The Steeple Chase.

The following graphic picture of an English steeple chase is from Oulda's new novel, "Under Two Flags," just published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.:

Thirty-two starters were hoisted up on the telegraph board, and as the field got at last under weigh, uncommonly handsome they looked, while the silk jackets of all the colors of the rainbows glittered in the bright noon sun. As Forest King closed in, perfectly tranquil still, but, beginning to glow and quiver all over with excitement, knowing as well as his rider the work that was before him, and longing for it in every muscle and every limb, while his eyes flashed fire as he pulled at the curb and tossed his head aloft, there went up a general shout of "Favorite!" His beauty told on the populace, and even somewhat on the professionals, though the legs kept a strong business prejudice against the working powers of "the Guardsman's Crack." The ladies began to lay dozens in gloves on him; not altogether for his pelm, which, perhaps, they appreciated, but for his owner and rider, who, in the scarlet and gold, with the white sash across his chest, and a look of serene indifference on his face, they considered the handsomest man of the field. The Household is usually safe to win the suffrages of the sex.

The three hundred odd horses pulled and fretted, and swerved in their impatience: one or two overcontentuous bolted incontinently, others put their heads between their knees, while Forest King, with his nostrils dilated till the scarlet rings on them showed in the sun, his muscles quivering with excitement as intense as the little Irish mare's, and all his Eastern and English blood on fire for the fray, stood steady as a statue for all that, under the curb of a hand light as a woman's, "Scarlet and White's ahead," "Violet's up with him," "Violet's past him," "Scarlet recovers," "Scarlet's second," "Violet's third," "Ten to one on the Regent," "Guards are the chance for me," "Guards are winning," "Guards are losing," "Guards are last!"

Were they!

As the shout rose, Cecil's left stirrup leather snapped and gave way; at the same time, the spur caught him, as, in his good rider's too, would have been hurled out of their saddle by the violent shock he swerved, as trained to cese the King and to recover his equilibrium, then he took the pace up again as though nothing had chanced. And his comrades of the Household when they saw this through their race-glasses, broke through their serenity and burst into a cheer that echoed over the grandstand and the copses like a clarion, the grand rich voice of the Sergeant leading foremost and loudest—a cheer that rolled mellow and triumphant down the cold bright air like the blast of trumpets, and thrilled on Berkeley and Beaufort, came down the course a mile away. It made his heart beat quicker with a victorious headlong delight, as his knees pressed closer into Forest King's flanks, and half sleepless like his master, he thundered forward to the greatest riding feat of his life. His face was very calm still, but the blood was in tumult, the delirium of pace has got on him, a minute of life like this was worth a year, and he knew that he would win or die for it, as the land seemed to fly like a black sheet under him, and, in this billiing pace, the buckthorns, the ditches and water, all went by him like a dream, whizzing underneath him as he shot over them, stomach to earth, over the level, and rose to leap after leap.

For the last minute's pause, when the stirrup broke, threatened to lose him the race.

He was more than a length behind the Regent, whose hoofs as they dashed the ground up sounded like thunder, and for those hecrtbeats strength the pace, he has no terrors; it was more than the lead to keep over, there was ground to cover, and the King was losing like Will Geranium. Cecil felt drunk with that strong keen, west wind that blew so strongly in his teeth, so passionate excitation was in him, every breath of winter air that rushed in his fencing nostrils seemed to lash him like a stripe:—the Household to look on and see him beaten! Then, Certain wild blood had begun to run in Cecil under the tranquil gentleness of temper and tone of custom, woke, and had the mastery. He set his teeth hard, and his hands clinched like steel on the bridle, "Off my beauty, my beauty, beat the Regent!" muttered half aloud as they clear the thirty-sixth fence. "Off you like, but don't fight me!"

As though Forest King heard the prayer and answered it with all his hero's heart, the splendid form responded to the last stretching stride stretched further yet with lightning quickness, every fiber straining, every nerve struggled, with a magnificent bound like an antelope the Gray recovered the ground he had lost, and passed Hey Regent by a quarter length. It was a neck to neck race once more, across the three meadows with the last and lower fences that were between them and the final leap of all; the ditch of artificial water with the towering double hedge of oak rails and of blackthorn above it was reached, leaped, and passed, and well-nigh hopeless just in front of the Grand Stand. A roar like the roar of the first surge up from the thronged course as the crowd hung breathless on the even race; ten thousand acclamations as twice ten thousand eyes watched the closing contest, as superb a sight as the Shires ever saw while the two ran together, the gigantic Chestnut, with every massive sinew swelled and strained to the tension of the last effort, and the wonderful grace, the shining flanks, and the Arabian head of the Gray's horse, "Scarlet will win!" "Scarlet!" "Scarlet!" "Scarlet!" "Ten to one on the Regent," "Guards are the chance for me," "Guards are winning," "Guards are losing," "Guards are last!"

Cecil's left stirrup leather snapped and gave way; at the same time, the spur caught him, as, in his good rider's too, would have been hurled out of their saddle by the violent shock he swerved, as trained to cese the King and to recover his equilibrium, then he took the pace up again as though nothing had chanced. And his comrades of the Household when they saw this through their race-glasses, broke through their serenity and burst into a cheer that echoed over the grandstand and the copses like a clarion, the grand rich voice of the Sergeant leading foremost and loudest—a cheer that rolled mellow and triumphant down the cold bright air like the blast of trumpets, and thrilled on Berkeley and Beaufort, came down the course a mile away. It made his heart beat quicker with a victorious headlong delight, as his knees pressed closer into Forest King's flanks, and half sleepless like his master, he thundered forward to the greatest riding feat of his life. His face was very calm still, but the blood was in tumult, the delirium of pace has got on him, a minute of life like this was worth a year, and he knew that he would win or die for it, as the land seemed to fly like a black sheet under him, and, in this billiing pace, the buckthorns, the ditches and water, all went by him like a dream, whizzing underneath him as he shot over them, stomach to earth, over the level, and rose to leap after leap.

For the last minute's pause, when the stirrup broke, threatened to lose him the race.

He was more than a length behind the Regent, whose hoofs as they dashed the ground up sounded like thunder, and for those hecrtbeats strength the pace, he has no terrors; it was more than the lead to keep over, there was ground to cover, and the King was losing like Will Geranium. Cecil felt drunk with that strong keen, west wind that blew so strongly in his teeth, so passionate excitation was in him, every breath of winter air that rushed in his fencing nostrils seemed to lash him like a stripe:—the Household to look on and see him beaten! Then, Certain wild blood had begun to run in Cecil under the tranquil gentleness of temper and tone of custom, woke, and had the mastery. He set his teeth hard, and his hands clinched like steel on the bridle, "Off my beauty, my beauty," he muttered half unconsciously as they clear the thirty-sixth fence. "Off you like, but don't fight me!"

As though Forest King heard the prayer and answered it with all his hero's heart, the splendid form responded to the last stretching stride stretched further yet with lightning quickness, every fiber straining, every nerve struggled, with a magnificent bound like an antelope the Gray recovered the ground he had lost, and passed Hey Regent by a quarter length. It was a neck to neck race once more, across the three meadows with the last and lower fences that were between them and the final leap of all; the ditch of artificial water with the towering double hedge of oak rails and of blackthorn above it was reached, leaped, and passed, and well-nigh hopeless just in front of the Grand Stand. A roar like the roar of the first surge up from the thronged course as the crowd hung breathless on the even race; ten thousand acclamations as twice ten thousand eyes watched the closing contest, as superb a sight as the Shires ever saw while the two ran together, the gigantic Chestnut, with every massive sinew swelled and strained to the tension of the last effort, and the wonderful grace, the shining flanks, and the Arabian head of the Gray's horse, "Scarlet will win!" "Scarlet!" "Scarlet!" "Scarlet!" "Ten to one on the Regent," "Guards are the chance for me," "Guards are winning," "Guards are losing," "Guards are last!"

Were they!

Sent along at a pace that Epsom flat never eclipsed, sweeping by the Grand Stand like the flash of electric flame, the Regent led, for one moment more, their foam flung on each other's withers, their breath hot in each other's nostrils, then the dark earth flew beneath their hoofs. The blackthorn was passed and five lars of solid oak, the water yawning on its farther side, black and deep, and fenced, twelve feet wide by a fence, high, and the same thorn wall beyond it; a leap no horse should have been given, no Steward should have set. Cecil pressed his knees closer and closer, and worked the gallant hery for the test; the surging roar of the throng, though so close, was dull on his ear; he heard nothing, knew nothing, saw nothing, but that long chestnut head beside him, the dull thud on the turf of the flying gallop, and the black wall that reared in his face. Forest King had done so much, could he have stay and strength for this?

Cecil's hands clinched, unconsciously on the bridle, and his face was very pale—pale with excitation—as his foot where the stirrup was broken crushed closer and harder against the Gray's flanks.

"Oh, my darling, my beauty—*now!*"

One touch of the spur—the first—and Forest King rose at the leap; all the life and power there were in him gathered for one superhuman and crowning effort: a flash of time, not half a second in duration, and he was lifted in the air higher and lighter in the cold, fresh, wild winter wind; skates and rails, and thorns and water lay beneath him black and gaunt and shapeless—yawning like a grave; one bound, even in mid-air, one last convulsive mighty one of the gallantest brute, and Forest King was over!

And as he galloped up the straight run in, he was alone.

Hey Regent had refused the leap.

As the Gray swept to the Judge's chair, the air was rent with deafening cheers that seemed to reel like drunken shouts from the multitude. "The Guards win, the Guards win;" and when his rider pulled up at the distance with the full sun shining on the scarlet and white, with the gold glision of the embroidered "Crest Valiant" on his Royalty, Forest King stood in all his glory, winner of the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon, by a fair without its parallel in all the annals of the Gold Vase.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

Secretary Stanton's Removal as Reported—Grant Temporarily Appointed—Stanton Will Not Resign—Republican Demoralization—Boston Condition of American Politics.

(Philadelphia Ledger Correspondence of London Times.)

The Presidential chair was at length got rid of by War Secretary, although he cannot be said to have left the Cabinet willingly. He has been forced out by a combination of circumstances beyond his control and beyond the control even of the Republican party, however so limited its power in everything else. The great War Minister of the United States, Edwin M. Stanton, to whose indomitable energy, iron will and unswerving integrity, more than to any other single ability to Grant and Sherman, the downfall of the rebellion was owing; the man who ruled President Lincoln as he pleased, and who for nearly six years has controlled the government of the United States, has been dismissed from his post, and is now of no more influence than any other private citizen. To be sure, the Republican party may make Mr. Stanton a "martyr," but that is only a remote chance of the remotest kind. The most active and most aspiring chiefs of that party already to allow him unopposed to retire quietly into private life, and will not be made the cause for additional attacks upon the President, and more vigorous frowns lowering around his prerogatives. Congress meets, there can be no doubt; but it is exceedingly problematical if Stanton can get back to power again. His day seems to be gone by.

The removal of Secretary Stanton, an object for which the President has employed all his energies, has only accomplished after much trouble. The consent of the Cabinet, and of General Grant (and first to be obtained, followed by a very eloquent address by General Sherman, in which he referred to Sheridan as the military hero of the Southwest, the Gibraltar of the Republic, the representative of American chivalry, the statesman as well as the soldier to whom the people of Louisiana and Texas will hereafter look with gratitude and esteem as the man who opened the way to permanent peace and prosperity.

General Sheridan then stepped forward, and replied as follows:

"I know you all know I never make speeches. I regret exceedingly that I am unable to make you one to-night; but this very kind reception has been unexpected by me entirely, and I can only express my thanks for your kind expressions and kind welcome."

The Gray Gray were afterwards made by General Pile, and the crowd gradually dispersed. An hour later, quiet, enthusiasm and general and hearty sympathy, many of the oldest citizens say this demonstration was the most spontaneous in St Louis. From eleven to one o'clock to-day the crowd continued to pass in front of the house, a crowd of callers was almost incessant. The General will leave for Leavenworth to-morrow afternoon.

The Situation at Washington.

The Washington correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs:

General Steedman had an interview of two hours duration with the President to-day, during which he earnestly protested against the removal of Secretary McCulloch, urging that the present condition of the country, the demand constantly increasing for our bonds in foreign countries, and the general satisfaction which his administration of the Treasury Department has given to the country, rendered it the most inexpedient time for retention. The political situation was discussed at length, and Steedman stated that in order to induce Congress to allow the present excitement to subside before taking any further step toward the adjustment of its policy, will be a matter of great importance. Nothing will be gained by a hasty adjournment, and it is well known that during the present week a large number of members will come to the President to secure his appointment. He left for New York yesterday, intending to return in the course of a few weeks, when he will undoubtedly receive a call from the President, and also his Washington newspaper organ that Stanton will not be allowed the balance of last week for a decision, and accordingly nothing was done until Monday morning.

The idea that the removal of Stanton is generally believed to indicate the adoption of a vigorous policy by the President, and by getting Grant even temporarily into the Cabinet, he has strengthened his position amazingly, for doing some little past he has said but few true friends outside the circle of Stanton's admirers. Joseph Holt, the Judge Advocate General, between whom and the President there has been no love for some time past, will probably be made the next martyr; and the President will open an attack upon his enemies, especially those who have been industrious in the impeachment business. His success over Stanton has greatly elated his friends, and increased the confidence of the heretofore abjected themselves behind the President. They are now to be made to feel his power. Yesterday a peremptory order was sent from Washington to General Sickles, who is in North Carolina, in a case to which I made reference a few days ago, was obstructing the process of the civil courts, directing him to support and not oppose those courts. General Sheridan's case is again being considered, and it is said, on the President, now that the fit is on him, will probably act boldly. He is more angry at Sheridan than even at Stanton, for Sheridan has been guilty *not only of insubordination, but also of a downright impudence to the President.*

Late News from Greece.

The latest intelligence from Crete, received at the Greek Legation at Washington, charges Omer Pasha with practicing deceit, in order to palliate his conduct, and states that he obtained certificates from some of his fellow-soldiers denying the reports of cruelties, with a view of influencing public opinion by the interested statements of those who sign the certificates.

The Cretans say that it can be proven by eyewitnesses that Omar Pasha, on entering from Sphakia, burned all the villages in his rear, in the province of St. Basile. The most active of them are Michael Vrontes Lesoglia and the Monastery Prefecture, the priest of Kissamos, he seized by evil. At Mesopis, province of Kissamos, he seized Mr. Kostandis, an elderly gentleman, forced him to apply fire to his own hut, and then burnt him together with the straw.

At Paleiari he mutilated a gentleman in a nameless manner, plucked out his eyes, and then murdered him. At Carnitudes he slew three Christian peasants, without similar cause, and at other places named in the despatches.

The Turkish troops defeated by General Coronaeus burnt several villages on their retreat toward Heraclion. At Mamalionda they murdered an old blind man and another citizen, and on leaving Gali, they crucified a young man, crucified, placing his head on the cross which surmounted the steeple of the church.

The accounts further say that the Cretans, have fought for a year against the power of Reshada Lessoliki, who threw open a suite, consisting of nine rooms, to the wife of the American Admiral.

On the 17th Admiral Farragut, Mrs. Farragut and Mr. Jacobs, the American consul at Leveral Russian officials, started down the Volga in a Russian steamer. Your correspondent came on the day previous to the case of the Minister of the Interior, which was referred to yesterday, in which a Mr. Jacobs, American railroad projector of Russia. Our Minister appeared at the Moscow station yesterday, when they were joined by the Vice Chancellor and the military officers commanding the Moscow district. Now, Mr. Jacobs is a Jew, and he is a Russian, and lodged in the new hotel, the largest in Russia, and the suite of rooms occupied by your correspondent, overlooking the Moskwa river, the Kremlin, the big bell and the Cathedral of St. Saint. In the hotel are the richest gallery of paintings, and here the proprietor has arranged the photographs of the Emperor and Empress, which regulate the resolutions of Congress congratulating the Emperor on his escape from assassination. The American officers are now the centre of attraction in Moscow. Here, as they look out of the window, they see the Tartars of the Russian authorities, they are confronted, in the streets, with the Russian peasantry, while there a group of Asiatic Tartars or a party of native Muscovites, in their grotesque dress, are seen. The Russian peasantry are now suppressed by curiosity. Everywhere in Russia they are regarded as a venerated, and the word *Amerikanski* throws wide the screen from before the *mysterious sanctuary* of the Kremlin, or draws the Crown diamonds from their dusty vaults. Moscow is a grand old city away from the rot of the ordinary European tourist. Moscow is a grand old city, and the time may—when the southern railroads are completed from Moscow to Berlin and the Black Sea—then the old Russian capital will be the resort of travelers from all countries. Nothing is so fine as the Kremlin, with its wonderful associations. Nowhere is a city so crowded with churches, palaces, towers, lofties, donjons, turrets, spires, domes, watchtowers, embattlements and fortifications. The gilded domes, the spires, and magnificent, gilded domes, glittering with the golden glory of the Orient, bring to the mind the fables of the East. Here, amid this half-Asiatic, half-European magnificence, the superstition of Russia, and the spirit of the sinister republicans of the Western world.

**To-day our officers have spent most in the Kremlin, where the Russian lady showed them without the configurations of Napoleon in 1812. The Kremlin, which is the Kremlin, and within its walls are situated the Terema, the residence of the Czars of Russia before the time of Peter the Great, the palace of Peter Great, the Granovitaya Palace, the Cathedral of the Assumption, the Church of the Saviour, the holy oil is kept and made, with which all the children of Russia are baptized; the superstition of ancient times, the dim, quiet kingdoms, Siberia, Poland, Moscow, Crimea, Kazan and Novgorod. The room of Peter the Great, in this building, contains 84 diamonds, and that of Catherine, 52 diamonds. Up to the State carriages used by Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, between St. Petersburg and Moscow. One is fitted up as a dining-room, where Elizabeth and her suite of twelve ladies-in-waiting, the Grand Duke and the Russian cannons taken from almost every country in Europe, and enough to make a Trajan column. There is the big 35 inch gun. The big gun, probably the largest in the world, was cast from the cannon in the Kremlin of bronze. The balls, nine feet in circumference, are now piled in pyramids. The Admiral Farragut measured the muzzle to-day, in the presence of the party, observing that the Russian cannon are not so fine as the *shots!* The Admiral is not in favor of big guns, and he said that the time is coming when fifteen inches we are retrograding in science. The big gun, like the big bell, has never been fired, and it is said that the Russians there would undoubtedly be more danger in the rear than in front. The Russians have made large guns in their campaign against the Asiatrians, last summer, knew what they were about. Moscow now is (not at night), at the Cockerhoff waiting for the train to take them to the great National Fair at Nijni Novgorod, 350 miles to the eastward. Here, once a year, the productions and manufactures of the Russian empire are brought, by the channel of the Volga and Oka rivers, from the remotest parts of the Russian empire, and the remote seas meet the merchants of the Baltic, ties is exchanged for iron and shoes, and the lashes begin with Tartars and the gilded children of the orient listen to the frigid tales of the Northland. Your correspondent will be there.

M. D. L.

FINANCIAL.

NOTICE

TO THE HOLDERS

OF THE

LOANS OF THE COMMONWEALTH

OF PENNSYLVANIA,

Due After July 2d 1860.

Holders of the following LOANS of THE COMMON WEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA are requested to present them for payment (Principal and Interest) at

The Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Philadelphia.

Loan of March 1, 1825, due April 15, 1863.
" " 1826, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1828, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1829, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1830, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1831, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1832, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1833, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1834, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1835, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1836, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1837, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1838, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1839, " 1863, " July 1, 1863.
" " 1840, due January 1, 1864.

All of the above LOANS will cease to draw interest after September 20, 1867.

JOHN W. GEARY,
GOVERNOR

JOHN F. HARTRANFT,
AUDITOR-GENERAL

WILLIAM H. KEMBLE,
STATE TREASURER.

m16f1 m w tSe30rp

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

J. W. SCOTT & CO.,
SHIRT MANUFACTURERS,
AND DEALERS IN
Men's Furnishing Goods,
814 Chestnut Street,
Four doors below the "Continental,"
PHILADELPHIA. mh14m,w,tf

PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT
MANUFACTORY.
Orders for those celebrated Shirts supplied promptly
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
Of late style in full variety.
WINCHESTER & CO.,
706 CHESTNUT.
feb5m,w,tf

GENTS' PATENT-SPRING AND BUT-TON BOOTS over Gaiters Cloth, Leather, with Patent Leather and Enamelled Leather Tops. GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS. BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c. The Cheapest Store, corner of Ninth and Market streets. Boots for Ladies and Misses. Ladies' Gaiters, Shoes, &c. BEST GOODS. LOWEST PRICES. THE BOSTON BAZAAR. m9f6mo] OPEN IN THE EVENING.

BOARDING.

BOARDING WANTED BY THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN, Private family preferred. Address 1012, Ledger Office.

HOME WITH PERMANENT BOARD, 1624 CHESTNUT STREET. Reference required.

PERMANENT BOARDING CAN BE HAD AT NO. 1009 CHESTNUT STREET.

CANTON PRESERVED GINGER — PRESERVED Limes, Citrons, Cherries, Damsons, Damson Cheese, Damson Jam, Damson Jelly, Damson Butter, Damson Paste, Damson Marmalade, Damson Syrup, Damson Vinegar, Damson Mustard, Damson Sauce, Damson Catsup, Damson Pickles, Damson Tarts, Damson Pie, Damson Dumplings, Damson Dumpling Sauce, Damson Dumpling Syrup, Damson Dumpling Cake, Damson Dumpling Pudding, Damson Dumpling Dumpling, Damson Dumpling Damson Dumpling, Damson Dumpling Damson Dumpling, Damson Dumpling Damson