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VOL. XXXV. WILMINGTON, TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1867. NO. 49.

WARNER'S PHILADELPHIA AND WILMINGTON STEAM PROPELLER LINE.

STEAMER LEAVES

FIRST WHARF BELOW CHESTNUT ST., PHILAD'A,

DAILY AT 5 P. M.,

AND MARKET STREET WHARF, WILMINGTON,

DAILY, AT 6 P. M.

Freight will be received from 7 A. M., to the Hour of Sailing.

☞ THE EXPRESS ARRANGEMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH THIS LINE, FORM THE MOST DESIRABLE; MODE FOR TRANSPORTING FREIGHT BETWEEN THE TWO CITIES.

PHILADELPHIA AND WILMINGTON STEAM BOAT LINE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, APRIL 8th, 1867,

THE FINE STEAMER ARIEL,

Will Leave Wilmington at 7.00 A.M. Chester at 8.15 A.M

Returning, Leave Philadelphia at 2.30 P.M.

FREIGHT NOTICE.—All freight received by the Wilmington Steamboat Line, (Steamer Ariel) either going to or from New York by Canal and Railroad Lines, will be taken free of porterage in Philadelphia.

☞ Shippers will please have goods marked VIA STEAMER ARIEL.

The facilities offered by this line make it the quickest and most certain way of transporting freight. Goods delivered the same day they are shipped. Freight to or from New York forwarded free of Porterage in Philadelphia, and a saving of TWELVE HOURS TIME to the shipper or receiver.

Orders for goods to come by this line, if left at the office, foot of King Street, will be forwarded by the undersigned.

☞ TAGGART'S EXPRESS runs in connection with this line, and any goods or orders intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Jr., Agent.

JAMES WILSON. JAMES F. WOOD.

FRONT STREET STOVE STORE

South-East Corner of Front and Orange.

WILSON & WOOD,

DEALERS IN

STOVES, HEATERS AND RANGES, TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.

METALIC ROOFING, AND GUTTERING AND SPOUTING

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

☞ Particular attention paid to Tin Work for Factories, and Job Work generally. Having upwards of twenty years experience in the business, they feel confident that they can give perfect satisfaction. mch23-1y

WM. W. HOOPES. L. P. SAWDON

WM. W. HOOPES & CO.,

No. 603 Market Street, 3 doors above Sixth Street,

Call and examine our large and well selected stock of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOODS.

SILKS, PLAIN BLACK SILK, CORDED " " FIGURED " " FOIS DE SOIE " In every variety. PLAID SILKS, (ALL COLORS,) FIGURED SILKS, (FANCY COLORS,) MERINOS, POPLINS, EMPRESS CLOTH, LES MANGES, MOHAIRS, ALAPACAS, COBOURGS, CASHMERES, ALL WOOL DE LAINES, FANCY PLAID GOODS, LACE AND EDGES, LACE COLLARS, CAMBRIC AND EDGINGS, SHAWLS IN VARIETY, PLAIN AND PLAID CASSIMERS, CLOTHS AND SATINETTS, CASHMERETTS AND JEANS, TWILLED AND PLAIN FLANNELS, PLAID FLANNELS, STRIPED FLANNELS, TABLE LINEN AND TOWLING, GLOVES AND HOSIERY, MOURNING GOODS, CLOAKS AND CLOTHS, BLANKETS, WOOLEN GOODS, And all kinds of DOMESTIC GOODS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION CONSTANTLY ON HAND. ALSO, OPERA FLANNELS.

sept26 W. W. HOOPES & CO., No. 603 Market Street.

PENS AND PENCILS.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN,

BEST AND CHEAPEST OF PENS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

FOR SALE AT

No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York,

And by every duly appointed Agent at the same prices.

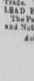
Morton makes no Pens stamped with the Name or Trade-mark of any other; therefore, where an Agency is established, the public will be best suited, and at the same prices, by calling on the Agent. In all other places those wishing the Morton Pen, must send to Headquarters, where their orders will receive prompt attention, if accompanied with the cash.

A catalogue of all sizes and prices sent on receipt of letter postage.

feb19-tf A. MORTON.

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL COMPANY,

NEW YORK.



FACTORY, HUDSON CITY, N. J.

WHOLESALE SALES ROOM,

No. 34 JOHN STREET,

NEW YORK.

TRADE MARK.

All styles and grades of Lead Pencils of superior quality are manufactured and offered at fair terms to the Trade. The public are invited to give the AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL the preference.

The Pencils are to be had at all the principal Stationers and Notion Dealers.

Ask for the "AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL."

TESTIMONIAL.

SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL,
ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, YALE COLLEGE,
November 16, 1866.

I have always recommended the Faber polygrade Lead Pencils as the only pencils fitted for both ornamental and mathematical drawing; but after a thorough trial of the American polygrade Lead Pencils manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, New York, I find them superior to any pencil in use, even to the Faber or the old English Cumberland Lead Pencil, being a superior pencil for sketching, ornamental and mechanical drawing, and all the ordinary uses of a lead pencil.

These pencils are very finely graded and have a very smooth lead; even the softest pencils hold the point well; they are all that can be desired in a pencil. It gives me great pleasure to be able to assure Americans, that they will no longer be compelled to depend upon Germany or any other foreign market for pencils.

LOUIS BAIL,
Professor of Drawing, &c.

ALL PENCILS ARE STAMPED

☞ "AMERICAN L^D PENCIL CO., N. Y."

None genuine without the exact name of the firm.

LOOK TO IT. feb1-t

QUANTITY vs. QUALITY.—HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT Sarsaparilla. The dose is small. Those who desire a large quantity and large doses of medicine ERR.

Brown's Jamaica Ginger,

Low's Brown Windsor Soap, and a variety of Perfumery and Toilet articles for sale at Wilson's Drug and Medicinal Store, 606 Market St. july18

WOOL CARDS CAN BE HAD AT THE HARDWARE Store of J. A. ROBINSON & CO., jan30 2d and Market sts

PRAYER BOOKS, POCKET, PULPIT, AND Family Bibles, and every variety of Hymn Books &c., at J. B. PORTER'S, 409 Market st. dec15

MEDICAL.

SMITH & DIXON,

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,

N. W. Cor. Market and 7th Sts.

DEALERS IN

DRUGS,
DRUGS,
DRUGS,

CHEMICALS,
CHEMICALS,
CHEMICALS,

PERFUMERY,
PERFUMERY
PERFUMERY.

TOILET ARTICLES,
TOILET ARTICLES,
TOILET ARTICLES,

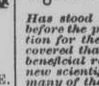
FANCY ARTICLES,
FANCY ARTICLES,
FANCY ARTICLES,

AND
AND
AND

RELIABLE MEDICINES,
RELIABLE MEDICINES,
RELIABLE MEDICINES.

-1y-jan8

YOUNG LADIES BEWARE OF THE INJURIOUS effects of Face Powders and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores of the Skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a fresh, healthy and youthful appearance, use Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla.



HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

Has stood the test of seven years before the public; and no preparation for the hair has yet been discovered that will produce the same beneficial results. It is an entirely new scientific discovery, combining many of the most powerful and restorative agents in the VEGETABLE KINGDOM. *It restores* GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTHFUL COLOR. *It makes the scalp white and clean; cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair; and will make it grow upon bald heads, except in very aged persons, as it furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft, and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a* HAIR DRESSING. *It is the cheapest preparation ever offered to the public, as one bottle will accomplish more and last longer than three bottles of any other preparation.*

It is recommended and used by the First Medical Authority.

The wonderful results produced by our Sicilian Hair Renewer have induced many to manufacture preparations for the Hair, under various names; and, in order to induce the trade and the public to purchase their compounds, they have resorted to falsehood, by claiming they were former partners, or had some connection with our Mr. Hall, and their preparation was similar to ours. Do not be deceived by them. Purchase the original: it has never yet been equalled. Our Treatise on the Hair, with certificates, sent free by mail. See that each bottle has our private Revenue Stamp over the top of the bottle. All others are imitations.

R. P. Hall & Co., Prop's. Nashua, N. H.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.
feb12-1y

BANKING INSTITUTIONS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

OF WILMINGTON.

DEPOSITARY OF THE PUBLIC MONEYS, AND FINANCIAL AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

EDWARD BETTS, PRESIDENT,
G. D. ARMSTRONG, CASHIER.

CAPITAL, - - - - $400,000

THE COLLECTING AND EXCHANGING OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES ATTENDED TO FOR A SMALL COMMISSION.

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK EXCHANGE FURNISHED TO REGULAR DEPOSITORS WITHOUT CHARGE.

DIRECTORS MEET ON MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS AT 8.30 A. M. FOR DISCOUNT.

THE ARTISANS' SAVINGS BANK,

No. 607 MARKET STREET,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

Open to receive deposits daily (Sundays excepted) during the usual business hours, and on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, from 7 to 8 o'clock, P. M.

All the profits of the Bank, after the payment of necessary expenses, are devoted to the benefit of the depositors, and Dividends are made semi-annually in April and October. Since the organization of the Bank, in 1861, the Dividends have uniformly been at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

Dividends not drawn are regarded as Deposits, and at once become entitled to participate in future Dividends.

No Manager is allowed to borrow any of the funds intrusted to the Bank.

MANAGERS.

WILLIAM S. HILLES,	EDWARD DARLINGTON,
GEORGE W. BUSH,	JOSEPH W. DAY,
N. R. BENSON,	HENRY F. DURE,
EDWARD BETTS,	CHARLES W. HOWLAND,
WM. H. BILLANY,	JOB H. JACKSON,
GEORGE S. CAPELLE,	CLEMENT B. SMYTH,
M. L. LICHTENSTEIN.	

WM. S. HILLES, PRESIDENT.
GEORGE W. BUSH, Vice President.
oct19-1y JOHN P. MCLEAR, Treasurer.

BOOK BINDING.

The subscribers having purchased the Book Bindery of BOUGHMAN, THOMAS & CO. Wilmington, Del., will continue the business of

BOOK BINDING

AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURING

No. 420 Shipley Street.

BLANK BOOKS

MADE TO ORDER.

PAPER, BILL-HEADS, &c., RULED TO ANY PATTERN, OLD BOOKS CAREFULLY RE-BOUND, MAGAZINES, MUSIC, PAMPHLETS AND NEWSPAPERS BOUND AT REASONABLE RATES.

Orders by mail addressed as follows will meet with prompt attention:

JOHNSTON & BOGIA,
nov9-tf WILMINGTON, DEL.

JOHN JACKSON & SONS,

Bill Posters and Bell Ringers

No. 6 WEST FIFTH STREET,

au14-tf WILMINGTON, DEL.

Children to Indenture.

BOYS AND GIRLS from three to thirteen years of age to be placed with suitable persons in the country.—Apply at the HOME FOR FRIENDLESS CHILDREN No. 412 King Street, on Mondays from 4 to 5 o'clock, P. M

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.

DR. C. H. LAWTON,

ate of New York and Philadelphia, would say to his friends and the public that he may still be found

At 913 Market Street,

Where he is treating

NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES

Of every description, with the most gratifying results, BY HIS NEW SYSTEM OF MEDICAL ELECTRICITY, a system of practice based strictly on scientific principles; a thorough knowledge of which is not only necessary in order to insure successful treatment, but without which the application of Electricity in any form is but a dangerous experiment. We give below a list of diseases to the treatment of which this system is especially adapted, and in which we have been most successful:

Amaurosis, blindness from paralysis of the optic nerve, amenorrhoea, interruption or retention of the menses, aphonia, suppression of the voice, asthma, ague, chills, chorea, St. Vitus dance, constipation, catarrh, consumption in its early stages, cough, chlorosis, coldness of feet and hands, cramps, cancers, deafness, when from paralysis of the accoustic nerve; dyspepsia, diabetis, dropsy, flatulence, gravel, goitre, hysteria, hip disease, impotence, lumbago, liver complaints, lockjaw, neuralgia, nervousness, piles, palsy, rheumatism, spinal disease, curvatures, and tumors.

In uterine (or womb) disease its value cannot be estimated. Prolapsus, misplacement, ulcerations and other forms of womb diseases, promptly relieved and permanently cured in an incredibly short space of time.

REFERENCES.

We have the pleasure of referring those who may wish to undertake Electrical treatment to the following well known citizens of Wilmington and vicinity, who have been treated by us, and witnessed our treatment in others:

Joseph Bringhurst, 219 West street.
Edward L. Rice, 601 Shipley street.
W. H. Naff, 4 East Fourth street.
Charles H. Gordon, 824 Market street.
George Cleland, corner of Seventh and Washington sts.
R. H. Jones, corner of Fifth and Market streets.
Wm. L. Rudolph, 217 Market street.
Dr. Washington Russell, Christiana, Del.
Walter F. Southgate, " " feb15

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA CLEANSES and renovates the blood, instils the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make disease.

FOSTER'S DRUG STORE,

CORNER OF

FRONT AND WEST STREETS,

WILMINGTON, DEL.

MRS. DR. FOSTER

Announces to her friends and the public generally that she has taken the Drug Store at the corner of Front and West Streets, and laid in a full supply of

PURE AND FRESH DRUGS,

Procured from the best and most reliable houses in New York and Philadelphia.

The services of an experienced Druggist, a graduate of the College of Pharmacy, of Philadelphia, have been secured, who will give careful attention to the COMPOUNDING OF PRESCRIPTIONS, at all hours of the day or night.

All kinds of Fancy Articles, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Combs, Fancy Extracts, Cologne Water, Soaps preparations for the Hair, and everything usually found in a well regulated Drug Store, will always be kept on hand, and sold at the lowest Philadelphia prices.

Mrs. Dr. Foster, who is a regular graduate of Penn Medical University, will continue the practice of medicine at the above location, where she may be found when not professionally engaged.

REMEDIES FOR THE HORSE.

A full supply of reliable medicines for the cure of all diseases of the horse, will be kept constantly on hand. apr25 1y

London Hair Restorer,

Eureka, Bennett's Cocoaine, and all other preparations for the hair, for sale at the Drug and Prescription Store of Dr. J. F. Wilson, 606 Market St. july18

FERTILIZERS.

FARMERS LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.

The subscribers would say to the public they have taken the

FARMER'S DEPOT AND COAL YARD,

SOUTH SIDE OF

MARKET STREET BRIDGE,

(Pennock's Wharf,)

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Where they intend keeping a large assortment of FARMING IMPLEMENTS, FERTILIZERS AND COAL, such as Ball's Ohio Combined

REAPING & MOWING MACHINE,

(With Self Rake or Excelsior Drop, as preferred,) which is said to be the best Combined Machine now manufactured. Also, the

KEYSTONE & UNION MOWERS,

Both unsurpassed Machines.

Patent Steel Toothed Horse Rakes. Patent Hay Forks, of the most improved kinds. Grain Drills, of all kinds. Wind Mills, Cutting Boxes, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Cultivator Teeth, by the set; Plow Castings, of all kinds; Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Forks, Rakes, &c.

MORO PHILLIPS', BAUGH'S and WHANN'S

SUPER-PHOSPHATES,

And a superior article of RAW BONE, &c., &c.

A SUPERIOR QUALITY OF COAL, (all sizes) delivered from under cover.

All of the above articles we can offer on as reasonable terms as any establishment in the State, and hope with prompt and personal attention to merit a liberal share of patronage.

☞ THE BEST SCHUYLKILL COAL by the CARGO.
may24-1y LYSLE & WILSON.

MORO PHILLIPS'

GENUINE IMPROVED

SUPER-PHOSPHATE

OF

LIME.

STANDARD GUARANTEED.

For sale at Manufacturer's Depots—

No. 27 NORTH FRONT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

AND

No. 95 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE,

And by dealers in general throughout the country.

The material of which

MORO PHILLIPS' PHOSPHATE

is manufactured, contains fifty per cent. more Bone Phosphate than Raw Bone; therefore it is more durable. The ammonia present gives it great additional fertilizing value.

Six years' experience has proved to the Farmer that it makes a heavier grain than even stable manure, and is not only active but lasting.

MORO PHILLIPS,
jan11-1y Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.

DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO'S

BONE

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME,

A sure and durable MANURE for all Crops.

Our PHOSPHATE is manufactured chiefly from Bones and Ammoniated with the best Peruvian Guano, making a Fertilizer quick in its action, and lasting in its effects. Packed in New Bags, 200 lbs. each.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO DEALERS.

GENUINE A. PERUVIAN GUANO,

Received direct from the Government Warehouses, and which we sell at very lowest Cash Prices.

We have always on hand a large stock of

BONE DUST AND GROUND BONES,

And can supply the Trade with the best Goods, at Lowest Rates.

Poudrette, Land Plaster, &c.

DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO.
No. 40 SOUTH WHARVES,
mar5-3m PHILADELPHIA.

EARLY VEGETABLES.

Peas, Beans, Tomatoes, Corn and all other Vegetables are produced and

READY FOR MARKET

From two to three weeks earlier by the use of our

AMMONIATED FERTILIZER.

The results attending the application of this manure, by Market Gardeners, is astonishing, and every TRUCKER knows the importance of getting his produce into City Markets *early in the season*, thereby availing himself of the BEST PRICES.

Packed in bags of 150 lbs. each.

PRICE, $2.62 PER BAG.

Orders received at our offices, and deliveries made from our Factory or Warehouses, in quantities to suit.

ALLEN & NEEDLES,

42 *South Delaware Avenue,* } PHILADELPHIA.
41 " *Water Street,* }
feb8-w13t

LATE PLANTING.

Farmers can be supplied with that most reliable and old established manure

BAUGH'S

RAW BONE PHOSPHATE,

In any quantity, and at a favorable rate by the undersigned, who keep the article always on hand. This manure has the strongest recommendations of its

ACTIVE AND PERMANENT EFFECT

UPON ALL CROPS,

And the manufacturers offer the reputation and experience of over thirteen years as a guarantee of the standard of this article. Send for a pamphlet.

LYSLE & WILSON,
may28-4t Wilmington, Del.

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION follows the use of Helmbold's Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla. It removes black spots, pimples and all eruptions of the skin.

HYDRAULIC CEMENT.

300 LBS.

A

THE COPLAY CEMENT COMPANY having appointed us their sole agents in Philadelphia, for the sale of their superior article, we are now prepared to supply the same at LOW RATES.

Orders are filled either from our Warehouse, or direct from the works, according to the quantity required.

ALLEN & NEEDLES,

42 *South Del. Avenue,* } *PHILADELPHIA.*
41 " *Water Street,* }
may7-13tw

DRESS AND COAT MAKING.

DRESSES AND COATS CUT AND FITTED AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AND ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS,

AT No. 842 TATNALL STREET.

All the latest and most desirable styles for

LADIES AND CHILDREN'S SUITS,

Constantly on hand.

☞ PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. ☜

Also, PLAIN SEWING

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.

E. J. BENNETT.

N. B.—Two Apprentices wanted immediately at the above place to learn Dressmaking. may10-3mos

FOR SALE.—THE OLD "WHITE HALL" PROPERTY in this city, with a large lot of ground, and possession 25th of March next. It is in a flourishing part of the city, and will be sold a bargain. It now rents for over $200. Apply to WM. McCAULLEY,
ja15 606 Market street.

MONEY WANTED.—WE CAN LOAN ON good landed security—on Bond and Mortgage—a number of sums of $500, $1,000, $1,500, $2,000, $5,000, $6,000, &c. Any person having money, and wanting it loaned safely, would do well to call on

W. McCAULLEY & CO.,
ap3 606 Market str

SOMEBODY has written the following about the girls:—

THE GIRLS.

God bless the girls,
Whose golden curls
Blend with our evening dreams;
They haunt our lives,
Like spirit wives,
Or Naiads haunt the streams.

They soothe our pains,
They fill our brains,
With dreams of summer hours;
God bless the girls,
God bless the curls,
God bless our human flowers!

The wives are quite as deserving of blessing as the girls, and we submit the following:—

WIVES—TRUE WIVES.

God bless our wives,
They fill our hives
With little bees and honey;
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
But don't they spend the money!

When we are sick,
They heal us quick—
That is, if they do love us;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry,
And place tombstones above us.

Of roguish girls,
With sunny curls,
We may in fancy dream;
But wives—true wives—
Throughout our lives
Are everything they seem.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A HOOSIER LAWYER'S MAIDEN SPEECH.—The following is from a Western lawyer: I am a one-horse lawyer away out West, doing a staving business 'on that line.' I was formerly a young man of promise—from the country—in fact, I was 'elevated' from childhood by benevolent parents in one of the most obscure districts of the 'Hoosier' State.

Some days ago I was called upon to defend various and sundry individuals who had violated the law. At the specified time I was on hand as usual, like a bar-room loafer.

The old Squire sat on a bench about fourteen inches long. He looked as modest as a foreign and domestic liquor dealer. His old lady took seat where she could see the trial and hear the 'argamints.'

After imbibing a small quantity of double distilled quintessence of blue ruin, which a jug under the bench contained, the Squire went to a dark closet and abstracted therefrom a huge book that looked like Shakespeare's or Blackstone's, or some other man's book.

He perused one page (the first he came to) and looked up and said:

'Accordin' to law, there are two ways of startin' into the merits of this here case. One is to pussekute and t'other to lookin' arter the prisoner's defense.'

I immediately assumed a perpendicular attitude and informed the highly educated Squire not to trouble himself about the defense, for I was the veritable Lycurgus employed and educated regardless of expense.

When the trial was supposed to be in full blast, I rose to a point of order, and, with a sarcastic look of marvellous nothingness, I proceeded in the following manner:

'May it please the Court, the young scions of diminutive intellect stand here in your putrid presence victimized and made afraid. Now, sir, according to the magnanimous and fantastic fundamental institutions of forensic law, I declare these culprits ignominously at liberty to mock your intrepid course. Your feeble and pusillanimous prosecution can be externally explunktafied from the arena of high proclivitations by the reflection of modern sentiment for a moment.

'Go back to the perpendicular antipodes of prosaic language, sir, and you will find the old pod anger system vanishing into the blue flame of dark oblivion or rayless night.

'These unworthy culprits are models of artistic impunity, and you are ready to shed your pandemonium vengeance upon the afflicted comporosity of the great community without stint and with huge superstition.

'The eyes of an unworthy posterity are looking daggers into your lacerated heart. Your wife—the wife of your incarnate bosom—stands ready to disfranchise you! And your heterogeneous children detest your foul proboscis with an immortal vengeance. If the sun sets this evening your fate is final and finished. *Requiescat in pace.*'

I cleared the young devils, of course.

HOW TO TELL A GOOD TEACHER.—A gentleman from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school teaching.

'How long did you teach?' asked a bystander.

'Wal, I didn't teach long; that is, I only went to teach.'

'Did you hire out.'

'Wal, I didn't hire out; I only went to hire out.'

'Wal, I giv it up for some reason or nuther. You see I traveled into a district and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles—named my object interducing myself—and asked him what he thought about letting me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the district. He wanted to know if I raaly considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and jography, or showing my hand writing. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait.'

'Let me see you walk off a little ways,' says he, 'and I can tell jis's well's I'd heard you examined,' says he.

'He sot in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was considerable frustrated, and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked on as smart as I know'd how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on tell I thought I'd gone far enough—then s'pected s'thing was to pay and looked round. Wal, the door was shet and Snickles was gone!'

'Did you go back?'

'Wal, no,—I didn't go back.'

'Did you apply for another school?'

'Wal, no—I didn't apply for another school,' said the gentleman from Swampville. 'I rather judged my appearance was agin me.'

Mrs. Partington cannot understand either Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraily, that they should be so anxious to pass a Bill in Parliament to give the people universal suffering. For her part, she thinks there is suffering enough among the poor people without making it universal. Reform indeed! they should reform themselves first, without thinking to reform the people.

'Do you publish matrimonial notices for the subscribers to your paper?' said a gentlemanly looking youth, stepping into our office the other morning. 'Certainly, sir.' 'Well, then, I'll go and get married; for I don't see any other way of getting my name in your paper, since you have rejected all my poetical effusions.'

'Am I not a little pale?' inquired a lady who was short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. 'You look more like a big tub,' was the blank reply.

THRILLING ENCOUNTER WITH A DEN OF BLACK SNAKES.

The Boonsboro' *Odd Fellow* relates the following adventure of Prof. J. Mitchell, of that town:

Prof. J. Mitchell, the celebrated "South Mountain Wizard," while out gunning last Friday, had a most thrilling adventure with a den of black snakes, known as racers, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. As is his habit, the Professor had taken his favorite carbine, and gone into the mountain after squirrels. The best part of the forenoon had been spent in beating through the brush and over the rocks, without meeting with any adventure, and but ordinary success in procuring game, &c. Suddenly, however, he came to a ledge of rocks, about a mile from the South Mountain House. Stopping a moment to take a survey of the surroundings, he saw a large black snake stretched out on a rock sunning himself. He at once took up a couple of stones and threw one at his snakeship, but, unfortunately, missed him. This aroused the snake and in an instant he uncoiled himself, and stood with his head erect, as if indignant at this intrusion—and at the same time gave a loud, shrill hiss, or, rather, a whistle. The Professor delivered his second stone with such precision as to mortally wound his enemy. No sooner, however, had he thrown the stone, when he heard a fearful rustling among the brush to his left, and another whistle, louder and shriller than the first. Turning his eye in the direction from whence came the noise, he saw a monstrous black snake (a racer) coming directly toward him with his head erected about five feet from the ground, and his forked tongue darting from his distended jaws, as if bent on fight. The Professor, (who is an acknowledged crack shot,) immediately raised his carbine, fired, and had the proud satisfaction of seeing the monster snake roll over in the agonies of death—having split his head open with the ball. This proved but the commencement of the battle—for, before the Professor had time to congratulate himself upon his success in vanquishing two of his foes, a third one, measuring about seven feet in length, and thick in proportion, had approached to within a few feet of him—his head erect—hissing, and darting his tongue out in a manner to appal the stoutest heart. To retreat was out of the question; a fight was the only alternative, and quick as thought he leveled his carbine at the snakes head, but, unfortunately, missed it, at the same time dropping his carbine upon the ground. With the rapidity of lightning, the snake attacked the Professor, and winding his slimy coils around his legs and body—higher and tighter at every coil of his loathsome form, until the Professor was unable to move a foot. His efforts to extricate himself from the "coils of death"—as they seemed to him—were unavailing, for with every effort the fold tightened, and the work of respiration became difficult. Death and the snake stared him in the face, and made the cold chills of horror and agony creep over his body. It was a fearful moment—a moment of the most intense horror and agony, that made the flesh creep, the blood chill, and the hair literally to "stand on end like quills upon a fretful porcupine." Nothing but his great presence of mind saved him from strangulation and a loathsome death. Recollecting that his hunting knife hung by his side, he seized it, and with his nerves braced by despair, drew it across the body of the snake, severing it in two at one stroke. The coils relaxed—the snake dropped dead at his feet, and the professor was free again. By this time he heard a great rustling in the bushes, and the dry bark cracking in every direction, accompanied by loud, shrill, angry hisses and whistling, as if the whole surrounding woods was filled with snakes.

Deeming discretion the better part of valor, he hastily grabbed up his carbine, girthed his hunting-knife and beat a precipitate retreat. The Professor was pursued by the black snakes for some distance, but being in a hurry he had no time to look back and count the numbers. He says that had they come one at a time he would not have retreated; but to attack him by companies, brigades and divisions, was enough to frighten any man.

We have endeavored to give the fact as narrated by the Professor himself. Mr. Mitchell is well known in this community, and we have no reason to believe the facts have been exaggerated. We have since been informed that this species of snake is very plenty in the mountains, and have frequently been known to attack persons who intruded in their dens.

REMARKABLE COMBAT WITH A CROW.—The Nashville Dispatch says: One of the most remarkable combats that has come to our notice for some time, occurred yesterday on the roof of a building on Deaderick Street, between Cherry and College. A lank, ungainly crow, with the same sombre plumage and hungry beak as the one celebrated in verse as having sat with his mate upon a tree, cogitating upon the prospects of a distant dinner, alighted upon a chimney, near where a workman was thumping with a mallet upon the bright new sheets of tin which had been spread upon the roof. Apparently unaware of the presence of any one, the sable bird sat complacently upon his perch, while the workman at once set his wits at work to devise a plan of capture. After meditating a few moments, he began cautiously creeping up behind his intended victim, and on coming within reach, laid a quick, glancing blow across its back, and stretched his hand to catch it as it should fall.

The crow, however, did not fall, and a shout went up from the spectators, as it turned upon its assailant furiously, and darting into his face, compelled him to beat a hasty retreat. Then resuming its place, it threw up its head and awaited a second onset. The man could not once think of giving up such a contest, and in a few minutes was again advancing toward the bold bird, who, on seeing his approach, a second time darted at him, the man making vigorous sweeps with his mallet, and the crow adroitly dodging them, meanwhile making decided headway upon the hat and countenance of its persistent foe, who was at last compelled to again slide back. Again taking courage, however, he advanced a third time, when a series of attacks and repulses followed, resulting in a complete victory for the crow, who, as the battle closed, perched defiantly in its first position, where it remained for about half an hour, and then flew toward the flitting white clouds that were floating in the sky.

A SAD STORY.

The Watertown *Reformer* gives the details of a sad chapter in the recent disaster on Lake Ontario. Among the passengers of the steamer Wisconsin, burned near Cape Vincent, was a Mr. Chisholm, from Canada, on his way to Missouri, in company with his wife and six children. He was a man about fifty-five years old, had bought a farm in the State to which he was traveling, and was moving with his family and goods. When the fire broke out he was on deck, but his wife and children had retired for the night. He called them up hurriedly and sought to save their lives in a most unfortunate way. One of the small boats was let down to about a foot of the water, and about twenty passengers leaped into it, and Mr Chisholm assisted his wife, three daughters and a son to get in. One of the frightened crowd cut with a knife the rope which connected the bow of the small boat with the davit, and the loosened end dropped down like a spoon, and at once filled with water.

The passengers were thrown out and nearly all drowned. This happened not more than a minute and a half before the steamer struck the shore on Grenadier Island, and had all remained on board, as the captain ordered, not a life would have been lost. Mrs. Chisholm, the three daughters, aged respectively twenty-seven and fifteen, and the boy of eleven years, were all drowned. The father and the two elder sons, who stuck to the steamer, were saved. Mr. Chisholm had $4,000 in greenbacks, his only fortune, which was in his wife's satchel, and was destroyed by the flames. Thus he was left in a strange land, a widower, bereft of four children, without money or property, with this great grief resting upon his soul, to commence the world anew. The bodies of his wife and children were recovered, and have been interred in the grave yard at Cape Vincent, and the sad, heart broken husband and father, with his two remaining sons, will go on to his homeless home in the West. Few life dreams have sadder chapters than this!

PRAYING FOR A HUSBAND.—A correspondent of the Rochelle (Ill.) *Register*, locates the following near that place. Though the story is considerably older than the correspondent, it is worth reading:—A young lady heard that if she would go out and pray three successive nights, the Lord would tell her who she would marry. Now, it happened that her father had a young man in his employ who had considerable wit and good humor about him. One evening he was out in an apple tree after fruit, when he heard some one praying something like this: "O, Lord, who will I marry?" The idea popped into Doyle's (that being the young man's name,) mind that he would have a little sport at her expense. So he spoke in a changed voice, and said, "Doyle." "No, Lord, not Doyle, cried the astonished young lady. "Yes, Doyle or no one," again sounded from the tree-top in a sober, hollow voice. She arose and entered the house, resolved to try again the next evening. Of course Doyle did not wish to spoil the fun, and so the next evening found him seated in the tree top. He did not have long to wait before the young husband-seeker came, and commenced praying in the same way that she did the preceding evening, and received the same answer. The next evening also found her under the tree, pleading to know her future husband's name, and again she heard the answer, "Doyle or no one." She arose, feeling satisfied that she must marry Doyle. The next morning she met him and asked him why he did not dress up and put on better clothes. He said he was not able. "Well," said she, "father is rich, and he will let you have money." He took that for a pretty good hint, and bought a suit of new clothes. In a short time he offered his heart and hand, and was accepted. After their marriage he told her how her prayers were answered. If any of the fair readers of this story should think of praying for a husband do not go under a tree, or if you do, be sure and examine it closely, and see if there is any one to answer it.

AMERICAN MANNERS.—Dr. Potter says: I am a little afraid that a great many people in this country are rather too prone to undervalue this part of education. Certainly we have no admiration for anything finical or affected in manners. We do not want the manners of a village dancing school. But genuine good breeding, gentle manners, ease, modesty and propriety of bearing, we do exceedingly value. When shall we cease to be described as a spitting nation? as a lounging people? When shall we cease to be known by our slovenly speech, by our sitting with our feet higher than our heads? During an excursion of several months in Europe last year, I met hundreds of English, at home and on the continent, in every situation. I never saw one spit. I cannot remember that I ever saw any one, however fatigued, lounging or sitting in an unbecoming manner.

So long as the State shall feel itself obliged to provide "spittoons" for its legislative halls—so long as the directors of our railroads shall find occasion to put inside of their carriages printed requests to the passengers to "use the spittoons and not the floor, and not to put their feet upon the seats"—so long as we shall continue to fill our conversation and our political harangues with the slang of the fish market, let us not be surprised or angry if foreigners sometimes make themselves witty at our expense. And in the meantime, let all those who are intrusted with the care of the young use their utmost endeavors to correct these national barbarisms, and to form the manners of the rising generation after a model more elevated and more refined.

The editor of *The Tidioute* (Pa.) *Journal* comes down on a giggling woman of that locality in the following racy manner: "*Fair.* The lady (!) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereat they both laughed so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's 'little bill' is settled. It has been due us nearly a year. '*Notes.*' First: When you speak disparagingly of a passer-by, and do not wish to be heard, talk low. Second: Don't criticise the printer's dress too closely, while wearing silks purchased with money due him. Third: Tell your husband to send us $23.70 at once, and save costs of an entire *suit.*"

A Massachusetts youth recently passed a counterfeit note on the minister who married him, and afterwards stole the minister's umbrella.

SLEEPING IN MEETING.

Here is a picture that might have been painted by the pen of Dickens:

"In what other painful event of life has a good man so little sympathy as when overcome with sleep in meeting time? Against the insidious seduction he arrays every conceivable resistance. He stands up awhile; he pinches himself, he pricks himself with pins. He looks up hopelessly to the pulpit, as if some some succor might possibly come thence. He crosses his legs uncomfortably and attempts to recite chatechism or the multiplication table. He seizes a languid fan, which treacherously leaves him in a calm. He tries to reason, to notice the phenomena. Oh, that one could carry his pew to bed with him! What tossing wakefulness there! what fiery chase after somnolency! In his lawful bed a man cannot sleep, and in his pew he cannot keep awake. Happy man who does not sleep in church! Deacon Towbridge was not that man. Deacon Towbridge was not that man. Deacon Marble was!

"Deacon Marble witnessed the conflict we have sketched above, and when good Mr. Towbridge gave his next lurch, recovered himself with a snort, and then drew out a red handkerchief and blew his nose with a loud intonation, as if to let the boys know that he had been asleep, poor Deacon Marble was brought to a sore straight. But, I have reason to think that he would have weathered the stress if it had not been for a sweet-faced little boy in front of the gallery. The lad had been innocently watching the same scene, and at its climax laughed out loud, with a frank and musical explosion, and then suddenly disappeared backward into his mother's lap. That laugh was just too much, and Deacon Marble could no more help laughing than could Deacon Towbridge help sleeping. Nor could he conceal it. Though he coughed, and put up his handkerchief and hemmed—it was a laugh—Deacon! and every boy in the house knew it, and liked you better for it—so inexperienced were they!"—*Beecher's Norwood.*

EATING IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Star says: It appears to me that the French especially since the last few years, attach much more importance to eating and drinking than do the English. Most of the finest establishments on the boulevards are cafes or restaurants, and at the exhibition the whole exterior circle is occupied by eating houses, wherein fifty thousand pairs of jaws absorb daily about three hundred and fifty thousand francs' worth of meat, vegetables, and drinks of various sorts. A Frenchman does not eat much, but he is fond of tit-bits. He eats more for the sake of tasting than through greediness. He has the appetite, but his constitution does not permit of his satisfying it as his forefathers were able to do. Ah, they knew how to eat! Who among us would deserve the appellation of *gurges* given by Cicero to a good eater? Who could perform the feat accomplished by Milo, who, having killed an ox with a blow of his fist, devoured it in less than twenty-four hours? Who could imitate the noble example set by Phagon, who, having been asked to dinner by the Emperor Aurelian, afforded his Majesty the curious spectacle of devouring a wild boar, a sheep, a sucking pig, and drinking, meanwhile, an ocra of wine? No, certainly, we are not worthy of our forefathers; and therefore it is absurd to accuse the present generation of being gourmands. When one recalls the three hundred dining rooms of Lucullus, the Salon d'Appollo, where each repast cost the purchase money of a province; when one remembers the six hundred ostrich heads eaten at a single meal by Heliogabulus, or that huge dish of bird's livers which eight slaves could scarcely carry, one feels a certain compassion for the eating capabilities of the present race. The vast belt of restaurants that encircle the Exhibition only appear as a series of establishments worthy of a race of Lilliputians.

A GALLANT AFFAIR.—A letter from Athens, Greece, in the London *Times*, speaking of the insurrection in Thessaly, incidently relates the following circumstance, regretting that it will require a long series of such victories to force the Sultan to purchase peace by the cession of Thessaly:

One of those brilliant victories has been won, which is announced as rivalling the glories of Marathon. Seventy-five Greeks put to flight two thousand Turks, and burned a Greek villiage before their eyes. The battle was fought in the plain, within musket shot of the Greek frontier, and lasted three hours. Seventy-five heroes routed two thousand coward supported by cavalry and artillery. They fired away all their ammunition, drew their swords, swore to sup in Hades, killed one hundred Turks, put the rest—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—to flight, and marched off to Vrysina, which is probably a station on the road to Hades. A letter from Surpi, dated the 16th April, records this act of heroism, and concludes with these words: "Don't believe this is exaggeration; it is the naked truth. I saw it with my own eyes while I was standing on a hill, near the frontier line, overlooking the field of battle."

THE ANGEL OF SORROW.—The ministration of sorrow is often that of an angel. We know her not as she stands before us—her brow veiled, her celestial form clothed in the garments of mourning. The majesty of her presence only heaven will disclose. Our hearts shrink. We would keep her from our circle. But could we see the sweetness of her glance, could we know how of our chastened tears she makes pearls to string upon the hem of our spiritual garments, how she cleanses the spotted purity of our souls, and, bearing our sighs to heaven, changes them for songs of gladness, we should no longer tremble at her name; we should not burden her ministrations with vexed sighs, but greet her with holy patience. Every time she came to us we should receive special honors, and grow beautiful daily in the sight of men and angels.

A Southern widow, the niece of a former Northern President of the United States, and at one time a resident of the White House, has lately received from a benevolent gentleman of Boston the means to keep herself and children from absolute starvation. All means of support, her personal labor included, had failed, and seeing an account of his virtues in a newspaper, she applied to him, an utter stranger, not unworthily nor unsuccessfully.

Mrs. Lincoln has sold her furniture at Chicago, preparatory to removing to Racine, Wisconsin.