Lancaster Intelligencer.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 1, 1882.

The Murder and Its Motive.

The newspapers print long accounts of the Guiteau execution, and it is fair to assume that they know what the majority of their readers want and are not mistaken in believing that they desire to be made acquainted with the minutest details of the hanging. It certainly is not very creditable to the people that they should have this desire, and we would be glad to believe that they are maligned by the newspapers which so generally assume it to exist. Detestation of the crime and the high position of the victim, cause this execution to be regarded with unusual equanimity, and by many even with deep satisfaction; among whom may be reckoned President Arthur, who is reported from Washington to be greatly relieved that the final scene has taken place. His relief may naturally come from his release from the importunities of those who have been suppliants for mercy; and it may come, too, from the quieting of his conscience at sending to death the man who made him president; and who got his inspiration from Arthur and his Stalwart friends. Guiteau himself says he was inspired from heaven; and theologians will have trouble in denying the fact, if they propose to deny it. Guiteau's claim that he was God's instrument must be assented to, however much it may be denied that his individual responsibility for his act was thereby weakened. But Guiteau was no more "God's man" in committing this deed than is any other murderer in slaying his victim. They may all claim to be but instruments in working out the designs of Providence, and their executioners can equally claim that they are like instruments in hanging them. The question in Guiteau's case is whether he could have avoided being such a providential instrument if he had tried; whether in short he was irresistibly impelled to kill Garfield. If so he could hardly be rightly punished; because a man who cannot help doing what he does is not responsible to the law; his punishment will have no effect in preventing crime; obviously there is no use in threatening with punishment men who cannot control their acts.

Opinions are greatly divided as to whether Guiteau was such a man. Some think him sincere in his declarations that he considered himself a Divine agent and that he could not avoid doing what he did. Others deny his sincerity. His last appearance upon earth confirms the belief of those who consider that he has not been acting a part. Evidently the acts of his last moments were sincere; we see no evidence of pretense or shamming in them. He died in a way to inspire respect for his manliness and intelligence; and confidence in the sincerity of his conviction that he was "God's man." Perhaps it may be thought that it does not greatly matter to the world whether he killed his victim, sincerely believing that he was commanded to do it from on high, or without such inspiration; since in one case as much as the other he was really the instrument of a providential dispensation. But the law requires every sane man to understand that if he murders he must be hung for it, providential instrument though he be; and when a man cannot understand that punishment is justly meted out to him for such an offense, the general idea is that he is in an unaccountable state of mind. If Guiteau's jury had believed that his mind did not comprehend the criminality of his act they would have adjudged him insane. If they had even thought that he really believed he was doing his duty in killing the president, though realizing that it was a crime, they probably would have adjudged him insane.

Perhaps they would have been right: perhaps wrong. It is not easy to define insanity. Guiteau was not insane unless many of the world's celebrities can be reckoned so. He was of the class of men who are apt to exercise a potential influence in the world. When they do discreditable things or such as sentiment at the time disapproves, they are called cranks, and freely denounced as crazy; but if their act is popular they become heroes. Examples are numerous. John Brown is one of the best. He was a one-sided, one ideaed man, who was earnest, sincere and bold; he was hung as a murderer with very general assent; but shortly became a hero and a martyr. There may not be any great probability of such a future fame falling upon Guiteau. His act had great political consequences; but it is not yet proven that he was the country's savior. He gave us Arthur instead of Garfield, and the Stalwarts instead of Half-Breeds. He has disrupted the Republican party, and here in Pennsylvania given a clear field to Democratic victory. We may assume that the political prospect here is in accord with that which will shortly be developed in the nation, and conclude that the providential consequence of Guiteau's act will be the Democratic control of the country. It is clear enough that he started the ball in Pennsylvania, by putting in a president who strengthened Cameron, who smashed his party; and the fire from Pennsylvania will no doubt spread all over the country in its present dry and combustible political condition.

John Brown, a crank, gave life to the Republican party; Guiteau, a crank, took it away. Were they providential instruments? Or common murderers? Or crazy? Or what?

NOTHING relating to the Democratic state convention did more to make its work acceptable to the party of the state than the admirable temper which was preserved by the delegates throughout their deliberations, and the amiable relations which continued between the leading friends of the different candidates. From the very beginning it was evident that the spirit of strife and discord, so often fatal to Democratic harmony and Democratic hopes was entirely dead. When John P. Read and Malcolm Hay, near political and personal friends, were entrusted with the cause of their respective candidates, a dignified, honorable and courteous rivalry was well-assured, and not only did their management of the convention give to it most excellent character, but while each was faithful to his candidate they were equally faithful to the integrity of the convention, the harmony of the party and the spirit of fairness and honor which should prevail even in the rivalries of politics. The agreement on chairmen and in the committees was as manful as the contests on the floor, and the result in every instance where there was any contest was effected in such a manner that the vanquished party could afford to yield most gracefully and assent most heartily to the will of the majority which at once became the will of the convention.

THE three days of holiday before us will be trying to the peace of the town Monday, being sandwiched between Sunday and the Fourth, will not be likely to be much of a work day. It is well enough to take it in as a holiday, but we hope that the long-drawn-out sweetness of the Fourth will make it less of a nuisance than it usually is. The small boys will have a hard pull on their pockets for so prolonged a fire-works display, and it will be a mercy to them if the mayor cuts off that part of their fun entirely, as perhaps he will.

THERE are a good many people who think that writing poetry is about the next heinous crime to shooting a president. And such as those will find additional reason for yesterday's tragedy, in the pitiful verses which Guiteau chanted on the gallows.

"SWANS sing before they die; it were better if some people died before they sing." The latter sentiment will be applauded by people who read the senseless babble which Guiteau was permitted to chant on the gallows and which added so largely to the painfulness of the remarkable scene.

WITHOUT desiring to be captious it would be satisfying to be told by some of our esteemed contemporaries who have been talking so glibly of the "execution of Guiteau" just how the feat of executing a man is accomplished. Our own impression of a hanging was that it signified the execution of the sentence of the law, not of the condemned malefactor.

MR. ROBERT GRANT, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," and that bright *brochure*, "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," has written a burlesque tragedy, "The Lambs of Wall Street," satirizing the Wall street mania, and introducing choruses of "bulls," "bears," and "shorn lambs." It will be one of the attractions of the midsummer holiday (August) number of *The Century Magazine*.

HARVARD'S crimson colors went gallantly to the front in a brilliant oarie contest with their old-time rivals, the Yale college crew. The Harvard boys have plenty of cause for self-gratulation upon the handsome victory they achieved in Connecticut's Thames yesterday; it puts them ahead in the series of seven eight-oared contests that have been rowed since 1876; the time is with a single exception the fastest time ever made over a four-mile course, and prior to the race there were serious apprehensions in Harvard circles, owing to the illness of one of the crew.

THE Malley boys and their female accomplice are set free as it was anticipated they would by those persons who have had the time and patience to follow the voluminous evidence elicted by the trial and perceived its weakness in many of the legal requirements necessary to convict. But the verdict does not alter the opinion of the great public—or that portion of it who have read the sad history of a misguided and frivolous girl—as to the moral responsibility of the defendants. "Who killed Jennie Cramer?" is a conundrum whose answer has only technical value. The real answer has long been known and the public verdict irrevocably sealed.

THE criminals in the jail started the cheer that greeted the springing of the trap that launched the slayer of Garfield into eternity; and the crowd without were wonderfully quick to take up the refrain. Just how much of credit will attach to the great American people in the spectacle of thousands of them applauding the act that took the life of a man whose responsibility for his awful crime was at least a matter of divergent opinion, is a question. Silence would have been decenter at this supreme moment of a drama that horrified the country, when one of the principal actors yielded his wretched life as the expiation demanded by the law for what has been so freely characterized as a national loss.

Now is the season of "summer excursion routes" upon us and the handsome publication of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad is an esteemed contribution to this class of holiday literature. The book contains upwards of a hundred pages, is enclosed in an illuminated cover, is profusely illustrated with sketches of the most inviting resorts, and there is a map of the Reading road and its branches that will be of value to the tourist. There are given a bewildering number of pleasant summer routes, the prospective traveler is told just how to reach any desired point and how much it will cost him to go to and return from his favorite resort; the descriptive matter is graphic and alluring, and on the whole the production is highly creditable to the enterprise that prompted it.

WE reprint from the columns of the Philadelphia *Record*, the hostility of whose proprietor to Mr. Pattison was one of the conspicuous features of the recent convention, a comparison of the rival gubernatorial candidates. With commendable frankness Mr. Singerly's newspaper contrasts the relative fitness of Controller Pattison and General Beaver to administer the office, and the result of its finding leaves no room for difference of opinion as to who would make the better governor. Mr. Pattison has signally proved his executive capacity in the trying position which he has occupied for the past four years to the eminent satisfaction of the citizens of Philadelphia. Jobbery and dishonesty have been balked in every assault upon the controller's office whose incumbent stood like a wall of stone between the thieves and the public treasury, while the prompt and effective methods that have prevailed under the Pattison administration have greatly aided the transaction of business and given the people of the city all of the benefits designed for them in the creation of the place. General Beaver's limited connection with business affairs, as illustrated in his administration of the now notorious "State College," does not shine in the comparison so happily and fairly instituted by our contemporary. The *Record's* article will repay perusal, and gains force from the fact that it proceeds from a source well known for its personal enmity to the Democratic candidate. It will be found on our first page, along with much more political reading that is alike interesting and valuable.

PERSONAL.

EUGENE HALE is also an LL. D. The degree comes from Bates college.

OSCAR WILDE'S oddities have enabled him to pocket about $30,000 so far.

MR. ROBINSON, the periodical bearder of the British lion, resembles Oscar Wilde.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, will be asked to run for Congress in the Fifth Massachusetts district.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY was married at Portland, Maine, on Thursday, to M. C. Raymond, of New York.

MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE and her sister, Gail Hamilton, will summer at Cresson springs.

H. L. TOWNSEND and Wm. B. Given are the Lancaster county members of the newly appointed state committee.

DR. LEONARD BACON'S memory is honored by a tablet in the new library building of the Divinity school group at New Haven.

AUGUSTINE SMITH, the tenant of the Long Branch cottage in which Mr. Garfield died, is much troubled by throngs of sight-seers.

CHARLES EZRA CORNELL, a son of Governor Cornell, was married at Bouck's Island, N. Y., on Wednesday, to a granddaughter of ex-Governor Bouck.

CARL SPRECKLES, who comes to the front in San Francisco as a millionaire, has his money invested in a large sugar plantation in Maui, Sandwich islands.

MRS. M. F. S. HOPKINS, widow of the late millionaire Hopkins, of San Francisco, is to receive three-eighths of the immense estate. Samuel and Moses Hopkins get the remainder. $1,683,747 already have been distributed.

MR. PULLMAN, of the palace car fame, says that his attention is mainly devoted just now to providing large, clean and healthful homes for his employees. He has made a contract for five hundred model houses, to be built at the town of Pullman, near Chicago.

HON. WILSON MCCANDLESS, a retired judge of the United States district court, died at Pittsburgh, early Friday morning, in the 73d year of his age. His death was sudden and unexpected, notwithstanding he had been ailing for a long time. He was appointed judge by President Buchanan, and served until retired on full salary, by special act of Congress, in 1876.

MRS. GENERAL GRANT and Mrs. Senator Logan entered a railway train recently to find all the seats on the shady side of the car occupied. The former, reluctant to sit on the sunny side, remarked: "I wish some one would offer me a seat on this side." "Oh, they would, Mrs. Grant, if they knew who you were," remarked the amiable Mrs. Logan. These remarks caused considerable merriment among the few within ear-shot, but none of them seemed to know Mrs Grant.

MASSACRE BY INDIANS.

Fourteen Persons Murdered in Dakota Territory.

News has been received by General Terry at the headquarters of the department of Dakota that a colony, consisting of fourteen persons (eleven men and women and three children), have been massacred by Indians, 50 miles from Redfield, D. T., on the Dakota Territory Central railway. The massacre was reported to Superintendent Nichols of the railroad by a man who claimed to have escaped. The killing occurred on Thursday, and the survivor had hurried to Redfield to carry the news of the butchery and give the alarm. Mr. Nichols said he had investigated the story and believed it to be true, and asked that a scouting party be sent to the scene. General Terry ordered out a detachment of the Seventh cavalry from Sisseton agency, recently ordered to that agency from Meade. Ten days' rations will be taken by the squad and a thorough scout will be made. The commanding officer was instructed to take steps to punish the guilty party and to protect other settlers. The troops are in hot pursuit by this time. The railway company was asked by the department to render all possible assistance. The scene of the reported tragedy is in Faulk county west of Redfield, which is a small station on the James River Valley, on the Dakota Central railway, forty miles north from Huron and about twenty-five miles south west of Fort Sisseton.

It is expected that the troops will reach the place where the massacre is said to have occurred by Saturday night. Should further reports justify the measure troops from other forts to the westward will be put on the alert to intercept and, if possible, corral the raiders. The war party is believed to be Sioux from the Missouri, as fifty bucks were reported to be in the raid. The Sisseton Indians are peaceably inclined, and are under control of Chief Benville, who is a friend of the whites The Sioux are always ready for a scout, and are sometimes allowed to go on a hunt. There are so many of them at some of the Missouri agencies that a party might elude the vigilance of the agency authorities, but agency officers are at a loss to know how so large a band could be on the war path without being missed.

The Singing Germans.

Yesterday was the second day of the German national Sængerfest. In the morning there was a largely attended rehearsal in the Academy of Music, followed by a prize concert in the afternoon. Wm. B. Smith, president of select council, made an address of welcome. At night there was a grand concert. There is to be another rehearsal this morning, followed in the afternoon by a prize concert. This evening social entertainments are to be given by the local societies to their guests. To-morrow there will be a business meeting in Horticultural hall and a picnic at the Scheutzen park.

Laborers Drowned in Dakota.

Twelve or fourteen laborers were capsized in a skiff at Mandan, Dakota, and shrieking loudly, were borne down the swift current of the Missouri. Most of them tried to cling to the boat. Three tried to swim ashore, of whom two sank in the quicksand and one was saved. Four others are believed to be lost. A full list of the drowned is not obtainable.

Disastrous Discharge of Fireworks.

A premature discharge of fireworks in front of Colton's store, Minneapolis, about which several hundred people had gathered injured thirteen persons, one probably fatally. Most of the injuries were caused by runaway horses and the panic among the crowd that trampled several persons upon the ground.

THE DEATH OF GUITEAU.

HOW THE ASSASSIN WAS KILLED.

Contrary Views of the Hanging—Criticised as a Bungling Job, While the Executioner is Satisfied.

Herald Report.

"Ready, glory! Go."

The drop fell, the noose slipped to the back of his neck and Garfield's assassin began to die. "Began to die?" Yes, for the bungling hangman didn't understand his business, but arranged the rope so that it failed to connect with the ear, and the consequence was that instead of "going to join the Lordy," as he oddly phrased it, instantaneously, Guiteau was detained half dead and half alive until as he swung he choked and heaved and contortionized long after he pluckily gave the signal. It is doubtful whether this land of the free and the home of the expert will ever be the scene of a well conducted execution. Having observed the peculiarly thick skinned, brutal faced fellow who was to adjust the noose, I predicted a satisfactory end to the tragic series in which Guiteau prominently figured, but I was all wrong. He botched the whole thing, fingered and fooled about the rope that bound the assassin's legs until the spectators died a thousand deaths, and finally, with an adroitness which nothing but mischance could have secured, managed to give his victim the slowest and most turturing of deaths.

An Awkward Hangman.

With a sigh of relief every one saw that the moment had arrived when somebody else would have something to do. The big hangman knelt behind Guiteau and began to tie his legs together. I understand he used to be a seaman. If so he was less than an ordinary seaman, for it seemed a little forever while he fumbled with the rope. Perfect quiet reigned, of course, but it was a painful silence. "Going to the Lordy" bade fair to be a much delayed journey for a time, and again the all-thumbed hands mistook the knots and further delay ensued. The two brothers faced each other, one with head raised and eyes shut praying, apparently, for help. The other (I hope I don't misjudge him) seemed to be in search of notoriety. They were brothers in lack of feeling if nothing else. After the hangman had finished the pinioning of Guiteau's legs Dr. Hicks handed the prisoner a piece of white paper which he held in his right haud, a hand that was as firm and steady as the stanchions of the scaffold.

Dr. Hicks turned his back to the crowd, and laying his hand on Guiteau's forehead gave his final benediction and farewell saying:—

God, the Father, be with thee and give thee peace forever more.

After which the hangman adjusted the noose.

"Don't pull it too tight," said Guiteau. The black cap was pulled over his face, and, shouting in a loud, clear and perfectly emotionless voice:—

"Glory! Ready! Go!"

Guiteau flung the bit of paper vigorously to the right, the bolt was drawn, the drop fell.

There was not slack enough to the rope, the noose of which slewed around the back of Guiteau's neck, and the fall was hardly deep enough. For a moment the body swung to and fro, then rested and all was apparently over. Muscular tremors ran through the frame, the chest heaved quickly, spasmodic jerks brought the knees far up and a sickening sight of convulsions succeeding convulsions greeted the undisturbed gaze of John Guiteau.

The Hangman Satisfied.

The hangman is Deputy Warden Strong. After he descended from his perch of observation he said, in response to a question:

"This is the thirteenth hanging at which I have officiated and I do not think I ever saw a more perfect and satisfactory execution. Guiteau's neck was broken by the fall and his death was instantaneous. In fact, he died without so much as even a struggle. To be sure there was a muscular contraction, but there was no movement of the body or limbs indicative of conscious effort. There was a clean drop of four feet nine or ten inches. The rope is the one used for Babe Bedford, who, with Queenan, was executed in November, 1880, for the murder of young Hirsch in the northwest part of the city. As I was putting the rope around Guiteau's neck Warden Crocker said to me: 'Let the knot go just back of the ear.'"

"You see, it makes no difference how far back of the ear the knot is. We have to be careful not to let it go in front of the ear, an in this position death would not result from the breaking of the neck, but from strangulation. This command by General Crocker was obeyed, and I adjusted the rope in the manner he desired. Guiteau stood unmoved, and remarked:—'Do not pull it too tight until I am ready.' I then put the black cap over his face and he asked me not to wait until the last moment before drawing it tightly.

"When the trap sprung I observed Guiteau closely. His body fell clear and clean, and in less than two seconds he was dead. I noticed it critically and there was no indication of life. It was as good an execution as I ever saw."

GUITEAU'S BRAIN.

No Hint of Insanity Nor Trace of Other Disease Shown Under the Knife.

When the remains of Guiteau had been taken up stairs into the chapel, which is a room over the kitchen of the jail, the coffin lid was taken off and the body lifted out and stretched on a table. The clothing was then removed. After a consultation as to how the operation should be performed and what examination should be made, Dr. Lamb, who had the knife, took the initiative. The first thing that was done was to make an incision from the chest down the median line and another at right angles to it, and the outer integument of the body was thrown back, exposing the viscera. The heart and lungs were especially examined, as well, indeed as other parts, with a view of determining the presence of any evidence of disease. The heart was found to be of normal size and perfectly healthy in every particular. The lungs were of normal proportions and healthy; with the exception of small tubercles on one of them nothing of a serious character was found.

The knife was run around the back of the head at the base of the skull and the scalp was raised and drawn forward clear over the face, exposing the naked cranium. A saw was brought into use and very soon a circle was cut through the skull completely around the head, removing the upper half of the brain receptacle. The brain was then taken out and carefully weighed. It weighed exactly 49½ ounces, which is normal weight. There was not the slightest indication of any physical disease in the brain. It was regular in all its parts and proportions, except that there was a slight thickening, in one place, of the dura mater. This, however, the physicians said, did not indicate any disease such as would affect the mind of the individual, because it is a thing that is frequently found in cases where perfect health had been enjoyed up to the time of the last illness and where the mental status of the individual had never been questioned. Indeed, it is said that the head of Daniel Webster showed a quite remarkable thickening of the dura mater, much more so than in the case of Guiteau. In Mr. Webster's case it was known that the thickening resulted from a fall which he got in youth. Comment among the doctors when they were making the examination of the brain was closely observed.

The brain was examined as far as could be done with the naked eye, and having been weighed was placed in a square tin box upon a bed of soft curled hair. Dr. Godding and Dr. Lamb were chosen by the physicians present to take the brain to the medical museum and have it photographed.

All the doctors agreed that there was no perceptible difference in the size of the two lobes of the brain, which they rather expected to find owing to the exterior conformity of the skull. It will be remembered in the trial the point was raised that the skull was of abnormal shape, being visibly flattened upon one side and having a fullness on the other. The vital organ itself, however, when exposed to the examination of the physicians to-day, showed no variation of this kind. Indeed, the brain indicated perfect health and presented no phenomenal features. Still the physicians do not say that the microscopic view may not show some trace of disease that is not visible to the naked eye. Still they do not expect to find evidences of insanity in the organ. The doctors remarked that the skull was rather more than usually thick, otherwise there was nothing unusual in any part of the head.

The doctors found another thing which surprised the correspondents and others who had listened to accounts of the man's habits. They were told this morning that he had ordered a breakfast of one pound of beef steak, an omelette and a quart of coffee, and that he had eaten his breakfast at about 11 a. m. The physicians found, however, that the stomach and intestines contained almost nothing. The lungs and heart were restored to their proper places in the body. The intestines and stomach had not been removed. The incisions were sewn up, the roof of the cranium was placed back over the now empty skull, the scalp was drawn into place and stitched and the body was restored to the coffin. When the body lay there again with the clothes on and with the lid of the coffin adjusted, no one would have suspected that an autopsy had been made upon the brain.

GUITEAU'S DEATH SONG.

"Simplicity; or, Religious Baby Talk."

I am going to the Lordy,
I am so glad;
I am going to the Lordy,
I am so glad;
I am going to the Lordy,
Glory, hallelujah! glory hallelujah
Going to the Lordy.

I love the Lordy with all my soul,
Glory, hallelujah!
And that is the reson
I am going to the Lord,
Glory hallelujah! Glory hallelujah!
I am going to the Lord.

Here Guiteau's voice failed and he bowed his head and broke into sobs. But he rallied a little and went on with his chant, though it was evident that hysteria, assumed or forced, would be the end of it:—

I saved my party and my land.
Glory, hallelujah!
But they have murdered me for it;
And that is the reason.
I am going to the Lordy.

Glory, hallelujah! glory hallelujah!
I am going to the Lordy.

Here again his feelings overcame him and he leaned his head on the shoulders of Dr. Hicks and sobbed pitifully. Presently Guiteau continued:

I wonder what I will do
When I get to the Lordy;
I guess that I will weep no more
When I get to the Lordy.
Glory, Hallelujah!

Here there was another interruption caused by sobs and emotion, which he was unable to repress. He wept bitterly, and then with quivering lips and mournful tones he attempted to go on. He failed and sobbed as if his heart would break. Great tears rolled down his cheeks and the time seemed eternity. Dr. Hicks patted him on the shoulder and then in almost inaudible tones and trembling lips he concluded his senseless babble as follows:

I wonder what I shall see
When I get to the Lordy?
I expect to see most splendid things,
Beyond all earthly conception
When I am with the Lordy.
Glory, hallelujah,

Raising his voice to the highest pitch that he could command:

Glory, hallelujah!
I am with the Lord.

Crimes and Criminals.

Arthur B. Stern yesterday at Chicago, pleaded guilty to the murder of his wife and was sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary.

James Randolph, an ex-convict, was yesterday at New York sentenced to the state prison for seven years for highway robbery and assault.

Michael O'Brien was convicted yesterday at New York, in the United States court, of selling counterfeit trade dollars, and was remanded for sentence.

Joseph McGrath an ex-convict, was sentenced to the state prison yesterday at New York, to seven years for highway robbery with violence.

The examination of the witnesses in the case of Mary and Virginia Booth, colored, on trial in the Surrey county (Va.,) court for the murder of Mrs. R. D. Gray and Traveres Jones by poison, has been concluded, and the testimony was of such a character as to implicate the mother of the accused in the crime. She will probably be indicted.

Edward Folsom was hanged yesterday at Fort Smith, Ark., for the murder of a saloonkeeper named Stewart and a teamster named Massengill, last August. Folsom was a Choctaw Indian, 24 years old and of good family.

News Miscellany.

There is complaint throughout the state of a scarcity of domestic help.

The returns from all counties in Iowa except six give a net majority for the prohibition amendment of 2,888.

Samuel Obright, the young Hebrew who married a Christian girl at New York, and who is alleged to be insane, yesterday escaped from the custody of a deputy sheriff while the conference was going on as to his sanity or insanity.

Susan Casey, aged 18, a young Irish girl who arrived at New York last Sunday, was yesterday reported to the police as missing. Her brother, M. F. Casey, of Chcstertown, Md., went to receive her on Monday morning, but could not find her.

The captain of the British steamer Strathairlie was yesterday at San Francisco fined $11,150 by the United States district court for bringing Chinese passengers in excess of the number allowed by law.

The Abduction of Charlie Ross.

Eight years ago to-day Charlie Ross was spirited away from his home in Washington lane, Germantown. In all the intervening time not the slightest clue to the whereabouts or fate of the child has ever been obtained. His supposed abductors, Mosher and Douglass, were killed at Bay Ridge while committing a robbery, and, while Douglass confessed in his dying agonies that he and Mosher were guilty of the kidnapping, but expired before giving a hint of the fate of the child. Numerous clues have been pursued for the missing boy since then, but none offered any solution of this deepest of mysteries. Ex-Councilman Logan, who has spent the best part of the eight years in an endeavor to recover the lad, still adheres to the belief that Charlie is in the custody of a Frenchman in Baltimore, but Mr. Ross and the officers who worked so diligently in the case have no faith in the theory of Mr. Logan.

The Fire Record.

The planing mill of the Streator (Ill.) manufacturing company was burned yesterday. Loss, $40,000.

Ray & Connell's Champion saw mill at Louisville, Ky., was burned on Thursday night. Loss, $50,000.

The North Ferrisburg Vt., woolen mills owned by F. Daniels, were burned yesterday, caused by spontaneous combustion. Loss, $9,000.

Robinson's tannery at Dauphin together with several hundred tons of bark was burned. A number of frame houses took fire, and the entire town was at one time threatened. The loss is unknown.

The Anchor oil company's well No. 647, in the Cherry Grove district, near Bradford which had been burning since the 20th instant, has been extinguished by the use of chemicals. About 15,000 barrels of oil has been consumed since the fire started.

He Should Accept.

New York Sun.

We offer our special congratulations to the Democracy of Pennsylvania on account of their choice of a candidate for lieutenant governor, Mr. Chauncey F. Black. He is a son of that brilliant and learned lawyer, Judge Jeremiah S. Black; and, whether it comes by inheritance from his father or by original genius, we are able to certify that he possesses an admirable style of writing the English language. It becomes unnecessary, however, to say anything about his style when we mention the fact that for several years Mr. Black has been a regular contributor to the editorial columns of the *Sun*—a circumstance which forms a sufficient attestation not only of the purity and vigor of his style, but of the soundness and true Jeffersonian principles of his political sentiments.

Generally, our advice to journalists is not to accept any nomination for office. The man who has access to the ear of the public through the columns of a widely read and universally respected newspaper, exercises a great deal more real power, and rests under a much more important responsibility, than he who signs himself governor, secretary of state, or even president of the United States. In almost any case when a successful journalist is called to take a public office, it is stepping down for him to accept the invitation; but in the present instance we think that Mr. Black ought not decline. A most important effort is now on foot to reform the government of a great state, to give a new departure to one of the most important commonwealths of the Union; and no man ought to refuse whose name can add any weight to the movement. Besides, the office of lieutenant governor will never, in the ordinary course of things, absorb all of Mr. Black's time, or prevent his rendering an occasional service in the more important and inspiring arena of the public press.

The Long Branch Railroad Accident.

The inquest over the victims of the Long Branch railway accident began on Friday.

The testimony of George W. Clickner, the engineer, showed that the train was running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and that the accident was caused by the spreading of the rails.

The wounded are all doing as well as was expected. J. L Mitchell, of Scranton, is slightly improved. Robert Robertson, who had his spine injured, will recover. There is a very slight improvement in the condition of William R. Garrison. James E. Mallory died Friday at the farmhouse of Mr. Schenck Conover, near the scene of the accident.

A GRAND RECEPTION.

High School Graduates, Teachers, Directors and Other Invited Guests.

Daniel G. Baker, esq., gave a reception last evening in the old high school building to the graduating classes of the boys' and girls' high schools, the teachers of all the public schools, the board of school directors and a few other prominent citizens—the guests numbering perhaps one hundred and fifty. Among other guests present were Rev. J. Max Hark, Prof. Wm. B. Hall, H. C. Mellinger and Prof. Buehrle.

Lemonade, ice-cream, fruits, cakes and confections were liberally dispensed to the guests. Many fine musical selections were sung. The graduates led off with the "Star Spangled Banner," with piano accompaniment by F. W. Haas and violin accompaniment by J. B. Kevinski. Then followed piano solos by Miss Sallie I. Groff and Wm. C. Pyfer, of the graduating class. Misses Kate Shirk, Ella Stauffer and Messrs. D. H. Sensenig and N. J. Blackwood repeated the medley that was so enthusiastically received at the commencement. "The Emperor of Austria," "Auld Lang Syne," "Suwanee River," "Upidee," "America," "The Alpine Horn," "Johnny Smoker," and a few other pieces were sung during the course of the evening. The party was a delightful one, President Baker and his amiable wife being of course the centre of attraction. The young lady graduates, free from the restraint to which they were subjected in the morning, looked even more charming than when a thousand pairs of eyes were gazing at them. The young gentlemen were joyous and gallant and the teachers and directors looked wise and venerable as became persons holding such important stations as they do. The party broke up before 10 o'clock.

ANOTHER BRAKEMAN KILLED.

Milton Mann Crushed and Beheaded at Columbia.

Milton Mann, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, was found dead in the east yard of the Pennsylvania railroad company at Columbia this morning about 4 o'clock. His head was dissevered from his body and his chest was fearfully crushed. It is supposed that he was asleep on top of one of the cars of his train, which was in the yard. The train moved between 1½ and 2 o'clock, and it is thought the sudden starting and jolting of the cars may have startled him and thrown him off, and that he fell between the cars and was crushed as above stated. Mr. Mann was single and aged about 20 years.

Deputy Coroner Frank was notified and empanneled a jury who viewed the remains and adjourned to await the arrival of the crew, when a verdict will be rendered. Deceased was a young man about 22 years of age, and was well spoken off by all who knew him. He was a single man living with his mother on Fourth street, to whom his sudden death will be a terrible blow. He is a Columbian by birth and a former student of the high school.

Toes Crushed.

This morning as W. F. C. Sheer was crossing North Queen street, opposite the Northern market house, he turned around to look after his little grandson, who was following him. A carriage was passing, and Mr. Sheer stepped aside but placed himself in the path of one of Bitner's freight wagons, which he did not see, but which was passing in an opposite direction. Mr. Sheer was struck by the hub of the wagon and knocked down, and one of the wheels passed over the toes of one of his feet, crushing the great toe and the little toe, and injuring the others. He was carried into Heitshue's drug store, where his wounds were dressed, and thence taken to his home.

Assault and Battery.

Henry Hebrank has been held by Alderman Spurrier to answer at court for assault and battery on Jacob Butt. It appears that Butt trespassed on Hebrank's grass field, and the latter meeting him later in the day clubbed Butt with the butt of a hoe handle, breaking it over his back.

A Freak of Nature.

Mr. George H. Cook. No. 112 South Prince street, has a pear tree growing in his yard full of fruit, and with blossoms upon the same stem.

COLUMBIA NEWS.

OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE

Events Along the Susquehanna—Items of Interest in and Around the Borough Picked Up by the Intelligencer's Reporter.

The Columbia engine house is being handsomely repainted, both inside and out. Photographs of it and the other two hose houses have also been taken.

The P. R. R. have put on a number of refrigerator cars for the accommodation of perishable goods.

By the interference of Special Officer Dyssinger a fight was prevented (that would no doubt have had a serious ending) on Locust street last evening, and a local journalist been a wiser but "sorer" man.

The two boys met on Locust street and quarreled and the one hit the other with a rock. Their parents took it up where they left off and the 'squire is happy.

John Yeakle has fixed up his drug store on Locust street, that it is now the most attractive store room in town—a little palace.

Our storekeepers, who remember that they were once clerks and enjoyed an evening's vacation, have concluded to close at 7 and 7½ o'clock.

Personals.

Master Ralph Williams is spending his vacation with "grandma" at Gettysburg.

Mrs. W. H. Galbraith has joined her husband—Yearkle's gentlemanly clerk—here.

Miss Mary Wilson, of New York city, is the guest of Mr. John Mann, just outside of Columbia.

R. R. Accidents.

The Port Deposit train last evening brought on it Wm. Segner, brakeman, who was severely injured at Port Deposit about noon. He was coupling cars and in getting out from between the bumpers his foot caught, throwing him along the track. The train was backing and the wheel of a car passed over the calf of his left leg, cutting it entirely through to the bone.

Dr. Craig, the P. R. R. physician, attended him, and pronounced the injury "bad, but not serious." He was taken to his home in York borough on the 8 o'clock train.

[The shocking and fatal accident to Milton Mann is elsewhere reported.—EDS. INTELLIGENCER.]

Our Business Men.

H. F. Yergey makes a specialty of the Rockford quick train watches, but keeps other watches too....Patton, the opera house merchant tailor and clothier, has just received a fine line of goods for men's wear....Peter Melbert's summer garden is the coolest place in town and his lunch is excellent....Will Herr keeps a fine line of quick train watches, jewelry, etc., together with his spectacles, eye glasses, chains and charms....The Franklin house is *the* hotel. Proprietor Slade does all in his power to make his guests comfortable.... Williams' 99-cent store has the greatest variety of toys, fancy and useful articles we have ever seen....J. Shenberger & Son have added to their furniture store a carpet department and some handsome patterns of moquet, body and tapestry brussels are seen in it.

The Churches.

Services will be held, as usual, in all the churches in this place to-morrow. Rev. J. C. Hume, of Lancaster, will preach in the Presbyterian church morning and evening to-morrow. Columbia has at present as a rule handsome little churches. True they do not compare with the large edifices of Lancaster, but are small, cosy, convenient buildings. They are greatly admired by strangers. On Second street just around from Locust is what we always thought, and many bear us out in the opinion, the most novel little church we ever saw. The chuch built of stone stands somewhat in from the street line, is not very high in the square but has a high steeped roof. There is an arched entrance to it, surrounded by trees and the ground finely laid out adds to its many other attractions; principally among which are the growing vines which cover its front, sides and nearly all the roof. It reminds one of an old English chapel. Part of the vine is in bloom now, and its fragrance fills the air. It is the most picturesque building—more romantic looking—we have ever seen, suggesting to us the thought that inspired Longfellow to write of that place, "Where the tangled barberry bushes hang their tufts of crimson berries over stone walls, grey with mosses."

Rev. W. B. Evans will preach his initial sermon in the E. E. Lutheran church to-morrow.

Rev. C. S. Gerhard takes this seasonable opportunity, when Guiteau's hanging is uppermost in all minds, to preach a sermon on "Capital Punishment" to-morrow morning in the Trinity Reformed church.

Quarterly meeting at Mt. Zion's A. M. E. church. Revs. Darkes, of York, and Norris, of Lancaster, will be present.

Twice on Fire.

The gunlock manufactory of John George Werner, which was slightly damaged by an accidental fire on Tuesday last was again damaged by fire yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock. The building is of frame, and the stack from the furnace goes out through a hole in the roof. The heat from the stack, or a spark from it, set fire to the roof. The flames were easily extinguished with a few bucketsfull of water before the arrival of the firemen.

The Bridge Contract.

Hugh Keogh & Co. and Capt. Elias McMellen withdrew their bids for the construction of a county bridge across the Little Conestoga at Groff's mill, and the contract was given to Davis Kitch jr., the next lowest bidder. The contract price is $1,671. It is understood that Mr. Kitch has transferred the contract to Capt. McMellen and that the bridge will be speedily erected.

Nearly Beheaded.

New Holland Clarion.

As Mr. James De Haven, miller, of Carnarvon township, was in the act of emptying a bag of chop at the residence of Samuel Yoder, at Windsor, the bag caught hold of a scythe that hung above the barrel and threw it down on his neck and cut it fearfully. Dr. Ringwalt sewed it up for him and he is doing as well as can be expected.

Antique Furniture.

Hess & Flinn, furniture dealers, have this day shipped to H. Havermyer, of Babylon, Long Island, through John S. Rohrer, of this city, a centre table, formerly the property of ex-President James Buchanan; also a large lot of other antique furniture.

After Many Years.

Mrs. Barbara Miller, sister of John Trost of this city, is on a visit to the latter in this city. Mr. Trost left Europe many years ago and did not know where his sister was, not having seen her for 45 years. It has been but a short time since she was living on Long Island, N. Y.

An Earl Boy Honored at Yale.

Among the large class graduating at Yale college, Connecticut, this year is Mr. Daniel B. Weaver, of Earl township this county. Mr. Weaver graduates with high honors, having been selected to deliver one of the honorary addresses on commencement day.

Mule Lost.

Last night a valuable mule belonging to Edward Kauffman, on the Harrisburg pike, took sick and died before morning.