POLITICAL.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATING CONVENTIONS.

The Republican Nominating Conventions concluded their labors during yesterday afternoon and last evening. The following was the result of the balloting:

Sheriff.

	1st Ballot.	2d Ballot.
Wm. R. Leeds	110	83
H. H. Bingham	83	122
F. P. Wolf	12	
Joseph Moore	11	
Chas. Schlosser	10	
J. H. Harkness	12	
R. L. Harper	1	

William R. Leeds was declared the nominee.

After the first ballot Messrs. Walton, Berry, Moore and Harkness withdrew.

Register of Wills.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
W. M. Hunn	72	80	83	90	85	92	113	151
Wm. Wilson	42	43	44	42	45	44	43	35
W. Y. Campbell	75	69	74	77	73	75	80	93
J. A. Bonham	45	39	41	42	47	39	—	—
Charles Dixey	10	9	—	—	—	—	—	—
William Smith	24	21	16	—	—	—	—	—
William Clark	41	43	43	45	47	53	49	
Wm. M. Bunn	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	

Wm. M. Bunn was declared the nominee.

Clerk of Orphans' Court.

	1st.	Ballots. 2d.
Thomas B. Reeves	22	10
Richard M. Batten	1	—
Robert Bethell	—	9
David Cramer	9	67
Edward S. McGlinchey	73	78
Jos. C. Bittermann	131	141
Bertles Shee	—	1

Mr. Bittermann, having received a majority of the whole number of votes, was declared the nominee.

City Commissioner.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Jas. Bain	74	71	83	80	86	86	86	86
H. C. Williams	18	9	—	—	—	—	—	—
Joseph Moore, jr.	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
G. W. Shultz	38	46	47	51	46	54	71	102
G. W. Curry	39	38	33	32	32	30	36	—
Thos. Arnold	19	19	20	22	10	10	—	—
John Brady	10	8	—	—	—	—	—	—
S. J. Spangler	27	27	27	21	—	—	—	—
G. W. Boyer	44	41	49	46	44	56	—	—

The eighth ballot was not announced officially. It was not taken until between one and two o'clock this morning, and before the result could be stated the delegates all rushed for the door.

Judicial.

JUDGES OF THE COMMON PLEAS.

E. M. Paxson	252
Thos. K. Finletter	109
W. H. Ruddiman	127
Samuel C. Perkins	54
Geo. G. Bispham	6
Edgar E. Petit	3

E. M. Paxson, Esq., and T. K. Finletter, Esq., were declared nominated.

Judge of the District Court.

	1st.	2d.	3d.
James Lynd	57	42	114
Charles E. Lex	49	46	15
Henry T. King	37	62	6
W. D. Dennis	19	2	—
James T. Mitchell	26	22	39
Amos Hansell	1	52	39
Horatio Hubbell	—	1	—
Henry S. Wallace	—	2	—
John Dolman	—	1	—

Mr. Lynd having received a majority of all the votes cast, was declared nominated, and on motion it was made unanimous.

The Sensation.

Sheriff—Wm. R. Leeds.

Register of Wills—Hon. H. Beasley.

Register of Wills—Wm. M. Bunn.

Clerk of Orphans' Court—Joseph C. Bittermann.

City Commissioner—James Bain.

Judges—Common Pleas—E. M. Paxson, Thos. K. Finletter. District Court—James Lynd.

Twenty-second Ward—Select Council—Jas. B. Gates. Common Council—Louis Wagner.

Twenty-sixth Ward—Select Council—James Evans. Common Council—John McCrosson, Wm. Bradley. Constable—John Laird, Wm. Lenderback. School Directors—D. Tailor, Ralph W. J. Reed.

Twenty-Eighth Ward—Common Council, W. J. P. White.

CITY BULLETIN.

—Complaint having been made at the Central Station that an insane man, named John Herriges, aged about 30 years, was kept confined in a small room, at the northeast corner of Fourth and Lombard streets, a detective visited the place yesterday. The houses in Fourth and Lombard streets is owned, it is said, by Joseph Herriges, a brother of the insane man, and who keeps a cigar store. The detective found John Herriges in a small bedroom, about 8 by 10 feet, without clothing, except a loose sack or frock of coarse linen. The room was in a most filthy condition, the walls and floor being covered with dirt. The insane man was also very dirty, and presented a most wretched appearance. The officer took him and his brother to the Central Station, where a hackney was had before Alderman Kerr. It was stated by some of the parties present that John has been confined in the room where he was found for the past ten or fifteen years. The brother, Joseph, said that he had taken care of John for several years but could not tell the exact number of years, and that his brother's insanity was caused by a fall. John is very quiet, obeying promptly all orders given him. Mr. Freeman Myers and T. S. Betts, who were present, pronounced John insane, and the Alderman ordered John to be removed to the Almshouse. Joseph, his brother, was held in $5,000 bail to answer the charge of maintaining a nuisance, and John in $800 for lunacy.

—Last evening, at the Academy of Music, before a large and appreciative audience, a grand exhibition drill took place. The entertainment was given by the Montgomery Light Guard, of Company E, Twenty-Fourth Regiment N. G., of Pennsylvania. The manoeuvres of both companies, consisting of company movements and the manual of arms, loading and firing, &c., were warmly applauded. After the exhibition of Company A, Richard Vaux, Esq., in a few well-timed remarks on the value of a well-organized and trained military force, presented a medal from Major Dobbs to Captain John W. Ryan, of Company A, for his great proficiency in drill, and the other medals to several members of the regiment for their ability in recruiting. Captain Ryan received the medals in a brief and appropriate speech. He deplored the want of support given our Philadelphia volunteers, and an indifference of the want of sympathy and appreciation by many citizens. Instanced the hardships several of his men endured in order to get time to perform their military duties. Two of his company, he said, had been discharged by their employer that they might turn out to receive the Boston Company, but if they did there would be no more work for them. Another, who had served several years as apprentice, and had recently attained his majority and became a journeyman, was summarily dismissed for parading. He said the volunteers received no encouragement. He regretted it as really interfering with the efficiency of the militia.

NEW JERSEY MATTERS.

DEAD INFANT FOUND.—Yesterday morning the body of a dead infant, newly born, was found in a sink, where it had been thrown in the rear of a house on Front street, near Cooper's Point. The Coroner took charge of it, and will give the affair a full investigation, as it is generally believed that it is a case of infanticide. The mother of the child has been in this county only about four months.

SUNDAY ACCIDENT.—A serious and probably fatal accident occurred in Camden yesterday. A man named Joseph Vennal, employed in the corner of Morris and William streets, on Cooper Hill, while working with a loaded cart, exploded the charge and the cement contents took effect in his side, the ball passing into his body in the region of the heart. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but all efforts to extract the bullet have proved unavailing. This morning the wounded man is very low, and it is not thought that he will recover.

TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL.—Patrick McLaughlin and Catharine Murphy, the man and woman who were struck by the railroad train at the Fish House, on Tuesday night, and severely injured, were conveyed to the Pennsylvania Hospital yesterday.

RUNAWAYS.—Three runaways and smashups occurred in Camden yesterday, but nobody was hurt.

EXCURSION.—The Broadway M. E. Church went to Union Grove, on an excursion, this morning.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Why should your elder brother be good for cover? Because he's your year-wer.

—A New York family has tried twenty cooks in a month.

—The Methodists have started a mission in Salt Lake City.

—Mademoiselle Grimes will not return from Europe till next fall.

—Senator Cattell's health has much improved lately, we are glad to hear.

—There are said to be clerical intelligence offices in London, where clergymen advertise themselves for vacant pulpits.

—Mrs. Stowe is responsible for the fact that a party of Milwaukee ladies have formed a class for the study of Lord Byron's works.

—An "Elegant Gold-mounted Set of False Teeth" is the prize in a raffle at a ladies' fair in Toledo, Ohio.

—A Cincinnati chambermaid sold her hair for $20 to raise funds for a drunk, and brought up in the station-house, not handsome, but very much relieved.

—A queer temperance pledge was once circulated in Russia. It bound the signers to abstain from brandy—till brandy should be better and tolerably cheap!

—An assistant marshal, in taking the census in Louisville, asked a colored woman what sexual property she possessed, and received the sober reply, "Nothing but three little men, an' they ain't worth much."

—The magnificent white satin "cope" worn in Father Hecker's, of St. Alban's Redemptorist Chapel, New York, is made of the wedding dresses of one of the ladies of the parish, which also donated costly jewels to the church.

—At the Wesleyan missionary meeting in London Mr. Cox, from China, said: "It is my earnest wish and prayer that the Chinese may never yet visited a place but I have found that the Roman Catholic priesthood had been there before me."

—Ambrose Henderson, a colored legislator of Mississippi, has set an example for the black rebels which may not be too late for good. He has written Governor Alcorn an earnest appeal for his former master's appointment as one of the State judges.

—The Hartford city government asks permission of the Legislature to appropriate $10,000 for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Dr. Horace Wells, the discoverer of anæsthetics. An equal amount will be asked of the State, and a large amount is expected from private sources.

—General Hawley delivered an address on decoration day in Charlestown, Massachusetts, which is described by the Boston *Journal* as having been very laudatory. Among others who were moved to tears by some passages was Andrew Jackson, a little boy who could not appreciate it. Pained to see his father weep, he will record, "Mother, don't cry—its somebody's else folks he's talking about."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW ON BEECHER

From the *Saturday's* comments on Beecher's Sermons we extract:

"In the matter of style Mr. Beecher finds it necessary to supply his patrons with a certain amount of "poems in prose," to one of which our Abbot is killed enough to call our special attention in his introductory note. We extract a stanza:

"A plow is coming from the far end of a long field, and a daisy stands nodding and all of a-sway-behind. That former is sure to strike the daisy. It casts its shadow as gally, and exhales its gentle breath as freely, and stands as simple, and radiant, and expectant as ever; and yet that crushing furrow, which is turning and turning over its terrible edge, is advancing near and in a moment it whirls the heedless flower with sudden reversal under the sod."

It may be possible, for aught we know, for a daisy full of dew-dimples, which is ridiculed and has a way of gally casting its shadow, to be both expectant and heedless at the same time; but we should not, till this passage met our eyes, have imagined it possible for any man with the most elementary ideas of the decencies of ministerial teaching to associate incoherent gabble like this with the thought of the Holy Sepulchre. We had marked for our amusement another passage, illustrating far more painfully Mr. Beecher's inability to appreciate the reverence for sacred things which is an instinct of every educated mind. It is taken from a sermon on the Divinity of Christ and is begins thus: "Let me place another case before you for judgment. A maiden, the daughter of a prince, has wandered from her father's house, and has lapsed into a degrading life. Suppose, for a good year more degrading. A noble youth appears among her gross companions, not to parade his their origin, but with a gentle grace," &c.—but we do not like to pursue the quotation. The reader will appreciate the "gentle grace" taken for blundering when he tries to get hold of an application may be shown quite as well in a far less objectionable extract: "A warrior," we learn—and our teacher was the great prophet of the Federal armies in the war—so he knows all about modern fighting—"walking through his magazine, says, I am going out to battle, and I will select the weapons on which I rely. He takes his bow and arrows, and says, I do not intend to rely on them for the success of this battle. He comes to the department of his old-fashioned armor, and sees swords, and spears, and things like these, and says, These were good in their way and time, but I do not intend to rely upon them either. When he gets to the place where he keeps the best instruments of modern warfare, he says, I think I will take these. I mean to depend upon these." Does Mr. Beecher imagine that any one of his hearers, male or female, could be offended, ashamed or benefited in the faintest possible degree by a wordy jumble of Wardour Street and Wardour Street Arsenal like this? Can he conceive any "warrior" not in a nightmare saying or doing anything of the sort?

Another sermon conveys the author's sentiments "on the Decadence of Christianity," which he seems to consider an accomplished fact, and of which the Barnumized pulpit of Brooklyn certainly affords rather awkward evidence. Among the matters which he lays down we read that "the power of Christ goes back of (sic) all the original and formative powers to their very source." Perhaps the seat-holders may have possessed a key to this mysterious phrase, which, by the help of the parable which accompanies it.—"A man says, I will go down to the water that has been brought into Brooklyn, and distributed through the mains in the city. Ah, says another man, I own more than that; I own the Ridgewood reservoir, which you get it all. Ah, says a third, I own more than that; I own all the land from which the water comes that fills Ridgewood reservoir." Does he imagine that the hearers seem merely to be near on capping one big Yankee lie with another, keeping still within the compass of conceivable fact; when a fourth man comes in and says that he "owns all the clouds." Does he imagine that one man stops in and says, I own more that; I own that constitution of nature which makes the water to ascend in the air, by which it rains down." And of this last boaster, this professor of lying *in extenso*, the hearers may safely ask, "Has he not got beyond and beyond them all? Is not all that they own included in that great, comprehensive, overarching fiction?" "And so" it pleases Mr. Beecher to go on to apply the moral to "the power of Christ."

Mr. Abbott explains in his Introduction that "sermons from the mouth of an author or modern times whose preaching is so diverse in manner as that of Mr. Beecher," "We sincerely hope there is not, and that no future preacher may arise to confuse the precious and the vile by so loose "diverse" kinds of seed together after the manner of Mr. Beecher." Perhaps one of the worst specimens of this degraded style is to be found in a sermon on "the gentleness of God," which Mr. Abbott appears to regard with special favor, as he prints it nearly at the beginning of the volume. In reference to this amazing composition, we should be sorry exactly to address the author with the Quaker's remonstrance, "Friend, I do not understand thee. First thou tellest me a lie, and then thou askest me a question." Certainly we do not understand Mr. Beecher. Certainly, too, we ask in a great many questions; as to the rest, our readers may judge:

"Sometimes in dark caves men have gone to the edge of unspeakable precipices, and wondering what was the depth, have cast down a pebble of rock, and listened for the report of their fall, that they might judge how deep that blackness was, and listening—still listening—no sound returns; no sudden plash, no clinking stroke, as of rock against rock; nothing but silence, utter silence. And so I stand upon the precipice of life."

This is very fine, and Brooklyn Church is perhaps a very dark cave for Mr. Beecher to stand in; but the only authority for the facts recorded by him so far as our reading goes—and that is not exactly in accordance with his description—is in the life of Yaneri:

And he fell, and he fell, to the regions of hell, Nine centuries bounced he from cavern to rock,
And his head, as he tumbled, went nickety-nock,
Like a pebble in Carisbrooke well.

We believe, however, that the Rejected Addresses were not composed for delivery in the pulpit. We will not go so far as to deny that some cave-dwellers in the far-off past may have done perhaps what Mr. Beecher says they did, but if in this he is not "telling a lie," what shall we say to the following?—"Man is the chief monster that the earth ever bred." If our recollections of Aldrich do not fail us, this is a "complex proposition" in logic; and, in fact, it combines the two assertions—first, that man was bred by the earth, and next, that he is the chief monster of all monsters so generated. Another logically complex proposition, which we happen to remember, but which Mr. Beecher evidently does not, asserts that "God created man in his own image." It is true that "they didn't know everything down in Judea"; but, if Mr. Beecher intends to maintain the position which he has taken up, he must be prepared for a harder fight with both the scientific and the religious worlds than we should ourselves care single-handed to undertake. The "human race," we had learnt from a sentence immediately preceding, is indeed "vermicular," and therefore cannot come from Adam, who was a man, and not a worm. Man is the chief monster of creation, and that man is a chiefer monster

then any other which is known to the Polytechnic Institution or to Professor Tyndall. This "vermicular" doctrine is introduced by Mr. Beecher in connexion with one of the many questions which he pleases him to ask his hearers; and it does not appear that any one before us are to be taken as a specimen of his bellowing mind, he should say that at a compound of obscurity and nastiness the Brooklyn Church Catechism must go a long way ahead of all other ecclesiastical formularies. The "Did you ever" (one has heard that phrase before, somewhere) "of a bird, which witnesses the climbst of innumerable worms over a carrion carcass?" Not if we know it, we should say; but Mr. Beecher seems to have done so frequently, and to have considerably enjoyed it. "How would you feel?" he goes on to inquire, if you went into the nursery and found the cat cuddling the baby?—we beg pardon of Mr. Beecher—"if you were to enter the room where your child was lying, and find upon it a stealthy cat, stationed at the point of life, and stopping its very breath?" There is no time given us to realize the appalling domestic picture; the inquiry is instantly followed by another:—"How should you feel were you to find upon your child a vampire that had fastened into its flesh its fangs, and was fast consuming the foundation another passage, illustrating far more painfully Mr. Beecher's inability to appreciate the reverence for sacred things which is an instinct of every educated mind. It is taken from a sermon on the Divinity of Christ and it begins thus: "Let me place another case before you for judgment. A maiden, the daughter of a prince, has wandered from her father's house, and has lapsed into a degrading life. Suppose, for a good year more degrading. A noble youth appears among her gross companions, not to parade his their origin, but with a gentle grace," &c.—but we do not like to pursue the quotation. The reader will appreciate the "gentle grace" taken for blundering when he tries to get hold of an application may be shown quite as well in a far less objectionable extract: "A warrior," we learn—and our teacher was the great prophet of the Federal armies in the war—so he knows all about modern fighting—"walking through his magazine, says, I am going out to battle, and I will select the weapons on which I rely. He takes his bow and arrows, and says, I do not intend to rely on them for the success of this battle. He comes to the department of his old-fashioned armor, and sees swords, and spears, and things like these, and says, These were good in their way and time, but I do not intend to rely upon them either. When he gets to the place where he keeps the best instruments of modern warfare, he says, I think I will take these. I mean to depend upon these." Does Mr. Beecher imagine that any one of his hearers, male or female, could be offended or ashamed or benefited in the faintest possible degree by a wordy jumble of Wardour Street and Wardour Street Arsenal like this? Can he conceive any "warrior" not in a nightmare saying or doing anything of the sort?

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THE POSTAL CAR SERVICE.

How the Mails are Carried.

To but few people is the fact known, that on the principal railroads of our country over and back, both night and day, a post-office on wheels helps to constitute their express trains, and secure a rapid transit of letters between ourselves and friends—a saving in time, amounting to at least three or four days between the ends of our continent, our letters now not requiring to go by the express.

Each of these postal cars has its head clerk, generally a man of long experience, and he also has his assistants, varying in number with the importance of the route; their duties amounting to about the same as those of a post-office, and as we shall endeavor to make clear. It is the use to which we put the short "stop, the run-the-line-of-a-round-trip-of-a-night-line-postal-car-traveling over the road before our eyes, that between Washington and New York, distance 240 miles, running time nine hours, leaving New York at 9 P. M. and Washington at 9 A. M. Accumulation of mail from remote sections, East, West and North, and South points adjacent, transmitted to the car in one huge four-horse wagon, and another, drawn by two horses—weighing from one to two tons according to the day, and varying circumstances, measuring about one 1,000 cubic feet, and containing sturdy locked pouches, and slightly canvas sacks; occasionally a dozen or more cases. Immediately on the wagon being in sight, the car is a busy scene is inaugurated, separating and stowing away the letters in the proper compartments. After this labor is performed the matter addressed to Postal Car No. 2 is opened; first, the pouches varying from fifteen to twenty in number, and about the same number of canvas sacks, containing the mail matter for intermediates. In this they find numerous pouches, and sacks, for Philadelphia, where another two-horse wagon is waiting, and the mail matter, which is taken in before leaving the depot, while a mail numbering some twenty pouches is thrown out. Such matter as had accumulated at the New York office, is then transferred between the Philadelphia and Washington postal car mails, and in addition such additional matter as may have accumulated during the car-Chester, is soon reached, and as we rush through, pouches are thrown out, and as the great people may have their letters early in the morning. Soon, again, the whistle is blown for Wilmington, and the pouches for mails are exchanged. Again, at Baltimore is a repeat of the Philadelphia and Chester.

During these busy hours letters are handled that have come from the several Eastern offices, the foreign mail, which has arrived in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore; and as the time for the arrival of the mail at each place is properly assorted, arranged, and is secure, as soon as the train stops at the depot at Washington, a "bundle" in the strap of the side door, and pile on its proper wagon, the city mails, with the letters for the Department, and office. On two other wagons are loaded the mails for the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, the beginning of the Southwest and South route, carrying mail to the most remote part of Texas; and to the Potomac Department, the latter matter as should be scattered along the seaboard, to the extreme end of Florida; and to regular distributing clerks, to secure a proper delivery and receipt at the respective railroad post offices, and post-offices.

During the trip seventy pouches have been opened and stowed away, and about one hundred or five thousand letters have been made up, and from fifteen to twenty sacks of newspapers.

Our mail matter, "Postal Car No. 2," does not leave until 9 P. M. The first load of mail is delivered at Washington at 9 A. M., and then early, that the Western matter to be left at Baltimore may be got out of the Southern connecting mails, the Western mail, leaving the Potomac Postal Clerk, before reaching that point, is sorted, and ready for the connecting train up to one hundred pouches, it may be imagined that the four hours before train leaving Baltimore, in one car, and the time connecting at Baltimore, afford barely time to accomplish this work, and yet it is done, and the mail is ready for the connecting trains, and the Western mail is ready for the Orange Agent and Fredericksburg, Va., Agent, at Washington, at the one and a quarter hours' running to Baltimore, and the Baltimore Agent, ready for work. In case the matter should be too heavy to get through, the letters carried by the car are in a pouch, marked "Baltimore," which is left at Wilmington, Del., for the South-bound mail, which leaves Wilmington, on its departure from the depot, and so arrive in Baltimore in time the following morning, and in the meantime, the Agent of Baltimore, Wilmington, and Philadelphia mails are exchanged, Kinsey, Agent, Philadelphia, for that place, Easton, Pa., and the New Jersey Central Railroad, and the Agent, Easton, a several pouches for that place, others for the New Jersey Railroad Agent over the Morris and Essex Railroad, Agent, City, a pouch is delivered to a messenger, and by one wagon a mail to the Hudson River Railroad and New York Central Railroad as far west as Detroit, Michigan, and Canada. In another way one pouch and a mail for the New Haven depot to the Boston Postal Clerks, in another way for the Eastern States and the eastern section of the Dominion of Canada; and also the mails for the Hartem Railroad, Agent, Harlem, N. Y., and Agent, Boston, huge pouches of city letters and sacks of newspapers, and the mail for the Hudson River and Erie Postal Clerks, Brooklyn and other routes, not leaving until later in the day, and the mail matter, made up in distribution pouches. In accomplishing this, from fifteen to twenty pouches, and from 1,000 letters have been handled, and separately as many more for the Department, and the Department application from the beginning throughout the fourteen hours.

The force on the day line consists of two men, with a helper between Baltimore and Washington. The service differs from the night line between these two points, inasmuch as a way service is performed, although on an express train, the mail matter, is made up into two tined fork that swings out from fastenings on the side of the car, catching the pouch in its crotch from a crane it has been hung on, as the train rushes by. There is a difference in the amount of labor performed by the postal mail in favor of day line, but the difference is diminishing.

Since the restriction of the service in the South the mails have been rapidly increasing, and to one Postal Department, which has provided us with such an admirable system, the mails are greatly indebted.

For the proper carrying out of that system clerks of more than ordinary intelligence and information are required, and Government has them to know the location of several thousand post-offices throughout the country, and are constantly exposed to danger. Not one in a thousand knows anything of the postal service, the clerks who do the work of the postal car, and by whose energy and efficiency and unflagging efforts the price of mail are distributed, and despatched to their proper destination.

A great difficulty complained of by the postal car clerks is the neglect of parties directing mail matter—and especially is this neglect, unpardonable in some cases, on the part of the mailing clerks—in not putting the name of the county in which the post-office is located, on the package, and also omitting the name of the state, and, in the latter case, the mail matter is lost time, every moment of which is precious.

Built more American.

—Oscar Coppedes, the son of the leader of the Cuban rebellion, who was captured by the Spanish troops and executed on May 30, had just been married to a Boston lady of seventeen, who was also captured. It is said that the Spaniards do not treat her as the widow of her husband the marriage as of no binding effect.

—A Kentuckian's team ran away with him as he was going to his wife's funeral, and he was so badly bruised that he couldn't attend.

REAL ESTATE SALES.

REAL ESTATE—JAMES A. FREEMAN, Auctioneer.—Valuable Lot, 12 across, Front-street, 40 feet deep, Pine Ward. On Ninth-day, June 23, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold at public sale, by order of the Executors of the estate of Jacob Ridgway, deceased, the valuable lot of ground, situate in the Pine Ward, beginning at a point by the side of Pine street, at the distance of 100 feet 6 inches southward from the same intersection of Pine and Front streets, thence extending westward 12 feet across the back part of the lot of ground now or late of Daniel Lafferty; thence by the said Rodger Pond 40 feet to the line of land now or late of Jacob Ridgway; thence by the same 12 feet; thence eastward 40 feet to the said Pine street; thence northward 40 feet to the place of beginning. Subject to the yearly ground rent of $100 payable forever. Clear of all other encumbrances. Terms—Cash. Subject to a mortgage of $1,000. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser. Sale absolute.

JAMES A. FREEMAN, Auctioneer.
No. 422 Walnut street.

PUBLIC SALE—MARY A. THEBEAU, Auctioneer.—Three-story brick Bakery and Dwelling, No. 1,000 Spring Garden street, Brewer Olive street. On Second-day, June 20, 1870, at 12 o'clock, will be sold at public sale, by order of the Executors of the estate of Jacob Ridgway, deceased, the valuable lot of ground, situate on the west side of Front street