[From the Boston Commonwealth.]

HOLGAR THE DANE.

BY J. A. DORGAN.

I.

He sits on his throne of gold—
The ancient hero, grand,
Ric dreams of the days of old
When he ruled o'er sea and land:
Days of trouble were they,
In ages far away—
Days of trouble and doubt—
But strong was the hero's arm,
And the hero's heart was stout,
And ever they cry in vain—
"The smoke of battle again
Floats over land and main;
Why starts not from his slumber
Holgar the Dane?"

II.

Like a torrent of silver foam
His beard down his breast is poured;
All clad in shining armor,
And by his side a sword,
Dreaming he waits the hour
When man shall sorest need
The iron will, the arm of power,
The hero's thought and deed.
And therefore they cry in vain—
"The smoke of battle again
Floats over land and main;
But starties not from his slumber
Holgar the Dane!"

III.

Thus they clamor to-day;
And thus they clamored of yore;
"This is the hour of trial;
Would he were with us once more!"
For over the onward present
Trembles and is afraid;
And doubting over looks upward
The mighty minutions aid;
But not in petty quarrel
Shall Holgar's sword be gilt;
And not to champion cowards
Shall Holgar's blood be spilt.
And so they cry in vain—
"The smoke of battle again
Floats over land and main;
And stirs not from his slumber
Holgar the Dane!"

IV.

Yet the hour foretold shall come—
The hour of peril and strife,
When the hero shall grasp his sword,
And start again to life—
When his eyes shall flash with fire,
And his voice shall shrill with wrath,
And the foes of Freedom and Truth
Be scattered from his path;
And those till then who struggled
Hopeless but fearlessly,
Shall marvel at the aid from Heaven
Which gave them victory.
But as yet ye shout in vain—
"The smoke of battle again
Floats over land and main;
Yet leaps not from his slumber
Holgar the Dane!"

TRUE TO THE LAST.

An old schoolfellow and great chum of mine was one Charley Lawrince, and his society and example were anything but conducive to application. He had £500 a year of his own, and was waiting for a commission in the army. Nearly every shilling of my fortune, past, present, and to come, had been sunk in paying the premium and stamp on my articles with Sharpus, Ward, Andrews, & Co., attorneys, and so you may suppose that the companionship of a gay young scapegrace like Charley was not the wisest that a lawyer's clerk, on nothing a year, could have chosen. It led me into all sorts of scrapes and extravagances which, when, after eighteen months of racketing about town, Charley was gazetted full ensign in Her Majesty's—th Regiment, and ordered off to India, I found myself in difficulties under which I groaned for many a year. But Charley had troubles of his own at starting, which prevented his thinking about me. There was a girl down in Devonshire, where his family lived—a clergyman's daughter—with whom he had fallen in love, and would have married straight off, but her father, a proud man and devoted worshipper of Mammon, had other views for her, and gave my poor friend the cold shoulder. I never could see any beauty in Laura Tregarven, the damsel in question; and later on I saw her for that she was—a white-blooded little simpleton, without a single good quality to make herself or any one else happy. In Charley's eyes, however, she was perfection; and in one of their stolen interviews they had vowed eternal love and constancy; and Charley carried with him to Bengal her solemn promise never, never, never, to marry another. Three years passed, and this brings me to the time I spoke of when I began my story. I had just finished preparing a brief in a great patent case we had for trial in Guildhall, when in came Mr. Sharpus with a couple of deeds in his hand.

He took the draft and read it, whilst I followed him in the parchment to see that it was properly copied. It was a marriage settlement, whereby Lord Thornbury, a nobleman of seventy years of age—not anything but reputable character—settled £60,000 upon his bride-elect, and this lady was no other than Laura Tregarven! "Poor Charley!" thought I, as I walked home, "how am I to break to you this rupture of all your hopes?" And my difficulty was not lessened when, a day or two afterward, I received a letter from him, stating that his regiment was ordered home, and bidding me wish him joy upon the prospect of again beholding his darling constant Laura.

Six months passed. The assizes were on, and we had several heavy cases for trial in different parts of the country. One of these, the great case of Stopperty vs. Moss, was entered for trial at York; and thither I went by the mail—for there were no railways in these days—with my briefs and witnesses.

Such a case was that which "stopped the way" before Stopperty vs. Moss. A dozen times it threatened to break down, and a dozen and one times it got on its weary legs again. It was a dull, tedious case, and, for want of something better to do, I strolled into the Crown Court. There sat the Judge in his scarlet robes, with the High Sheriff of the county by his side, and before him three prisoners standing in the dock on their trial for burglary. I began to chat with some young barristers whom I knew, and was paying no attention to the proceedings, when all of a sudden I heard the name of Lord Thornbury mentioned by the counsel who was conducting the prosecution. I pricked up my ears and began to listen to the case.

It appeared that, a day or two before the burglary, Lord Thornbury had returned with his bride from their Continental tour, and had taken up his abode at their country-seat; that, in anticipation of the festivities which were to follow, the whole of his grand family plate and her ladyship's jewels had been brought down from his London bankers; that one of the prisoners was a discarded servant, who knew where those valuables were kept; that the house had been broken into, and the whole of the silver swept away; and that another of the accused was caught in the act of climbing down from the roof of an outhouse close to the place where an entrance had been effected. The case against this fellow (who was indicted by the name of Richard Thompson) seemed to be clear enough; that against his companions rested upon circumstantial evidence. One of them, named Arnold, had been seen in company with Thompson the day before the burglary, prowling about the park, close to the house, in a suspicious manner; and that the landlord of the inn at which Thompson had been staying swore that a man—whom he afterward recognized as Arnold—called for the prisoner, Thompson, the following night, and that they walked out together in the direction of Lord Thornbury's park. The name of the discarded servant was O'Hara, and he had been taken into custody in the house of a noted receiver of stolen goods at Sheffield, where, concealed under some ashes in the back-kitchen, was found a mass of silver plate broken up and partially melted, but not sufficiently so to obliterate the marks whereby it was identified as Lord Thornbury's property. The wretched old "fence" was indicted also; but he pleaded guilty, and was called as a witness against his client. Arnold and O'Hara were defended by counsel, and every dodge that experience and ingenuity could devise was made use of to get them off, and to throw all the blame on Thompson. There was a public path through the park, where the former had been seen talking with Thompson; perhaps he had merely asked him his way. If he had accompanied him to the Hall and assisted in the burglary, how came it that he (the prisoner Arnold) had not also been taken? As for O'Hara, he, poor innocent, was the victim of the old Jew "fence." No one had seen him bring the stolen plate to Sheffield. Some one else might have taken it to the Jew's house, and there was nothing to show that O'Hara knew the bad character of that mansion into which—so suggested his defender—he might have been inveigled; and so forth, and so on. But the jury were not to be humbugged; and after a short discussion found Arnold and O'Hara guilty. They had no doubt about Thompson; had he not actually been caught in the act? This prisoner had no counsel; had asked no question of any of the witnesses against him; and upon being asked if he wished to say anything in his defence, merely shook his head. "What will he get?" asked a young barrister in front of me. "Oh, ten years, at least," said the friend he addressed; "it's a bad case; but what a good-looking fellow the scoundrel is?"

The dock at York Castle is panelled in at the sides, and raised a good height from the ground. I was standing in a sort of gangway there is to the right of it, and could only see the back of the prisoners' heads; so when I heard the above remark I began to press forward, out of curiosity to see what sort of a looking man this Richard Thompson was; but my attention was diverted by a rustling of silks, and the next moment Laura, Countess of Thornbury, escorted by her noble spouse, appeared on the bench, and was politely handed into a seat on the left of the Judge by the high-sheriff. Now, I think that handsome, well-dressed women are ornaments in nearly every scene, but I cannot bear to see them in a criminal court, and have no patience with the morbid curiosity which brings them there. It was, therefore, with no pleasant feelings that I beheld my fine lady simpering in her bridal bonnet, and composing her silken skirts in the presence of the poor devils who were to find their way to the hulks. I thought of Charley, and contrasted his fine manly form and open brow with the decrepid limbs and satyr-like features of the old reprobate to whom she had sold herself. There she sat, proud and cold-hearted as ever, whilst the Judge proceeded to pass sentence on Richard Thompson, who was now alone in the dock, leaning over the front rail with his face buried in his hands. He had stood up sternly enough during the trial, and whilst his companions were receiving sentence; but now he seemed to have broken down. His lordship briefly recapitulated the evidence, and observed that it was impossible for any man of sense to doubt that he (the prisoner) was guilty, and had been one of the leading perpetrators, if not the leading one, in that most serious crime. It had evidently been carefully planned and only too successfully carried out; but the hand of the law had reached the guilty parties, "and I should be strangely wanting in my duty," said the Judge, "if I did not pass upon you a severe sentence; and the sentence of the court is, that you be transported beyond the seas for the term of twenty years." Then the convict Thompson raised his head, and turned to quit the deck; and as he turned, his features were revealed to me. They were those of Charley Lawrince!

I started back in amaze and horror, and a voice beside me exclaimed:

"Oh, dear, dear, look! That charming Lady Thornbury has fainted. What a shame it is that there is not better ventilation in these courts! They are really stifling." Stifling, indeed! They seemed to me as though they were being whirled round in the crater of a volcano in active irruption.

Stopperty *vs.* Moss ended in a verdict for our client, the plaintiff, and I received great commendation, on my return to town, for the manner in which I had managed it. I deserved no praise at all. By some lucky chance, things went on smoothly; but I was all the time in poor Charley's cell, and knew no more about what was going on in court than the man in the moon.

I was coming from the office of the governor of the jail, where I had been to get leave to see my friend, and he was being escorted from the place of detention under the dock, when we met again under such awfully-changed circumstances. He recognized me in a moment, turned aside and sprang lightly past me—not supposing that I knew him—into his cell, which was close at hand. I followed, and then he turned round upon me, almost savagely, demanding what I meant by intruding upon him.

"Don't you think I am sufficiently punished?" he asked, in a cold, hollow tone; "without having the friends I have disgraced coming here to gloat over me?"

"Oh, Charley," I replied, "you cannot think that I have come with such a motive. Besides, you have disgraced no one. There is some horrible mistake; you are not guilty, Charley; you know you're not."

"Were you over yonder when I was tried?" he asked.

"Yes; but up to the very last I did not know it was you."

"Have you heard the judge say that it is impossible for any man of sense to doubt my guilt?"

"I did; but—"

"But what?"

"Charley, you are not guilty. You a thief!"

A faint smile crossed his face as I spoke thus, but it quickly vanished, and he answered gravely:

"None of us can tell what we may become; you see me as I am."

I had rushed to his side to give him my sympathy, to be indignant with him against the conspiracy of which I supposed him to be the victim; and to see him standing before me thus coolly, without one word of thanks or greeting, explaining nothing, denying nothing, but rather giving me tacitly to understand that my presence was unwelcome, and he would gladly be left alone—vexed me, and I replied:

"You must have changed, indeed, from what you were, if this is your reception of an old friend, Charles Lawrince!"

"Hush!" he exclaimed, seizing me by the arm. "Never mention that name again. Charles Lawrince died the same day that Richard Thompson, the burglar, found himself in jail."

"Do you mean to tell me that you had act or part in the robbery?"

"A jury of my countrymen have found me guilty of it," he answered moodily; "is not that enough?"

"Why did you not write to me? Why did you not defend yourself? Why, oh, Charley—" I stopped, not knowing what to say.

"What was the use?" he replied, in a softer tone than he had hitherto used; "I was caught in the act. What could I say?"

"Charley," I said, "look me in the face."

He did so.

"Now tell me," I continued, "and tell me truly, I implore you, by the memory of our old friendship, what were you doing that night at Thornbury Hall?"

"Go and ask the judge."

"No; I ask you."

"And I will not indulge your curiosity: wait to-morrow, and you will find all about it in the newspapers. Confound it, man! is it not bad enough for one to be tried, convicted, and condemned to be transported for the best part of one's life, without having a confession wrung out of one, like this?"

"Then you refuse to tell me the truth?"

"I do."

"Then it is not true that you participated in the burglary?" I demanded suddenly.

He flushed crimson, then turned deadly pale, and stammered: "I—you—I—did not say so."

"But I am sure of it," I answered; "so sure that I mean to seek Arnold, and find out what you really were together about. He can have no object in concealing the truth now, and then—"

"Well?"

"Well, I shall beg an interview with the judge, and tell him what I suspect."

"And what do you suspect?"

"That you were at Thornbury Hall at the time that the burglary was committed, but were in howise engaged in its commission."

"Star-gazing, I suppose?"

"No; you were there to see that false woman."

"What false woman?"

"Laura Tregarven that was, Lady Thornbury that is."

"Bah!"

"I am sure of it—certain."

"Well, then, look here, Jack Smith," he replied; "think so if you like; say so to others if you dare; but remember this, whatever story you may get from Arnold shall be flatly contradicted by me on the first opportunity. It will be only the word of one felon against the word of another," he continued, bitterly; "and so it will end. Better leave it as it is."

"Charley," I exclaimed, "you are the noblest fellow in the world, but pause, I implore you. Think of the life before you, think of the sacrifice you are about to make."

"I have weighed all that."

"And to screen her will you go to the hulks?"

"Yes."

"For twenty years?"

"Forever, if need be."

"A woman who jilted you?"

"A woman whom—God help me!—I love, in spite of all." And here his forced reserve gave way; his long-pent-up emotions burst forth, and he sank upon the prison seat, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed like a child.

For three hours I remained there, expostulating, arguing, entreating him to give up his rash resolve, but all in vain. He admitted that my suspicions were correct, but seemed to play out to the last the part he had begun. Sooner than breathe one word that would compromise Lady Thornbury, he was prepared to end his days as a felon. Six months afterward, when he had tasted some of the horrors of his situation, I tried again, and again failed utterly to move him. At last the time arrived when, under the regulations then in force, he should be shipped off to some penal settlement; and in despair of saving him by other means, I resolved to see Lady Thornbury; appeal to her humanity, if she had any, and implore her to save my friend from himself. She had left England shortly after the trial, having evinced a preference for Continental life, and was living at Paris, not upon the best terms—so scandal said—with her lord. He was madly jealous of her, and kept her in constant terror of even personal violence. There were those who said that he had gone beyond threats—whilst he recommenced his old way of living. I sought her in Paris, and found that in one of his jealous fits he had spirited her off to Lisbon. I followed; but found that they had left in his yacht for a two years' cruise, and no one knew where they had gone. It might be to Constantinople; it might be to Copenhagen; no one could say exactly; and when I returned to London I discovered that the convict-ship, with Charley on board, had sailed two days before for South Australia.

The undeserved reputation that I had gained in the case of Stopperty *vs.* Moss procured me a prominent appointment as managing clerk and a promise of future partnership with Sharpus, Ward, Andrews & Co.; and business poured in upon me so fast that I am ashamed to say I forgot poor Charley, when one day, about two years after his exile, a lady in deep mourning was ushered into my private room, and the first words she said were:

"Oh, sir—Oh, Mr. Smith, something must be done—do pray tell me what to do for Char—for Captain Lawrince."

"Captain Lawrince," I replied severely (for after the first moment of surprise at being thus abruptly appealed to, I recognized my visitor)—"Captain Lawrince," I said, "has been treated as a felon for nearly three years. It is somewhat late now, I think, to inquire what can be done for him."

"Oh, yes, yes," she cried, "it is so—it is so; but you do not know the life I have been led. I would have changed places with him willingly. Look there and here," and she turned up her sleeve and threw back her hair, disclosing two deep scars, one on her arm and the other on her temple. "He struck me there for no cause at all," she said bitterly; "he's often struck me. If he had known about Charley, he would have killed me."

Then she told me her miserable story. It appeared that—lacking courage to tell poor Charley of her falsehood, and the approaching marriage into which she had been lured by the dazzle of a coronet, she had written to him up to the time of his departure from India; that having landed at Falmouth, he rode to her father's house, and there learned the truth; that, actuated by a mad desire to see her once again, he had betaken himself to Thornbury Hall; that having seen her in the grounds, and not daring for her sake to approach her, he wrote a wild, desperate letter, imploring her to see him once more, if only to tell him that she was happy, and if she were not (as he knew something of her husband), to fly with him; that by ill luck he entrusted this letter for delivery to the man Arnold, who was prowling about for his own purposes; that he received from him her answer, in which she accorded him a last interview in the balcony of her boudoir; that she had parted with him there about one o'clock; that the alarm of robbers was not given until three; and that up to the moment when she heard him sentenced as one of the burglars she never suspected but that he had departed, and returned to his home. The fact was—as I afterward found—that whilst pressing her to fly with him, she had torn herself from his side, and retired without bidding him farewell; and that he had waited, hoping against hope that she would return; till the alarm was given, and he was captured, as before described. It also transpired that a servant in the house was implicated in the robbery; that the plate was quietly slipped out of a side-door; and that the window near which my friend had been taken had been broken only as a ruse to avert suspicion. But after all, the most important information that Lady Thornbury gave me was that the brute of a husband was dead, and that she could now disclose what would save poor Charley.

Well, to make a long story short, I took her straight off to the office of the Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department; and after a good deal of botheration and red-tapery, a free pardon was accorded to Richard Thompson; that is to say, her Majesty was graciously pleased to pardon an innocent man for having been wrongfully convicted as a felon! But the result was, that Charles Lawrence came home, was reinstated in his regiment, and:

"And married Lady Thornbury?" eagerly demanded little Mary.

"Um—m, no," replied Smith; "but he never married any one else."

A SINGULAR EXHIBITION IN LONDON.—A new exhibition in London, called the "Anthropologesos," is thus described by the *Times:* "The room in St. James' Hall, long enlivened by Christy's Minstrels, is now devoted to a singular exhibition, bearing for its title the odd word Anthropologesos. Entering the room the spectator finds his attention attracted by a large waxen bust, bearing no slight resemblance to the late M. Jullien, which emitting like a silver funnel stuck into its mouth. This head does not stand on a pedestal, but is sustained by twelve gilded cornucopias, from the centre of which first glance it might be taken for a very idealized 'Aunt Sally,' but on closer inspection the spectator will perceive that the bust is a small glass case containing some sort of mechanism and clockwork. To an aperture in this case the exhibitor applies a key, and after a winding-up process has been duly accomplished, a gentle movement of the eyelids ensues, and the sound of a human voice, singing the music and words of a song, quite as distinctly as any fresh and blooming vocalist issues from the mouth of the head. Six songs, terminating with 'God Save the Queen,' constitute the entire entertainment. Two other heads, differing in the features in their mouths, may be observed at the back of the room, but these are not yet brought into active operation. When their mechanical structure is complete we may possibly be favored with duets and trios.

"If we remember right, it was Alexander the Great who played on the lyre with such wondrous skill as to elicit from his father the remark that the performance was too good for a future king. In the same manner, notwithstanding the assurance that the first lord of 'Punch' may have, at the fascination of the 'dark girl dressed in blue,' are celebrated by means of the nicest and most exquisite of constructed mechanism, we cannot help remarking that the articulation is almost too unexceptionable for a machine. There is nothing wooden or Spectacle, or squeaky or hitchy, in the whole performance, but the lyric effusions pour forth as glibly as though some artist of the music halls were singing them through one of those pipes that form a communication between the principal's parlor and the clerk's room in a mercantile counting-house. Hence we fear wicked Pyrrhonists will use the opportunity to question the connection between the winding-up of the machine and the production of the melodies. Of course they will be altogether wrong, for the moment a voice decidedly human would have incalculably increased the facility of refuting them.

"However, the skeptic and the believer will both agree that the exhibition is curious and novel. The head is not large enough to contain any human performer, nor does it communicate in any visible manner with any other source of power. There it hangs in chains in a state of defiant insulation, and if you will not believe that its voice proceeds from the little bellows, it challenges you to point out another origin.

"To most persons of the present generation the 'Anthropologesos' will, we think, be an absolute novelty, but to older amongst us it will perhaps recollect that at a time when the name of Madame Tussaud was unknown, in London there was, on the southern side of Fleetwood Street, a collection of wax figures, ostensibly belonging to one Mr. Salmon. In one of the rooms of the edifice that contained this collection, was the so-called 'Invisible Girl,' a small suspended box, from which issued a sweet and smeared questions and sang songs. Whether the old 'Invisible Girl' was similar in principle to the 'Anthropologesos' we cannot say."

FIGHT BETWEEN TWO GIRLS AT CHURCH.—The St. Joseph (Missouri) *Herald* of July 29 tells this story: "On last Sabbath, while church was being held, about six miles north of Gallatin, in Daviess county, a party of the militia entered the place to secure horses with which to enter the service under the call of General Price. A Union girl promptly came forward and placed her horse at the service of the boys, and also pointed out to them another fine steed, which she remarked was the property of a Secessionist lady friend of hers. A Secessionist trooper was soon astride of the 'contraband,' and was about to leave with him, when the lady owner made her appearance and protested against parting with him.

"The Union girl urged the soldiers to go along; she had voluntarily contributed her horse, and insisted that her friend should contribute in duty. At this the rebel girl applied all sorts of opprobrious epithets to the Union girl, who in turn became angry and knocked her opponent flat on the ground and then jumped upon her and pounded away at a terrible rate. Dr. Willis, of that vicinity, finally parted the Amazons, but they didn't stay parted, and were soon fighting as fiercely as ever, accompanying their blows with screams of defiance. Their gay Sunday dresses were soon in shreds; long beautiful tresses of hair were mixed with the dirt; dainty noses, etc. The bystanders, despairing of putting an end to the row, formed a circle, and seated themselves to enjoy the exhibition in regular prize-ring style. The combatants fought long and well, until Miss Union seized Miss Secesh by the throat, pinned her down to the ground and won the battle. The parties were then duly cared for by their friends.

"There is no fiction about this. It actually occurred at the time and place related above, as several of the Gentry boys now here can testify."

A WOLF AND DEER FIGHT.—The Oconto (Wisconsin) *Pioneer* tells a story of a deer near the Oconto river between two bucks and a large gray wolf. The moment the wolf endeavored to seize one of the deer the other would strike him with the hind legs. The wolf would immediately leave and attack the one that struck him. This strange contest continued until the wolf seized the largest by the throat and tenaciously held on until he brought him down. The other sprang with great force upon the wolf and cut him fearfully. The wolf slunk away, leaving one buck dead. The wolf was afterwards found dead a short distance from the field of battle.

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LEGAL.

UNITED STATES, EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—SCT.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, TO THE MARSHAL OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—GREETING:

WHEREAS, The District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, rightly and duly proceeding on a Libel, filed in the name of the United States of America, hath decreed all persons in general who have, or pretend to have, any right, title, or interest in sixty-one bales, three half bales, and packages of cotton, (cargo of steamer same unknown,) lately belonging to the United States steamer "Keystone State," a vessel of war of the United States, under the command of Pierce Crosby, commander, and called to judgment, at the time and place hereinafter, and to the effect hereafter expressed, (Justice so requiring;) You are therefore charged and strictly enjoined and commanded, that you omit not, but that by publishing these presents in at least two of the daily newspapers printed and published in the city of Philadelphia, and in the *Legal Intelligencer*, you do monish and cite, or cause to be monished and cited, peremptorily, all persons in general who have, or pretend to have, any right, title, or interest in the said sixty-one bales and packages of cotton, to appear before the Honorable JOHN CADWALADER, Judge of the said Court, at the District Court room, in the City of Philadelphia, on the twentieth day after publication of these presents, if it be a court day, and if not the next court day following, between the usual hours of hearing causes, then and there to show, or allege, in due form of law, a reasonable and lawful excuse, if any they have, why the said sixty-one bales, three half bales and packages of cotton, should not be pronounced to belong, at the time of the capture of the same, to the enemies of the United States, and as goods of their enemies or otherwise, liable and subject to confiscation and condemnation, to be adjudged and condemned as lawful prize; and further to do and receive in this behalf as to justice shall appertain. And that you duly certify to the said Judge, at the time and place above mentioned, or appear and shall not show a reasonable and lawful cause to the contrary, then and there to certify to the said Judge, the manner in which you shall do in the premises, together with these presents.

Witness the Honorable JOHN CADWALADER, Judge of the said Court, at Philadelphia, this eighth day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, and in the eighty-ninth year of the independence of the said United States.

G. R. FOX, Clerk District Court.

UNITED STATES, EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—SCT.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, TO THE MARSHAL OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—GREETING:

WHEREAS, The District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, rightly and duly proceeding on a Libel, filed in the name of the United States of America, hath decreed all persons in general who have, or pretend to have, any right, title, or interest in the said sixty-one bales, three half bales, and packages of cotton, (cargo of steamer same unknown,) lately belonging to the United States steamer "Keystone State," a vessel of war of the United States, under the command of Pierce Crosby, commander, and called to judgment, at the time and place hereinafter, and to the effect hereafter expressed, (Justice so requiring;) You are therefore charged and strictly enjoined and commanded, that you omit not, but that by publishing these presents in at least two of the daily newspapers printed and published in the city of Philadelphia, and in the *Legal Intelligencer*, you do monish and cite, or cause to be monished and cited, peremptorily, all persons in general who have, or pretend to have, any right, title, or interest in the said sixty-one bales and packages of cotton, to appear before the Honorable JOHN CADWALADER, Judge of the said Court, at the District Court room, in the City of Philadelphia, on the twentieth day after publication of these presents, if it be a court day, or else on the next court day following, between the usual hours of hearing causes, then and there to show, or allege, in due form of law, a reasonable and lawful excuse, if any they have, why the said sixty-one bales, three half bales and packages of cotton, should not be pronounced to belong, at the time of the capture of the said sixty-one bales, three half bales and packages of cotton, to the enemies of the United States of America, and as goods of their enemies, or otherwise, liable and subject to confiscation and condemnation, to be adjudged and condemned as lawful prize, the absence or rather contumacy of the persons so cited and intimated notwithstanding, and that you duly certify to the said Judge, at the time and place above mentioned, or appear and shall not show a reasonable and lawful cause to the contrary, then and there to certify to the said Judge, the manner in which you shall do in the premises, together with these presents.

Witness the Honorable JOHN CADWALADER, Judge of the said court, at Philadelphia, this eighth day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, and in the eighty-ninth year of the independence of the said United States.

G. R. FOX, Clerk District Court.

UNITED STATES, EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—SCT.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, TO THE MARSHAL OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—GREETING:

WHEREAS, The District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, rightly and duly proceeding on a Libel, filed in the name of the United States of America, hath decreed all persons in general who have, or pretend to have, any right, title, or interest in the said sixty-one bales, three half bales, and packages of cotton, (cargo of steamer same unknown,) lately belonging to the United States steamer "Keystone State," a vessel of war of the United States, under the command of Pierce Crosby, commander, and called to judgment, at the time and place hereinafter, and to the effect hereafter expressed, (Justice so requiring;) You are therefore charged and strictly enjoined and commanded, that you omit not, but that by publishing these presents in at least two of the daily newspapers printed and published in the city of Philadelphia, and in the *Legal Intelligencer*, you do monish and cite, or cause to be monished and cited, peremptorily, all persons in general who have, or pretend to have, any right, title, or interest in the said steamer IDA and cargo, or otherwise, liable and subject to confiscation and condemnation, to be adjudged and condemned as lawful prize, the absence or rather contumacy of the persons so cited and intimated notwithstanding, and that you duly certify to the said Judge, at the time and place above mentioned, or appear and shall not show a reasonable and lawful cause to the contrary, then and there to certify to the said Judge, the manner in which you shall do in the premises, together with these presents.

Witness the Honorable JOHN CADWALADER, Judge of the said court, at Philadelphia, this eighth day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, and in the eighty-ninth year of the independence of the said United States.

G. R. FOX, Clerk District Court.

A SINGULAR EXHIBITION IN LONDON.—A new exhibition in London, called the "Anthropologesos," is thus described by the *Times:* "The room in St. James' Hall, long enlivened by Christy's Minstrels, is now devoted to a singular exhibition, bearing for its title the odd word Anthropologesos. Entering the room the spectator finds his attention attracted by a large waxen bust, bearing no slight resemblance to the late M. Jullien, which emitting like a silver funnel stuck into its mouth. This head does not stand on a pedestal, but is sustained by twelve gilded cornucopias, from the centre of which first glance it might be taken for a very idealized 'Aunt Sally,' but on closer inspection the spectator will perceive that the bust is a small glass case containing some sort of mechanism and clockwork. To an aperture in this case the exhibitor applies a key, and after a winding-up process has been duly accomplished, a gentle movement of the eyelids ensues, and the sound of a human voice, singing the music and words of a song, quite as distinctly as any fresh and blooming vocalist issues from the mouth of the head. Six songs, terminating with 'God Save the Queen,' constitute the entire entertainment. Two other heads, differing in the features in their mouths, may be observed at the back of the room, but these are not yet brought into active operation. When their mechanical structure is complete we may possibly be favored with duets and trios.

"If we remember right, it was Alexander the Great who played on the lyre with such wondrous skill as to elicit from his father the remark that the performance was too good for a future king. In the same manner, notwithstanding the assurance that the first lord of 'Punch' may have, at the fascination of the 'dark girl dressed in blue,' are celebrated by means of the nicest and most exquisite of constructed mechanism, we cannot help remarking that the articulation is almost too unexceptionable for a machine. There is nothing wooden or Spectacle, or squeaky or hitchy, in the whole performance, but the lyric effusions pour forth as glibly as though some artist of the music halls were singing them through one of those pipes that form a communication between the principal's parlor and the clerk's room in a mercantile counting-house. Hence we fear wicked Pyrrhonists will use the opportunity to question the connection between the winding-up of the machine and the production of the melodies. Of course they will be altogether wrong, for the moment a voice decidedly human would have incalculably increased the facility of refuting them.

"However, the skeptic and the believer will both agree that the exhibition is curious and novel. The head is not large enough to contain any human performer, nor does it communicate in any visible manner with any other source of power. There it hangs in chains in a state of defiant insulation, and if you will not believe that its voice proceeds from the little bellows, it challenges you to point out another origin.

"To most persons of the present generation the 'Anthropologesos' will, we think, be an absolute novelty, but to older amongst us it will perhaps recollect that at a time when the name of Madame Tussaud was unknown, in London there was, on the southern side of Fleetwood Street, a collection of wax figures, ostensibly belonging to one Mr. Salmon. In one of the rooms of the edifice that contained this collection, was the so-called 'Invisible Girl,' a small suspended box, from which issued a sweet and smeared questions and sang songs. Whether the old 'Invisible Girl' was similar in principle to the 'Anthropologesos' we cannot say."

FIGHT BETWEEN TWO GIRLS AT CHURCH.—The St. Joseph (Missouri) *Herald* of July 29 tells this story: "On last Sabbath, while church was being held, about six miles north of Gallatin, in Daviess county, a party of the militia entered the place to secure horses with which to enter the service under the call of General Price. A Union girl promptly came forward and placed her horse at the service of the boys, and also pointed out to them another fine steed, which she remarked was the property of a Secessionist lady friend of hers. A Secessionist trooper was soon astride of the 'contraband,' and was about to leave with him, when the lady owner made her appearance and protested against parting with him.

"The Union girl urged the soldiers to go along; she had voluntarily contributed her horse, and insisted that her friend should contribute in duty. At this the rebel girl applied all sorts of opprobrious epithets to the Union girl, who in turn became angry and knocked her opponent flat on the ground and then jumped upon her and pounded away at a terrible rate. Dr. Willis, of that vicinity, finally parted the Amazons, but they didn't stay parted, and were soon fighting as fiercely as ever, accompanying their blows with screams of defiance. Their gay Sunday dresses were soon in shreds; long beautiful tresses of hair were mixed with the dirt; dainty noses, etc. The bystanders, despairing of putting an end to the row, formed a circle, and seated themselves to enjoy the exhibition in regular prize-ring style. The combatants fought long and well, until Miss Union seized Miss Secesh by the throat, pinned her down to the ground and won the battle. The parties were then duly cared for by their friends.

"There is no fiction about this. It actually occurred at the time and place related above, as several of the Gentry boys now here can testify."

A WOLF AND DEER FIGHT.—The Oconto (Wisconsin) *Pioneer* tells a story of a deer near the Oconto river between two bucks and a large gray wolf. The moment the wolf endeavored to seize one of the deer the other would strike him with the hind legs. The wolf would immediately leave and attack the one that struck him. This strange contest continued until the wolf seized the largest by the throat and tenaciously held on until he brought him down. The other sprang with great force upon the wolf and cut him fearfully. The wolf slunk away, leaving one buck dead. The wolf was afterwards found dead a short distance from the field of battle.

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 the 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 the numerous patrons throughout the union, who are familiar with the character of their work. aug8-3m

QUEEN OF BEAUTY.
WHITE VIRGIN WAX OF ANTILLES
A new FRENCH COSMETIC for beautifying, whitening, and preserving the complexion. It is the most wonderful compound of the age. There is neither chalk, powder, magnesia, bismuth, nor talc in its composition, it being composed entirely of pure Virgin Wax; hence its extraordinary qualities for preserving the skin, making it soft, smooth, fair, and transparent; it makes the old appear young, the homely handsome, the handsome more beautiful, and the most beautiful divine. Price 25 and 50 cents. Prepared only by HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 43 South EIGHTH Street, two doors above Chestnut, and 133 South SEVENTH Street, above Walnut. je22-3m

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.—*Patede Toilet Francaise* (French Toilet Paste), for enamelling the skin, hiding small-pox marks, wrinkles, burns, scars, &c., without injury to the most delicate complexion. Its effects are truly magical. Sold in jars, price one dollar, with directions for use. HUNT & CO., Proprietors, 43 South EIGHTH Street, two doors above Chestnut, and 133 S. SEVENTH Street.

PURE PALM OIL SOAP.—THIS SOAP is made of pure, fresh Palm Oil, and is entirely a vegetable Soap; more suitable for Toilet use than those made from animal fats. In boxes of one dozen cakes, for $2 per box. Manufactured by GEO. M. ELKINTON & SON, No. 116 MARGARETTA Street, between Front and Second, above Callowhill. jel5-6m

WATER PIPE! DRAIN PIPE!—Montgomery Terra Cotta Works—Office and Warehouse, 1221 MARKET Street.

Price List of Terra Cotta Pipes:
For joint of 3 feet, 2 inch bore, 35 cents.
For joint of 3 feet, 3 inch bore, 45 cents.
For joint of 3 feet, 4 inch bore, 55 cents.
For joint of 3 feet, 5 inch bore, 70 cents.
For joint of 3 feet, 6 inch bore, 85 cents.
Also, Bracket, Traps, Traps, Chimney Tops, Chimney Vases, Garden Vases, &c.
MCCOLLIN & BRO