fs called—were awaiting him. As the Ill-starred Prince passed on his way out, Lopez, in a hoarse whisper, exclaimed, "That's he," and urged Rincon to secure him at once. Then occurred one of the most singular incidents ccurred one of the most singular incident in the whole of this singular war. Colonel Rincon, a brave soldier, would have rejoiced to have captured the Austrian Archduke in a fair fight; but he had little relish for his present work or for the treason that had brought it about. Giving way to a sudden impulse of generosity, he went up to Max, and said:—"You are a citizen; you are no soldier; we don't want you—namos." and so saying, pushed the astonished Emperor out of the convent. Five minutes afterwards I met him, still looking utterly dazed, but making his way on foot as hard as he could for the Cerro de la Campana, at the other extremity of the city. To the same point also his Hungarian hussars, and such of his generals and officers as could break through the liberal guard, also made their way, and the narrow streets rung with the heavy clatter of cavalry—the pursued and the pursuers. n the whole of this singular war. Colone oursued and the pursuers.
Thus far few shots had been fired. Corona always swift in his movements, entering by the Cruz, had taken possession of the whole of the imperial lines from the inside, the

of the imperial lines from the inside, the troops at his approach dropping their guns and shouting "Vive la Libertad." But Miramon was not disposed so tunnely to submit. Rallying a portion of the regiment of the Emperatriz, whom he encountered in the Callo de Capuchinas—one of the submit. Rallying a portion of the regiment of the Emperatriz, whom he encountered in the Callo de Capuchinas—one of the broadest streets in the city—he formed them in line of battle and prepared to defend himself to the last. One of the first shots fired struck Miramon in the face and lodged under the left eye, blinding him for the time being. A citizen surgeon, whose house was near, attempted to extract the bullet, but in the excitement of the moment only made matters worse, and before Miramon could recover himself he and his whole troop were surrounded and taken prisoners. Miramon was placed under guard in a house in the street in which he was captured.

Meanwhile Maximilian had been joined at the Cerro de la Campuna, or Bell Height—a fortified hill commanding the other extremity of the city—by Generals Mejia, in line of battle and prepared to defen —a fortified hill commanding the other extremity of the city—by Generals Migjia, Castillo and Avellano, and Prince Salm-Salm and others of his officers, but it was quickly evident that resistance or escape vas equally impossible. Four battations of infantry and nearly the whole of the liberal cavalry surrounded the hill. A large white flag (at the distance it looked like a shift) was accordingly sent down for

liberal cavairy surrounded the fill. A large white flag (at the distance it looked like a shirt) was accordingly sent down for the Cerro, and the Emperor, with his principal officers, surrendered unconditionally to General Corona. They were allowed to retain their horses, arms and personal property, and later in the day were marched round by the outskirts of the city to the Cruz. The hussars and the remaining forces on the Cerro came down in detachments, and most of them surrendered to Corona's American legion.

Colonel Campos, a Mexican officer commanding the Emperor's escort, alone endeavored to escape. Mounted on a magnificent gray steed, a six shooter in each hand and \$\frac{1}{2},000 in his belt, he dashed down the mountain side and tried to break through the liberal cavalry. Impossible as the attempt was, it seemed for the moment as if it would succeed. His horse stood at nothing, but jumped ditches, barricades and earthworks with equal ease. Baffled another; he shot dead a liberal major who attempted to stop him and wounded several other men. Finally he was himself

another; he shot dead a liberal major who attempted to stop him and wounded several other men. Finally he was himself wounded and captured. The same day he was shot by order of Escobedo.

THE RESULTS OF THE DAY
were indeed complete. The surprise was so effectual, and the treason so well timed, that nothing, absolutely nothing, escaped. With the exception of Mendez, who has since been captured, no officer of note was missing. All, from the Emperor down to his youngest sub-lieutenant, were made pris-

sing. All, from the Emperor down to his youngest sub-lieutenant, were made prisoners. The list I have before me comprises the four hundred and thirty seven names of high and low degree. Not a gun was spiked. Over sixty pieces—including some twenty-four which had been captured from the liberals themselves during the siege—fell into the hands of the republican forces, together with three or four thousand stand of arms, and a large supply of mmunition. of arms and a large supply of ammunition. Never before in the voluminous history of Mexican revolutions has so large a haul been made at one time. But for the treachery of Lopez the result would probably have been immensely different in this instance.

Recovery of the Missing Bonds fo Ninety-nine Thousand Dollars. The ninety-nine Thousand Dollars.

The ninety-nine bonds of one thousand dollars each, which were reported to be missing from the Treasury Department, were found to-day in the Treasury vault tappears that these ninety-nine sheets were by mistake packed up with a bundle of other different securieties which were printed on paper of the same size as the bonds. It had been the opinion of the officers bonds. It had been the opinion of the officers of the Treasury having these bonds in charge that they were not lost, but misplaced, and that a thorough search would discover them. The result proved this opinion correct. The system of accounts in the Treasury is so thorough and complete that the truth of these bonds being missing was known within half an hour of its occurrence and a written report was in the contraction. currence, and a written report was immediately made of the fact. This report has on file from that time, but the par ar package with which they wer been on the from that time, but the par-ticular package with which they were erroneously placed was not ascertained until to day.

A Murderer Sentenced. A Murderer Sentenced.

Bridget Dergan, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Coriell, in New Market, N. J., has been sentenced to be hung. Her counsel made a motion for a new trial, which, after consultation, was denied by the Court, and the prisoner, upon being asked if she had anything to say, reiterated, through her counsel, that she was innocent, and that a person new states was either to relieve her. counsel, that she was innocent, and that a person now at large was able to relieve her of the charge, and had promised to do so, but failed. The Court then, with the most impressive solemnity, passed upon her the dreadful sentence of death by hanging on the 30th of August next. The awful purport of the gloomy words overcame her, and she uttered alternately loud shrieks and piteous moanings until the doors of the prices were segal closed upon her.

Improvement of Savannah Harbor. Improvement of Savannah Harbor.
The Savannah Republican announces that the work of clearing away the obstructions in the harbor is going on so rapidly that by September the river channel will be entirely open. During the war the river was so filled up that vessels of heavy draft have been compelled since to shift a part of their cargoes to lighters. The dredging party have now made a channel fifty feet wide with a depth in the centre with average tides of from nineteen to twenty-two feet. It is intended to increase the width to one hundred and twenty-five feet.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

guare of ten lines; so per year
ditional square.

REAL ENTATE, PERSONAL PROFESTY, and GENENAL ADVERTISING, 10 cents a line for the
dirst, and 5 cents for each subsequent inser-

15 cents per line.
SPECIAL NOTICES preceding marriages and deaths, 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents for every subsequent insertion, Business Cards, of ten lines or less,

one year,..... Business Cards, five lines or less, one

year,.... LEGAL AND OTH + B NOTICES

A Carnival of Blood.

On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of the present week the *Herald* has had occasion o chronicle, in connection with the numerous trials now in progress or with recent ous triais now in progress or with recent arrests, nearly thirty murders and murder-ous assaults, including three cases of child murder and five or six suicides. Cincinnatialone offers for a single day a record of three suicides and two terrible murders. Is not this a carnival of blood?—N. Y. Herald.

Good for Intin.

An Indian passing up the streets of Natchez, a few days since, was asked the relative position of white man, negro and Indian. Giving an unusual "ugh!" he said: "Fore de war, fust cum white man, den injin, den dog, den nigger; now cum nigger, den dog, den injin, and white man last."

Late Advertisements. OUISA MUHLBACH'S HISTORICAL

D. APPLETON & CO., D. APPLETON & CO.,
Nos. 443 & 445 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Have just published, BY L. MUHLBACH,
FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FAMILY) Translated by Mrs. Chapman Coleman
and her Daughters, I vol., 8 vo. Paper cover,
Sl.59; Cloth, \$2. "Each succeeding novel of
the well known Muhlbach series adds to Mrs.
Mundt's reputation.—N, Y. Times.
JOSEPH II. AND HIS COURT. An Historical Novel. Translated from the German
by Adelaide De V. Chaudron, I vol., 8 vo.—
Paper cover, \$1.50; Cloth, \$2. "In 'Joseph II.'
she transcends her previous efforts." [Philadelphia linguiter. she transcends her previous efforts." [Philaleiphia Inquiter.
FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS
COURT, An Historical Novel. Translated
from the German by Mrs. Chapman Coleman
and her i aughters. I vol. 12 mo. 434 pages.—
Cloth, \$2. Most remarkable volume of our
time—Troy Whig.
THE MERCHANT OF BERLIN. An Hiscorrell Novel. Translated from the Garman rical Novel. Translated from the German Amory Cofflin, M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Clots, "There is not a dull chapter in it."—Utica 22. "There is not a dult empter in it. — Color Herald;
Herald;
BERLIN AND SANS-SOUCI: Or, FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FRIENDS. By L, Muhlbach, I vol., 12mo. \$2. "Univaled in the whole domain of historical romance."— [Chicago Journal of Commerce.
Either of the above sent free by mail on receipt of the price.

DOOK AGENTS WANTED, TO CAN-D vass for Chas. W. Elliott's new work, REMARKABLE CHARACTERS and MEMORABLE PLACES OF THE HOLY LAND. The contributors to this work are sufficient guarantees of its value. Henry Ward Becener, T. D. Woolsey, LL D., Pres. of Yale Cot., Joseph Cummings, D. D. LL D., Pres. of Wesleyan Univ., Rt. Rev. Thos. M. Clark, Bishop of R. I., &c. Agents are meeting with astonishing success, selling from 250 to 300 copies each permonth. It has no equal.

**For furl particulars and terms address the publishers.

J. B. BURR & CO., Hartford, Conn.

WANTED ... AGENTS FOR PROFES-WANTED...AGENTS FOR PROFESsor Stowe's new work, ORIGIN AND
HISTORY OF THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.
Showing what the Bible is not, what it is, and
how to use it. A work of patient research, diigent study and ripe experi nee; being in fact
the life work of Professor Calvin E. Stowe, D.
It is destined to be one of the most popular
books ever published. Clergymen, Teachers,
Experienced Agents and Laddes Wanted, to
can uses for this work. Address or apply to
ZEIGLER, MCCURDY & CO., 501 Chestnut
stees; Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR "BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI."
From the Great River to the Great Ocean, BY ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.
OVER 20,000 COPIES SOLD IN ONE MONTH!
Life and Adventure on Prairies, Mountains, and the Pacific Coast, With over 200 Descriptive and Photographic Views of the Scenery.
Clues, Lands, Mines, People and Curiosities of the New States and Territories.
To prospective emigrants and settlers in the Far West," this History of that vast and fer "Far West," this History of that vast and fer-tile region will prove an invaluable assistance, supplying as it does a want long feit of a fuil, authentic and reliable guide to climate, soil, products, means of travel, &c. Send for Circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address NA-TIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa, DURNHAM'S AMERICAN BUNINESS COLLEGE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
A Model School of Trade, associating Theory with Practice by a system of Actual Business Operations, which practically illustrate and simplify the Science of Accountantship, Mercantile Exchange, &c., in all their various relations.

simplify the science of Accountantship, Mercantile Exchange, &c., in all their various relations.
RECENTLY REMOVED TO A MAGNIFICENT NEW COLLEGE BUILDING,
erected at a cost of \$125,000. Acknowledged to
be the best and most complete Business College ever established.
Book-Keeping, Commercial Calculations and
Correspondence taught in an interesting and
practical manner. Banking Houses, Merchants' Emporium, and officen Business Offices
in daily operation. A thoroughly organized
department of Mercantile Law. Physical Culture under a skilling granast. Pennmanship
taught by masters of the Art. Students can
enter at any time; no particular degree of advancement required. Ladles and gontlemen
prosecute their studies together, and enjoy
advantages. Graduates have averaged over
six months in completing the prescribed course
or study, and, as a result, seven-espirits of
them have readity coured increative situations
in business. Strict attention given to
moral and social welfare of students.
Four Nylendid Prizes, of \$75, will be presonted Dec. 25th, 1867, to be four graculates who
shall have entered college from the ball to Jely
N, 1867, and made the Less improvement in
Book-Recepting and Busi less Writing. Particulars in College Review, just issued.

**Springdied is situated in the peauliful Conaccined river Videy, thus 25,000 inhabitants, is a
City of great business activity, and the most
healthy and delightful place of residence in
New England.

**College Review Circulars, etc., giving
full particulars relating to the course of study,
as pense of board and tuition may be had grat. College Review Circulars, cas., giving full particulars relating to the course of study, expense of board and tuition may be had grat s. Persons in pursuit of the most complete Edu-cational facilities should address LOUIS W. BURNHAM, President, Springfield, Mass.

RODMAN, FISH & CO., BANKERS AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 18 NAMNAU STREET, NEW YORK.
Buy and sell at market rates Six per cent Bonda
of 1881; Five-Twenty Bonds, atl issues; TenForty Bonds; Reven-Thirty Notes, all series;
Compound Interest Notes, and Gold and Silver Coin.
Convert all series of 7-39 Notes into the New
Consolidated 5-29 Bonds at best market rates.
Execute orders for purchase and sale of all
miscellaneous securities.
Receive Leposits and allow 5 per cent, Intorest on balances, subject to check at sight.
Make collections on all accessible points,
All issues of Government Securities credited
or remitted for, on receipt, at market rates,
Free of all commission charges. R. F. & CO.

FIRE WORKS.
JOSEPH B. PURDY. 32 & 34 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL SALE. GUARANTEES best quality, full size and weight, and a most complete assortment at Reduced Prices.
Orders executed with care and dispatch.—City, town and private displays furnished to A Liberal Commission allowed for se-curing city or town Exhibitions.

BENJ. BULLOCK'S SONS, O L

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

AND 42 SOUTH FRONT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
Commissions 5 per cent. Advances in cash
made. Interest 6 per cent, per annum. MADAM FOY'S

MADAM FOURS

CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTER

Combines in one garment a PERFECT FITTING

CORSET, and the most desirable Skirt Supporter ever offered the public. It places the
weight of the skirts upon the shoulders instead of the hips; it improves the form witnout tight lacing; gives ease and elegance; is
approved and recommended by physicians.

Manufactured by .D. B. SAUNDERS & CO.,
98 Summer St., Boston.

Are You Lame, Crippled, or Deformed? Are You Lame, Crippled, or Deformed? Or have you, or your neighbors, a boy or child lame with contracted limbs, or curved spine, or crooked feet, or weak or paralyzed limos or ankles, or whose entirely helpless, or who are obliged to creep, or to wak with crutches, or whose limbs are shortened, or clocked, or drawn up, or who walk on the toes, or whose anyles roll over or turn law rd, or who have anyles roll over or turn law rd, or who have anyles roll over or turn law rd, or who have anyles roll over or turn law rd, or who have anyles roll over or turn law rd, or who have anyles roll over or turn law rd, or who have anyles roll over or turn law rd, or who have anyles from hip difficulties? To save own, in a record of misery will you not write a fact that the spine of charge, a circular which are the roll of th

person now at large was able to relieve her of the charge, and had promised to do so, but failed. The Court then, with the most impressive solemnity, passed upon her the dreadful sentence of death by hanging on the 30th of August next. The awful purport of the gloomy words overcame her, and she uttered alternately loud shricks and piteous moanings until the doors of the prison were again closed upon her.

Arrest of a Swindler.

An enterprising man, who has made a great deal of money, and a great deal of money, and a great deal of reputation of a certain kind, by gift enterprises, in this city and the West, was arrested on Wednesday as a swindler, and, we trust, will get his deserts. We hope the very foolish people who sent him a dollar in return, will get their deserts too. The best way to cure their folly is for somebody to cheat them.

**Soundle of MANNN, 133 West sist St. New York:

PAINTE COR FARMERS AND OTHERS.

PAINTE CRAFTON MINERAL PAINTE CO.

**PA

