Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

THOMAS U. WHITE, "Independent in All Things---Neutral in Nothing." Editor & Publisher.

VOLUME VIII. POMEROY, MEIGS COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY MAY 18, 1865. NUMBER 20.

Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

THOMAS U. WHITE.

Office in first story of Bissell's Building, near the Sugar Run Stone Bridge, Pomeroy, Ohio.

All applications for Subscription, Advertising and Job work should be made at the office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE YEAR 1865.

If paid in Advance, $2, if paid within the year, $2 50; thereafter, $3.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TIME.	3w	6w	3m	6m	9m	1 ye'r
1 sq r 8 lines	1 00	1 75	3 00	5.00	7 00	8 00
2 squares	2 00	3 25	5 00	8 00	11 00	14 00
6 squares	5 00	7 00	9 00	12 50	15 00	18 00
12 squares	.....	.....	.....	20 00	30 00	35 00
20 squares	.....	.....	.....	25 00	35 00	40 00

Legal advertisements charged at rates allowed by law.

Casual or transient anvertisements must be paid for in advance.

Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on copy, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

All communications and notices will be charged in proportion, excepting obituary and marriage notices, which to subscribers will be gratuitous for five lines or less; over five lines will be subjected to the usual charge. Religious notices of five lines or less will be inserted gratuitous.

☞ All advertisements, to insure insertion, must be brought in before the Tuesday noon prior to the day of publication.

Business Cards.

T. A. PLANTS.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, O Office at the office of the Sugar Run Salt Co. 7-1

LEWIS PAINE,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, O. Office—In Court-House. [7-1]

E. HUTTON,

County Surveyor, and Attorney at Law. Office in the Court House, Pomeroy, Ohio. 7-1

T. W. HAMPTON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Cheshire, Gallia County, Ohio. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. [7-1]

N. SIMPSON. O. P. SIMPSON.

N. & G. P. SIMPSON.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio. Office up stairs in the Court House. 7-1

MARTIN HAYS,

Attorney-at-Law, Harrisonville, Meigs Co., O., will promptly attend to all business that may be entrusted to his care, in the several State Courts of Ohio, and in the U. S. Court for the Northern and Southern Districts of Ohio. 7-1

SUGAR RUN SALT COMPANY.

Salt 35 cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. [7-1] T. A. PLANTS, Agent.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY.

Salt 35 cents per bushel. 7-1

W. A. AICHER,

Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front street, below the "Remington House," Pomeroy. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in my line. 7-1

E. LYMAN,

Painter and Glazier, back room of P. Lambrecht's Jewelry Store, west side Court street, Pomeroy, O. 7-1

A. KOHL,

Dealer in and Manufacturer of Umbrellas, Court St., 2d door from Front, Pomeroy, Ohio. He also repairs Umbrellas, and purchases old ones at liberal prices.

May 3, 1860.—3-1-tf.

LEWIS PAINE,

CLAIM AGENT,

POMEROY, OHIO,

Will attend promptly to Collecting Bounty Money, Arrears of Pay, and Pensions due to Disabled and Discharged Soldiers, and the Widows of deceased soldiers.

Office in the Court House. [7-25-tf.

W. H. LASLEY, Pomeroy, Ohio—

CLAIM AGENT,

Will attend, promptly, to the Collection of just claims against the Government;

PENSIONS, BOUNTIES,

Arrears of Pay, value of Horses and other Property, lost while in the Service, etc., etc.—Office in Court-House. [7-2-y]

A. SEEBOHM,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

DEALER IN OILS, PAINTS, BRUSHES, Varnishes, Dyestuffs, Perfumery, and Fancy Articles,

Front Street, Pomeroy, Ohio.

Prescriptions carefully put up. Jan. 7.—7-1.

POMEROY IRON COMPANY.

POMEROY, OHIO.

Keep constantly on hand and make to order all sizes of the celebrated

POMEROY IRON.

☞ Orders filled on short notice.

7-11-tf.] C. GRANT, Ag't.

DENTISTRY.

DR. D. C. WHALEY, Dentist.

Office on Court Street, one door below McQuigg & Smith's Leather Store. Work warranted. 7-1

T. U. WHITE, Jr., & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

—AND—

Commission Merchants,

No. 24. EAST SECOND STREET,

CINCINNATI, O.,

Dealers in Salt Fish, Dried Fruits, Nuts, Butter, Lard, Bacon, Canned Fruits, Swiss & Limberg Cheese, Dried Beef, &c.

R. H. STEWART.

General Commission Merchant, No. 7 East Front Street, Cincinnati. [7-16-1y

DR. D. MAYER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

NEW HAVEN, WEST VA.

All calls on either side of the river will be carefully attended to. [7-49-tf.]

Poetry.

THE GRAY SWAN.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Oh, tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew—
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said, with trembling lip—
"What little lad? what ship?"

"What little lad? as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away."

"The other day?" the sailor's eyes
Stood open with great surprise—
The other day? the Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise,
"Ay, ay, sir, here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan." "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of sand,
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her—
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so!
The kerchief from your neck."
"Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had—
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years—a long, long cruise—
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you, you can
Forgive him?" "Miserable man,
You're mad as the sea—you rave—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"My God! my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead, my living child!"

[*Friend of Progress.*

The Drummer Boy.

An incident occurred in the President's room in November last which illustrates the tenderness of his great and noble heart.

Among the large number of persons waiting in the room, standing around to speak to him, was a small, pale, delicate boy. The President saw him standing looking so faint and weak, and said to him, "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want." The boy advanced, placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and, with bowed head and trembling frame, said, "Mr. President, I have been a drummer in a regiment for two years, and my Colonel got angry with me and turned me off; I was taken sick and have been a long time in hospital. This is the first day I have been out. I came to see if you cannot do something for me."

The President looked kindly and tenderly at him, and asked him where he lived. He replied that he had no home. "Where is your father?" said the President. "He died in the army," answered the boy. "Where is your mother?" "My mother is dead also." I have no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters;" and, bursting into tears, the boy said, "and no friends. Nobody cares for me." The scene was very affecting. Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and he said to him: "Can't you sell newspapers?" "No," said the boy, "I am too weak, and the Surgeon of the hospital told me I must leave; and I have no money, and no friends, and no place to go to."

The scene was indescribably tender and affecting, and the President immediately drew from his drawer a card, on which he wrote his wishes, that the officers should care (in his own affectionate language,) "for this poor boy."

When the card was handed to the drummer boy, a smile lit up his face, all wet with tears, and he returned fully convinced that he had at least one good and true friend in Abraham Lincoln.

The Three Wishes.

The Eastern origin of this tale seems evident; had it been originally composed in a Northern land, it is probable that the King would have been represented as dethroned by bribes obtained from his own treasury.

There was once a wise Emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice, if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the Emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at the court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the Emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his jailer: "You know I have the right to make three demands before I die; go and tell the Emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us." This first demand was not much to the Emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment, the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an Emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed profusely among the courtiers, and soon had gained a hoste of friends by his liberality.

The Emperor began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sir," answered the prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the Emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, Sir!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see anything—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized then," said the king.

But the steward protested, with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offense, upon which the princess said:

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offense committed, the count can not be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The Emperor frowned; and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offense than his. But, if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

A Virtue Needed in America.

We Americans are the most wasteful and extravagant people in the world. We waste fearfully in food, in clothing, and in extras. We waste on every secular day of the week, and waste a double amount on Sundays. Men waste shamefully, women shockingly; boys and girls, too, are permitted to waste wofully. Wastefulness is one of our worst national vices, for if economy be a virtue, then extravagance must be a vice. The English don't waste half as much as we do; the French not a quarter, and the Germans (while in Germany) don't waste at all.

Hundreds of leading hotels throughout the country prepare daily from twenty to fifty different dishes for dinner, and out of these from a half to two-thirds are regularly wasted. Thus not only is food wasted, but also labor at the same time. In ordinary families unwholesome meals of half a dozen dishes are gotten up where a plain meal would at once be more economical and wholesome. We gorge ourselves with great numbers of articles, which are neither nutritious nor delicious, but simply costly. Men buy four hats a year, where one ought to last them four years. They throw away coat and pants when they are but little the worse for wear; and instead of having their shirts mended and stockings darned, they purchase new ones and fling away the old. Women wear very expensive articles of dress without wearing them out; and, we have heard, are inclined to spend and waste money and material without stint.

The present is a most excellent time for the whole people to begin to learn and practice the virtue of economy. If those men who are striking for higher wages because of the high price of living, would instead of this, waste less in their homes, their clothing and their "sundries," it would be much better for themselves and the country. If dealers would live less extravagantly, and waste less, they could sell more cheaply. If rich men would squander less on their tables, their tailors, their wine merchants, their fast horses, big houses and fancy fixings, they would set a better example, would better enjoy life, enjoy good health, and be more able to help their country. If the fair sex would pay some attention to this matter—and we refer not merely to the wealthy classes, but those in the common walks of life—they would be thrice blessed themselves and would confer blessings on the bearded sex.

Among the mercantile, mechanic, agricultural and working classes of Germany, the same garment will not only be worn for one season or one year, but for half a life time or more; and yet they will be no less comfortably clad than our people, who wear a hundred suits of expensive clothing during their brief existence. In Dachau, the *unterrock* of the women will often be handed down and worn for three generations—which is a fact that might profitably be pondered by the daughters of America. They are no less economical in articles of food on the European continent. A witty Frenchman asks the question, why is pork always so dear in Paris, and he himself answered the inquiry by saying, it is because they can't raise swine in Paris, for the people themselves consume all the garbage. There is hardly enough truth in this to point the joke; but the fact is, that the nice and economical habits of the French, in matters of diet, prevents the vast accumulations of refuse which are seen in some other countries.

Our habits of waste astonish all foreigners. We waste enough in this country, of food and clothing, in one year, to sustain the whole population for five. The times are hard. The currency is deranged. We know not what lies in the future. The whole country should begin to learn habits of economy. And it is a virtue, which, if it is ever to become national, should at once begin to be practiced by individuals.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND SECRETARY STANTON.—A few days before the President's death, Secretary Stanton tendered his resignation of the War Department. He accompanied the act with a most heartfelt tribute to Mr. Lincoln's constant friendship and faithful devotion to the country, saying, also, that he, as Secretary, had accepted the position to hold it only until the war should end, and that now he felt his work was done, and his duty was to resign.

Mr. Lincoln was greatly moved by the Secretary's words, and tearing in pieces the paper containing the resignation, and throwing his arms about the Secretary, he said: "Stanton, you have been a good friend and a faithful public servant, and it is not for you to say when you will no longer be needed here." Several friends of both parties were present on the occasion, and there was not a dry eye that witnessed the scene.—[*N. Y. Independent.*

Midnight.

Amid the million-jeweled hours that Darkness lends the weary Earth, not one is half so beautiful as that which comes midway between the Dusk and Dawn. She breathes upon the Planet and it sleeps; she draws her mystic curtain, and as much repose as Nature can enjoy, falls sweetly on the now too drowsy Day, which thus forgets its duties done and half believes the far Nirvana which the Brahmin dreams a partially accomplished fact.

In silent majesty she smiles on her departed sisters of the Night, and glides in graceful gladness toward the Morn that welcomes her with happy arms; then sheds a thousand dewy tears upon the Earth from which she sadly parts, and ceasing to be of the Present sinks into the Past.

Though always beautiful, at times the Midnight is magnificent. A thousand glories shine about her head, and golden silence greets the spheral music she alone can sing. The carpets fairy-footed Spring spreads over hill and valley hush her steps, and yet no footfall rustles in the many-colored leaves that Autumn casts upon the chilly earth. She draws in Winter warm though icy coverings over babbling brooks, and in the Summer cools with fragrant breath the circumambient air.

The sky, that azure desert of the day, she fills with oases that gladden all who gaze upon their holy light, as those that on Sahara's sands shine like her stars, make glad the wandering Arab, thirsting for the rain that Allah will not send.

Beneath her tender influence the loving soul may find a balm no other presence gives save that from which it parts because she comes.—It gazes at the smiling stars, not half so bright as that sweet pair of saint-like eyes into whose depths it looked a moment since; believes the sky would be far finer if the Pleiad, lost so long, now newly found, were added to her sisters who are riding toward the zenith by Orion's splendid light, and deems the atmosphere far sweeter for the breath that came to it from that half-budded rose whose parting lips it just has kissed "Good night."

What dreamings follow; how the fond imagination revels in the charms which it creates and Fancy paints. Now parting lovers walk on thrones and find beyond a brighter Paradise than the Midnight bids them leave.

Her sword is also made of flame; but while it guards the golden fruit that both would eat, it points across the desolation of the Day to happy hours that evening has in store, and tells them of a better bliss that waits a future hour when Midnight will not bid them part but make them meet.

How tenderly the Midnight folds her inky, star-bespangled robe about those scenes the garish Day should never see; with what abandon she exposes what the sunlight hides.—Love-lighted eyes, within whose mystic depths is born an Aphrodite fairer far than she who found a fabled home upon the Cyprian shore, send glances such as Noonday never knew, and ambushed Cupids, far more fond than he who, by his prayers, made his beloved immortal as himself, send such joy-bearing arrows through the soul as make an Eden of the hour and causes it to wish the Dawn were distant as the farthest star.

Thou art the paragon of Hours. On thy bewildering beauty all may gaze; in thy unrivaled charms the World may nestle, like a babe, and draw what inspiration Morrow needs from that repose thy lavish hand bestows.

We feel thy gentle breathing while we write, and know how soothingly thy touch may fall upon a hot, care-fevered brow; how tenderly thy influence steals across a sad, World-weary soul. A thousand welcomes nightly greet thy coming; but a thousand thousand sighs would follow thy departure if we did not know thou wilt return.

We kiss thy feet, Oh! sweet magician of the sombre Night, in gratitude, and fain would bask in thy deliciousness for aye. Thy wand, whose spell is far more potent than the one Prospero broke, has touched our drowsy eyes, and by its magic aid we hope to bury in profoundest sleep the record of the Day just dead. If thou hast floweret-juice I ke that Earth-girdling Puck on sleeping lovers' eyelids poured, use also it and wake us only when the high idea of our soul in roseate beauty waits for our adoring gaze. Good Night.

How the Late President Looked in His Coffin.

Death has fastened into his frozen face all the character and idiosyncrasy of life. He has not changed one line of his grave, grotesque countenance, nor smoothed out a single feature. The hue is bloodless and leaden; but he was always sallow. The dark eyebrows seem abruptly arched; the beard which will grow no more, is shaved close, save the tuft at the short, small chin. The mouth is shut, like that of one who had put his foot down firm, and so are the eyes, which look as calm as slumber. The collar is short and awkward, turned over the stiff, elastic cravat, and whatever energy or humor or tender gravity marked the living face, is hardened in its palseless outline. No corpse in the world is better prepared, according to appearances. The white satin around it, reflects sufficient light upon the face to show us that death is really there, but there are sweet roses and early magnolias, and the balmiest of lillies strewn around, as if the flowers had begun to bloom even upon his coffin. Looking on uninterruptedly, for there is no pressure, and henceforward the place will be thronged with gazers who will take from the sight its suggestiveness and respect. Three years ago, when little Willie Lincoln died, Doctors Brown and Alexander, the embalmers or injectors, prepared his body so handsomely that the President had it twice disinterred to look upon it. The same men in the same way, have made perpetual these beloved lineaments. There is now no blood in the body; it was drained by the jugular vein and sacredly preserved and through a cutting on the inside of the thigh the empty blood-vessels were charged with a chemical preparation which soon hardened to the consistency of stone. The long and bony body is now hard and stiff, so that beyond its present position it cannot be moved any more than the arms and legs of a statue. It has undergone many changes. The scalp has been removed, the brain scooped out, the chest opened, and the blood emptied. All this we see of Abraham Lincoln, so cunningly contemplated in this splandid coffin, is a mere shell, an effigy, a sculpture. He lies in sleep, but it is the sleep of marble. All that made this flesh vital, sentient, and affectionate, is gone forever.—[*Cor. N. Y. World.*

Railroad Robbery at North Bend.

We gave a brief account in our issue of Saturday, containing all that was then known here, of a most daring and successful assault upon a train full of passengers on Friday night last. We now give below all the further particulars we have been enabled to gather in reference to the affair.

The unlucky train was the St. Louis night Express, which left here Friday evening, at eight o'clock, containing four passenger coaches, a baggage and an Adams Express car.—The former were pretty well filled with passengers, including perhaps a hundred men. The train had passed North Bend, fourteen miles below the city, when the locomotive was thrown from the track and turned over on one side, the express and baggage cars sharing the same fate. The first passenger-coach stove into the baggage car, causing a great shock, but injuring nobody seriously, the others retaining their positions on the track. Immediately following the concussion, a volley of firearms apprised the passengers that the affair was not simply a railroad accident; and before they had time to concert any measures of defense, a desperado with revolver in hand presented himself at each door of the several cars, backed by one or two companions of the same character. The order was given: "Rob every d—d man, but don't touch the ladies," and while one kept guard at each door, the others proceeded through the train and made every man 'stand and deliver.' Pocket-books, watches, chains and jewelry changed hands rapidly. But few of the whole number were shrewd enough to save anything. A soldier, returning home, was robbed of $300, and although he begged hard to be permitted to retain a portion of the money, the villains took all.—Another individual was relieved of a gold watch and five hundred dollars in greenbacks. Still another lost two hundred dollars, besides a watch and valuable breastpin. The conductor, Mr. Shephard, had forty dollars taken from him; but, by cutting the lining of his coat pocket, and allowing the contents to drop into the skirt, succeeded in saving $320. The engineer likewise lost a valuable watch. We are unable to give any statement of the aggregate loss of passengers, but it was considerable.

While the passengers were being robbed in this way, five others of the gang plundered the express car. It had capsized in such a way as to imprison the messenger, Mr. Pierce, who, after the accident, thrusting out his head from a small opening, to see what was going on outside, was greeted by a loud oath from a desperado standing near, who threatened to blow off the top of his head if he did not get back. The party, with the aid of an ax, soon cut their way into the car, and drew out the money safes, three in number. They demanded the keys from the messenger, under pain of death, but two of the safes being through from Cincinnati to St. Louis, he was only able to open for them the local safe. The others they blew open with gun-powder, having vainly endeavored to force the doors with an ax. The amount of money lost by the Express cannot be accurately stated, but it was not very large.

There were, however, $30,000 worth of 7-30 United States Bonds abstracted from one of the safes and carried off. The only object of the ruffians seemed to be plunder, for as soon as they had obtained all the valuables they could find, they hastened to the Ohio river and crossed in skiffs to the Kentucky shore. The most reliable accounts obtained since the affair took place, give the number as not exceeding fifteen. They were dressed, with one exception, in citizens clothes, and but for the fact that one was called Captain and another Lieutenant, and the character of the enterprise, no one would have suspected they were rebel guerrillas. Even now it is thought they may prove to be a band of burglars, pickpockets and kindred characters, who united to make a big haul under a guerrilla-like movement.

Prompt action was taken by the military authorities in reference to capturing the gang. General Palmer, at Louisville, was informed of the facts; and before daylight General Wilich had a detachment of sixty men, under command of Captain Booth, ready to proceed to the vicinity of the disaster, which went down on the 7 o'clock train. A force of cavalry also went down from Covington on the Kentucky side. Captain Booth returned Saturday evening, without having discovered any clue to the retreat of the brigands. Nobody in the neighborhood had seen them previous to the arrival of the train, and only a fisherman, in a hut near by, saw the scene from outside the cars, and saw the fellows fleeing to the river. On the Kentucky shore it was learned that a farmer had missed two of his horses, and that the fugitives had hastened back toward the interior. The cavalry that went in pursuit have not been heard from.

We append the following card from the Superintendent of the Adams Express Company which persons dealing in 7-30 bonds would do well to put in their pocket-books:

THE ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY TO THE PUBLIC.

Among other securities and valuables forcibly taken from the possession of this Company on the train of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, thrown from the track and robbed by a band of armed men on the evening of Friday, May 5, were the following:

Twenty United States 7-30 coupon bonds, of $1,000 each, numbered from 66,108, to 66,127, inclusive; ten United States 7-30 coupon bonds, of $4,000 each, numbered from 62,128 to 62,137, inclusive.

These bonds are the property of the Treasury Department of the United States, in course of transportation to the consignees at St. Louis, in charge of this Company, as the Agent of the Government, for that purpose. Their abstraction and detention, is, therefore, an offense against the Government, for which any and all persons in whose hands they may be found, will have to answer.

The public, bankers and brokers especially, are warned against purchasing or negotiating the above described bonds, and are requested to furnish to the undersigned any information they may become possessed of, as to their whereabouts.

ALFRED GAITHER,
Superintendent.

Lion Hunting in Algiers.

A letter from Batna, in the Independant of Constantina, gives some further details of the recent exploits of MM. Chassaing and Bombonnel. Having learned that a horse had been killed by wild beasts, they proceeded to the spot, and concealed themselves in some brushwood close by, in order to wait until the animals returned after sunset to devour their prey. The night was dark and no moonlight was to be hoped for. The hunters had not been long at their post when a magnificent lion approached the horse. The two friends touched each other with the elbow to show that they had seen the beast, and Chassaing, firing both barrels, sent the animal rolling to the bottom of the ravine. There had not been time to reload when a second lion appeared. Bombonnel passed his gun to his companion, and Chassaing sent the new comer to join his roars of pain with those of the preceding. A third and a fourth lion appeared successively and met with the same fate, Bombonnel loading each time, and passing the fire-arms to Chassaing. The situation of the hunters was, however, now becoming critical. The bellowing of the wounded and dying animals was likely to attact their fellows to the spot, while the darkness rendered the task of avoiding them difficult. The hunters were beside trembling with cold, for they had not taken the precaution of putting on warm clothing against the night air. They therefore decided on regaining their tents, where they found their companions fast asleep, not having even heard the reports of the guns. The next morning the party proceeded to the scene of the night's adventure. Two of the lions were lying dead, but the others had disappeared. They appeared to have lost much blood, but the dryness of the ground rendered their traces difficult to follow. Presently a general scamper among the Arabs who were aiding in the search showed that something had been discovered, and it turned out to be a large lioness, which had taken refuge at the bottom of a ravine. Chassaing, Bombonnel, Count Karolyi, and M. Deichmann, advanced together and all fired. But even after that volley she again raised her head, when a ball beneath the shoulder from Bombonnel finished her. The other wounded animal could not be found.

Importance of Presence of Mind in a Family.

1. If a man faints, place him flat on his back and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cold water with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may still remain, swallow the white of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their being always at hand; if not, a pint of sweet oil or lamp oil, or "dipping," or melted butter or lard are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly, is to cover it profusely with cobweb, or flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spirts, be spry, or the man will die in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around near the part between the wound and the heart; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin, twist it around until the blood ceases to flow, and keep it there until the doctor comes; if in a position where the handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on a spot near the wound, between the wound and the heart; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen the pressure for an instant, until the physician arrives, so as to glue up the wound by the coagulation or hardening of the cooling blood.

5. If your clothing takes fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect upon the flames; if not extinguished, or a great headway is gotten, lie down on the floor, roll over and over, or better, envelop yourself in a carpet, or rug, bed-cloth or any garment that you can get hold of, always preferring linen.

6. If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep.

7. If the bowels are loose, lie down in a warm bed; remain there and eat nothing until you are well.

8. If an action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; meanwhile drink largely of cold water or hot teas, and exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration, and keep this up until things are righted; this suggestion, if practiced, would save myriads of lives every year, both in the city and country.

9. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence, and repose.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Extraordinary Suicide.

Last evening about 7 o'clock, a man named Davit, who recently resided in Fifth street, between Scott and Madison, Covington, in company with his wife, went on board the ferry boat for the purpose apparently of crossing from this city to their home. As they passed on board they spoke genially to the Captain of the boat; walked through the cabin to the opposite side, and stood looking in the water until they reached mid-river, when the man suddenly jumped overboard, his wife following him in the instant.

A young man, who happened to be near, caught the dress of the woman and held it until torn from the waist, making every effort to prevent the self-slaughter, but without success. The parties sank and found a common grave beneath the beautiful river.

Sad as suicide is, it is the cause that leads to it which arouses the most sympathy. Mr. Davit and his wife were in comfortable circumstances, and childless. For a number of years past he has had, so far as his friends were aware, no special cares, and has done no business of any kind, save that which necessarily attaches itself to all who have means sufficient to render them able to live without toil.

By those who knew them best the pair were much esteemed, and they had gathered about their declining years troops of friends. They were about fifty years of age, and in excellent health. The suicide seems to have been preconcerted and agreed on by both; but for what reason will, in all probability, remain a sealed book, until the history of Time shall be read in Eternity.—*Cin. Gazr*

☞ It is sometimes forgotton that the last gill of milk drawn from the cow's udder is the best part of every milking. Careful experiments made in England, (according to a report lately published) that the quality of cream obtained from the last cup taken from most cows exceed that of the first in proportion of twelve to one. The difference in the quantity also is considerable. Hence, a person who carelessly loses in reality as much cream as would be afforded by six or eight pints at the beginning; and loses too that part of the cream which gives the richness and flavor to the butter.

THE PRESIDENT'S OATH.—The Clerk of the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Middleton, undesignedly opened the Bible upon which Mr. Lincoln took the oath of office, on Saterday at the fifth chapter of Isaiah. We commend the reading of the entire chapter to our readers, but quote two verses, which are quite significant in view of the scenes which had just taken place in the Senate Chamber:

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!

"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ The following is a list of the rebel Generals surrendered to General Sherman by General Johnston, and who are at liberty to go home, wearing their side-arms:

Brig. Gen. Joseph H. Lewis, of Kentucky.
" " W. P. Walford, of Georgia.
" " M. F. Wright, of Tennessee.
" " Zebulon York, of Louisiana.
" " W. B. Wood, of Alabama.
" " T. L. Clingman, of N. Carolina.
" " Z. C. Deas, of Alabama.
" " C. G. Dibbrel, of Tennessee.
" " A. G. Blanchard, of Louisiana.
" " W. M. Brown, of Dist. of Columbia.
" " James Chestnut, of South Carolina.
" " Stephen Elliott, of S. Carolina.
" " S. W. Ferguson, of Mississippi.
" " Lucius H. Cartrell, of Georgia.
" " J. R. Haygood, of South Carolina.
" " Alfred Iverson, jr., of Georgia.
" " H. P. Lowry, of Mississippi.
" " A. M. Manigault, of S. Carolina.
" " E. W. Pettus, of Mississippi.
" " A. W. Reynolds, of Virginia.
" " R. A. Ripley, of Massachusetts.
" " Taliafero, of Virginia.
" " Bazil R. Duke, of Kentucky.
General P. G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana.
Lieut. Gen. D. H. Hill, of North Carolina.
Maj. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, of Kentucky.
" " J. Patterson Anderson, of Florida.
" " William Bate, of Tennessee.
" " W. W. Loring, of North Carolina.
" " John C. Brown, of Tennessee.
" " M. C. Butler, of South Carolina.
" " Howell Cobb, of Georgia.
" " Samuel G. French, of Mississippi.
" " Carter L. Stevenson, of Tennessee.
" " R. F. Hoke, of North Carolina.
" " S. Jones, of Virginia.
" " George Maney, of Tennessee.
" " LaFayette McLaws, of Georgia.
" " Joseph Wheeler, of Georgia.
" " P. M B. Young, of Georgia.
" " Robert Ransom, of North Carolina.
" " P. McCown, of Tennessee.
" " J. S. Williams, of Kentucky.

National Banks.

Washington, May 3.—The number of National Banks now in operation is upwards of eleven hundred, with a capital of $265,000,000:

	Authorized.	Paid in.
Maine	$4,015,000	$3,889,800
New Hampshire	1,770,000	1,620,000
Vermont	223,500	218,500
Massachusetts	51,744,500	51 589,500
Rhode Island	1,900,000	1,676,000
Connecticut	10,621,750	10 471,600
New Jersey	3,535,000	3,554,834
District of Columbia	1,000,000	802,300
Maryland	2,090,000	1,940,000
Virginia	200,000	200,000
Louisiana	500,000	500,000
Michigan	1,868,500	1 533,900
Wisconsin	1,272,000	1,176,070
Minnesota	1,060,000	1,055,000
Iowa	1,985,000	1,811,832
Kansas	100,000	100,000
Tennessee	450,000	300,000
Kentucky	1,500,000	1,020,000
Missouri	1,759,000	1,687,290
Nebraska	350,000	350,000
Delaware	355,000	333,000
New York	39,576,300	36,109,982
Indiana	6,475,500	5,999,138
Ohio	15,981,300	14,001,437
Illinois	8,022,314	7,884,000
Pennsylvania	37,361,620	35,699,062
Mississippi	500,000	300,000

How to Whitewash.

Procure fresh burnt lime, not that partly air slacked. The large lumps are best. The fine portions and small lumps will not make a wash that will stick well. For this reason, lime that has been burnt several months is not as good as that just from the kiln. Put a pound or two in a vessel, and pour on boiling water slowly, until it is all slacked, and is about as thick as cream. Then add cold rainwater until it will flow well from the brush. Stir often when using. A few drops of bluing added will give it a more lively color.—One or two tablespoonful of clean salt, and one-fourth pound of clean sugar to a gallon of the wash, will make it more adhesive. If the walls have been whitewashed, let them be swept thoroughly, and if colored with smoke, wash them clean with soap suds. A brush with long, thick hair, will hold fluid best, when applying it overhead. If a person has the wash of the right consistency, and a good brush, he can whitewash a large parlor without allowing a drop to fall. When it appears streaked after drying, it is two thick, and needs diluting with cold water. Apply the wash back and forth in one direction, and then go crosswise, using a paint brush at the corners, and a thin piece of board to keep the brush from the wood work, or the border of the paper. Coloring matter may be mingled with the wash, to give it any desired tint. To make a peach blow color, mingle a small quantity of Venetian red. For a sky blue, add any kind of dry, blue paint, stirring it well while mixing. To make a wash of a light straw color, mingle a few ounces of yellow ochre, or chrome yellow. The coloring matter should be quite fine to prevent its settling to the bottom of the vessel.

PEACHES SAVED BY SMOKE.—Dr. Sylvester related how he saved his peach crop one year by building fires in his peach orchard. One very cold night, when the trees were in blossom, he made as much smoke as he could, from thirteen fires, so as to envelope the trees, and kept it up until toward morning, when a change of atmosphere occurred. That was the only orchard in the vicinity which bore fruit that season. Last year the peaches were killed by a wave of cold in early winter that came from the Rocky Mountains, reaching as far east as Rochester.

Dr. Emerson said the smoke prevents radiation, and had the effect by lessening the clearness of the atmosphere of saving the fruit. The heat of the fire had very little if any effect.

Dr. Ward remarked this was an important point to be remembered; that it is only necessary to make such a fire as will produce a great smoke, to save fruit from being killed by frost.

DIPTHERIA, OR PUTRID SORE THROAT.—This very pervalent disease has swept from the parental lap many a sweet babe; and to prevent further ravages among the little ones, should be the earnest object of fathers and mothers. A friend has handed the following recipe, which we take pleasure in giving to our readers:

A poultice made of the yoke of an egg and fine salt, of a paste like consistency, to be put on the throat, and kept on thirty minutes, unless sooner dry. If a child should be very feverish, the poultice should be repeated. A wash or gargle should