# The Weekly Mariettian.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Horticulture, The Fine Arts, General News of the Day, Local Information, &c., &c.

F. L. Baker, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. 7. MARIETTA, PA., SEPTEMBER 8, 1860. NO. 8.



**The Weekly Mariettian**

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

*Frederick L. Baker,*

AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

PUBLICATION OFFICE *in the second story of* CRULL'S ROW, *on Front Street, five doors East of Mrs. Flury's Hotel,* MARIETTA, LANCASTER COUNTY, PENN'A.

If subscriptions be not paid within six months, $1.25 will be charged, and if delayed until the expiration of the year, $1.50 will be charged.

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*Post Office Hours:* The Post Office will be open from 6 o'clock in the morning until half-past 7 in the evening. The Eastern mail *via* Silver Spring and Hempfield will close at 2 p. m., and arrive at 11 a. m. every Tuesday Thursday and Saturday.

The Eastern mails will close at 7 a. m. and 4.15 p. m., and return at 11.21 o'clock, a. m., and at 6 28 p. m.

The Western mails will close at 10.50 a. m., and arrive at 4.56 p. m.

*Railroad Time Table:* The mail train for Philadelphia will leave this station at 7.56 in the morning, The mail train west will leave at 11.21 in the morning. The Harrisburg accommodation east, passes at 4.56 p. m. and returns, going west, at 6 28 p. m.

*Religious Exercises:* Service will be had on every Sabbath at 10 o'clock in the morning and at ½ before 8 o'clock in the evening, in the Presbyterian church. Rev. P. J. Timlow, pastor.

Every Sabbath at 10 o'clock in the morning and at 1-4 before 8 o'clock in the evening there will be service in the Methodist church. Rev. T. W. Martin, pastor.

*Beneficial Societies:* THE HARMONY, A. N. Cassel, President; John Jay Libhart, Treasurer; Barr Spangler, Secretary. THE PIONEER, John Jay Libhart, President; Abrm Cassel Treasurer; Wm. Child, jr., Secretary.


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OFFICE: Front street, fourth door from Locust, over Saylor & McDonald's Book Store, Columbia. *Entrance* between the Drug and Book Stores. [3-1y

DANIEL G. BAKER,
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### I AM GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

My days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay—
I have no cause to mourn or weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of fate, I often sigh—
I am growing old.

My growing talk of olden times;
My growing thirst for early news;
My growing apathy to rhymes:
My growing love of easy shoes;
My growing hate of crowds and noise;
My growing fear of taking cold.
All whisper in the plainest voice—
I am growing old.

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old.

I see it in my changing taste;
I see it in my changing hair;
I see it in my growing waist;
I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old.

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the hours bequeath.
But makes me debtor to the years.
Even flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tell me in, "How young you are!"
I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years! whose rapid flight
My somber muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings;
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

### A LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Under this title, Whittier, "the Quaker poet," supplied the following clever copy of verses for an agricultural association, at its annual fair, somewhere in New England:

One morning of the first sad Fall,
Poor Adam and his bride
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—
But on the outer side.

She blushing in her fig-leaf suit
For the chaste garb of old;
He sighing o'er his bitter fruit
For Eden's dupes of gold.

Behind them smiling in the morn,
Their forfeit garden lay;
Before them wild with rock and thorn,
The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them fanned,
A light step on the sward,
And lo! they saw before them stand,
The Angel of the Lord!

"Arise!" he said. "Why look behind
When hope is all before,
A patient mind and willing hand
Your loss may yet restore?

"I leave with you a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruit and flower
As fair as Eden had.

"I clothe your hands with power to lift
The curse from off your soul;
Your very doom shall seem a gift,
Your loss a gain through toil.

"Go, cheerfully as yon humming bees,
To labor as to play;"
While glimmering over Eden's trees,
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth,
Obedient to the word,
And found, where'er they tilled the earth
A garden of the Lord.

And thorn trees cast their evil fruit,
And blushed with plum and pear;
And seeded grass and trodden root
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parent's fate,
And in our turn and day
Look back on Edén's sworded gate,
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
The pitying angel leaves,
And leads through Toil to Paradise
New Adams and new Eves.

### A SLIGHT DRAWBACK.

Enchanting girl! thy form so fair
In playful dreams around me dances;
Thy smile so bright, so free from care,
Thy dimpled cheek, thy jet black hair,
My heart entrances.

But oh! those eyes, those lovely eyes,
With joy and innocence still gleaming;
The winged light scarce swifter flies
Than do the glances from those eyes,
With pleasure beaming.

I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
That wooing thee might prove bewilderin';
I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
For this one thing—a wife I've got,
And six small children.

### An Awful Case of Hydrophobia.

We published recently an account of a case of this horrible disease in Roxbury, Mass. The following statement will be read with interest. It is from the pen of Dr. Windship, the father of the young American "Samson," Dr, Geo. B. Windship:

"The disease termed hydrophobia," is of so rare occurrence and so appalling a nature, that I have deemed it proper to comply with your request, and that of many others, to submit to the press a brief account of the case which has so recently occurred in Roxbury.

"Mr. Thomas Dascomb, well known to our citizens as the proprietor of the hat and bonnet bleachery in Webster Block, was bitten June the 8th by a favorite pointer. On the day following he sent for me, not, as he expressed himself that he had any idea that the dog was rabid, but because the region of the wound (his wrist) was painful. The dog he said, was cross, the effect of a recent severe whipping, and had that very day bitten a young man who had previously inflicted punishment. The friends of Mr. Dascomb were very anxious to have the dog killed *immediately*. To this I remonstrated, unless he and his friends were fully satisfied that the dog was *not mad*, he and they might be in a fearful state of apprehension for a long period.

"My advice to him was to put the dog into a secure place where he could have food and water passed to him without danger, and keep and watch him a sufficient length of time to be satisfied as to his freedom from hydrophobia. This course was adopted, but the place of confinement—a dark cellar—was improper, both in regard to the health of the animal and for means of convenient observation. Within ten days the dog died, and, as Mr. Dascomb said to me subsequently, he had no doubt from poison secretly administered, or else from the effects of the severe beating and subsequent cellar confinement.

"The wounds upon his wrist healed gradually under the treatment indicated, and to me he expressed himself in no fear of hydrophobia.

"On the 11th instant, at 6 a. m., about eight weeks subsequent to the day on which he was bitten, I was summoned to visit Mr. Dascomb. I found him upon the bed in a half reclining position, his eyes protuberant and glaring, countenance anxious, voice husky and tremulous, pulse one hundred and thirty, tongue dry, but not much furred. A first glance convinced me that my patient's doom was sealed. To my inquiry respecting his case, he quickly pointed to the scar upon his left wrist, and said with emphasis, 'This, doctor, will end me.' I endeavored to modify his prediction by encouraging words and manner, and proceeded to interrogate him as to his symptons. He stated that the previous night he felt some pain and stiffness in the wrist, and darting pains from the wound, extending up the arm to the chest. 'I have now, also,' said he, 'a dizzy pain in the head, and, doctor, I have been perfectly unable to swallow since two o'clock this morning.

"Wishing to discover how far the existing symptoms as described by him might be ascribed to what is termed nervous excitement, the result of long apprehensions, I said to him, 'My dear sir, I can hardly believe that you have really lost the ability to swallow. Supposing you should sit up in bed and take a little of this tea.' Come now, said I, 'sit up *and try with a will*, and I have no doubt but you will succeed.'

"He did as I desired, seemed to summon all his resolution, and in quite an audible voice exclaimed, 'Now, Doctor, give me the tea.' He received the cup, passed it rapidly to his lips, made a vigorous attempt to swallow, failed, the liquid was ejected, and he sank back exhausted.

"I was now fully confirmed in my primary opinion, and this immediately I imparted to his family.

"It seems unnecessary, and would be still more painful to the reader, to describe minutely the distressing characteristics of this awful malady. Let it suffice, then, to state that the progress of the disease was marked by the alternation of drowsiness, spasms, starting, shaddering at the sound or motion of liquids, frothy mucous expectoration, spasmodic groaning, not unlike the half-suppressed bark of a dog, traversing the bed upon the hands and knees, accompanied with a pawing motion of the hands at the bed-clothing, and hiding the face in them. The expression of the countenance was such as I have never witnessed before, nor can language portray.

"On Sunday morning at half-past eleven a violent convulsion occurred, which, at twelve M.—thirty-six hours from the primary attack—terminated in a happy release by death.

"The treatment consisted mainly in administering anodynes by enema and subcutaneously, and with decided although temporary relief. The smell, or sight even, of ether or chloroform would instantly induce a spasm."

"C. M. WINDSHIP, M. D."

"DRUID HILL PARK."—Baltimore is to have a grand city Park in time, having purchased "Druid Hill" at a cost of $500.000 for that purpose. The grounds have been for nearly 150 years in the Rogers family, and were occupied at one time by Col. Nicholas Rogers of the U. S. army, during the Revolution, an aid to General Du Condray and afterwards to Baron De Kalb. He was a man of great taste, and had a passion for landscape gardening, which has been preserved on the place and in the family.—Druid Hill is famous for its fruit trees, and especially for its pears. There are forty thousand trees, of which ten thousand are dwarfs and all in bearing, and more than six hundred varieties of pears, costing twenty-five years of labor and an investment of $50,000. This old family homestead is to be preserved in its integrity as a public park, and to be known forever as the "Druid Hill Park."

COUNTERFEITING, AND HOW IT IS DONE. Inquiry is often made, "what means are adopted by counterfeiters to produce such perfect fac similes of bank notes?" The *modus operandi* is this: a new note of the kind to be imitated is procured and saturated with sweet oil. This is laid face downwards upon a steel plate, which has previously received a very thin coat of wax. The oil renders the note so transparent that it is easy to go over every line with a very fine needle; this of course produces a faint tracing upon the wax. The wax beneath every line is then removed with a graving tool, and acid poured over the plate, which only takes effect upon those parts from which the wax has been removed, thus transferring the tracing from the wax to the steel beneath. The plate is then cleaned, and the engraving finished as in ordinary steel engravings.

TRULY A GREAT MAN: None of our great men have held so many offices, nor enjoyed such a long and uninterrupted official career as John Quincy Adhms. He was minister to the Netherlands, under Washington, 1794–96; minister to Portugal, 1796–97; minister to Prussia during the administration of his father, 1797–1803; Senator, 1803–8; minister to Russia under Madison, 1809–13; commisioner to Ghent, 1813–14; minister to England, 1815–17; Secretary of State under Monroe, 1817-24; President, 1824–29, and member of Congress from 1831 to 1847, the date of his death. Thus, in a period of fifty-three years, the intervals between the laying down of one office and the assumption of another, amount, when added together, to less than two years.

DAYS GETTING SHORTER.—The days are getting shorter—perceptibly so—not only by the ordinary course of nature, but the cool mornings make sleeping so exceedingly comfortable that nearly every person feels disposed to lose half an hour in a comfortable snooze. Blessed be the man that invented sleep, says Sancho Panza, for it is a glorious institution, and blessed be the man, say we, who invented cool mornings, for they enable us to take a decoction of sleep worth nine hundred and ninety-nine times more than the dirty worm which the early bird is supposed to catch.

STEAM ON CANALS.—The success of steam on the Erie Canal, this season, demonstrates still further the practibility of employing this new agent in inland navigation to a large extent. Steam towing has already become a business of some importance.

STORM IN LOUISIANA.—A violent storm on Saturday has caused immense damage in Louisiana. Proctorsville, the terminus of the Mexican Gulf Railroad, was entirely submerged. The water rose over twelve feet, carrying away all the houses but one. Nearly forty lives were lost.

A MILITARY ORDER.—The officer of a rifle company, out North, was guilty of an unheard-of piece of pleasantry, on one very hot day recently. He actually marched his men to the very brink of the canal, and then coolly commanded them to "*fall in.*"

NEW-YORK IN 1856 AND 1860.—The following are some of the most important changes that have taken place in New York politics since 1856:

Mr. E. R. Jewett, publisher of The Buffalo Commercial, President of Fillmore State Committee, and chief manager of the Fillmore campain in 1856, and till very recently member of Mr. Crittenden's National Union Committee, now supports Lincoln, with all the influence of The Commercial which has ever been an able advocate of Whig and American principles.

The Hon. N. S. Benton, appointed Canal Auditor by the American State officers in 1856, an earnest supporter of Fillmore, and the American candidate for Controller in 1857, now supports Lincoln.

The Hon. George R. Babcock of Buffalo, late State Senator, a leading Old-Line Whig and American, a close personal friend and supporter of Fillmore, is stumping Western New York in support of Lincoln.

The Hon. Daniel Ullmann, the American candidate for Governor in 1854, supporter of Fillmore in 1856, now supports Lincoln.

Gen. G. A. Scroggs, President of the American State Council, candidate for Lieut. Governor on the American ticket with Ullmann in 1854, a supporter of Fillmore in 1856, delegate to the Convention that nominated Bell and Everett, delegate to the late State Convention at which Hunt, Duer, and Brooks, proclaimed the Douglas coalition, now supports Lincoln.

Goldsmith Denniston, late an American member of the Legislature and American candidate for Canal Commissioner in 1857, a warm supporter of Fillmore in 1856, now supports Lincoln.

Shepherd Knapp, a distinguished Old-Line Whig of New-York city, and a supporter of Fillmore in 1856, now supports Lincoln.

Jas. O. Putnam, late American State Senator, and the eloquent advocate of the principles and candidates of the American party, the personal friend and neighbor of Mr. Fillmore, and the candidate of the American party for sundry important State and local offices, now supports Lincoln.

In 1856, there were upward of fifty journals in New York that supported Fillmore. The number of those that support Bell and Everett does not exceed six.

POISONED PAPER.—The Philadelphia Inquirer mentions the case of a young lady in that city, who for years had a painful and loathsome disease which threatened to be fatal. Suspecting accumulative poison, her food and drink were frequently analyzed, without detecting any. At last it was discovered that the paper on the walls of her room was colored *green* with the aid of arsenic; and that the vapor from this was the cause of her illness. This important scientific developement in relation to green paper was made known years ago in France and has been published everywhere; yet many of our citizens still persist in its use, regardless of its poisonous attributes, when the Upas breath is not more deadly in its effects.

☞There are about thirty species of tobacco, all posessing nearly the same prperties. It is said the plant was first found in Youcatan. It was taken to Spain, and from there to Portugal; from Portugal it was carried to different European kingdoms. Snuff-taking commenced in Paris, Catherine De Medicis, whose name has an unpleasant history from its connection with the massacre of Protestants, being its first patron. Soon after the settlement of this country it became an important article of commerce, and one hundred and twenty pounds was the stipend paid for a wife by some of the early settlers of Virginia.

☞J. W. Holms was walking through a street in Montreal with a girl, when three men rushed out upon him, one of them thurst a bowie-knife in his abdomen, twisting it about after it was buried, and inflicting a fatal wound. Before he died he swore he did not know his assailants and could not suspect who should thus desire to slay him. It was supposed the murderer was a jealous admirer of the girl in his company.

☞There will be a meeting of the millers and distillers of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, at the Ohio White Sulpher Springs, on the 30th inst., for the purpose of consulting together, and to adopt such measures as would seem most beneficial to their interests.—A large gathering is anticipated.

THE WASHINGTON PENNY: The cent of the United States of America, struck in the year 1784, and soon after the treaty of peace, is a very rare copper coin, and is the original Washington penny. The device on this coin is a laureated head of Washington. Inscription: *Washington and Independence*, 1783. Reverse, a wreath inclosing the words, "*One Cent.*" Inscription: *United States of America*, 1—100. By a reference to the Journal of Congress, when Hon. John McKeon was a member, there will be found a report of the United States Mint up to that time, and it is stated therein that there were but fourteen of the Washington cents issued from the Mint. The rest were melted by order of his Excellency George Washington. A token made of brass, and closely resembling the Washington coin, was manufactured in England shortly after by a private speculation, and sent to America. This token has often been confounded with the genuine coin.

REMOVAL OF THE ANCIENT SARCOPHAGUS FROM THE PATENT OFFICE: The old lime stone sarcophagus, which has so long been on exhibition in the basement story of the patent office building, an object alike of curiosity and national interest to all Americans visiting that institution, is about being removed to the Smithsonian grounds, to be placad among the many other collections there of a somewhat similar character. This sarcophagus was the repository of the Roman Emperor Alexander Severus, and was brought to the United States in 1839, on board the frigate Constitution, by Commodore Jesse D. Elliott, who intended it as a resting place for the remains of General Andrew Jackson. This distinguished individual, however, it will be recollected, while expressing his appreciation of the kindness of Com. Elliott, and acknowledging the honor intended to be conferred upon him, declined its acceptance, as being inconsistent with his ideas of republican simplicity.—*Washington Star.*

A FAITHLESS WIFE.—A man who left this vicinity for California some two years ago, returned one day last week, tolerably well supplied with lucre and hoping to find a loving and a faithful wife and the happy home he had left.—Instead of all this, however, he found that his wife had moved into the city and was living in open infidelity with another man. The Californian remained a day or two with his friends, and returned again, it is said, to the land of gold. *Wheeling Intelligencer.*

SUDDEN AND SINGULAR DEATH.: A physician named Friedlander, died at his residence in Chicago, Ill., last week, after a most distressing illness, caused, as was believed, from being bitten in the face by a fly that brought poison communicated from the carcass of a poisoned dog. No medical remedies availed anything, and so fearful were the effects of the disease that a few hours after the breath had left his body the friends were forced to hurry his remains into the ground.

SENSIBLE FOR A SOUTHERN MAN.—Congressman Hamilton, of Texas, said in a recent speech that Douglas men of that State are prepared to submit to the election of Lincoln, or anybody else who may be chosen by a majority of the people and to hang all who undertake treason because their candidates are not successful.

☞An eccentric gentleman, named Martin, is getting up a new sensation for New York. He left Boston last week, in a row-boat, alone, and determined to row all the way to Gotham. Mr. Martin is a vegetarian, not having eaten any meat but once for three years. His weight is 140 pounds; his diet is berries and fruit; he carries no water as the berries answer all purposes for quenching thirst. His outfit on leaving Boston was two pairs of pants, two linen shirts, two undershirts for rowing, a shawl, India-rubber coat, four quarts whortleberries, some apples, coast chart, pocket compass, note book, pencil, watch, and matches. Of course, when he arrives at "the metropolis" there will be a public reception and feed.

☞Col. Gowan's efforts to raise the sunken fleet in the harbor of Sebastopol, have been attended with the most triumphant success. Some of the largest and costliest vessels have been recovered uninjured; others have been blown up and it is thought that before cold weather ensues the bay will be entirely free from obstructions.