ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RADNOR.

What an image of peace and rest
  Is this little church among its graves!
All is so quiet: the troubled breast,
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,
  Here may find the repose it craves.

See how the ivy climbs and expands
  Over this humble hermitage,
And seems to caress with its little hands
The rough, gray stones, as a child that stands
  Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of age.

You cross the threshold, and dim and small
  Is the space that serves for the Shepherd's fold;
The narrow aisle, the bare white wall,
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and tall,
  Whisper and say, "Alas we are old."

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton
  Hardly more spacious is than this,
But Poet and Pastor, blent in one,
Clothed with a splendor, as of the sun,
  That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without
  That makes the building small or great,
But the soul's light shining round about,
And the faith that overcometh doubt,
  And the love that stronger is than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,
  Were I a pastor of Holy Church,
More than a bishop's diocese,
Should I prize this place of rest and release
  From further longing and further search.

Here would I stay, and let the world
  With its distant thunder roar and roll;
Storms do not rend the sail that is furled,
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and whirled
  In an eddy of wind, is the anchored soul.
—[Henry W. Longfellow.

A STORY TOLD THE QUEEN.

[Shortly before Prince Albert's death the conversation at Windsor Castle turned on the appearance of ghosts. The Marchioness of Ely narrated to the Queen what was then known of this extraordinary story. The Queen replied that she "did not believe in such things," but desired that the story should "not be mentioned before the Prince, as," said her Majesty, "he believes in these things." At that time we had not the Rev. Charles Dale's corroboration of the story.

"The narrative," says the writer, "derives its value from its implicit truth. The testimonies are unimpeachable, and the long disputed fact is, in my opinion, proved that impalpable spirits not only appear, but can exert very great force and also possess weight and voice. This, as I have hinted, goes to prove the possibility of those evil spirits called up by the table turners exercising force and power."

The writer is a rector and rural dean in the late Established Church of Ireland, and a J. P. for two counties.]

About the middle of the eighteenth century there lived at Loftus Hall, in the County of Wexford, Charles Tottenham, a member of the Irish Parliament, usually known as "Tottenham and his Boots," on account of a celebrated ride which he took from Tottenham Green to Dublin at the time when it was debated in the House whether the sum of £80,000, the overplus of Irish taxation, should be retained for the benefit of the Irish Nation or sent as a gift to the English Treasury. Tottenham was ill and in bed when the news reached him. He immediately rose, and ordering his horse to be saddled at once, set out on his memorable journey—eighty-six Irish miles.

He arrived at the Parliament House, muddy and travel-stained, just before the question was put; but, being in undress, the usher at first refused him admission, as an order had been made that every member should attend in full dress or forfeit £500. The Speaker, however, ruled that, as a member, he had a right to enter, but was liable to the penalty. Accordingly, he came in just as he was, with his whip in his hand, and his long, heavy riding-boots, and gave the casting-vote in favor of his country, thereby retaining the £80,000 for its use. He at once became immensely popular. His picture was painted and engraved, in his riding-dress and large, cumbrous boots, and widely circulated. Hence he had the name which in the family still cleaves to him—"Tottenham and his Boots."

His second son, Charles Tottenham, had two daughters, Elizabeth and Anne, to the latter of whom my tale relates. He came to live at Loftus Hall, the old baronial residence of the Loftus family, with his second wife and the two daughters of his first wife—the Hon. Anne Loftus and Elizabeth.

Loftus Hall was an old rambling mansion, with no pretension to beauty; passages that led nowhere; large dreary rooms, small closets, various unmeaning nooks and corners, paneled or wainscoted walls, and a tapestry chamber.

The county Wexford, when conquered by Strongbow, in 1172, was divided among his hardy followers. The strongholds erected by them to secure their prey still import a peculiar character to the southern portion—a large square castle or keep, with a bawn attached, to preserve their cattle at night. The portion obtained by one of the soldiers, De Raymond, upon which Loftus Hall was built, was a low, flat peninsular of limestone, stretching out into the Atlantic Ocean, and upon which its long and mighty waves beat with awful magnificence in a storm. It was forfeited by De Raymond after the Rebellion of 1641 and became the property of the Tottenham family. It is so separated and cut off from all communication with the outer world that a feeling of loneliness and utter desolation fixes itself on the minds of all who remain long enough to wear off the impression of a strange novelty.

Here resided, as I have said, at the time my "ower true tale" commences, Charles Tottenham, his second wife and his daughter Anne; Elizabeth, his elder daughter, having been married. The father was a cold, austere man; the stepmother, such as that unamiable relation is generally represented to be. What and how great the state of lonely solitude and depression of mind of poor Anne must have been in such a place, without neighbors or any home sympathies, may easily be imagined.

One wet and stormy night, as they sat in the large drawing-room—those three—in the days when literature was almost unknown, fancy work, beyond samplers and their rude decorations, unthought of, and the thousand knickknacks, incentives to modern ladies' work, yet dormant in the womb of time—they were startled by a loud knocking at the outer gate, a most surprising and unusual occurrence. Presently the servant announced that a young gentleman on horseback was there requesting lodging and shelter for the night. He had lost his way, his horse was used up, and he had been guided by the only light which he seen from their window. Now, if Dr. Johnson's saying be true, that "Hospitality is the virtue of an uncivilized country," here was a claim which could not be refused. There was not another refuge to be found, while the sound of the mighty waves fell heavily upon the rocks beneath the house. The stranger was admitted and refreshed, and proved himself to be a most agreeable companion and a finished gentleman—too agreeable far for the lone scion of the House of Tottenham, for a sad and mournful tale follows, and one whose strange results have not ceased to the present day.

Much mystery has involved the story at the present point, and, in truth, the matter was kept in such silence and obscurity that but for the acts of her who was chief sufferer in it through several generations, nothing would now be known; everyone had long passed away who could throw light upon it, and when the strange facts and circumstances occurred which led the writer of this to inquire concerning her, much difficulty was experienced in tracing back her sad history.

The fact, I believe, was—that which was most natural under the circumstances—that this lonely girl formed a strong attachment to the gallant youth chance had brought to her door, which was warmly returned. The father, as was his stern nature, was obdurate; and the mother no solace to her, for she was a stepmother. It is only an instance of the refrain of the old ballad, "He loved and he rode away." He had youth and friends and stirring scenes to mingle in, and soon forgot his passing attachment, while poor Anne's reason gave way—she had but unsympathizing parents, harsh and cold—and then the moaning of the lonely sea was the only accompaniment of her deep melancholy.

The many-voiced wind!
  How sorely I weep
When I hear its long choir
  As it swells o'er the deep!

The fact is but too true, she became a confirmed maniac, and had to be confined for the rest of her life in that tapestried chamber before mentioned, and in which room she died. A wild legend was at once invented to account for this sad calamity—a legend which held its place for many years, as will be shown presently by an extract from a letter of the parish priest, dated February 8, 1868.

The legend ran that the strange horseman proved such an agreeable acquisition that he was invited to remain some days, and made himself quite at home, and, as they were now four in number, whist was proposed in the evenings. The stranger, however, with Anne as his partner, invariable won every point; the old couple never had the smallest success. One night, while poor Anne was in great delight at winning so constantly, she dropped a wing on the floor, and, suddenly diving under the table to recover it, was horrified to see that her agreeable partner had an unmistakable cloven foot. Her screams caused him to be aware of the discovery, when at once he vanished in a thunderclap, leaving a brimstone smell behind him!

The poor girl never recovered from the shock, lapsing from one fit into another, and was carried to the tapestry room, from which she never again came forth, and where she shortly after died.

This story of his Satanic Majesty got abroad, and many tales were told of how he continued to visit and disturb the house. The noises, the apparitions and disturbances were innumerable, and greatly distressed and terrified old Charles Tottenham, his wife and servants.

I now give a portion of the letter of the reverend gentleman before alluded to, which he kindly sent me in reply to my inquiries on the subject. He says:

"The proofs given in your letter attest the presence of some spirit, but in my mind not conclusive that it was the young lady's. This brings to my mind the traditions of the Hall, in the locality of which I have lived for upward of twenty years. I remember conversing with one of the oldest retainers of the family, and she described that room in the house as being unused. I made further inquiries, but she could not tell how the fellow with the cloven foot arrived there—but that he was there, and gave great annoyance to the Hall family, so that they determined to call in the services of the parish priest, of the name of Broders, who lived in the neighborhood about 100 years ago. He, it is said, used all the exorcisms of the Church against him, and after this his operations were confined to a certain room—the tapestry chamber. This I have heard from many, but particularly from an old woman in Haggard, who was 106 or 108 years old when she died. She well recollected the priest above alluded to, and that the Tottenham family were ever after very kind to him to the day of his death, and afterward were so to the members of his family as long as his good services were remembered. This latter part I know to be true, and the former I have no reason to doubt."

Here, then, we have traced from the date of the unhappy girl's misfortune that the house was disturbed by something supernatural; that the head of the family sought the aid of the Rev. Mr. Broders, the parish priest, to abate it, and, further, that the tapestry room was the scene of these visitations.

But the matter was kept dark, all reference to poor Anne was avoided, and the belief allowed to go abroad that it was Satan himself who disturbed the peace of the family. The sad story of the poor girl was too painful, the treatment (most likely) of the unfeeling parents too harsh, and they were ready to turn aside the keen edge of observation from her fate, preferring rather that it should be believed that they were haunted by the Devil, so that the story of her wrongs should sink into oblivion and be classed as an old wife's tale of horns and hoofs. But Anne herself would not permit this. To this day, through several generations, she keeps her wrongs and sorrows alive. The harsh father and stepmother have long gone to "the place appointed for all living." The Loftus branch of the family are in possession of the Hall. Yet poor Anne has kept her tapestried chamber, through all this lapse of time, by nearly the same means which compelled her parents to call in the aid of the parish priest so long ago.

But to my tale.

About the close of the last century my father was invited by Mrs. Tottenham to meet a large party at the Hall. He rode, as was then the custom in Ireland, with his pistols in his holsters. On arriving he found the house full, and Mrs. Tottenham apologized to him for being obliged to assign to him the tapestry chamber for the night, which, however, he gladly accepted, having never heard any of the stories connected with it.

However, he had hardly covered himself in the bed, when suddenly something heavy leaped upon it growling like a dog. The curtains were torn back, and the bedclothes stripped from off the bed! Supposing that some of his companions were playing tricks, he called out that he would shoot them, and, seizing a pistol, he fired it up the chimney, lest he should wound one of them. He then struck a light and searched the room diligently, but found no sign or mark of any one, and the door locked as he had left it on retiring to rest.

Next day he informed his host how he had been annoyed in that room, but they could only say that they would not have put him in it if they had had any other to offer him.

Years passed on, when the Marquis of Ely went to the Hall to pass some time there. His valet, Shannon, was put to sleep in the tapestry room. In the middle of the night the whole family were aroused by his dreadful roars and screeches, and he was found lying in another room fainting in mortal terror. After some time he told them that, soon after he had laid himself down in bed, he was startled by the rattling of the curtains as they were torn back, and, looking up, he saw a tall lady by the bedside dressed in stiff brocaded silk. He leaped up and rushed out of the room screaming with terror. Then first he heard from the old housekeeper—Aunty Neal—of Miss Tottenham.

Again the room was shut up, and years passed on, when I was brought by my father with the rest of the family to the Hall for the summer bathing. I was attracted by the antique look, somber pictures and quaint character of the tapestry-room, and at once chose it for my bedroom, being wholly and utterly ignorant of a particle of the stories connected with it, or even of the fact that Anne Tottenham had ever existed. The tapestry represented a hunting-field of old, where gentlemen and ladies with long spears followed the game—stags and harts—and the attendants in the woods roused out the game and the dogs careered about. When there was a windy night the tapestry waved, and the whole scene seemed animated with a heavy kind of life. Many a night I slept peacefully on poor Anne's bed, finding food for imagination as the wind moved the figures, which seemed to thrust their spears as the dogs gave chase.

One night, however, I sat up much later than usual to finish an interesting article in *Blackwood's Magazine.* The full moon was shining in through two large windows, making all as clear, so to speak, as day. I was just about getting into bed and happened to look at the door, when, to my great surprise, I saw it open quickly and noiselessly and as quickly and noiselessly shut again, and the tall figure of a lady in a stiff dress proceeding slowly to pass through the room toward one of those curious closets, before mentioned, which were in the opposite corner.

I followed her with my eyes in astonishment until the corner of the bed hid her from my sight. I rubbed my eyes. I thought of Sir David Brewster's theories, and *deceptio visus,* and everything, except that I had really seen a woman; for the idea of a ghost did not for a moment enter my head. I quickly reasoned myself into a sound sleep and forgot the matter.

The next night I again sat up late in my bedroom preparing a gun and ammunition to go to shoot sea birds early next morning, when the door again opened and shut in the same noiseless manner, and the same tall lady proceeded to cross the room quietly and deliberately as before toward the closet. I instantly rushed at her, and threw my right arm round her figure, exclaiming, "Ha! I have you now?" To my utter astonishment my arm passed through her and came home with a thud against the bedpost and curtains, at which spot she then was. The figure quickened its pace, and as she passed the skirt of her dress lapped up against the curtains, and I marked distinctly the pattern of her gown—a stiff flowered or brocaded silk.

Again I rubbed my eyes, thought upon the vagaries of vision, and soon went to sleep. That I had seen and endeavored to grasp a ghost never came across my mind; my pulse was not quickened one throb. I fancied I could make out some scientific reason for it. However, I told the story at breakfast next morning. My father, who had himself suffered from the lady's visit so long before, never said a word, and it passed as some folly of mine. So slight was the impression it made on me at the time that, though I slept many a night after in that room, I never thought of watching or looking out for anything, and doubtless the poor form often passed me in my sleep into her mysterious closet. I afterward heard that my father had written to a friend, telling him that I also had seen Miss Tottenham, in the tapestry room.

The years wore on, and once again I was a guest at Loftus Hall. The Marquis of Ely and his large family, with a great retinue of servants, filled the house to overflowing. As I passed the housekeeper's room, I heard the valet, Shannon, say to her, "What! I to sleep in the tapestry room! Never! I will leave my lord's service before I sleep there!"

At once my former experience in that room flashed upon my mind. I had never thought of it during the interval, and was still utterly ignorant of Anne Tottenham; so, when the housekeeper had gone, I entered the room, and said, "Shannon, do tell me why you will not sleep in the tapestry-room, as I have a particular reason for asking you that question." He looked at me for a moment and then said, "Is it possible that you do not know?" I said, "I really know nothing, but I have a particular reason for asking why you will not sleep in that room." Again he said, "Is it possible that you do not know that Miss Tottenham passes through that room every night, and, dressed in a stiff flowered silk dress, enters the closet in the corner?" I replied that I had never heard a word of her till now, but that, when I was here a few years ago, I saw twice a figure exactly like what he had described, and passed my arm through her body, and that the second time I had distinctly seen the flowers on her gown, as from her haste it had turned up in a triangular lap on my curtain. "Yes," said he, "that was Miss Tottenham, and, as is well known, she was confined—mad—in that room and died there, and, they say, was buried in that closet."

Upon my visit at that time the tapestry-room was allotted to a married couple, and then I learned nothing further.

Again time wore on. I had entered my profession and was immersed in hard and constant work in the north of Ireland, and had too much to do even to think of Anne Tottenham.

Another generation arose, another owner possessed the property—the grandson of my friend. In the year 1858 he, being then a child, came with his mother, the present dowager Marchioness of Ely, and his tutor, the Rev. Mr. Dale, to the hall for the bathing season. Mr. Dale was no imaginative person—a solid, steady, highly educated English clergyman, who had never heard the name even of Miss Tottenham. The tapestry room was his bed-chamber. One day in that year, when autumn was fast fading into winter, I received a letter from Lord Henry Loftus, the uncle of the young Marquis of Ely, saying, "Do tell me what it was you saw long ago in the tapestry chamber, for something strange must have happened there to the Rev. Charles Dale, as he came to breakfast quite mystified. Something very strange must have happened to him in that room, but he will not tell us, seems quite nervous, and, in short, is determined to give up his tutorship and go at once to England. Every year something mysterious has happened to any person who slept in that room, but they always keep it close. Mr. Deringey, a Wexford gentleman, slept there a short time ago. He had a splendid dressing-case, fitted with gold and silver articles, which he left carefully locked on his table at night, and in the morning found every article scattered about the room."

The dowager Marchioness told me that now Miss Tottenham had "regularly turned them out of the house," and orders had been given to convert the tapestry chamber into a billiard-room.

Upon hearing this I determined to write to the Rev. Charles Dale, then incumbent of a parish near Dover, telling him what had occurred to myself in that room, and that the evidences of supernatural appearances there were so strong and continued for several generations that I was anxious to put them together, and should consider it a great favor if he would tell me whether anything had happened to him in that room, and of what nature. He then for the first time mentioned the matter, and from his letter now before me I make the following extract:

"For three weeks I experienced no inconvenience from the lady, but one night, just before we were to leave, I had sat up late. It was just 1 o'clock when I retired to my bedroom (the tapestry room); a very beautiful moonlight night. I locked my door, and saw that the shutters were properly fastened, as I did every night. I had not laid myself down more than five minutes before something jumped on the bed, making a growling noise, and the bedclothes were pulled off, though I strongly resisted the pull. I immediately jumped out of bed, lighted my candle, looked into the closet and under the bed, but saw nothing."

Mr. Dale goes on to say that he endeavored to account for it in some such way as I had formerly done, having never up to that time heard one word of the lady or her doings in that room. He adds: "I did not see the lady or hear any noise but the growling." Mr. Dale had shut the windows closely, whereas I had them fully open, and a brilliant full moon shining in, as also had Shannon, the valet, who had seen her many years before me.

Here, then, is the written testimony of a beneficed English clergyman, occupying the responsible position of tutor to the young Marquis of Ely, a most soberminded and unimpressionable man. He repeats, in 1867, almost the very words of my father when detailing his experience in that room in 1790—a man of whose existence he had never been cognizant, and therefore utterly ignorant of his knowledge of Miss Tottenham's doings in that room nearly eighty years ago.

In the autumn of 1868 I was again in the locality, at Dunmore, the opposite side of the Waterford estuary. I went across to see the old place and what alterations Miss Tottenham had forced the proprietors to make in my tapestry chamber. I found that the dark closet into which the poor lady had always vanished was taken away, the room enlarged, and two additional windows put in, the old tapestry and its "mimic chase" had all gone, and a billiard table occupied the place of poor Anne's bed. I took aside the old housekeeper, who had been in those long-past days a servant of my father, and who looked upon me as if I also had been a ghost from the tomb, and asked her to tell me how Miss Tottenham bore these changes in her apartment. She looked quite frightened and most anxious to avoid the question, but at length hurriedly replied, "Oh! Master George, don't talk about her; last night she made a horrid noise, knocking the billiard balls about!"

I have traced with strict truth this most real and true tale, from the days of "Tottenham and his Boots" to those of his great-great-grandson.

In considering the very interesting question whether there is spiritual interference in the affairs of this world, which so very large a number of educated people positively assert, and which a greater number as positively contradict, one or two remarks may help to simplify the matter. In the first place, the great preponderance in the number of disbelievers is at once accounted for by the fact that the larger proportion of educated and thinking men—and it is to such alone that I refer—have never seriously turned their attention to the subject, and having never experienced anything of the kind, deny the existence of that which not only has never come to their knowledge, or even been treated by them with sober consideration. The second remark which I make is, that when spiritual interference is spoken of no distinction is made in the mind between the spiritual interference of angels and that of departed men and women.

Of the first there can be no doubt in the mind of any Christian. St. Paul expressly tells us: "They are sent forth to be ministers unto them who shall be heirs to salvation." Also as to the opposing influence of evil spirits, St. Paul calls upon Christians to "take the whole armor of God," because "we wrestle against wicked spirits in heavenly places."

But the spiritual influence of departed men and women is quite another question, and very much depends upon the testimony and experiences of credible witnesses. In the tale which I have related not a particle of doubt or distrust can be thrown upon the testimony of four generations.

Loftus Hall has since been wholly rebuilt, a large modern edifice standing in the place of the weird old mansion. I have not heard whether poor Annie Tottenham has condescended to revisit it, or is wholly banished at last. I can only reassert the simple truth of my tale.—[The Whitehall Review.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

NEW WORKS—SOME VALUABLE ONES—NEW NOVELS.

Holiday Issues—Magazines—Some Republications—Volumes of "Series" Issues

"The Story of the Grand Army" is the title of a work just at hand from Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. It is by William Swinton, and treats of the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, and is a critical history of operations in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania from the commencement to the close of the war. It is a revision and reissue of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, and is for sale at $3. The work when first issued attracted much attention. It has had the indorsement of the Prince de Joinville, Secretary Seward, Prof. Mahan of West Point, Major-General Hancock, General Franklin, General Couch, and even Jefferson Davis has said of it that it is the most fair and careful of the books on the war by Northern writers. For over ten years the book has been out of print, and the demand for it has induced the publishers to put forth the present edition. It is unnecessary to enter upon a review of a work of which so much has been said. The ability of Swinton and his candor are unquestioned, and he tells the story as it is believed and testified to by the most prominent actors in the scenes depicted. The author, in his preface to the new edition, has this to say in defense of his work, which has not been free from attack, as is to be expected in the case of all truth-telling: "While engaged in the revision, I have read most of the authoritative works bearing on the history of the Army of the Potomac which have appeared since 1866. It is no small satisfaction to find many of my conclusions confirmed by historians of greater ability, writing under more favorable opportunities of information and criticism. It was my chief aim (as stated in the preface) to present 'army-verdicts,' and it is pleasant to find after sixteen years a very general acquiescence in the justness of these verdicts. And I may add that, had I the 'Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac' to make over again, though I hope I should bring to the expression of its judgments more balance and moderation, the judgments themselves would not be materially modified."

William Elliott Griffis is the author of a voluminous and deeply interesting work that is just from the press of the Scribners, New York, and is for sale by the Bancrofts, San Francisco, at $3 50. It is a historical and current account of Corea, the "Hermit Nation." The author has handled his subject with consummate ability. He was formerly connected with the Imperial University at Tokio, Japan, and enjoyed for years especial facilities for the study of the Corean people. The work is divided into three parts, treating first of the ancient and mediæval history of Corea; second, of political and social Corea; and third, of modern and recent Corean history. He found the study of Japanese history to be full of scholarly delights, and he has not failed to communicate some of these to his readers. Our literature is comparatively barren of authentic history of Corea and Japan—at least but one or two have ever undertaken as has Mr. Griffis to translate the reader to that land by the magic of his pen, and unfold to view the inner life of that people. The author cites a host of authorities, which he consulted in the preparation of his work, and refers to a library of reference documents to which he had access. His book is a most valuable addition to the literature of the day, and will find a place in the libraries of the land as a standard work, in our opinion.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have two more of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.'s issue of Cassell's Popular Library. The first is "The Russian Empire, and Its Origin and Development." It is a monograph, by S. B. Boulton, historical and critical, and is an excellent outline sketch of Russian history, which, by the way, is far less studied in this country than its importance deserves. The second is "The Religious Revolution in the Sixteenth Century," and is from the pen of Rev. S. A. Swaine. It is a concise sketch of the reformation, and has more of interest in it than a recital of bald facts—such as an adherent of the Church of England would give it, in his criticisms.

From Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have of Scribner's "Epochs of Modern History" series a volume by Rev. W. Warburton, M. A., being the life and reign of "Edward III." That reign was long, and crowded with events, and little more than a sketch of it is its inner and outer aspect is to be looked for in a book like this, which, moreover, professes only to reproduce and epitomize what has been already brought to light by the original research of others. It is a valuable addition to a most desirable series, and will do much to stimulate readers to a thorough study of English history.

"The Bridal March and Other Stories" is the title of a volume by Bjornson, the Norse poet and novelist. It is translated from the Norse by Professor Anderson, than whom there is no better translator of the works of Norse literature. It is from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and is for sale by W. A. & C. S. Houghton, Sacramento, at $1. Sweeter and more poetic romances are not penned than those that spring from the fertile fancy of the great Norse novelist, nor have any a more fruitful field of legend, pastoral life and strange customs than he in his native land.

"The Annals of a Baby," in cloth binding, is at hand from A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. It is from the press of T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. It is by Sarah Bridges Stebbins. Something like four years ago we noticed this little volume and pronounced it one of the rarest and most beautiful specimens of word-painting known to the literature of the day. It is gratifying to know that the public verdict is in accord with that opinion, and has made a new edition a necessity. It is a book of exquisite fancies, gentlest humor and touching pathos.

From the publishers (The Century Company, New York,) we have the bound volume of "The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine," from May, 1882, to October, 1882, inclusive. It makes a ponderous volume, but one full of varied matter, and well worthy a place on the library shelf. The magazine is a standard in American magazine literature, and it's place is too well defined to call for further remark. The illustrations that American magazines now present are of the highest order, and none are superior to those that appear in the volume under notice.

From The Century Company, New York, we have the two volumes of "St. Nicholas," that include the twelve issues for the past year of that charming magazine for children, than which there is none more useful, purer or more interesting to the youth of the land. As a holiday present for a child it has no superior.

"The Art Amateur" (Montague Marks, New York), is at hand for November. Of this critical and helpful art journal we have before had occasion to speak in warm terms. It occupies a high place in public esteem, and deserves it. No more practical art work is issued, and certainly none that addresses itself to larger class.

"Cupid, M. D.," is the title of a breezy and very restful little story, told in letters and diary extracts by Augustus M. Swift. It is from the press of the Scribners, New York, and is for sale at $1 by the Bancrofts, San Francisco.

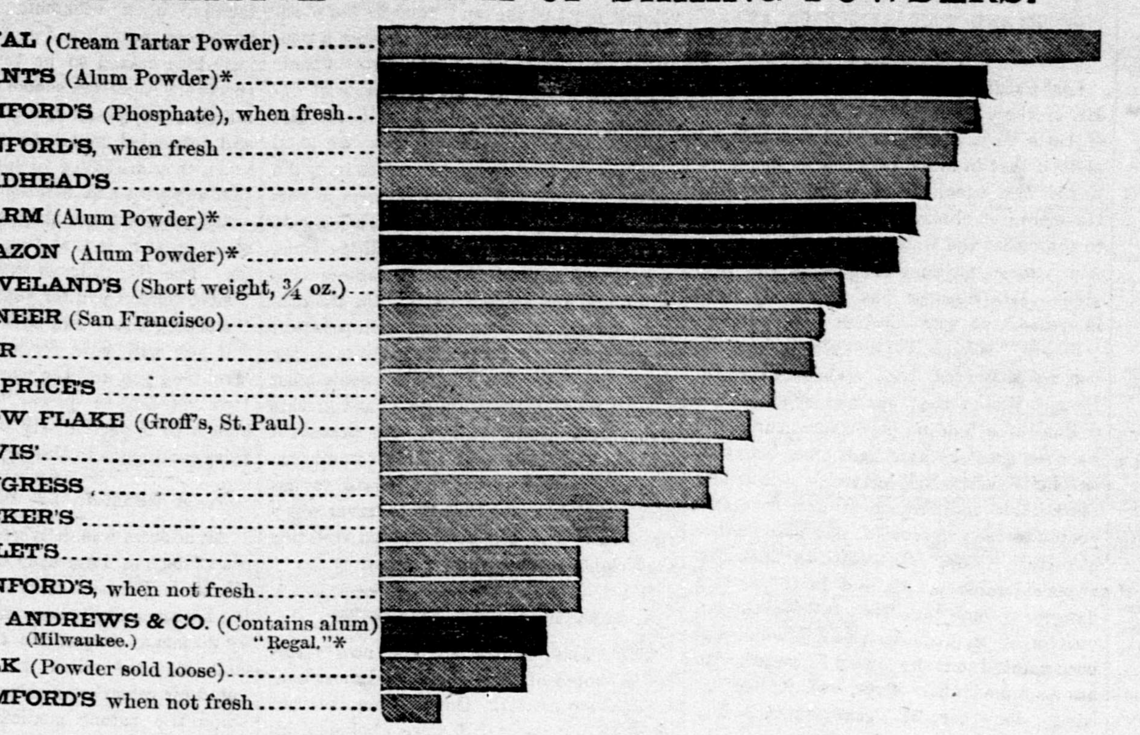
From Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have another of Harper's Shakespearean Library in the series of "English Classics," being the play of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," as edited by Professor Rolfe, whose work on this series we have already noticed.

"A Chance Acquaintance" is the title of W. D. Howells' most recent novel. It is one of his best and perhaps the most scholarly of all his stories. It is from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and is for sale by W. A. & C. S. Houghton, Sacramento.

"Freckles" is the title of an agreeable novel by Rebecca F. Redcliff, and is issued by the John W. Lovell Company, New York.

THE AMBER WHEAT.—S. Frank, of Tehama county, received from Illinois a sample of Golden Amber wheat. He distributed, through the *Cause* office, the few pounds among farmers, to give it a trial in California soil. One of these, C. P. S. Johns, says he put it in on Reed's creek, Tehama county. He says he sowed about one-third of a pound of the wheat on red gravely land, put the grain in as he did other wheat, and let it take its course. He sowed it in January, and harvested it at the time he cut his other wheat, and thrashed out 22 pounds. He says the berry is plump and much lighter colored than the seed, and the best filled heads he ever saw. There were four grains to the mash, the heads being about four inches long. The straw was of a bluish red color, and about the hight of Proper wheat, ripening about the same time that wheat ripens. The wheat is very heavy, feels like lead, as he described it, and weighs 65 pounds to the bushel. A net calculation shows that an acre of land will produce 54 bushels and a fraction of a bushel. Mr. Johns thinks so much of the wheat that he sowed on summer fallow the 22 pounds, not even reserving a handful to let us see the improvement made on the Illinois wheat.

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.



NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by PROF. SCHEDLER. A one-pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated in the above diagram. This practical test for value by PROF. SCHEDLER only proves what every observant consumer of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER knows by experience, that while it costs a few cents per pound more than the ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work.

A SINGLE TRIAL OF THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER WILL CONVINCE ANY FAIR-MINDED PERSON OF THESE FACTS.

* While this Diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum baking powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS, DRS. LOVE AND MOTT.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances. E. G. LOVE, Ph. D."

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure. H. A. MOTT, Ph. D."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or any other injurious substance. HENRY MORTON, Ph. D., President Stevens Institute of Technology."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome. S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass."

"June 23, 1882.—I have made a careful analytical test of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the open market here, and in the original package. I find it to be a cream of tartar powder of the highest degree of strength, containing nothing but pure, wholesome and useful ingredients. JUAN H. WRIGHT, M. D., Analytical Chemist, formerly Wright & Merrell, St. Louis."

The ROYAL BAKING POWDER received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1873; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, and at State Fairs throughout the country.

No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic and universal indorsement from eminent chemists, physicians scientists, and Boards of Health, all over the world.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., No. 106 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

W. T. COLEMAN & CO., San Francisco,
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST. s30-4p1aw6wS&sweow6tS

GENERAL NOTICES.

One Moment!
Are you suffering from any ailment? Have you any sores about you? Is your nervous system shattered? Have you pain anywhere? If any or all of these troubles afflict you, do not delay. Procure BRISTOL'S PILLS AND SARSAPARILLA; in them you will be sure and find speedy relief. n4-1t

No fragrant wild flower of the heath
Is sweeter than my Julia's sigh;
No pearl is whiter than her teeth,
While her soft lips the roses dye,
For SOZODONT is her delight,
It keeps those charms so pure and bright. o31-3tTuThS

Annual Meeting of Stockholders of the People's Savings Bank will be held MONDAY EVENING, December 4, 1882, at 7 o'clock, at the bank office, southeast corner J and Fourth streets. [n2 1m] WM. F. HUNTOON, Cashier.

Dr. La Mar's Seminal Pills cure all cases of Nervous Debility and Physical Prostration, such as Loss of Vigor, Nocturnal Emissions Impotency and the many distressing ailments caused by Indiscretion, Dissipation and Self-Abuse. This peerless remedy invigorates and builds up the whole system, repairs waste and arrests decay. To the Feeble and Infirm, to the Prematurely Old, and to all who need a Health-Giving Tonic Elixir, DR. LA MAR'S SEMINAL PILLS are confidently recommended. Price, $2 50 per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of price, or by express, C. O. D., to any address, secure from observation. Address all orders to A. McBOYLE & CO., Druggists, 504 Washington street, San Francisco. Postoffice Box 1952. n2-3m

One-Minute Toothache Drops Are Superior to any other. For sale by druggists. KIRK, GEARY & CO., Agents. o10-1m

For the Ladies.—Please ask your physician his opinion of PURE CALIFORNIA PORT WINE, PEPSIN AND CALISAYA BARK combined, as a Tonic and Cure for Dyspepsia or Indigestion. If satisfactory, try BALL'S PEPSIN WINE BITTERS. au24-6m

Ichi Ban, San Francisco, doubled in size, is the largest Japanese sale exhibition in the world. SHATTUCK & FLETCHER export their printing inks to Japan, receive Japanese goods in return, and this is why Ichi Ban survives on low prices. Logical, isn't it? Wholesale and retail. Goods for every branch of retail country trade. jy4-tf

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

For State Senator.
FREDERICK COX,
REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR State Senator. s29-td

For Sheriff.
A. H. ESTILL,
REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR Sheriff. o3-td

For County Clerk.
M. R. BEARD,
REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR County Clerk. s21-istd

For County Assessor.
C. WELLS,
REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR County Assessor. s20 istd*

For Treasurer.
MICHAEL FAY,
DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR COUNTY Treasurer. s11-istd

For District Attorney.
JOHN T. CAREY,
REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR District Attorney. s29-td

For County Coroner.
JOHN MILLER,
(Of Fritz & Miller)
REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR County Coroner. s30-td

For Supervisor.
J. R. WEBSTER,
REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR Supervisor of Third District. o5-td

For Supervisor.
WILLIAM McLAUGHLIN,
REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR Supervisor of the Second District. s28-istd

For Supervisor.
ROBERT ALLEN,
DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR SUPERVISOR of First District. o4-

For Supervisor.
JAMES McGUIRE,
REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR Supervisor, Fourth District. s16-td

For Police Judge.
W. A. HENRY,
REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR Police Judge. s15-td

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

For State Senator.
GROVE L. JOHNSON,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR State Senator. s12-istd

For Senator.
J. ROUTIER,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR State Senator. s30-td

For the Assembly.
G. W. HANCOCK,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR THE Assembly. s19-1t

For the Assembly.
FRANK D. RYAN,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR ASSEMBLYMAN. s25-td

For Sheriff.
PHILIP HERZOG,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR Sheriff. o4-td

For Sheriff.
T. H. BERKEY,
REGULAR NOMINEE OF THE REPUBLICAN County Convention for Sheriff. s30-td

For Assessor.
J. T. GRIFFITTS,
(Late of J. T. Griffitts & Co., Dry Goods Dealers),
REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR COUNTY Assessor. s29-td

For Treasurer.
A. S. GREENLAW,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR County Treasurer. s23-td

For Auditor and Recorder.
W. E. GERBER,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR County Auditor and Recorder. s27-td

For Superintendent of Schools.
CHAS. E. BISHOP,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR County Superintendent of Public Schools. s26-td

For Public Administrator.
H. S. BEALS,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR Public Administrator. s26-td

For Coroner
J. FRANK CLARK,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR County Coroner. s19-istd

For Supervisor.
JOSEPH WISEMAN,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR Supervisor of Second Ward. s20-istd

For Supervisor.
SAMUEL BLAIR,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR Supervisor of the Third District. s28-istd

For Supervisor.
S. GOTTLEIB,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR Supervisor, Fourth District. s15-td

For Supervisor.
BERNARD STEINMAN,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR Supervisor, First District. o5-td

For Police Judge.
W. S. SAFFORD,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR Police Judge. s23-td

For Justice of the Peace.
J. O. TUBBS,
REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR Justice of the Peace for Sacramento City o5-td*

AUCTIONS.

AUCTION SALE!

FURNITURE!

Crockery, Etc.

SHERBURN & SMITH
—WILL SELL—
AT SALESROOM, No. 323 K STREET,
—ON—
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1882,
At 10:30 A. M., to close consignments:
COTTAGE BEDROOM SET,
ONE GREEN REP PARLOR SET,
BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS,
SPRING BEDS, TABLES,
CHAIRS, LOUNGES, SOFAS,
WARDROBES,
PARLOR AND COOK STOVES,
TINWARE,
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
COMFORTERS, ETC.
n1-tf

W. P. COLEMAN,
Real Estate Salesroom,
No. 325 J street,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
ALL KINDS OF
CITY AND COUNTRY PROPERTY
For Sale and to Let.
Real Estate Sold on Installment Plan. Money to Loan in Sums to Suit. n2-istf

CADWALADER & PARSONS,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS,
Corner Third and J streets.
AGENTS
UNION INSURANCE CO. OF SAN FRANCISCO
Fire and Marine.
EDW. CADWALADER, Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds and Conveyancer. j12-2ptf

KIRK, GEARY & CO,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUGGISTS,
NO. 416 J STREET.
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

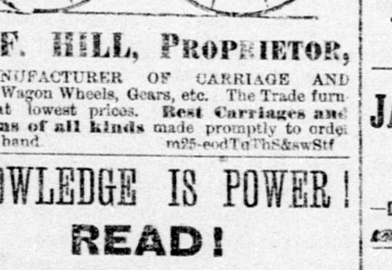
Drugs, Chemicals, Proprietory Articles, Perfumery, Toilet and Face Powders, Soaps, Cosmetics; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Bath and Flesh Brushes; Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Silk-elastic Stockings, Cut Glassware, Toilet and Perfume Cases, etc.
OUR STOCK OF
TOILET REQUISITES!
Will be found equal to that kept by any House in the State.
PRESCRIPTIONS AND FAMILY RECIPES
Prepared by competent pharmacists. o28-islm

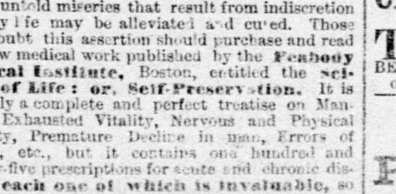
SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY,
THE GENERAL AGENCY OF THE
DAILY RECORD-UNION,
—AND THE—
SACRAMENTO WEEKLY UNION
IN SAN FRANCISCO
—IS AT—
No. 8 New Montgomery Street,
PALACE HOTEL.
m15-2tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIBERIAN BALSAM!
—CURES—
CATARRH, ASTHMA, CROUP,
COUGHS, COLDS,
AFFECTIONS OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES AND PULMONARY ORGANS,
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND URINARY ORGANS.
It Reaches the Disease Through the Blood and Removes the Cause.
Clergymen, Public Speakers and Vocalists, affected with Hoarseness or Loss of Voice, will find almost instantaneous relief from a single dose of SIBERIAN BALSAM.
For Sale by all Druggists
o26 1m3oTuThS

S.S.S.
This great specific cures that most loathsome disease,
SYPHILIS
Whether in its Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Stage.
Removes all traces of Mercury from the system. Cures Scrofula, Old Sores, Rheumatism, Eczema, Catarrh, or any Blood Disease.
CURES WHEN HOT SPRINGS FAIL!
MALVERN, Ark., May 2, 1881.
We have cases in our town who lived at Hot Springs and were finally cured with S. S. S.
McCAMMON & MURRY.
MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 12, 1881.
We have sold 1,294 bottles of S. S. S. in a year. It has given universal satisfaction. Fair minded physicians now recommend it as a positive specific.
S. MANSFIELD & CO.
LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 13, 1881.
S. S. S. has given better satisfaction than any medicine I have ever sold.
J. A. FLEXNER.
DENVER, Col., May 2, 1881.
Every purchaser speaks in the highest terms of S. S. S.
L. MEISSETER.
S. S. S. cured me of Scalp Sores, Sores in Nostrils and Ears, after everything known to the medical profession had failed. Three months have passed since I quit taking S. S. S.; there is no symptom of the disease remaining; I am permanently cured. It stands unrivaled for Blood Diseases
JNO. S. TAGGART, Salamanca, N. Y.
About four or five weeks ago I was afflicted with a very aggravated type of Blood Disease. I commenced using S. S. S., and after taking the first bottle felt so much relieved that I bought five more, and am glad to say, after using four of them, that I am entirely cured, previously having been under medical advice for several months.
C. O. RATCLIFF, Richmond, Va.
If You Wish, We Will Take Your Case, to be Paid for when Cured. Write for Particulars.
$1,000 Reward will be paid to any chemist who will find, on analysis 100 bottles S. S. S., one particle of Mercury, Iodide Potassium, or any Mineral substance. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Proprs., Sold by druggists everywhere. Atlanta, Ga.
o14-4p1yTuThS

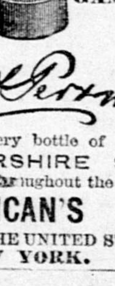
Pacific Wheel Works.

J. F. HILL, PROPRIETOR,
MANUFACTURER OF CARRIAGE AND Wagon Wheels, Gears, etc. The Trade furnished at lowest prices. Best Carriages and Wagons of all kinds made promptly to order and on hand. m25-eodTuThS&swStf

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER!
READ!


KNOW THYSELF.
The untold miseries that result from indiscretion in early life may be alleviated and cured. Those who doubt this assertion should purchase and read the new medical work published by the Peabody Medical Institute, Boston, entitled the Science of Life; or, Self-Preservation. It is not only a complete and perfect treatise on Manhood, Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in man, Errors of Youth, etc., but it contains one hundred and twenty-five prescriptions for acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable, so proved by the author, whose experience for 21 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. It contains 300 pages, bound in beautiful embossed covers, full gilt, embellished with the very finest steel engravings, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense—mechanical, literary or professional—than any other work retailed in this country for $2 50, or the money will be refunded. Price, only $1 25 by mail. Gold Medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of six cents. Send now.
Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, or DR. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass. The author may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience.
o5-1yTuThS&sw1yWS

MISCELLANEOUS.

Special Notice
—TO—
Those who have
LANDS
FOR SALE.
We are constantly having application and letters of inquiry to Purchase Lands of all kinds.
THOSE HAVING LANDS FOR SALE WILL find it to their advantage to place them in our hands, as they will be at
No Expense for Advertising
OR ANYTHING ELSE,
UNLESS A SALE IS CONSUMMATED
We have correspondence in different parts of the State and other advantages, which greatly facilitates us in the DISPOSAL OF LANDS.
SWEETSER & ALSIP,
REAL ESTATE
—AND—
INSURANCE AGENTS,
No. 1015 Fourth street,
BETWEEN J AND K, SACRAMENTO.

THE GREAT SAUCE
OF THE WORLD.
LEA & PERRINS'
Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to
EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD
MEATS,
GAME, &c.
Lea & Perrins
Signature is on every bottle of GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
Sold and used throughout the world.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.
NEW YORK.

JAMES LAWRENCE ENGLISH
No. 1010 Fourth st., bet. J and K,
—HAS—
—DISCONTINUED HIS BANKING BUSINESS.—
Demands will be paid on presentation. n1-2p1w

STEINWAY & SONS PIANOS.
A. REYMAN, SOLE AGENT, [illegible] street, bet. Sixth and Seventh, opposite Court-house. PIANOS TO LET. Pianos sold on installments. [illegible]

NOTICE TO DEPOSITORS
—OF THE—
CAPITAL SAVINGS BANK.
THE BANK WILL PAY DIVIDEND NO. 8, of 10 per cent., payable on and after NOVEMBER 2, 1882. By order of the Board of Directors.
o24 2wis JAS. N. PORTER, Secretary.

C. A. D. GRAY,
Practical Cutler,
Importer and Dealer in all kinds of
CUTLERY, FIREARMS, AMMUNITION, Etc.
Cutlery carefully Ground, Polished and Repaired.
No. 408 J street, bet. Fourth and Fifth
o11-3plm

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.