NEW PUBLICATIONS.

H. R. FOX Bourner's Book of famous London merchants has been republished in this country by Harper & Bros., in a neat duodecimo, enriched with twenty-five good illustrations. We receive a copy from Turner Bros. The biographies number thirteen, from that of Sir Richard Whittington, in the fourteenth century, to Mr. Peabody's in our own. A quantity of interesting anecdotes are included in these memoirs, from which we select a very few. The story of Rothschild and the Prince,—*"prenez tout choisir!"*—and here correctly attributed to Nathan Rothschild, was credited at the time of his recent death to the late Baron James; in the French press, and, we believe, in the BULLETIN!

NATHAN MEYER ROTHSCHILD.

"Even his charities, according to his own confession, were eccentric, and chiefly indulged in for his own entertainment. 'Sometimes, to amuse myself, he said, I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and, for fear I should find it out, of his runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes; it is very amusing.'

"The great man's jokes were not very witty. One of the best of them owes its point to his Jewish pronunciation. At a Lord Mayor's dinner he sat next to a guest noted for his stinginess, who chanced to say that, for his part, he preferred mutton to venison. 'Ah! I see,' Rothschild muttered; 'you like mutton because it is sheep (cheap), and the other people like venison because it is deer (dear.)'

"Another saying attributed to him gives evidence, if true, of some humor. Once, it is said, a German prince, visiting London, brought letters of credit to the banker. He was shown into the inner room of the famous counting-house in St. Swithin's lane, where Rothschild sat, busy with a heap of papers. The name being announced, Rothschild nodded, offered his visitor a chair, and then went on with the work before him. For this treatment the prince, who expected that everything should give way to one of his rank and dignity, was not prepared. Standing a minute or two, he exclaimed, 'Do you not hear, sir, who I am? I am'—repeating his titles. 'Oh, very well,' said Rothschild, 'take two chairs then!'

"At another time two strangers were admitted into the private room. They were tall foreigners, with mustaches and beards such as were not often seen in the city 30 or 40 years ago, and Rothschild, always timid, was frightened from the moment of their entrance. The pair his own interpretation upon every movements with which they fumbled about in their pockets; and before the expected pistols could be produced, he had thrown his ponderous ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his cries of 'Murder.' The strangers were pinioned, and then after long questionings and explanations, it appeared that they were Turkish Jews, just from the Continent, who, nervous in the presence of a banker so much more wealthy, had had some difficulty in finding the letters of introduction which they were to present.

"During the latter years of his life Rothschild was said to be always in fear of assassination.

"'You must be a very happy man, Mr. Rothschild,' said a guest, at one of the splendid banquets for which his Piccadilly house was famous. 'Happy! Me happy? he exclaimed. 'What, happy? when I see just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, if you do not send me £500 I will blow your brains out? Me happy? no!'

SAMUEL GURNEY.

"Samuel Gurney grew rich himself, and helped others to become rich. While he was young and unknown, he was a fashionable man his one grand pursuit. It is said of him that when once an other friend warned him against too close attention to the things of this world, he replied that he could not help himself—he could not live without his business. During the last ten or twelve years of his life, however, he left management in the hands of others, and found his occupation in enjoyment of his princely fortune and application to various charitable and philanthropic undertakings. Charitable he had been all through his life. 'Many are the solid remembrances of the more prominent features of Mr. Gurney's charities,' says his very friendly biographer; 'but besides those deeds more generally known to the public; there were many lesser streams of silent benevolence still flowing from the fountain of love to God and man, which spread refreshment around. Of the numerous members of his large family his kindly aid was given, and to might be said that not only there, but elsewhere, he was wonderfully gifted with the will and with the power to help. Besides his efficiency as a friend, his very presence had an impart strength, courage and calm in any emergency, while his practical wisdom, his clear and decisive mind and noble spirit of charity, led many to bring cases of difficulty before him, knowing from experience how sure and effective was his aid. It may be truly said of Samuel Gurney that he lived to do good service, whether by advice or money, by his sound judgment or well-appointed aid. He really took trouble to serve his fellow-creatures, and a narration of his mere almsgiving extensive as it was, would give a very inadequate idea of the good he effected during the journey of life. Through the time of his greatest wealth he is reported to have spent £10,000 a year in charities; and one year, it is said, the amount exceeded £20,000.

"Many are the records of his kindly disposition, shown in little ways and great. One afternoon,' says one of his clerks, 'as Mr. Gurney was leaving Lombard street, I saw him take up a large bundle of game to carry to his carriage. I immediately ran forward and took it from him. He looked pleased, and in his powerful and hearty voice exclaimed: 'Just think know H—s is a Leadenhall Market?' I replied in the affirmative. 'Then go there and order thyself a right down good turkey, and put it down to my account.'

"A more important instance of his generosity is in the circumstance that when, on one occasion, a forgery had been committed, to the injury of his Lombard street house, and the culprit lay in prison with clear proof of guilt, Gurney refused to prosecute or to seek his release. At another time, we are told, one of the silversmiths in the city, and a man of high esteem for his uprightness, was accused of forgery. The excitement as to the probable result of this highly respectable man, the friend Gurney was prepared to stand by the prisoner to the last, and behoved I am proceeded to Lombard street, where I found him occupied with the vast immensity of his business, and asked him hastily whether common report were true. Upon which he said, 'After a most anxious investigation of the matter, I am firmly convinced of that man's innocence. I deem it my duty to stand forward in defence publicly, and will join him in the felon's dock.' And (most assuredly he would) nor could any one easily forget the intense sensation produced in the crowd of spectators when, on the prisoner being conducted to his place, instantly figure of Samuel Gurney presented itself to the public gaze by the side of the innocent silversmith.

"An mitigation of the laws regarding forgery, in company with his brother-in-law, Thomas Fowell Buxton, Samuel Gurney first showed himself to the world as a philanthropist. He also took a lively interest in all plans for improving and increasing refuges and reformatories. He was for many years, after the death of William Allen, Treasurer to the British and Foreign School Society, and, to the end of his life, was always a good friend. Visiting Ireland in 1849, he astonished the inhabitants by the liberality with which he dealt his purse to the poor of them, as far as he could, amid their sufferings from the potato famine. At Ballina he found the town so full of paupers that there were none able to pay poor rates, and the workhouse was consequently bankrupt. I found an execution put into it; he said in one of his letters, and all the furniture to be sold for the off this week, when the poor will have to lie on straw, and the guardians must feed them as well as they can.' He bought up the whole of the furniture for £200, in order that, being his property, it might be saved from the creditors.

"In 1848 Gurney gave £1,000 to the government of Liberia, and he always took great delight in promoting of the little colony of freed slaves. Nor was he his like some anti-slavery worthies, careful only for the freedom of the blacks. In 1852 he sent a petition to the King of Prussia on behalf of his disentitled subjects, praying that full religious liberty might be accorded them. The King answered that he did not mean to do anything that could distress 'his good friend Gurney.'

"The last visit of Overend, Gurney & Company, which he made so famous, lasted only a few years longer. Samuel Gurney's retirement, Mr. David Barclay Chapman became the chief manager of the business. He retired in turn, late in 1866, when the concern fell into less skillful hands. The establishment became a Limited Liability Company in August, 1865, and failed in May, 1866."

New Magazines.

Putnam's for August opens with a little story, of the psychologico-Germanesque type, which makes a very narrow escape from being a good one; we were near saying as good as one of Poe's minor tales. It is called "A Martyr to Science." The plot depends upon the hobby of an anatomist who wishes to expose the heart of a living man, for the purpose of proving that "Vesale, and offers his own for the purpose.—A woman's article by the well-known English writer Miss Cobbe, entitled "Defects of Women and How to Remedy Them," is disappointingly trite and shallow. Other noticeable contributions are "Among Thieves," by X. S. Emerson, "More Light," by Fred. de Vere, "Henry J. Raymond—Journalism," by H. T. Cluchmer, "Mauritius," by Mr. Mellen, and the novels by Caroline Chesebro and R. D. Kimball. *Putnam's* presents this month, as every month, a succulent hotch-potch of short scrappy articles, and the abundant notes so exhaustively snipped out for it by Stoddard, Clarence Cook and Bayard Taylor, sustain the character of miscellaneous terseness.—Received from Turner Bros. & Co.

Onward, Mayne Reid's magazine, now in the second number of its second volume, still presents those features of it editing which individually that have made it all along a marked bird in the covey of the serials. We hope to see its circulation steadily increase—it ought to bound all over the prairies and the pampas,and wherever its own peculiar Hispano-American language is understood. The cuts, however, are a little too bad.—Turner Bros. Philadelphia.

Our Schoolday Visitor for next month contains Dr. Charles C. Gardette's story "Pluck," with an engraving illustrative of the story. Other contributions are "Ants and Bees," "Stories about Sugar Plums," "Tumble among the pects, Low Life in New York, and other interesting subjects. *The Visitor* is a safe and delightful companion for the young. Published by Daughaday & Becker, 424 Walnut street.

Godey for August has an engraving of three heads, two equine, and one feminine, which rather suggests the old proverb "When shall we three meet again?" The horses, nevertheless, are not badly drawn. There are the usual fashion-plates—would that editors in the warm weather could preserve the sunny equanimity observed by the fashion-plate woman!—and intricacies to be solved by means of Berlin wool, and drawing models, and nearly all the forms of busy idleness. The letter-press, with Marion Harland and Mrs. Hale, is as pleasant and woman-like and sociable as ever. Received from Turner Bros. & Co.

BELLINI'S ROMANCE.

[Translated from the German.]

I was a guest at a pleasant country festival at Elsenburg, a few hours' ride from Dresden, at the close of September, 1835. The postboy brought me a letter that caused me to order my horse saddled immediately. It was a brief note from my friend, J. P. Pixis, informing me that *La Sonnambula* was to be performed that evening; my favorite song, Teresa, Pasculla, in the part of "Amina," I was more than half in love with that enchantress, and trembled with delight at the prospect of seeing her, while I took a long leave of my rural entertainers.

I arrived in time, but would not call upon Pixis, but hurried off to the opera; not until the next morning, for I wished to see her alone. I was early at the door of her lodging in Castle street. When she came into the drawing-room and advanced to greet me, I was startled to see her pale, with eyes red with weeping. I gazed anxiously on her face, pressing the hand she held out to me in silence, for my emotion was too great for speech. She asked quietly if I had witnessed the last evening's representation. I assured her I had, and endeavored to express my rapturous appreciation of her singing. But my praises were cloaked with gloom as I saw her so sadly altered.

"I see you wonder I am dejected," she replied to my questioning looks. "We have all cause to mourn."

"What has happened?"

"Alas!" she faltered, weeping afresh, "Bellini is dead!"

I had not heard the fatal news. Bellini! the gifted composer of the noble work that had so delighted me a few hours before! So admirable an artist—so young—so much loved and beloved! I could have wept with Pasculla.

After a few moments' silence, she wiped her eyes, then rose, and took a volume from the table. It was her album, for which I had sent her a drawing—a sketch of her fair self as Norma, at the moment when Juliet calls on Romeo, in the tomb, while he thinks it the voice of an angel from the skies.

We turned over the leaves of the album, lingering as we came to the different autographs of Pasculla's soft, languishing eyes kindled with laughty fire as we noted the bold, rude characters traced by the hand of Judith Pasta; and when we came to the signature of Countess Gossi, her expressive features were lighted with a tender smile.

One letter was written by her Uncle Pixis in Prague. She stopped to give me an account of his family. Turning the leaves and talking rapidly, she paused of a sudden, and I saw two names recorded opposite each other—those of Vincenzo Bellini and Maria Malibran. Bellini had written a passage from *Capuletti*.

Pasculla signed for me to give her my pencil and written a passage from *Capuletti*. I had large cross under Bellini's signature. Her look was intensely significant. Her silence was more significant still. I had just learned, as my something: "Why is it, Pasculla, that, in the last act of the *Capuletti*, you use Vaccai's music instead of Bellini's? Bellini's composition, as a whole, is superior, and the close far more moving. I never could understand why a celebrated vocalist like yourself should prefer the inferior music of Vaccai."

Pasculla looked steadily in my face, but did not answer for some time. At length, fixing her eyes on the cross she had penciled, she said, in a tone of deepest solemnity: "I will tell you a story, my friend, and you will see then how much our poor friend suffered. Neither Maria nor I could sing his last act; you shall know why.

"Madame Malibran, too?" I exclaimed.

She interrupted me with a gesture enjoining silence. "You know," she said, "though of fair complexion and blue eyes, Bellini was born at the foot of Etna. You have yourself described him to me as effeminate and a little foppish; but he was a genuine son of Sicily, and he glowed with the warmth of the south, notwithstanding his gentleness and weakness. This was a wonderful nature of his! It was not like Sicily's volcano, spread over luxuriant meadows, through woods and snow-fields, across alava that covers the brink of the fiery abyss; nor was it like the Hecla of your own land, where eternal fires burns under eternal ice. He reminded me of an English garden tastefully laid out, with smooth walks and quiet streams, delicate flowers and quaint shrubbery, fountains and fluted shafts; beneath which glowed an abyss of fire. That was Bellini; under his mere mental culture burned a quenchless flame—the love of art, fed by another love—for Malibran!"

"Love for Malibran!" I exclaimed.

"His passion for art was one for Maria, too. How could he help it? Was it not she who inspired his wondrous creations with their irresistible charm? Was she not his soul of all their performance in the opera? What will Malibran say to it? was Bellini's question continually during the composition. She was the queen of art, his muse, his ideal! Life without her was gloom. How can Malibran survive Bellini? Her own husband, Francilla," I said, "weaves this pretty romance. You know Malibran married M. Beriot, the author."

"Do I not remember how the news of that marriage affected Vincenzo?" she retorted, with a flash of her dark eyes, now be kindled, and left the company in silence! Yet he could not help loving her, and he continued to be always treated him as a boy, though he was a year older than herself. But he could not have married Maria, for she would marry M. Beriot, who was at one time distracted for Madame Sontag."

"Then she was false," I said, "Bellini avoided both Maria and her husband after the marriage. If he saw M. Beriot, he went out of the way—very likely, for in case of an encounter he might have been tempted—after the Sicilian fashion—to teach him how to understand!" And with flashing eyes she gave her arm as one who gives a dagger-thrust.

"I remember perfectly the pantomime, my pretty Romeo! But your fancy carries the thing too far.

"No one knows what might have happened," she said, "in spite of Vincenzo's soft heart. It was well Malibran left Paris and went to Italy. Bellini never confided his secret to any one; but we have some suspected among his friends. And Malibran must have heard of it; for she suddenly became reluctant to sing in any of Bellini's pieces. Her voice, continued, he represent "Romeo" she could not give up that part. When the last representation of the *Capuletti* was given in Milan, it happened that, in the final act, when "Romeo" takes the cold, stiff form of Juliet from the sepulchral bier, a frame, it was with great difficulty she could go through with the part. After the performance was over, she was greatly exhausted; and with emotion she declared that no power on earth compelled her to perform that again the "Romeo" of Bellini. She adopted the part as composed by Vaccai. But she was not satisfied with that, and afterwards she returned to poor Bellini's music so far as to retain the first acts of the opera. The last act she always sang as Vaccai wrote it."

"What said Vincenzo to this?"

"When he heard of it he fell into the deepest despondency. He would neither write nor speak to Malibran; he sought at times to forget himself, and smiled and talked like a man who had lost his reason. All his friends noticed and lamented the change.

"One day Lablache came to see him. He found Bellini lying listless on the sofa, pale, depressed, miserable, his eyes half-closed, indifferent to every one. The giant sister went up to him, opened his big mouth, and roared out: 'Italia, Bellini! what are you lying there for? Come, rise and be a lazzaroni on the Molo, weary of doing nothing! Get up and go to work! Paris, France, all Europe is full of expectation as to what you are to give the world after your *Norma*, which your advversaries affirmed. Up, I say! Do you hear me, Bellini?'

"Indeed, I do hear you, my dear Lablache," said the unhappy composer in a lachrymose voice. 'I have good ears, and, if I had not, your lungs would make me hear them. Leave me, *caro*; leave me to myself. I am good for nothing, unless it be the *dolce far niente*! I have no interest in everything.'

"The mischief you have!" exclaimed Lablache, striking his hands together, with a tone that caused the walls to vibrate. 'And you—Bellini—talk thus? You, who have ever been so active in the pursuit of art, who made of obstacles! Are you an artist? Are you a man? *Dolce mio!* will you be checked midway in your glorious career? Will you lose the prize fame holds out? Will you spend your life whining out love-sick complaints, like some silly Damon of his cruel Doris or Phillis? Shame on you! Such womanish pinings are unworthy of you!'

"Bellini interrupted him very gently. 'My good Lablache,' he said, 'would do me injustice! I make no complaints; I am not pining—'

"«Silence!» roared Lablache. 'You are a fool! Do you think I do not know where the shoe pinches?'

Bellini colored deeply and cast down his eyes.

"'Have you nothing to say, Bellini?' continued Lablache. 'Don't look so stupidly, like an apprehended school-boy!'

"«Nothing, Lablache.» 'If you know all, he replied, 'you know that she will sing the finale of my music!'

"Lablache came closer, grasped the shoulders of the young composer in his powerful hands, lifted him from the couch as if he scfa to his feet, and gave him a good shaking! 'Then, as he released him, he said, with flashing eyes:

"'You shall hear me sing something of my composition! I began the *allegro* to the duet *Ma I Parlini*, Sinoni la tromba e intrepida.' His musician voice rang like a clarion or a martial blast. The flush of Lablache's countenance in Bellini's pale face; the tears sprang into his eyes at length he threw himself into Lablache's arms, and joined his voice in the splendid song. Then it was evident he thanked his friend, and pledged his word that he would finish the composition of the entire opera in a few weeks.

"The promise was kept. Bellini worked diligently, and in the stipulated time put the opera into the hands of Lablache, who undertook to see that it should be worthily represented.

"All Paris was delighted at the announcement of the representation. The opera was splendidly cast, and the rehearsals commenced.

"Bellini was present at the first rehearsal; at the second he was absent, and Lablache found that was ill at his country seat at Porteaux, near the cathedral. They hoped he would recover in time to attend the first performance of the opera.

"All went on successfully; and a large audience attended the opening representation. The famous duet Lablache had sung was repeated twice, and the audience was enchanted. Then a murmur went round the theatre, and the whisper was whispered, 'Where is he?'

"Bellini died an hour ago, at his country seat."

Pasculla ceased. She closed the album, rose hastily, and went to the window. I was deeply affected and was leaving the room quietly. But she turned round, and bidding me stay, went and seated herself at the piano. The song was a melancholy one, sung with the deepest expression and feeling. It was a farewell to the dead.

My friend Pixis came into the room at its close, and asked what it was we were so mournful about.

I replied, "Pasculla has been telling me of Bellini's unhappy love for Malibran."

"Do not believe a word of it!" cried Pixis, laughing. "She will get you a fine romance on that chapter!"

I had my doubts of its truth; yet the fact is indisputable that Bellini was always in love.

Here the pretty artist, Maschinka Schroder, came in and the conversation was of the representation of the *Capuletti*, which was announced. I gave advice as to improvements in the arrangement of the scenes.

I could not help remembering the sad tale my little friend had told me. I thought of it again when, a year afterward, I read in the newspapers that Malibran had died at Manchester on the 23d of September, the same day on which Bellini had expired a year before.

SLAVERY IN A BRITISH COLONY.

The Importation of South Sea Islanders Continued.

A member of the English House of Commons (Mr. Taylor) rose in that body on the 5th of June last, and asked the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies whether his attention had been called to the great dissatisfaction prevailing in Queensland in relation to the system of importation of South Sea Islanders into that colony; and whether he was aware that this system was described as differing little or not better than a legalized slave trade; that the natives were in many cases kidnapped on board under false pretences, or kidnapped on the open forest and sold to the highest bidder at a public auction, and that the Government had taken any correspondence on the subject. The gentleman concluded by a quote passages from the Sydney *Herald*, from the Melbourne correspondent of the *Times*, and others, to prove that the condition of the aborigines of the colored people was one of slavery; that many of them had been invigled into their present position by false representations, and that they had been stolen from their native land, while the cruelties they suffered on board the transports might fairly be compared with the horrors of what was known as the middle passage, &c. The member proceeded to read a letter from a Scotch missionary of high character addressed to Commodore Lambert, the commander of the Australian squadron, in reference to that traffic. The writer concluded his appeal to the Commodore by enclosing a list of the names of certain islanders who had been kidnapped and sold to Queensland, in order to assist in their discovery at Queensland, with a view to their being rescued and sent back to their native land. He would think the composition of the entire opera in a few weeks.

"The promise was kept. Bellini worked diligently, and in the stipulated time put the opera into the hands of Lablache, who undertook to see that it should be worthily represented.

"All Paris was delighted at the announcement of the representation. The opera was splendidly cast, and the rehearsals commenced.

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jy13tw

FOR CAPE MAY,
On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,
On and after Saturday, June 26, the new and splendid Steamer LADY OF THE LAKE, Captain Wm. Parker, will leave Arch Street Wharf, at 7 o'clock, and Market, Arch Street Wharf, at 7.30 A.M., for Cape May, touching at Delaware City, Port Penn, Reedy Island, Dividing Creek, Fairton, Bivalve, &c.
SUNDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS, at 5 o'clock.
FARE INCLUDING CARRIAGE HIRE, $4 25.
EXCURSION TICKETS, $7.
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THE LADY OF THE LAKE is a fine new boat, has baggage-room attached, and is fitted up with everything necessary for the safety and comfort of passengers.
Refreshments and Baggage checked at the Transfer Depot, Market Street, Philadelphia, and at Delaware City, for the Cape May Accommodation Train.
For further particulars, inquire at the Office, No. 38 North DELAWARE AVENUE.
G. E. HUDDELL,
Agent at Delaware City.
jy20tf1

SUMMER RESORTS.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
Will open for the reception of Guests
Saturday, June 26, 1869.
Hassler's Band, under the direction of Mr. Simo Hassler, has engaged for the season.
Persons wishing to board will apply to
GEO. FREEMAN, Superintendent,
Atlantic City, N. J.,
Or BROWN & WOELPPER,
827 Richmond Street, Philadelphia.
jy5 2m

SURF HOUSE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
NOW OPEN FOR GUESTS.
For Rooms, Terms, &c., address
JOHN F. CORLEY, Proprietor.
Carl Sentz's Parlor Orchestra has been engaged for the season.
jy1 1m1

CAPE ISLAND, N. J.
A first-class RESTAURANT, à la carte, will be opened on the 15th of June, at No. 1 Tremont Row, Market Street, Philadelphia, on the 15th of June, under the management of Mr. Wm. Wolf, late of the Continental. Also, a Restaurant at Cape May, known as Hart's Cottage. Leading Hotels can be supplied with Game.
Address
WM. WOLF,
Care Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.
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Lodging Rooms by Day or Week to Rent.
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CAPE MAY,
With accommodations for 750 guests, is now open.
The Germania Serenade Band, under the direction of Prof. Geo. Bastert, has been secured for the season.
GEO. J. BOLTON, Proprietor.
jy16 2m5

LORETTO SPRINGS,
CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.,
Will be opened to Guests July 1st.
"Excursion Tickets," good for the season, over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, can be procured at the Ticket Offices, Pittsburgh, and Harrisburg, to Kaylor Station, Pa., the nearest Railroad Station to Loretto.
The proprietor takes pleasure in notifying the public that the Springs have been thoroughly renovated, and that a hotel at a watering place can be found at the Springs, which will compare with any of the watering places in Pennsylvania.
CRESSON SPRINGS.—THIS FAVORITE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAIN HOTEL will be opened for the reception of the public on the 20th of June, for the reception of guests on the 15th day of June. The buildings have been renovated and newly furnished. Excursion tickets sold at the office, No. 828 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, good for the season.
JAS. CAMERON,
Cresson Springs, Cambria Co., Pa.
FOR RENT
For further information address
GEO. W. SCOTT,
Cresson Springs,
Cambria County, Pa.
jy12 2m1

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The most desirable location on the Island, being the Cottage formerly occupied by the Light House Keeper. Possession of the house will leave the care at the United States Hotel.
jy9 6t

SEA BATHING—NATIONAL HALL, ATLANTIC CITY.
This well-known and commodious hotel, known as the National Hall, will be opened on the 1st of June.
jy9 2m

BROAD TOP MOUNTAIN HOTEL,
Broad Top, Huntingdon county, Pa., now open.
J. A. MCCAHAN, Proprietor.
jy9 2m

DELAWARE HOUSE, CAPE ISLAND, N. J., is now open for the reception of visitors.
JAMES MECRAY, Proprietor.
jy17 2m5

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COCHRAN, RUSSELL & CO.,
22 North Front street.

YELLOW PINE LUMBER.—ORDERS received for any quantity of Yellow Pine Lumber, either Long or Short Leaf, by Cargo or Retail. Apply to EDW. PENNOYER, 1 Pine street.

HORSES FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, A FINE GRAY HORSE, 4 years old, warranted sound, can run, pace or drive, gentle and kind, perfectly fearless of locomotives and a valuable horse for family use. Inquire at the Stable, 1 Pine street, every evening, or every forenoon.
jy19 3t1

ELASTICSPONGE.

Pennsylvania Elastic Sponge Co.,
1111 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
ELASTIC SPONGE,
A SUBSTITUTE FOR FEATHERS FOR ALL PURPOSES, WARRANTED TO WEAR TWICE AS LONG AND CHEAPER THAN FEATHERS, AND PRONOUNCED BY ALL PARTIES TO BE FAR SUPERIOR.
The Lightest, Softest, and most Elastic and Durable MATTRESSES, PILLOWS, CAR, CARRIAGE AND CHAIR CUSHIONS.
It is entirely indestructible, perfectly clean and free from vermin.
IT DOES NOT PACK AS FEATHERS.
It always free from impurities; is perfectly healthy, and is in high repute.
If tried in any way, can be renovated quicker and more effectually than feathers.
Superior Spring Mattresses.
FURNISHING CHURCHES, HALLS, &c.
Persons who are especially invited to examine the Cushion Seats.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
LIBERAL TRADE SUPPLIES.
jy20 m w f 1y

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

It is said that the new Cuban camp has been established at Hoboken, N. J.

Two filibusters executed on Gardiner's Island are still imposed at Fort Lafayette.

Two men were drowned while bathing in the surf at Topsail Inlet, N. C., last Saturday.

The taxable property of Nebraska is assessed at $42,000,000.

Tweed's counsel, Mr. Fullerton, has been cut out of the House of *Lords*.

NEGOTIATIONS between Bavaria and Austria are being carried on concerning a German Federal Council.

The Canadian authorities have decided to release Father McMahon, imprisoned on the charge of Fenianism.

A KANSAS CITY despatch says a bridge in course of erection on the Gulf railroad fell on Sunday, killing four men.

The principal keeper at Sing Sing prison was resigned. Some of the convicts are still locked in their cells.

A SMALL quantity of the new 15-cent currency was issued yesterday. The new 25 and 50-cent notes will appear in a few days.

Over twenty-four and fifty-six thousand cigars were seized for violation of the revenue in New Orleans yesterday.

Dennis Lynch, a boy, blunder-storm at Cincinnati, on Sunday, a dwelling was struck by lightning, and a young lady killed.

The battalion of Colonel Alvear has been ordered to Havana to reorganize, it having been reduced to one hundred men.

GEORGE FAHNESTOCK, who accidentally shot himself at Harrisburg on Sunday night, died yesterday afternoon.

The Gray Reserves were reviewed at Cape May, yesterday, by General Van Vliet, representing Maximilian's Guard, and they made a grand ball was given at the Stockton House.

A BANK recently left Baltimore for Cuba in charge of Lieut. Commander Jeffers, with a supply of ammunition. Another expedition is being fitted out.

WASH. BURTON, High Sheriff of Queen's county, Ireland, was shot and severely wounded while on his way to the Assizes. The assassin escaped.

AMONG the captures by General Carr's Italian regiment in the south, it is said, one and nearly five tons of dried buffalo meat. A noted chief, "Standing Bull," was killed.

Two young men, Wm. Ryan and Jas. Moore, were wounded by Indians near Fort Benton, on the 10th. The attacking party were in ambush in tents because excited and killed three Indians who were in the town, by way of retaliation.

THE Tennessee legislature has been engaged in changing the gauge of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. So complete were the preparations and so perfect the work, it may require, but not for any fractional part of one hundred miles, the expenditure of the delay of a single train. The business of the road was progressing yesterday as usual.

ROME and Turin Jewish bankers arrested on a charge of violating the usury laws were arraigned before Judge Cardozo, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, yesterday. Edward R. Jones, George Phipps, and David M. Morrison pleaded guilty. Van Buskirk's counsel withdrew the informal plea of guilty. The trial of those who had pleaded not guilty was set down for Thursday. Judge Cardozo announced that he would not sentence those who pleaded guilty until after the trial of the others.

ON SATURDAY, Colonel Whitely and a detective, in the second story of a house at Snake Hill, Jersey City, found 1,000 counterfeit stones, plates, and all the appurtenances of a well-appointed establishment for counterfeiting United States tobacco stamps. They seized a large lot of well-executed stamps, and all the tools, except the press, which they broke up. Arrested were Martin Frank, Peter Shoemaker, Achi Patti, Paul Bernhard, Nicholas Laran, and Jacob Lewis, who were discovered in the act of manufacturing the counterfeit plates and stamps.

RESOLUTION TO PUBLISH A LOAN BILL.

Resolved, That the Clerk of Common Council be authorized to publish in two daily newspapers of this city, for the space of two weeks, the ordinance presented to the Common Council on Thursday, June 24, 1869, entitled, "An Ordinance to Authorize a Loan for the payment of Ground Rents and Mortgages." And the said Clerk, at the stated meeting of Councils after the expiration of the said period, the first day of said publication, shall present to this Council one of each of the said newspapers for every day in which the same shall have been published.
jy20 2t1

GROCERIES, LIQUORS, &c.

NEW SPICED SALMON,
FIRST OF THE SEASON.
ALBERT C. ROBERTS,
DEALER IN FINE GROCERIES,
Corner Eleventh and Vine Streets.

FRESH PEACHES IN LARGE CANS, at Fifty Cents per can, at GEO. J. BOLTON'S, 1010 South Second street.

FRENCH PEAS, MUSHROOMS, TRUFFLES, &c., in Tins and Glass Jars, at GEO. J. BOLTON'S, 1010 South Second street.

NEW DATES, FIGS, PRUNES, RAISINS, &c., in Boxes and Drums, at GEO. J. BOLTON'S, 1010 South Second street.

SWEET CORN.—30 DOZEN OF EXTRA Sugary Olive Oil, at GEO. J. BOLTON'S, 1010 South Second street.

STONED CHERRIES, PEACHES, BLACKBERRIES, Pears, Pineapples, Plums, Lima Beans, Shaker Sweet Corn, at GEO. J. BOLTON'S 1010 South Second street.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS
AND
GENTS' NOVELTIES.
J. W. SCOTT & CO.,
No. 814 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,
Four doors below Continental Hotel.
mh1 1m w tf

PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT
MANUFACTORY.
Orders for these celebrated Shirts supplied promptly on brief notice.
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
Of late style to match.
WINCHESTER & CO.,
706 CHESTNUT.
jel-m w f tf

INSURANCE.

The Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co.
Assets Gold, $17,690,390
" in the United States 2,000,000
Daily Receipts over $20,000
Premiums in 1868,
$5,665,075.00
Losses in 1868, $3,662,445.00
No. 6 Merchants' Exchange, Philadelphia.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF THE WORLD,
THE
NATIONAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
Chartered by Special Act of Congress.
Cash Capital, $1,000,000
Branch Office, Philadelphia.
OFFICERS:
CLARENCE H. CLARK, Philadelphia, President.
JAY COOKE, Philadelphia, Chairman Finance and Executive Committee.
HENRY D. COOKE, Washington, Vice President.
EMERSON W. PEET, Philadelphia, Secretary and Treasurer.
FRANCIS G. SMITH, M. D., Philadelphia, Medical Director.
JOHN STEARNS, M. D., Philadelphia, Assistant Medical Director.
This Company issued, in the first TEN MONTHS of its existence,
5,395 POLICIES,
INSURING
$15,142,800.
This Company affords to its Policy-Holders
PERFECT SECURITY
by its Cash paid up Capital of One Million Dollars, and guarantees to the insured, by its
LOW RATES OF PREMIUM,
LARGE DIVIDENDS IN ADVANCE,
OR A REVERSIONARY DIVIDEND OF 100 PER CENT. BY USE
RETURN PREMIUM PLAN.
E. W. CLARK & CO., Bankers,
No. 35 South Third Street, Philadelphia,
General Agents for Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey.
B. S. RUSSELL, Manager.

1829.—CHARTER PERPETUAL.
FRANKLIN
FIRE Insurance COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA.
Office—435 and 437 Chestnut Street.
Assets on January 1, 1869,
$2,677,372 13.
Losses Paid Since 1829 Over
$5,500,000.
Perpetual and Temporary Policies on Liberal Terms on Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Stores, and all kinds of buildings, Granaries and Mortgaged Property.
DIRECTORS.
Alfred G. Baker, Alfred Sellers,
Adolphe Sonnet, Jos. Maris,
Isaac Lea, Thomas S. Gillis,
Jos. Scattergood, Edward Lafourcade,
ALFRED G. BAKER, President.
ADOLPHE SONNET, Vice President.
JAS. W. McALLISTER, Secretary.
THEODORE M. REGER, Assistant Secretary.
jy20 3t

THE RELIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.
Incorporated 1841. Charter Perpetual.
No. 303 WALNUT STREET.
CAPITAL $300,000.
Insures against loss or damage by FIRE, on Houses, Stores and other Buildings, limited or perpetual, and on Household Furniture, Warehouse Furniture, Merchandise, &c.
LOSSES PROMPTLY ADJUSTED AND PAID.
Assets, ... $1,206,256 32
Invested in the following Securities, viz:
First Mortgages on City Property, well secured $185,600 00
United States Government Loans 100,000 00
Pennsylvania State Loan, Loan of 1845 ..... 20,000 00
Pennsylvania $3,000,000