HAD WE A BOURBON?

Eleazer Williams, the Indian Missionary, and the Lost Dauphin of France!

To the Editor of the Buffalo Express.—Putnam's Magazine, number for July, 1868, contains an article from the pen of Rev. C. F. Robertson, entitled "The Last of the Bourbons Story." Its subject, of course, is the claim set up by Rev. Eleazer Williams, the Indian missionary, and others, in his behalf, that he was really the lost Dauphin of France. But that production proves not to be the last in the case, for, although the editor of *Putnam* was convinced, in July, that it was so, yet in his September number, now before me (having been issued before its date), he fully retracts his convictions of that date, and reopens the long pending controversy, in favor, this time, of Mr. Williams's royalty.

This is done, both in editorial language, and in the insertion of a paper from Rev. Francis Vinton, S. T. D., assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, in which the claim of Mr. Williams to Bourbon royalty are renewed, and once more defended.

My connection with this affair is purely incidental, and had its origin in my long and somewhat intimate acquaintance with Mr. Williams. I first made that gentleman's acquaintance here in Buffalo (then a mere hamlet), in 1832, and in his frequent passing through Buffalo, to and from Russell and Green Bay, our intercourse was continued until he removed permanently from the Bay, I believe about 1836, after which I never saw him again. Mr. Williams spent much of his time with me, when in town, and his stay here was usually extended to several days upon each visit to Buffalo. Upon one of these occasions Mr. Williams gave himself to me a manuscript, consisting of some five or six hundred pages, of foolscap paper, which he wished to engage me to prepare for the press. It purported to be a translation from the Catholic Jesuit, Lafitau, at Detroit, the spirits relating to the life and walk of "Dunlap," where he was born, and his mother. This manuscript remained in my possession more than a year, and I subsequently returned it to Mr. Williams as unavailable for the purpose he proposed. It was so short time after this that a son of monastic life, with no incident or other variation of the daily routine of imposed religious duties, all of which appeared to be satisfactorily discharged, since the whole concluded with this sentence, namely, that "her praise was in all the churches."

The author of the article in the July number of *Putnam's Magazine* is evidently the *Courrier des Etats Unis* the contents of a letter of Rev. Eleazer Williams, of Green W. (misprinted Geo. H.) Haskins, relating to an interview with Mr. Williams, in Buffalo, at least one year and a half before Rev. Williams's meeting with the Prince de Joinville. I was present at most of the interview above referred to; and Mr. Williams on that occasion exhibited to me a finger-ring of white metal, wholly resembling the finest jewelry of adulterated silver, much worn by the Western Indians at that time. This ring carried no stone, but had a bored square of metal instead. The surface of this expanse had been polished, and upon it appeared marks, a portion of which seemed attempts to form letters, but what letters, if any, could not be made out, and the remainder were clearly designed as ornamental. The marks, whatever their purpose, were not engraved. The metal was somewhat worn, but not scratched, only, as with the point of a knife—the whole being executed with the utmost rudeness. The possession of this ring Mr. Williams communicated to me apart, and as he placed it on my hand he said, in a hoarse whisper, "I received that ring from the Royal Family of France." He made no explanation of its object, its inscription, how conveyed to him, when sent or when received, &c. When I expressed surprise that the royal family of France should possess, or in any way interest themselves in an object so manifestly ignoble, he promptly replied, "Our connection is secret, and neither at that time nor subsequently did he ever return to the subject matter of this ring. This, he said, was the only gift, more than a year and a half before Mr. Williams's interview with the Prince de Joinville at Green Bay.

In the course of the long discussions that have been had in regard to verifying Mr. Williams was, or was not, the lost Dauphin of France, not a little reproach has been made, from time to time, to scars upon his person, as marks of recognition. In Rev. Mr. Vinton's article, in the September number of *Putnam*, that gentleman introduces the history of one of this family of evidences of the identification of the Dauphin, which I am induced to offer a remark. It seems that Rev. Mr. Harrison, a fellow-laborer with Mr. Vinton in this matter of seeking the lost Dauphin, has obtained what he deemed reliable testimony that the surgeon who vaccinated the Dauphin did, at the time, wing his lancet, on the back of the Dauphin's shoulder, trace the shape of a crescent. "for the purpose of identification." Guided by this information, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Vinton resolved to test the fact by examining "the back of Mr. Williams's shoulder." Mr. Williams was nothing loth to furnish evidence of his royal origin, and the examination was had. "The aged and venerable man stripped his back," and there the two inquirers saw the identification mark. Mr. Vinton's words are: "When turning his shoulder to the light there was the circatrix, in the shape of a crescent, three-fourths of an inch across." The effect of this discovery was well nigh tragic upon the two observers. "Mr. Hanson's face" was bedewed with tears at the sight, and, indeed, no doubt, by the mental conviction that he had certainly found the long-lost Bourbon. At such a moment, with the spell of the exalted discovery fully upon them, it is not surprising, nor in the least doubtful, that the two searchers after knowledge under difficulties should have each silently grasped the other's hand in a kind of ecstatic phrensy, or trance, sufficient to admit the mingling of language with their tears, and yet it is a fact indisputable that this "crescent, three-fourths of an inch across," may have had another and widely different origin, as, for instance, the mark of a doctor's lancet. Let us see. It was made, says the authority cited, by the surgeon, at the time he inoculated the Dauphin, when he traced it with his lancet, and for the purpose of identification." Now, a boy would be thus traced, in the skin of an infant; with so keen an instrument as a surgeon's lancet, and tell us would heal by the first intention, and in doing so would not suppurate, and therefore would leave no scar whatever, or say nothing of an indelible mark to be sought after and identified fifty years after, with a mark on the back of an aged and venerable man.

But there is another and a different version of the possible origin of this "crescent upon the back of the shoulder of Mr. Williams," which seems deserving of notice here. Mr. Williams was very fond of referring to his services with the armies of the United States in our last war with England; and he was wont to conclude his remarks upon this subject with details of the battle of Plattsburg, which was fought on the 11th day of September, 1814. His tattooed testimony was that he was in that battle, and that he was there wounded "upon the back of his shoulder, the scar of which would be constantly averred to still carried—in that locality. Now, in the battle of the 11th, at Plattsburg, Mr. Williams was twenty-nine years of age, and had, therefore, reached the time and stature of manhood. Military wounds are not inflicted with instruments as clean cutting as a lancet, and has very rarely, if ever, heal without leaving scars that remain visible until death. In this case, so far as the language of description is concerned, the same locality seems given to the doctor's lancet tracing of his crescent, in the skin of the infant Dauphin, and the military wound of Mr. Williams, received when he was twenty-nine years of age, and the scar of which he was wont to wear in after life, he still carried upon the back of his shoulder.

R. H. HASKINS.

BUFFALO, Aug. 26, 1868.

An Accomplished Journalist.

The London correspondent of the *Boston Post* thus alludes to Mr. John Douglas Cook, recently deceased, and up to the time of his death editor of the London *Saturday Review*:

The engagement of Mr. Cook as inspiring and correcting editor, and the engagement of a thoroughly able publisher, secured more than anything else the success of the *Saturday Review*. There was a special result of Mr. Cook's influence which had a peculiar effect in advancing the interests of the paper—namely, its entire independence of party, and its hostility to nearly all party leaders. Mr. Disraeli, Earl Russell and Earl Derby have been continually scathed in its columns, though rarely with injudicious severity. When the *Saturday Review* was first, Mr. Cook made the suggestion that it should keep perfectly clear of clique, the *Morning Chronicle* having shown him that commercially any other principle would be a failure, and it being equally evident to him that, from purely commercial success no paper could be a great power, or pleasant to work on.

The proprietor consented. Upon certain private conditions, chiefly ecclesiastical, he yielded to the request of Mr. Cook, and he hardly exercised since even a consultative influence on the conduct of his journal. So much has this been the case, that it has even seemed wonderful to many how he—a proprietor—so unpolitical, and so ready to be proved to university political promotion—could remain connected with a journal so absolutely free in its conduct from all political individuality. But the fact is the paper had no political individuality, it had no individuality. Its individuality consisted in a preference for attacking whatever was the weakest point all round. Unhappily there is so much weakness in human affairs that, if one goes on to censure and to avoid clique, one can always turn out a good quantity of material, which if brilliant and well-aimed, and which if only of average excellence every one must admit to be very nearly true in its main, is a comprehensive exposure, and which even if simply abusive will generally place if not the interpreter above, at least on the same level as the assailed.

Now how well the *Saturday Review* has fulfilled this programme. It has written down all the idols for its weaker, puerile, moral and geographical inaccuracy. It has made rare sport of the *Telegraph* for its bad musings of its young lions. It drove Thackeray nearly wild. It not unsuccessfully poon-poohed Dickens. It has robed of all glamour the public character of all the greatest men, except Mr. Bright, whom it was the duty of Liberal journal to pronounce the first of living orators, and in respect to whom, though impartially differing with him, the *Saturday Review* has never echoed the vulgar censures of other minds. There was much redeeming nobility in this trait; but, as a rule, the tone of the *Saturday* was usually very low. Everything like admiration seemed to be on principle avoided. There was ofne an article in the paper on literary favoritism, in which it was correctly enough argued that it arose more from half-unconscious friendship than from any sort of sensility; and from this sort of temptation Mr. Cook did ifdfutmost to preserve himself. When he did, the results were so bad, though less glaring perhaps than in other publications. One reason which contributed as much as anything to the paper's success was its "short articles" as they soon got to be called—those brief articles which were placed between the large type ones and the reviews. Many times were they dull. Many attributed them—which was very severe—to Mr Help. But the public generally either read them or talked about reading them more than any thing else in the paper. Since Mrs. Lynn Linton, or Miss Edwards, or Lady Salisbury, or ever it was begun attacking the public women, the popularity of this part of the *Review* has wonderfully risen; and one hopes the new conductor will continue in Mr. Cook's mood, at least long enough to give the young men and middle-aged men of the period the fits they deserve so much more than the victims of the other sex whom the *Saturday* also so ruthlessly smitten.

Perhaps, if one contented roughly the benefits Mr. Cook has rendered to newspaper satira and quality, one would say that in removing pain speech in discussing and writing, in gibbeting certain vulgarisms of speech and conduction, in insisting upon accuracy, and in condemning secret recommendations, he has done much to improve the conduct of superior journalism. A respect morals, he has insisted on a simple gentlemanly life, and he has fostered a superciliousness which it ill accords with the humanity of self contained type of character to which he accorded an honorable preference. He has demanded a serene, a virtuous, a gentle and a manlike woman-hood, such as would make this world a heaven, but he has done so in a spirit of baneful irreverence towards women as we know and love them in our homes. His lessons of modesty, and even of apatsy, have been needed in these days of self-advertising and pushing, but they ran to seed in a justifying those most useless of men, who, having taken of not taken university honors, think their acquisition of university tone a good excuse for useless obscurity during life, relieved only by the relaxation of scoffing every other type of human creature.

Personally Mr. Cook was, when not oppressed with work, a genial man. He was simple and kind in dress and manners, though there were silly stories of his leading a princ's life at a villa on the Thames.

Browning, in "Pippa Passes," or "Contrary," speaking of a poet at Valladolid, says:

I found no truth in one report at least—
That if you tracked him to his lair of lions
Beyond the Jewry, and as clean to pace,
You found he sat in slippers in a room
Blazing with lights, four Titians on the wall,
And a Venetian girl sits to sharpen his pilate
Poor man he lived another kind of life.

In that one sentence lies the key to the bridge. Fresh painted, rather smart than otherwise!

The whole scene was bright enough for him as he sat
Leg crossing leg, one foot on the dog's back,
Flying the flapping ears with his free hand
(Jacynth, you're sure her name was) o'er the head
And fruit, three red halves of starved winter pears,
Or treat of radishes in April. Nine,
Ten, struck the church clock, straight to bed went he.

His London dwelling, at which he died, was in the quiet Kensington, and he was many people who remember Macaulay lived there should go to see. It is just behind Burlington House, the screen and corridor of which (the latter unique) have just been taken down. To conclude, he must have been an expensive editor so far as composition went, for he has been known to show a contributor who thought his article "would never see daylight" sixty-three proofs hanging on a nail waiting their turn; it being his wont to accept on proof alone many articles which he subsequently rejected, or for which there was no room, or for which the right moment passed by. Mr. Sandars has done most of the literary work of editing, and will, I suppose, be Mr. Cook's successor. And, by the way, the celebrated "Gutter" article in the *S. R.* against Mr. Gladstone (of which I spoke in my last), has been reprinted as a Tory handbill, and posted about the metropolis.

"The Wickedest Man in New York"—Keep up the Raising Hades Business forever.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—John Allen shut his dance-house last night, and says he will turn philanthropist. His waiter girls he has persuaded to try and live virtuous lives hereafter, and he has an advertisement pasted on his doors recommending them as servants in families. In answer to a question why he determined to reform, he answered: "Because I have come to the conclusion that it is wrong to keep such a place, and also to gratify my poor old mother, who is tottering on the brink of the grave, and my brothers and sisters, who are all respectable people, and also for the sake of my children, to whom I want to set a good example."

Reporter—"Don't you intend ever to keep a dance-house again?"

Allen—"No, sir; I'd carry a hod before I'd go into the dance-house business again. I've done evil enough, and now I'm going to try to do some good."

Two weeks ago Mr. Arnold, of the Howard Mission, accompanied Allen home to the "Wickedest Man's" father's house, where a family council had been called for the purpose of making a determined effort to induce the young man to quit his shameful business. The result was fruitful.

Allen returned to the city deeply impressed with a sense of his duty to his true-hearted, faithful relatives, if not to God and decency. His friends in the city followed up the attack. Allen's religious impulses got wind of what was going on, and made a dead set at him. They abused him and ridiculed him, called him a Methodist, wanted to know when he was going to join the church, and did all they could to keep him from being "soft" enough to carry out the good resolves they had formed. Nothing daunted, he called his meditated abandonment of the dance-house business.

This afternoon Allen attended religious services at the Howard Mission. At the close of the service it was announced that Allen had shut up his dance-house, and that he would make a few remarks. Coming forward with diffidence and hesitation he said:

I'm not accustomed to addressing audiences, and don't intend to say much. I've been called the wickedest man in New York, and I have done a good deal of evil, but I'm sorry for my past life and intend to see if I can's now do a little good. I suppose I shall have a hard time of it sometimes. Often get set back one way and other but if my Christian friends will stand by me I hope I shall hold out and do some good. I'm most obliged for your courtesy, and will do the best I can.

In the evening there was a prayer-meeting at Allen's old dance-house, No. 304 Water street, which was largely attended. The service was conducted by the Rev. D. Arnold. The impression made was deep and intense. The dance-house girls were in attendance, and so was Allen's wife. Allen seemed to enjoy the meeting, and joined heartily in the singing of every hymn. There was considerable excitement outside, but the police kept everything quiet. To-morrow, at twelve o'clock, a regular noon-day prayer meeting is to be begun at No. 304 Water street, and the house is to be turned into an asylum for whatever the Christian friends of Allen shall determine upon.

To-morrow Allen is to take out all his liquor and bar materials and burn them in the street.—*Morning Post.*

The Remarkable Aerolite in Tennessee.

An account of the aerolite which fell in Tennessee recently has already been given. A correspondent of the Nashville *Press* writes from Cheatham's Cross Roads, under date of August 19:

"The place where it struck remained hot three days, but a copious shower of rain having fallen, which temporarily swelled the streams and water courses, a large flood poured down on the place from the neighboring hills, sending up a constant and immense column of steam. The earth around the place for several yards was quite hot. This gave us the idea that the aerolite which struck must be of a great size. The column of steam continued to ascend all night, and presented a wierd spectacle amid the gloom and in the silent depths of the woods. It could be seen from the surrounding hills, like a tall ghost, changing its position betimes and its form and gradually, as morning approached, melting away in the light of the rising sun. At ten o'clock in the morning we organized a squad of about ten, with drills and other gearing tools, and commenced the work of excavation. We found great numbers of rents and cracks in the rocks as we descended. Not much powder was needed after the first few blasts.

"We did not propose to work all round the hole, but began five or six yards from the lips of the crifice, and continued to work on the side of the hole, when we reached the depth of about twenty feet we came to the aerolite, or mass of metal, still hot and covered outside with a slight film or coating of oxide. It is wedge-shaped, the heavy end being upward.

"I cannot account for this except on the supposition that it was globular as it descended; but the contact was so dense a body of mass of limestone, while in a soft condition, pushed backward the mass as it passed through and gave it the cone shape which it has. It had passed entirely through the ledge of limestone, and was embedded in a stratum of bluish, tough, putty-like clay, very closely packed and impervious to water. This bed of clay or marl runs sloping up the hill, to what extent or distance I don't know; but at the point where the excavation was made it has this inclination.

"The aerolite we found to measure about seven feet from apex to base, and at the greatest circumference about ten feet round. It is specifically very heavy and the lump cannot weigh less than five or six tons. We are now exercising our wits about getting it out of the hole, and afterwards we shall have a job of no inconsiderable magnitude in getting it any higher for transportation. We have written to Washington about it, and have already received a telegraphic despatch from the president of the Smithsonian Institute, saying that if we furnish the requisite evidence as to the facts we stated, he would procure means to have the mass of metal transported to his institute. We are anxious to have this wonder—jest among ourselves, and we are taking steps to have the proper authorities of the national capital take the matter and make an appropriation of the necessary expenses to have it in the State Library."

—A corporator, during one of his rounds a few days since in Adams county, Ohio, not far from the Mineral Springs, distributing Bibles and Testaments, called upon an old farmer, who he ascertained was without a copy of the "Word of God." The colporteur asked him if he did not want to purchase a Bible. "No, he didn't want any." "Well," said the colporteur, "I'll give you one will you receive and read it?" "No, he didn't want it anyway. It was a good enough book to read, but it was full of Republican doctrine, and he didn't want any book of that kind in his family."

EDUCATION.

MR. H. Y. LAUDERBACH'S Select Classical, Scientific and Commercial School for Young Men will open on Monday, September 14, at the ASSEMBLY BUILDING, TENTH and CHESTNUT Streets.

The School will consist of a Primary department and of a first-class public school, with the superior advantages of the Assembly Building and its grounds. Special admission may be made at the rooms daily, from 9 to 12 m. aug28 1m

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, AT CHESTER, PA. (FOR BOARDERS ONLY.)

The session commences THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d.

For Circulars apply to James H. Ores, Esq., 625 Chestnut street; T. R. Pickering, Esq., 304 Chestnut street, or to COL. THEODORE HYATT, Principal.

aug26 2t18 President Pennsylvania Military Academy.

WYOMING BOARDING SEMINARY, WILKESBARRE, PA. Sessions begin September 9. Gentlemen are thoroughly and practically qualified for the counting house by W. H. Loveland, Ph.D., late Professor of Commercial Law, Bryant and Stratton's Business College, Philadelphia. Circulars at Wilkes Academy, Chestnut street. aug24 4w 1102 Chestnut street.

CLASSICAL, FRENCH AND ENGLISH INSTITUTE, 1717 Chestnut and Locust streets. Next session begins Sept. 14th. Apply at the Institute, or address aug24 6t

MISS M. E. ASHBURNER will reopen her school, No. 1, Southwest corner Broad and Spruce streets, on SEPTEMBER 14th, 1868. Entrance on Pine street. Circulars can be left at Trumpler's. aug24 6m*

MADAME CLEMENT'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for Young Ladies, will reopen on MONDAY, September 14. The next session will open WEDNESDAY, September 16.

For circulars apply at her residence, 1214 Spruce street. aug24 6t

ANNIE AND SARAH CROPER WILL OPEN THEIR SCHOOL for Young Ladies, No. 112 Hilton street, Sept. 14th. aug22 6t*

SELECT HIGH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS, 1519 Chestnut street. Twenty-fifth session. Exercises will recommence MONDAY, SEPT. 7th. Circulars at the Musical Fund Hall. aug17 3t

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, 1013 CHESTNUT STREET. FALL TERM WILL COMMENCE MONDAY, SEPT. 7TH. CIRCULARS AT THE MUSIC STORES. aug17 3t*

CLASSICAL AND ENGLISH SCHOOL, AT 1112 MARKET street, re-opens MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14. WM. A. COOLEY, A. M. aug15 1m*

MR. C. OSBOURN HAS RETURNED AND OPEN his Office for Instruction in No. 802 Race street. Mr. Osbourn's system is so extensively known as to need no recommendation. He invites particular attention to his Phonetical method of teaching Spelling. aug15 6t

ANNA KAIGHN'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, Lombard street, above Eighteenth, will reopen September 14. aug14 6m*

CATHARINE M. SHIPLEY WILL REOPEN HER School, No. 4 South Merrick street, (September 9th) aug14 6t

YOUNG MEN AND BOYS' ENGLISH, CLASSICAL, AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL, 1027 and 1029 VINE street, reopens September 9th. Preparation for College or Business. Rev. JAMES G. SHINN, A.M., Principal. aug5 6m*

REV. BALDWIN'S ENGLISH, MATHEMATICAL and Classical School for young Men, 1635 Arch street, reopens September 14. aug5 6t

MRS. P. RONDINELLA, TEACHER OF SINGING, PRIMA DONNA Concert and Oratorio Singer, 508 S. Tenth street. aug5 1m

THE BEST PROVIDED SCHOOL IN AMERICA.—The Scientific and Classical Institute, a School for Boys and Young Men, corner Fourteenth and Chestnut streets, reopens MONDAY, September 7. REV. JAMES L. CLARK, A.M., Principal.

CENTRAL INSTITUTE, TENTH AND SPRING GARDEN streets. Classical, Scientific and Commercial Departments. Special attention given to Modern Languages. Primary Depts. Residence of the Principal. Rev. HORACE LORING, A.M., M.D., LL.D., Rev. R. W. SHOEMAKER, Vice Pin. jl4 6m

MISS GRIFFITH'S SCHOOL REOPENS MONDAY, September 9th, in the large second-story room of the Musical Fund Hall. Terms, $40 per session. Circulars may be left at Trumpler's, Chestnut street. aug24 1m

H. D. GREGORY, A. M., WILL RE-OPEN HIS SCHOOL for Young Men and Boys, No. 1020 Market street, on Tuesday, September 8th.

GEORGE E. FARRIN, A. M., WILL RE-OPEN HIS School for Boys, No. 1518 Arch street, on Monday, September 14.

MISS STOKES' SCHOOL, 609 MARK STREET, GERMANTOWN, will reopen Monday, September 14th. aug24 1m

CARRIE S. BURNHAM'S BOARDING SCHOOL FOR Ladies and Misses, No. 1004 Filbert street, reopens September 14. Application may be made at the above address, or at the BULLETIN Office, or address Miss BURNHAM, Box 1505 Philadelphia Post Office. aug18 6t

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION IN THE CLASSICS AND Mathematics, and the English branches, will recommence Sept. 7th, by Rev. SAMUEL EDWARDS, 1530 Chestnut street. Refer to Rev. Dr. Brainerd, Rev. Dr. Newton. aug18 6t

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL OPEN A PRIVATE SCHOOL for a limited number of young gentlemen, on the 7th of September, at the residence of the Principal, corner of 22d and Spruce streets. Terms, $200 per session. Refer to Rev. Dr. Newton, Rev. Dr. Brainerd, Rev. Dr. Boardman, Rev. Dr. Wylie, Rev. Dr. Jacobs, Rev. Dr. Mitchell, Rev. Dr. Leighton, Rev. Dr. Stevens, Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Rev. Dr. Musgrave, Rev. Dr. Ashmead, Rev. Dr. Stevenson, Rev. Dr. Wylie, Rev. Dr. Jacobs, Rev. Dr. Mitchell, Rev. Dr. Leighton, Rev. Dr. Stevens, Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Rev. Dr. Musgrave, Rev. Dr. Ashmead, Rev. Dr. Stevenson. aug18 1m

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, &c.

CACHE SPECIALS.—NEW STYLES, JUST IN NORTH GROUND floor, have given us hand a large and choice assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., comprising in part, French, Belgian and American Cloths of every description. aug18 6t

COAL AND WOOD.

CROSS CREEK LEHIGH COAL. No. 308 CHESTNUT Street, West Philadelphia. Selected Lehigh, Nos. 6, 7 and 8 Nuts, $7 50. Orders left at the office of the Cross Creek Mountain Coal Company, 308 Chestnut street, West Philadelphia, will receive prompt attention. Also, Lehigh Coal, of the above sizes, at a REDUCED PRICE, delivered at the yard. Orders left at the office of the