Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

THE ENEMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of an inflammation,
Not pleasing, as in old time prophet
And martyr saw the nation
Dry as the chaff,
Where women cooked,
Nor spares the hand
That trod the land
Through the ancient evil.

The hunted negro shall the taper frown
To his dark race is denied,
The poison fang that his life spread
All else is overpassing.
Rent, Wire, Cotton, Bonds,
Is unavailing,
All power also,
And fraud and lie
Live only in the shadow.

What gives the school-girl blades of steel?
What gives the Rebel courage?
What is the rankling in the Rebel heart?
On the chivalry and gold possessed?
What drives the rack
Of the slave-ridden South?
What stirs the knave
For the Union's life?—
Hate to the annual "Slavery."

Then wasn't we let we on lesser foes
In strife to worthy remain,
God lets to day the evil, and shows
The features of the demon!
O Nero! and beneath
Its victims both,
Curse not,
"Let Slavery alive!"
And Union find in freedom!"

What though the national spirit lour
The nation in his swing?
We who have shared the guilt must share
The pang of his chastening!
Whatever the loss,
Whatever the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that bows on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If he be part but taken
Though wild and loud
And dark as the cloud,
Behind it frowns
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war-murmuring,
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good
The evil overcoming.
Give prayer and purse
To lay the curse
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden Heaven.

In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumphs and revenges,
While still is spared the evil thing
That severs and scourges.
But voice the ear
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of Slavery forever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing,
Before the joy of peace must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor!

ABOUT SWITZERLAND.

A late number of the *London Society* says:—We justly boast of the verdure of England; but I doubt whether it does not yield to the verdure of Switzerland. The magnitude of the picture also tells upon your imagination. Cabinet gems are not to be despised, but they fade and shrink away beside the grandeur of a Raphael cartoon or a Horace Vernet fresco. Moreover, in a mountainous country like this, bad weather is not always an unmixed evil; it sometimes surprises you with the most sublime and magnificent effects. While are complaining of a rain at Freyburg, we suddenly behold this masterpiece of landscape composition overarched by one complete unbroken rainbow resting on an inky cloud behind; white all the foreground, the bridges, the leafy heights, the quaint old buildings, and the foaming, blue-rushing Saane are brought out by a sunset of almost dreamy hues. With the situation of Freyburg compare that of Berne. It is a picked spot, selected out of a thousand localities, where a town of importance might be built.

It is neither spacious nor convenient, but it is safe, being an elevated promontory or narrow tongue of land, round the southern and north sides of which flows the river Aar, which afterwards swallows the waters of the Sarine, to be swallowed in turn by the great engulfer, the Rhine. Berne, therefore (before any bridge was built), was accessible only on one side, from behind. Its strength was consequently great to resist the assaults of the military appliances available four or five hundred years ago. Such sites of towns are a summary of the spirit which has reigned in Switzerland for ages past—of independence, nationality, and resistance to oppression. It breaks out in every form of art and literature; on coins and medals, in public monuments, in popular songs. It has canonized the memory of William Tell.

It gives us statues of Rhodolph von Erlach, the victorious leader of the battle of Laupen, where less than 7000 Bernese soldiers routed 30,000 enemies; of Arnold von Winkel, one of the ver-fathers who won the jewel of independence with their blood. It takes shape, and fires the mind, in modern pictures; witness that stirring scene in the Rath Museum at Geneva, where the oppressor's agent is come to seize the peasant's ox-team, leaving the land untilled.

The Swiss peasant does not dream of fairy visits and will-o'-the-wisp; but he peoples the mountain gorge with Ossianic forms, with phantoms that stalk along clad in mail, armed with cross-bow, buckler, and spear, exhorting their posterity to maintain the old abhorrence of foreign bondage. Such an obstinate show of independence is more striking from finding it displayed by a nation which, altogether, consists of only a handful of men, whom the army of France believe they could swallow at a meal.

We behold here a population less than that of London, namely, under two millions and a half, defying every and all oppressors in a way that almost makes us smile as if we saw Jack defying the Giant. Jack, however, is sublime, rather than ridiculous. It needs must, he will go out to the struggle (beardless or gray-bearded with equal ardor) to try whether the rifle will not check the advance of intruding strangers. Antipathy to French rule is as strong in French Switzerland (where the spoken language and many of the special customs are French) as in cantons where French is Greek to the inhabitants.

Henry IX., of England.

From Anglarad Lloyd I have heard a story which is worth recording. Her sister, Helen Lloyd, was (through the interest of Lady Crewe, I believe), governess to the younger daughters of the Duke of Clarence. He, as was his custom, lived with her on terms of familiar intimacy and friendship from the time of her first presentation to the day of his death. He had expressed a strong preference for his second name of Henry, which he liked much better than that of William. The day after the death of George IV, Miss Helen Lloyd met the king at the house of Lady Sophia Sidney; she asked him familiarly whether he was to be proclaimed as King William or as King Henry. "Helen Lloyd," he replied, "that question has been discussed in the Privy Council, and it has been decided in favor of King William." He added, that the decision had been mainly influenced by the idea of an old prophecy of which he had never heard before, nor had he any evidence that it had ever been made. The drift of that prophecy was, that as Henry VIII had "pulled down monks and cells, Henry IX would pull down bishops and bells." Helen exclaimed, "I have seen that in an old book at home." The king was astonished and pleased; he desired her to send for the book as soon as possible. Search was made, but it was not discovered till after the king's death. Anglarad said that he wished to be Henry IX, because, as the Cardinal of York assumed that title, he wished to establish the right to it.—*Diaries of a Lady of Quality.*

—The Hotel des Haricots, in Paris, was lately demolished. It used to be the place where national guardsmen were confined when under arrest. Many Paris notabilities have passed a night there, and the walls of the little prison are literally covered with inscriptions, caricatures, sketches, chiefly executed with the burned end of a cigar, verses engraved with a penknife, by poets, novelists, and artists. It was here, by the dim light of a tallow candle, that Alexander Dumas, *fils*, wrote his charming novelette, "Un Cas de Rupture."

SNUBBING.

It is an old word, and one very appropriately used in other days to express the withering action of the East wind. But we make no apology for using it in the modern and more familiar sense, as a social blight, a nipper our budding joys, and breathing its cold blast on human jollity.

And yet what is a snub, after all, that it should brand itself so indelibly? Why should we so more vulnerable to its stings than to more formidable missiles? It is not anything seriously touching character or credit, it would not go of that name. The word implies to be humorous, and the world is assumed to be slight, and pains are not meant to pass for pleasure. They are glances in the rights of authority in manner and youth, which is especially sensitive to ridicule—which experiences all the fever-heat of shame at being forced too to stand its own instinctive—makes extraordinarily short lapses of more serious offence, and indulges in a physical hot-necklace for the graver crimes of rebellion. How does it give more, and such unmerciful pain? Is it from chagrin where simple ones are overlooked? Is it from the feeling that we are not considered to be of so high a class as the other? Is it because we cannot give as good as we get? Is it because we are not so well-dressed, or have not the money to give to the world? Is it because we have not the money to give to the world? Is it because we have not the money to give to the world?

There are people who are shameless and proud of the beauty of good sense, who have a moment of the art of making people uncomfortable, which a comfortable person is unknown. They feel the pinching force of an impudent shaft, which made the Roman emperor, seeing a fat and jovial senator enjoying himself in the amphitheatre, take his office and put a sword in the man's hand and make him fight a duel. All which arise in the domestic circle—

[illegible]

but there need be nothing cruel in the man who snubs. It is a good sort of people who are tempted to it, honest, sincere men, who have a notion of doing their friends good, of disclosing them summarily of their faults, and making them out of follies and mistakes; as when Dr. Johnson, the great master of the art, turned upon one of his flatterers:—"Sir, you have but two topics—yourself and me. I am sick of both." They go right at the offense healing face, sense, of propriety, as it may be, and have a confidence in their power of putting things, so as to confound and convince the sinner at a stroke. They are alive to two things—the matter to be expressed and pain down and their aptitude for the work. The feelings of their friend are the only part of the question not taken into account, which, however, happen to be dearer to the patient than either his friend's perspicacity or abstract truth, even though there existed no difference of opinion on this latter point.

When we endeavor to analyze it, the immediate effect of a snub is to induce a feeling of deprivation and exposure. Its physical sensation is like the sudden loss of a garment, and the consequent rush of cold; and we do in fact lose, in the surprise, the snug covering of our usual self-respect. We are dependent creatures. We are apt, on the instant of others not respecting us, to feel ourselves not respectable, small, inferior, incompetent, unable to hold our own; and hence the main annoyance. That which predominates in a snub is the pressing difficulty how to take it. We are caught unawares without our weapons. There are assaults and aggressions of a nature to rouse our courage and to quicken our powers, which call for and suggest an answer which may be recorded on the spot without injury to our dignity; but this is not one of them.

All that can be done generally under a snub—all, at least, that we actually do—is to pull up suddenly with an inner blank sense of tingling, a doubt as to where we are, a confused feeling of having the worst of it, which our instinct teaches us to repair as much as possible. For it must be noted that a snub is of necessity a sudden blow, given when we are at a disadvantage, careless, and at ease in the security of social intercourse. Social intercourse takes sympathy for granted. It assumes one general genial sentiment, a disposition to follow a lead, to persuade subjects in the spirit in which they are started.

A snub is a check, a blank; it is a curtain suddenly drawn down, it is pulling up against a dead wall, it is cold obstruction and recoil. Either the snubber has authority on his side, and we have laid ourselves open by some inadvertence, by a misplaced trust in his condescension; and we have seen parents painfully snub their children in this sort, first allowing them liberties, then stopping them with a harsh check in mid-career of spirits, and this in the presence of strangers—or, perhaps, we have given way to enthusiasm, and are met by ridicule; or we have made a confidence which we think render, and it is received with indifference, or we tell a story, and we are asked for the point of it; or we are given to understand that we are mistaken where we have assumed ourselves well informed; or our taste is coolly set at naught; or we talk, and are reminded that we are prosy; or we are brought face to face with our ignorance in a way to make us feel it most keenly.

The strength of a snub lies in the sudden apprehension that we have committed ourselves, and a consequent painful sense of insignificance—that there is somebody quite close to us, regardless of our feelings, looking down on us, and ostentatiously unsympathizing. This is an elaborate description of perhaps a momentary sensation following on an encounter probably as short, after which each party may seem to pursue his way unconscious; but in human affairs time is not the measure of importance, and one of the two at least treasures a memory of it in his heart, bearing no proportion whatever to the time it took in acting.

Perfectly collected and self-satisfied persons are impervious to snubs. Sam Weller is represented as receiving one from his master (we need not say well merited) with perfect smiling serenity. So are the happy few gifted with the power of repartee and rejoinder, who may be called social debaters, whose glory is an emergency, who can collect their powers on the instant, and "give the check they take" with usury. When M. Scribe, according to the newspaper story, answered the millionaire who wanted him to lend him the use of his genius for a consideration, that it was contrary to the Scripture for a horse (so he wrote it) and an ass to plough together, it was a perfectly fair snub. The man deserved anything he got, but he must have felt triumph rather than mortification, when, on the spur of the moment, he could demand what right had M. Scribe to call him a horse.

There are men exemplary in all the duties of life who never pass a day without snubbing somebody—their wives, of course (natural victims, used to be told that they say nothing and do nothing right), their children, their servants, their underlings, their acquaintances, their associates. Every day something has passed their lips which has accounted the blow at the time, and worked on the recollection like a blister, which has been repeated with gazulous severity, and been passed on to the world as a fresh trait of character which has added to the growing barrier which daily arises between the man and his species. Not that we can cut him—we do not even wish to do so. All the ceremonies of friendly intercourse continue to pass between us; there is no reason they should ever be left off. But at every encounter he gets showed farther and farther away from our secrets.

One by one he loses the key to the hearts of his friends, who stand on the defensive, keep watch, shut themselves up in his presence with instinctive caution, till we doubt not he often, in his inner heart, wonders at his own isolation. For our part, we are sincerely sorry for him; and we are so conscious, besides, that man may have the habit, without knowing it, that we would offer one general counsel—never, under any temptation, to practise a talent for setting down on people worth listening for. It is a good deal, take a circuitous route, leave good advice unsaid, or said in less trenchant telling fashion, bear irritations, nuisances, what not, rather than inflict any sudden wound on your friend's self-love. Do not put him, on your behalf, on the duty of Christian forgiveness. Allow him to rest in some ignorance of your opinion, even though he may believe it more to his advantage than it happens to be. Submit to be incomplete; sacrifice the pleasure of being sharp and acute at his expense; for it is very certain that he will not like you the better, and very unlikely, also, that he should himself be the better, for your having made him feel like, and perhaps look like, a fool. If he is often put under the apprehension of it, the least that can be expected of him is, that he will eschew your confidence, and carefully keep on the windy side of intimacy.

Here lies the secret of so many charges of ingratitude, and benefits forgotten, of unrequited, unvalued sacrifices. Not that a few, or even a series, of ill-considered, unpalatable words ought to counterbalance real services, but that they put human nature to a strain which too severely tests its weak points. And there is this to be said—that contempt, of all things the hardest to bear, is, if we go to the bottom of it, the motive force of most snubs. The practice is certainly incompatible with a respectful habit of mind. Our friend is in a hurry to tell us that our judgment is worth nothing; that our expression of it must be stopped; that we, or something about us, must be put down. As we think over the matter, the examples that first occur come from contemptuous minds—men without deference, who are accustomed to lean upon themselves, who do not expect to find much in other people.

We do not find them appealing to others, or wishing to know their thoughts, or willing to follow out their speculations, or listening to their suggestions. They live and think alone, impatient of interference and interruption, and nourish some notion of themselves which practically, though it may not take the form of vulgar arrogance and vanity, sets them above the possibility of benefit from the crude, unformed, untaught intelligences around them. Indeed, it is their impatience of other men's ideas and conclusions which bows them to commune with themselves.

And it is to be observed that such men never do one others a little best. A person of ordinary modesty, not gifted with self-reliance, not conscious of his powers, can only know himself to advantage under favorable circumstances, and when we are speaking it in the sub-conscious or the rare moments of inspiration and success.

Nobody is quite himself before them unless he is aware of the possibility of an equal show of talking, though between the immediately dependent the odds of the number. The House of Washington rends off an earl, its collaterals, "a rare and ancient stock, yet poor," and on an old man's dwelling was rare, Washington and world reign and fame encircled the world. It was very proper, the employment appropriate, the reward just and fit. We could all sympathize with him—the contagious, the social, the disposition—all of them very good, but the purpose and some very mistaken; but, as we have said, the good and the bad people never touch. Disposition, or we should, it is said to be found in small minds reserve, and the smallest of minds. He seems to recommend, search out disagreeable, hate the vulgar, and all the Beothucks, by the mentors.

The Curiosities of French Restaurants.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Sun* writes as follows:—

Restaurants for the working classes in Paris have been actually opened in every quarter of investigation to attract attention. Last week one was opened in the Faubourg Montmartre, provided a dinner of two courses and a dessert to whoever wishes, in a little hotel, the answer to a notice affixed every morning, for celebration by children in compliment. Another, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, but upon a still more extensive scale, opened last. He [illegible] a gigantic sausage, which, when he was [illegible] over the floor of the restaurant, the words, "Les saucisses d'or," in large gold letters, blazing beneath. His sausage, large, in white walls decorated by lectures of the temple [illegible] highly appreciated on the other side of the Rhine, and in every little message a free drink given in gold.

His principle was that as his customers called for sausages they should be cut off in a regular manner from the string so artistically arranged round the dining hall. The result [illegible] be imagined than described. The eager artists displayed on the commencement of every meal, as he hurriedly examined and finally ate the sausage, would have supplied a phrenologist with many good subjects for study. The experiment proved most remunerative to the proprietor, but the quarrels that caused were so serious a nature that the police have interfered, and the master of the establishment has received orders either to change his shop or to proceed on a less exciting system.

You must constantly have remarked in the windows of restaurants of this class triumphal arches, columns, and every species of architectural device, constructed with marvellous ingenuity, of hundred of snails piled up in moss. I have often been puzzled to know what was the ultimate destiny of these myriads of snails, whose shining shells evince an amount of care bestowed on their outer aspect, which proves that they must be there for a purpose. In France, you must remember, that snails did occupy public attention, an electric sympathy having been discovered to exist between the male and the female snail, which suggested to some enthusiastic mind the idea that the expense of electric wires might the richly be saved.

At this period of their history their name in French, which from the days of the Theramonis had been *escaucon*, was changed to *escarot*, which patronymic they retain. The race, however, sank into oblivion, and one was only reminded of its merits by apothecaries' advertisements announcing the most delicious syrups, lozenges, &c., made of snails, and warranted to cure every cold and cough that ever was caught. Yesterday, however, *escargots* for a *escarpot* occupied the attention of the police court. Snails, it appears, are eaten at taverns and public houses in dozens, hundreds or in thousands, but in myriads, and snail *gourmets* assert (I shall not dispute the point with them) that they possess a delicacy of flavor which exceeds that of oysters. *Sali.*

A shop in St. Denis was let a few months ago to a milkman, who underlet it to a certain Lancray. Extraordinary sounds, as of rattling chains, were heard at dead of night, emanating from the back premises, and—laugh!—a vapor, fetid and sickening, arose in black fumes, penetrating the closed and curtained windows of sleeping neighbors. What could it be? Evidently the smoke came from Lancray's yard. What dark trade did he ply? The police were applied to, and the milkman proceeded against as having underlet his shop to so mysterious and awful a personage as his tenant proved.

Lancray stated that he was a wholesale snail merchant, that he employed agents who bought up snails in different parts of France, but the most esteemed came from Burgundy, and to prepare his snails for the Paris market the process of cleaning must first take place. This he was in the habit of doing over night, by putting several thousands into huge tubs of water, and then stirring them with iron forks, which caused the rattling sound so terrifying to M. Lancray's nervous neighbors; and that the next process was that of boiling, which, unfortunately, resulted in the rancid smoke so offensive to their olfactory organs.

Roman Feasts.

Man is fond of good eating, and in every civilized nation the table occupies a large share of attention. In different countries the dishes vary widely, and the postures and the number of guests; but in all, luxurious feasts are common, as symbols of hospitality and good cheer. Mr. Merivale, in his History of the Roman Empire, gives the following description of Roman feasts:—

"The ordinary arrangement of a Roman supper consisted of three low couches, on three sides of a lowable, at which the attendant slaves could minister without incommoding the recumbent guests. Upon each couch three persons reclined—a mode which had been introduced from Greece, where it had been in use centuries, though not in the heroic times. The Egyptians and Persians sat at meat; so till the Greeks corrupted them, did also the Jews; the practical traditions of Hebrew represented the gods as sitting at their celestial banquets. The Macedonians, also, down to the time of Alexander, are said to have adopted the more ordinary practice; and such was the custom at Rome till a late period. When the men first allowed themselves the indulgence of reclining, they required boys and women to maintain an erect posture, from notions of delicacy; but in the time of Augustus no such distinction was observed, and the inferiority of the weaker sex was only marked by setting them together on one of the side couches, the place of honor being always in the centre. Reclined on stuffed and cushioned sofas, leaning on the left elbow; the neck and right arm bare, and his sandals removed, the Roman abandoned himself, after the exhaustion of the palæstra and the bath, to all the luxury of languor. His slaves relieved him from every effort, however trifling; they carved for him, filled his cup for him, supplied every dish for him with such fragmentary viands as he could raise to his mouth with his fingers only, and poured water on his hands at every remove. Men of genius and learning meant among themselves with conversation only; those to whom this resource was insufficient had other means of entertainment to resort to. Music and dancing were performed before them; actors and clowns exhibited in their presence; dwarfs and hunchbacks were introduced to make sport for them; Augustus himself sometimes escaped from these levities by playing at dice between the courses; but the stale wit and practical humor with which in many houses the banquet seems to have been seasoned, give us a lower idea of the manners of Roman gentlemen than any, perhaps, of these trifling pastimes."

The First Turnpike in England.

Exactly five hundred years have elapsed since a hermit, weary of the labor of having nothing to do, and tired of sitting the dull day through by the side of the stone which supported the sundial in front of St. Anthony's Chapel, on Highgate-hill—that stone which subsequently became known as Whittington's—resolved to mend the ways between the summit of the hill and the low part of the vale ending in Islington. This hermit was a man of some means, and he devoted them to bringing gravel from the top of the hill and laying it all along the unclean tract which then, as now, bore the name of "Hollow Way." By digging out gravel he gave a pond to the folks on the hill, where it was greatly needed, and he contributed cleanliness and security to the vale, where neither had hitherto been known.

Travelers blessed the hermit who had turned constructor of highways; the pilgrims to St. Anthony's found their access to the shrine of their saint made easy and pleasant by him; and as for the beneficent hermit himself, his only regret was that, in accomplishing this meritorious act for the good of his fellow-men, he had entirely exhausted all his fortune. The king, however, came to the rescue. He set up a toll-bar, and published a decree addressed to "our well-beloved William Phelippe, the hermit," that he and the public might know wherefore.

The king declared that he highly appreciated the motive which had induced the hermit to benefit "our people passing through the highway between Highgate and Smithfield, in many places notoriously miry and deep." And in order that the new way might be maintained and kept in repair, the king licensed the hermit to take toll, and keep the road in order, and himself in comfort and dignity. This was the first road-bar erected in England, and William Phelippe, the hermit, was the father of the race of turnpike keepers.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Soldier Ingenuity.

At the Sanitary Fair, soon to come off at Boston, there will be an exhibition and for sale a miniature steam engine, built of pocket-up materials, by two private soldiers, Wesley R. Hawkins and Abram H. Evans, both belonging the 15th New York Regiment, which was begun and finished since the arrival of the army before Petersburg. The engine, considering the materials and the means of making them, is a great piece of ingenuity. Its length is fourteen inches, and its height six inches. The boiler is made from a common oil can; the furnace from a cracker box; the smoke stack from a table fork; the cylinder from a piece of a musket barrel from the battlefield, the valves come from a piece of [illegible] the piston rod and crank are made from the pieces of musket barrel; the connecting rod is a piece of wire from a railroad lantern; the fly wheel is made from a piece of a mahogany box; the nine spokes to the wheel of a mustard can; the hub of the wheel is the fuse plug of a Rebel shell; the brace, from a railroad lantern; the valve rod is made from a piece of wire from a parasol; the Maltese cross (the 5th Corps badge) ornamentine the frame, the red paint, stamp plate, small standards, cross-beam, eventlines, and guides, are all made from pieces of brass picked up in various places in Virginia; the packing boxes and screws were in reality a United States medical instrument case; the machine rests upon a frame made from pieces of a mahogany piano case. It is a house near Petersburg is footpatch on shore in the Rebel army; the keys are pieces of mahogany from the same house, and the lock is on the bannes are from Rebel cartridge boxes from the battle field at the Weldon railroad. This nice piece of mechanism, though so small, is in perfect working order, and works beautifully, and has cover enough to run a sewing machine. It is named the General Charles Grant.

A Pseudo Duke.

An elegantly dressed young man recently appeared before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, to answer several charges of swindling. He gave the names of Wladimir Milenitowich, Duke de Medunum, Duke of Gono, and pretended to be a near relative of the reigning Prince of Montenegro. He has also been known as Millades of Greece, and by many other names. The proprietor of a hotel in the Rue d'Anbrese deposed that he first came to his house in 1863, being at that time in a very wretched condition, having rather money nor clothes, and apparently disappeared, leaving a debt of 70f., which, however, he paid in the following year, having in the meantime obtained the protection of the Countess de Gaetano Barigha, a lady of great wealth, who supplied him with money.

On that occasion the prisoner resided at the Hotel de Louvre, and lived at great expense. While there he obtained clothes of a tailor named Wall to the amount of 600f., which he paid, but afterwards fitted up a bill of 30,000f., for which Wall, being unable to get his money, arrested him. He also obtained goods and money to the amount of 3000f. from M. Oppel, a shirtmaker, to whom, as well as to Wall and other victims, he pretended that he was a duke in Montenegro, and the owner of immense estates; that he was about to be married to the sister of the King of Portugal, and also that he had deposited at the Caisse des Consignations a coffer containing the crown diamonds of Montenegro, worth 8,000,000f. After his arrest for debt, however, this coffer was opened, and the pretended diamonds proved to be paste, not worth more than 53f.

It appeared that the Countess Gaetano had introduced the prisoner to M. Fremy, Director of the Credit Foncier, and had authorized that gentleman to honor his drafts, which was done to the amount of 25,000f., when the Countess refused to supply him any longer, and he then began to victimize the tradesmen who now appeared against him. It was proved during the trial that the prisoner was not a near relative of the Prince of Montenegro, but that some of his distant relatives were connected with the Prince's family by marriage. After hearing a great deal of evidence, and counsel for the defence, the tribunal declared the charges of swindling fully established, and condemned the accused to 18 months' imprisonment, with 50f. fine.

"Jenkins" in Denmark.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, on their visit to Denmark, are followed by a suite of London newspaper reporters, who know or pretend to know everything that the royal pair and their friends are doing. The most ridiculous specimen of the writings of these Jenkinses is found in a late letter of the London *Herald* correspondent:—

"It is not for me to pry into the secrets of august personages, or to dream of repeating the idle tattle or expressive words that may have come to my ears, but one expression of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Russia is so pretty, and shows how entirely he gives heart, as well as hand, to the illustrious lady he has selected as the partner of his great destiny, that it may not be improper I should mention it. It may have been in one of the walks, or sitting on one of the rustic seats of the royal pleasure-ground, or possibly in one of the deep recesses of the ancient windows of the castle, and when looking out on the diamond-studded heavens of a northern night, that the tall, fair-looking Grand Duke fixed his large eyes on the still more expressive ones of his beautiful betrothed. 'Dagmar,' he said, 'those are not eyes you have; indeed, they are not eyes!' 'Not eyes!' said the lively princess, with a look which went to his heart, 'what are they, if not eyes?' 'By heaven,' said the love-stick imperial prince, 'they are stars. Nothing above is more brighter beautiful!' If I mention a little fact of this kind, it is to show that this Russian royal marriage is not to be one of those so unhappy in their consequences, brought about by family arrangements, or to further dynastic influences, but that it is a union of pure affection, in which the lover has selected the bride to whom he has given his whole heart; and has so conducted himself—as could the humblest peasant swain for a return of his love—that he has won to himself, by his own personal attractions and the eloquence inspired by an enamored heart, the deep affection of her who is to be one day his forever."

Courtship in Royal Circles.

A little court gossip is worth relating. Princess Mary of Cambridge, has got a beau! She has fallen desperately in love. At the Guards' ball she met young Lord Hood, and forthwith lost her heart. His lordship is a peer of the realm, wealthy, handsome and twenty-six. Her royal highness is at eighteen years older. By the terms of the royal marriage act, no member of the royal family can marry any one below the dignity of a prince. But she will probably go over to Hanover and get married—a Morganatic marriage—and let royalty whistle. The affair has created considerable uneasiness in high quarters, and her brother, Prince George, took her traveling on the Continent for sometime, in hopes that "change of scene"—the usual prescription for love-sick damsels—would cure her. But no, the arrow had gone into the spacious bosom too deeply. She declares she will marry him whether or no.

Were she to contract a lawful royal marriage, there is nothing stranger than that her heirs might sit on the throne of England. Look a the chance. Old George III had fourteen children, all dead, and no descendant except the princess and herbrother, Prince George, and Queen Victoria and her family. Not one single grandchild ever had a living child (legitimately) except the queen. Prince George is unmarried. The Princess Hena is to marry the Duke of Oldenburg, one of the claimants in the duchies. Princess Dagmar, of Denmark, is to be the future Empress of Russia. So, with all these royal alliances in the northern Europe, between the English royal family and the other royal potentates, the Bonapartes will have to husband their strength. There is trouble ahead.—*London Letter.*

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—Suppose a silver dollar measures 1 inches in diameter, 8 dollars so placed will make one foot in length, and $12,240 so placed will make a mile in length. The circumference of the earth is 21,600 miles; it would therefore require $12,384,000 to go once round the earth; this sum must be multiplied by 4 2-5ths to make it equal to our national debt, which would make the silver dollars go around the earth's circumference four times, and cover 8640 miles besides. Allowing a silver dollar to weigh an ounce, 16 ounces to a pound, and 2000 pounds to the ton, our debt would weigh 125,000 tons, and would require 125 ships of 1000 tons burden each to carry it. It would make 62,500 wagon loads of two tons each, and, calculating that each wagon will cover space of 30 feet, they would stretch a distance of 355 miles. It would take a man 365 years and 40 days to count the amount of this vast debt, estimating that he would count 60 dollars a minute, working ten hours a day and six days a week.

NATIONAL UNION TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
ANDREW JOHNSON,
OF TENNESSEE.

ELECTORAL TICKET.

AT-LARGE.
MORTON McMICHAEL, Philadelphia.
[illegible] LANDIS, Northampton.

REPRESENTATIVES.

1. Robert Ridg,	14. John W. Ritz,
2. W. Bucknalew,	15. Cyrus H. Pomeroy,
3. Philip Fitzpatrick,	16. John Stokes,
4. William H. Rees,	17. David McCandless,
5. Morton H. Jacobs,	18. David W. Woods,
6. Francis W. Hoch,	19. Hugh McCaleb,
7. Robert Parker,	20. John Cessna,
8. William Lathe,	21. John Covode,
9. John A. Hiestand,	22. Thos. H. Burrows,
10. Richard Vaux,	23. Reuben E. Fenton,
11. Edward Heverin,	24. Kingsley Bishop,
12. Charles F. Ermel,	25. John W. Guernsey.

By order of the State Central Committee.

SIMON CAMERON,
CHAIRMAN.

MILITARY NOTICES.

SIXTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.
RECRUITING OFFICE,
No. 531 CHESNUT STREET.

Recruits wanted for the celebrated Regiment of Major-General Sheridan's command.

The long experience of the officers, and the splendid record on account by the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry in the field, render this a most desirable Regiment for Veterans of Cavalry or Infantry desiring to re-enlist.

ALL GOVERNMENT AND CITY BOUNTIES PAID.

Apply to

Major CHARLES L. LEIPER,
10-27 12t* No. 531 CHESNUT STREET.

BOUNTY FOR MARINES.—WANTED for the United States Marine Corps, able bodied men who prefer the service at a school of arms, New York, based on board United States ships-of-war or foreign stations.

Term of service, Four Years.
Better representation than the army.
ALL THE LOCAL BOUNTIES paid upon enlistment.
Marines receive Prize Money.
For all further information apply at the Recruiting Rendezvous,
No. 319 S. FRONT Street, below Spruce Street, between the hours of 9 and 3 o'clock.

G. J. MCCAWLEY,
Major and Recruiting Officer.

FURLOUGHS.

Officers and soldiers visiting the city on furloughs, needing SWORDS AND OTHER MILITARY EQUIPMENTS, Are invited to the extensive MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT OF

GEORGE W. SIMONS & BROTHER,
SANSOM STREET HALL,
SANSOM Street, above Sixth Street.

PRESENTATION SWORDS

Made to order at the shortest notice, which for richness and tasteful elegance challenge competition, no other house in the country possessing the services of a SKILLED ENGRAVER JEWELER WITH THE PRACTICAL SWORD MAKER. 1-6

A CARD.—BELCHER & CO., PROPRIETORS OF CENTRAL EATING HOUSE AND DINING ROOMS, No. 431 CHESNUT STREET, OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA, PA., respectfully announce to the public that they have increase patrons and friends, their warmest thanks for liberal encouragement most generously bestowed, and pledge to add still further attractions and improvements, and use every endeavor to merit the continued support and patronage of the general public of Philadelphia and vicinity. 10-17-3m

DISSOLUTION.—THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing under the firm of SAMUEL N. JAYNE & SON, is this day dissolved. The business will be settled by the undersigned at No. 225 DOCK Street.

Philadelphia, September 31, 1864. CHAS. E. DAVIES, Surviving Partner.

U. S. Certificates of Indebtedness, Quartermasters' Vouchers and Checks, and Government Securities generally, bought and sold. 11-1-1m

Interest on Paper and Loans on Collaterals negotiated. Stocks and Loans bought and sold on Commission.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.—WASHINGTON BUTCHER, Commission Merchant and Wholesale Dealer in Provisions and Produce, has associated with him in his business his son, HENRY CLAY BUTCHER. The style of the firm will be

WASHINGTON BUTCHER & SON,
No. 146 and 148 N. FRONT Street,
Philadelphia, October 24, 1864. 10-24-1m*

GEORGE STITES, JR.,
MANUFACTURING MACHINIST
AND
ENGINEER,
No. 1021 N. SECOND Street, Philadelphia.

LIBERTY BRIDGE WORKS,
OFFICE,
No. 65 N. FRONT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

We are prepared to fill orders to any extent for our well known MACHINERY FOR COTTON AND WOOLEN MILLS, including all recent improvements in Carding, Spinning, and Weaving.

We invite the attention of manufacturers to our extensive works.

1-11 ALFRED JENKS & SON

CLERK'S OFFICE, COMMON COUNCIL,
PHILADELPHIA, October 31, 1864.

In accordance with a resolution adopted by the Common Council of the City of Philadelphia, on Thursday, the 27th day of October, 1864, the annexed bill, entitled

"AN ORDINANCE

TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE NORTHERN LIBERTIES GAS WORKS, AND TO CREATE A LOAN THEREFOR,"

is hereby published for public information.

WM. F. SMALL,
Clerk of Common Council.

AN ORDINANCE

To take Possession of the Northern Liberties Gas Works, and to create a loan therefor.

Section 1. The select and Common Councils of the City of Philadelphia do ordain:—That the Trustees of the Philadelphia Gas Works are hereby authorized to take possession of the Works of the Northern Liberties Gas Works, as soon after the final day of sale, [illegible] as may be in accordance with the terms of an Act approved April 1, 1864, P. L., 293.

Section 2. That for the purpose of enabling the Trustees of the Philadelphia Gas Works to take possession of the Gas Works authorized by the first section hereof, the Mayor of the City is hereby authorized to loan the credit of the city, at a rate of interest not exceeding six per cent. per annum, such sums of money as the Trustees may require, not exceeding fourteen thousand dollars, and to issue therefor the necessary certificates of loan, in the City Treasury in sums of one dollar or upwards, in the Trustees to issue certificates of the loan of the City of Philadelphia in such amounts and for such purposes as they shall deem expedient, not exceeding said sum.

Said loan to be used for the conversion of the stock of the Northern Liberties Gas Works, and the principal of the to be payable at the expiration of fifteen years from the date of such conversion, and not before, without the consent of the holders thereof. The certificates of said loan shall be in the usual form in which certificates of loan have been issued by the Commissioners of Sinking Fund, and shall be transferable at the office of the City Treasurer.

Section 3. That the said Trustees shall set apart out of the profits of said Gas Works the sum of twelve per centum per annum on the amount expended in virtue of this ordinance, or the purpose of paying the interest thereon, and for reimbursing the principal thereof, when the same shall be payable; and the interest shall be paid to the holders of the same, on the thirty-first day of December and the thirty-first day of June in every year, until the said loan is redeemed, the sum of six per centum on the amount of said loan shall be paid by the said Trustees to the City Treasurer, who shall apply the same as aforesaid thereof to the payment of the interest on said loan, as the same may fall due, and to no other purpose, and the remaining three per centum shall be paid over by the said Trustees to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, who shall invest the same and its accumulations in the loans to the said Gas Works, or in any other loans of the City of Philadelphia, as a sinking fund, which is hereby specially pledged for the repayment of said loan, and any surplus remaining after the payment of said loan, shall be applied by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund towards the extinguishment of the other loans to the said Gas Works, if any, otherwise of the funded debt of the City of Philadelphia.

Section 4. Upon taking possession of the works, pipes, &c., conveyed under authority of this ordinance, it shall be the duty of the Trustees of the Gas Works to make a detailed report to Councils of the property real and personal, so conveyed, and the assessed value, and the said Trustees shall have, with respect to said works, pipes, &c., the same powers and authority in all respects as they now have, or hereafter may have, with respect to the works already invested in their care.

Section 5. For the purpose of enabling the Trustees of the Philadelphia Gas Works to carry out the various trusts confided to them by Ordinances of Councils, and to increase, extend, locate, and improve in the most economical manner the pipes, meters, and works under their care, so as to meet the increased demand of the citizens for gas light, the said Trustees are hereby authorized and required so to regulate the price of gas and the several products of its manufacture as may from time to time be necessary, the said price of gas to be the same in all the Wards of the City supplied by the Gas Works under the control of the Trustees.

Section 6. Anything in any other ordinance contrary to this ordinance is hereby repealed.

RESOLUTION.

Directing the Clerk of Common Council to Publish a Loan Bill.

Resolved, That the Clerk of Common Council be authorized to publish in two daily newspapers, daily, for four weeks, the ordinance presented to Common Council at a stated meeting th