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WHOLE NO. 218

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MADAME E. F. THORNTON, the great English Astrologist, Clairvoyant, and Psychometrist, who has astonished the scientific classes of the Old World, has now located herself at Hudson, N. Y. Madame Thornton possesses such wonderful powers of second sight, as to enable her to impart knowledge of the greatest importance to the single or married of either sex. While in a state of trance, she delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychometre, guarantees to produce a life-like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, together with date of marriage, position in life, leading traits of character, &c. This is no humbug, as thousands of testimonials can attest. She will send when desired a certified certificate, or written guarantee, that the picture is what it purports to be. By enclosing a small lock of hair, and stating place of birth, age, disposition, and complexion, and enclosing fifty cents and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture and desired information by return mail. All communications sacredly confidential.

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Address, MADAME E. A. FERRIGO, P. O. Drawer 293, Buffalo, N. Y. march 28, 1867. tw-ly

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The astonishing success which has attended this invaluable medicine for Physical and Nervous Weakness, General Debility and Prostration, Loss of the Energy, Impotency, or any of the consequences of youthful indiscretion, renders it the most valuable preparation ever discovered.

It will remove all nervous affections, depression, excitement, incapacity to study or business, loss of memory, confusion, thoughts of self-destruction, fears of insanity, &c. It will restore the appetite, renew the health of those who have destroyed it by sensual excess or evil practices.

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ALSO, DR. JOINVILLE'S SPECIFIC PILLS, for the speedy and permanent cure of Gonorrhea, Gleet, Urinary Discharges, Gravel, Stricture, and all affections of the Kidneys and Bladder. Cures effected in from one to five days. They are prepared from vegetable extracts that are harmless on the system, and never nauseate the stomach or impregnate the breath. No change of diet is necessary while using them, nor does their action in any manner interfere with business pursuits. Price, \$1 per box.

Either of the above-mentioned articles will be sent to any address, closely sealed, and post-paid, by mail or express, on receipt of price. Address all orders to BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists, No. 285 River Street, Troy, N. Y. april 4, '67. tw-ly

### A Card to Invalids.

A clergyman, while residing in South America as a missionary, discovered a safe and simple remedy for the cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Organs, and the whole train of disorders brought on by harmful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been already cured by this noble remedy. Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the receipt for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it. FREE OF CHARGE. Address, JOSEPH T. IMMAN, Station, D. Bible House, Jan. 15, 1866. tw-ly New York City

## THE OLD NORTH STATE (TRI-WEEKLY.)

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Tri Weekly, One Year, \$5.00  
Six Months, 3.00  
One Month, .75 cts.  
(Weekly.)  
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The type on which the "OLD NORTH STATE" is printed is entirely new. No pains will be spared to make it a welcome visitor to every family. In order to do this we have engaged the services of able and accomplished literary contributors.

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## Horrible Story—An Extraordinary Crime by a Child.

A private letter, written by a resident of Fort Pitt, a small settlement in the valley of Saskatchewan, Prince Rupert's Land, contains the following account of a most terrible occurrence which took place there on the 13th of March:

"A dreadful affair happened here the other day; such a singular and out-of-the-way crime, if it can be so called, that it is almost without the bounds of credibility. You know what a quiet little village ours is: here, hedged in by the forest primeval, and subject only to the wants that attend man in his primitive state, we rely mainly on our traps and guns as a means of gaining a livelihood. We are as happy, even in our isolation from the busy haunts of men, as were the fabled dwellers in the Utopian Arcadia. The name of the last new comer is Martin Butiere. He is a habitant from Lower Canada. He came here last fall, accompanied by his wife and five children. It is in this family that the dreadful tragedy which I am about to relate took place. On Saturday Butiere killed three pigs, slaughtering them in the usual manner—that is, after stabbing them and allowing them to bleed to death, while walking around, he disemboweled them and plunged their carcasses into a vat of boiling water, and then scraped the bristles clean from the skin. The three pigs were then hoisted to an overhanging beam. The butchering operations of Martin were witnessed by his two younger children, boys of the respective ages of six and eight years. The eldest, Gustave, it was observed at the time, seemed delighted, not only at the stupid actions of the pigs after receiving their death wounds, but also excited and interested in the after processes of the butchering, clapping his little hands and muttering in the *patois* of these people, child-like observations of joy. The butchering, as I have before observed, took place on Saturday. On the morning of the next day the various members of the different households assembled in the little chapel at the east end of the fort, and held mass celebrated by our good father Guereau. He invited us to attend in the evening when he intended to lecture upon some subjects suitable to the season of the church year. In compliance with his invitation, the chapel in the evening was filled with the usual number of worshippers, with the exception of some of the younger members of the community, who had been left at home. Among these latter were the two boys of Martin Butiere. It was pretty late when the meeting broke up. I accompanied Butiere and his wife towards their house, which was but a short distance from the chapel. When within a few yards of his door-step, we were all startled by observing the little Gustave running towards us holding up his hands all red and bloody, his eyes glistening with a wild but child-like sort of glee, and crying

opt in broken French to the effect that he had 'killed the little piggy; come and see.' My first thought was that the child had been playing with the carcasses of the pigs, and that this accounted for the blood. The father and mother also seemed of the same opinion, and chided the boy for what they considered his mischievousness. Little did we imagine the fearful spectacle that awaited us within the house. Soon the door was reached, little Gustave running on before and opening it for us. Oh, horror of horrors! The door is opened, and right before our eyes, hanging from one of the low beams that ran across the room, was the dead, naked, mutilated body of the precious little boy, the youngest of Butiere's children. The floor was covered with clots and pools of blood, still warm and steaming, and, horrible to relate, directly under the hanging corpse were the bowels of the poor little boy in a heap, just as they had been torn from the still warm body. The mother, with a frantic shriek, swooned on the threshold, the father stood transfixed with horror, while I, with a sickening feeling, leaned against the door-post, and with my hands tried to shade my eyes from the terrible sight. Some of the villagers, who were passing at the time, attracted by the shrieks of Mrs. Butiere, came to the house. Their exclamations aroused all but the poor mother to consciousness, and we soon became sensible to the frightful nature of the deed that had taken place. The boy Gustave, in the meantime, stood near the centre of the room, with a wonderful look on his youthful countenance, and gazing up into the appalled face of his agonized father. Let me draw a veil over the scene that followed, and merely recount the following facts which have been elicited by an inspection of the room and from the confessions of the young fratricide: It would seem that shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Butiere had left their home for the purpose of attending the lecture at the chapel, Gustave proposed to his little brother, Adolph, that they would play killing pig. In this request it is supposed the little fellow acquiesced. The younger was to be the pig, and the elder the butcher. Gustave eagerly assisted his brother to undress for the tragedy, and taking a small rope, tied him down securely to a rough lounge that stood in the room. He then procured a butcher knife that his father had used in slaughtering the pigs the day before, and plunged it into the throat of his passive and helpless brother. The wound was a mortal one and it is supposed that death must have immediately resulted. After the child had bled his little life away, the brother took the cord which confined the body to the lounge, and tying the end around the feet of the corpse, threw the other over the beam; and lending his weight and strength, hoisted the body to the position in which it was found; then, not satisfied with the programme thus carried out, the little butcher must needs disembowel his dead brother in almost the exact manner in which his father had butchered the pigs the day before."

**A Grand Escapade of Cats.**  
The thriving town of Richmond, (Ill.) one day recently was the scene of a sensation and a catastrophe. The sensation was caused by the advent of Van Amburgh & Co's. Mammoth Menagerie. The catastrophe we propose to describe:

On the day in question, an immense crowd had been attracted to see the living giraffe, and other wonders of the menagerie. The caravan had made its grand procession through the streets; the tent had been erected, and a throng of expectant sight-seers were gathered around the entrance, awaiting the opening of the door. Just then an odd looking genius drove up to the lot, seated upon a rickety lumber wagon, carefully boarded over, drawn by a pair of spavined, wind galled, dilapidated steeds, and eagerly inquired for the manager. Upon that person making his appearance, he was saluted with:

"Hallo, Squire, I've brought you a load of cats!"

"A load of what?" asked the astonished manager.

"A load of cats to feed your lions on."

"To feed our lions on! The duce you have. We don't feed lions on cat meat, they eat nothing but the best beef."

"Sho, I know better than that; I've read in the papers that cats are the favorite food of lions.—Besides, I've got a contract with your agent, for a load of 'em with a revenue stamp onto it, and I guess you can't go back on that." Saying which, the cat merchant produced a greasy slip of paper which read as follows:

RICHMOND, Oct. 5th, 1867.

"This contract witnesseth that I have this day contracted with Simon Wiggins to furnish a load of cats to feed the lions on, for which you will pay him the hereinafter prices to wit: For A 1 Prime Cats, 75 cts.; for Store Cats 50 cts.

JONAS BUNG, Cat Agent—Van Amburgh & Co's. Menagerie.

"My friend," said the manager, after reading the document, "you have been imposed upon. I do not know any such person as Jonas Bung and I don't want any cats."

"You lie; now you know you do"—retorted Wiggins, with imperturbable good humor, "you are only trying to beat me down and get 'em cheap. I've got a prime lot—seventy-five of 'em. Just look at 'em!" and hastily descending from his perch he commenced shoving at the tail-board of his wagon, to allow the manager a chance to examine his load. By his nervousness, however, he managed so awkwardly that the board dropped completely out, and with a terrible spluttering his entire load of cats sprang into the crowd. A score of worthless curs that were on the ground, made a dash for the cats, and away they went, helter skelter, among the throng, upsetting women and children, and creating dire confusion on every side. Towards the town the streets were filled with people proceeding to the menagerie, who seeing the commotion, and hearing the shouts at once imagined some terrible accident.

The next instant a rumor spread through the crowd that the Royal Bengal tiger was loose, and a scene ensued that beggars description. "Every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost," was the motto acted on, and a general stampede followed, in which an astonishing display of agility was made. People ran into houses and bolted their doors; ladies in tilting hoops performed extraordinary exploits in the way of climbing fences, and what with spluttering cats, yelping dogs, screaming women and howling children, it really seemed for a while as if Bedlam had broken loose and taken possession of the streets of Richmond. In a short time the truth of the matter became known, and the excitement quieted down. But Mr. Wiggins refused to be comforted for the overthrow of the great expectations he had built upon his cats, and disconsolately drove out of town, muttering terrible vengeance, if he caught him, upon the depraved individual who had palmed himself off as a "cat agent of Van Amburgh & Co's. menagerie."

**Printers.**  
Printers are unlike other classes of men. Their avocation imparts to them an intelligence that does not result from any other business. Dealing with language exclusively, in its combinations of letters, words, sentences and paragraphs, they are constantly brought into communion with thoughts and their workings, and thus insensibly become imbued with the ideas of those minds whose creatures they help to embody into those forms which give them to the world. They literally get grammar at their fingers' ends, while picking up the types that form sentences which are grammatical. Spelling comes to them as naturally as breathing, for they fall into correct orthography from force of habit.

The characteristics of printers are not so favorable to personal thrift as those of other professions. They partake of the nature of the artist in some degree, and are generally liberal to a fault, thoughtless of the future and frequently improvident for the present—flush when in a good situation and dead broke on a tramp. They may be said to be the working Bohemians of the world of operatives.

**PRINTERS' DEVILS.**  
From wild, friendless boys in the streets, are made what are called Printers' Devils; next they become printers, and after that sometimes editors, in which capacity they not infrequently make their marks in the nation and in the world. Dr. Franklin was a most eminent instance in the early days of our country; and Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, Simon Cameron, Vice-President Hamlin, General Dix, Speaker Colfax, Gideon Wells, Robert Bonner, Petroleum Vestvins Nasby and Artemus Ward are some striking examples of the present time.

Edmund Abbott, the well-known author says: "There are two things in this world which a man does not often find away from home: the first is good soup; the second is disinterested love."

## Later from Europe—The Great Riot at Birmingham.

Birmingham, Thursday, June 20.—The Birmingham of a man named Murphy, against Popery, led to great disturbances here. Within the last few days there has been great excitement, which looked at one time as if it would lead to very serious consequences. At least a hundred thousand people were in the streets. The mob held the city, sacked several houses, and marched through the streets singing "Glory Hallelujah," "John Brown," and other choruses. The riot act was read. Troops were ordered to the city from Manchester, but were not obliged to fire upon the people.

The police used their cutlasses, and several persons were wounded, but none were killed. The excitement is now somewhat lulled, and it is thought that the disturbance has ended. Murphy has persisted every night in making long and offensive speeches against the Roman Catholic Church, ridiculing its rites. Some attempts to renew the disorder have been put down, and comparative quiet now prevails.

Queen's Hotel, London, June 20, 1867. This day is the thirtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to, and acceptance of the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, she having succeeded her deceased uncle, King William the Fourth, on the 29th of June 1837. The day is celebrated in a joyous and loyal manner. The bells of the city were pealed early in the morning, and royal salutes were fired by the artillery in St. James' Park. The royal standard of England has been duly hoisted, and flags are flying at the different prominent points in the city. The Queen is at Windsor.

At a meeting held at the Mansion House this morning, the municipal authorities of London voted to present an address of congratulation to the Czar Alexander of Russia, giving expression to their joy at his presidential escape from assassination in Paris. The city authorities voted a similar address to the Emperor Napoleon the Third of France, congratulating him on his escape from injury at the moment of the attempt on the Czar.

A correspondent of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* writing from Virginia, with an evident understanding of the party machinery among the negroes, gives the Republican party fair warning of what is in reserve for them. The negro vote, he says, will decide the Presidential election. The negroes understand this perfectly, and are laying their plans in accordance with it. "There are several negroes," says the writer, "fitted for the position of Vice-President, and that race claim that the second office in the nation shall be filled by a negro." The correspondent fully indorses their claim, and wishes it distinctly understood that it must be conceded or the negro vote will be cast against the Republican party. The party, he says, dare not refuse it, as its defeat, without the negro vote and the vote of Northern men who will back their claim, is certain. What will Senator Wade do in this contingency? He has pledged himself to "keep ahead" of the people on all questions of radicalism and here is one which demands its immediate attention. There are negroes who, we are satisfied, would preside over the Senate with quite as much dignity, intelligence and grace, as Senator Wade himself does; but will he think so? Perhaps he can get the negroes to postpone this question until that of the "redistribution of property" is settled.—N. Y. Times.

**HELPER'S NEW BOOK.**—We shall notice in a fitting manner, as soon as we get space, the new book of Hinton Rowan Helper, the author of "The Impending Crisis," which caused such a sensation in '58-'59, and which greatly contributed to the success of the Radical party. That book was a mischievous Munchausen affair, but the new book out Herod's Herod, in villainy, inhumanity to the blacks and in wickedness. It is thus that Radicalism is running to seed. The friends of Radicalism think radical is a good word because it means progress. Yes, it means progress in what is radically wrong. Helper's new book is the work of a radical and proves it. His new book is a fit sequel to the "Impending Crisis."—Sentinel.

**CONGRESS.**—A Washington telegram says, that after a close calculation, it is ascertained that a two-thirds Radical vote cannot be obtained at the July session of that body. The Lord only knows what He intends to let Old Nick make them do.—Sentinel.

A Chicago paper thus sums up the results of Hancock's campaign against the Indians: "After marching eleven hundred cavalry a distance of eight hundred miles, with prodigious transportation trains, he succeeded in capturing one old Sioux with a broken leg and an Indian Chippewa girl."