The Press.

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THE PRESS,
PUBLISHED DAILY, (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,)
BY JOHN W. FORNEY,
OFFICE, No. 417 CHESTNUT STREET.

DAILY PRESS.
[illegible]

TRI-WEEKLY PRESS.
[illegible]

WEEKLY PRESS.
[illegible]

CALIFORNIA PRESS.
[illegible]

Dry Goods Commission Houses.

P. BRADY & CO.,
327 CHESTNUT STREET,
Having been appointed sole Agents for [illegible]
[illegible]
RUBINACCI'S
LETTERED SEWING SILKS,
Have now in store, and will keep constantly on hand, a regular supply of his
THREE QUALITIES.
jel7-6t

TROY HOSIERY CO.'S
MERINO SHIRTS
AND
DRAWERS.
ROBERT E. EVANS,
AGENT,
216 CHESTNUT STREET.
jel6-stw&m

Machinery and Iron.

PIG IRON, BLOOMS, &C.
CABEEN & CO.,
No. [illegible] NORTH WATER STREET,
AND
No. [illegible] NORTH DELAWARE AVENUE,
PHILADELPHIA.
OFFER FOR SALE
AMERICAN FOUNDRY AND FORGE
PIG IRON
OF THE FOLLOWING BRANDS, VIZ:
CORNWALL, LONAGHMORE, [illegible]
[illegible]
CHARCOAL PIG IRON.
[illegible]
WATER & GAS PIPES.
[illegible]
500 WATER PIPES,
[illegible]

Sewing Machines.

WEED'S PATENT
SEWING MACHINES.
[illegible]

WHEELER & WILSON
MANUFACTURING CO.'S
SEWING MACHINES!
Superior to all others for general use, and for SHIRT MAKERS, TAILORS, AND DRESSMAKERS.
NEW STYLE ONLY FIFTY DOLLARS.
OFFICES:
[illegible]
SUB-AGENTS:
[illegible]
HENRY COY, Agent.

HARRIS' BOUDOIR SEWING MA-CHINES [illegible]

FINKLE & LYON'S SEWING MA-CHINES [illegible]

Merchant Tailors.

S. H. MATTSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
[illegible]

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

R. C. WALBORN & CO.,
(Now) Nos. 5 and 7 NORTH SIXTH STREET,
MANUFACTURERS
OF SHIRTS, WRAPPERS, DRESS STOCKS, ETC.
Dealers in every article relating to the
GENT'S FURNISHING BUSINESS.
my7-3m

WINCHESTER & CO., GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE
AND
PATENT SHOULDER-SEAM SHIRT MANUFACTORY,
At the Old Stand, No. 701 CHESTNUT Street, opposite the Washington House.
WINCHESTER will give, as heretofore, his personal supervision to the Cutting and Manufacturing departments. Orders for his celebrated style of Shirts and Collars filled at the shortest notice. Wholesale trade supplied on liberal terms. jy24-1y

Watches, Jewelry, &c.

BAILEY & CO.,
FORMERLY
BAILEY & KITCHEN,
Have removed to their new Fire-proof, White Marble Store,
819 CHESTNUT STREET,
NORTH SIDE, BELOW THE GIRARD HOUSE.
Now opening their Fall Stock of
IMPORTED JEWELRY, PLATED WARES, AND FANCY GOODS,
To which they invite the attention of the public.
SILVER-WARE, WATCHES, DIAMONDS, AND PEARLS,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
se17-tf

JAMES WATSON,
IMPORTER
OF
WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.,
No. 325 MARKET STREET.
Constantly on hand a full assortment of Vacheron and Constantin Watches. fel-6m

J. S. JARDEN & BRO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF SILVER-PLATED WARE,
No. 304 CHESTNUT Street, above Third, (up stairs,) Philadelphia.
Constantly on hand and for sale to the Trade,
TEA SETS, COMMUNION SERVICE SETS, URNS, PITCHERS, GOBLETS, CUPS, WAITERS, BASKETS, CASTORS, KNIVES, SPOONS, FORKS, LADLES, &c., &c.
Gilding and plating on all kinds of metal. se2-1y

Money.

PHILIP F. KELLY & CO.,
(SUCCESSORS TO ROBERT J. ROSS & CO.,)
No. 16 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
BANK NOTES,
COMMERCIAL PAPER,
LAND WARRANTS,
EXCHANGE,
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Also, Stocks and Bonds, but only on commission.
Special attention given to collections throughout the country; and customers may rely on prompt advices and returns. ap3-tf

Cabinet-Ware.

DESK DEPOT.
THE LARGEST IN THE UNION.
[illegible]
HOGUET & HUTTON'S,
(SUCCESSORS TO)
J. T. HAMMITT,
No. 259 SOUTH THIRD STREET.
ap10-3m

CABINET FURNITURE AND BILLIARD TABLES.
MOORE & CAMPION,
No. 261 SOUTH SECOND STREET,
in connection with their extensive Cabinet Business are now manufacturing a superior article of
BILLIARD TABLES,
and have now on hand a full supply, finished with MOORE & CAMPION'S IMPROVED CUSHIONS, which are pronounced by all who have used them to be superior to all others.
For the quality and finish of these Tables the manufacturers refer to their numerous patrons throughout the Union, who are familiar with the character of their work. jal4-6m

Looking-Glasses.

LOOKING GLASSES.
Now in store the most extensive and elegant assortment of
LOOKING GLASSES,
For every space and every position, and at the most moderate prices.
LOOKING GLASSES
In the most elaborate and the most simple frames.
LOOKING GLASSES
Framed in the best taste, and in the most substantial manner.
LOOKING GLASSES
Furnished by us, are manufactured by ourselves in our own establishment.
LOOKING GLASSES.
In MAHOGANY and WALNUT frames for Country Sales.
JAMES S. EARLE & SON,
816 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
ap1-tf

Wines and Liquors.

LA PERLE AND RUBIS CHAMPAGNES.
The undersigned have been appointed sole agents for the United States and Canada, for the sale of the Champagne Wines of Messrs. JACQUES GORRG & CO., at Chalons-sur-Marne, France. We present their wines to the public under two brands, namely:
LA PERLE AND RUBIS.
The "PERLE" Wine is of exquisite flavor and fruity taste, and is guaranteed to compare favorably with any Wine in the American market.
The "RUBIS" is a fine Cabinet Champagne, of a beautiful Ruby color, which is natural to the wine. This wine is undoubtedly one of the finest Cabinet Champagnes produced in France, and is made from grapes of the choicest selections.
From the long experience, extensive possessions, and large means of the well known house of JACQUES GORRG & CO., and their determination to furnish wines which shall meet with the approval of consumers, we feel persuaded that a trial will fully establish all we claim for the excellence of these wines.
CRAMER, ABEGG, & McCLOSKEY,
No. 18 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.
The above Wines may be had at the following places in Philadelphia:
JOHN GARRISON & Co., 134 Walnut st.; THOMAS H. JACOBS & Co., 223 Dock st.; JERRY WALKER, 251 Chestnut st.; JOS. F. TOBIAS & Co., 206 S. Front st.; MITCHELL & ALLEN, 114 S. Front st.; PATTERSON, COANE, & Co., 36 N. Second st.; LAWSON & YERKES, 607 Market st.; THOMPSON BLACK, corner Chestnut and Broad sts.; WM. PARVIN, Jr., Twelfth and Chestnut sts.; BRIDDEMAN & HAYWARD, 703 Market st.; SIMON COLTON, corner Broad and Walnut; ARNOLD & WOOD, 120 Walnut street; WM. R. MADDOCK & Co., 115 South Third st.
Also at the following Hotels:
GIRARD HOUSE; PRESSBURY, STERS & Co.; WASHINGTON HOUSE; A. F. GLASS; ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, WM. S. CAMPBELL & Co.; MERCHANTS' HOTEL, C. McKIBBIN & SON. fel1-mwf-6m

J. WASHINGTON MILLER,
BLANK BOOK
MANUFACTURER,
No. 204 NORTH THIRD STREET.
LEDGERS, JOURNALS, DAY BOOKS, and BLANK BOOKS of all descriptions constantly on hand or made to any style or pattern to order.
Magazines, Music, and other Books bound to order.
[illegible]

"METROPOLITAN TEA STORE."
TEAS! TEAS! TEAS!
A choice selection of
GREEN AND BLACK TEAS,
OF RECENT IMPORTATION,
ALSO,
COFFEE,
ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY,
BY
STEAM ENGINE
"YOUNG AMERICA."
CHARLES SMITH,
Nos. 913 and 915 MARKET STREET.

HAMS! HAMS! HAMS!
Prime and sugar cured Hams,
10 CENTS PER POUND.
Also, new sugar cured Shoulders,
AT 8 CENTS PER POUND.
CHARLES SMITH,
[illegible] Nos. 913 and 915 MARKET STREET.

HAMS.—140 tierces extra Sugar-cured Covered Hams, packed by Gardner, Phipps, & Co., Henry Lewis, John Shay, Beatty & Tapscott, Hulett & Wood, and others, for sale by C. C. SADLER & CO., ARCH Street, second door above Front.

Confectionery.

SUMMER CONFECTIONERY.
E. G. WHITMAN & CO.,
SECOND AND CHESTNUT STREETS,
ARE CONTINUALLY MANUFACTURING
CANDIES, PRESERVES, SYRUPS, &c.,
FOR THE WARM WEATHER.
PERSONS GOING OUT OF THE CITY WILL FIND OUR
GINGER DROPS, MOSS PASTE, EXTRA STRONG MINT DROPS, MIXED CANDIES, &c.
OF MUCH SERVICE TO THEM.
Store easy of access to nearly all parts of the city by passenger cars.
jel3-mw&f-3w.

Preserving Jars, &c.

PRESERVING JARS.
POTTER & BODINE'S
PATENT AIR-TIGHT
GLASS FRUIT-JARS
FOR
HERMETICALLY SEALING FRESH FRUITS, &c.
For Sale by dealers in China and Glass and House-Furnishing Goods.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY
POTTER & BODINE,
107 CHESTNUT STREET.
Our Jar, having been *tested* to the *satisfaction* of *thousands* of families, we confidently present it to the customers. We would call especial attention to the superiority of our article over those using gutta percha or gum in place of cement; for the gutta percha, &c., imparts a *strong and injurious flavor* to the fruit, besides being otherwise defective.
P. & B. also manufacture *superior* mineral water and porter bottles, and all kinds of green glass hollow-ware. je8-tf

Ranges.

NEW GAS-CONSUMING
COOKING RANGE.
SIX SIZES.
They are guaranteed to save at least Thirty Per Cent. in fuel, will bake quicker and more uniform than any other Pattern of Range ever introduced in this market.
FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
CHARLES WILLIAMS,
1132 MARKET ST,
(LATE BAKER & WILLIAMS.)
je8-1m

Removals.

REMOVAL.
R. S. REED & CO.
Have removed from the N. E. corner of
FRONT AND ARCH STREET
To their NEW STORE
No. 115 ARCH STREET,
The eighth building west of Front Street.
jel-1m

Retail Dry Goods.

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOAKS and MANTILLAS at reduced prices at the
PARIS MANTILLA EMPORIUM,
708 CHESTNUT Street.
SOLID SILK MANTILLAS reduced prices, at the PARIS MANTILLA EMPORIUM,
708 CHESTNUT Street.
SILK MANTILLAS, with rich Lace Flouncings, at reduced prices, at the
PARIS MANTILLA EMPORIUM,
708 CHESTNUT Street.
FRENCH LACE MANTILLAS, Bournous and Points, at reduced prices, at the
PARIS MANTILLA EMPORIUM,
708 CHESTNUT Street.
CHANTILLY LACE MANTILLAS, Talmas, &c., at reduced prices, at the
PARIS MANTILLA EMPORIUM,
708 CHESTNUT Street.
THREAD LACE MANTILLAS, Bournous and Points, at reduced prices, at the
PARIS MANTILLA EMPORIUM,
708 CHESTNUT Street.
BAREGE MANTILLAS and Circulars, (black and white,) at reduced prices, at the
PARIS MANTILLA EMPORIUM,
708 CHESTNUT Street.
SUMMER CLOAKS and Dusters, in an infinite variety of fabrics, at reduced prices, at the
PARIS MANTILLA EMPORIUM,
708 CHESTNUT Street.
The whole of our stock is now offering at reduced prices, preparatory to the close of the season.
J. W. PROCTOR & CO.
jel5-tf 708 CHESTNUT Street.

GOODS FOR SUMMER COATS.
Yellow Pongees of superior quality.
White very fine, and Yellow Grass Cloths.
Black Canton Crapes and Camlets.
Do. Mohair Cloths, glossy and thin.
Habit Cloths and French Drap d'Etes.
Worsted Summer Cloths and Nankinettes.
SHARPLESS BROTHERS,
jel5 CHESTNUT and EIGHTH Streets.

PLAIN COLORED LAWNS.
Steinbach's best quality of Jaconets in Pinks, Blues, Buffs, Greens, Lilacs, Browns, and Blacks.
Also, Plain French colored Percales and Brilliants.
SHARPLESS BROTHERS,
jel5 CHESTNUT and EIGHTH Streets.

LINEN DRILLS.
Plain White Linen Ducks and Drills.
Fancy Whites and Colored Fancy Drills.
Linen Checks and Linen Goods for Boys.
SHARPLESS BROTHERS,
jel5 CHESTNUT and EIGHTH Streets.

FRENCH LACE MANTLES.
Silk Mantles from $4 25 up.
Lace Points and Mantles.
Stock is complete, and sales rapid, the prices and styles being attractive.
COOPER & CONARD,
jel5 S. E. corner NINTH and MARKET Sts.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.
Light Colors and fine Black Cloths.
Light Fancy Cassimeres much reduced.
White Linen Duck and Drills.
Marseilles Vestings, prime assortment.
COOPER & CONARD,
jel5 S. E. corner NINTH and MARKET.

BAREGE ROBES REDUCED.
Also, Bareges, double Bareges, &c., &c.
A large deduction from regular prices to effect hasty sales. COOPER & CONARD,
jel5 S. E. corner NINTH and MARKET.

INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT!!!
GREAT OPENING OF LACE GOODS!!!
PRICES RANGE FROM $5 TO $30!!!
THE CHEAPEST GOODS IN PHILADELPHIA!
VERY RICH AND ELEGANT STYLES!
BOUGHT FOR CASH FROM THE IMPORTER!
French Lace Shawls.
French Lace Points.
French Lace Talmas.
French Lace Mantillas.
Very Rich Chantille Mantillas.
Plain Silk Dusters, Quilla Trimming, &c.
Silk Mantillas, Silk and Lace Do., &c. &c.
Also, a Large Lot of
BLACK SILKS—VERY CHEAP!
FANCY SILKS, BAREGES, LAWNS, &c., &c., at
THORNLEY & CHISM'S
my7 N. E. Corner EIGHTH & SPRING GARDEN.

GAUNTLETS, GAUNTLETS, GAUNTLETS.—A very large assortment of Gauntlets for Ladies' and Misses' wear, for sale at HOFMANN'S HOSIERY STORE, 9 North EIGHTH Street.
Hosiery for Ladies' and Misses' wear.
Hosiery for Gents' and Youths' wear.
For sale at HOFMANN'S,
HOSIERY STORE, 9 North EIGHTH Street.
Gauze Merino undergarments, of every variety,
For Ladies, Children, and Gents wear, for sale at HOFMANN'S HOSIERY STORE,
my30-fmw-tf No. 9 North EIGHTH Street.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL assortment of SPRING GOODS can be found at McELROY'S, where elegance in style is united with economy in price.
Foult de Chevres, de Espagnes, Satin Mohairs, Check de Farres, and all the new styles of Spring Goods.
Black and Fancy Silks of superior styles and qualities.
An immense and elegant assortment of Stella Shawls at very low prices.
A splendid assortment of Embroideries.
We are now opening our Spring Cloaks and Mantillas, embracing many elegant styles entirely new.
Cloths, Cassimeres, and Satinets, Shirting and Table Linens, Calicos, Lawns, Ginghams, Shirting and Sheeting Muslins, &c. McELROY,
ap16-tmwtf No. 11 South NINTH Street.
N. B.—Daily in receipt of bargains from Auction.

WOOD, COAL, AND KINDLING WOOD.
JANNEY & YEAGER,
COATES-STREET WHARF,
Have constantly on hand a large and superior article of PINE, OAK, and HICKORY WOOD; and, having completed our arrangements, are now prepared to saw the WOOD BY STEAM-POWER. We have also on hand a superior quality of LEHIGH COAL, of all sizes, selected with care. Dealers and Consumers will find it greatly to their advantage to purchase Kindling Wood of us. je8-3m

RIO COFFEE.—1,000 bags Prime and Roasting Rio; 150 bags prime Laguayra Coffee for sale by JAMES GRAHAM & CO., LETITIA Street. jel1

HONEY.—40 bbls. prime quality Cuba Honey per schr Giuilia for sale by A. MERINO, 140 South FRONT Street. jel5

CHEESE.—410 boxes Herkimer County Cheese in store. C. C. SADLER & CO., ARCH Street, second door above Front. jel8

Summer Resorts.

TRENTON FALLS,
NEAR UTICA, NEW YORK.
The Subscriber informs the travelling public that his HOTEL at the above place is open for the reception of visitors, and can be reached from Utica within an hour by railroad.
The unique and romantic scenery of these FALLS is so universally known that the undersigned deems it only necessary to assure his guests that the established reputation of his house will be sustained as it has heretofore been for the last twenty-five years.
M. MOORE, Proprietor.
jel6-12t

WHITE MOUNTAINS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The PROFILE HOUSE and FLUME HOUSE, in the FRANCONIA NOTCH, are now open for Visitors. These Houses are of the first class, and have become the resort of accomplished tourists. They are five miles apart, on a delightful road, and situated amidst the boldest and grandest of mountain scenery. They command the finest views of Mounts LAFAYETTE, LIBERTY, CANNON, and PEMIGEWASSETT, and fifty miles down the valley. ECHO LAKE, PROFILE LAKE, the FLUME, the POOL, the BASIN, the CRYSTAL CASCADE, and the COLOSSAL PROFILE, or OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, are all within a few minutes walk.
The *ascent of the mountain passes, the drives* among the cliffs and gorges, the *excursions* on the lakes, the *game* in the forest, and the *trout* in the rills, render such facilities to the lover of the charms of nature, and manly sports, as few can decline when once in this romantic region.
The Hotels are kept by gentlemen of great experience in keeping first-class houses, and who will spare no pains in attentions to their guests. Tourists leaving Philadelphia at 10 A. M., can reach the FLUME HOUSE via the Worcester and Nashua and the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad to Plymouth; the next afternoon (twenty-four miles by stage), or they may go via the B. C. & M. Railroad to Littleton, thence by stage (only eleven miles), to the PROFILE HOUSE, in the same time. From Niagara Falls, via Montreal, Quebec, and Durham, to the Alpine Glen, and Gibbs's Hotels; it is a pleasant day's ride from Gibbs's to these houses. Mails arrive and depart *daily*.
Post Office address, PROFILE HOUSE or FLUME HOUSE, GRAFTON County, N. H.
HIRAM BELL, Manager of the Profile House.
RICHARD TAFT, Manager of the Flume House.
For the FLUME and FRANCONIA HOTEL CO.
jel6-1m

PERRY COUNTY WARM SPRINGS, PA., will open on the 6th of JUNE, 1859.—This place being located on the banks of Sherman's creek—a beautiful stream of pure Spring water—and it affords fine amusement in riding in boats and fishing, and the scenery is not to be surpassed in the State. With the beautiful mountains that surround us, this place is one of the most healthy locations in Pennsylvania, being entirely free from any epidemics. Its waters cannot be surpassed for bathing as well as drinking. There are several springs of different kinds, the Warm Springs being of such a temperature as not to require the heating of water for the most delicate persons, its temperature being 67 degrees. Heated Baths can be had if required. The Bathing-Houses and Plunge-Pools are in fine condition. Separate Houses for Ladies and Gentlemen. All persons leaving Philadelphia or Baltimore in the morning trains, and coming to Harrisburg, thence to Carlisle, arrive there by two o'clock, and there take stages to the Springs, arriving in time for tea. A fine band of music has been engaged, as well as careful servants. There are also Billiard-Tables, Ten-Pin Alleys, and Bagatelle-Boards, as well as other amusements. Any persons wishing further particulars, will please call on the references below, or address the undersigned. Boarding, $7 per week. Children and Servants half price.
H. H. ETTER.
REFERENCES:
GEORGE NORTON, Esq., No. 204 South FIFTH Street.
Mr. J. L. SCHNEBLY, S. W. corner SECOND and WILLOW Streets.
Mr. J. A. CRESWELL, 736 WALLACE Street.
Messrs. P. SEEGER & BROTHER, 114 South SIXTH Street. jel8-tf

MOUNT HOLLY SPRINGS HOTEL,
MOUNT HOLLY SPRINGS, PENNA.—The subscriber, late of the "Mansion House," Carlisle, respectfully informs his friends, and the public generally, that he has leased the above-mentioned Hotel, at this popular
SUMMER RESORT,
situated at the gap of the South Mountains, five miles from Carlisle, Penna.
For salubrity of climate, pure dry atmosphere, and clear, soft spring water, MOUNT HOLLY SPRINGS cannot be excelled. Its water is admirably adapted for bathing, and the peculiarly invigorating atmosphere renders it highly beneficial to invalids.
The romantic drives and walks of this charming mountain retreat are unequalled.
It is of convenient access from Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other points, and there are daily mails from each of these places.
The House was opened on the 16th MAY, inst., and will continue open during the year, and nothing shall be wanting on the part of the proprietor to make all who may patronize him, to realize the comforts of a home, and spend their time agreeably.
Coaches will be in readiness on arrival of cars in Carlisle to convey visitors to the Springs.
Address: ISAAC PARSONS,
Mount Holly Springs, Cumberland co., Penna.
TERMS—Board by the single day, $1 25; Board by the week, $7; Children and Nurses, half price.
jel6-12t

CONGRESS HALL, CAPE ISLAND, CAPE MAY, N. J.
This well-known first-class HOTEL will be opened for the *reception of guests* on WEDNESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE. WEST & THOMPSON,
jel4-5w Proprietors.

1859.
OHIO WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.
OPEN TO VISITERS SEEKING HEALTH OR PLEASURE, FROM JUNE 1st TO OCTOBER 1st.
ACCOMMODATIONS FOR OVER 500 VISITERS.
THE OHIO WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS are situated in Delaware county, 18 miles north of Columbus, (the capital of Ohio,) on the Scioto river, 10 miles from Delaware, 5 miles from the White Sulphur station, on the Springfield, Mt. Vernon, and Pittsburg Railroad, and 10 miles from Pleasant Valley or Springs station, on the Columbus, Piqua, and Indiana Railroad.
The medicinal qualities of these Springs are unsurpassed by those of any other Mineral Waters in the United States.
For Room, or other information, address
ANDREW WILSON, Jr.,
je8-2m* White Sulphur Springs, Ohio.

WHITE SULPHUR AND CHALYBEATE SPRINGS, at DOUBLING GAP, PA., are now open, and are easy of access via Harrisburg; thence on the Cumberland Valley Road to Newville; thence 8 miles staging to the Springs, where you arrive at 5 P. M. same day. Every arrangement is complete for Visitors. Board per week, $8; per day, $1.25. Reduction for families. References—Jas. Steel, Morton McMichael, Barcroft & Co., B. S. Janney, Jr., & Co.
Reference to the Analysis of the Waters, Jas. C. Booth, Analytical Professor of U. S. Mint.
Address Newville P. O., SCOTT & COYLE,
je7-8m* Proprietors.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, LONG BRANCH, N. J.—The subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that on and after JUNE 20th his house will be open for the reception of guests, when every effort will be made to please those who may favor him. The house is pleasantly situated on a fine bluff, with lawn in front. A full view of the ocean, good roads, stabling, &c., make it as attractive as any house in the country. The communication is accessible by two daily lines from foot of Walnut-street wharf, viz: 6 A. M., and 2 P. M.
Reference—Grandy, Warden, & Co., 219 Chestnut street. B. A. SHOEMAKER,
jel-2m* Proprietor.

SEA BATHING.—THE MANSION HOUSE, foot of Pennsylvania avenue, ATLANTIC CITY, *is NOW OPEN for guests. For convenience of* arrangement, contiguity to the beach, and attractiveness of the adjacent grounds, this house is unrivalled. The proprietor has spared no pains in making this Hotel all that could be desired by visiters.
jel-3m E. LEE.

CARLISLE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, CUMBERLAND CO., PA.
This favorite and fashionable Watering Place, pleasantly located near the base of the Blue Mountain, four miles from Carlisle, Pa., will be *open for visitors* on the 20th of JUNE. The waters of these Springs are highly impregnated with minerals, and for drinking and bathing are not surpassed by any Sulphur Springs in the country. The buildings are well ventilated, and are surrounded by 1,200 feet of balconies. The scenery is of the grandest kind, and the accommodations for the recreation, and comfort of visitors are unexceptionable. Good fare, pleasant drives, fine music, billiards, bowling saloon, and other games, and all the amusements usually found at Watering Places can be enjoyed here. Visitors leaving Philadelphia or Baltimore in the morning train arrive at the Springs at 3 o'clock P. M. Daily mail. For further information address
OWEN, OLENDENIN, & CO.,
CARLISLE SPRINGS, PA.
REFERENCES.—John C. De Costa, Esq., William A. Rhodes, Esq., Thomas C. Percival, Esq., Philadelphia; Alex. Kirkland, Esq., R. B. Hollins, Baltimore; Jacob Gideon, Esq., Richard Wallack, Esq., Washington, D. C. my30-1m

THE UNITED STATES HOTEL, AT ATLANTIC CITY, will be opened for the reception of visiters on the 1st of JUNE. The House has been thoroughly renovated and improved, and is supplied with all the appliances and comforts of a first-class Hotel. In addition to other improvements, a railroad has been constructed to the beach, so which the guests will be conveyed free of charge during bathing hours.
my30-1m CONRAD & HINKLE.

EPHRATA MOUNTAIN SPRINGS, LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNA.
This favorate establish cent will be opened by the first of JUNE. Situated on the Ephrata Ridge, 59 miles west of Philadelphia, 18 south of Reading, 13 north of Lancaster, 40 east of Harrisburg, and having the advantage of the purest soft water, every variety of baths, the site elevated to 1,200 feet above water level, with graded and shady walks in dense forests, and the most extensive landscape scenery in the Union, it is not surpassed as a summer residence.
Accommodations for 400 persons, improved stabling, and good carriage houses; also a good stock of livery horses and carriages, with amusements. A good band of music, billiard tables, ten pin alley. It is easy of access from all the above points by railroad and coaches. The proprietor spares nothing to make it a home-place for comfort and health.
For further particulars, see circulars, to be had by applying to Joseph B. Myers, Third and Vine streets; James S. Earle, 816 Chestnut street; or to the Proprietor, JOSEPH KONIGMACHER,
Ephrata Post Office,
my18-8m Lancaster County, Penna.

ANDALUSIA HALL will be again opened for the accommodation of those who desire to make their home in the country during the Summer season, on the first day of June. It is pleasantly located on an eminence, one mile to the north of Reading, on the Philadelphia and Pottsville Turnpike, and from its elevated position has the benefit of commanding a good view of the surrounding country, from Neversink Hill up to the Blue Mountain Gap; a distance of some thirty miles. The fresh country air which is constantly stirring there, and the excellent water, recommend themselves. The proprietor has taken pains to provide every comfort and luxury within his reach for the accommodation of his guests. His house is new and newly furnished—his bathing apparatus complete, and his stabling good. Livery accommodations of the best kind can be obtained at the shortest notice. Terms moderate JAMES S. MADEIRA, Proprietor.
my18wfm-3m*

The Press.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1859.

The Temptations of St. Anthony.

The following celebrated *brochure* was published many years ago in *Bentley's Magazine.* We have heard it ascribed frequently to the author of "Ingoldsby's Legends," but its author signs himself T. H. S.; who he is we have not yet ascertained. Those who have seen Teniers' Paintings will recollect his vivid and comical picture of the temptations to which one poor St. Anthony was subjected.

"He would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman."—*Sketch Book.*

St. Anthony sat on a lowly stool,
And a book was in his hand;
Never his eye from its page he took,
Either to right or left to look;
But with steadfast soul, as was his rule,
The holy page he scanned.

"We will woo," said the imp, "St. Anthony's eyes
Off from his holy book;
We will go to him all in strange disguise,
And teaze him with laughter, whoops, and cries,
That he upon us may look."

The Devil was in the best humor that day
That ever his highness was in;
And that's why he sent out his imps to play;
And he furnished them torches to light their way,
Nor stinted their incense to burn as they may—
Sulphur, and pitch, and rosin.

So they came to the Saint in a motley crew—
A heterogeneous rout;
There were imps of every shape and hue,
And some looked black, and some looked blue,
And they passed and varied before the view,
And twisted themselves about:
And had they exhibited thus to you,
I think you'd have felt in a bit of a stew—
Or so should myself, I doubt.

There were some with feathers, and some with scales,
And some with warty skin;
Some had not heads, and some had tails,
And some had claws like iron nails;
And some had combs and beaks like birds,
And yet, like jays, could utter words;
And some had gills and fins.

Some rode on skeleton beasts, arrayed
In gold and velvet stuff,
With rich tiaras on the head,
Like kings and queens among the dead;
While face and bridle-hand, displayed,
In hue and substance seemed to cope
With maggots in a microscope,
And their thin lips, as white as soap,
Were colder than enough.

And spiders big from the ceiling hung,
From every creek and nook;
They had a crafty, ugly guise,
And looked at the Saint with their eight eyes;
And all that malice could devise
Of evil to the good and wise,
Seemed welling from their look.

Beetles and slow-worms crawled about,
And toads did squat demure;
From holes in the wainscoting mice peeped out,
Or sly old rat with his whiskered snout;
And forty feet, a full span long,
Danced in and out in an endless throng;
There ne'er has been seen such extravagant rout,
From that time to this, I'm sure.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
Fixed on the holy book;
From it they did not sink nor rise;
Nor sights nor laughter, shouts nor cries,
Could win away his look.

A quaint imp sat in an earthen pot,
In a big-bellied earthen pot sat he;
Through holes in the bottom his legs outshot,
And holes in the sides his arms had got,
And his head came out through the mouth, God wot!
A comical sight to see.

And he drummed on his belly so fair and round,
On his belly so round and fair;
And it gave forth a rumbling, mingled sound,
'Twixt a muffled bell and a growling hound,
A comical sound to hear.
And he sat on the edge of a table-desk,
And drummed it with his heels;
And he looked as strange and as picturesque
As an old gurgoyle or an arabesque
Half hidden in flowers, all painted in fresque,
In Gothic vaulted ceils.

Then he whooped and hawed, and winked and grinned,
And his eyes stood out with glee;
And he said these words, and he sung this song,
And his legs and his arms, with their double prong,
Keeping time with his tune as it galloped along,
Still on the pot and the table dinned
As birth to his song gave he:

"Old Tony, my boy! shut up your book,
And learn to be merry and gay;
You sit like a bat in his cloistered nook,
Like a round-shouldered fool of an owl you look;
But straighten your back from its bobby crook,
And more sociable be, I pray.

"Let us see you laugh, let us hear you sing;
Take a lesson from me, old boy!
Remember that life has a fleeting wing,
And then comes Death, that stern old king,
So we'd better make sure of joy."

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
Upon the holy book!
He heard that song with a laugh arise,
But he knew that the imp had a naughty guise,
And he did not care to look.

Another imp came in a masquerade
Most like to a monk's attire,
But of living bats his cowl was made,
Their wings stitched together with spider thread,
And round and about him they fluttered and played;
And his eyes shot out from their misty shade
Long parallel bars of fire.

And his loose teeth chattered like clanking bones
When the gibbet-tree sways in the blast:
And, with gurgling shakes and stifled groans,
He mocked the good St. Anthony's tones
As he muttered his prayer full fast.

A rosary of beads was hung by his side—
Oh, gaunt-looking beads were they!
And still, when the good Saint dropped a bead,
He dropped a tooth; and he took good heed
To rattle his string, and the bones replied,
Like a rattlesnake's tail at play.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
Upon the holy book;
He heard that mock of groans and sighs,
And he knew that the thing had an evil guise,
And he did not dare to look.

Another imp came with a trumpet snout,
That was mouth and nose in one:
It had stops like a flute, as you never may doubt,
Where his long, lean fingers capered about,
As he twanged his nasal melodies out,
In quaver, and shake, and run.

And his head moved forward and backward still
On his long and snaky neck;
As he bent his energies all to fill
His nosey tube with wind and skill,
And he sneezed his octaves out, until
'Twas well-nigh ready to break.

And close to St. Anthony's ear he came,
And piped his music in:
And the shrill sound went through the good Saint's frame,
With a smart and a sting, like a shred of flame,
Or a bee in the ear—which is much the same—
And he shivered with the din.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
Upon the holy book;
He heard that snout with its gimlet cries,
And he knew that the imp had an evil guise,
And he did not dare to look.

A thing with horny eyes was there,
With horny eyes like the dead;
And its long, sharp nose was all of horn,
And its bony cheeks of flesh were shorn,
And its ears were like thin cases torn
From feet of kine, and its jaws were bare;
And fish-bones grew, instead of hair,
Upon its skinless head.

Its body was of thin birdy bones,
Bound round with a parchment skin;
And when 'twas struck, the hollow tones,
That circled round like drum-dull groans,
Bespoke a void within.

Its arm was like a peacock's leg,
And the claws were like a bird's:
But the creep that went, like a blast of plague,
To loose the live flesh from the bones,
And wake the good Saint's inward groans,
As it clawed his cheek, and pulled his hair,
And pressed on his eyes in their beating lair,
Cannot be told in words.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
Still on the holy book;
He felt the clam on his brow arise,
And he knew that the thing had a horrid guise,
And he did not dare to look.

An imp came then like a skeleton form
Out of a charnel vault;
Some clingings of meat had been left by the worms,
Some tendons and strings on his legs and arm,
And his jaws with gristle were black and deform,
But his teeth were as white as salt.

And he grinned full many a lifeless grin,
And he rattled his bony tail;
His skull was decked with gill and fin,
And a spike of bone was on his chin,
And his bat-like ears were large and thin,
And his eyes were the eyes of a snail.

He took his stand at the good Saint's back,
And on tiptoe stood a space;
Forward he bent, all rotten-black,
And he sunk again on his heel, good lack!
And the good Saint uttered some ghostly groans,
For the head was caged in the gaunt rib-bones,
A horrible embrace!
And the skull hung o'er with an elvish pry,
And cooked down its India-rubber eye
To gaze upon his face.

Yet the good St. Anthony sunk his eyes
Deep in the holy book:
He felt the bones, and so was wise
To know that the thing had a ghastly guise,
And he did not dare to look.

Last came an imp—how unlike the *rest*!—
A beautiful female form;
And her voice was like music, that sleep-oppress'd
Sinks on some cradling zephyr's breast;
And, whilst with a whisper, his cheek she press'd,
Her cheek felt soft and warm.

When over his shoulder she bent the light
Of her soft eyes on to his page,
It came like a moonbeam silver bright,
And relieved him then with a mild delight;
For the yellow lamp-lustre scorched his sight,
That was weak with the mists of age.

Hey! the good St. Anthony boggled his eyes
Over the holy book;
Ho, ho! at the corners they 'gan to rise,
For he knew that the thing had a lovely guise,
And he could not choose but look.
There are many devils that walk this world,
Devils large, and devils small;
Devils so meagre, and devils so stout;
Devils with horns, and devils without;
Sly devils that go with their tails upcurled,
Bold devils that carry them quite unfurled;
Meek devils, and devils that brawl;
Serious devils and laughing devils;
Imps for churches, and imps for revels;
Devils uncouth, and devils polite;
Devils black, and devils white;
Devils foolish, and devils wise;
But a laughing woman, with two bright eyes,
Is the worsest devil of all.

T. H. S.

Scraps from English Naval and Military Journals.

It is stated that, from the manifest anxiety of Government, and from the bustle in the naval and military departments, the political position of England is precarious, and that preparations are wisely going on for means of defence. The *Gazette* puts the home regular army in Great Britain at about 71,000, consisting of the following strength:

Artillery	11,000
Engineers	1,500
Cavalry, household and line	6,000
Infantry, guards and line	52,000
Military train	1,500

To this force must be added, as effective for immediate service in Ireland, 28,000, and embodied militia, about 16,000. There is thus under arms nearly 110,000 men. Besides the above, there is a force of nearly 16,000 enrolled pensioners, who could be called under arms instantly by orders of the staff officers of the districts, and these men, in a day or two, could be assembled, by railway and steamers, at any point required. The Yeoman cavalry number 14,000, and the armed and disciplined constabulary force of the United Kingdom nearly 84,000. Volunteers are being organized all over England, under statute 42d of GEORGE III; and efforts are being made to have that statute apply to Ireland, to which it does not apply at present. In the recruiting service height has been lowered, and the bounty enlarged.

The subjoined is an extract from a letter dated at Malta, in the Mediterranean:

"The present British naval force, (33 pendants,) large as it is in these waters, is to be still further vastly increased; and we think that our assertion will be confirmed by the fact when we state that our fleet in the Mediterranean is to be, and that very shortly, made up to ninety-seven pendants, twenty-two of which are to be line of battle ships. We have also good authority for saying that the garrison of this island is to be raised to a strength of at least 10,000 men."

Added are further items of interest:

"IRON SHIPS OF WAR.—After so much discussion upon the construction of iron war vessels, it appears that Government has contracted for one of great size and great intended speed, to be used, perhaps, whenever an occasion may present itself, as a steam battering ram. With 6,000 tons burden, the new iron vessel is to run at fourteen knots. Until, however, a chance is had to run down an enemy's ship, which, in the meantime, will be doing its best to keep out of the way and to disable its assailant, this great craft must be formidable chiefly for its armament. It is simply an iron man-of-war, much larger than anything now built of wood."

"Captain Sir Robert John Le Mesurier McClure, Knt., gazetted C.B., was the discoverer of the Northwest Passage. He was born in 1808, and is the son of Captain McClure, formerly of the 89th Regiment, who served during the campaign in Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. He was left an orphan, without fortune, at the early age of four years, and adopted by the late General Le Mesurier. He entered the navy as midshipman on board the Victory, Lord Nelson's old ship, and served in various parts of the globe till 1838, when he volunteered his services, and was appointed to the Terror, commanded by Sir George Back, in an expedition to discover the Northwest Passage.

"From 1838 to 1842 he was on active service on board Hastings, Niagara, and Pilot. In June, 1842, he was appointed to the command of Rodney, at the Havana, where he remained five years. In 1848 he accompanied Sir James Ross on a second expedition to the Arctic regions, and returned in November, 1849. In March, 1850, he sailed a third time, in command of Investigator, in company with Enterprise, Capt. McClure having declared before leaving England that he would either discover Sir John Franklin or the Northwest Passage, or never return. He returned to England successful in 1855, and on 1st March, 1855, was appointed to Esk, 21, screw, and has served on the west coast of America and East India, and China station to the present time."

"FRED. TAYLOR, late of the Eighth King's Royal Irish Hussars," writes as follows to the editor of the *Naval and Military Gazette*:

"SIR: In reference to carbines, in the use of which I have had some experience, both in close quarter and at long range, I am only speaking the sentiments of the whole cavalry service when I assert that they are cumbersome and ineffective weapons, and that forty-nine rounds out of fifty fired from them are misses (except by pure chance), the long range at which they are generally used in skirmishing, and the impossibility to take a steady aim from the back of a horse at a wild gallop, often over broken ground, with one hand—the other being used to manage the horse—in the face of a withering fire, from rifles or field guns of the enemy, renders precision of aim all but impossible. Yet this is the principal purpose for which carbines are used.

"Those who have been in close action will agree with me, that they are not only ineffective, but very much in the way; and many a poor fellow's thigh is broken when his horse is hit and falls heavily on his right side, as in that case, owing to the manner in which the carbine is strapped to the saddle, with the stock resting on the thick part of the thigh, the soldier is fast wedged between it and the heavy pressure of the wounded horse, and in that position is, of course, at the mercy of his enemies, and often slaughtered with his eyes open, for the weight of the horse falling suddenly on his thigh with the carbine under it amounts to a certainty that his thigh is snapped asunder like a rotten stick. How useful and effective Colt's revolvers would be in a dilemma of this nature, as by drawing it from his belt or holster pipe he might defend himself in this or any position.

"I will relate an incident which occured to one my comrades at the battle of Balaklava. He says, 'I had charged through the batteries and the squadron beyond, with the others, and was retiring, when my horse was hit in the neck, and fell heavily on his off-side, and fastened my right leg in a most painful position between the horse and the carbine. Poor "Silver Tail" was weak from over-exertion and loss of blood, and he lay still. or I might—if he had struggled—have managed to extricate my leg. My comrades—engaged to the teeth—galloped by in retiring squadrons without noticing me. One of the 17th Lancers lay wounded within a few yards of me; he was alive but speechless, as when I asked him where he was hit, he only pointed to his chest, and swayed his head to and fro. Being slightly wounded myself in the fleshy part of my left arm, it bled a good deal, and I began to feel too weak to make sufficient effort to extricate my imprisoned leg, and as I thought my horse would probably struggle hard before he died, I lay still in some uncertainty whether my leg was broke or not, when I noticed a Russian dragoon deliberately dismount and plunge his sabre into the abdomen of the poor wounded lancer; he pulled it out all reeking with blood, and then looked ferociously at me. Oh! thought I, if I had but the neat-looking revolver I noticed in Col. Shewell's holster-pipe this morning, how easily, and with what pleasure, I could send you to your Russian h—; at this moment he turned quickly round and raised his foot to the stirrup, but he had mounted his last time, for a handful of the 13th light dragoons, who had carved their way through a horde of Cossacks, came up and surrounded him. I told them what had just occurred, and by my gestures he knew well what I meant, for he dropped his sword and put his hands together, but as he had denied quarter to a wounded man, none was granted to him; he bit the dust, and I was released; my arm was bound up with a piece of my shirt, and hastily despatching my poor wounded "Silver Tail," as an act of humanity, I was *assisted* to mount the shaggy little trooper of the dead Russian, and away we all galloped to the place from whence we had before, but half an hour, started on our fearful errand, where the remnant of the 17th Lancers, 13th Light Dragoons, 11th Hussars, 8th Hussars, and 4th Light Dragoons were assembled, like a lot of butchers fresh from the slaughter-house, some minus caps, clothes cut or torn to shreds, and many wounded and on foot, but every one shouting and cheering the fresh arrivals who every now and then came galloping up, having been separated from the main body by the dense masses of the enemy who impeded their progress in retiring.'

"In a melee like this I think none will deny that the revolver would be a more effective weapon than the carbine, which I may say never was and never will be a favorite weapon with fighting soldiers; or is too heavy and unwieldy to use at long range it in the hand-to-hand fighting, which is invariably the British dragoon's style of winding up an engagement, and if our authorities would return them to store, and serve every cavalry soldier with one of Colt's revolvers, they would enhance their efficiency sixfold, and render the men themselves that justice which they *so* well deserve."

A MINE OF ANTIMONY.—The St. Clairville (Ill.) *Gazette* says that a vein of antimony, two feet thick and almost solid, has been discovered within two miles of St. Clairville. Antimony is one of the ingredients of type metal, worth about forty cents a pound, and it has been supposed that it was only to be found in Germany.

SEWING MACHINES are run by steam in Bridgeport, Conn., at the rate of 1,200 stitches per minute.

"Touchstone" in Philadelphia—No. 4.

A STROLL THROUGH THE ACADEMY OF ARTS (CONCLUDED.)

"Which is the exception among the figure compositions to which you refer?"

"Here;" and we pass into the southeast gallery, and pause opposite to No. 120, which the catalogue says is "Confidence," by Wittkamp. It is a small picture, but a gem. There is a touching story—a heart-romance of girlhood—in it, and most admirably told. There are two girls in an arbor, the younger one nestling, dove-like, to the other, who is reading a letter. How much is there in that letter! Do we not see its effects on the sensitive young creature who, confiding in her more mature friend, gives it to her for perusal, opinion, and guidance as to what she shall do! There is a disappointment in it. She does not know well how to take it, but it is evident that her dear dreaming soul has awoke to a great sadness. Still, a sickly hope—probably from the confidence in her friend's expected counsel—combats the sorrow on her face. Her friend reads the letter with calm intent, her more mature mind and *less* sensitive temperament not seeing so much to be taken to heart. Almost smiling at what she no doubt conceives to be the rhapsodical depression of love's young dream, she, with a womanly feeling, restrains what might hurt her sweet friend, and peruses the letter with a fixed look. The contrast in the faces and forms of these two creatures is exquisitely suggestive. The younger one a blonde, with delicately-moulded, spiritual face, tapering to the chin, with loving and trustful blue eyes—all affection, all truth, all confidence, nestling pleadingly against her robust but handsome and womanly brunette friend, is a study of such touching beauty as almost inspires pain. The little dog is under the influence of the scene, too, and contributes to explain it. He stops while pawing the arm of his young mistress, wondering at the neglect visited upon him. This serves to shew the depth of sudden sorrow to which she has succumbed, by suggesting the light-hearted gambols in which she had taken pleasure. The expression and effect of the little dog is a great link in the story. The painting is fully equal to the design and the drawing. There is great feeling and power in it; and, *for myself*, I would rather possess it than all the figures (Lear excepted) in this annual exhibition put together.

Here also is a touching and suggestive picture—one worth a volume of *sermons* of the Beecher class, which impress people with the novelty of expression, but do not improve them: "The Little Vagrants," (No. 201,) by Louis Lang. The artist has succeeded in portraying a city scene of power, because of great simplicity; but which contains a heart-rending suggestiveness. What a panorama of wild work does not this look-up scene of destitution and *youthful vagrancy* call up! The figures are well drawn and finely colored.

Let me take you, now, to a few fine and remarkable landscapes, passing by E. Moran's "Fishing Boats beating up to Windward St. John, N. B.," which is good. "View from the Island of Capri, near Naples," (No. 339,) by W. S. Haseltine, is a remarkable picture. The more you study it the more you find it worth a study. The rich purple on the rocks and pillar-like crags, the gray purple tintings of the shadows in the gorges, the expanse of blue water, shimmering with rosy light, the warm line of land in the distance, and the sunny atmosphere, give the scene an effect at once peculiar and instructive; for we know it must be a transcript of nature, as no man would dare trust his imagination alone to conjure up such a scene. Everything is of the warmest kind; the grass on the rocky promontory stretching out into the sea is burned into redness; where it has been protected by shade it is of the deepest and most luxuriant green. Mr. Haseltine has used his materials very skilfully, as also in his "View on the Rhine," (No. 219.)

On the opposite side of the door from the "View from Capri" is a picture which, in some respects, makes a good match to it; although, to be candid, it is much greater as a work of art. It is "In the Cordilleras, South America," (No. 342,) and painted by L. R. Mignot. This picture embraces a magnificent view—one of great wealth of scenery and color, where the combination of light of heaven and luxury of earth has the effect of some ripe dream of the East. Red crags, red clay, sunny peaks, swelling mountains like huge breasts throbbing with heat, and looking as though they could throw out heat and light—the stationary clouds resting on the breasts of the hills, the wayward ravines clustered with thick foliage, the white cascades bursting through the red gorges, like frighted virgins from the arms of Salamanders, the rank and rich vegetations, the aerial lambency—all, together make this a work of exceeding merit. It is boldly and broadly painted; yet the geological details of the rocks and clays seem scrupulously to have demanded the painter's care, as well as the varieties of foliage.

In comparison with this picture, Mr. Haseltine's "Capri" seems to resolve itself into its national peculiarity. The whole color-effect of the Italian scene is purplish and grapery, that of the South American, luxuriant redness. Mr. Mignot, I think, has succeeded to an admiration in the judicious power with which he has managed the tints, so as to keep them rich without being raw, and gorgeous without being glaring.

From such glowing effects—which are quite enough to make one indolent in gazing at them—let me take you to the other end of the room. Look at that "Winter Sunset in Vermont," (No 316,) by R. Gignoux. Is it not lovely? Is not the quiet radiance almost religious in the sensation it produces? The sunshine breaking through the gaps of the hills on the right, and throwing at intervals happy roseate gleams across the frozen valley, produces a delightful effect. The winter stillness is illuminated with a good-natured even glow. The effect is not hard, but that mellow softness produced by fleecy snow upon already frozen ground. Mr. Gignoux must be complimented on his appreciative affection for Nature as exhibited in this picture.

Yet another landscape full of Nature—distant view of Mount Washington, (No. 334,) by E. D. Lewis. We are in a plain valley, a few trees sheltering a pathway to the right. A wood stretches across the middle distance in the shadow of a range of hills, that seems like a barrier behind which rises Mount Washington in solemn strength. To say that the picture is very fine is only to do it simple justice. There is a stately dignity about the scene reminding us of a poem by Bryant, and the artist's reproduction of it is chaste and forcible—quite suitable to the subject. No one can mistake the honest love of Nature in her regal simplicity here. The atmosphere, which is everything to a picture, is not gotten up like the scenes in a theatre, but it is part of that which we mortals devour and breathe. The patch of light falling so naturally into the heart of the valley produces a rare and delightful effect. It gives a dash of human poetry, as it were, into the solitude of the scene.

These landscapes are truly praiseworthy, and the efficiency of our landscape painters must be a matter of pride to all lovers of the fine arts. American art has made wonderful strides, but in no department has the advance been so glorious, so national, as in landscape.

Some thirty-five years ago—1824—*Blackwood's Magazine* had an article on the versatility of the American character and the state of the Fine Arts in North America. The writer, professing some partiality for us, was compelled to say this Republic was one of the last countries in the world where a devotee of the fine arts could find tolerable refuge—especially if he were a man of extraordinary power. He argued that second and third-rate composers, actors, architects, &c., "if they cannot get bread in Europe, will get bread, and nothing more, in America—enough just to keep them alive and perfectly consolous of their dependent and wretched position. "If he be one of the anointed few—the exalted—he will probably starve, die of a broken heart, or destroy himself."

"Why third-rate men should then have gotten, or now obtain, any more in America than they could in Europe, I do not see. In proof that first-rate talent was not appreciated to its full here, the writer instanced Capellano, the first sculptor of the King of Spain, who made the Alto relievos in the Capitol, and Causici, one of Canova's finest and most gifted pupils, who modeled the colossal figure over the Speaker's chair in the old House of Representatives, who, he said, were "actually in a state of abject dependence." During the same year another and more lengthy paper, on America in general, appeared in the same magazine, in which the pitiable state of Sully and Rembrandt Peale is forcibly dwelt upon. The authority for the statement was a book entitled "A Summary of America," by "an Englishman," then under review.

The writer to which I first referred, while dealing in wholesale denunciations of America, touching fine arts as a whole, still found much to admire and commend in that branch of the polite arts coming under the head of *painting*. "In this," he wrote, "the Americans have made a surprising proficiency—surprising, not only by comparison with what they have done in every other department; but *surprising*, (if we consider their numbers, infancy, and want of encouragement,) when compared with what we ourselves have done, or any other people during the same period." This was quite *as true* as it was candid; and the names by which the writer illustrated his position were unquestionable guarantees of its impregnability. Let me glance through his list, for it is interesting to see what such a leading magazine as *Blackwood* said of our artists when we were thirty-five years younger. Copley is set down as "a capital portrait painter for the time, and apparently endowed with vigorous talent for historical compositions;" West, late president of the Royal Academy, who had "great power and a reputation much greater than he deserved," and whose drawings generally fine, and sometimes wonderful, were never equalled by his finished pictures—all of which is true; Trumball, whose "Sortie of Gibraltar" was a "very fine picture," but the three first of whose national pictures are held up, or rather put down, as "among the greatest and most unaccountable failures of the age;" the subjects, however, were not suited to Tory eyes—the battle of Waterloo would no doubt be much more acceptable than "The Surrender of Cornwallis;" Rembrandt Peale, "a fine portrait painter," and in the historical line "quite wonderful, when we consider the disadvantages under which he must have labored in America; with no models, no academy figures, no fellow-laborers to consult; nobody even to mould a hand for him in plaster, and few to hold one long enough for him to copy it, of flesh and blood;" Alston, "undoubtedly at the head of the historical department in America," but whose "countrymen will never give him that opportunity which we would, if he were here;" Morse (since the philosopher of electricity) whose model of the dying Hercules obtained the medal in London, and whose portraits exhibited a "masterly handling," powerful and free; Sully (born in England), "the Sir Thomas Lawrence of America," "one of the most beautiful portrait painters in the world;" Stewart, who had years before painted the English nobility, "and ranked, even then, among the first masters," old now, but unquestionably "at the head of American painters"—"whatever he puts on canvas is like a record upon oath—plain, unequivocal, and so'id;" Leslie (born in England)—portraits, "rich and peculiar," compositions "chaste and full of subdued pleasantry;" Newton, (a Canadian,) "a man of singular and showy talent;" and C. Harding, an "extraordinary man," who, six years previous, was living in the wilds of Kentucky, and had never seen a decent picture; being in straits, he undertook to paint a sign for his landlord—succeeded—got bread for his children—went on at signs—rose to chair painting—then the people who sat on chairs—went to London, and, attracting notice, painted some of the royal family, Mr. Owen, of Lanark, and other notabilities.

In this list there is not a landscape painter mentioned. All are portrait or historical painters. The writer, no doubt, had authoritative information, and, indeed, says as much; and consequently would have mentioned one landscape painter if any painter of landscape had in his department reached the excellence or celebrity of a Stewart, a Peale, or a Sully in the portrait and figure line.

In addition to the honorable succession of able artists in the historical, allegorical, genre, and portrait schools, what a list of sculptors have we, what a splendid array of landscape painters can we not produce—painters who are not excelled by those of any other country in the same line of art. Much as the writer in *Blackwood* had to admit of the proficient progress of Art up to 1824, he would be forced to admit a hundred fold as much for the last thirty years. An eight-page article would scarcely now contain the names of the artists of the United States, much less give an idea of the artistic style and achievement of each. It is a pleasant duty to record these facts, and a pleasanter duty to contribute my meed of acknowledgment for such elevations of thought and feeling as I owe to Art and Artists. TOUCHSTONE.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents for "THE PRESS" will please bear in mind the following rules:

Every communication must be accompanied by the name of the writer. In order to insure correctness in the typography, but one side of the sheet should be written upon.

We shall be greatly obliged to gentlemen in Pennsylvania, and other States, for contributions giving the current news of the day in their particular localities, the resources of the surrounding country, the increase of population, or any information that will be interesting to the general reader.

GENERAL NEWS.

PAINFUL DEATH.—It is with feelings of sorrow we record the death of a little daughter of Harrison Bateman, of Rockingham county, Va., occurring under the following circumstances: His little daughter, about twelve years old, went, in company with a younger brother, to water the cow. While they were out some childish difficulty arose between them, when the brother struck her in the temple with a stone. She went to the house and communicated the fact to a domestic in the family, and requested her not to tell her mother, lest she might correct the little brother. She went to her room and slept until four or five in the evening, and when she awoke she was speechless. Medical aid was called in, but to no purpose; she soon expired. She was a very sweet and interesting little girl, and the pride of her father and mother.—*Valley (Va.) Democrat.*

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—On Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock, a youth about eighteen years of age, named Edward Wilkinson, in the employ of Mr. Howard, living on the Philadelphia road, from Baltimore, went to the well to draw some water. The well rope broke, letting the bucket fall in. He got a ladder and placed it in the well, and descended to regain the bucket. While down he placed his foot on one of the stones of the well, which gave way, causing the wall to cave in, covering the lad with some two tons of stone. It was at least two feet over his head. The alarm was given, and Messrs. H. Kimball, Wm. Wright, and John Regester hastened to his relief, scarcely hoping to find him alive. They, however, after considerable labor, succeeded in rescuing him, and, strange to say, he had received but a few scratches. He was at his work as usual on Sunday.

ACCIDENTAL POISONING.—An Irish woman residing at Newton Centre, Boston, while washing at the Nonantum House in that city, took, without leave, a bottle of what she supposed to be champagne, which she conveyed to her house. Shortly after, being visited by two Irish male friends, this liquor was brought out to treat them. One of the Irishmen took a swallow, when he exclaimed that he had been poisoned, and implored the presence of a physician to save his life. Medical aid was immediately procured, and the pains were relieved. About two or three days ago, the patient experienced a relapse, a consultation of physicians was called, but the unfortunate man died yesterday morning. His name was Matthew McHugh. It appears that the bottle which had been obtained from the hotel contained, instead of champagne, bed-bug poison of the deadliest character.

INSTINCT OF A HEN.—A friend has just narrated the following amusing incident which occurred in his fowl-house in Brooklyn, New York, showing more perceptive power in the hen than she is usually credited with. The family, when boiling eggs for breakfast, found a cracked one in the water, which, upon examination, proved to be bad. It was taken to use for a nest-egg; but a hen, when about going to lay, spied it, and at once, with feet and bill, threw it out upon the floor, and proceeded to demolish it by pecking and scratching—not eating it, however. She then resumed her place, and after very carefully looking over a new egg placed in the nest, proceeded to business, and was soon cackling over her success.—*American Agriculturist.*

MRS. MARY TRAVIS, a widow, aged eighty-nine years, who resided with her son-in-law, Mr. Samuel Horton, near Red Mills, Putnam county, hanged herself on Friday, in a fit of melancholy. She attached one end of a silk handkerchief to the top of a bedpost, and tied the other around her neck, and by throwing herself downward effected her purpose. The melancholy was incident to old age, and probably arose from inactive habits, contemplation of her helplessness, &c.

IN THE Catholic churches of Newark, N. J., last Sunday, a circular from the Pope was read, desiring that the prayers of the faithful be offered up for the restoration of peace. Indulgences are attainable, under certain restrictions, by those who comply.

PROF. AARON WARNER, late of Amherst College, was thrown from a carriage a few days since, dislocating his shoulder and breaking his collar-bone. He remained insensible for a long time, but is now in a fair way of recovery.

THE COURTS.

YESTERDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

[Reported for The Press.]

QUARTER SESSIONS.—Judge Allison was punctually in his seat at ten o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Joseph F. Loughead, District Attorney, appeared for the Commonwealth, but the business transacted was of a very dull and uninteresting character. The dock only contained two or three prisoners, and the oppressive atmosphere of the room, and the unimportant character of the proceedings, rendered the place, as usual, a most uninviting resort. After the good-looking and good-natured crier, Mr. Dare, had got through with his morning salutation to all those persons who have any manner of business whatsoever before the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, pleas were entered on a number of bills of indictment alleging larceny and assault and battery.

A number of the members of the bar were absent from their usual posts, and were, we are informed, rusticating in the vicinity of the *bar*, whose attractions induced so many to participate in the glorious sports of the *grand* musical picnic. Altogether, the day was one of the most uninteresting that we have ever passed in this court room, and consequently it is not to be wondered at that, like one of our municipal attorneys, we should go *forth* to court the pleasures afforded in the limited contiguity of shade at the terminus of the Tenth and Eleventh-streets Passenger Railway, where was the focus of rejoicing life, and where the total effect of the Festival was as happy as its warmest friends could have desired. "Excuse the digression."

William Francisco plead guilty to the charge of assaulting Patrick Lee Petit, and was sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and the costs.

John Bates was tried on the charge of stealing some gloves and other articles from the auction store of Mr. Scott, Chestnut street, below Fifth. The defendant was arrested at the auction store on the 16th of May, and on his person were found four pairs of gloves, a number of combs, and several pairs of shoes. The defence was that the articles were bought at the auction store of Mr. Ford, and a son of the defendant was called to show that he had assisted his father to carry them and other goods to their residence. A servant girl testified that she saw Bates buy the goods from a pedlar, or gave goods in exchange for them. Bates is of respectable appearance, but this is not the first time he has been tried on a criminal charge. The jury were unable to agree, and were consequently discharged.

Henry Vandeveer was acquitted of a charge of assault and battery.

William Johnson was convicted of a similar charge.

Bridget Ennis was put on trial on a charge of larceny. The case was not concluded when the court adjourned.

No business of general interest was transacted in the other courts.

INFERNAL MACHINES.—Lieut. Hampton, of the Second police district, arrested a boy named Christopher Krauss, on Monday evening, for fighting, and upon searching him at the station-house, discovered several contrivances used for doing mischief, and dealing hard blows upon those with whom he might come in contact. Among the articles was a set of iron knuckles and a band of sheep skin, so arranged that it could be tied on he hand. To this sheep skin was affixed a sharp sailmaker's needle, two inches long. The lad was held to bail to keep the peace, which means—he was discharged unpunished.