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DAILY—For each insertion, per square, 75 cents; Notices of Deaths, 50 cents; Notices of Marriages, 50 cents; Religious Notices, 50 cents. Advertisements inserted every other day, every third day, and once a week, will be charged $1 00 per square, each insertion. Business Notices in Local column, 20 cents per line for each insertion. No Notice less than $1 00.
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Humbug--A Real French Story.

"My dear Monsieur Dervy," said Mme. Dervy, addressing her husband, who was putting on his cravat before the glass, "don't you think that Monsieur Henri Dubois comes very often here?"

"My dear Elise, of course he does; he is very fond of music, and I'm glad he comes, for his music has always the power to put me to sleep, it's such a sweet little lamentable voice."

"A tenore di grazia, my dear Mr. Dervy; I really wish you would learn something about fashionable and civilized life."

"I can't, my dear, you know it is not in me; you've tried in vain to civilize me, just as I've tried in vain to become a fashionable physician, and you know I have failed."

"Precisely, because you did not first try to become a fashionable man."

"Well, my dear, we are luckily independent of my professional thirty thousand francs a year, makes me care very little about patients."

"But, my dear, if you had known how to manage, you could have made sixty thousand francs a year—wouldn't that have been better?"

"Well, I suppose it might, though I am ashamed to confess to you that I am perfectly satisfied as I am."

"What a groveling spirit——"

"But a good husband, eh? Elise, I've been a good husband, have I not?"

"Yes, so far as you have. Now, if I could only marry Eulalie well, I should be satisfied, and M. Henri Dubois, I'm sure, is in love with her, and I'm sure is a good match. The Dubois', you know, must be rich, or they never could lead the life they do, and let their son lead an idle life as he does."

"Idle life!" Why, he has been called to the bar, and has an office."

"Yes, but I think, that's all he has; his clients don't trouble that office much, I think."

"Well, he's perhaps just like me; you know he has his sign up, but no clients, whilst I have my name up, but no patients."

"You are always repeating that, as if it was such a very good joke. You have no humbug about you, and humbug is the ruling god of the country in which we live."

"My dear, I leave humbug to you; you seem to understand it."

"Now hush, and pray sit down and take up the medical book; I hear the bell ring, there is somebody coming."

Monsieur Dervy obeyed; he had been married twenty years, and we'l learned his lesson; it never entered his head to disobey his wife.

In due course of time the servant opened the door, and in a pompous voice (incultated by Mme. Dervy) announced "Monsieur Henri Dubois."

The pale, fair-haired, timid young gentleman, who followed his loudly-called name, looked wonderfully small after it. But both Monsieur and Mme. Dervy rose with great ceremony, and the young man squeezing the roll of music he held tightly in his hand bowed, as he murmured:

"Mlle. Eulalie?"

"Mlle. Eulalie is engaged now," said Mme. Dervy. "Have you anything particular to say to her?"

"Yes—no—that is——"

Madame Dervy winked at her husband, but he, looking up at the pictures and at the ceiling, pretended not to see her; so Mme. Dervy, after a short preliminary ahem! turned towards her visitor.

"Monsieur Henri Dubois," said she, "you must be aware that your visits here are very frequent, too frequent where there is a young lady."

"Yes—Mlle. Eulalie—yes, I know; but Madame, Mlle. Eulalie is such a fine musician."

"I know she is; we have made it our duty, being people of fortune and position, to give her the very best of education. She has had Dupree and Damoreau for teachers."

Here Monsieur Dervy, who remembered the good old German master at half a franc a lesson, opened his mouth to speak, but Mme. Dervy ominously shaking her head, he subsided.

"Yes," she continued, "yes, Eulalie has a fine voice, and great execution on the piano. I am told that her tremolo is quite admirable; but still you know, Monsieur Henri Dubois, a fine tremolo does not prevent any one from having a susceptible heart; rather the other way. Music, divine music, leads to love."

"It does, indeed; for it has inspired me with love deep and eternal, Mme. Dervy. I love Mlle. Eulalie. I am an only son, and my father and mother are rich, and have no object in life but my happiness. They will come and tell you how much I love Mlle. Eulalie."

"Well, Monsieur Henri, I must say that I have been expecting this; I am a careful, anxious mother, and a young girl's heart is so susceptible. However, pray tell your father and mother that we shall be most happy to receive them."

"May I see Mademoiselle Eulalie?"

"Not at present. We know not what may be the result of the interview which is to settle the destinies of our two families."

Monsieur Henri Dubois, with many blushes and much humility, retired. Then Madame Dervy sunk into her seat, and remained for some moments plunged in profound silence. At last, looking up, she beheld her husband placidly engaged in counting out money. The piles of large, round silver five-franc pieces were before him, and he was counting them one after another with the utmost complacency. After a few moments' contemplation, Mme. Dervy brought her hand violently down on the table, scattering the five-franc pieces in every direction, and considerably alarming the good natured husband who was counting them.

"Really, Mme. Dervy, you are so violent, I mean so demonstrative, that it is quite appalling."

"You are enough to provoke a saint, Monsieur Dervy. Here our darling Eulalie's fate is pending in the balance, and you sit there calmly counting out beggarly five-franc pieces."

"My dear, they were all for you, you know, to pay the upholsterer."

"Well, well, put the money back into the drawer, we have more important matters now—Eulalie's marriage to manage now."

Eulalie's marriage to manage? Why, I should think it would all go right as a railroad; there can't be anything to manage; she's a good, modest, pretty girl, with old-fashioned virtues and new-fangled accomplishments; I can't see what more the intended can want. I shall give her a hundred thousand francs on her marriage, and as she is an only child, she will inherit all."

"You are too provoking! It's easy to see why you have not succeeded spite of your talent, your industry and your good conduct; you are utterly wanting in humbug, and the world is so full of humbug that it looks on simplicity and truth with mistrust and suspicion. Now you must leave this affair to me."

"What affair?"

"The marriage."

"Oh! as you please. You have always managed me, I suppose you can manage the marriage."

"Well, to begin, Jus go into your study."

"My study? Oh, you mean the room where I keep my books and my papers, and where I play piquet with the cure."

"Precisely, and don't stir till I send for you."

"But tell me something of your plans."

"Well then, I am going, as soon as Monsieur and Madame Dubois have been here a little while, to ask them to stay to dinner."

"You'd better order a little extra."

"A little extra? but I will not explain, all I ask you is never to contradict me."

"I never have from the day you consented to marry me."

"I will, however, let you into the secret of the object I intend to achieve; I mean so to astonish and dazzle these people that instead of some paltry sum intended to give their son, they shall feel that it is impossible to offer such high-bred, elegant people anything but a first-class establishment for their daughter."

"Dear me, that is very shrewd, but, my dear, you are a clever woman."

"Enough, enough; retire, sir, retire to your study; I have a thousand things to do—first let me call Eulalie."

Monsieur Dervy retired, first casting a glance of pity on his daughter, whose great ally he was. Eulalie seemed to have no fear, but smilingly turned to receive her mother's orders.

"Eulalie," said Mme. Dervy, "we are alone, now listen to me. I expect a visit—a visit of the utmost importance, and I desire that you shall appear to the very best advantage."

"Yes, mamma," meekly answered Eulalie; but at the same time she made this remark to herself: "This is exactly what Jeannette told me—Monsieur Henri had been here."

"Now I really don't think your hair is becomingly dressed; you should get Edouard to come and dress it; and then, your complexion—why it is perfectly red and rough."

"I'll get some of your poudre de riz."

"Poudre de riz! Eulalie, what do you mean? It is quite out of fashion; go into my room and take a bottle of Email de Paris—only don't show it to your father for he might object and call even this some of my management. But you really are too rough and red for—for a fashionable young lady. There, my dear, put on your pink silk dress, and then come back here quietly; don't flurry yourself, it's so unbecoming."

Mme. Dervy then proceeded to her kitchen, giving her orders with the promptitude of a general, and ten minutes afterwards one of the maids was seen scampering from the house as fast as she could go. Ten minutes was all that Mme. Dervy found for her toilette, but she contrived to scramble on in that short space a velvet jacket, a satin skirt, and a cap that was most unbecoming, but which was made entirely of the most expensive point.

There came a ring at the bell; Mme. Dervy dashed into the drawing room, snatching up an embroidered handkerchief, and as the door was thrown open, and Jeanette announced "Monsieur and Madame Dubois," Mme. Dervy was discovered picturesquely leaning over her daughter, who knelt gracefully at her feet.

Of course both ladies started up in utmost confusion and surprise, but Mme. Dervy recovering in an instant her self possession, advanced with dignity to meet her guests.

Monsieur and Madame Dubois were exactly the people she had imagined them to be, and exactly suited to her purpose. They were quiet bourgeois of the old school, whose furniture and household had probably not been changed since the first year of their marriage. They hesitated as they walked over the d'Aubusson carpet and sat down on the edge of the satin arm-chairs.

After the first few moments given to ceremony, Mme. Dervy took her blushing daughter by the hand and presented her to her visitors. "My sweet Eulalie, my only child. Perhaps you have heard of her from your son; she is a very fine musician. Eulalie, my dear, play your tremolo."

Eulalie, as trembling as the tremolo, seated herself gracefully at the piano and began a scientific piece, which set the good old people watching for when the tune was to begin, but finding it never came, they contented themselves with a mutual thank you, said precisely in the same tone and at the same moment.

"Now," said Mme. Dervy, as her daughter rose, "go, my darling, to your painting."

"Does your daughter paint?"

"My daughter has all the modern accomplishments. We go every night to the Italian Opera; her father is very indulgent to her; he has given her a box and a carriage. But, you know, he can afford it, with his immense practice."

"He is a physician?" said M. Dubois.

"One of the most fashionable in Paris.—This is his hour for consultation, but I will send for him."

The conversation, notwithstanding Mme. Dervy seemed inclined to do all the talking herself, seemed destined to flag, for her guests replied only in monosyllables to what she said.

At last Monsieur Dervy entered the room; a frown from his wife made him change his simple, cordial manner into one of cold dignity, and the liveliness of the meeting did not seem likely to be increased.

"Monsieur Dervy is a little pre-occupied. He sees so many patients."

"My dear," began Monsieur Dervy, in a tone of expostulation.

"You know you are pre-occupied with your patients—you take so much interest in them."

At this moment the door opened, and a man servant, who certainly did not belong to his household, and at whom he stared in mute surprise, respectfully informed M. Dervy that the Duc de C—— was in his study. Monsieur Dervy hustled out profoundly astonished, while Madame Dervy looked at her guests to see the effect of this announcement on them, but to her mortification it did not seem to produce any.

Again she tried conversation, turning it cleverly to the subject nearest her heart—Monsieur Henri—but even this did not appear to move them.

Monsieur Dervy now re-entered, looking half-indignant, half-amazed, but scarcely had he sat down before the man-servant (he had found out he was a waiter borrowed from the cafe) again called him out.

"The Countess of L—— has sent her little son with the nurse to consult you as you had not time to call to-day."

"This is one of M. Dervy's very busy days."

"So it seems."

Then another pause. In desperation Madame Dervy drew the attention of her guests to a picture on the wall.

"That is Eulalie's work; is it not beautiful?"

"I suppose so," said Madame Dubois; "but I never saw Virginia nor any of the old Roman ladies; I cannot say whether it is like."

Again M. Dervy re-entered; again he tried to be jovial, but was frowned down by his wife.

A few faint attempts, and then, to Monsieur Dervy's great relief, the tall waiter again made his appearance. This time he held a heavy canvass money-bag in his hand.

"The Prince de Marcynac has desired you will acknowledge the receipt of this four thousand francs."

"Eh! What?" said M. Dervy, wondering whether his wife's romance was becoming a reality.

"I will write you an acknowledgment of the sum, Monsieur Dervy; it will save you some trouble."

"Yes. Well, by the way, Monsieur Dubois, you live in the Marais, do you not; don't you find it damp out there?"

"We don't find it damp, my dear sir, and we only live there three months in the year."

Again the conversation lagged, varied by Madame Dervy's invitation to dinner, which was accepted, if not graciously.

"They will speak after dinner—dinner and a good glass of Burgundy generally thaw the cold people."

"Pray excuse our not making any ceremony with you," said Mme. Dervy. "You must take us as you find us."

With this Mme. Dervy threw open the dining-room door, and revealed a table dazzling with silver, and set out with the greatest luxury—the fruits and sweetmeats piled on china and crystal baskets, a la Russe.

Said Mme. Dervy: "It is so disagreeable to see anything but fruit and flowers; don't you think so?"

"No; I like to see what I eat, but I'm glad to see this arrangement, but because I never saw it before in my life."

Eulalie sat very silent; her mother was telling so many wild romances, as Eulalie termed the falsehoods she was uttering, that she dared not speak, for fear she should be asked to confirm some of them.

Wine appeared to have no effect on these two immovable mummies. The strong coffee which followed they took as though it had been water.

Mme. Dervy was in despair. At last M. Dubois, turning to M. Dervy, asked him for a private interview.

"No, no, do not go," said Mme. Dervy. "Eulalie, my dear, do you go to your room."

Eulalie retired, tears coming into her eyes. She did so long to throw herself into the arms of Henri's mother, and say she wasn't a fine lady, but like all French girls, she obeyed her mother without a word.

"Well, you have exactly guessed who was *de trop*. I want to talk about Henri; in fact, that was the purport of our visit."

"I am perfectly aware of that, and Mme. Dubois, our children love——"

"Dont compromise your daughter Madame; hear what I have got to say. I came to ask the honor of your daughter's hand for Henri, but I must now beg to decline that honor."

"Sir!" exclaimed Dervy, growing very red.

"Don't get angry. The reason of my declining is not offensive to you. I decline, sir, because you are entirely too grand for us, entirely above us, and your daughter, who plays tremolos so well, would be entirely out of place in our house. Henri wouldn't know what to do with a wife accustomed to the opera and to a carriage. And, to tell you the truth, I don't choose that my money, hardly earned, should go in all this luxury and frippery. You are too grand for us, and we want no fine ladies to despise us; we want Henri to bring us a daughter."

"So, then——"

"But you shall not go," exclaimed Eulalie, rushing in, followed by Henri.

"He loves me, and I love him; and, indeed, I'm not a fine lady, and we are not fine people. All I want is to be Henri's wife. Why, all this was got up for effect."

"What, the man servant?"

"Borrowed from the cafe!" exclaimed Monsieur Dervy.

"The grand dinner?"

"All silver and all sent from Chevet's."

"I knew you would have liked ours better," said Eulalie, "especially the chocolate-cream I made."

"You made?" said Mme. Dubois, "I thought you only painted Virginias, and played tremolos."

"Oh! I make all my own dresses, and iron all mine and mamma's embroideries and collars, and we only keep two servants."

"And we have no carriage, no opera box," said Mme. Dervy, getting gracefully out of the scrape; "all I did was to impress you, to make you have a higher opinion of us, to——"

"Yes," said Monsieur Dervy, "yes; let's make a full confession while we are about it; we hoped you would give our daughter a fine establishment if we had one, so we got it up in a hurry. But I won't deceive you. I'm a doctor without patients, but I'm pretty well off spite of that, and I give my daughter a hundred thousand francs."

"Henri," said Mme. Dubois, "do you love Mlle. Eulalie?"

"I love her for her kind heart and goodness, as well as for her beauty. The happiness of my life depends on her."

"And you love him, Eulalie?" said Henri's mother, and in reply Eulalie threw herself into her arms and wept.

"Monsieur Dervy," said Monsieur Dubois, "I wouldn't have had your fine tremolo daughter for anything, but I'll take this dear girl without a dowry, for I see she's a woman, and not a fine lady."

"And you'll forgive us?"

"Why, I suppose it was all right; you live in the age of humbug, only, Madame, you forgot that humbug is of the nineteenth century, and that we were born in the last year of the last, when things were called by their right names, and people were not ashamed of seeming what they were."

An Artic Dog Team.

In his entertaining book of travel in the Arctic regions, entitled the Open Polar Sea, recently published by Hurd & Houghton, of New York, Dr. Hayes gives a lively account of a day's drive with a team of Esquimaux dogs:

I had to-day a most exhilarating ride, and a very satisfactory day's work. I drove up the Fiord in the morning, and have returned only a short time since. This Fiord lies directly north of the harbor, and it forms the termination of Hartstone Bay. It is about six miles deep, by from two to four wide. Jensen was my driver, and I have a superb turn out—twelve dogs and a fine sledge. The animals are in most excellent condition—every one of them strong and healthy; and they are very fleet. They whirl my Greenland sledge over the ice with a celerity not calculated for weak nerves. I have actually ridden behind them over six measured miles in twenty-eight minutes; and without stopping to blow the team, have returned over the track in thirty-three. Sonntag and I had a race, and I beat him by four minutes. I should like to have some of my friends of Saratoga and Point Breeze up here, to show them a new style of speeding animals. Our racers do not require any blanketing after the heats, nor sponging either. We harness them each with a single trace, and these traces are of a length to suit the fancy of the driver—the longer the better, for they are then not so easily tangled, the draft of the outside dogs is more direct, and, if the team comes upon thin ice, and breaks through, your chances of escape from immersion are in proportion to their distance from you. The traces are all of the same length, and hence the dogs run side by side, and, when properly harnessed, their heads are in a line. My traces are so measured that the shoulders of the dogs are just twenty feet from the forward part of the runners.

The team is guided solely by the whip and voice. The strongest dogs are placed on the outside, and the whole team is swayed to right and left according as the whip falls on the snow to the one side or the other, or as it touches the leading dogs, as it is sure to do if they do not obey the gentle hint with alacrity. The voice aids the whip, but in all emergencies the whip is the only real reliance. Your control over the team is in exact proportion to your skill in the use of it. The lash is about four feet longer than the traces, and is tipped with a "cracker" of hard sinew, with which a skillful driver can draw blood if so inclined; and he can touch either one of his animals on any particular spot that may suit his purpose. Jensen had to-day a young refractory dog in the team, and, having had his patience quite exhausted, he resolved upon extreme measures. "You see dat beast?" said he. "I takes a piece out of his ear;" and sure enough, crack went the whip, the hard sinew wound round the tip of the ear, and snipped it off as nicely as with a knife.

This long lash, which is but a thin tapering strip of raw seal-hide, is swung with a whip-stock only two and a half feet long. It is very light, and is consequently hard to handle. The peculiar turn of the wrist necessary to get it rolled out to its destination, is a most difficult undertaking. It requires long and patient practice. I have persevered, and my perseverance has been rewarded; and if I am obliged to turn driver on emergency, I feel equal to the task; but I fervently hope that the emergency may not arise which requires me to exhibit my skill.

It is the very hardest kind of hard work. That merciless lash must be going on continually; and it must be merciless or it is of no avail. The dogs are quick to detect the least weakness of the driver, and measure him on the instant. If not thoroughly convinced that the soundness of their skins is quite at his mercy, they go where they please. If they see a fox cross the ice, or come upon a bear track, or "wind" a seal, or sight a bird, away they dash over the snow-drifts and hummocks, pricking up their short ears and curling up their long bushy tails for a wild wolfish race after the game. If the whiplash goes out with a fierce snap, the ears and the tails drop, and they go on about their proper business; but woe be unto you if they get the control. I have seen my own driver only to-day sorely put to his metal, and not until he had brought a yell of pain from almost every dog in the team, did he conquer their obstinacy. They were running after a fox, and were taking us toward what appeared to be unsafe ice. The wind was blowing hard, and the lash was sometimes driven back into the driver's face—hence the difficulty. The whip however, finally brought them to reason, and in full view of the game, and within a few yards of the treacherous ice, they came first down into a limping trot, and then stopped, most unwillingly. Of course this made them very cross, and a general fight—fierce and angry—now followed, which was not quieted until the driver had sallied in among them and knocked them to right and left with his hard hickory whip-stock. I have had an adventure with the same team, and know to my cost what an unruly set they are, and how hard it is to get the mastery of them; but once mastered, like a spirited horse, they are obedient enough; but also, like that noble animal, they require now and then to have a positive reminder as to whom the obedience is owing.

Wishing to try my hand, I set out to take a turn round the harbor. The wind was blowing at my back, and when I had gone far enough, and wanted to wheel round and return, the dogs were not so minded. There is nothing they dislike so much as to face the wind; and feeling very fresh, they were evidently ready for some sport.—Moreover, they may, perhaps, have wanted to see what manner of man this new driver was. They were very familiar with him personally, for he had petted them often enough; but they had not before felt the strength of his arm.

After much difficulty I brought them at last up to the course, but I could keep them there only by constant use of the lash; and since this was three times out of four blown back into my face, it was evident that I could not long hold out; besides, my face was freezing in the wind. My arm, not used to such violent exercise, soon felt almost paralyzed, and the whiplash trailed behind me on the snow. The dogs were not slow to discover that something was wrong. They looked back over their shoulders inquiringly, and discovering that the lash was not coming, they assured to diverge gently to the right. Finding the effort not resisted, they gained courage and increased their speed; and at length they wheeled short round, turned their tails to the wind, and dashed off on their own course, as happy as a parcel of boys freed from the restraints of the school room, and with the wild rush of a dozen wolves. And how they danced along and barked and rejoiced in their short-lived liberty!

If the reader has ever chanced to drive a pair of unruly horses for a few hours, and has had occasion to find rest for his aching arms on a long steep hill, he will understand the satisfaction which I took in finding the power returning to mine. I could again use the whip, and managed to turn the untractable team among a cluster of hummocks and snow drifts, which somewhat impeded their progress; and springing suddenly off, I caught the upstander and capsized the sledge. The points of the runners were driven deeply into the snow, and my runaways were anchored. A vigorous application of my sinew-tipped lash soon convinced them of the advantages of obedience, and when I turned up the sledge and gave them the signal to start, they trotted off in the meekest manner possible, facing the wind without rebelling and giving me no further trouble. I think they will remember the lesson—and so shall I.

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VAN AMBURGH & CO'S
MAMMOTH MENAGERIE,
Great Moral Exhibition and
EGYPTIAN CARAVAN,
With Colossal Golden Chariot and
LIVING GIRAFFE.
The only one on this Continent.
H. Frost, ... Manager | H. Barnum, ... Assistant
Van Amburgh & Co. in again appearing before the people of America, desire to state that their present Menagerie contains AN ENTIRE NEW
Collection of Animals
that were captured by or under the immediate supervision and direction of the great
Van Amburgh Himself
And are the products of an expedition to
The Icy Regions of the North Pole, The Pampas of South America, The Deserts of Africa, And the Jungles of Asia.
All of which were caused to contribute the choicest specimen of Animated Nature to be found within their respective realms. They arrived in N. Y. late in the Fall of 1863, where an unparalleled and most triumphant success awaited them. Flushed with new laurels of success, a traveling paraphanalia was designed of the most transcendant magnificence possible to conceive which through their immense resources, sprang into existence as if by magic.
Cages of the most gorgeous description; Wagons of the most costly character; Harness of surpassing beauty and elegance; Horses of the best Arabian blood; Mammoth variegated Canvass of immense proportion; And an entire retinue of unequalled excellence are here to be seen.
Human intellect could not in its grandest moment of conception originate any thing more grand and dazzling to behold. The veritable Van Amburgh, (whom envious persons from his long absence from America have taken advantage, and caused the press to announce his decease,) will accompany the exhibition and head the TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION on its entrance to the place of exhibition which will represent in oriental splendor
A Moving Panorama
Nearly one mile in length.
VAN AMBURGH
The Original Lion and Tiger Tamer.
The following list was taken from the living Animals themselves in the Company's Building, 539 & 541 Broadway, N. Y., on the 1st of March, and therefore may be considered
A Correct List of Animals.
Professor Langworthy's Performing Animals:—African Lion, Asiatic Lion, Brazilian Tiger, Senegal Leopard, Asiatic Lioness and Spotted Tiger.
Performing Elephant, Tippo Saib; Living Giraffe, only one in America; Black African Ostrich, 9 feet high California Grizzly Bear, very large Bengal Leopard, American Panther or Puma, Poonah or Hindoostan Bear, Lion, 5 years old, born in America, Royal Bengal Tiger, only one in America, Burmese or Sacred Cow, Chinese Dog, African Porcupine, very rare, Red and Yellow Crested Cockatoos, Java Hare, Guinea Pigs, Ant-Eater or Coatimanda, Baboon and White Faced Monkeys, Australian Shell Parroquette, African Ring Neck Parroquette, King and Queen Parrots, South American Parrots, Lori Orando, Ring Parrots, African Lions, Asiatic Lion, Calcutta Leopards, Brazilian Tiger, American Fallow Deer, White Rats and Mice, Satin Breast Parroquetts, African Corrowed Crane, Rocky Mountain Badger, American Black Bears, Japanese Maukin Swine, South American Tiger, African Spotted Hyena, Blue Sand Hill Crane, Australian Rosella, Lori Parroquetts, Chinese Parroquetts, Rosa Cockatoo, Pratchins and Doves, Monkeys and Dogs, Zebra, Pair Young Lions, African Leopards, White or Polar Bear, Gray Wolf, Black Wolf, Ocelot or Tiger Cat, White Llamas, Black Squirrel, Alpacca Sheep, Cashmere Sheep, African Gray Parrots, Red Foxes, Australian Cockatills, African Pelican, Silver Pheasant, Golden Pheasant, American Eagle, Tampico Parrots, Pair Rhamapoor Bloodhounds, only ones in America, Hamadrian Baboon or Lion Slayer, first ever in America, Peccary or South American Wild Hog, Four Horned Patigonian Sheep, Large Horn Kebsch or Ibex, only one imported to America, Spotted Axis Deer, from the River Ganges, American Coon, White Peacock, African Mud Hen, Genuet or Civit Cat, African Cockall, Sloth Bear, Cinnamon or Frazier River Bear. THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIRD SHOW containing almost every imaginable variety of the many colored birds of plumage, will be found an interesting feature in this attractive exhibition.
Preceding the gorgeous procession on its arrival into the place of exhibition, may be seen the COLOSSAL GOLDEN CHARIOT, containing Otto Horn's Cornet Band.
apr26-d7t-apr26 27 may 1 4 8 10 11
FOR SALE.
MY FARM, OF 123 ACRES, IN CLINton township, about six miles north of Columbus, on the river road; large new two-story brick house, barn, stable and other out-buildings; fine orchard and vineyard, rich bottom soil and choice upland, in an excellent state of cultivation; about 35 acres of timber. For sale cheap and on easy terms. Apply at my residence, 359 South Front street, or at the office of Otto Drexel, 247 South High street. JACOB SHIERNAGLE.
Columbus, O., April 26, 1867. apr27-d&w2w

SPRING GOODS
Great Bargains.
Great Bargains,
Great Bargains.
A. C. HEADLEY & CO.'S,
AT
250 & 252
South High Street.
jan31
M'COLM, MILES & M'DONALDS,
GROCERS,
DEALERS IN
Every Variety of Family Supplies,
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
Wines, Brandies, Cigars, etc.
Proprietors Columbus Powder Magazine,
AGENTS FOR SALE OF
Phipps & Co.'s Sugar Cured Hams.
Always on hand, the best brands of
WHITE WHEAT FLOUR,
"WHITE ROSE," "SNOW FLAKE," etc.
Headquarters for
FRESH BALTIMORE OYSTERS.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
All goods delivered, free of charge, to any part of the city.
M'COLM, MILES & M'DONALDS,
124 and 126 South High street.
nov13-r
HILL & EDWARDS,
132 and 134 South Fourth Street,
DEALERS IN
FAMILY GROCERIES,
Choice Teas, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Wood and Willow Ware, &c., Butter, Eggs, Lard,
And all kinds of
COUNTRY PRODUCE
Always in store. All goods warranted as represented. Call and see. 132 and 134 South Fourth street
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
All goods delivered free of charge.
feb27-eod3m
FOR SALE.
THE AMERICAN HOTEL PROPERty, fronting on High street, will be divided into business lots and offered at private sale until the 10th day of May. For particulars, call at my office, No. 26 State street, or at the Hotel.
W. A. McCOY, Trustee.
April 22, 1867. apr23-dtf
HOTELS.
L. GARDNER J. M. DENMAN
AMERICAN HOUSE.
GARDNER & DENMAN, Proprietors.
NEWARK, OHIO.
mch21-dtf
PHILLIPS HOUSE,
SOUTHWEST COR. MAIN AND THIRD STREETS,
DAYTON, OHIO.
L. REIBOLD, Proprietor.
C. G. McMillen, Chief Clerk.
oct22 dtf-r
ST. NICHOLAS,
FORMERLY BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.
East Side of the Public Square,
NEWARK, OHIO.
JOHN KOOS, Proprietor.
oct15-dtf
S. E. CRITTENDEN. C. E. SERGEANT.
CLARENDON HOTEL,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
S. E. CRITTENDEN & CO., Prop'rs.
HAVING LEASED THE PROPERTY known as the Walnut Street House, and completed our improvements upon the same, it is now thoroughly refurnished, painted, carpeted and in most excellent condition, and will from this date be the CLARENDON HOTEL. We shall be most happy to see our friends and the traveling public, and guarantee the accommodations of the Clarendon to be equal to any Hotel in the city.
Telegraph Office in the Hotel.
March 15, 1867. S. E. CRITTENDEN & CO.
apr20-dtf-mch26
GALLEHER. T. A. MATTHEWS
Late of Mason Co., Ky. Of Maysville, Ky.
C. NELSON,
Late of Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Merchants' Hotel,
(FORMERLY DENNISON HOUSE.)
ALLEHER, NELSON & CO., Proprietors.
Fifth Street, near Main,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
This House having been thoroughly repaired renovated and newly furnished, is now open.
may26'67-tf

BUSINESS CARDS.
SALOON AND RESTAURANT.
AUGUST HENNEBO,
No. 13 West Broad Street,
(South side)
Importer of Fine Liquors & Cigars,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
june26-dtf-r
W. D. BURKAM & CO.,
General Commission Merchant,
44 CHAMBER COMMERCE BUILDING,
CHICAGO.
ISAAC MEYER, Salesman.
References—Messrs. Burkam & Co., Bankers, Lawrenceburg National Bank, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
jan1-26m
WHISKY, BRANDY, WINE,
AND
Liquors of all Kinds.
TEN YEAR OLD BOURBON WHISKY. Kentucky Bourbon Whisky. Also, twenty-five barrels pure 8 to 13 years old
Monongahela Whisky,
of the best brands. Will be sold by the demijohn or barrel; also, all kinds of fine and old Liquors, by
LACELLE, ROSS & CO.,
dec23 122 South High street.
J. C. BAILEY. J. O. THOMPSON. B. F. SMITH.
BAILEY, THOMPSON & CO.,
BANKERS,
No. 274 S. High St., Columbus, O.
GENERAL BANKING AND COLLECTION BUSINESS
Foreign and Domestic Exchange, Government Bonds, Coin and Current Money.
COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED to and remitted for on the day of payment
may28-d6m-june23
GEO. W. GLEASON,
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.
A full stock of
LAW, MEDICAL, SCHOOL & BLANK BOOKS.
Spring stock of
PAPER HANGINGS AND BORDERS.
New and beautiful styles of
WINDOW SHADES.
feb22-d6m
P. HAYDEN. JOS. HUTCHESON. WM. B. HAYDEN.
HAYDEN, HUTCHESON & CO.
BANKERS,
WILL OPEN THEIR OFFICE
AT NO. 13 SOUTH HIGH ST.,
(Lately occupied as the office of the Board of Control of the State Bank of Ohio)
ON MONDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1867
COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES.
Gold, Silver and Gold Coupons bought at liberal rates. Government and City Securities bought and sold. 7 3-10 Notes converted into 5 20 Bonds. 7 3-10 Coupons taken at par when due, and all other business transacted that is usually done by well regulated incorporated Banks, except the issuing of Bank notes.
HAYDEN, HUTCHESON & CO.
jan5-dtf
WEST O'HARRA. C. W. CAMPBELL. BARBEE.
O'HARRA, CAMPBELL & BARBEE,
(Successors to J. & L. Zettler,)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic Groceries,
PRODUCE, WATER LIME,
FINE LIQUORS,
PLASTER, &c., &c.
COR. FOURTH & FRIEND STS.
COLUMBUS, OHIO
july21-dtf
PROFESSIONAL.
DR. GEO. M. DORSEY,
HOMEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OFFICE—Parson's Block, corner State and High streets, up stairs. jan8-dtf
M. H. MANN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
No. 117 South High St.,
nov29-d1y UP STAIRS.
A. W. GRAHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—With Henry C. Noble, Esq.,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
Promp