

**NELLY'S FAVORITE.**  
With charming grace and plaintive voice  
My Nelly sang her favorite songs,  
Which to good taste belong.  
Soft words of love—of tender love—  
She warbled forth to music sweet;  
And quite enraptured I became,  
While listening to the vocal treat.  
And when she stopped, I begged of her  
To sing for me just once again.  
Some pleasant, gentle song—no fact,  
She sang her very favorite strain;  
And I prepared myself with joy,  
To hear the song of Nelly's choice.  
Some sweet, low strain of love no doubt,  
Just suited to her tender voice.  
And lightly o'er the pearls keys  
Her slender, graceful fingers ran,  
Until she found her favorite tune,  
And then with vigor she began.  
She sang her favorite strain,  
Which bliss, could I her fonder be,  
And in a voice, so sad and sweet,  
She sang, "Shoo fly! don't bodder me!"

**Horrible Affair in Richmond Va.**  
Persons residing or having business in the lower part of the city are familiar with an old weather-beaten one-story framed house, located on the south side of Main street, between Twenty-Second and Twenty-third. It has been occupied for years by two persons of advanced age, named James and Nancy Hayes. They were brother and sister. The man had the reputation of being deranged, but as he rarely left the house, few people knew anything about him: while the woman (sometimes called Mrs. Michael) was known to be eccentric. They made a living apparently by raising poultry and keeping cows, though rumor said there was a good deal of money stowed away in the house.  
Yesterday morning a chimney in a house next by took fire, and one of the neighbors, wondering why Mrs. Hayes did not come out during the excitement, entered the gate, and knocking at the door, which is in the rear of the house, was met by Jas. Hayes, who said his sister was asleep, and had been asleep several days. The neighbor, insisting upon entering, found the woman lying dead in a room, in a corner covered with dirty bed-clothes, in a corner of the room. Further investigation discovered the fact that she had been dead a long time—the flesh being decomposed in many places, and the face so marred and discolored as to make her identification, but for the locality in which the body was found, a doubtful matter.  
Bays, who talked rationally on some subjects, being questioned said his sister had been lying there twelve or fourteen days. When she first laid down, he said, she complained of something like erysipelas and pains in her back, arms and legs, and wished she was dead. After a day or two she quieted, and then he took it for granted she had gone to sleep, and waited all this time for her to awake. In the meantime he had nothing to eat, and had lived, according to his account, on water and coffee. Being asked why he did not get something from the neighbors, he replied that he was waiting for his brother Sam to come home from Philadelphia, and that he had had no bed for sixteen years.  
The fact of the finding of the body was communicated to Deputy Coroner Seabrook of Mayor Ely's police, and soon after to the first police station. Representatives of the police forces were on duty in the city were soon on the ground, and the house was searched by Capt. Praker. He found in an old chest a bag containing about \$800 in Confederate money, \$18 in Federal currency, and a dollar and two nickels and coppers. In the out-houses were found the carcasses of two fine calves, whose death had been caused by starvation, and the domestic animals about the establishment had the same fate. Nothing further worthy of note was observed except the entire absence of everything edible.  
Hayes was with great difficulty induced to leave the miserable hole of which for a week past he had been the solitary occupant. He moaned piteously that "he couldn't leave his sister," and then mumbled something about a secret, which he couldn't tell. The officers took him to the police station, and on the way he told them again that it was sixteen years since he had been on the street. Coming near the old Union Hotel, he exclaimed, as though recognizing an old friend, "Why, there's the Union Tavern!" At the station he was given something to eat and drink, and was very tractable.  
In the afternoon a jury was empaneled by Deputy Coroner Seabrook, with G. A. J. Clifton as foreman, but little testimony was produced. Mr. Timothy Kerse testified that he knew the deceased, and that some weeks ago, when she was suffering with a sore foot, his wife had dressed it several times. Since that time witness had seen nothing of either Miss Nancy or her brother until this morning, when her death was discovered as above related. The jury rendered a verdict of "death from natural causes."  
This singular and shocking affair has, of course excited much comment in the lower part of the city, and the interest in the case is increased by the fact that Mr. Samuel O. Hayes, a former resident of Church Hill, was a brother of the deceased and that she has respectable and wealthy relatives now residing in Philadelphia. It is said that Mr. Hayes has frequently tried to get her to leave his miserable dwelling for better quarters, but without success.—[Richmond Dispatch, April 11th.]

**HUSBAND'S COMMANDMENTS.**—Thou shalt love no other man but me.  
Thou shalt not have a daggerreotype or any other likeness of any other man, but thy husband.  
Thou shalt not keep it in secret nor worship it, for I thy husband am a jealous husband.  
Thou shalt not speak thy husband's name with levity.  
Remember, the husband's commandments to keep them sacred.  
Honor thy husband and obey him that thou mayst be long in the home he has given thee.  
Thou shalt not find fault when thy husband chews and smokes.  
Thou shalt not scold.  
Thou shalt not permit thy husband to wear a buttonless shirt, but shall keep his clothing in good repair.  
Thou shalt not continually get about neglecting thy husband and family.  
Thou shalt not strive to live in the style of thy neighbors unless thy husband is able to support it.  
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's fine house, nor his fine furniture, nor his wife's thousand dollar shawl, nor his fifty dollar handkerchief, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.  
Thou shalt not go to woman's rights meetings, neither to speak thyself or hear others speak.  
Thou shalt not scold if thy husband stay out till after ten o'clock at night.  
Thou shalt not run up large bills at the stores which thy husband is unable to foot, for verily he knoweth his means.

**THE RANKS OF THE WASHINGTON CORPS.**—The ranks of the Washington correspondents' corps have this winter been augmented by a half dozen women.

**STRAWBERRY PLANTS.**—FOR sale by H. ST. JOHN.

**A New Friend to the Negro.**

Mr. Edward A. Pollard, author of Beedle's Dime History of the Mislaid Cause and other great works of historic fiction, is about to become a candidate for constable in one of the African suburbs of Baltimore. At least we may infer as much from the uncommon amount of pains he has taken to convince the negroes that he is the best friend they have ever had or are likely to have. When a man who has been a rampant secessionist and a bull-headed hater of abolitionism all his life suddenly takes the negro to his arms as a long-lost brother or sister and commences to abuse the white people at the same time, you have but to point your gun at him and pull the trigger if you wish to shoot down a full-blown sealawag in search of negro votes. Therefore the inference is inevitable under the circumstances that Mr. Edward A. Pollard is about to announce himself as a candidate for constable somewhere in the neighborhood of Baltimore.

Some time ago this person, whose whole life is consumed in the pursuit of notoriety and the contempt of Southern gentlemen, wrote and printed a Philadelphia magazine an article entitled "The Negro in the Wood-pile" or something of the sort; which was intended to pave the way for a leap into the musky arms of Radicalism. When this article appeared, it was read here in Louisville by a Radical—if by no name else—who, having a severe attack of the scribbling itch, conceived the idea of writing Mr. Pollard a letter, assuring him that of the levelness of his head which had produced the article there could be no doubt whatever. But this scribbler, feeling a little ashamed of using his own name in the business borrowed that of a "colored Kentuckian," who seems to have been wholly unaware of the disgrace of being mixed up in a correspondence with the Beedle historian. On receiving this letter the last named individual sent it to the Baltimore American for publication, with one of his own. From this last we make an extract, showing how fondly Mr. Pollard has always loved the negro, and how he has defended, and how he is determined to do it again:

My affection for the negro is no new thing. I desire in him the real peace prosperity of the South, and do so in a solicitude that I defy any country editor in the South, or small traffickers in sentimentalism, or any of those people who speak from the raw and childish prejudices of an untraveled or Bourbon existence, to impeach for real patriotism, or to challenge on the ground of a wise and generous humanity. My regard for the negro has a basis infinitely broader than political party. I owe him many happy hours in that early home of my childhood, where not less than five hundred slaves constituted the ancestral estate. The honor, the tenderness, the real virtues of his race had impressed my heart, even when he had an opportunity of showing these qualities but in the hard and narrow fortune of the slave. I believe I was the first to invent for the times despised creatures a poetic name. I wrote the book "Black Diamonds," more than ten years ago. I risked my life, even in the days of slavery, to defend a poor, nameless negro on the fortifications of Richmond from the brutality of a white overseer, whose fierce bullying had hitherto been the terror of the cowardly city—that city which has furnished assassins for its modern patriots, or to challenge on the ground of a wise and generous humanity. I have seen the poor, cringing slave, whose only claim to my protection was wronged and stricken in my sight. My battle with "Hagan, the King of the Cherokee Nation." I am ready to renew with whatever lawless man dares to abuse a negro, or any other unprivileged human creature, in my view. I intend to stand by the negro in the South, and before Southern men, and that despite the weapons of the Ku Klux Klan, or the more cowardly slings of libel and abuse. Of the male members of family greatly ravaged by death there only remain myself and a brother in Lynchburg, Virginia, and I dare to say that there is not a negro who has ever lived in the home of either of us, or known either of us, but who would stand by us in any difficulty or peril. For myself, I here, solemnly, touched by the spirit of many recollections of what I have passed in my life, remembering many loved ones among a humble and despised people, speaking in no disposition of egotism, and with no possible accent of boastfulness, declare and pledge myself that on every occasion and in every presence I shall protect and defend the negro to the last extremity that justice and humanity shall ever demand of me.

It seems that Mr. Pollard's affection for the negro is no new thing. True, he has let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on his damask cheek from early childhood, never venturing to tell his love until encouraged to do so by the reported adoption of the Fifteenth amendment and the tender glances of somebody disguised as "a colored Kentuckian;" but his love was not the less strong and deep and everlasting, nor is the sweet confession less prized because of its long delay. "Hast thou ever yet loved, Henrietta?" I cried; "I should rather imagine I had," she replied; "but not my glances my feelings betray me."  
"When did you help me to pnding the third time to-day?"  
Mr. Pollard, who knows more about the South and the Southern people, white and black, than any ten men now living, is of the opinion that the white people there need educating much more than the negroes. The negroes are smart enough as they are, but the ignorance of the white people, with the exception of the Pollard family, is dreadful. After declaring, in italics, that the education to adjust the negro in the South and to render a conservative solution of the Fifteenth amendment must commence with the whites rather than with the blacks, Mr. Pollard proceeds to say:  
And this education, I admit, is to be tedious and difficult, yet not impossi-

**Great Inventions.**

It would appear as if the greatest discoveries, once put into action, mature very rapidly, and almost "consummate at their birth." The electric telegraph was not only in this country, where it was first practically employed, but in a very short time throughout Europe. As soon as Robert Fulton had gone from New York to Albany in a boat propelled by steam, and thereby shown that steam navigation was a reality, Henry Bell applied the same principle to naval locomotion on the river Clyde at Glasgow, and steam vessels became common first on British waters and then among the various maritime nations of Europe. Within six months after the late Baron Daguerra communicated to the French Government his discovery of photography on prepared metallic plates, there were sun-painting bureaux in full play throughout the principal parts of Europe and still more generally in the United States—not the least singular circumstance being that, as afterwards fully established, precisely at the time when the French chemist had made his great discovery, similar sun-pictures on sensitive metal, Mr. Fox Talbot, an English gentleman of large estates in Wiltshire, had also produced photographs upon prepared paper. So, in like manner, with electrotyping (more generally called electroplating), which was made public by Mr. Thomas Spencer, a picture-frame gilder in Liverpool, in 1839, it happened that Professor Jacob, of St. Petersburg, had arrived at the same conclusion about the same time, neither experimentalist having any opportunity of knowing what the other was doing. The fact of gilding and plating by means of the electric fluid, excited by the voltaic battery, once known, a new branch of art manufacture was established in most of the great cities of the world. At once, as we were, great practical discoveries, early adopted by the various nations of Europe, and which have deepened and broadened the earth.

Among these, railwayism has been most generally diffused. In the autumn of 1825, the Liverpool and Manchester line was opened, and, though George Stephenson constructed his steam locomotives with a power of running 30 miles an hour, it had been gravely doubted whether anything like that speed could be safely or continuously employed, and even very clever men (among whom was the late Earl of Derby) were not without good reason doubted whether any locomotive could draw a train at a higher rate than the best mail coach, four-horse speed, which averaged from 10 to 12 miles an hour, on the English turnpike roads, which, constructed on McAdam's plan, were nearly as smooth as bowling-greens, and as firm as rock. If higher speed was looked for, it was declared, by members of Parliament in abundance, that the wheels of the locomotive would turn round on the rail, and not advance. Indeed, to remedy this, some professional and amateur wiseacres plausibly proposed that the rails should be prepared for cog-wheels to be attached to the steam locomotives. Railwayism has extended almost everywhere, and the ordinary express or mail trains in the British islands are propelled at the rate of fifty miles an hour. In fact, on the Great Western railway, between Bristol and London, the express trains have run at a speed of nearly sixty miles an hour, including a rest of ten minutes at Swindon, a half-way refreshment station. We have traveled, on American railroads, at a rate exceeding this, but not maintained for an extended period.

To show what can be done in this way, let us give the latest imported fact. So lately as the early part of the present century (our journey from Edinburgh to London, a distance of 392 miles, was performed in mail coaches in six days, which was considered very creditable speed, as it probably was, considering the indifferent cattle, the heavy vehicle, and the miserable roads. Railwayism has come in here, and the result is that by its means the journey between the Scottish and the English capitals is easily done in nine hours, in which time are included two or three rests, for meals, at stations on the line—say the time occupied is eight hours and twenty-five minutes, in which time a distance of nearly four hundred miles is traversed. But there is now in course of formation, to be finished next year, a line called the Tean Valley extension, to run into the east coast route, in an almost straight direction from north to south, and by this line the journey from Edinburgh to London will be done in about six hours, or at a rate, including stoppages, of one mile per minute! Thus a traveller breakfasting at six will reach London at noon, do his business there, eat his dinner, and getting into the return car at three P. M., be at home in Edinburgh by nine, to take his tea, as comfortably as if he had never left the house. We have done wonders already on the railway-line to the Pacific, cut long, most probably will come up, there and elsewhere, to the English coast.

Even in Japan there has been an accession of railroad enterprise. In that country a great aptitude for adopting American and European inventions has been displayed. The Government of the Mikado, fully aware of the importance of keeping pace with the current of public opinion, has shown itself as much enlightened as its most advanced subjects. It has been determined to introduce railways through the empire, and, as an experiment, a contract has been made to construct a line from Yeddo to Osaka, a distance of three hundred miles. English engineers are to execute the work, the expenses of which will be defrayed out of a large loan advanced by English capitalists to the Mikado's Government, to whom the railroad will belong, a portion of the receipts to pay the interest on the loan. It will be long, we fear, before the Chinese Government will sanction, or undertake anything like this.—[Philadelphia Press.]

If your wife is of small stature, bow down to her and hear her word in reference to domestic as well as worldly affairs. The husband should ever be anxious that the proper respect should be paid to his wife, because the house is blessed only for her sake.—Honor your wife, and you will be blessed with riches. Good and bad luck, pleasure and grief, joy and sorrow, are put into the hands of a wife, bring her into the house, or a warning girl. Who lives without a wife, knows no pleasure, no bliss, no blessing. Who has to thank so much to his wife will not only treat her with the utmost regard and respect due, but make her position in the house fully equal to his own.

**The McFarland Trial.**

NEW YORK, April 13.—The Calhoun correspondents, which formed the burden of the McFarland case in the early part of to-day, was listened to with considerable interest by the large audience that filled the court-room. The strong and sly letters of the previous day whetted the general appetite for the reception of a further installment. Many passages in to-day's letters provoked much merriment, particularly that in which Edwin Booth was pronounced "a divine man." There was another passage which delighted the audience. It occurred in the letter beginning "my darling child," and was as follows:  
"Al, well, life is nothing but the use we make of it, and it is better to get false teeth for people who need them than to gather apples of Olympus for one's self."  
Eleven witnesses were examined.

Mr. Callahan said that "McFarland often told me he loved his wife with all his heart and that his only sorrow was that he could not provide a better home."  
Mr. Wakeman said he never had any doubt that McFarland was crazy, and that the prisoner frequently said: "I cannot live much longer under the terrible trouble I am suffering." On one occasion McFarland said to witness: "Look in my eye and see if you can discover any indication of approaching death."  
Mr. Conklin said that on one occasion he invited McFarland to drink, and that the prisoner replied: "No; in my present frame of mind I would not dare to drink."  
Mr. Fitzhugh Ludlow testified that, during some of his visits to McFarland's residence, he noticed that Mr. McFarland were exceedingly tender in his feelings toward each other, even foolishly so. He also said that McFarland believed, up to a comparatively late date, that his wife would come back to him if the conspiracy were removed. On being asked the names of the persons whom McFarland charged with being conspirators against him, witness said, "Mr. Richardson, Mrs. Callhoun, Mrs. Sinclair, and I think also Mrs. Perry, a sister of Mrs. Sinclair, and a Miss Gilbert, a sister of Mrs. Callhoun."

It has been ascertained to-day that the prosecution will next week introduce rebutting testimony to prove that the insanity theory of the defense can't stand, and that for this purpose Mrs. Callhoun, Mrs. Sinclair and several writers on the Tribune are to be placed on the witness stand. In some quarters it is stated that the prosecution have issued subpoenas for no less than forty witnesses, for the purpose of overthrowing the evidence for the defense.  
The testimony to-day in the McFarland case related only to prove the mental condition of the prisoner. Seven witnesses in all were examined. The sensation of the day was, however, the reading of the letters. They numbered four in all, three by Mrs. Callhoun and one by Mrs. Sinclair. Two were read during the early hour of the day's proceedings, but the following alluding to John Russell Young, created more than ordinary stir:  
INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DARLING—I suppose you must be snowed out as I am, and I send a good morning. Lillie and Julia pronounce your Lucy Capulet better than Madame S's. Oh, Juliet! There is indeed for genius. I shall work all day and be ready to help you to-morrow. Sacrifice yourself by going to Hennessey's, or in any other way. My fate cries out and informs me that I wish to know him; really to get at him. I am quite sure there is something behind his gray eyes and mobile face. I like to know him, and I shall try to see him. Hucks are such dry fare. But people with cores and fruit within draw me. So there are just three persons who are much to me in the flesh—J. R. Y., and you can guess the other two. But my dream friends are numerous. Both is one of them; spiritually he is very intimate. He would be amazed to see with what I have endowed him, and how confidential he is with me. Do you have such whims? My novel will be a study of psychology. I fancy a strange story. The boy wants. I begin to say I loved dearly, always shall, always must; that you are heroic and high, and a gospel to me, who need ones. Some day, or rather some night, I shall tell you such a story of my turbulent existence. I would rather write it, but I shall never have time. Suppose I write my novel in letters to you? How much we have to say to each other. That we never shall utter all the leisure of the New Jerusalem offers opportunity.  
Ever, my darling, yours, L. U.  
In reading this letter, in which the initials "J. R. Y." occurred, Mr. Gerry was interrupted by Judge Davis, who said:  
"What you call J. R. G. is your Mr. Graham."  
"No, it isn't. It is J. R. Y.—John Russell Young. That's what it means." Mr. Gerry.—The letters have been examined with a microscope, and we are unquestionably right. If the prosecution have any doubt, we will fetch a glass and let them examine for themselves.

DID STANTON COMMIT SUICIDE.—The LaCross Democrat still persists in its assertion that Edwin M. Stanton committed suicide. It says:  
He died in the third story of a house. No one was allowed to see the corpse. He was not laid in state, as the hand of the War Department should have been—such men of prominence are. He died, and was kept from sight. And none of those who called to see the remains of the "great statesman" could obtain a view of the corpse. In vain did his friends urge that the body be laid in state in the War Department. His grave-clothes were made to cover up his face. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, and that church denies to suicides graves under its prayers and protection. And to have made known the manner of his death would have been tantamount to a public disgrace and Christian burial. And this would have had great political effect, and a consultation, called at 11 o'clock at night, was held, and it was decided that the truth must not be known.  
"And again, why was his body taken up quietly the week after interment, and another put in its place? Simply that the manner of his death might never be proven."

**ESTRAY.**  
TAKEN UP BY W. FOWLER, A BAY Mare, hind feet white, 124 bands high, branded thus 2D on her right shoulder, about ten years old. Appraised by W. E. Moore and Jesse Owens to be worth \$25 in currency. The owner is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away or the said mare will be sold in sixty days according to law.  
WM. RANDOLPH, Justice Peace, May 4, 1870-60d. Printers Fees \$15 00.

**A Husband Hunt.**

A WIFE'S OPTICAL DELUSION.—CLAIMING ANOTHER MAN FOR HER HUSBAND—A PECULIAR ADVENTURE.  
A young Irish woman, not of prepossessing appearance, met on the Jersey boat, in New York city, on the afternoon of the 5th inst., a young man whom she claimed as her long lost husband. This young man, whose name was Wm. Smith, had never been married, he had a nervous disorder of a woman, and when he found he was claimed, body and soul, by a lady, with a face on one side, and an appearance of prominent teeth, he remembered that he had a friend in the engine room of the boat whom he had not seen lately, and to the recess thereof he very speedily dived. This did not baffle or take off the scent of the female predator. When he left the engine room the girl he had left behind him was there to greet him. He found that to convince a woman against her will was more than he was equal to. All that he could do was to talk, and he talked, and he talked, earnest talk, left her with the same opinion still. As they created a disturbance in the streets, and the woman's pertinacity only increased instead of diminished, the officer on post was obliged to bring the pair before Justice Hogan at the Tombs Police Court.

At the time of their arrival the Justice was engaged with a case in the Examination Room, and Mr. Charles Wall, the chief clerk, with characteristic civility toward the fair sex, took the pair into the policeman in the sergeant's room of the court. There the young woman was asked if her husband had any private marks upon him by which he could be identified, and she replied that in his arm she remembered seeing a "scratch" or "blister."  
Upon hearing this Mr. Smith pulled off his coat, bared his arms, and, evidently enjoying the novelty of his position, stretched them out as witnesses that he was not the author of the desired mark, but for him, "You're the man, though!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpson. "You married me about two years ago, and left me three weeks after we were married. I am sure you're the man."  
By this time the Justice had assumed the judicial chair. Mrs. Simpson told her story. Mr. Smith said he was never married in his life, gave his name and address, and was sworn in as a witness, and his evidence was found to be true. This increased the lady's positiveness, and she gave an address in Front street where they boarded at the time they were married.

Justice Hogan—think you're mistaken, man; but if you wish to be a policeman and the man to the boarding house, perhaps they will identify him, and you can come back and give me the result.  
In about half an hour they returned.—Mr. Smith was not known in the boarding house, and could not be recognized as the gentleman who married this opinionated lady. Mr. Smith was released, but Mrs. Smith went away convinced that she had been fraudulently by the Justice out of a lawful husband.

**The Most Devoted Wife.**

Many who pass along Plum street daily are familiar with the face and form of a middle-aged woman who is always standing on the corner of Longworth street, and many know her story. The newspapers have alluded to it frequently. Her husband went to the war, and it is now some years since he was heard from. Constant anxiety upon the subject has affected her mind, and day by day she has watched in that selfsame spot for his return. As soon as she appears she is in the post office, with the exception of brief intervals, she remains there until the lamps are lit at night.  
It is one of the most remarkable instances of devotion and constancy that we have known. The woman is now in a dress of dark stuff, and is enveloped in a shawl that is neat though somewhat worn. A dark hood covers her head, from which an anxious, sunken face looks out. She scans every passer-by. There is a worn and weary look about her, and no one can observe her, knowing her sad story, without feeling the kindly touch of sympathy. She stands there through cold and storm, and rain, and when the summer sun beats fiery hot upon her, she looks in vain for the return of him who comes not any more. She will not believe him dead, and may continue her fruitless watch for years yet.

We questioned a driver of an express wagon, whose stand is at the corner, regarding her. He says he has seen her there for the past three years. She lives in the vicinity, but he does not know her name. She is apparently from forty-five to fifty years of age. She always stands upon one spot at the intersection of Longworth and Plum streets, and the paving-stones are worn smooth by her feet. She is harmless, and has no quarrels with any one, and is sympathetic with all who are familiar with her sad story.—[Cincinnati Times.]

**REMARKABLE RACING.**—A Trotting Match of Seventy Miles.—The most remarkable trotting match perhaps on record in Maryland took place on Monday between Mr. Thomas McGree, Jr.'s sorrel mare "Lacy Alice," and Dr. Thomas B. Owings' gray gelding "Ben Davis;" the course being the Elliott City to Frederick road, a distance of seventy miles and the stakes \$200 a side. The trip over which the race took place is very hilly, and on Monday was very heavy. The horses were harnessed to three-hundred-pound wagons, and driven by their respective owners. They started from Elliott City at twenty minutes to seven o'clock in the morning, and jogged for the first two miles, when the race commenced earnestly. A heavy rain prevailed at the time, driving in their faces nearly all the way to Frederick. Both horses were in fine condition and well matched, and the contest was close and exciting. Only the necessary stops were made on the route for refreshments, the drivers, on reaching Frederick, stopping at the hotel by prearrangement, to register their names and returning to their work. The race was won by "Lacy Alice," in forty-five and fifteen minutes, beating her competitor by only seventeen minutes. Neither horse, it is alleged, was in the slightest degree distressed by the extraordinary pace upon its speed and endurance, and it is stated to have easily continued the race to this city without exhibiting signs of fatigue. The result was so close that the friends of the losing horse have still faith in their favorite, and another match is being arranged, the chance to be the same and the stakes \$500 a side.

For the first time in several years the full complement of Judges are now upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. The following table gives their names, ages, and the year of their appointments:  
Names. Ages. App't.  
Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio..... 62 1864  
Nathan Clifford, of Maine..... 66 1858  
Samuel Nelson, of New York..... 77 1845  
David Davis, of Illinois..... 55 1862  
Noah H. Swayne, of Ohio..... 55 1862  
Samuel F. Miller, of Iowa..... 54 1862  
Stephen J. Field, of California..... 53 1863  
Wm. Strong, of Pennsylvania..... 61 1870  
Jos. P. Bradley, of New Jersey 67 1870  
The salary of each is \$6,000.

**W.M. RANDOLPH, Justice Peace, May 4, 1870-60d. Printers Fees \$15 00.**

**DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN REMEDIES.**

Use these only and save time, health and money!  
\$1,000 REWARD!  
For any case of Disease In any stage which they fail to cure!!  
DR. RICHAU'S Golden Balsam, No. 1, is the most valuable Remedy for Sore Throat and Mouth, Sore Eyes, Cutaneous Eruptions, Copper-colored blotches, Soreness of the Scalp, Scrofula, &c.; it is the greatest Renovator, Alterative and Blood Purifier known, removes all mercury from the system, and leaves the blood pure and healthy.  
DR. RICHAU'S Golden Balsam, No. 2, cures Mercurial Affections, Rheumatism in all its forms, and gives immediate relief in all cases. Price of either No. 1 or 2, 85¢ per bottle, or two bottles for \$2.

DR. RICHAU'S Golden Antidote, a rapid and radical cure for all urinary derangements. Price \$3 per bottle.  
DR. RICHAU'S Golden Elixir D'Amour, a radical cure for Nervous or General Debility, in old or young; imparting energy with wonderful effect. Price 50¢ per bottle, or two bottles for \$2.  
On receipt of price these remedies will be shipped to any place. Prompt attention paid to all correspondents. None genuine without the name of "Dr. Richau's Golden Remedies, D. B. Richards, Sole Proprietor," blown in glass of bottles.  
Address Dr. D. B. Richards, No. 228 Va. Rick Street, New York City.  
November 24, 1869-70.

**Succession Sale.**  
No. 13—Succession of Francois Pousin—Paris Court.  
**PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF SALE,** issued by the Parish Judge of the Parish of Rapides, State of Louisiana, in the above succession, dated April 19th, 1870, and addressed to me, I will sell at public auction on the premises, on SATURDAY, the 25th day of MAY, 1870, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 4 P. M., the following property for the payment of debts, viz:  
A certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in and around the town of Pineville, Parish of Rapides, containing eighty acres (80, more or less, and numbered by lots from one (1) to twenty-four (24) on a plat of survey made by Robert W. Brinkhurst, Parish Surveyor, on the 27th day of January, 1870, on file in the Parish Court, and bounded as therein set forth.  
Also another lot of land, being the undivided half of a certain lot owned by said succession in partnership with E. E. Bisset, in the said town of Pineville, running parallel with the cemetery lot of said co-partners three hundred (300) feet, more or less, and fronting on a cross street two hundred (200) feet, more or less.  
TERMS OF SALE.—CASH.  
JOHN DELACY, Sheriff.  
April 27, 1870-4ds. Printer's Fees \$15.

**Estate of Peter Bellegard, Dec'd.**  
No. — Parish of Rapides—State of Louisiana.  
To the Hon. the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the Parish and State aforesaid:  
The petition of Jacob Paul, a resident of your said Parish and State, and Administrator of said Estate, respectfully represents that there are several unpaid debts hanging over the said Estate, and that there are no funds to pay the same with and no means of acquiring funds.  
Your petitioner therefore respectfully asks that you Honorably grant him permission to sell the property of said Estate for the purpose of paying said debts.  
Your petitioner further represents that the only property to sell is a certain tract of land as follows: SW 1/4 section No. 3, T. 4, R. 3 E, in the District of lands sold at Washita, containing one hundred and fifty-eight 94-100 acres.  
JACOB PAUL, Administrator

**ORDERED** that the property described in the foregoing petition, belonging to the Succession of Peter Bellegard, dec'd, be sold after due and legal advertisement, as aforesaid for in the foregoing Petition. Office of Parish Judge, Alexandria, Louisiana.  
May 4th, 1870-5d. Parish Judge.  
Printer's Fees \$15 00.

**NOTICE!**  
I am hereby notified that I will be present at the following Precincts at the stipulated dates given below, for the purpose of the collection of Taxes, and taking the assessment of all parties, therefore I warn all parties that are subject to assessment or that are indebted for Taxes, to meet me there punctually and without fail prepared for both branches.  
Springhill 13 and 14 May.  
Hixton 16, 17 and 18 May.  
Ten Mile, 19 and 20 May.  
Lacombe, 6 and 7 May.  
Lecombe 9th May.  
Cheneville 10, 11 and 12 May.  
Anacoco, May 22, 23 and 24.  
Conrad, May 25 and 26th.  
Cottle, May 27 and 28th.  
Bayou Rapides, May 30th.  
Dennis Smith's, June 1st.  
George A. Wise's June 2d.  
Holloway's Precinct June 4 and 5.  
MICHAEL LEGRAS.  
April 27, 4

**FISHING TACKLE!**  
—at—  
**WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.**  
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND FISH books—assorted. One hundred Gross Fishing lines—assorted. Bait Boxes, Sinkers, Fishing Belts, and for sale. Tackle, Lines, Snoods, Bamboo Poles and a general assortment for sale by  
HENRY B. JOHN.  
I CAN SUPPLY DEALERS IN FISHING Tackle, at wholesale, on liberal terms.  
H. ST. JOHN.  
April 20, 1870.

**E. HARDTNER, BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER**  
—FOR—  
**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,**  
Pineville, Near Alexandria, La.  
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. [Apr 6, 49-3m.]  
**STONEWALL JACKSON**  
WILL stand this season at the stable in ALEXANDRIA at 825 the second and 81 to the groom. For particulars see hand bills. JOHN CLARK, Agent.  
May 4th, 1870-4f.

**JUST RECEIVED.**  
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LANDRETH'S Garden Seeds.  
Feb. 10-4f. TAIT & LANEY.  
**Wall Paper and Bordering.**  
FIRE SCREENS AND TESTER PATTERNS, large assortment, new patterns, best executed, and for sale. Tackles, Nails of the large size for canvassing, always kept in stock by H. ST. JOHN.  
**COMMON SENSE SEWING MACHINE.** Simple, durable, cheap—Price, only \$18. Jos. McEvoy, Agent, Ice House Hotel.