A WOUNDED FRANC-TIREUR'S STORY.

Melancholy Legend of the House at Chiselhurst.

Visit to Vouleyent-le-Chateau—The House Where Prince Frederick Charles Stopped In—Napoleon's Statue—Brienne—Discoveries—The Wounded Franc-Tireur—Legend of Chiselhurst.

BRIENNE, Dec. 2, 1870.

I have just been visiting Vouleyent-le-Château, a pretty little place, over which the war storm has passed without entirely ruining it. It was in the beginning of last month that the leaders of the Second Army corps made this their headquarters, and the inhabitants (for there are inhabitants left) will tell you, with a certain awe, how "Monseigneur le Prince" took up his abode in the Château. This Château, for which they have almost feudal admiration, is an ugly-looking place enough outside, though it stands in a fine park. It has the historical association of a visit from Napoleon the First in the days of his decline; in fact, it was here that he received the news of the advance of the allies upon Paris. All the neighborhood of Vouleyent-le-Château and Brienne is impregnated with Napoleonic reminiscences, Brienne, as, doubtless, your readers have often enough been reminded lately, being the place of the great Napoleon's military schooldays.

STATUE OF NAPOLEON AT BRIENNE.

The statue of Napoleon the First still stands at Brienne. It represents him as a young student, but the features and expression have all the determination with which we are familiar in his older portraits. The base of the statue is of green marble, on which are engraved the words of the hero himself—"Pour ma pensée Brienne est ma patrie. C'est là que j'ai ressenti les premières impressions de l'homme." I was looking at it the other day, when some children went by—one little girl had a child in her arms, not above a year old I fancy, while the small nurse herself might be about eight. "*Tiens mon enfant*," she said, when she got near the statue, "shake thy fist at the naughty man," which that infant then and there accomplished to the admiration of all beholders, who appeared delighted to see that atom of humanity defying the stone effigy of the great conqueror. I wonder whether before that child has attained years of discretion the Napoleons will be reigning once more.

BRIENNE.

This place itself was, on the 9th of last month, the headquarters of Prince Frederick Charles, who took took up his temporary abode in the castle of Brienne, the Prince de Beauffremont's place. It is a grand building and a perfect museum of the fine arts, having especially some fine pictures and bronzes. How they could have been preserved I know not, for the Château de Brienne was one of the many burnt down in the first French revolution, to be rebuilt very soon after in the early days of the first empire. The whole of the gilded saloons, the elegant halls and boudoirs are now in as good order as if no cruel war had come near them. It is almost incredible to see the delicate eggshell china there standing safe and sound thus near wild scenes, where much that was so strong and great has perished. The town has not suffered more than the castle, but the inhabitants are many of them reduced to great distress.

DISCOVERIES AT VOULEYENT.

As I before observed, I made an excursion from Brienne to Vouleyent, and found it still safe and tolerably well, though the inhabitants are reduced to great poverty. It is one of the most picturesque and nicely built little places you ever saw. Each little house has its little garden, its little porch and little eccentricities of architecture, as though some elf had drawn out the plans. Here I made one or two remarkable discoveries. Among others, I found the creature I had always supposed fabulous and belonging merely to newspaper mythology, "the oldest inhabitant." He was a poor, decrepit old creature, minus teeth and hair, and with the most cracked and the hoarsest voice I had ever heard. He was leaning over his garden gate as I went by, and as I lifted my hat to him and stopped for a little news forage, he presently displayed that he was as long of tongue as he was short of teeth. It was a melancholy picture, of which he formed part—a withered garden and an old cottage behind him, and before a long, straight road, half frost, half mud, on which a few snowflakes now and then kept falling. It was a dull, gray afternoon, and the clouds hardly moved, though every now and then a wild wintry wind swept by, moaning. We talked about the horrors of war and the great cause there was for desiring peace, and he wanted a great many assurances that I was not a Prussian before he would believe me. We talked then of

MACMAHON'S ARMY,

and he told me no one could imagine what a miserable state his soldiers were in when they passed through Vouleyent, on their return from Alsace. "They did look different when they went and when they came back," he said. "We saw them both times. Never was there such a difference: it was just like a young fellow going all smart and bright to a fair in the morning and coming back tipsy and rolled in the mud at night." Then he went on explaining how he had seen the Prussians pass down that very road

FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

"A long time to look back upon," I answered, as the great procession of the half century's events flashed past my mind, which, in the measured sweep of the great scythe of Time, had brought the Prussians here again.

"Ah! that it is, sir, that it is; and I wish I had been in my grave before I saw it."

Here the wind took the opportunity, flew down his throat and choked him. Then, recovering himself, he invited me into the cottage, it was so very cold. His cough was very bad. Was I a doctor? Enough of a doctor to assure him that he had been out there too long already from the fire, and had better go in again. But he suddenly became impressed with the idea that I was a proficient in the medical science, and with great eagerness begged me to come in and see his neighbor's son, who was very ill. It was quite in vain to protest; he insisted upon my following him into a neighboring cottage, and I went quite a *médecin malgré moi*.

THE WOUNDED FRANC-TIREUR.

There seemed to be nobody in the cottage when we went in, for the room was rather darkened than lighted by one little dirty window, and no brightness was visible from the stove. My guide, however, calling out,

"How art thou, Jules?" a weak voice replied, "Better this afternoon."

My eyes presently, growing accustomed to the dimness, became aware of a young man, pale and haggared-looking, lying on a rude sort of apology for a bed, in the corner of the room. He must have been a fine fellow in health, and answering to Dumas' description—"Cela veus a des yeux flamboyants comme ces Espagnols, ces Siciliens qui se vengent si bien, cela vous a des poings à écraser une tête de bœuf." But now the *pauvre garçon* seemed brought to death's door, and the reason was soon explained, partly by himself, partly by his ancient friend.

He was a Franc-tireur, and had fought through several wild skirmishes with the Prussians—chiefly like the old "Choumas," by night—but about a week ago had got a ball in his chest while attacking some Prussians who were marching towards Belfort. He had managed somehow to make his way home. His father conceals him in fear and trembling, expecting a Prussian raid upon the little homestead to drag out his son and despatch him then and there. "I tell him there is small fear of that," said Jules, with a faint smile. "They are not very likely to find me and kill me, and I don't mean to die if I can help it. I must get well. There's a Bavarian officer I have got to shoot, and I know I cannot die till I have done it."

I not unnaturally asked "Why?"

"My brother, sir, was in the Franc-tireurs corps with me, and they took him, and that Bavarian had him shot. I know the gentleman very well, and shall hope to meet him again with my rifle in my hand. I am sure I could pick him out at anything short of a mile." His eyes gleamed and looked so wicked that I should feel sorry for the Bavarian captain if ever they did meet again under the circumstances indicated. This sort of war in little with private grudges and of individual reprisals has now become one of the features of this great war. The bitterness of the Prussians is thereby much increased. After all this it was hard to disappoint them by proving myself no doctor in the end. When I did so I could not but feel that they both despised me very much, though they did their best to conceal the fact gracefully.

A LEGEND OF CHISELHURST.

Knocking about here in the disturbed land of France I did not expect to come upon a legend of pretty, quiet, little Chiselhurst, yet such was my hap to-day. An old woman, with whom I casually made acquaintance as a *blanchisseuse*, after being very voluble on the subject of the extreme dearness of soap in France, suddenly began to speak English (rather a broken sort) and volunteered the information that she was an English woman by birth. "More than forty-five years ago," she said, "I was a little maid in that very house at Chiselhurst where, I hear, the Empress is now. An old friend of mine wrote me word of it from England. It's an unlucky house, I do believe," she said, "for my master and mistress were both murdered there, one night when we were all asleep, by a wicked footman. At least my master was killed quite dead and my poor mistress' throat was cut so badly she only breathed a few hours. When the murder was found out nobody suspected the footman and he was sent off to Sir Astley Cooper's to fetch him to my poor mistress. It was quite early in the morning and Sir Astley was in bed, and they showed the man into his room, when a little dog darted from nobody knows where and began worrying at the man's heels. Sir Astley had a sort of suspicion of something wrong about the man from that moment; for it wasn't a natural dog, you know, sir; nobody could account for its being there. Afterwards the man tried to kill him himself, and when they stopped him he confessed the murder. What is more, sir, the dog appeared again the day he was hung and went after him to the gallows." I thanked her for this canine legend, and trusted no one would murder poor Eugénie or otherwise maltreat her in the ill-famed house. My laundress hoped not, but was evidently far from sanguine on the subject.

AMONG THE CRIMINALS.

Visit of a Herald Reporter to the Philadelphia Prison.

His Reception by the Superintendent—Inspection of the Model of the Gallows—The Murderers Who Have Been Hung Thereon—The Prison Inspected—Some of the Prisoners Interviewed.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 1, 1871.

It was a bright, beautiful winter day when a representative of the HERALD entered the gloomy portals of Moyamensing prison in search of some statistics of that celebrated institution for the past twenty-five years, the time it has been in operation. The wicket closed with a sharp click and the massive bolts shot into place as I entered the corridor and inquired for Mr. Howard Perkins, Jr., assistant superintendent of the prison. The gatekeeper requested me to wait a few moments until he inquired if Mr. Perkins was visible. In the meantime I took a survey of

THE GIBBET

over the office entrance, said to have been in use in the colonial days of Pennsylvania. One can easily imagine the terrible sufferings of the unhappy wretch doomed to die by that devilish instrument. Made of hoop iron, it will just contain a full grown man; the hoops are tightened and riveted, and the criminal is swung into the air "in ye market place" to slowly die from the combined attacks of hunger and the elements, and left to be the prey of the birds of the air until nothing remains but a ghastly skeleton to remind passers-by of the majesty of the law. Happily for our progressive age this method of execution is forever abolished in the United States and England. It is occasionally practised, even at this late day, by pirates and freebooters in Southern European countries. The gatekeeper returned in a few moments and informed me that Mr. Perkins awaited me in the office. I passed in and was welcomed by Mr. Perkins to the hospitalities of Moyamensing. I replied that "hospitalities" were good, but I came in search of information and would prefer to dispense with the hospitality generally administered in that institution. Mr. Perkins smilingly replied:—

"Oh, that's it; have a seat and I will be happy to give you any information I possibly can consistently with the rules of the prison."

CORRESPONDENT—I believe Philadelphia justly claims to have graduated some of the greatest criminals of the age. Some of them are doubtless in your custody at present. Can you give me a little history of some of their crimes?

Mr. PERKINS—I do not know that our city is particularly proud of the honor (?), but it is nevertheless a fact that this city does take the lead in graduating criminals of a certain order. Take, for instance, Haulon (we think he leads the world), Probst and Twitchell. The murders committed by these men are probably unequalled in the history of the United States. Do you see that bust just over the window? That is Probst. The impression was taken just after his execution, and there you see him just as natural as—death. The mark around the neck was done by the rope. Although he committed a horrible crime (murder of the Deering family) he was as different from Hanlon as day from night. He gave us no trouble whatever, and was very repentant. He seemed to feel that he had made a very bad mistake in life, and was willing to atone for it so far as the surrender of his life could do. Hanlon is ugly, cross and morose, always finding fault; and I doubt if he has a grain of sympathy in Philadelphia outside of his own family. He don't seem to possess the feelings that generally actuate condemned murderers. He has but a month to live, yet he don't manifest that feeling and appreciation of his situation that almost invariably take possession of the condemned. He is, undoubtedly, the worst man with whom we have ever had to do.

CORRESPONDENT—The priest visits him, does he not?

Mr. PERKINS—Yes, every day. What takes place between them I do not know. I only know what our experiences are.

CORRESPONDENT—You doubtless have the scaffold on which murderers are executed.

Mr. PERKINS—Yes, but it is now taken apart; we have a model which I send to sheriffs in different parts of the State, who, upon being called on to perform the extreme penalty of the law, find themselves novices in the art, some of them never having seen a scaffold. Mr. Foote—calling an attendant—"Won't you go up stairs and get that scaffold model in the lead-colored box?" The model was brought down and adjusted. It is as follows:—"The doors are fastened to two upright posts at either end. The posts are dovetailed to cross-pieces on the ground and one cross-beam on the top. The doors, which work by hinges, are supported by three props. The prisoner ascends the scaffold with the priest or minister, who administers the last consolations of religion and descends. Two of the props are removed, and at a given signal the Sheriff pulls the remaining prop from the centre. The doors fall apart and the criminal is launched into eternity."

CORRESPONDENT—Do you keep the ropes as mementoes?

Mr. PERKINS—Yes; I have quite a number; I will show them to you.

He passed inside the desk railing, unlocked a drawer in the desk, and produced from three bags, that looked very much like pillow cases, the ropes by which some noted criminals had met their death. They were labelled as follows:—Winnemore, August 29, 1867; Eaton, April 9, 1869; Probst, June 8, 1866. [The rope by which Probst was hung has been cut up to within two inches of the noose and given to relic hunters. It was found necessary to cut the noose, Probst's neck having swelled so badly that it could not be untied.] Armstrong, —— —, 1868, and numerous others whose names my curiosity did not incline me to learn.

Mr. PERKINS—Here is Probst's dream on the night preceding his execution. It was translated by the German priest and given me:—

PROBST'S DREAM.

In the night I had a good dream, which gave me great joy. I came into the house where the family lived which I have murdered. I met them all together; all the eight persons sitting at the table; and when I opened the door they all rose from the table and all shook hands with me, and received me with the greatest joy and love, and asked me where I came from and where I stayed so long, and they asked me if I would not stay with them; they would give me all I want if I only would stay with them. I have seen all the eight persons standing before me as if alive; even the little baby I saw in its mother's lap, and it recognized me, and it smiled and gave me its little hand, and then I got awake.

ANTON PROBST.

CORRESPONDENT—Mr. Perkins, how many convicts have you had within the prison since it has been in operation. I refer to those actually tried and convicted of crime—not those sent here to await trial and who have in many instances been discharged when proved innocent?

Mr. PERKINS—We have had 10,150 convicts in a period of twenty-five years, an average of nearly 450 per year.

CORRESPONDENT—What is the number now confined within the prison?

Mr. PERKINS—Over 750.

CORRESPONDENT—Have you any murderers awaiting trial or sentenced?

Mr. PERKINS—We have about six in the untried department and four beside Hanlon in the convict department.

CORRESPONDENT—Are those in the convict department under sentence of death?

Mr. PERKINS—Yes; but will not be hung. They have been sentenced in former years, but the Governors who were then in office did not fix the date of execution, and it is understood in such cases that the prisoner is to remain in prison for life. Edward Ford, a negro, was sentenced May 31, 1851. He has been here nearly twenty years.

CORRESPONDENT—Is it against the rules of the prison to allow interviews with those in the untried department!

Mr. PERKINS—No; you are welcome to interview them if they will talk.

I passed out of the office, in company with Mr. Foote, across the corridor and through two large, iron doors, into the untried department, and made known my desires to Mr. Grub, keeper of second floor. The first man visited was

MR. WHITESIDE, CELL NO. 72,

a former constable in the Seventh ward, sent out to arrest a negro thief, shot an innocent man dead, convicted of manslaughter, not yet sentenced. The following is Mr. Whiteside's statement:—On the night of the 31st of March, 1870, I undertook to serve a warrant for the arrest of a man by the name of Scott, a negro thief. I arrested him at 709 St. Mary's street. He was rescued by a crowd of negro thieves; he then ran up Saint Mary's street towards Eighth. I pursued him, and he turned into Cross alley and from there into a private alley. I followed him, when a crowd of negro thieves surrounded me, crying; "there's the white son of a b—h! kill him! cut him!" I saw my life was in danger and tried to retreat. Cross alley was blockaded in every direction. I tried to get out, but was struck in the neck by a brick and a tin pan full of mud. That staggered me and I mechanically threw up my hands and discharged the revolver. Harry Truman, a negro thief, was shot dead. I wish they would either discharge me or sentence me; this suspense is killing me. I have nearly four years yet to serve as constable. My counsel, I think, if he would interest himself could secure some action in the premises."

JOHN FITZGERALD (NEGRO), CELL NO. 74,

charged with the murder of one Davenger on the 12th of November last, makes the following statement:—"I had some words with my father; he was going to turn me out of the house. Davenger he came along and put in his oar. Davenger was stabbed in the side by somebody. I'clar to goodness I don't know nuffin 'bout how he got stabbed. Dey 'rested me for it. Davenger lived forty-eight hours."

JOHN AYRES (COLORED), CELL NO. 86,

charged with being an accomplice of one Nixon, who murdered William Cleary, a negro barber, on Brown street. Nixon has already been convicted and sent up for twelve years. Ayres makes the following statement:—"I wasn't wid dat nigger at all; I saw him at de ball; but I didn't have nuffin to do with him. Nixon he killed Cleary. I was off with my gal, I was, and don't know no more about it dan de babe unborn."

GEORGE F. BLAKELEY, CELL NO. 83,

charged with the murder of George F. Boehm, at Baldwin's locomotive works, 15th September last, makes the following statement:—"Boehm and I got in a fight, in the course of which he fell and struck his head against a furnace, fractured his skull and died in thirty-five hours." Convicted December 2; not sentenced. Blakeley's frankness will doubtless be the means of mitigating his sentence. Like many others he got into a fight with a companion, never dreaming of taking his life. An unlucky blow, however, did the business, and he has to answer for the blood of a fellow being.

ABORTIONISTS.

Probably the most despicable business in which a physician can engage is the practice of abortion. The readers of the HERALD know but too well to what a fearful extent this crime is carried, and, doubtless, feel, with all good citizens, that the most severe punishment should be meted out to the villains who, in the guise of respectable physicians, persist in this fearful crime. Moyamensing contains at the present time two physicians incarcerated on the above charge.

DR. W. H. H. NEVILL,

a physician, formerly doing business on the corner of Nineteenth and Coates streets, is accused of performing an abortion, and afterwards throwing the infant from a bridge into Cohocksink creek, where it was shortly afterwards discovered and brought to land. Two ladies—Mrs. Taylor and Miss Haines—are very positive in their identification of Dr. Nevill as the man whom they saw drive up to the bridge and throw the box containing the child into the water below. The Doctor was arrested the next day. He relies on his ability to prove an *alibi* by a dozen witnesses. It is generally supposed that the doctor is innocent, and that this is a case of mistaken identity. He is a graduate of the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania, and has always borne the best character among the physicians of Philadelphia, who stick to him to a man. Not so pleasant is the predicament in which

DOCTOR REED

finds himself. Two distinct charges are filed against him. One of the cases of which he is accused resulted in the death of the mother.

THE PRISON AFFAIRS

are conducted with the utmost regularity and discipline. Mr. Howard Perkins, Sr., and his son, Howard Perkins, Jr., are to Moyamensing what Parker Pillsbury is to the Albany Penitentiary. Their rule is kindness, combined with firmness. Infractions of the rules of the prison are invariably punished, while by good conduct the criminal can have a certain percentage of his term of service taken off. A prisoner can earn, by good conduct, the following time:—

	Yrs.	Mos.		Yrs.	Mos.
1 year's sentence...	—	1	11 years' sentence.	2	5
2 years' sentence...	—	2	12 years' sentence.	2	9
3 years' sentence...	—	4	13 years' sentence.	3	1
4 years' sentence..	—	6	14 years' sentence.	3	5
5 years' sentence..	—	9	15 years' sentence.	3	9
6 years' sentence..	1	0	16 years' sentence.	4	1
7 years' sentence..	1	3	17 years' sentence.	4	5
8 years' sentence..	1	6	18 years' sentence.	4	9
9 years' sentence..	1	9	19 years' sentence.	5	1
10 years' sentence.	2	1	20 years' sentence.	5	5

Even with the above favorable commutation rate, I question very much whether it is advisable to endeavor to go to prison for the sake of what can be gained by good conduct while there.

THE COUNT JOANNES AS A DETECTIVE.

A Reminiscence of His Career in Boston Eight or Nine Years Ago.

How He Got an Innocent Man Arrested for the Murder of a Bank Clerk and Narrowly Escaped a Coat of Tar and Feathers.

BOSTON, Jan. 3, 1871.

The long yarn which appeared in a New York paper the other day, that George Jones, sometimes known as the Count Joannes, had got on the trail of the Nathan murderer, or had actually discovered him, has created a good deal of merriment in and around Boston. It is regarded as the most stupendous joke of the season, and its publication would have been more appropriate on the 1st of April than at any other time during the year. The only serious thing about it is the fact that any paper should have devoted so much space to such a transparent humbugging narrative.

This, however, is not the first time the "Count" has assumed the *rôle* of a detective and undertaken to bring to punishment the perpetrator of a mysterious murder. Some eight or nine years ago he was a resident of Boston. While he lived here there was a most horrible tragedy committed in the neighboring town of Malden. A young man named Converse, a clerk in the village bank and a son of the cashier, was found dead behind the counter at midday, and all the funds lying around (some five or six thousand dollars) were missing. A bullet wound in the head showed plainly the cause of death. No one heard a shot, and there was no clue to the murderer. The town was filled with excitement and grief, and large rewards were offered by the bank and the town authorities. The keenest detectives worked day and night, and every citizen vied with them in ferreting out the perpetrator of the foul deed. Weeks and weeks passed by and the tragedy remained as much of a mystery as the Nathan horror now is. One day the community was startled by the announcement that the murderer had been discovered in the person of the proprietor of a tin and stove store, nearly opposite the bank, and the indefatigable Count Joannes was the one who had unravelled the mystery. He had spent much of the time just previously in Malden, and, as he supposed, having got his evidence of guilt all complete, he secured the arrest of the stove dealer. Judge Warren, of Charlestown, granted the warrant, and a Malden officer served it. The community was more shocked at the arrest of the party accused by the "Count" than at the murder itself, and few, if any, believed him guilty. The enterprising detective persisted, however, that he had found the real culprit, and undertook to substantiate his charges in the Charlestown Police Court, where the party was brought up for a preliminary examination. District Attorney Morse was present to assist the "Count" in prosecuting the case, and after a searching and lengthy hearing the government attorney declared in open court that there was not the most flimsy particle of evidence, and he therefore moved the honorable discharge of the prisoner, and he was accordingly acquitted amid a round of cheering from the crowd which filled the court room. When the enthusiasm had abated the innocent man sobbed like a child, and nearly every one in the court room was moved to tears. There seemed to be no end of the congratulations showered upon him, and no words in the English language sufficiently emphatic to express their contempt for the detective "Count." As soon as the decision of the court was announced he left immediately for Boston, and thus escaped a coat of tar and feathers which a few friends of the falsely accused man were at that moment preparing for him. Finding, at length, that the subject of their wrath had slipped them, the citizens took their outraged townsman upon their shoulders and bore him to a gayly decorated barge, which, with a band of music preceding, was driven in triumph to his residence in Malden. The citizens turned out in thousands to cheer and congratulate him, and in the evening an impromptu meeting was held in the Town Hall. The spacious edifice was filled in every part, and not more than half who came could gain admission. Prayers were offered, tears flowed profusely, resolutions were adopted, and there was such a joyous hullabaloo as was never witnessed in Malden before or since. The innocence of an innocent man was vindicated and rejoiced over, and the persecutions of a volunteer detective were denounced in the most bitter terms.

A few weeks later the town was again startled by the fact that Edward W. Green, the Malden Postmaster, had been arrested for the murder, which had until this time remained a profound mystery. He was taken into custody on Sunday evening, and confessed the whole, and went with the officers and took from its hiding place what remained of the money which he stole from the bank at the time of his horrible crime. When brought up for trial he pleaded guilty, was sentenced to be hung, and two years later it came within the province of your correspondent to report his execution for the HERALD. In creating suspicion against this Postmaster Green, the real murderer, or in securing evidence to convict him, the "Count" had nothing to do whatever, although he says that it was through his "diplomatic skill," in spite of strong opposition, and in the face of threats of assassination, that he continued his investigations and brought him to justice. Your correspondent is personally familiar with all the details of the arrest of the innocent man at Joannes' instigation, and is also cognizant of all the circumstances attending the arrest, conviction and execution of the real murderer, without the aid, and, I suspect, without even the knowledge of him who claims now to have detected the Nathan murderer. His declaration, therefore, that he was the means of bringing the Malden assassin to justice is, to borrow a phrase from a well known editor and philosopher, "an unmitigated"—well, never mind the exact word, it is Anglo-Saxon.

REMOVALS.

REMOVAL.—THE OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL LIFE Insurance Company of the United States of America has been removed from the Park Bank building, to No. 34 Park row, corner of Beekman street, formerly Lovejoy's Hotel.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARD TABLES FOR SALE.—TWO OF PHELAN'S best full size, plain style, six pockets, rosewood finish, slate bed, Billiard Tables; have been used about three years and will be sold for less than half price. Apply to W. H. RISLEY, Berlin, Conn. Would exchange for a piano.

HOUSES, ROOMS, &C., WANTED.

A SMALL FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—BETWEEN Tenth and Thirty-fourth streets, Fifth and Seventh avenues; rent about $150. Address E. G., Herald office.

OFFICE WANTED—SUITABLE FOR A REAL ESTATE broker, below Liberty street. Address L. G., box 112 Herald office.

ONE OR TWO ROOMS, FURNISHED FOR HOUSEkeeping, near Broadway and Prince street. No children. Address J. E., Herald office.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY, A FIRST FLOOR STORE or Part of a Store, with cellar, for a wholesale fruit and grocery business, situated in Washington or Greenwich street, between Duane and Barclay streets. Address A. B., store, Herald office.

WANTED—A STORE OR BUILDING SUITABLE FOR the music business, between Bond and Twenty-third streets, one block east or west of Broadway. Address ERNST REINKING, 217 Sixth street.

WANTED—AN UNFURNISHED FLOOR, FOUR TO six rooms, below Nineteenth street, for housekeeping; rent must be moderate. Address WILLIAMS, Herald office.

WANTED—BY A GENTLEMAN AND WIFE, TWO furnished Rooms, suitable for light housekeeping; rent must be moderate. Address, with full particulars, A. B., Herald office.

WANTED—FOUR OR FIVE ROOMS, FURNISHED FOR housekeeping, in city, below Twenty-fifth street. Address W. E., Jersey City Post office.

WANTED—TWO UNFURNISHED ROOMS, BY A gentleman, in a private family; location between West Twentieth and Thirtieth streets. Address, stating terms, E. H., Herald office.

WANTED—FURNISHED APARTMENTS, SUITABLE for a small, genteel family, with housekeeping privileges. Address H., Herald office.

WANTED—BY TWO YOUNG MEN, ON THE EAST side, Bedroom, with two cots and sitting room off. Address, with full particulars, F., room No. 3, 25 Pine street.

WANTED—A FIRST CLASS BAR AND BILLIARD room or sample room, or a house in good location to fit up as such. Address H. THOMPSON, Herald office. No agents need answer.

WANTED TO RENT—WITH PRIVILEGE OF BUYing, a small House, with a few acres of ground, some thirty miles from the city; must be near the station; New Haven road preferred. Address T. PHILLIPS, 57 North Moore street, New York.

WANTED TO RENT—A FIRST CLASS HOUSE UP town, furnished or unfurnished. Address JAMES MUNROE, Herald office.

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EVENING TELEGRAM OFFICE,

97 NASSAU STREET.

PROPOSALS.

POST OFFICE AND UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY,
OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT, Dec. 15, 1870.
WROUGHT AND CAST IRON WORK.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Superintendent until 12 M. January 15, 1871, for furnishing, delivering, fitting and putting in place the cast and wrought iron work exhibited in plans, specifications and schedules now in this office, consisting of cast iron columns, bed-plates, &c., and wrought iron beams, girders, &c.

The work of the columns, iron beams and girders must be furnished, delivered, fitted and put in place complete within four months after date of written notice to commence the work, and the remainder as rapidly as required by the progress of the work, and as demanded by the Superintendent.

The contractors will be permitted the use of the derricks and engines in putting the work in place without charge, but will be required to pay the time of the men employed in working them, who will be furnished by the department when required.

Scaffolding to be furnished by the contractors.

Proposals will be made by the piece or by weight for the various castings and beams, as provided for in the schedules.

The work will not be subdivided among different bidders, but will be considered in the aggregate.

Payments will be made monthly, deducting ten per cent, until the final completion of the contract.

All bids must be accompanied by a penal bond in the sum $25,000 that the bidder will accept and perform the contract if awarded to him, the sufficiency of the security to be certified by the United States Judge, Clerk of the United States Court or District Attorney of the district where he resides.

The department reserves the right to reject any or all bids, if it be deemed for the interest of the government to do so; and any bid that is not made on the printed form to be obtained in this office, and does not conform in every respect to the requirements of this advertisement, will not be considered; neither will any proposals be received from parties who are not themselves engaged in the manufacture of cast or wrought iron work, and who have not the necessary facilities for getting out the castings or rolled beams.

Proposals will be endorsed "Bids for Iron Work," and addressed to CALVIN T. HULBURD, Superintendent.

LOAN OFFICES.

AT 77 BLEECKER STREET, NEAR BROADWAY, UP stairs, the highest cash advances on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Pianos, &c., or bought. Pawnbrokers' tickets bought at 77 Bleecker street.

AT FIRUSKI & WOLF'S, 596 BROADWAY, UP STAIRS, room No. 3, between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets—Liberal advances on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Pianos, Silks and Life Policies. Business strictly private.

AT HYMANS, 658 BROADWAY, CORNER OF BOND street—Liberal advances made on Diamonds and Watches, Silver Ware, &c., or will pay the highest market price for the same.

AT THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE OFFICE IN the city.—Any amount to loan on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, &c. ISAACS, 57 Thirteenth street, near Wallack's theatre.

AT B. MINTZ'S, 432 FOURTH AVENUE, NEAR Twenty-ninth street, liberal advances made or bought at the highest prices in cash on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Laces, Silks, Bedding and all kinds of Wearing Apparel.

AT THE OLD ESTABLISHED OFFICE, 66 NASSAU street, you can obtain liberal advances on Diamonds, Watches, Silver Ware, &c., or will purchase them at their utmost valuation. A. HONIGMAN, Broker.

AT T. A. JACKSON'S, NO. 5 AMITY STREET, NEAR Broadway.—Liberal advances made on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Dry Goods and Personal Property of every description. Same bought and sold.

AT 735—LOANS TO ANY AMOUNT ON DIAMONDS, Emeralds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Pianos, Velvets, Laces, Valuables, &c., or bought; utmost value paid. J. H. BARKINGER, 735 Broadway, opposite Astor place.

BROADWAY, CORNER FULTON STREET (KNOX'S Building).—Business established 15 years.—NEWMAN LEOPOLD buys, sells or advances liberally on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Life Policies. Merchandise and other Securities negotiated for.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE bought and sold and money loaned on them by GEO. C. ALLEN, 512 Broadway, under St. Nicholas Hotel.

MONEY LOANED—ON JEWELRY, DRY GOODS, Groceries and every description of Merchandise, particularly on Pianos and Furniture. Storage taken at 11 and 17 Eighth avenue, in real estate office. JACOB.

39 NASSAU STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.—Liberal advances made on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and all kinds of merchandise. The same bought and sold. HAYMAN LEOPOLD, room No. 1.

913 BROADWAY, NEAR TWENTIETH STREET, UP stairs.—Money advanced on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Laces, Shawls, Pianos, &c. Same bought. Unredeemed Pledges for sale. A. C. HERTS.

MACHINERY.

A STATIONARY ENGINE, 40 HORSE POWER, WITH Boilers and Steam Pump, all in perfect order and complete in all appointments, for sale at a very low figure. Also to let, the Factory containing the same, at a moderate rent; conveniently located and well built.
J. J. TAYLOR & CO., 68 Cortlandt street.

HOADLEY'S PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES,
Four to sixty horse power. Send for circulars.
J. C. HOADLEY & CO., 46 Cortlandt street.

SECOND HAND MACHINERY WANTED—FOR heavy work in hard wood, Daniel's Planer, 15-inch Circular Saw, Binding Machine, Lathe for irregular shapes, Dowelling Machine, Upright Saw, Tenoning and Mortising Machine. State full particulars and price delivered in shipping order on nearest railroad. Address MACHINERY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

DENTISTRY

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN—FOURTEEN years; benumbing application; gas administered; beautiful Teeth, $1; Set, $10; Plumpers for hollow cheeks; Sets repaired and purchased.
J. JAY VILLERS, 155 Grand street, near Broadway.

SALES AT AUCTION.

ALLEN B. MINER, AUCTIONEER.
BY ALLEN B. MINER & BROTHER,
late HENRY H. LEEDS & MINER.
(Established 1847.)
Salesrooms, 95 Chambers and 77 Reade streets;
Leeds' Art Galleries, 817 and 819 Broadway.
Auction Notice.

Messrs. ALLEN B. MINER & BROTHER will give their personal attention, as customary for the past 24 years, to sales of Household Furniture, at the residences of families declining housekeeping, and at their spacious salesrooms, 95 Chambers street, extending through to 77 Reade street; also to stocks of Merchandise at owners' stores, and Works of Art, Libraries, &c., at their galleries as above.
ALLEN B. MINER.
HENRY D. MINER.

ON FRIDAY, JANUARY 6,
at 11 o'clock, at their salesrooms, Nos. 95 Chambers and 77 Reade streets,
trade sale high grade Wines, Brandies, &c., in original packages, in bond or duty paid, and will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers. Consisting of
Brandies—Sarzarac, 1795 and 1858; Martell, 1862.
Hennessey—V. S. O. P. Old Cabinet, 1831, &c., in casks.
Whiskeys—Scotch and Irish, Ramsay and Lochnagar.
Holland Gin, in casks, cases, &c.
Sherries, Ports, Madeiras, &c., including Pemartin, Duff, Gordon, Harmony, Cosens, &c.
Champagne, Hocks, Clarets, Sauternes, &c.
Also, to close accounts, several lines of fine Wines, Brandies, &c., bottled in London, in cases of one dozen each. Particulars in time.

SATURDAY, January 7,
at 10½ o'clock, at our salesrooms, Nos. 95 Chambers and 77 Reade streets, genteel Household Furniture, removed for convenience of sale; also an invoice of marble Fountains, marble Florentine Inlaid Tables, &c. Particulars in time.

ARCH. JOHNSTON, AUCTIONEER—OFFICE AND Salesroom 37 Nassau street, opposite the Post office.
FANCY GOODS, FURS, &c.
JOHNSTON & VAN TASSELL will sell by auction on Wednesday, at 10½ o'clock, at their salesroom, 37 Nassau st., a large assortment of fine Robes, Furs, Fancy Goods, &c.

ARCH. JOHNSTON, AUCTIONEER.
Office and Salesroom 37 Nassau street,
Opposite the Post Office.
FINE JEWELRY, CLOCKS, &c.
JOHNSTON & VAN TASSELL will sell on Friday, at 10½ o'clock, at their salesroom, 37 Nassau street, an extensive lot of fine Jewelry—Ladies' Gold Watches, solid Gold Chains, solid Gold Sets, Earrings, Breastpins, Pins, Rings, Bracelets, &c., solid Silver and Plated Ware, French and American Clocks, Silver Watches, &c.

ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON, AUCTIONEER—OFFICE and salesroom 37 Nassau street, opposite the Post office.
FURNITURE, PIANOS, MIRRORS, &c., &c.
JOHNSTON & VAN TASSELL will sell on Thursday, at 10½ o'clock, at their salesroom, 37 Nassau street, a large assortment of Household Furniture, Pianos, Mirrors, Carpets, &c., &c.; also an assortment of Office Furniture, Desks, Chairs, &c.

AUCTION NOTICE.—112 WEST TWENTY-SEVENTH ST. Large and positive sale this (Wednesday) morning, commencing at 10½ o'clock,
over 400 lots and $10,000 worth of elegant and costly Household Furniture, many rare and costly Works of Art, contained in above brown stone mansion—Magnificent 7½ octave rosewood Pianoforte, cost $700; four rich Parlor Suits, Etageres, Bookcase, Bronzes, Oil Paintings, Brussels Carpets, Centre Tables, Mirrors, &c.; also Bedroom, Dining Room, Basement and Kitchen Furniture, in lots to suit purchasers. Sale positive. LUKE FITZGERALD,