THE NEW YORK HERALD.

WHOLE NO. 9787. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1863.—TRIPLE SHEET. PRICE THREE CENTS

LITERATURE.

COUNTERFEITS.

[From the Weekly Herald.]

A curious document (supposed to have been found in one of the deserted camps of the Army of the Potomac), wherein the poet expresseth his indignation at Secretary Stanton's military banking system.

Just after Bull run,
In sixty-one,
The North was decidedly "blue,"
So, in a quandrary
Old Abe's Secretary
Sat down and bethough him what new,
'Tis true—
What new under sun could he do.

His face, very strange,
At once made a change,
Though "blue" in despair, it was seen,
From his heel to his head
A hue quickly spread
As if a chamelion he'd been;
I mean,
The whole of his back had turned green.

The people were quite
Elate at the sight,
And "greenbacks" became all the "go;"
Acquired the passion,
They made it a fashion;
A very good hit you must know.
Just so—
For it aided our spirits to flow.

No longer was seen
Aught but a bright green:
Blue vanished from every face:
'Twas right, then, of course—
The people endorsed,
Though bread and all went unpace
In space,
And gold ran a wonderful race.

Now this that befell,
Had been very well,
Had a rival not opened next door;
But you know, now and then,
That moneys ape men,
And do what they've seen done before,
No more—
A fact which the folks plainly saw.

This next Secretary
Was all military,
And the bank he established, the same.
His fortunes were made,
By General Trade,
His issues should add too his name
And fame,
And thus he ran on in this strain.

'Twixt cup and the lip
There's many a slip—
Folks straight made a bank of their own,
And issued a note
By populous vote,
Fresh, blooming and scarcely yet blown.
As shown,
The people "backed" Mac all alone.

As rogues always do
When their plans fall through,
This firm, though high, in its station,
Determined that he
Discounted should be
If they fell below par with the nation.
Damnation!
They refused him a free circulation!

"A counterfeit trade
Is speedily made,
Since Virginia won't fairly be took, or
Surrender her host
And give up the ghost,
And Mac, when he easy could book her,
Forsook her,
By jingo! why then we will Hook-her!"

But alas! alas!
This note wouldn't pass
Across the first stream that he met,
And back he was sent
From where he had went,
And sat himself down in a pet.
I'll bet
But for Lee he'd be sitting there yet.

Base currency he
Was decided to be,
Though of Gen'rals he thought himself best;
For dreadful the slaughter
He'd made of reporters,
But found no contemptible jest,
I guess,
When he butted his head on the Press.

Oh with what a flourish
Our hopes he once nourished!
He swore he would never "knock under."
He crossed and came back
With his head in a sack,
His "object accomplished"—no blunder.
I wonder
Did he mean to be walloped like thunder?

The past, tho' no more,
Leaves us knowledge in store;
A tale with a moral quite near.
The plain simple facts
In his General acts
Make it settled undoubted I fear,
Quite clear,
That "Old Abe" has been "shoving the queer."

Hark! guns are booming
And flames are looming:
The rebels are on us to pillage and sack.
Then raise the old standard
'Neath which we were banded—
Drive counterfeit out of the track,
And back
We'll have our own brave little Mac.

AN ADVENTURE WITH GUERILLAS.

[From the Weekly Herald.]

The battle had raged with terrific fury throughout the day, and with but little success to our arms. The enemy outnumbered us two to one, and our general found it expedient to draw off his shattered columns in the night. In other words, it was a retreat of our army, or rather what portion of it had been engaged in this battle.

Becoming separated from my company in the darkness of night and the haste of departure, I wandered about in the woods with the vain hope of meeting the road over which our column was conducting its silent retreat. Luckily I was not in a reasoning mood, or I might have come to the conclusion that the best thing I could do would be to lie down and sleep for the night on the spot where I first stood.

As it was I marched on steadily for upwards of an hour without thinking of anything—not even the dear ones at home. I was a somnambulist for the time being, and pursued my aimless journey with a persistence worthy only of a sleepwalker. Imagine, then, my surprise on suddenly hearing, in the midst of this solitude, the sound of voices in noisy conversation, and hurrying on a few rods further beholding the light of a fire not far distant.

This startled me at first, but I went on, though cautiously. As I approached the sounds grew louder, and resolved themselves into the notes of a rollicking song, sung in the richest Irish accent. I could only catch the concluding words as I approached:—

For little Mac
He took the track,
And swore to beat the rebels back.
Whoop! whack!
Hurrah for Little Mack!

"Arrah! the divil take the spit! The pork's in the fire, and my finger's burned! By the sowl of my grandmother, it's the divil's own time we're having of it in this bastely country! Why the divil don't you spake, Doctor? Am I to do all the blather here and lose my meals in the bargain? Come, say something. Prescribe for my burned finger, and tell me what to do for another piece of pork in place of my supper, which is done to a coal in the middle of the blaze there, bad luck to it!"

"I prescribe a little more prudence, and much less noise, unless you have an especial desire to inspect the interior of a rebel prison," answered a deep bass voice.

I approached closer, and, parting the bushes, obtained a view of the scene.

In the centre of a small cleared space was a fire; two men were seated on the ground beside it. One, a portly man, with a large round face, and a red nose, surmounted, oddly enough, by a pair of green spectacles, was absorbed in the unctuous duty of roasting a piece of fat pork which he had pierced with a sharp pointed stick.

The other, who was much taller and more muscular than his companion, was on his knees beside the fire, blowing his fingers, and alternately cursing his luck and humming a lively air. Both men were clothed in the blue uniform of Northern soldiers, while the former wore the green sash of a surgeon and the latter the yellow shoulder straps of a captain of cavalry. "Well, Doctor, you are a jaynius; but you've forgotten I have lost my supper. Prescribe me a fresh one," said the Irishman.

"As Micawber says, 'wait for something to turn up,'" answered he of the green eyes, revolving his delicate morsel in the most scientific manner over the dancing fire, which eagerly thrust forth its many tongues to grasp it.

"Wait for a turnip!" exclaimed the Irishman; "I mig t as well make it a plum pudding; for, in either case, I'd wait and wait, and keep on waiting; for divil the bit will you find in this cursed ould den of rattlesnakes. Whist, man! what ails ye?"

This last exclamation was occasioned by the strange conduct and the remarkable change in the countenance of the Doctor. His body writhed, his arms twisted, and his hands clutched the spit convulsively, while the most agonizing expressions flitted in quick succession across his face beneath the deep shadow of the green spectacles. The Irishman burst into a loud uproarious laugh, when it become evident that his companion had almost lost his hold on the now well done piece of pork, and was earnestly endeavoring to so balance it on the end of the stick that he might safely withdraw it from the fire. His hopes were doomed, however, to disappointment; for to his unutterable horror he beheld his hold melt away by the action of the heat, and the dainty bit sink slowly into the centre of a bed of coals, blazing up finely, and illuminating his rueful countenance and that of his chuckling fiend in ruddy colors.

"Now, thin, Doctor, that you're sick with the same disease as myself, perhaps you'll——. Whist! What's that?"

The quick ear of the Irishman had caught the sounds of a smothered laugh in which I was indulging over the Doctor's mishap; so, knowing that my amusement as a spectator was over, I stepped into the little clearing before them so suddenly that they were taken completely by surprise.

The Irishman, however, sprang to his feet and drew a revolver; but the Doctor stared through his spectacles in wild dismay, and simply clutched his sharp stick.

My blue uniform soon allayed their apprehensions, and on relating my misfortunes they declared themselves in the same fix, and invited me to make one of their mutual relief party—an invitation which I was by no means loth to accept.

"Well," said the Captain, after I had concluded my explanations, "there is only one thing that surprises me, and that is, how the divil did you pass our pickets?"

"What pickets?"

"Why, the pickets I posted an hour ago, of course. Do you suppose I'd build a fire here without posting my pickets first? Remimber, it's a soldier you're talking to, young man."

"Why, have you a force with you?" I exclaimed in surprise. "I understood you differently."

"So you did; but I said nothing of nagurs. I have four of them on picket all at wunst about a quarter of a mile from this. They're at the four points of the compass, and how you passed thim puzzles me intirely," said he, scratching his head and winking at me with a comical expression.

"Humph!" growled the Doctor; "they've run away or gone asleep."

"Oh, I have it!" exclaimed the Irishman, laughing; "their complexion is too black to be seen in the dark night; so the Lieutenant missed them."

"Well, then, what made them miss the Lieutenant? He isn't a nigger, is he?" muttered the Doctor.

The other looked at him a moment with the most comical grimace, and then, turning to me, said, in tones made ludicrous by a mock pity:—

"Don't mind the Doctor, young man; he has a new disease—pork on the brain. You see he has lost his supper, and is just now engaged in speculating on the probability of his being forced to 'root, hog, or die.' Therefore you're at liberty to consider him for the present a whole piece of pork in a living form."

"In the vernacular, you mean I'm a hog," said the Doctor, turning his spectacles towards us.

"Mind how he grunts when you stir him. Isn't there a striking resemblance, young man?" gasped the Captain in the breathing spells which occurred between the successive roars of laughter in which he indulged, as his victim lazily raised his huge body and disposed himself more comfortably beside the fire.

I still had my haversack, and, as it was well filled, I produced its contents, and we all made a good supper.

This over, the Doctor, who had eaten heartily, seemed in a better humor, and replied to the sallies of the Captain with much humor.

After thus laughing an hour away the latter called our attention to serious things.

"Now, then," said he, "the first thing in order is to consider probabilities. First, what shall be our course to morrow?"

"West," answered the Doctor. "East," said I; and the Captain advocated north.

Each one of us held to his own views stubbornly. Matters were growing complicated between us, when the Irishman thus cut the gordian knot:—

"Well, thin, gintlemen, we'll not travel together at all, and we'll not gain any success if each man is the gin'ral. If we mass our forces just mind what we'll do. We'll march through the inimy's country a tower of strength. We'll steal all the pigs, confiscate the poultry, run off nagurs for the black brigade, strike a blow at the heart of the rebellion and the stomach of the inimy, and kick up a divil of a row ginerally."

"They'll call it a raid in the newspapers," acquiesced the Doctor, evidently tickled at the idea of distinguishing himself in an unprofessional manner.

I readily agreed to the proposition of the dare devil Irishman, who thereupon immediately nominated and elected himself to the command of the "expedition," as he called it, without consulting the wishes of either the Doctor or myself in the matter.

"Now, thin, gintlemen, that I'm elected unanimously to this important command," said he, "I take at once the functions of my office. It's been tattoo for some time. I order 'taps,' and, as our limited military resources don't afford us the luxury of a drum and a drummer, you must suppose you heard something and lie down and sleep on faith, which I've heard is as strong as whiskey—at any rate it smells as loud as some of our chaplains."

The Doctor emitted several growls over the summary election, and declared himself opposed to it as illegal.

"Illegal!" cried the Captain. "Was there ever anything illegal in war? Haven't I the command?"

"But how did you get it?"

"Like many a larger man—by 'cheek, bluster and blatherskiting,' av coorse. Now I've got it, who dare say he isn't the bravest and best since Napoleon?"

The Doctor groaned, and the whites of his eyes were visible over the green spectacles. He murmured, as if to himself—

"What says Demetrius, the philosopher? 'Egotism bears its own sure punishment.'"

"And what says Pat Daly, the Aldherman?" retorted the Irishman, "'Take all you can get, then look out for more.' There's wisdom for ye." The Doctor would have replied, but the Captain declared that "taps" had already been sounded and it was time to be asleep; so, without more ado, he rolled the corpulent disciple of Esculapius over in a thick blanket, and, either from laziness or an inability to raise himself again, he did not attempt his former position, but disposed himself for sleep as naturally as a whipped child put to bed by its mother.

"A rich ould chap that," remarked the Irishman, turning to me and jerking his head back significantly towards the surgeon. "I've known him through three campaigns. He's like a child of my own." I remarked that the last proceeding bore out the resemblance.

The Captain laughed heartily, slapped me on the back, and said I was a good fellow if I was young, and then, looking cautiously about him, extracted a canteen from his roll of blankets, applied it to his lips, and, after staring at the sky for a few minutes, withdrew it and handed it to me, with the injunction not to let the Doctor hear, because, as he said, "he drinks like a fish."

"Come, now," said he, when I had finished, "we'll go the 'grand rounds' together. It strikes me that my pickets need stirring up."

Though fatigued and sleepy, I acquiesced, and accompanied him in his tramp, well knowing that, with his usual obstinacy, he would insist if I refused.

"Now, thin," said my conductor, as we moved into the thick darkness in the opposite direction to that from which I had come, "I will show you a specimen of foresight and prudence quite new to you poor infantry devils. Hark! don't you hear anything?"

The neighing of horses was growing more and more distinct as we advanced, and we presently reached them, some ten or fifteen in number, including those of the Doctor and my guide.

"You see, lad," explained the latter, "I've an eye to business at all times. When I got astray in this infernal wood, instead of dismounting and getting myself in the divil's own fix, I picked up all the stray horses and niggers I could, with the view of making 'war support war,' d'ye see!"

"But," said I, "in our circumstances these animals are only an annoyance and cause of delay."

"Not a bit of it. If the woods are too thick to ride through we can eat the hoster, at any rate, can't we? Who talks of starvation cow?"

"But the negroes?"

"Ah! the niggers? That's where I'm sublime. They're my body guard. I've organized thim in a cavalry company."

"But they must eat."

"Must they? Well, 'pon my say so, they'll find their diet arranged by orders from headquarters; and I'm convinced of th' opinion that a long fast would do the black haythen a deal of good. Oh, don't be astonished. You'll find I'm as good a commissary as ever scored two rations for one."

After a vain search for the negro whom the Captain said he had placed as a guard over the corral, we kept on our round without meeting a soul besides ourselves, until we had nearly made the complete tour, when we found four stout darkeys huddled together in their blankets and snoring away in an excruciating manner. They were roused by a series of heavy kicks administered by my companion.

The ridiculous routine of posting pickets was again gone through with, and we returned to our starting place well nigh exhausted. Notwithstanding all my protestations the Captain insisted that the fire should be kept blazing; so, though not well assured of safety from the scouts of the enemy, after several drinks from the canteen I rolled myself in my blanket, and soon fell into a sound sleep.

It must have been long after midnight when I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder. I started to my feet.

"Hush!" whispered the Captain; for it was he. "Not a sound, for your life! Do you mind the noises in the woods? I've been awake here for an hour listening to them. Sure the divil's abroad to-night."

I listened, and presently there came a low croaking sound, which swelled to the proportions of a hoarse scream, and then, rising to the highest pitch, went howling down the distance, pursued by echo on echo, until it seemed that the wood was peopled with devils.

I turned and saw the Irishman's face; it was white, as no doubt was my own. We gazed at each other in speechless dismay for a minute. I was the first to break the silence.

"Shall I awake the Doctor?"

"No; he's worth no more than a child. I've been listening to these noises for an hour, and I can make nothing out of thim. Sure ye niver heard a rebel howl like that?"

"No, it is unlike anything I ever heard before."

"Thin it's the spirits of the dead!"

This was said with such a degree of earnestness and conviction that it sent an involuntary shudder through me. I looked about me. The gloom was impenetrable; the circumstances and surroundings most solemn. I was impressed with a supernatural awe.

"We must penetrate this mystery," said I faintly.

"Where are the nagurs?" whispered the Irishman, his hand clutching my arm tightly. "Don't think I'm frightened, young man, though I act strangely. I'll go with ye now if you wish it, and meet whoever or whatever is howling forninst there; but I'm of th' opinion that bullets are of little use against such as that." I saw that the Irishman's superstitions had complete control of him now.

Shortly the sounds were repeated, apparently nearer than at first, and were answered by a hoot or yell in the far distance, which may have been from a different source, or merely a last faint echo of the first.

I looked at the Doctor to see if these noises disturbed him; but he still slept soundly.

"There's nothing supernatural there," said I. "That last whoop was from mortal lungs, take my word for it."

"We shall see," said the Captain. "Stand you here youngster, and watch even the wind itself. Your life's concerned; for whatever's abroad the night is up to mischief."

Before I could say a word in answer he had left me and plunged into the depths of the wood.

In a minute or two, during which all was silence, he came tearing back through the undergrowth.

His hands were covered with blood. There was a question in my look of horror. He answered with one exclamation:—

"The nagurs!"

"What has happened to them?"

"Two of them—dead."

"Dead?"

"Aye; I felt their throats with my own hands."

"And the other two?"

"Gone."

"We have an enemy about us, Captain!" cried I.

"Let us be up and doing. He cannot be very strong."

"Whist, boy! be cool and quiet," he answered. "We're tightly boxed up; but we have the advantage here. If it's a man or divil he'll be sure to find fight in me before I attend my own wake."

As he said this there was a flash in the darkness opposite where we stood, and a bullet struck in the centre of the fire, sending the sparks flying in all directions. Several shots succeeded this, and I felt a sharp pain in my side. I fell to the ground, not from the wound, however, but simply to escape the next volley.

The Captain, drawing his revolver at the first shot, had rushed off with his usual impetuosity in the direction of the attacking party.

In a moment after there was a scuffling, as if a struggle were going on, and I heard the Irishman's voice above the strife, hurling imprecations and terrible oaths. Then there was a thundering of hoofs, a dashing of frightened horses by me, and I comprehended that our corral had been broken up.

I dragged myself forward to the assistance of my companion. A female figure, with clothing tattered and scanty, dashed past me with the fleetness of the wind, and, giving vent to the same unearthly scream which had so startled us at first, disappeared in the gloom. The Captain followed shortly after in eager pursuit; but I seized and detained him.

His explanation astonished me. He revealed the fact that we had been attacked by only this girl and a boy of about fifteen. The latter had escaped on the Captain's approach; but the former he had caught in the act of setting our horses free. He had seized her, and wrenched the shotgun, which he showed me, from her grasp; but, with astonishing strength, she had thrown him to the ground and made her escape.

It was now coming day fast, and, the gloom of the forest having begun to disappear with our apprehensions, we could look about us coolly. To our surprise, we noticed that the doctor had not shifted his position all through this confusion and danger.

I went to him and knelt at his side. My fears were realized. He was dead. A bullet had pierced his brain, and he had died without a mutiner.

The warm hearted Irishman was inconsolable over his loss, and wept like a child; but tears and threats of vengeance were alike unavailing; so we dug a shallow trench and interred him as decently as we could.

When the sun had risen sufficiently high, I dragged the captain away from the grave, and we began our weary wanderings in search of an outlet to the labyrinth in which we were so completely entangled.

We would have starved had we not been captured a couple of days after by a scouting party of the enemy, and conducted to imprisonment little better than the dreadful fate which awaited us in the forest.

We learned from our captors, on relating our adventure, that the girl was a maniac. She had lost her lover in one of the early battles of the war, and her sorrow had developed into this strange species of madness. She and her brother were captured shortly after by a party of the enemy, on whom she had made a night attack, as she had on us.

The two negroes who were missing heard the noises which alarmed us, and were either wise enough or so scared as to take flight. They had the good fortune to reach the Union lines, and I saw them shortly after my exchange. The Captain, however, who is still in the service, says he has lost confidence in the black pickets altogether.

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

The WEEKLY HERALD, from the present week, will contain:—

Full and authentic details from our special war correspondent of the Movements of the Rebels in Pennsylvania and Maryland.

The latest advices in regard to the Progress of the Siege of Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

The latest news from North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Mexico, Havana, Europe and other portions of the world.

It will also contain Reviews of the Money, Provision, Cattle, Horse and Family Markets; Editorials on Prominent Events of the Day, Ship News, and reports of all other interesting and important news.

Single copies Five cents. Annual subscription price:—

One Copy	$2
Three Copies	5
Five Copies	8
Ten Copies	15

Anly larger number, addressed to names of subscribers, $1 50 each. An extra copy will be sent to every club of ten. Twenty copies, to one address, one year, $25, and any larger number at same price. An extra copy will be sent to clubs of twenty. *These rates make the* WEEKLY HERALD *the cheapest publication in the country.*

ADVERTISEMENTS to a limited number, at fifty cents per line, will be inserted in the WEEKLY HERALD.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
Editor and Proprietor.
Northwest corner of Fulton and Nassau streets,
New York City, N. Y.

EXCURSIONS.

ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE CONGREGATION OF ST. Mary's church, West Hoboken, N. J., will be held at Mrs. Sims' Woods, on July 4, 1863, for the benefit of the schools under the charge of the passionist Fathers. Tickets 25 cents. Stages will leave the Hoboken ferry for the Wood on the arrival of the boats during the day.

CONEY ISLAND FERRY.—THE NAUSHON LEAVES Christopher street, ... 9½, 12½, 3½. Spring street, ... 9¼, 12¼, 3¼. Dey street, ... 9¾, 12¾, 3¾. Pier No. 4 North river (Morris street), ... 10¼, 1¼, 4. Landing at Fort Hamilton.

EXCURSIONS TO CONEY ISLAND.—SHORTEST route to the ocean. Cars leave Fulton and Catharine ferries, Brooklyn, every six minutes, connecting at city line with cars for Coney Island. First car from ferry at 6 A. M.; last car leaves Coney Island at 10 P. M. Sunday, first car from ferry at 7 A. M.

EXCURSION TO THE FISHING BANKS.—STEAMBOAT STATEN ISLANDER, Capt. I. O. Phillips, will run to the Fishing Banks every day, commencing on Saturday, July 4. On and after July 4 will leave the following landings every day except Saturday:—South Tenth street, Williamsburg, 7 A. M.; Broome street, 7 15 A. M.; Peck slip, 7 30 A. M.; Spring street, North river, 8 A. M.; pier No. 4, foot of Morris street, 9 A. M. Fare for excursion, 50 cents. Refreshments, bait, fishing-tackle, &c., furnished on board.

FISHERMEN ON DECK—A GRAND EXCURSION TO the Sea Banks. The fast sailing schooner JOHN J. HOUSEMAN, Captain Dobson, will leave Spring street, North river, at 10 o'clock on the evening of Friday, July 3, and return on Saturday at 3 o'clock. Bait and lines on board and refreshments. Free chowder on board. Fare one dollar.

FISHING AT FORT HAMILTON COMMENCED.—Twenty-four caught by one person alone in less than an hour yesterday morning. Boats, fishing tackle and bait, and full information as to grounds, &c., furnished. The cars all run to the place and stop at the door.
ADRIAN STILLWELL.

FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSION TO BRIDGEPORT.—The steamer BRIDGEPORT will start from Peck slip, pier 26 East river, on Saturday morning, July 4, at 8 o'clock. Returning, leaves Bridgeport at 11 o'clock P. M., arriving in the city about daylight. Fare for the excursion, $1 50.

FOR THE FISHING BANKS—COMMENCING THURSday, July 2, steamer MARYLAND, leaves Grand street, East river, at 7 A. M.; Peck slip at 7½; Fulton ferry, Brooklyn, 7 50; Dey street, pier 20 North river, 8 20 daily. Fare 50 cents.

4TH JULY EXCURSION TO WEST POINT AND NEWburg.—Fare for the excursion $1.—Steamer BROADWAY will leave pier foot of Jay street, touching at Thirteenth street, Saturday morning, July 4, at 7½ o'clock, landing at Yonkers, Hastings, Dobb's Ferry, Tarrytown, Sing Sing, Haverstraw, Cold Spring and Cornwall.

4TH JULY EXCURSION.—THE STEAMER MAGNOLIA will run excursion trips between Peck slip and Harlem, stopping at Tenth street and 120th street each way, connecting with the High Bridge Boats, leaving Peck slip at 6 A. M., 8 A. M., 10 A. M., 12 M., 2 P. M., 4 P. M., 6 P. M. Leaves Harlem at 9 A. M., 11 A. M., 1 P. M., 3 P. M., 5 P. M., 7 P. M.

STEAMBOATS.

DAY BOAT FOR ALBANY.—THE STEAMER DANIEL DREW leaves from Jay street pier, Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock, landing at Thirteenth street, making the usual landings.

DAY BOAT FOR ALBANY.—THE LARGE AND COMmodious steamer DANIEL DREW leaves from pier foot of Jay street every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, at 7 o'clock, landing at Thirteenth street, Yonkers, Cozzens', West Point; Newburg, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Tivoli, Catskill and Hudson; arriving at Albany in time to take the cars for Saratoga and the West; arriving in Saratoga 7 o'clock same evening.

FOR BRIDGEPORT—DAILY LINE.—THE STEAMER BRIDGEPORT leaves pier 26 East river daily, at 12 o'clock noon, arriving at Bridgeport in time to connect with the Housatonic, Naugatuck, New Haven and Hartford Railroads; also the shore line to Saybrook and New London.

FOR OYSTER BAY, LLOYD'S DOCK, NORTHPORT, Stony Brook and Port Jefferson.—Steamer OCEAN WAVE leaves Catharine slip Friday, July 3, at 3 P. M.

LAKE SUPERIOR LINE.
CONSISTING OF STEAMERS
PLANET, METEOR,
CITY OF CLEVELAND,
TRAVELLER, ILLINOIS,
IRON CITY AND NORTHERN LIGHT.
One of the above steamers will leave Detroit, Mich., at 10 o'clock A. M., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week during the season of navigation for all points on Lake Superior.
Leaving Cleveland on the previous evening at 8 o'clock P. M.
The fare by these steamers, including board and rooms, is only about 2½ cents per mile, cheaper than any other pleasure route in the world.
For further information see season cards.

ASTROLOGY.

A BONA FIDE ASTROLOGIST THAT EVERY ONE can depend on is Mme. WILSON, who tells the object of your visit as soon as you enter. She tells the past, present and future of your life, and warns you of dangers, and brings success out of the most perilous undertakings. N. B.—Celebrated magic charms. No. 189 Allen street, between Houston and Stanton, over the bakery. Charges for ladies and gentlemen, 50 cents.

MADAME RAY IS THE BEST CLAIRVOYANT AND Astrologist in this city. She tells your very thoughts, gives lucky numbers and causes speedy marriages. No. 300 Seventh avenue, near Twenty-seventh street. Ladies, 25c.; gentlemen, 50c.

MADAME BURR, GIFTED CLAIRVOYANT, STILL continues to tell past and future events, at 21 Bleecker street. She tells the names of those who visit her, also their very thoughts. She has a true secret for causing speedy marriages.

NO IMPOSITION.—THE NEVER FAILING MADAME STARK, from Europe, who was born with a native gift. She consults on the past, present and future, on all affairs of life; brings together those long separated, causes speedy marriages, shows you a correct likeness of your future husband or absent friends; drunkenness cured; numbers free. Ladies, take notice—you that have been deceived by false lovers, you that have been unfortunate in life, call on the great European Clairvoyant and Astrologist, for it is true facts alone influence her to say that her equal is not to be found, which is proved and tested by hundreds who daily and nightly visit her. Caution, look out, good news for all. $1,000 reward for any one who can equal Madame Stark, the great European Clairvoyant, in her profession or skill. She also tells you the name of the person you will marry. No humbug. No. 151 East Seventeenth street, corner of Third avenue. Name on the door. Gentlemen not admitted.

N. B.—WHO HAS NOT HEARD OF THE CELEbrated Madame PREWSTER (who has removed to 447 Sixth avenue, corner of Twenty-seventh street) and who can be consulted with entire satisfaction. She has no equal. She tells the names of future wife or husband; also that of her visitor. If you wish truth give her a call.

THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE WORLD IS THE accomplished Madame BYRON, from Paris, who can be consulted with the utmost confidence on all affairs of life; restores drunken and unfaithful husbands; has a secret to make you beloved by your heart's idol, and brings together those long separated. Ladies 25 cents. Residence 99 Third avenue, above Twelfth street.

WHO WOULD NOT GO TO MAKE THEIR FORTUNES when no one need advise them to see Miss WELLINGTON, the renowned English Prophetess, universally acknowledged the best of all Astrologers, who guarantees to secure to those who consult her health, wealth and happiness, and warrants to impart to them information of the utmost importance, relative to lawsuits, journeys, absent friends, love, courtship, marriage, hidden treasures, enemies and troubles; in fact, of all affairs in life. Brave soldiers, learn your doom of glory, life or death. If you seek your own prosperity and felicity you'll not delay to view her address for future this fair and beautiful young lady, at 101 Sixth avenue, opposite Eighth street. Miss W. is the only person in this city who has the genuine Roman and Arabian talismans for love, good luck and business affairs—warranted for life. Lucky numbers given, as she is highly respectable city reference. Drunkenness cured and unfaithful wives and husbands reclaimed.

165 BOWERY.—MADAME WIDOMER, CLAIRVOYANT and gifted Spanish lady, reveals the secrets of futurity, love, marriage, absent friends, sickness, speculation; in fact, for all diseases; tells lucky numbers, property lost or stolen.

LOAN OFFICES.

AARON ADOLPHUS, 429 PEARL AND 31 NEW Chambers, rents licensed by government, loans money to any amount on personal property, as Gold and Silver Watches, Diamonds, set and unset, Dry Goods, &c. Articles can be redeemed any time within one year.

AT 101 GRAND STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF Broadway.—Money advanced on Watches, Jewelry, Plate, Dry Goods and Pistols. Property of every description. J. A. JACKSON, Broker and Commission Merchant, office hours from 9 A. M. until 6½ P. M.

AT 60 NASSAU STREET, ROOM NO. 2 UP STAIRS, the highest prices are paid for Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry of every description. An advance can be the same if conferred, by A. GOODMAN, Broker and Commission Merchant.

FRIEDENBERG'S EAGLE LOAN OFFICE, REMOVED to 110 New Canal street, near the Bowery, advances liberal on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Sewing Machines, Silver Ware, Guns, Pistols, Furs, Wearing Apparel, &c. Charges moderate. Business confidential. Open daily.

LOAN OFFICE—AT 609 BROADWAY, CORNER OF Houston street. Money liberally advanced on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plate, Rifles, &c. N. B.—Pawnbroker tickets wanted. I will pay more than any person in the city for tickets on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plate, &c. 609 Broadway, up stairs, room 5.

PAWNBROKERS' TICKETS WANTED—AT 107 FULTON street, one door east of the Bowery. I will pay the best price for tickets of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silver, Dry Goods and Clothing. A lot of Diamonds wanted.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.

A NUMBER OF WELL RECOMMENDED GERMAN girls want situations as cooks, chambermaids, laundresses, nurses, girls for general housework, &c., at Mrs. LOWE'S German Institute, No. 17 Stanton street, near the Bowery.

A RESPECTABLE GIRL WANTS A SITUATION AS chambermaid and waitress, or as chambermaid and seamstress. Call for two days at 92 Atlantic st., Brooklyn, first floor, front room.

A SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE young girl, aged 16 years, to mind children and do plain sewing. The best of city reference can be given. Can be seen for two days at 552 3d ave., between 32th and 39th sts.

A SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG WOMAN, TO do plain sewing and chamberwork or general housework. She will be well recommended by her present employer. 316 3d av., second floor.

A SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE woman, as wet nurse, whose baby died when it was four weeks old; would like to take care of a child in her own house. Call at 181 Washington st. Dr SHINE.

A SITUATION WANTED—BY A PROTESTANT WOman, as first class cook; understands cooking in all its branches; would go to the country; has the best of city and country references. Can be seen until suited at 22 6th av.

A LADY WISHES TO PROCURE A SITUATION FOR her nurse; she is competent to take care of an infant, and sews on Wheeler & Wilson's machine. Call for two days at 31 East 38th st.

A SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE MIDdle aged man, as nurse or to take charge of an invalid gentleman; has no objection to city or country. Can give the best of city reference as to experience and capability. Can be seen, or address, J. W., 202 East 47th st.

A SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE young woman, lately arrived from England; is capable of doing housework for a small family. Call at 324 3d st., near Manhattan, second floor.

A LADY IS DESIROUS OF OBTAINING A SITUAtion for a good, faithful girl as cook, washer and ironer, or to do general housework. Apply at her present employer's, 137 East 39th st.

AN AMERICAN MIDDLE AGED WOMAN WISHES TO get a situation to take charge of children, with some family that is going to the seaside through the warm season. Address Mrs. E. J. K., Paterson, New Jersey.

A RESPECTABLE GIRL, 19 YEARS OF AGE, WISHES to engage herself with a family going to Europe as a lady's maid; no objection to the care of children; speaks French, German, Dutch and English languages; respectable references. Address R. M., box 126 Herald office.

A GOOD COOK AND TO WASH AND IRON, BY A very competent girl, with satisfactory references. Call at 55 6th av., in the bakery.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE YOUNG woman, as good cook; is an excellent washer and ironer; can give the best city reference. Call for two days at 209 East 5th st., between 1st and 2d avs., second floor, front room.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE YOUNG woman, as chambermaid and seamstress and to take care of children; would go in the country. Apply at 217 West 25th st., second floor.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE WOman, to cook, wash and iron, in a small family. Good reference from last place. Call at 139 West 27th st., first floor, back room.

WET NURSE.—WANTED, A SITUATION AS WET nurse, by a healthy young woman. Inquire at 107 West 15th st.

WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE, STRONG YOUNG German girl, a situation in a small family, to do general housework. Apply for two days at Mrs. Barrett's, No. 37 Marshall st., Brooklyn.

WANTED—A SITUATION, BY A RESPECTABLE young girl, to do chamberwork or to assist with the washing and ironing, or would take care of children; has good reference. Can be seen for two days at 33 West 46th st., between 5th and 6th aves.

HELP WANTED—MALES.

AGENTS—A $10 MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, ON rollers and varnished, for 50 cents. $12 and $15 a day can be made; send for sample.
J. T. LLOYD, 164 Broadway.

A COLORED COACHMAN WANTED—TO GO TWELVE miles into the country; must understand milking. Apply at the office of the Pacific Mutual Insurance Company, 191 Broadway.

AGENTS, SOLDIERS, AND EVERYBODY WANTED to sell the most beautiful, largest, cheapest and the best stationery and prize packets in the world. Send for our circular and see the great inducements we offer.
G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman st., N. Y.

A BOY WANTED—TO OPEN OYSTERS; MUST COME well recommended and make himself generally useful. Apply at 381½ 3d av.

A SMART INTELLIGENT BOY TO BE IN A STORE, age 16 to 17. Recommendation required. Living with parents preferred. Call this (Thursday) morning at 7 o'clock, at E. Phalon's, 517 Broadway.

BOY WANTED.—WANTED, A SMART ACTIVE BOY in a retail hardware store; one who resides with his parents and can come well recommended. Call after 9 P. M. in the hardware store, corner of Waverley place and 6th av.

BOY WANTED—TO WORK IN A BAKERY. APPLY at 910 Broadway.

BOY WANTED.—A SMART BOY, ABOUT 15 YEARS old. Apply at 765 Broadway, in the photograph gallery, between 11 and 2 o'clock.

FOREMAN WANTED—TO TAKE CHARGE OF A steam packing box factory; one who understands his business and knows something about running machinery. Also a box cutter wanted, at 91 Mercer st.

TO MINERS AND QUARRYMEN.—WANTED, AN EXperienced man, one who has been accustomed to run adits and sink shafts in iron mines, to contract for such work by the lineal foot, providing the own tools, powder, fuse and lights, and competent to take charge of a day and night gang of men. Such as can furnish testimonials as to capacity and integrity may address box 67 Post office, giving their names, references and residences.

WANTED—A BOOKKEEPER FOR A WHOLESALE tent house; none need be a good penman and competent to keep books in double entry, with good city references. Address R. & Co., Herald office.

WANTED—A FIRST CLASS SALESMAN AND A BOY about 16 years of age, in a dry goods commission house. Address Merchant, box 1,441 Post office.

WANTED—A COACHMAN, WHO UNDERSTANDS HIS business and must come well recommended. Apply at southeast corner of De Kalb and Clinton aves., Brooklyn.

WANTED—YOUNG MEN SEEKING PROFITABLE employment will find all their desire. Agents and canvassers wanted in every town by Hoffman & Co., 104 John st.

WANTED—A GOOD SIZED BOY TO ATTEND A SEgar store; one who can come well recommended. For parties apply at 221 6th av.

WANTED—AN INTELLIGENT, WELL EDUCATED German lad, 17 to 18 years of age, to a foreign shipping and commission house. Salary will depend upon capability of applicant. Must live with his parents. Address in own hand writing, box 3,339 Post office.

WANTED—A FIRST RATE PAN WORKER IN THE confectionery business, to go a short distance in the country, permanent situation and good wages. Apply to J. P. & C. K. Dalley, 16 Division st.

WANTED—AT 123 BEEKMAN ST., A WAITER TO help during dinner hours, from 12 to 2 o'clock.

WANTED—A CARVER, AT 123 BEEKMAN ST.; MUST understand cooking.

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN AS CLERK, TO GO TO California with an importer; two clerks for grocery stores, two conductors, three porters, two teamsters, six men for steamers, four girls to travel, one stewardess. Apply to Mr. SPINK, No. 7 Chatham square, N. B.—A bookkeeper.

WANTED—MEN TO ENGAGE IN RESPECTABLE business; capital $100 to $500; profits $60 to $300 per month; great invention; freely shown; the most skeptical convinced, at 609 Broadway, room No. 3.
A. W. GOODELL.

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN TO DRIVE A SMALL wholesale milk route and to make himself generally useful. Must come well recommended. Apply to James O'Reilly, 176 8th av., corner of 19th st.

HELP WANTED—FEMAL