The Intelligencer.

OFFICE: NO. 15 QUINCY STREET.

FREW, HAGANS & HALL, PROPRIETORS.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 28.

REMEMBER George Alfred Townsend's lecture at Washington Hall next Tuesday evening.

THE New York *Times* denies very emphatically that its editor, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, and Mr. Thurlow Weed are negotiating for the National *Intelligencer* with a view of making it Grant's organ. The *Times* says the whole statement is not only "wholly false, but absurd and ridiculous."

THE Baltimore *Gazette* has a "bit of genuine news" from its Washington correspondent, which, we are told, "clears away many foolish conjectures."

"While Schofield was canvassing the Senate to ascertain if he could be confirmed if nominated as Secretary of War, a Radical Senator called upon General Grant for his advice. The General frankly stated that *he was utterly opposed to placing military officers in civil positions while retaining their commissions;* but, under peculiar circumstances, *he thought* the rule might be departed from. This fact was very recently stated *as proof that the epaulieted gentry are to be excluded at least from the Cabinet.*

THE MURDER OF RIVES POLLARD.

FULL PARTICULARS.

The Murderous Deed Approved by the Richmond People.

A Sample of Southern Civilization.

We published yesterday the scandalous article in the *Southern Opinion* which costs its author, Mr. H. Rives Pollard, his life. We have now in the Richmond correspondence of the New York *Times* the following interesting details concerning the murder, the murdered man, the assassin, and the way the deed is looked upon by the community wherein it occurred.

The *Opinion* containing this article was in great demand. The edition was exhausted and the public appetite was not half satisfied with the feast of scandal. After reading and gloating over the article, the general verdict of the "virtuous" public was that a "man who would publish such a thing as that ought to be killed." Many expressed the belief that one of the young Grants (for there are two brothers,) would shoot him on sight, and be perfectly justified in doing it. The fact is that Pollard had long occupied the safe position of the cat in the fable, which a council of rats had resolved should be belled. All was convinced that the good of the city demanded his death, but none of the aggrieved had the courage to make the attempt to put him out of the way. They, like the rats, had a wholesome dread of his claws. But young Grant was the very man to do the job. He had been in the Confederate army, on the staff of Jeb Stuart, and was thought to be brave and chivalrous.

In the same paper a very severe slander upon two Northern gentlemen engaged in business here was also published. One of them happened to be absent in New York. The other called at the office and demanded a retraction. It was promised in the next number, and there that affair ended. As neither of the young Grants had called on Pollard, or sent anybody to see him, as required by the code, the expectations of the public began to dwindle down, and it was thought the matter would blow over as usual; though some of our sharp-witted reporters kept on the constant watch for a sensation—and their vigilance was well repaid.

THE ASSASSINATION.

Pollard was in his office all day Monday, well armed, as was the custom with him, for he was always a sort of walking arsenal. No one came to molest him. This morning about 9 o'clock he came into town from his country residence known as "The Cottage," on the Grove Road, two miles from the city. He was accompanied by J. Marshall Hanna, Esq., his associat editor. The carriage was stopped in front of his office, at the corner of Main and Fourteenth streets, and both alighted. Mr. Pollard started up Fourteenth street for the entrance to the office, which is on the side of the building. The street is very narrow. Mr. Hanna lagged behind a little. When Pollard had reached about half the distance, say forty feet, a shot was fired from the second story window of the building immediately opposite, the lower portion of which is occupied by the firm of William B. Isaacs & Co., bankers. The victim received the load of buckshot full in his heart, and fell to the pavement. Mr. Hanna, in his testimony before the corner to day said:

"After getting out of the carriage I followed along quickly. Mr. Pollard had his cane in one hand, and his gloves in the other. When I was within about three feet of him I heard a discharge, which, by its volume, I knew was from a gun. I placed my hand behind me to my pistol, and awaited for another discharge to see from whence the shot would come. While I was looking across the street Mr. Pollard fell right in front of me. He still held his cane in his left and his gloves in his right hand. He said not a word, but uttered a groan and put his hand behind his back. I did not see where the shots came from—saw no one shoot him."

A couple of police officers were on the spot almost immediately, and picking Mr. Pollard up, carried him into the house and up the stairway, and laid him down on a mattress in the editor's room. He was dead before they got him there and never spoke a word.

ARREST OF YOUNG GRANT.

Two detectives then rushed across the street, to examine the house from the window of which the smoke of the gun had been seen to issue. Going up stairs they came to a room which was locked, with the key of the door on the inside. Knocking at the door, a voice inside called out "Is that you, Bob?" addressing one of the detectives; and being answered in the affirmative, the reply was, "It is all right. You will have to break down the door—it is locked." The officers ran against the door, broke it open and entered the room. They found James Grant, standing in the centre of the room, the window of which looked out on the scene of the assassination, with a Derringer pistol in his hand. He handed the pistol to the officer, and remarked, "You will see me protected?" He was assured of safety, and then surrendered himself, and was taken down into the street. A very large crowd of the best people of the city had collected, and as he made his appearance a number of voices cried "Three cheers for Grant," although the victim had but just breathed his last, and lay upon his bloody bier scarce ten paces distant. In the room where young Grant was arrested there was a double-barreled shot gun, one of the barrels of which had the appearance of having recently been discharged. No questions were asked the young man, and he did not volunteer any statement, neither denying nor admitting the act. He passed on through the crowd as object of deep interest, and receiving congratulations on all sides, till he reached the stationhouse, where he was placed in confinement to await a judicial investigation.

THE EXCITEMENT OVER THE TRAGEDY.

The whole city was soon made aware of the terrible tragedy that had been enacted in Fourteenth street, and the wildest excitement prevailed. As fast as the particulars could be gathered, they were given out to the public in extras, and such a thirst for news has not been witnessed since the war. To be true to history, I regret that I have to record that there was more joy than sorrow expressed. I passed through the dense throng and was pained to hear the congratulatory and exulting greetings of the people. And, strange to say, some applauded the secret manner of the deed, but to the honor of knight, and of army, I am pleased to say that most of the people thought he should have had some chance for his life—some word of warning, a moment at least to swear a prayer for his soul ere he was whirled into eternity. The *Evening Journal*, (Republican,) the only paper that issued an extra, in speaking of the affair, says:

"We heard from none any word of sympathy for the slain editor, or the least condemnation of the deed, though a few denounced the manner in which it was done, and thought it seemed too much like secret assassination and fear on the part of the concealed perpetrator. It matters not how much Mr. Pollard may have incurred the hatred of the community by his course in publishing the scandals of the town, and making his paper a vehicle for abusing private character and attacking private virtue, still he should have had warning of the contemplated attack, and an opportunity afforded to defend himself. It will not do to cheer and approve such deeds, no matter who their victims may be, unless we, as a people intend to countenance and applaud assassination. Others may resort to like methods of wreaking vengeance for insults or grievances either real or imaginary. A healthy public opinion will not justify any such acts, and when the second, sober though comes to calm men's minds, they will see the danger of applauding deeds like this to which H. Rives Pollard has fallen a victim. However much people may think he deserved death, the manner of his taking off cannot be justified.

MR. POLLARD'S CAREER.

H. Rives Pollard is widely known from his connection with the Richmond *Examiner*, under John M. Daniel, during the war, which he resuscitated after the surrender. He has been a thorn in the side of reconstruction, and done much harm as a publisher. He was no writer himself, and was only useful to the profession as a news editor, and had some little ability as a manager but he lacked ballast, and carried too much topsail. His father was Major Richard Pollard, formerly of the United States Army, and at one time Minister to Chili. The Pollards were born and raised in Buena Vista, Nelson county, about twenty miles from Lynchburg. Their mother was a sister of the famous W. C. Rives, and hence the name. In youth he was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, whence, after he finished his education, he went to Washington and filled a clerkship in the Post Office Department. At the breaking out of the war he was acting as news editor of the Baltimore *Sun*; but, espousing the Southern cause, he came South, and was employed in the same capacity by Daniel on the *Examiner*. One of his sisters is the widow of the late Admiral Ball, of the Navy and another is Mr. Dr. Parker, of Macon, Ga. There is a third, about whom a man was killed some years ago in Richmond. E. A. Pollard, the historian, whom you all know, is his brother, and there is another of the family in Europe. He was about 34 years of age, rather commanding in his personal appearance, and of a very irascible, tyrannical and overbearing disposition.

YOUNG GRANT.

Young James Grant is about 24 years old, of medium stature, with blue eyes and light hair. His character is that of a quiet and peaceably disposed young man. All the city are his friends—because, perhaps, everybody was Mr. Pollard's enemy. The evidence against him is entirely circumstantial, and every effort will be made to protect him from the vengeance of the law. Mr. Clinton Sutherland, the gunsmith, testified before the Coroner's Jury that he had yesterday sold him two Derringers, and loaded them for him. The Coroner's jury adjourned till to-morrow, when a further investigation will be made.

The examination of the body of Mr. Pollard showed that nine of the buckshot had taken effect, one in his face, one in his throat, six in his heart, and two had passed through the body.

THE WHIPPING-POST AND PILLORY.

CIVILIZATION IN DELAWARE.

HOW CRIMINALS ARE PUNISHED.

SCENES IN NEW CASTLE ON SATURDAY.

A correspondent sends to the Philadelphia *Bulletin* an account of the exhibition of barbarism in Delaware on Saturday last. We quote:

THE PILLORY AND WHIPPING POST.

There were seven persons whipped here to-day, and an ancient instrument of torture trembled again, as it has done for half a century, in the terrible embrace of its victims. It is a curious old relic of a semi-civilization that is forgotten everywhere else but here. It consists of a sturdy post a foot square. Three feet from the ground it pierces a small platform; and five feet above this is a cross-piece, which contains, in each of its arms, a hole for the neck and two holes for the wrists of the miserable wretch who is to suffer its torture. The upper half of the arm lifts to admit the victim, and then closes sufficiently tight upon him to impede the circulation of the blood. It is fastened down with a wooken wedged shaped key, shot into the centre post.

The whole machine looks like a gigantic cross, with a platform half way down its length. It is black with age, covered with patches of green mould and moss, and shrunken and split until the grain of the wood protrudes in ridges. It is worm eaten and decayed as the villainous code which sustains it; its unsightly, disgusting presence is a worthy type of the conservatism which makes these people laggard in the march of humanity and progress.

There are three of these pilories in the State; in Newcastle, Georgetown and Dover. They stretch along down the peninsula like tide-posts, marking the shoal waters of barbarism amid the weltering, fathomless sea of surrounding civilization.

THE NEWCASTLE PILLORY.

Stands in the jail yard. A few years ago it boldly faced the world upon the public common. It is happy omen of its final destruction that its devotees were so much ashamed of it that they hid it in this enclosure. Across the street stands a church, and behind the jail there is another. To-day their wails echoed the screams of St. Pillory's victims as they writhed beneath the lash; to-morrow they will resound with praises and supplications to a God who is merciful as well as just.

THE FIRST VICTIM.

The ponderous gates of the jail yard swung open this morning at 10 o'clock precisely, and admitted a crowd of men and children. By actual count there were one hundred and twenty-five little girls and boys present, some of them not more than four or five years of age. This was the saddest sight of all.

Upon the walls were Sheriff's proclamations headed with these words: "God save the State!" An excellent and most judicious prayer. The State needs God's salvation more than any other in the Union that I know of.

The entertainment began by the introduction of William Jones to the audience. Mr. Jones had stolen store goods worth thirty eight dollars, and he was sentenced to return that amount of money, stand in the pillory for one hour, be whipped with twenty lashes, be imprisoned for six months, and wear a convict's dress for six months after his release.

The first thing in order was the pillory. William ascended the long ladder rather sadly, and the jailor, having placed his neck and hands in the holes, fastened the top bar upon them and came down to the ground. The criminal was taller than the stock, and he was compelled to bend down just enough to make his position intensely painful. A keen, piercing northeast wind swept in from the broad expanse of the river, and compelled the spectators to blow warmth upon their fingers. Mr. Jones had his circulation stopped, but he could not blow upon his hands.

The jagged, splintered edge of the wooden collar rasped his neck until it tore the skin, and whenever he attempted to move his head to make his position more easy, the bar would catch the upper part of his jawbone and give him exquisite torture.

"Jailor, isn't that pretty severe?"

"Well, yes, it's a very uncomfortable position, and then his fingers and face get numb, you see."

A few years ago, the crowd used to hoot at the pillory-hugged man, and pelt him with mud and filth. When the fathers of these children were boys, they saved up all the eats that died, and the eggs which were spoiled in the town, for the purpose of "vindicating the outraged majesty of the law" upon criminals who stood in this very pillory; and the poor wretches were often disfigured for life, in one hour. It is a triumph for decency that this infamous custom has been abolished. The boys now only dispute the question of the discomfort or comfort of the sufferer.

While Jones stood in durance to-day, the jailor busied himself preparing for the flogging. This is done beneath the platform of the pillory. The prisoner stands close to the post, and has his arms handcuffed above his head. The jailor experimented upon the eager boys with the handcuffs, in order to ascertain if the victims could slip their hands through them readily. The manacles were too high, so an empty soap-box was placed at the foot of the post for the prisoners to stand on. By this time the man in the pillory began to show symptoms of faintness. The jailor, a tender-hearted fellow—merciful even in executing merciless laws—ascended the ladder, and began to comfort the poor wretch, whose hands were livid with cold, and whose face was purple. At the first stroke of the clock in the church steeple, the jailor quickly lifted the bar, helped the man down the ladder, and supported him while he staggered to his cell.

He had a lashing to bear yet.

THE WHIPPING.

The Sheriff came out, with the "cat" in his hand. This venerable weapon consists of a stout handle about two feet long, with nine lashes of somewhat greater length. The thongs are made of thick leather, twisted together, and as hard as wire. They have been soaked with blood before this, and it has dried upon them, until their edges are as sharp as knives.

The Sheriff has just begun his term of office, and this was his first whipping. He looked as if he was ashamed and disgusted.

"I would almost as leave hang a man as this," said he.

The first candidate for the lash was the boy alluded to above, who stole seventy cents' worth of pig iron.

The Jailor brought him out, fastened him to the post, and removed a rough blanket from his shoulders. He was naked to the waist. The thermometer was at thirty-five degrees.

"Twenty lashes, Sheriff," said the Jailor.

The Sheriff swung his "cat" up slowly, and it descended on the bare skin.

"One," said the Jailor, "two," "three," &c., as the Sheriff, tenderly, and with not half his seeming strength, struck twenty blows. The skin was not broken, and the boy, looking very sad, was hurried off.

This officer is too humane for the law. Other Sheriffs that I know of used to stand off and eye the victim as a Western drover would a fly upon his ox, and then measure the distance so nicely that the ends of the thongs would cut bits of skin from the prisoner's back, and bring the blood forth in crimson streams.

That was what law and Chief Justices had calculated upon.

Out came the jailer with another boy—a boy of fourteen, who was surrounded by running children gazing curiously upon him. He had twenty lashes also, and, as each blow descended, his muscles contracted, and he tried to dodge to avoid it.

"Why don't the Sheriff make it 'swish?' I asked an impatient Delawarean spectator.

"He ain't half a doin' it said another.

"He ought to cut into him," observed another man who seemed to take it to heart that "the outraged majesty of the law" was not better vindicated.

When the boy was released he assumed an air of bravado, and cracked his heels together to signify that he didn't care for such a flogging. All the little girls clapped their hands and laughed at this.

Mr. Wm. Mulloney was the next star actor in this ugly drama. He wanted drawers, and stole a pair, worth a couple of dollars. His sentence was, restitution money, costs, 20 lashes, 6 months imprisonment and 6 months convict's costume. Mr. Mulloney seemed calm, and when the lash fell upon his white shoulders, he only shrugged them and drew himself up. He went away shivering with cold and with welts of a finger's thickness on his back.

Then there was a piteous sight. An old man of seventy years, decrepid, feeble and very lame, hobbled out, his gray hairs streaming in the wind. He wanted a shirt. Heaven knows badly enough this bitter winter weather, and he had very wickedly stolen it. He had none on now. The jailor fastened him to the post, and snatched the blanket from his back. His skin was yellow and wrinkled, and it had scars upon it. The lashes fell, and the old man's whole frame was convulsed with agony. He writhed under each blow as if it was unendurable, and at last, he put his head down, and cried like a child. Most of the spectators were affected. I would like to have the unjust judges and the Delaware law-makers look the poor broken-down old wretch in the face then. I think they were the great criminals, not he.

The jailor whispered in his ear very hurredly:

"It wasn't so *very* bad, George was it?" and then helped him to his away to his six months' home.

The next was a foplish worshiper at St. Pillory's shrine. He wore fashionable trousers, tucked into aristocratic top-boots of patent leather. But the upper portion of his fine figure was *en deshabille*. Charles Wheatley was his name, and the annexation of those identical patent-leather boots his crime. He wore a forced smile upon his face, and tried to assume a satisfied air; but when the "cat" furrowed his back into ugly crimson ridges, squirmed, and twisted as if he did not enjoy it hugily. He danced off with affected gaiety, and the boys and girls rewarded him with cheers and laughter.

There was no cheerfulness about the next man. He had stolen a carpet-bag in the cars at Wilmington, and had been sentenced as severely as the rest. He looked sick and very sad. A plaster was stretched across his bare chest, and he walked with feeble and hesitating step. The jailor said he was very ill. He stood up to the post with his teeth clenched, and his breath coming hard; and as the sheriff scored his back into swelling cords, he shuddered, as if suffering exerucating pain and overwhelming disgrace.

The last actor in this hideous tragedy was the man who stood in the pillory for an hour. He seemed hardly recovered from his first torture, and his face indicated keen suffering. He walked to the post with an air of melancholy resignation, placed his blue hands through the manacles, and received his punishment without any utterance but a suppressed moan.

As he passed through the grated door of the prison the crowd began slowly to disperse, and to discuss as they went the excellence of the system, the behavior of the sufferer, and the lenity of the Sheriff.

POPULAR OPINION.

In Delaware is, I find, strongly in favor of this mode of punishment. There seems to be an idea here that the man who commits the smallest crime places himself instantly beyond the reach of sympathy, considerations of humanity, and the demands of simple justice. He is an outlaw and a vagabond, upon whom sinless society may wreak its most terrible vengeance, even to the extent of mutilating his body, and utterly ruining his moral nature. Fallen angels in Delaware never rise again. Law clips their wings and stamps upon them with its heel, and society shakes off the dust of its feet upon them and curses them in their degradation. The gates of mercy are shut upon them, hopelessly and forever, and they walk abroad with the story of shame blazoned upon them, as the women did who wore the Scarlet Letter, in the old Puritan times in New England, that all the world may know it. They know that their punishment has been fierce and terrible, and out of all proportion to their offence, and realizing this, they rightly feel that they have been dealt with unjustly and iniquitously, and they curse their oppressors and hate them and all mankind with a bitter, unrelenting hatred. They know they will not be allowed to reform, and that the law which should have led them to a better future has cut them off from fellowship with their race, robbed them of their common humanity, and made pariahs and outcasts of them. They are turned to stone, and they come out of their prisons confirmed, hopeless criminals.

MARRIED.

HENDRIX—TAYLOR—Thursday evening, November 26th, 1868, by the Rev. Mr. Lyda, Mr. WM. H. HENDRIX to Miss LIZZIE TAYLOR, all of this city.

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Improving Nature no disgrace is
So, as gray hair don't please the eye,
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Striking, astounding, are the Effects produced by Cristadoro's Hair Preservative and Beautifier. Be the hair ever so wiry, coarse and unmanageable by brush and comb, in one week this article will render it flexible, lustrous, and inclined to curl.

Sold by Druggists, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Manufactory No. 68 Maiden Lane, Principal Depot No. 6 Astor House.
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Leaves Monday, 30th instant, positively.

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For freight or passage apply to
nov28-2t T. H. MONG, Agent.

Lost.

ON WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25TH, BEtween the First Ward and the Covington Ferry Landing a Fair Leather Back Memorandum Book, on the inside of which is the name of Bond & Sweeney. The book is of no account to any person but the owner. A liberal reward will be given to any person leaving the same at this office or with H. H. Sweeney at No. 31 Union street, or No. 50 Monroe street. nov28-1t

Base Ball—Baltic vs. Osceola.

THE RETURN GAME BETWEEN these clubs comes off on the Fair Ground this afternoon at 1½ o'clock. A tight game is expected. Turn out. nov28-1t

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BRACKEN & RODGERS, of Lagrange, Ohio, have a good mule suitable for coal bank purposes that they will take thirty dollars for. For further particulars enquire of D. Cowarden, with Stone & Thomas. nov28-2t

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Baltimore, 7 Mo. 11, 1863.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 18, 1868.

G. W. S. HALL, Esq., General Agent *of the Security Life Ins. and Ann. Company, Baltimore*—Dear Sir:—It gives me pleasure to state that the amount due on account of the Life Insurance Policy, No. 8788,* of the late Edwin C. Morgan, Esq. deceased, was promptly paid by your Company when the same became due. Yours, truly,
W. Y. FENDALL, Adm. and Atty.

*This Policy was for five thousand dollars, and one payment only had been made.

MEDICAL EXAMINERS:

Prof. N. R. SMITH, Baltimore, Dr. A. P. SMITH, Baltimore, Prof. N. S. LINCOLN, Washington, Dr. JAMES HALL, Baltimore.

REFER BY PERMISSION TO

Johns Hopkins, Baltimore.
R. Mickle, Cashier Nat'l Union B'k, Balto.
J. H. B. Latrobe, Baltimore.
Galloway Chesten, Baltimore.
Brantz Mayer, Baltimore.
Francis T. King, Baltimore.
Prof. N. R. Smith, Baltimore.
T. & G. T. Hopkins, Baltimore.
William Crane, Baltimore.
Gerard H. Reese, Baltimore.
Hutchinson Brothers, Baltimore.
Jesse Tyson, Baltimore.
Ed. Stabler, Pres. Montgomery Fire Ins. Co.
Messrs. E. I. Du Pont De Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Delaware.
Victor Du Pont, Pres't National Union Bank, Delaware.
J. T. Chamberlin, Delaware.
Messrs. Rush, Clark & Co., Delaware.
Charles Ellis, Philadelphia.
Joseph C. Turnpenny, Philadelphia.
John S. Hilles, Philadelphia.
T. Willwood Chapman, Philadelphia.
Dillwyn Parish, Philadelphia.
Samuel R. Shipley, Philadelphia.
Dav. Scull, Jr. & Bros., Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED BY

G. W. S. HALL, General Agent for Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia and West Virginia, 58 SECOND ST. BALTIMORE.

☞ Applications for Agency at Wheeling, as above; or office of Wheeling INTELLIGENCER. nov28-2t*

ÆTNA
Fire & Marine Insurance Company
OF WHEELING.

CAPITAL.....$100,000

DIRECTORS:

James G. Acheson, William B. Simpson
Augustus Pollack, Thos. J. Campbell,
Jno. K. Botsford, Wm. C. Handlan,
T. M. Dodson.

THIS COMPANY HAVING BEEN FULly organized, is now prepared to take risks upon

Buildings of all kinds, Merchandise Manufacturing Establishments, Furniture and Cargoes of all Kinds on the Western Waters.

Applications for Insurance will be promptly attended to by the Secretary.

Office at the National Savings Bank, No. 5 Main street.

S. R. HILDRETH, Sec'y.
JNO. R. FULLER, Ass't Sec'y.
JAMES C. ACHESON, Pres't.
WM. B. SIMPSON, Vice Pres't. nov25

Stockholder's Notice.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CENtral Building Association are hereby notified to attend the yearly meeting to be held in the basement of the Court House on Thursday evening, December 3d, 1868, at 7 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and seven Directors to serve for the ensuing year. The attention of members is directed to article 20 of the Constitution on fines.

THOS. O'BRIEN, President.
JAS. P. WILKINSON, Secretary. nov25-1d

A Good Investment.

PERSONS HAVING MONEY TO INvest are offered the bonds of a good corporation, amply secured by a deed of trust on valuable real estate, bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum, payable semi-annually; and exempt from all taxes, except income tax. Apply to

JOSEPH SEYBOLD,
nov25-1w at the Bank of Wheeling.

THE
Miltonian Tableaux.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS UNRIvalled exhibition respectfully inform the public that they are now completing a series of Exhibitions through the United States, preparatory to their return to Europe.

Nearly every reader will remember the immense success which attended the Miltonian Tableaux while on exhibition in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington City for the last few years, when hundreds were turned away from the doors unable to obtain admission. It has been visited by vast numbers of the best citizens, and elicited from the Press and Clergy, the most lavish expressions of delight and enthusiasm.

These magnificent Tableaux are representations of the great Rebellion in Heaven, carrying out Milton's idea of Heaven, Hell, Chaos and Paradise. The above exhibition will open at

WASHINGTON HALL,
on Thursday evening, Nov. 26th, and continue Friday and Saturday evenings,

with a GRAND MATINEE ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Our citizens are thus afforded an opportunity of witnessing the celebrated Miltonian Tableaux, which is spoken of in the highest terms of commendation all over the States. Let all go and see what they may never again have the opportunity of seeing, one of the finest works of art ever presented.

Tickets of admission.....50 cents.
Children under 12.....25 "
nov25

Save Coal, Save Money.

WHAT'S THE USE OF
Suffering with Cold and Dust
WHEN
Terry's Rubber Moulding,
CAN BE BOUGHT FOR A SONG.
CALL AND EXAMINE.
E. L. NICOLL,
Market street, opposite McLure House,
nov20

15 Bales Jute Wool Twine
JUST RECEIVED
and for sale low for cash.
apr18 CHAS. H. BERRY

New Advertisements.

Dr. Lighthill,

FROM NEW YORK AND BOSTON,

AT

WHEELING.

Dr. Lighthill,

WHO HAS LATELY ESTABLISHED an INSTITUTE for the cure of diseases of the Ear, Throat, Eye and Nasal Cavities, at 236 Penn street, Pittsburgh, Pa.,

WILL BE AT THE
McLURE HOUSE,
WHEELING,
From Tuesday Morning, Dec. 8th, Until Saturday noon, Dec. 12th.

Where he can be during that time consulted on all diseases of the

EYE, EAR, THROAT & LUNGS.

His practice embraces the treatment of

DEAFNESS, CATARRH,

Discharges from the Ear, Asthma, Bronchitis, Affections of the Voice, Consumption and all Diseases, Defects and Deformities of

THE EYE,

REQUIRING MEDICAL OR SURGICAL AID.

ARTIFICIAL EYES

INSERTED WITHOUT PAIN.

During the absence of Dr. Lighthill from Pittsburgh, his associate Physicians, with their assistants, are in constant attendance at his Institute.

Should the interest of his patients require it, Dr. Lighthill would repeat his visit to Wheeling.

TAKE NOTICE.

Patients are hereby informed that after the first visit they can take the treatment home and use it until cured, without pain or interruption to their usual vocation.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CASES ON RECORD.

A MIRACULOUS CURE OF A DEAF AND DUMB GIRL, AN INMATE OF THE GERMAN ORPHAN ASYLUM, TROY HILL, ALLEGHENY, PA.

Sworn Statement of all the Officers of that Institute.

MAYOR'S OFFICE.

PITTSBURGH, PA., November 13, 1868.

Personally appeared before me, Horace S. Snowden, a Public Notary in and for Allegheny county, Pa., Peter Gelcksheimer, President, and Nicholas Schneider, Vice President, C. Weister, Treasurer, Jacob Deitz, Secretary, and Joseph Lang, a Committee of the German Orphans' Asylum, each of whom being duly sworn according to law, deposed and said that Josephine Reichhard, aged fifteen, an inmate of the German Orphans' Asylum, Troy Hill, had been deaf and dumb from her infancy. She lately had been operated upon by Dr. Lighthill, 236 Penn street, for the cure of her deafness, which resulted in marked success. She can now hear and distinguish the human voice sufficiently to imitate it, and consequently she speaks already a few words, and is daily improving, both in hearing and speech. She is still under the Doctor's care, who hopes to accomplish a complete cure in time.

PETER GELCKSHEIMER, President.
NICHOLAS SCHNEIDER, V. President.
C. WEISER, Treasurer.
JACOB DEITZ, Secretary.
JOSEPH LANG, Committee.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 12th day of October, 1868.

(L.S.) HORACE S. SNOWDEN, Notary Public.

An Autograph Letter from George D. Prentice, Esq., Editor of the "Louisville Journal"

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 5th, 1868.

DR. LIGHTHILL—DEAR SIR: I am very sorry to learn that you contemplate leaving Louisville at the end of the present week. I earnestly wish that your engagements elsewhere might permit you to remain here for a longer time.

Your sojourn among us, Dr. Lighthill, will be long remembered by our people. It has been a blessing to many. You have treated me and a female member of my family with great success. You seem to me to understand, as by intuition, the character of a malady and its best remedy. You have a multitude of patients in this city, and I have not seen or heard of one to whom you held out the promise of relief without rendering it. Your practice among us has been a brilliant success, and I cheerfully recommend you to my friends and the public at large as a physician deserving the utmost confidence.

Hoping you may live long to be a blessing to additional thousands of the afflicted, I am, very truly, yours,

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

LETTER FROM

CAPT. SILAS F. MILLER,

Proprietor of the Burnett House Cincinnati.

BURNETT HOUSE, February 9th, 1867.

TO MY FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC:

It affords me great satisfaction to be able to testify to the success of Dr. Lighthill in the treatment of deafness, and express my sense of obligation to him. My hearing has been impaired for a number of years, at times to such an extent as to embarrass me seriously. Dr. Lighthill, under whose care I placed myself, has removed the difficulty completely, and restored me to perfect hearing.

SILAS F. MILLER.

From the Rev. J. S. Curtelle, Rector of All Saints Church, New York.

39 GOVERNEUR STREET, NEW YORK.

DR. LIGHTHILL:

DEAR SIR:—It is with great pleasure I tender you this acknowledgment of my appreciation of the benefit I have derived from your treatment. I present it that others, who may be suffering from like causes as myself, through the publication of my experience, learn that under your care relief can be obtained.

I have been afflicted with catarrh for many years, which at one time threatened the loss of my voice