From the Southern Literary Messenger.

## SUMMER NOON-DAY DREAM.

BY MISS SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

The leaves are still, the breezes hushed,
Or sing a drowsy number,
And all throughout the silent day,
The golden hours slumber.
The ripples idly lapse along
Beneath the noon-tides gleaming—
Oh, sure the drowsy Summer-time
Was made alone for dreaming!

Within my open window floats
A slumbrous breath of roses,
And in the softly-shaded room,
Silence itself reposes;
And liquid lustres on the wall
Cool, rippling waves resemble,
As to and fro, with motion slow,
The leafy shadows tremble.

A sense of silence and repose,
Of slow and tranquil motion,
A murmur, as of sleeping winds
Upon a sleeping ocean;
And softly o'er my senses steals
A luxury Elysean,
And all delights of drowsy thought
Are mingled in my vision.

Oh, chiding voices, wake me not,
Nor turn my rhyme to reason;
For life is mingled work and play,
And each must have its season.
The Winter-time for study's toil,
The Spring for pleasure's scheming;
Autumn for the poet's thought,
And Summer-time for dreaming!

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

## THE SPIRIT AND THE SUNBEAM.

FRAGMENT.

It was a festal day in heaven; for summer had begun, and the monarch of the sky rose with increased splendor, to celebrate this his season of beauty and luxuriance.

Aurora, to whom the ceremony of his rising was intrusted, exhausted all her resources to do honor to the occasion. She decked her handmaidens, the clouds, in their brightest attire, bordering their fleecy garments of the purest white with a golden rim, and casting a roseate vail over all.—Then she paved their aerial path with orange, graduated to the palest primrose, and studded this, also, with golden spangles, which shone resplendent on the deep-blue vault of Heaven.

The potent monarch of the sky was well pleased with these arrangements, and he consequently rose in the very best of tempers, and shone benignantly on the children of Earth.

First the great towering mountains received his smile—and a glow of ruddy pleasure lit up their snowy heads, creeping from them gradually down, until it reached their base, where sat a crowd of noxious, malicious vapors, enemies of man, artificers of diseases to him in the shape of rheumatism, consumptions, and many other ills. The smile of the great heavenly potentate just touched them, and it acted like a charm; for off they all flew in dudgeon, crowding together in a dark and sullen mass, sitting half way up the mountain, sulking and lowering, and threatening to come down again as soon as ever King Sol (for so this great monarch was named) had gone away again.

How glorious all nature looked! Millions of spirits, unseen to mortal eyes, danced jocundly in the pure morning air, chanting their heaven-born songs of praise and joy. All nature was happy—all, save one etherial being, who, with drooping wings and broken harp, stood in the pathway of the monarch of the sky.

"Iris, mine own loved messenger, wherefore so sad?"

But the wings drooped still, and the harp fell lower in her hands.

Then there arose a chorus of heavenly music. 'Twas the morning hymn. Its melody stole over the sorrowing spirit, and, as it ceased, her voice was heard, like the last tone of an Eolian harp.

"I sorrow that this glory which I share, these sunbeams on which I dance, should be denied to some of those who pine in misery. I would crave a boon, great monarch"—and she knelt before him: "Grant me one warm sunbeam to carry where I will."

Then the voice of heaven's children broke forth again in a rejoicing song of grateful praise, as the request was complied with.

Now, her drooping pinions were spread in rapid flight, as, folding a sunbeam to her bosom, she took her way from heaven to earth.

On she flew—and she hugged her treasure yet more closely, for she feared it would be stolen from her. Down her colored way she sped—down, and down, and down—until she alighted on a glittering dome of gold.

It was an eastern palace, a monument of magnificence. Gems of rare value adorned its marble walls: the treasures of the earth had been ransacked to provide for its embellishment.

"Shall I leave thee here, mine own sunbeam?" asked the spirit—"shall I make this thine home?" and she just peeped into her bosom at her treasure; and there it lay, so pure and bright! Then she looked at the magnificent work of man, the palace; but its glory had departed, its lustre had faded before the beauty of nature's handiwork, before the brilliancy of the warm sunbeam; and Iris then knew that this was no place for her treasured gift. So, on she flew with it for many a long and weary mile, over both sea and land.—At last she came to a city—a great noisy, dirty, bustling city, with its smoke and filth of every kind.

"Here art thou wanted! here art thou wanted, my treasure!" said the gentle spirit; "but how can I leave thee in this human den with naught worthy of thee?"

"Naught worthy!" said a still, small voice.—"Presumptuous spirit! fold thy wing, tarry in thy course, and see whether thou canst not bestow thy gifts worthily here. Behold!"

The spirit closed her half-spread wings. Before her stood one with heavy eyes and famine-pinched face—a child in years, a woman in sorrow and experience. Her clothes hung in rags about her, and displayed her delicate limbs of marble whiteness. How that loving spirit longed for a mortal tongue, to whisper words of comfort to that friendless being!

A stranger passed, and gave her alms. They were seized with avidity, and the wild eyes looked an intensity of joy. How swiftly the bare feet sped on! in quest of bread, perchance? No, she entered a fruiterer's shop, and spent the whole of this, her fortune, in a few strawberries.

On again, until she had traversed the length of the dirty street, and turned into a narrow alley, swarming with riotous children.

The spirit hovered over her, and, with her zephyr wings, fanned each noisome air from the poor child's heated brows.

On again, until she reached a court leading from this alley, and looking still more wretched and uninhabitable. She entered a miserable abode, and, with a happy step, ascended the stairs. With a gentle hand she unclosed a door. The room she entered contained a miserable bed, one chair, and a deal table.

A lad of about sixteen was lying on the bed.—How his eyes beamed with affection as he saw the girl approach!

She placed her hand on his head; alas! there was no abatement of the fever.

She held up a strawberry to him—another, and another!

The eager eyes of the suffering boy proclaimed his delight at so unexpected a treat. The girl raised a strawberry to his lips.

"No, Ruth, not one morsel, unless you taste it first."

To please him, she consented. There they sat, those two friendless beings—he, so soon to be in a happier world, she———

The boy's eyes suddenly rested on the window.

"Look, dear sister," he said; "look!—a gentle radiance seems to come even from those dull clouds, and a balmy fragrance spreads around, reminding me of other days, before we came to the smoky town, when we lived 'mid green fields and glorious valleys, when the lark, with her wild melody roused us from our morning slumbers, and the nightingale's plaintive note lulled us to our evening rest! Ah! Ruth—that was a happy time!"

For some moments his mind seemed to be absorbed in the past.

"Ruth," he at length said, "what will you do when I am gone? Who will love you then, my sister? Who—who be kind to you and speak the word of sympathy to your heart?" He bent his dying eyes sadly on her. She took his wasted hands in hers, and pressed them to her lips, then in an attitude of prayer. The gesture alone was an answer; but her words also replied to his question.

"The same God," she said, "who has loved me for sixteen long years, will love me still—still show me His loving kindness. In mercy has He afflicted, to make me turn to Him; even in this poor place, amid our past and present wretchedness, He has thrown over my trembling soul the balm of His heavenly comfort. He, my brother, will be my support when you are gone—my stay, my comfort, my hope, my all!"

* * * * * * *

There was a bright glow on that bed of death; a sunbeam fell on the pallid face, as the wings of the hovering spirit lulled the dying boy to his last slumber.

Hour after hour passed—daylight faded.

"Die ye together, ye things of earth and heaven!" sighed the gentle Iris; "die, my treasured sunbeam, even as the soul of that sufferer fades from earthly woe!"

* * * * * * *

The fragile girl had laid her head beside her brother; one hand pillowed her head, the other was clasped in his. Gradually, she lost the consciousness of all external things; she slept; and then—a murmur, like music, but still not music—only a tone, like the south wind singing its own sad requiem, stole over her senses.

She fancied she was wafted along in air, her tattered garments changed to floating vapor, her tangled locks to golden tresses. Suddenly, she seemed to stop in her etherial flight, and a voice bade her observe what would pass.

In the distance, a small white cloud appeared. It came nearer and nearer, and then she discovered two forms of heavenly radiance. The one looked down on the dim earth beneath, and its tears fell fast on the distant land; the face of the other was raised to heaven, and there was seen joy, worship, gladness, adoration. Carried between these two, as in a couch, resting peacefully in their arms, was a form of angel brightness, bearing a semblance to humanity, but beatified—changed; the imperfect, perfected by the reunion with its God.

* * * * * * *

Ruth's eyes were fixed on the recumbent figure; in it she recognized her brother's soul!

* * * * * * *

It was now twilight, but the spirits's wings were playing still, fanning away the soul of the lingering girl to those realms of bliss whither her brother had passed before her!

* * * * * * *

Waft! waft! as the pale cold moonlight streamed into the room, and a sigh—the last vestige of earth—sent that girl's imprisoned soul to heaven!

* * * * * * *

Earth, ye have their bodies—the poor corruptible bodies—the empty, useless casket.

Heaven!—their souls—their incorruptible, imperishable souls—are yours.

* * * * * * *

Mortal, who readest this, pause and think; thou livest for the one—dost thou live for the other also?

Does earth absorb your love, your thought, your care? Take heed, lest earth swallow up heaven in your heart!

Earth and Heaven!

Earth for all now—Heaven hereafter, for those alone who live on earth for heaven.

## THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns of Germany, the celebrated pianist, Listz, arrived at Prague in October, 1846.

The day after he came his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality, which he would not, perhaps, have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said: "I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instruction I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremburg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-morrow I set out for home—penniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty—it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purse in common; and if fortune neglects some in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Listz opened a drawer in his writing case, and started when he saw that his usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There! Why there's scarcely anything!"

"I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Listz, smiling, "that for a moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me; I have credit, and I can make money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying, he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man. "There," said he, "that will do." It was a present made me by the Emperor of Austria; his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine.—Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Listz would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, invoking the choicest blessings of heaven on his generous benefactor. He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweller in the city, in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels with whose value he appeared unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty, and while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said;—"afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Listz hastened to the jeweller.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are *you*?"

"My name is Listz."

"I don't know any rich man of that name."

"That may be; yet I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five thousand guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician?"

"By no means; and yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish."

"You *must* be a magician!"

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Listz had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it, and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried, with irresistible enthusiasm, 'Bravo, Listz! 'tis wondrous!'

"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweller.

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she; "but I know that none living, save Listz, could draw such sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgements, Listz withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweller.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Listz than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entreated him to give some concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as a remuneration. Then the jeweller perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds. Listz continued to go to his house, and, to the merchant's great joy, he perceived that his daughter was the cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning the jeweller, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Listz:

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you, you please my daughter. Her fortune is ready; be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week.

And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Listz.

## CHARACTER AND DEATH OF PILATE.

The following is from a work entitled, Gethsemane and Calvary, recently published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society.

It is difficult to delineate the character of Pilate. His conduct, throughout the whole trial, is strange and inconsistent. Convinced, from the beginning, of the innocency of the Redeemer, knowing that he only has the power to rescue him from outrageous violence, yet instead of exercising his official power and dismissing the accusers from his tribunal, he parleys with them, and endeavors to induce them to withdraw their prosecution. In this, he plainly shows himself to be governed by excessive love of popularity. And yet, other acts in his procuratorship prove him to have been sometimes entirely reckless of the favor of his subjects. In the present case, however, the rank and number of the plantiffs at his bar are not counteracted by any diverse interest of his own. On the contrary, it is for his present apparent interest to stifle the convictions of his own judgment, and even the evidence of his senses, rather than incur the resentment of the influential priests, who can easily make his office unsafe for his life. But in yielding so cowardly to the unjust demands of a dangerous faction, he violates one of the finest laws of his country. "The idle clamor of the populace is not to be regarded, when they call for a guilty man to be acquitted, or an innocent one to be condemned." He must have forgotten one of the maxims of Horace, whose poems he had doubtless often read in his boyhood:

"The man in conscious virtue bold,
Who does his secret purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And the impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies."

By this one act of timid compliance to selfish interest, he has secured a name which will forever cleave to him. Wherever the sacred narrative of the sufferings and death of Jesus is known, in earth or heaven, will it also be known, that he was condemned to the cross by Pontius Pilate.

Yet we are in danger of measuring the Roman officer's guilt, by the light which we ourselves enjoy. We must remember the extenuation the Holy Ghost has recorded: "Whom the princes of this world knew not, for had they known, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." Pilate, as well as Herod, might have known the exalted character of the person ignominiously dragged before him, and by him so unjustly crucified; and this renders his ignorance inexcusable. The fact that he did not know the dignity of Christ palliates the awful guilt of "crucifying the Lord of Glory." Had he been convinced that Jesus Christ was "the true God and eternal life," to have thus condemned him, had been sacrilege to an inconceivable degree. As it is, he trampled upon the principle of conscience and right, in an alarming manner. In fine, his constant efforts to divert the malicious accusations of the Jews, show in him a strong sense of justice, and a conscience not blunted by hardened guilt. His tampering with the prosecutors show a willingness to keep on the popular side even at the cost of justice. His final decision shows the selfishness of his heart, and his ruling ambition.

The historical accounts of him, agree with the above features. Philo, the Jew, represents him as a man who "set justice to sale, plundered the people, and executed the innocent;" though some deduction from his statements, for national prejudices, may be required. According to Josephus, "he was not naturally disposed to unnecessary bloodshed, but, whenever the peace of the province appeared in danger, stern, decided, reckless of human life, on all other occasions, by no means regardless of ingratiating himself in the popular favor."

What were the subsequent feelings of Pilate, in view of his part in the death of Christ, we are left to conjecture. That he ever believed in him who died that believers might be saved, is more than doubtful. His career in Judea did not continued much longer. The procurator had made himself unpopular, by previous oppressions upon the Jews. His compliance at this time with their demands, did not secure him from the evil which he anticipated. He was deposed, four or five years afterwards, for an assault upon the Samaritans, summoned to Rome to defend himself, and was banished by the Emperor, Caius Caligula, to Vienne, in Gaul, where he committed suicide.

Thus closed the earthly scene of the unhappy Pilate. Visions of the meek, bleeding countenance of the Redeemer may have hunted and harassed his soul. He could not have forgotten the most remarkable event of his procuratorship. He must have felt the fulfilment of his wife's dream, in the judgment which fell upon him, for condemning the innocent blood. Some oppressive weight bore upon his spirit, and made his life a load, which he thought he could not endure, and he took the madman's relief, of rushing into sorrows yet more dreadful, from which he can never escape. But his bones have mouldered back to dust, and no man knoweth his resting place. The nations walk over it, heedless of the hand below, which signed the death-warrant of the Son of Man.

## LARCENY BY A CHICAGO EDITOR.

The Chicago Daily Tribune, of the 22d instant, has an account of the arrest of James O. Brayman, editor of the Chicago Democrat, upon a charge of larceny. For two or three months, Messrs. McNally & Co., periodical dealers, have lost many valuable letters, and no clue could be discovered to the detection of the thief. After a very thorough investigation, it was obvious that the box of McNally & Co. was opened from the outside. An ingenious plan of watching was devised by the police and post office clerks, which resulted on Friday in the detection and arrest of the gentleman above mentioned, under circumstances that hardly admit a possible doubt of his guilt.

"Mr. Brayman," says the Tribune, "was for many years connected with the Buffalo press, and has always borne an irreproachable character.—About four years ago he came to this city, and became the associate editor of the Democrat, being entrusted with the management of that paper in the absence of its chief editor, Mayor Wentworth. During his residence in this city he has won the esteem and confidence of a large portion of our citizens, hundreds of whom deem it incredible that he could have yielded to any temptation to commit such an offence.

"Mr. Brayman is a deacon of the First Baptist Church in this city. He has borne a leading part in the advancement and success of Sabbath schools and missionary enterprises, and at the time of his arrest the key of the church was found upon his person.

"Mr. McNally is one of our most worthy citizens, and he has lost, according to his own estimate, between ten and twelve hundred dollars by means of these Post Office robberies, a loss he is ill able to bear."

## AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. CUNNINGHAM!—SOME STARTLING REVELATIONS PROMISED!!

The reporter of the New York Express has been to visit Mrs. Cunningham. In a long interview with her, she is represented to have spoken as follows:

Reporter.—Are you aware, madam, that the morning papers state that yesterday Dr. Catlin made some disclosures to the district attorney relating to your former husband?

Mrs. Cunningham.—Once for all, I have no fear of Dr. Catlin; I will never believe that any man is so depraved as to make such false statements about me; he could say nothing of Mr. Cunningham; I had no intimacy whatever with him in any shape, and until the present time I never heard his character attacked; I never heard anything against him, nor even thought of such a thing. When I was put into the Toombs he came to see me, and, as I have already stated, expressed himself interested in me as a persecuted and innocent woman. I repeat, with the exception I have stated, Dr. Catlin and I were perfect strangers.

Reporter.—Mrs. Bardell, your profession of innocence does not at all agree with the proposition made by you to Dr. Uhl, as sworn to by that gentleman.

[At this remark, Mrs. Cunningham became much excited—the first time such a thing has occurred during the many interviews our reporter has had with her. Her eyes flashed as she looked up to heaven, and striking her knees with her right hand, she replied, with great emphasis:]

I *never*, in the whole course of my existence, made such a proposition to Dr. Uhl; never, as I hope to stand before God, and go to that heaven to which I now look up, and to which I now look forward when I close my eyes on existence; [then turning her eyes to our reporter, and still speaking with great emphasis,] but often did he bore me, and solicit me for money when visiting me, the black-mailing scoundrel!!!" [Then resuming her natural manner.] I *never* said I had Dr. Catlin in my power, for with the exceptions which I have mentioned, we were strangers; all I know about him is that after his professional visits to my family had ceased, I heard he got married to a cousin of the Rev. Dr. Beecher.

Oh! few know what I have had to endure with Harvey Burdell. I know more of the secrets of No. 31, Bond street, than any one does.

Reporter.—What! in connection with the murder?

Mrs. Cunningham.—No, sir, but as regarded Burdell's lady visiters. I could this moment procure more divorces than many are aware of; aye, commencing at Fifth Avenue and running through some of those who hold up their heads high enough; and going still lower I could relate of those ladies what would make them tremble; yes, those who intrigued with that man, whose widow is now an occupant of the Tombs. My lips have been sealed, but I have determined they shall be so no longer. I had determined to write out a full statement of all I knew. I was dissuaded from it; but now I will do it, and believe me you shall have it, and its disclosures will open the eyes of many who now think I am crushed as low as I can be.

Mrs. Cunningham said a great deal more, which our reporter has not noted; she has invited him to come and see her again, and has promised more disclosures, which, from the hints given as to their nature, will be interesting. She desired the reporter to see Dr. Catlin, and was certain that he would emphatically deny that he ever said that he personated Dr. Burdell at the marriage ceremony.

Mrs. Cunningham says it has cost her for lawyers and other expenses thus far $7,000. Although she has expended this amount it has not left her without something to lean upon to support her through the remainder of the battle she expects to fight. She adds that she has paid up—ten dollars only excepted—every dollar due to her lawyers.

The expenses entailed by the Burdell heirs is stated by parties claiming to be possessed of accurate information upon the subject, to be not less than ten thousand dollars, and that by the time the litigation ends not a moiety of Dr. Burdell's estate will remain for division among the heirs.

## REMARKABLE RESCUE OF A LOST PILOT.

Michael Stevens, Jr., a Newport pilot, was knocked off his boat by the boom, when twenty-five miles out at sea, on Saturday forenoon last, his shipmates being at the time below and asleep.—They, on waking, missed him, and returning to port, reported him irrevocably lost, and he was so published in Monday's paper; but later in the day news came from Portland of his safe arrival at that port. It seems that he was picked up on Saturday afternoon, off the Isle of Shoals, about half way between Boon Island and Thatcher's Island, by Capt. Davis, of schooner Bloomer, from Salem, bound to Ellsworth, and landed at Portland on Sunday. Captain Davis' story is, that on passing the pilot boat America, on Saturday, he hailed her, but saw no one on board and received no answer. He then continued on his course about a mile and a half, when his attention was attracted by a call from some unseen source; and upon the call being repeated, he discovered to the leeward a man in the water, apparently just able to keep his head above the surface. A rope was immediately thrown to him, a boat got over to his assistance, and he was taken on board in a completely exhausted condition. The man was soon ascertained to be Mr. Stevens, who gave the following account of the accident:

"An hour and a half previous, while standing upon the stern of the pilot boat, spy-glass in hand, the other being asleep below, a sudden movement of the boom knocked him overboard; and unknown to his comrades, he was left struggling in the water. Being a good swimmer, he had been able to keep himself from drowning, but had little strength remaining when the Bloomer approached him. While his strength lasted, he had used his exertions to swim after his boat, but finding the chase hopeless, he directed his energies to save himself from drowning. Every attention which his condition required was bestowed upon him by Capt. Davis, and when he reached Portland, he had completely recovered from the effects of his perilous adventure."

GOVERNOR ROBINSON, OF KANSAS, ACQUITTED.—A telegraphic despatch from Kansas announces the acquittal of Mr. Robinson, of Kansas, on the charge of usurping the powers of the gubernatorial office. The St. Louis Democrat's Kansas correspondent says that the only testimony brought against him was that of Mr. J. M. Triton, who testified that Mr. Robinson had taken the oath of office, but could not swear positively that he had performed any official act. Mr. G. W. Brown, who had been relied upon by the prosecution as a witness, absented himself on the trial, and an attachment was issued against him. Judge Cato charged the Jury that if ever Mr. Robinson had assumed at any time to act in the capacity of Governor he was guilty of usurpation, and the verdict must be against him. The punishment for the offence is fine and imprisonment. In the absence of further testimony than that of Mr. Triton, the jury appear to have been for some time equally divided, and then to have agreed upon a verdict of acquittal.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

OUTRAGE IN A BOSTON CHURCH.—R. H. Stevens, Esq., a well known and esteemed business man of Norfolk, Va., being on a visit to Boston, recently, visited a church for colored persons.—Seeing some negroes from Virginia, he commenced conversation with them, and the fact became known that he was a slaveholder. The clergyman approached him and asked, "Do you own a soul?" This was a signal for offensive demonstrations from the negroes, including threats of shooting, tarring and feathering. The Boston papers "explain" it by saying that the negroes thought Mr. S. was there for the recovery of a fugitive.

JENNY LIND.—Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, is at present in England, making arrangements for the removal thither of his family, which is passing the summer at the village of Oberlœssnitz, near Dresden, and has recently been increased by the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Lind Goldschmidt's voice, it is said, has neither lost in quantity nor in quality, and she would not refuse the offer of another musical tour through the United States.

"THE HEALTHIEST COUNTRY IN CREATION."—DeBow's mortality statistics show that the people of the United States are the healthiest on the globe. The deaths are 320,000 per year, or one and one-third per cent. of the population. In England, the ratio is over two per cent., and in France nearly three per cent. Virginia and North Carolina are the healthiest of the States, and have 638 inhabitants over 100 years of age.

## APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Beverly Tucker, of Virginia, Consul at Liverpool, in place of Nathaniel Hawthorne, resigned.

Henry W. Spencer, of New York, Consul at Paris, in place of Duncan K. McRae, resigned.

John Endlich, of Pennsylvania, Consul at Basle, in the place of Daniel S. Lee, deceased.

Charles J. Fox, of Michigan, Consul at Aspinwall, in place of Francis A. Thornton, resigned.

Ernest Volger, of Virginia, Consul at Barcelona, in place of Pablo Anguera, the present incumbent.

Jacob Forney, of Pennsylvania, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Utah.

J. B. Danforth, Jr., Purser in the Navy, vice John V. Dobbin, resigned.

Charles E. Sinclair, Associate Justice for the Territory of Utah, vice Stiles, removed.

IMMENSE FORTUNE.—A fortune of an immense amount, embracing lands, tenements, mines, &c., the majority of which is in New Jersey, has lately been discovered to belong to somebody besides the present holders, by the turning up of some old papers in this city. It appears that one Judge Thomas Leonard, a resident of Princeton, New Jersey, before the revolution, became the owner of immense estates, as appears by his will, which is said to be on record in due form, at the office in Trenton, N. J., and left those estates to his male descendants as long as the name of Leonard existed, and, after the name of Leonard ceased to be, to the female descendants, preferring the males to the females, thereby entailing the property to a time indefinite.

The said estates have laid to the present time and have become very valuable, embracing about 1,500 acres on Deep Run, towards Amboy; 10,000 acres at the head of Great Egg Harbor river; 350 acres in the city of Princeton, extending from the centre of the town along both sides of the road toward Rocky Hill, now called Princeton street, and embracing some of the finest improvements; 600 acres on Cape Fear river, North Carolina, a valuable coal mine in operation on it, and property in various other localities. This may be a happy windfall to the heirs, if they are able to gain possession of the estate, of which they have the most sanguine hopes.—*Phil. American.*

PROBABLE CAUSE OF THE CABLE BREAKING.—The accident to the Atlantic Telegraph, says the New York Express, was no doubt a consequence of its too rapid running out, while the speed of the vessel was not exactly commensurate. There is no possibility of ascertaining the relation between the rate at which wire is paid out and that of the ship in motion; and the danger of breaking was probably in this case greatly increased, if not caused altogether, by the *too high specific gravity of the cable* in sea-water. It is well known that at great depths such solid matter as composed the cable is more compressed by the superincumbent mass than the water surrounding it. The strain upon the portion out of water must be very great. The fracture of the wire seems due to the inertia of motion or the momentum of a cable in consequence of its having a much greater density than that of the water around it. If report be correct more than two miles of wire were suspended in the sea, in rapid motion. Now, if this cable had but very little more gravity than the water, the momentum so fraught with danger would have been destroyed. Would it not be worth while—in the event of the present expedition proving unsuccessful—that in future efforts a cable should be employed whose specific gravity should be such as just to enable it to sink in sea-water.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a published address to the people of his Congressional District, says:—"If the present administration takes sides with Governor Walker, he and they will share the same fate. I cannot, however, permit myself to believe for a moment that they will in that contingency, take such grounds. The doctrine is too outrageous and monstrous to allow any such inference. So far as Mr. Buchanan is concerned—to say nothing of the individual members of his cabinet—there is nothing in his past history to warrant any such conclusion; nothing in his administration thus far affords any grounds even to *suspect it*, except the fact that he has not removed him. Apart from this Walker business, no administration has ever, in my day, so fully met my cordial approval. But, in my judgment, Walker ought to have been removed. I am not, however, in the habit of condemning without a hearing. Mr. Buchanan may have reasons for his course we know nothing of. In the mean time he must and will be held responsible for the consequences attending his retention, whatever they may be. These he cannot escape from."

THE REVOLT IN INDIA.—The news that up to the 29th of June, the date of the latest advices, the stronghold of the Indian mutineers had not fallen, and that the mutinous spirit was spreading among the native troops, must naturally create considerable disappointment in England, not unmixed with alarm, since every day that the rebels are able to maintain the city of Delhi against the Queen's troops gives them additional encouragement, and greater confidence in their strength, and induces others to join their standard, believing that the time has arrived to break the power of their foreign conqueror. It is now increasingly probably that the re-conquest of India will be a work of considerable difficulty and duration, involving a large expenditure of money and of life. With this war upon her hands, in addition to the Chinese conflict and other small matters here and there as usual, England is likely to find enough to do, especially as the fields of operation are so far remote. She will, however, prove herself equal to the emergency, as she always does.—*Journal of Commerce.*

OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT.—During the passage of the steamer George Page from Alexandria to Washington, last Saturday afternoon, with the passengers who went upon the Orange and Alexandria train, H. Latham, the agent of the O. & A. R. R. Co., insulted, and was about to strike, W. H. DeC. Wright, an old merchant of Baltimore, when Dr. J. P. Thom, of Culpepper county, Va., who was travelling with Wright, knocked Latham down. Dr. T. was then attacked by four of Latham's men, who beat him terribly, and Latham himself struck him over the head with an oak plank producing concussion of the brain.—Mr. Wright was also beaten. Dr. T. is now at the City Hotel, in Alexandria, in a precarious condition.

RAPID MOVEMENT OF U. S. TROOPS.—Two hundred and sixty men, newly enlisted for the army, left New York at eight o'clock yesterday morning by the New Jersey Railroad, for St. Louis, by the way of the Baltimore and Ohio and Mississippi routes. This large corps, besides the usual passengers, arrived at Baltimore "on time," and were promptly transferred from the Philadelphia cars, at President street station, to the express train of the Balt. road for Benwood. We learn that these men are ticketed through, with their baggage, from New York to St. Louis, under contract to make the entire journey in but little over forty-eight hours, and we are assured that this is but the ordinary time required by the regularly connecting trains on this route. The soldiers are under the immediate command of Col. H. N. Wood, U. S. A., and are destined for Jefferson barracks, preparatory to their far western campaign. A number of other officers were with the detachment, and Mr. C. H. Erhman, the St. Louis passenger agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, will return with them to that city.—*Balt. Sun.*

FREE PASSES.—A fireman on the New York Central railroad asked the superintendent for a pass, which he declined to give, saying, "the company employ you and pay you so much for your services, and there our trade ends. If you were at work for a farmer for a dollar a day, and wanted to to go Saratoga, would you expect him to hitch up his team and take you there for nothing?" The fireman answered, "no sir; but if he had his team hitched up, and was going directly to Saratoga, I should think he was a hog if he didn't let me ride."

A ROUSING CROP.—It is estimated that Illinois this season will produce two hundred and eight million bushels of grain—more than ten bushels to every man, woman and child in the United States.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Mr. Alex. McIntosh, a clerk for Donnan & Johnson, at Petersburg, Va., struck his head against a bridge, on Monday, while riding in a baggage wagon, and was so severely injured that his recovery is doubtful.

FOR THE REGISTER.

## A TRIBUTE

*To the memory of the late Mrs. MARY HAYWOOD, Consort of Gen. Haywood, of Raleigh, N. C.*

To what bright world afar didst thou belong—
Thou whose pure soul seemed not of mortal birth,
From what fair realm of flowers, and love, and song,
Camest thou a star-beam to our shadowed earth?
What hadst thou done, sweet spirit, in that sphere,
That thou wert banished here?

Here, where our blossoms early fade and die,
Where autumn frosts despoil our loveliest bowers,
Where song goes up to heaven, an anguished cry
From wounded hearts, like perfume from crushed flowers,
Where love despairing waits and weeps in vain,
Her Psyche to regain.

Thou camest not unattended on thy way:
Spirits of beauty, grace, and joy, and love,
Were ever near thee, bearing each some ray
Of the fair home which thou hadst left above.
And ever thus upon our sight
Gleamed forth their wings of light.

But he that to earth's children comes at last,
The angel messenger, white-robed and pale,
Upon thy soul his sweet oblivion cast,
And bore thee gently through the shadowy vale,
The fleeting years of thy brief exile o'er,
Home to the blissful shore.

M. J. W.

Red Sweet Springs, Aug. 15.

AN ACTOR IN THE PULPIT.—Mr. Strickland, the actor, who, some months ago, joined the Baptist church at Louisville, while fulfilling a professional engagement in that city, preached on Sunday evening last, at Elmira, N. Y. The advertiser of that place, speaking of his discourse, says:

The description of the actor's death, in an old ivy-covered church where he had been sketching a scene for the theatre; that of the tragedian's expiring throes and bitter regrets, as he was removed from the stage, and the hour and circumstances of his own conversion were exceedingly life-like sketches. He swayed the congregation as with a magic wand—now creating the pleasant smile, and anon drawing forth tears of sympathy.

The English papers announce the death, in London, on the 11th of August, of the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, the well known reviewer, at the age of seventy. He was one of the founders of the London Quarterly Review, which was started in 1809, his associates in the enterprise having been Scott and Canning. He has continued to be one of the principal contributers, and has for a number of years confined his literary labors chiefly to that periodical.


FALL STOCK.--BOOTS, SHOES, BROGANS, LEATHERS, &c.
HERMAN & CO.,
*Nos. 38 and 40 Iron Front, West Side Market Square,*
Norfolk, Va.

We invite the attention of Merchants to our very extensive Stock of Boots, Shoes, &c., &c., which have been manufactured expressed for our sales. We have now in store 5,400 Packages of seasonable goods, and we guarantee entire satisfaction to purchasers in quality and prices. We allow buyers to return, at our expense, any article that turns out inferior to samples.

HERMAN & CO.,
Jobbers in Boots, Shoes, &c.,
Norfolk, Va.

au 29—2m$1*

WOOD FOR THE CAPITOL.--SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by me, at my office, until the 15th of September next, for supplying necessary fuel for the public offices in the Capitol, for the ensuing winter. The wood to be delivered at some point on the Capitol grounds to be designated by me—to be of good oak or hickory, cut into pieces four feet long.

Bidders to specify in their bids how much *per cord*, or the bid will not be received. Some five or six cords of good kindling wood to be included.

WM. HILL,
Secretary of State.

au 26—td

THE COLLEGE OF ST. JAMES, MARYLAND.—The next annual session will open on Wednesday, September 30th. The punctual attendance of all the classes on that day is requested. Ample and efficient arrangements and accommodations are provided for more than 100 pupils. The Grammar School receives students, not under twelve years of age, and prepares them for the College. The five years' College course is full and thorough. There is, also, for those who desire it, a partial or commercial course of studies. Annual charge, from the end of September to the early part of July, two hundred and fifty dollars, ($250,) covering all academical and domestic expenses. Applications for the register of 1857, or for admission of pupils, may be made to the

REV. DR. KERFOOT, Rector, &c.,
College of St. James P. O.,
Maryland.

au 5—w6w

THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION. PRIZE MEDAL awarded to C. MEYER, for his two Pianos, London, October, 15, 1851.

C. MEYER respectfully informs his friends, and the public generally that he has constantly on hand Pianos equal to those for which he received the Prize Medal in London, in 1851.

All orders promptly attended to, and great care taken in the selection and packing the same.

He has received during the last 18 years, more Medals than any other maker from the Franklin Institute; also First Premiums at Boston, New York and Baltimore.

Warerooms, removed from 52 S. Fourth, to No. 722 ARCH Street, below Eighth, south side, Philadelphia.

au w4m*

NOTICE.--THE TRUSTEES OF THE CHARLOTTE FEMALE ACADEMY, (Charlotte, N. C.,) are desirous of procuring the services of a gentleman, who is competent to take charge of the Institution, as Superintendent.

The Trustees are completing the improvements of their property, which is worth from $18,000 to $20,000, and are desirous of having the Institution opened for educational purposes by the 1st of October next. The Building is large and beautiful, with accommodation for a family, and sixty-five or seventy young Ladies.

The Town of Charlotte is the terminus of two Railroads, with a third in course of construction, which will render the Institution easy of access. It is surrounded by a moral and intelligent population, and with industry and efficiency, no difficulty is apprehended in building up an Institution of the first class.

Persons desiring a situation of the kind, will address "The Trustees of the Charlotte Female Academy."

au 22—4t

NEGRO MART.---I HAVE FITTED up at Wallace's old stand, South side Court Square, a fine Negro Mart, for the sale and accommodation of Negroes. My Mart is the most central in the city, and one of the most complete and systematic; cleanliness, neatness, comfort, and regulations exact, being strictly observed. My aim is to furnish A No. 1 servants and field hands. Persons wishing to buy or sell negroes will do well by calling on

W. BRADFORD,
Memphis, Tenn.

A. WALLACE, Agent and Auc'r.

au 19—4m

1857. FALL TRADE. 1857.

KERR & MARBURY,
Importers and Dealers in
China, Glass and Earthenware,
*74 and 76 Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.,*

Respectfully invite the attention of Merchants visiting our City, to one of the largest and most varied assortments of China, Glass, and Earthenware, that they have ever had the pleasure of exhibiting. They have, also, received, direct from the manufacturers, a large supply of Looking Glasses, and Baltimore Stone Ware, of superior quality. Our Stock of Fancy Goods is large and commanding, having been selected with great care.

We shall offer our entire assortment as low as they can be bought in any Northern City.

KERR & MARBURY.

au 19—w4w

NOTICE.---THE UNDERSIGNED having at August term, 1857, of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, for Wake County, qualified as Administrator of James D. Newsom, deceased, hereby gives notice to all indebted to the estate of the said Newsom, to call upon the undersigned and pay up; and to those having claims or demands against said estate, to present them within the time prescribed by law, or this *notice* will be plead in bar of their recovery.

W. H. HOOD, Adm'r.

au 19—w6w

☞ Standard copy.

COTTON FACTORY FOR SALE.---The "ORANGE COTTON FACTORY," situated on Little River, 14 miles east of Hillsboro', just in the edge of the Cotton growing region, with extensive back country for the sale of the Yarns, &c.; containing 1320 spindles, now in successful operation, with all necessary buildings, &c., for its cotinuance, will be positively sold to the highest bidder on a credit of one, two, and three years, on Monday the 21st day of September next.

jy 11—wtds WEBBS & DOUGLAS.

A NEW, COMPLETE, AND SYSTEMATIC Series of SCHOOL GEOGRAPHIES.—By S. S. Cornell, corresponding member of the American Geographical and Statistical Society.

I—PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY. Small 4to. 96 pp. 12 maps beautifully illustrated.

II—INTERMEDIATE GEOGRAPHY. Large 4to. Revised edition, with new and additional maps and numerous illustrations.

III—HIGH-SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY and ATLAS. Geography, large 12mo. 405 pp. Richly illustrated. Atlas, very large 4to. 33 pp. of maps.

Published by D. APPLETON & CO., New York.

HALL OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, N. Y., CLERKS OFFICE, August 28, 1856.

*Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.—Gentlemen:* In answer to your inquiry in regard to the use of Cornell's Series of Geographies in the Public Schools of New York, I I will state that since their publication, about four-fifths of the whole number of Geographies used in the Schools under the jurisdiction of the Board of Educational (25,000 copies a year,) have been of Cornell's Series. This must be quite gratifying to both author and publishers, as the Teachers are left free to choose such as they deem best adapted to the purposes of instruction.

ALBERT GILBERT, Clerk.

*From J. W. Bulkley, Sup't of Schools of Brooklyn.*

"Immediately on the publication of Cornell's Primary Geography, I gave the work a careful examination, and was much pleased with the result; but before giving an opinion of the book, determined to test the same in the class-room. This trial was so successful, that 200 copies were ordered, and four classes—two each, in the Male and Female Departments—took the book in hand.

"This course was also pursued with the *Intermediate*, and the result was equally satisfactory. It is the uniform testimony of our teachers, that these books are much superior to any we have used; that the beauty and excellency of the system has been more and more developed in passing through the books, and that a new interest has been awakened in the minds of the pupils.

"The *Primary* is what its name indicates. In it the foundation is well laid, and so much of the elements of the science as pertains to that, and that alone, is well arranged and clearly developed.

"The *Intermediate*, also, occupies its appropriate ground. Here the same systematic order prevails—one thing at a time, and that in its natural order.

"The *Maps* are clear, well drawn, and finely illustrative of the text; containing all that is necessary for this purpose, and only that. These are, emphatically, books of *instruction*, not of *reference*. Here, the mind of the pupil is not constantly turned to the consideration of irrelevant matter, or foreign subjects, which require volumes to unfold, but to a regularly systematic, and progressive development of *one* subject.

"The illustrations are remarkable for their artistic beauty, as well as instruction, by reference to the text. For these, and other reasons, we consider these books as greatly superior to any others we have ever seen. I can only add, that the use of the books in our schools has been very satisfactory, and that our teachers are unanimous with me in the high estimate I place upon them."

*Extract from the Report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Wisconsin, made to the Legislature, January, 1857.*

"Few branches pursued in our Common Schools are as important as Geography; too much care, therefore, cannot be exercised in the selection of text-books on this subject. After deliberate and impartial examination of all the systems within my reach, I cannot avoid the conclusion that Cornell's Series are decidedly the best. As there are few of its competitors that can rival it in beauty of external appearance, so there are none that approach it in excellence of matter."

au 29—3t

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY invites Sealed Proposals for a lot of ground, in the City of Raleigh, not less than 100 feet square, on which to erect a building for the use of the Post-Office and Federal Courts.

The location and dimensions of the lot, and the price demanded, should be specified, and the government reserves the right to select that lot which it may deem most suitable having reference to location and price, or to reject all the proposals at its option.

The purchase will be made on the condition that no money will be paid by the government for the lot until a valid title shall be vested in the United States, and until the State shall also duly release and relinquish the right to tax or in any way assess said lot, and shall cede exclusive jurisdiction of the same to the United States.

Proposals sealed and endorsed "Proposals for Lot," to be filed with L. O'B. Branch, Raleigh, N. C., previous to the 10th of September, on which day they will be forwarded to the Treasury Department.

au 26—td

JUST PUBLISHED.---D. APPLETON & Co., New York, now have ready QUACKENBOS' ILLUSTRATED SCHOOL HISTORY of the UNITED STATES, from the earliest discoveries to the present time: embracing a full account of the Aborigines, Biographical Notices of distinguished men, and numerous maps, plans of battle fields, and pictorial Illustrations. 460 pp. 12mo. $1.

In elegance of style, accuracy, clearness, interest of narrative, richness of illustration, and adaptation to public and private schools of every grade, this history is pronounced by all who have examined it, far in advance of every similar work heretofore published.

D. A. & Co. have in press, and will shortly publish, QUACKENBOS' NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, for Schools and Academies. 12mo. With numerous illustrations.

au 26—3t

IMPORTANT TO DEALERS IN MATCHES.—The undersigned wish to inform the public that they have at all times in store at

116 UNION ST., BOSTON,

A large stock of

Wood, Box, Block and Card Matches,

Superior to those of any other manufacture, and at such prices as will suit the closest purchasers.

Being the oldest, most experienced and most extensive manufacturers in the United States, we are enabled to offer extra inducements to purchasers.

☞ Orders faithfully and punctually answered.—Matches warranted as represented.

BYAM, PEARSON, CARLTON & CO.
B. P. C. & CO.

au 15—w3m $j

JONES' SULPHUR AND CHALYBEATE SPRINGS, WARREN COUNTY, N. C.—These Springs are situated in a healthful and pleasant section of country, 10 miles from Warrenton, and 13 miles from Henderson, at each of which places hacks may always be found, ready to convey visitors to the Springs. The climate is salubrious, as tested by an experience of eighteen years, and the accommodations, in all respects, good. The establishment will be opened for the reception of guests on the 15th day of June, 1857.

TERMS:

| | |
|---|---|
| For Board, per month, | $30 00 |
| " " " week, | 10 00 |
| " " " day, | 2 00 |

For children and servants, half-price.

A daily mail will be brought to the Spring throughout the season.

jy 8—w2m

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Wake County.—In Equity.

J. J. James *vs.* Samuel Norris, George T. Cooke, and James F. Jordan.

Whereas, J. J. James has filed his bill of complaint against the parties aforesaid, in the Court of Equity for said County, and it further appearing that the said James F. Jordan is a non-resident of this State, it is ordered that publication be made, for six weeks, in the Raleigh Register, notifying the said Jordan to be and appear at the next term of our said Court of Equity, to be held for the county of Wake, at the Court House in Raleigh, on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the said bill, otherwise the same will be taken, *pro confesso*, as to him, and a decree made accordingly.

Witness, Ed. G. Haywood, Clerk and Master, at office, the 1st Monday after the 4th Monday in March, 1857.

ED. GRAHAM HAYWOOD, C. and M.

au 15—w6w

DESIRING TO MAKE ROOM FOR A large and elegant Stock of Fall Goods, we now offer the remainder of our Spring and Summer Goods, at reduced prices, among which may be found

For the Ladies:

Printed Muslins, Jaconets, Organdies, Brilliants, Tissues, Crape Moirettes, Black and Colored Silks, do. Gingham, do. Prints, White Goods, Lace Goods, Hosiery, Fans, Parasols, Skirts, Ribbons, Bonnets, &c., &c.; and

For the Gentlemen:

A superior lot of Cloths, Cassimeres, Linen Duck, Cottonades, Marseilles, Cravats, Gloves, Hdkfs, Hats, Gaiters, Boots, Shoes, &c.;

Together with a varied assortment of Bleached and Brown Sheeting and Shirting, Str. Homespuns, Oil Covers, Table Cloths, Towels, Napkins, Irish Linen, with a lot of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Candles, Shot, Lead, Powder, Caps, Brooms, Buckets, Valices, Carpet Bags, &c. Those wishing to purchase would do well to call soon at the *New Store* of

BROWN & WIGGINS,
No. 46 Fayetteville St.,
Opposite the Post-Office.

fe 27

BEEDE & MENDENHALL, LAND AGENTS, Minneapolis, Minnesota, will select and enter Government Lands, locate Land Warrants, pay Taxes, and transact a general real estate business in Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin, make collections at current rates of exchange, &c.

REFERENCES:—Gov. Bragg, Ex-Gov. Morehead, Maj. Walter Gwynn, Ex-Gov. Graham.

ap 8—wly