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RATES OF ADVERTISING IN The Republican Citizen.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a quare will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent of insertion; longer advertisements in tame proportion. Unless the advertiser states the number of times he wishes his advertisement to appear, it will be continued UNTIL FORBID (!!), and charged for accordingly

JOB PRINTING
Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Our friends throughout the county will please give us a call—we will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

Professional Cards.

Carlton Shafer.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—West Second St., next door to Internal Revenue Office.
july 6m pd

John B. Tyler.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—On Court St., nearly opposite Court House. [may6 6m

I. Thomas Jones.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—Old Postoffice, next door to Citizen Office. [may6

GEO. K. SHELLMAN.] [JOHN E. R. WOOD.
Shellman & Wood,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE in Court Street, opposite Court House.
apr15 tf E U

E. Louis Lowe,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
No. 50 Wall Street,
june 22 NEW YORK.

Francis Brengle.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

James McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

B. F. M. Hurley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Register in Bankruptcy.
OFFICE—Court Street, one door North of Gen. E. Shriver's residence.
nov15 tf

William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

REMOVAL.
MILTON G. URNER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.
HAS moved to the office of the late Hon. GRAYSON EICHELBERGER, on Church St., immediately South of the Court House, and adjoining the residence of Mrs. Eichelberger.
By request, I will attend to the unfinished legal business of Hon. Grayson Eichelberger, deceased, *for the benefit of his estate*, and persons having unsettled business in the hands of Mr. Eichelberger at the time of his death, will please call on or address the undersigned with reference to the same,
apr6 3m MILTON G. URNER.

Dr. R. T. Hammond,
RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional services to the inhabitants of Walkersville, Georgetown and the surrounding country.
His Office is in his Dwelling, the property formerly belonging to George A. Winebrenner. [may13 tf

Dr. John W. Getzendanner,
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-1y

Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McShery, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

NOTICE.
I respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have associated Dr. THOMAS LANDERS with me in the practice of my profession. From this date the practice will be conducted in the name of McPHERSON & LANDERS. Thankful for past patronage, I hope by attention to professional duties to merit a continuance of the same for the firm.
WM. S. McPHERSON, M. D.
Catoctin Furnaces, Md., Jan. 7, 1868.
jan10 tf

Dentistry.
T. H. Schaeffer, D. D. S.] [J. N. Rentch, M D., D. D. S.
DRS. SCHAEFFER & RENTCH.
Having entered into co-partnership for the purpose of practicing the Dental Profession, respectfully offer their professional services to the people of Frederick city and vicinity. Those who will favor us with their confidence may expect our first endeavors to please. Charges moderate.
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Frederick Savings Institution. [sep16 tf

Dentistry.
Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞ Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E 3t

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!
MY ENTIRE STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, AT AND BELOW COST. H. GOLDENBERG.
july29 75 North Market street.

OREIDE!
Hunting-cased Watches as low as
$7.00.
Good Gold and Silver Watches cheaper than at any Auction Room or New York swindling concern. TEA SETS, CASTORS, and other plated ware at cost, at
CHAS. H. O. FOX,
NO. 6,
West Patrick Street, opposite Frederick County National Bank.
apr15 tf

STILL AHEAD.
The greatest attraction on Market street is the Show Window of D. G. Crise's Temple of Fashion; here you will find a splendid assortment of
GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS
of the very latest styles. Call and see for yourselves, as you can't help being suited.
D. G. CRISE,
apr22 Temple of Fashion.

KID GLOVES! KID GLOVES!
Jouvin's Kid Gloves, reduced to one dollar and fifty cents a pair, at WOLFES', next to First National Bank. [may27

BULL RINGS.—Steel Bull Rings, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.
mar4

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

City Drug Store.
Williamson & Beckenbaugh,
PROPRIETORS.
Dealers in Pure Drugs, English and French Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Perfumery and Essences.
Would respectfully inform the public that they have in store a large stock of the best Drugs and Chemicals than they ever had. Their stock of Fancy Goods is large and complete, and will be sold at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. They have the Creme de la Creme of English, German, French and American
PERFUMERY,
and are willing to give a money guarantee of their being genuine. They have an endless variety of English and French Hair, Nail, Tooth, Infant and Flesh Brushes.—An elegant assortment of Combs, Ladies
TOILETTE ARTICLES,
Cosmetiques, &c. They have a full line of Low, Son & Haydon's English Soaps; Benbo's English Elder Flower Soap, &c. They have all of the PATENT MEDICINES of the day, and all the popular
HAIR DYES AND RESTORATIVES,
in fact, they have everything in their line of the PUREST and BEST.
All orders from the country filled with dispatch. Remember, that you can buy goods cheaper at the CITY DRUG STORE than you can in Baltimore. Country Merchants will find it to their interest to give us a call.

Keyser's Eagle Baking Powder,
can be purchased at a greatly reduced price.
Prescriptions accurately, neatly and carefully compounded.
july22

PATENT OR PROPRIETARY MEDICINES, all kinds of Pills, Tonics, Sarsaparillas, Blood Purifiers and Cough Medicines, likely to be called for at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store.
Market street, opposite the Market House.
july1

Drug Store.
PASSAPAE & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,
S. E. Corner Market and Ptrick Sts., Frederick, Md.
Successors to Luther M. Schaeffer, through Keyser & Co.
WE would very respectfully inform the citizens of Frederick and surrounding neighborhood that we have purchased the very old and well established Drug Store of Messrs Keyser & Co., where we will continue the same business in all its branches; almost every day we are receiving new supplies of the freshest and purest Medicines, purchased in the Northern cities, and of the most reliable Druggists. Also, Toilet Soaps, English, French and American; Lilly White, Extracts, Rouges, Powder Puffs and Boxes, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Combs, Sachet Powders, genuine German Cologne and a nice assortment of everything generally kept in a retail Drug Store, and as low or lower than they can be purchased in any market.
Eagle Baking Powdes for sale here.
Prescriptions compounded with great care.
PASSAPAE & CO.,
S. E. Corner Market and Patrick Sts.,
july1 6m Frederick, Md.

FOR Koskoo, Rosadalis, Irinsin, Swaine's Panacea, Fahrney's Panacea, and Viafuga, go to the CITY DRUG STORE.
FOR popular Hair Restorers and Dyes, go to the CITY DRUG STORE.
YOU can get everything new at the CITY DRUG STORE.
HYDRATE OF CHLORAL, Bromide of Sodium, Sulpho-Carbolates of Zinc and Soda; also, a full line of Sharp & Dhome's Specialties, at WILLIAMSON & BECKENBAUGH'S CITY DRUG STORE.

JORDAN'S
White Sulpher Springs,
FREDERICK COUNTY, VIRGINIA.
Only 1½ mile from Stepenson's Depot P. O., a point on the Harper's Ferry and Winchester Railroad, five miles from Winchester.
This Watering Place will be regularly opned on the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, under more favorable circumstances than at any time since the war, and every effort will be made to give entire satistaction to all the guests.
A fine CITY BAND OF MUSIC will be in attendance, and Masquerade and Fancy Balls will be frequently given during the season.
Spring Pamphlets for distribution at the Springs and at Messrs. Coleman & Roger's, Baltimore.
TERMS:
$3 per day, $17.50 per week, and $60 per month. Children and colored servants half price. White servants three-fourths, or according to accomodations.
E. C. JORDAN,
je3 Owner and Proprietor.

J. DAVIS BYERLY,
(successor to J. Byerly.)
HAVING again returned to Frederick, and purchased the Old Gallery, No. 29 N. Market street, is prepared for the
PHOTOGRAPHIC BUSINESS,
in all its branches. He hopes by strict attention to business and endeavoring to please," to merit a continuance of the patronage so long extended this Gallery. All are respectfully invited to give him a trial.

NOTICE.
I have this day disposed of my right and interest in the Photograph Gallery, No. 29 N. Market street, to my son, J. Davis Byerly, to whom I can fully recommend my old patrons. Thanking my friends for their kind support in the past, I am respectfully,
mar 27 J. BYERLY.

FREDERICK
FEMALE SEMINARY,
FREDERICK, MD.
CHARTERED in 1840—a full College, will commence its next Scholastic Year, with
A Full Corps of Professors & Teachers, Monday, 12th September.
A French lady resides in the family.—Send for Catalogues containing Terms, View of Buildings, name of its alumnae, &c. Address REV. THOMAS M. CANN,
july29 3m President.

Roanoke College,
Located at SALEM, Va., will open its next session, SEPTEMBER 5th. The entire expenses for a ten months session $210, including board, tuition and incidental expenses. Discretionary deduction made for indigent young men. A small advance for board in private families.
D. F. BITTLE, President.
aug5

CITY HOTEL,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.,
F. B CARLIN, Proprietor,
THIS popular and well-known Hotel, having been thoroughly renovated offers many advantages to the traveling public.—The exterior of the Hotel, which is now four stories, presents a beautiful appearance, and will compare favorably with any structure of the kind in the State. The entire arrangements of the Hotel are in keeping with its outward appearance, and is supplied with every modern improvement and convenience, and has been newly furnished throughout at a very heavy cost. No pains or expenses will be omitted to promote the comfort of guests.
The enviable reputation the Hotel has acquired since the undersigned has taken charge of it, furnishes the most satisfactory evidence of his ability to please all who may favor him with their patronage.
There is attached to the Hotel a spacious Billiard Room, newly fitted up, a Barber Shop, Bath House, &c.
Attentive and polite servants will always be in attendance to wait upon guests during the day or at any hour of the night.
Respectfully,
FRANK B. CARLIN,
sep17 tf Proprietor.

CAST STEEL.—Round, Octagon and Square, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.
WIRE DISH COVERS—Just received and for sale by
aug5 A. G. QUYNN.

LINES ADDRESSED TO GEN. LEE,

Written at Leesburg, Va., December, 1863, by a lady of Maryland.

"Lee," around thy brow majestic,
Fain would we a wreath entwine,
But no homage man could pay thee.
Can reward a soul like thine.

And no wreath, no wreath of laurel,
Need we place upon thy brow,
On which Fame's immortal halo
Rests in all its splendor now.

Hero of a race of heroes!
In thy name there is a spell,
In the name of "Lee" a magic
Language has no power to tell!

Thou the idol art of millions,
Thine a fame time cannot mar;
In the firmament of glory
Thou art as a radiant star!

But all language fails to utter
What to thee my soul would say,
'Tis Heaven that guides thee on to glory,
'Tis Heaven alone can thee repay.

O'er thy sorrows tears of anguish
Flow from beauty's radiant eyes,
For thy safety prayers most fervid
From unnumbered altars rise.

From the hilltops to the vallies,
From the mountains to the sea,
Lee, the heart of this great people,
Beats with fervid love for thee.

And around thy brow majestic,
Firm would we a wreath entwine,
But no homage man could pay thee,
Can reward a soul like thine.

L. M. L.

CASTA DIVA.

"Heigh ho!" sighs Mr. Patron, what a forlorn thing it is to live alone!" and he drew his easy chair close to the fire and ensconched himself therein, and wrapped his tricolored dressing gown about him. "I wish I were married! I know a lady—boards in this same house, too, and I believe she'd have me, if I were to ask her. I mean the pretty music teacher. She is young, delicate and amiable; only there seems to be something melancholy about her, as though she had known sorrow; besides she is a widow. I like her though, and I believe she likes me. I'll think this over I have plenty of money, and nobody to spend it upon. Yes, I think I will ask pretty Madam Victor to marry me"

Rap, tap, tap.

"Come in!—who's there?"

"Please, sir, it's your clean clothes?"

"Clean clothes! and pray who are you, you little cherub, and where do you come from?"

"I am Lauretta, sir, and live with Bridget, who washes your clothes, and she sent me with the basket to-night."

"Yes, I should think she had, you little duckling; and the basket is bigger than yourself! Come and sit down in this chair by the fire and warm your toes—there, now! I want to talk with you. Are you Bridget's child?"

"Oh no, sir," and a look of care passed over the litttle face.

"No, I thought not. Washerwomen's children don't have such eyes, nor such broad foreheads, nor such soft hair. Well, birdie, how came you with Bridget? Have you no parents?"

"I don't know, I only dream I have. Bridget lets me stay with her because I can sing."

"Sing! and what has that to do with it."

"Oh, sir, I sing my songs in the great houses and they give me sixpences, and I take them to Bridget."

"Aha! you pay your board then? Well, little Lauretta, will you sing for me now?"

"Yes, indeed;" and the little one stands up in the middle of the rug, and opening her little rosebud mouth, she sings "Casta Diva."

"Bless my stars, what a voice! I know something of music myself; at least enough to know that such a voice should be a fortune to one who possesses it. Little one, where did you learn that?"

"Nurse taught me."

"Nurse? Who is nurse?"

"Nurse is dead!" The dark eyes fill with tears, and the ruby lips are quivering.

Mr. Patron walks up and down the room. His curiosity is excited as well as his pity.

"Please, sir, shall I leave my basket? Bridget will scold if I stay so long."

"No, little one, I will carry the basket; I am going home with you."

"It's up five flights of stairs, sir, and there is no light in the passage—"

"All the more reason I should go with you. Now I am ready. Come, my little singer, you and I will be better acquainted before long. Don't fall down these stone step; keep hold of my hand; here we are in Broadway. Now where do we turn? down Prince street, hey! and now down Crosby. What, do you live in this alley? Oh, never fear little Casta Diva, I shall tread safely enough while this little hand leads me. Ugh! how many more flights are there?—only two? Well, well, I can climb them if you can. So, is this the door?"

"Och, and is it you sir, that would be afther coming to see a poor woman at this hour? Will you be seated, sir?" said Bridget, wiping a wooden chair with her apron Your shirts were not ironed to be suiting you, maybe?"

"Shirts all right, Bridget. I came to bring home your little girl, and to ask you something about her. She has been singing to me. Will you tell me where she came from?"

"Ye takes a deal o' trouble for a lone bit of a child, indeed, sir; but her story is not so very long. She lived with a furrin woman in the room below, named Theresa. The woman said she was waiting maid in Lauretta's family, in Italy somewhere, and while she was out with the child, then only two years old, for the sake of air, there came a big row in the city, and the child's father was in the middle of it, and got killed; and when she reached the house all in a fright, sure it was all on fire, and the mother of it was gone, and niver was she able to find her at all So she kept the child and comes to America with it; for she heard tell how the streets were paved with gold; and when she came and found nary gold nor food but for working, she had to go to work as well as we poor creatures do; and she took to washing in the one room down stairs; but niver a bit would she let this child do for itself, but waited on it like a slave, and only taught it to sing *"as its mother did before it,"* she said; and last year Theresa died. This poor little creather took on so bad that I took her myself, only I'll be bringing her up different intirely; I'll tache her to earn her bread at any rate, and so I sends her out every day to sing to the great folks, and makes her help me to carry around the clothes; and that is all, sir."

"It was very good in you, Bridget, to take the little orphan. You have saved her from a sad fate. You will be rewarded, you may depend."

Bridget raised her eyebrows and dropped a courtesy, while little Casta Diva, as Mr. Patron then and ever since has called her, hid her face in the bed, and sobbed to hear her story related The kind gentleman looked at her tenderly, and then continued:

"I have a plan for this poor child, which will at once relieve you of your charge and repay you for your goodness of heart. Good-night, little one, I will come to-morrow. Dry your tears, for I will yet make you happy."

"Here Bridget, is some money for you, and be sure you do not send her out to sing again. I have something better for her to do."

Bridget dropped another courtesy, and her mouth opened wide, for she was all mystified and bewildered.

An hour later and Mr. Patron is again seated in his easy chair before his bright coal fire, with his dressing-gown once more folded about him. The only difference is that he smiles instead of sighing as he did before

"Ah, yes," he says. "I see my way clear. I can now, without hesitation, call upon Madam Victor in her room, to interest her about my little Casta Diva. I will tell her the story, and engage her to cultivate the voice of my little *protege*. I will see her tomorrow morning, and perhaps she will accompany me to Bridget's lodging — Not a very romantic walk to invite the lady of my heart to share, but then the circumstances are peculiar.

"Now I think of it, I must engage of my landlady the little bedroom next to mine I am determined to adopt this singing cherub as my own. I will change her name to Casta Diva Patron. It sounds musical, and she is music itself. If sweet Madam Victor only sees in her what I do, we shall be an amazingly happy family. I declare I feel like a husband and father already. I shall find enough to do with my money after all."

And so he goes to bed and dreams of his future joys until he fairly laughs aloud in his sleep.

Now it is morning; and if you will put your head out of the door you can see him going along the hall. He stops at No. 6—knocks gently; but the richtoned piano, touched by a thrilling hand, does not allow so love-like a tap to be heard. This time he knocks louder; the music stops and the door is opened by a beautiful woman, who smilingly invites him to enter. Well, I don't wonder he fell in love with her! They close the door. Let's you and I go peep in at the key-hole, and hear what they say; I'll never tell—will you? Hark! Well, after all, I can't tell what they said now, because I promised I wouldn't; but Mr. Patron has staid in there a great while, and he didn't ask her to sing or play once all the time.

Now the door opens again, and they come out together; he in his overcoat and hat, she in her cloak and velvet bonnet. He looks very much excited and she looks pale and trembles so she can hardly speak. She takes his offered arm and goes down stairs and out the street door. I do believe they are going to Bridget's.

And so they were.

Good Mr. Patron walks slowly down with the sweet lady, for she has every reason to tremble; she believes she is Lauretta's mamma; for she has been telling her friend how her husband was killed in a mob one dreadful day, because he was a great politician, and when they burned his house they took her and threw her into prison, where she remained a whole year, and only made her escape, when, during terrible troubles in Italy, the prison doors were unbarred to all.

She had sought frantically for her child, but in vain; and believing that both Lauretta and her nurse were crushed in the same mob that killed her husband, she came to America to try to earn her livelihood among hospitable strangers by her fine musical education and uncommon voice.

Madam Victor believes that Lauretta is her child, because their two stories are so strangely alike. Five years have passed since she had left Italy; but she knows her eyes will not deceive her.—Her baby's features are indelibly engraved upon her heart.

Her kind friend supports her up the five flights of stairs, and then she stops to take breath and nerve herself for either intense happiness or heavy disappointment.

They are about to enter the room when a little voice greets her ear singing with a wonderful power and expression, an Italian melody, which the lady herself used to sing in her own sunny land. She stops and grasps the arm of her friend.

"Oh, wait," she whispers; "let me try;" and with great effort, she continues and completes the unfinished strain in a voice that angels might not exceed.

He opens the door.

Lauretta stands in the centre of the room, alone, pale, and agitated; her great eyes dilated with emotion long repressed Her mother's voice has reached a spot in her heart which vibrates on her memory like a glimpse of Heaven.

Madam Victor sinks upon a chair and gazes long and earnestly upon the motionless figure; then she suddenly stretches out her arms and whispers, "Come here."

Lauretta slowly advances; and when she is close to the beautiful lady, she nestles her head upon her bosom and draws a long deep sigh.

"Tell me your whole name, sweet one."

"Lauretta Victor."

The lady presses the little form still closer.

"Darling, I am your mother.

"I know it," sighs the child.

"You *know* it, my angel?"

"Yes; I have seen you in my dreams and always called you 'mother;' and when you sang just now it brought it *all back*."

Good Mr. Patron went to the window and wiped his eyes.

* * * * * * *

Once again we see him sitting in his easy chair before the bright coal fire.—By his side sits a beautiful young lady; one hand lies in his and the other is tenderly stroking his hair; but her eyes rest upon a little fairy who sits at the piano, silently dreaming over some of Handel's music, which her "papa" has brought home to her.

The lady is his wife.

The fairy is his Casta Diva.—*Western Musical Review.*

Wealth.

One great cause of the poverty of the present day is, the failure of people to appreciate small things—they say that if they cannot save large sums they will not save anything. They do not realize how a daily addition, be it ever so small, will soon make a large pile; if young men and young women of to-day will only begin, and begin now, to save a little from their earnings, and plant in the soil of some savings bank, and weekly or monthly add their mite, they will wear a happy smile of competence and independence, when they reach middle life. Not only the pile itself will increase but the desire and ability to increase it will soon grow. Let the clerk and tradesman, laborer and artisan make now and at once a beginning Store up some of your youthful force and vigor for future contingencies. Let parents teach their children to begin early to save. Begin at the fountain head to control the stream of extravagance, and then the work will be easy to chose between poverty and riches. Let our youth go on in the habits of extravagance for fifteen years to come as they have for fifty years past, and we shall be a nation of beggars with a moneyd aristocracy. Let a generation of such as save in small sums be reared and we shall be free from want. Do not be ambitious for extravagant fortunes, but seek that which is the duty of every man to obtain—independence and a comfortable home. Wealth and enough is within the reach of all. It is obtainable by one process, and only—Saving.

A LOVE STORY WITH A MORAL.—There is a good joke going the rounds, of a young lady and gentleman at a fashionable party in Nashville, Tenn., a few evenings since. The young man was handsome and happy, the young lady arrayed in all the exquisite taste of lavender, rose, etc., with gold-powdered hair flowing over her swan-like neck Finding the heat of the room too much for them, they sought the cool shade of an arbor where they might listen to the fountain's fall. The music rose and fell, time flew on silver pinions, and after an absence of about three hours, our young friends entered the brilliantly illuminated parlors. The young lady passed on in the dance, but the young man was slightly taken aback by his next neighbor informing him that round his neck was the unmistakable print of two arms, all in chalk and diamond dust, on one shoulder a large pile of yellow powder, and on his upper lip and cheek diamond dust, bloom of youth and yellow powder, mixed up generally. The young lady's hair was observed to be several shades paler.—Moral: Carry a dusting-broom in your pocket.

YANKEE TACT.—It is known to many of the Southern people that Ben Butler, of Massachusetts, owns the largest interest in the steamer Gen. Robert E. Lee, which has just obtained such a signal triumph over the splendid and fast running steamer Natchez. While he takes advantage of the Union and "loyal" sentiment of the people of New England to keep him in political power, he promotes his pecuniary interest by availing himself of the love and affection of the people of the South for Gen. Robert E. Lee, to name his steamboat after him. This is genuine Yankee tact. He built the Lee out of the proceeds of his robberies while in military control of New Orleans.—*Maryville (Ky.) Bulletin.*

The European War.

THE DEFENCE OF SEDAN.

FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE LAST BATTLES—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENES.

A French officer who participated in the battles at Sedan on the 31st of August and 1st of September, sends the following account of the defeat of the army, and the surrender to the Prussians:

SPLENDID ARTILLERY PRACTICE OF THE PRUSSIANS

The next morning, Thursday, September 1, I returned, as soon as the gates of the town were opened, to my post of observation on the elevated ground where the battery was still placed. The French position did not seem to me much altered, but the right was now on the other side of Sedan.—At seven o'clock the cannonade began in earnest; some slight firing having taken place earlier. The Prussian batteries facing us appeared to me much more numerous; indeed, it seemed to me there were batteries everywhere.—They roared from every point of the Prussian line, which then stretched nearly parallel in front of the French. I could follow the falling of their shells which exploded as they touched the ground and fell with wonderful precision. I noticed also how quickly they changed and corrected their fire. As soon as a French corps took up a position it was instantly assailed by shells The first would, perhaps, fall a few feet short or beyond, but the second or third was sure to find its way to the troops and do its awful work among them.—The French shells, on the contrary, exploded generally before they reached the ground, and the smoke of the explosion formed innumerable little clouds at different heights, some so high that the shell could do no harm, I should think, to the enemy.

I noticed some inexplicable movements. A few squadrons of Prussian calvary made as if they would charge a French force which was toward the left Immediately two regiments of French calvary charged in turn upon the Prussian squadrons which fell back and fled But at the same moment a Prussian corps of infantry opened a murderous fire upon those too eager French cavalry regiments, and they came back sadly shattered from their rash pursuit. About 9 o'clock I could not help fancying that the Prussians were extending farther to the left; for, on asking whether certain new batteries were French, I was told they were Prusssian. The Prussian line was evidently curling around us.

I have learned since that the Crown Prince had crossed the Meuse during the night about five leagues from Sedan, and that this had not been known to McMahon. A large force of Bavarians must also have arrived after the commencement of the battle, for it was Bavarian troops who began pounding us from the left. At 10½ o'clock the advance of the Prussians was perceptible on both wings at the same time.—Some French infantry which was close to the town on the east side gave way, as it seemed to me, rather quickly.—Soon afterward shells were coming from behind my left, and it became evident that the French position had been turned, and that a fresh German corps had taken a position in our rear.

The reserves were now necessarily directed against these points. The battery near which I stood was already in action, and I thought it quite time to beat a retreat. The place was becoming as dangerous as any in the field.—Among the guns close to me, the Prussian shells began falling with their usual beautiful precision. So I got on the other side of the slope, and made my way toward the town.

THE PRUSSIAN CIRCLE CONTRACTING.

As the road to Bouillion, which crossed the field of battle, was wholly closed to me now, I also perceived that I should be shut up in that circle which the Prussians had been drawing about the army and the town, and which was ultimately completed. I made my way as fast as I could by the safest paths. When I reached the suburb before the Porte de Balan I found it encumbered with soldiers of all corps, hastening, as I was, into the town. It was a defeat, evidently, yet it was not eleven o'clock, and the battle was destined to continue at various points for some time longer, though continuing without any real hope of victory.

THE FRENCH ROUTED.

To one entering the town as I did, there was no longer any battle to describe. It was first a retreat and too soon a rout. I thought myself lucky to get away from the field as I did; for an hour afterward the rout of those forces that had been near by me was complete. Already soldiers were crushing against each other in the struggle to get inside the town. Dismounted cavalry were trying to make their way, some even by the ramparts, leaping down from the counterscap; others forcing their way in by the postern gates. From a nook of the ramparts, where I rested a moment, I saw also Cuirrassiers jumping—horses and all—into the moat, the horses breaking their legs and ribs.—Men were scrambling over each other. There were officers of all ranks—Colonels, and even Generals, in uniforms which it was impossible to mistake, mixed in this shameful melee. Behind all came guns, with their heavy carriages and powerful horses, forcing their way into the throng, maiming and crushing the fugitives on foot.

TERRIBLE SCENES IN SEDAN.

To add to the confusion and horror, the Prussian batteries had by this time advanced within range, and the Prussian shells began falling among the struggling masses of men. On the ramparts were the national guards, manning the guns of the town, and replying with more or less effect to the nearest Prussian batteries. It was a scene horrible enough to have suited the fancy of Gustave Dore himself. I could form but one idea of our unhappy army: that it was at the bottom of a seething caldron.

THE EMPEROR UNDER FIRE.

From friends whom I found at the hotel I learned that the Emperor, who had started early in the morning for the field of battle, had returned about the same time that I did, and passed through the streets with his staff. One of my friends was near him on the Place Turenne when a shell fell under the Emperor's horse, and, bursting, killed the horse of a General who was behind him. He himself was untouched, and turned around and smiled; though my friend thought he saw tears in his eyes, which he wiped away with his glove. Indeed, he had cause enough for tears on that fatal 1st of September.

Meantime, shells began to fall in the direction of our street and hotel We all stood under the vaulted stone entrance, as the safest shelter we could find. I trembled on account of the caissons still standing in the street, and filling all the space from end to end It was at this time when we waited watching painfully for the shell which would have sent us all together into another world, that General De Wimpffen came past, making a vain effort to rally and inspirit his flying troops. He shouted, "*Vive la France En avant!*" But there was no response He cried out that Bazaine was taking the Prussians in the rear. News which had been current all the morning at intervals, coming now from the mouth of General De Wimpffen, seemed to be believed, and a few thousand men were rallied and followed him out of town People began to have hope, and for one brief moment we believed the day might yet be saved. Need I say that this intelligence was a patriotic falsehood or brave General De Wimpffen? Made with anguish, and in direct opposition to the Emperor's orders, he had resolved to rally what men he could and make a stand. He could not have known that he was bound in the grasp of at least three hundred thousand men.

The cannonade ceased suddenly about 4½. Eager as we were to know the cause, we cannot leave the house, for the street is impassable and we have to be content with hearing the mere fact of the surrender. As night drew on the crowd a little diminished, and by some effort it was possible to make one's way about the town. The spectacle it offered was more horrible than war Dead were lying everywhere; civilians and soldiers mingled in the slaughter In one suburb I counted more than fifty bodies of peasants and burgeois—a few women among them, and one child. The ground was strewn with splinters of shells. Starving soldiers were cutting up the dead horses to cook and eat for provisions had again failed us and everything has failed since this campaign began. I was glad to get away from the sight of our disasters, and lose their remembrance in a few hours of sleep.

NAPOLEON A PRISONER.

The next day we were told that the Emperor had gone to the King's headquarters to treat for a surrender. A 11 his household and carriages left the town, and we knew that he was a prisoner and the Empire no more. About the same hour there was posted in the streets a proclamation from General De Wimpffen saying that notwithstanding prodigies of courage, the army having no more ammunition found itself unable to respond to the summons of its chief and force it way to Montmedy. That being surrounded, he had made the best conditions he could—conditions such as would inflict no humiliation on the army

These conditions prove to be the surrender of the whole army, not less than 100,000 men, as prisoners of war, with all their arms, baggage, horses, standards and guns. The officers who sign an engagement not to serve against Prussia during the war may return to their homes, the remainder to be sent to German towns in Germany. Many officers refuse to sign, preferring to share the captivity of their men.

BAD FAITH OF THE FRENCH.

On Saturday the whole force laid down their arms. Not a few soldiers in their rage broke rather than give up their arms, and the streets were littered with fragments of all kinds of weapons broken: swords, rifles, pistols, lancers' helmlets, cuirasses, even mitrailleuses, covered the ground; and in one place, where the Meuse runs through the town, the heaps of such fragments choked the stream and rose above the surface. The mud of the streets was black with gunpowder. The horses had been tied to the houses and gun carriages, but nobody remembered to feed or water them, and in the frenzy of hunger and thirst they broke loose and ran wild through the town. Whoever liked might have a horse—even officers horses which were private property—for the trouble of catching them

EMPTYING THE MONEY CHEST.

When the Prussians came into the town they were very sore and angry at the sight of all this destruction and waste. What must have pleased them still less, was the state in which they found the military chest. As soon as surrender was resolved on, the French officers were told to make out the best accounts they could, present them, and receive payment. Naturally the statements thus brought in soon proved sufficient to empty the treasury. I know of officers who demanded and received payment for horses that were not killed and baggage which had not been lost. Demoralization showed itself in every way. Even the standards were burned or buried, an act of bad faith not to be palliated even by the grief and rage of a beaten army.

How to Make Poultry Raising Pay.

Mr. Warren Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, who owns a farm at Rye, N. Y, and is a very successful raiser of poultry, writes the Farmer's Club his experience in the care of fowls:

I have found that for every hundred fowls you must give up at least an acre. But rough land is as good as any.—Hens naturally love the bush and I top young trees, but leave a shred by which they live a year or more. These form hiding places and retreats for them. In such places they prefer to lay. I have great success and it depends on three or four rules, by observing which I believe a good living can be made by hens and turkeys. 1. I give my fowls great range. Eighteen acres belong to them exclusively. Then the broods have the range of another big lot, and the turkeys go a half a mile or more from the house. The eighteen acres of poultry yard is rough land, of little use for tillage. It has a pond in it, and many rocks and bushes and weeds and sandy places and ash-heaps and lime and bones and grass, and a place which I plow up to give them worms. 2 When a hen has set, I take her box, throw out the straw and earth, let it be out in the sun and rain a few days, and give it a good coat of whitewash on both sides. In winter, when it is very cold, I have an old stove in their house, and keep the warmth above freezing There is also an open fireplace, where I build a fire in cold wet days. They dry themselves, and when the fire goes out, there is a bed of ashes for them to wallow in. Summer and winter, my hens have all the lime, ashes and sand they want 3. Another reason why I have such luck is because my poultry-yards receive all the scraps from the Metropolitan Hotel. Egg-making is no easy work, and hens will not do much of it without high feed. They need just what a man who works requires—wheat bread and meat. Even when wheat costs $2, I believe in feeding it to hens. As to breeds, I prefer the Brahmas, light and dark. I change roosters every spring, and a man on the farm has no other duty than to take care of my poultry. I frequently turn off 3,000 spring chickens in a single season.

Figures Won't Lie.

The Cleveland Leader says:

"It cost but two dollars a head, under Buchanan, to run the Government.—Under Grant it costs but $1,64. Another evidence of the failure of Grant's administration. He is no such royal spendthrift as his Democratic predecessors have been."

That's Radical boasting! But what do the figures say? A few weeks ago Mr. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, furnished the public with a statement of the National Expenditures from 1860 to 1870 which gives the lie direct to the above statement. In Boutwell's table, the expenditures for 1860, the last year of Buchanan's administration, are put down at $63,025,789,34, and for 1869 at $321,490,596,75. The total population of the United States in 1860, was over thirty-one millions, and in 1869 about forty millions. Now a little figuring will show that it cost a little over $2 a head to run the Government under Buchanan, while it cost over *eight dollars per capita* under President Grant or four times as great under Radical rule than it did under a Democratic administration. Figures won't lie, and show where the "royal spendthrift" comes in and an unassailable evidence of the failure of Grant's administration.—*Ohio Eagle.*

MAKE YOUR TREES BRANCH LOW.—Train your pear trees for garden or even field use, so that they will branch at a distance of one or two feet from the ground. The advantages are easily enumerated by the Horticulturist:

1st. It is easy to trim.

2nd. It is easy to gather the fruit.

3rd. Falling fruit is little injured.

4th. All branches being sturdy, will not be strained by over-bearing or overweight of fruit.

5th. Soil will be kept shaded and moist.

6th. Trunk will be protected from the scorching sun.

7th. Tree will grow more and more beautiful.

Johnny Steele, the played-out "oil prince," is said to have received a letter requesting his instructions concerning $20,000 which he deposited in a New York bank during the hey-day of his prosperity and had utterly forgotten.

A rattlesnake having eight rattles, was killed on the sidewalk in Meriden, Conn., the other day. A boy first discovered the reptile and when questioned as to what kind of an animal it was, replied that "it made a noise just like a mowing machine."

"Are you colored?" a Providence policeman asked an inebriate contraband in the station house, whom he could not see very distinctly in the semi-darkness of the cell; "No-o-o," drawled the drowsy drunken 'Fifteenth Amendment' "not colored—I was born so."