Miscellaneous.

News Items.

The cup that neither cheers nor inebriates—the hic-cup.

Green apples have already appeared in market.

Venice had two severe earthquake shocks May 27th.

Grand Haven, Mich., calls itself the American Venice.

Indianapolis presents for the "championship" a beer-drinking cat.

Wade Hampton has beaten his sword into an 18,000 steam plow-share.

The coolie vote is a new element now introduced into New England politics.

Jane Eyre was recently sent to prison in England, for stealing a sunshade.

Counterfeits on the new issue of fractional currency are already out.

A lady died suddenly one evening recently in a Pittsburgh church during service.

The New England papers say that mackerel and the mosquitoes bite well this season.

A hog is not usually much at multiplication, but is perfectly at home on the square root.

An Iowa farmer thinks his two Chinese field hands "worth more than their weight in tea."

The popular colored ink for writing love letters now is violet, because it fades so soon.

The first cotton bloom of the season is announced on June 9th at Point Coupee, Louisiana.

The N. Y. *Post* thinks there are, on the whole, few things a woman can do so well as marry.

The projectors of the vast New York failure, the Beethoven Festival, are out of pocket $50,000.

Indiana lawyers are said to be doing a good business by getting up divorce clubs at commutation rates.

Boise City, Idaho, has only one unmarried lady. Towns of the same size in New England have a hundred.

The San Francisco Alta alludes to "the general drift of gab which flows from our National Congress."

The St. Louis Republican has rebuilt its office recently destroyed by fire, and is already published from it.

A serious boundary difficulty has arisen between Persia and Turkey, of which Russia is likely to make the most.

At St. Louis, Friday, the east wall of the Everett House fell with a great crash, but fortunately no one was hurt.

One hundred and fifty Chinese passed through St. Louis yesterday, on the way to New Orleans.

A Burlington lady has advanced so far in woman's rights as to go to the barber regularly to be shaved.

Food for the stomach is watched by the sentinels of sight, taste, smell and touch. Food for the lungs is unguarded—we take what we can get.

The Washington *Star* thinks they have rather a hard time of it there.—Congress will not pave the streets nor allow the citizens to do it.

Oakes Ames, M. C. from Massachusetts, has a plantation opposite New Orleans, to which he has just sent 140 Chinamen.

The convicts in the New Hampshire State Prison are to enjoy an ice-cream festival, provided by a liberal philanthropist?

Junebug soup is actually a new dish just out in Germany. It is said to be really superior to crab soup, which gourmands consider delicious.

A little school boy in Danvers, Mass., when asked by his teacher why women should not vote, answered: "'Cause they are afraid of caterpillars."

The children of a Maine farmer, while playing Indians in the pasture the other day, drove the cows over a precipice, killing and maiming the whole herd.

A fire in New York, last evening, in the building Nos. 205 to 213 East Twelfth street, occupied by Frow & Smith, caused a loss estimated at $110,000.

The town of Upton, Me., boasts of a man who is 48 years old, has been married less than twenty-four years, and has moved seventy-nine times since his marriage.

Ward, the American Filibuster, was believed by the Chinese to be the greatest general that had existed for two thousand years, and he is now worshipped as a deity.

A Nevada editor says that Olive Logan is "the most right up and snappy exhibition of womanly grit on hand at that we ever had the pleasure of meeting."

When General Banks' voice failed him in his recent Cuban speech, an outsider was cruel enough to make a remark to the effect that "Another of the National Banks had busted."

The Grand Jury of the U. S. Court at Canandaigua has indicted Generals Starr, Donnelly, Gleason and Fitzgerald for violation of the neutrality laws. The case of Starr is set for Monday next.

Rutgers College at New Brunswick, New Jersey, celebrated yesterday its centennial. The ceremonies were held in the old Reformed Dutch Church and were largely attended.

"His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." This eulogy of Dr. Johnson upon Garrick has been aptly applied to Dickens.

It is estimated that one-fifth of the meat supply of Paris is veal. At the commencement of the present century the price of veal was half a franc per pound. It is now three times as much, or one and a half francs.

At Quebec, yesterday, the 69th Regiment were presented with new colors by Prince Arthur. The Dominion Governor General, and Gen. Arnold, U. S. A., commanding at Plattsburg, were present.

Tuesday evening the body of a man, with a wire twisted around the neck and both wrists, was found in the East River, at Greenpoint. There is a difference of opinion as to whether a murder or suicide has been committed.

The Boston *Transcript* says that the twofold principle that should guide national legislation is plain enough, and that is, to provide with equal steps for the payment of a fair proportion of the public debt and the removal of taxation.

A Memphis correspondent says, not only Jefferson Davis, but his sole rich brother, Joe Davis, are in extreme poverty. The great plantation of Joe Davis is now owned by a colored man, formerly a slave in the family.

The Texas papers announce a constantly increasing immigration into that State. Every steamboat up Red River is crowded with people, while the numbers who have taken the overland route cannot be estimated.

Pleasant Goods, the negro servant of Gen. Maxey Gregg, and sexton of an Episcopal church, at Columbia, S. C., died a few days ago, and at his funeral some of the most prominent white citizens acted as pall-bearers.

An old bachelor says if a girl wants to know when she looks most charming in the men's eyes, it is when she wears a simple muslin dress, with a frill of lace around the throat and at the wrists, and no ornament but youth and freshness.

A Maine woman, impressed with the idea that she should die suddenly and immediately, called upon a neighbor, a few days ago, and asked as an especial favor that she would cut out and make for her a shroud, as "she was just about her size."

Many of the Dakotah Indians are formally taking homesteads and settling themselves down to live the life of civilization. Although they are of pure Indian blood and cannot speak a word of English, they have adopted our costume.

In the Connecticut House of Representatives, yesterday, a proposition to strike the word "white" from the State Constitution failed to pass for want of the requisite two-thirds. The vote was 119 Republican yeas to 89 Democratic nays.

A fire at Montreal, on Tuesday evening, destroyed Aster's planing mill and lumber yard, the lumber yards of Shearer and Tacker & Sons, and rendered a dozen families homeless. Loss estimated at $500,000. Several hundred persons are thrown out of employment.

The printers of Maine and New Hampshire are to have a reunion on July 21st at Rye Beach. Speaker Blaine, of the United States House of Representatives, is to make an address, and Vice President Colfax is expected to be present.

Letters from the plains, received at St. Louis, report nearly all the young men of the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians on the war-path. Several trains have been captured and a number of whites killed, and it is reported to be dangerous to travel below Fort Dodge.

Land on the Mississippi is by no means real estate. A town recently *founded itself* on the other side of the river *from its previous day's location, the river having cut off a bend in the night, and planters frequently find themselves on a small island, or even miles back from the bank, by similar freaks of the Father of Waters.*

Horrible Murder.

BOYERTOWN, BERKS Co., June 29, 1870.—One of the most horrible murders, that has few parallels in the history of crime, and certainly none in our country, transpired here about 2½ o'clock this afternoon. Some two miles from this Borough, near the Ironstone Station, on the Colebrookdale Railroad, in Douglass township, Berks county, stands the farm house of Mr. Ludy, a much respected young farmer. To-day he and his wife went to work in a hayfield in the neighborhood, leaving their three children, a boy about 3 years, a girl of about 1 year 1 month, and a young baby, but a few months old, in the care of their nurse, a girl about 10 years of age, a daughter of Mr. Alexander Hummel, who had been in Mrs. Ludy's employ for several months past.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Ludy was surprised to see this girl come to the field with the baby and the older boy, telling her that the children were so unruly, that she could not control them. Mrs. Ludy took the baby, and soon pacified it, and then told the girl to go back to the house and look after the other child.—The girl left, but when near the house, left the other children there and ran back to the field, telling Mrs. Ludy that her child was lying in the house with its throat cut, and that she had seen the watchman on the railroad jump out of the parlor window of the house as she approached. The horror stricken parents immediately ran to their home, leaving the supposed murderess behind, and on arriving found the tale but too true. On the porch, its head reclining on a pillow, lay the lifeless corpse of the little child, a large butcher-knife, all blood besmeared, lay alongside. A large crowd of people once assembled near the house, and it was ascertained that the watchman on the railroad had not been near the house during the whole day, he being up the road with the other employees of the road. From the incoherent talk of the children it was ascertained that the nurse, this young girl, had wilfully taken the life of the child, she not being able to stop it from crying. In the intense excitement of the hour no one knew exactly what to do, but Mr. Ludy ran back to the field, where he found the girl sitting on a bank. He accused her of the horrible deed, and although she denied it at first, she soon plead guilty by a dogged silence. Mr. Ludy then forgot himself, and after beating and kicking the girl, she fled to the neighboring woods. On the return of the father to the house, Justice Gresh was notified and he at once repaired to the spot, where he empanneled the following as a Coroner's jury: Christian Sassaman, Jacob Kreuser, Henry Gresh, Sr., Dr. Rhoads, Eli Fritz and Adam Swavely. Dr. Rhoads made a post mortem examination of the body and found the throat cut from ear to ear. The wind-pipe was divided completely, the right carotid artery and jugular veins were absent, and death must have occurred almost immediately from hemorrhage. The knife used was a common butcher knife with a thick blade and extremely dull, so that the girl must have used considerable force in accomplishing the monstrous crime. The jury returned the usual verdict, that deceased came to her death by a wound inflicted with a butcher knife at the hands of some person or persons unknown. The evidence being very strong against the girl, a warrant was immediately issued for her arrest, and a party of men started in pursuit. It is feared, however, that she will not be captured alive, but will surely commit suicide, by drowning herself in the creek, she being known as a very determined and odd girl.

Her parents never could do anything with her, and it is known that she ran away from home several times and lived in the woods.

The end of this youthful murderess will undoubtedly be fearful, but if captured, her youth alone will save her from the gallows. Truly yours, MAX.

LATER.—The girl was arrested this morning by F. K. Pennypacker, driver of the Boyertown stage, at Stonersville, and was brought to this city, and taken before Alderman Mengle, who committed her to prison to await a further hearing. She was taken to jail by officer Smith.

The Chinese Shoemakers at Feeding Time.

The Boston *Advertiser* admits that the most Catholic views of the equality of race, the heartiest admiration for a people universally educated, the warmest welcome for strangers so cheerful, and affable, and easily taught as these young men, all receive a shock at the sight of the Chinese eating at dinner. So strong is prejudice in this crucial point of civilization. There is nothing intrinsically offensive about chopsticks. The chop-sticks, themselves, tied together in a bundle, or displayed singly as curiosities on a what-not, are handsome and rather interesting articles. But behold three or four-score Chinamen grouped on benches about a dozen small tables. Each holds in his left hand, close up to his face, a bowl of rice. In the other hand, held between the fingers like the bones of negro minstrelsy, are the pair of chop-sticks; and these poke the rice over the edge of the bowl into the waiting mouth with a rapidity which shows great dexterity, but is somehow extremely unpleasant to look upon. A platter of meat sits in the centre of the table, its contents on this occasion being lobster, chopped fine, an importation from China. Into this the chop sticks of each are plunged at intervals, to vary the monotony of the rice with a choicer morsel. When the bowls are empty—which is in about six to eight minutes from the beginning of the repast—each Chinaman leaps from his bench and hurries to the kitchen, not to put the crockery away, as I at first imagined, but to bring it back full of fragrant tea. And here the bitterest prejudice against the Celestial manner of supplying the wants of the inner man must pause to acknowledge the superlative quality of this beverage, brought direct from China and prepared in the Chinese way, which has a smoothness of taste and delicious flavor, rarely to be matched on American tables. After all, perhaps, we should get the Chinese opinion of a meal at a Boston boarding-house before venturing to pronounce judgment, but prejudice is strong, and as I have hinted, he who has a grain of fastidiousness in his composition, and who would cherish the highest theory of oriental civilization, should read with the Chinese, study with them, play with them, sip tea with them, but by all means decline an invitation to sit down to dinner with them.

A SPECIMEN INDIAN MAIDEN.

Miss Winnemucca, the Indian Princess.

[From the Roseburg (Idaho) News.]

Harper's Weekly contains a highly poetical allusion to Sarah Winnemucca, the interesting daughter of Mr. Winnemucca, chief of the Pintes, whose gallant exploits in stealing horses and cutting the tongues out of defenceless emigrants will long be remembered by the people of Nevada and Southern Idaho with feelings of just pride and admiration. Now this noble aboriginine daughter, Sarah—no less—is to come in for a share of the honors which have been lavished so unsparingly in days gone by upon her illustrious sire, the old gentleman Winnemucca. Miss Sarah, says *Harper's Weekly*, "has written (?) a very sagacious letter to Indian Commissioner Parker, in which she has eloquently portrayed the wrongs of her race." What internal noodles some of those Eastern people are. If we are not very much mistaken, we had the pleasure of seeing, some years ago, Miss Sarah at Camp McDermit, Nevada. She and a few other interesting relics of the "noble red man" were being fatted at the Fort during that winter for the spring campaign against Idaho emigrants. The emigration having stopped for the season, "there were no other worlds to conquer," so Sarah and her tribe were about to fare badly, as the supply of dried scalps, grasshoppers and lice had been exhausted. Their condition excited the sympathy of Uncle Sam's boys at the Fort, so they were taken in and cared for until spring, when they resumed their favorite pastime of stealing and murdering. But it is our recollection of Miss Sarah we propose to revive. Sarah was at that time about sweet sixteen or twenty—it would be difficult to judge of her exact age from her appearance, owing to a careless habit she acquired of never washing her beautifully chiselled features, but as we had been taught to judge the age of a cow by the wrinkles on her horns, or the age of a tree by the belts of growth on its trunk, so we made a slather at Miss Sarah's age by the number of scales of greasy dirt which naturally accumulated on the ridge of her comely countenance during the lapse of years. She was about four or five feet high—how is that for 'Lo?—and not quite as broad as she was narrow. Her raven tresses, which had been permitted to cry with the vespertine breeze; unbound, unwashed, and uncombed, from her earliest childhood, stood out in elegant and awry confusion from her classically-shaped *edoze* which contributed to her contour an air of romantic splendor. Her style of dress, though primitive, closely assimilated that worn by her more fashionable sisters in Paris and other big towns. It was the fashion of the day, slightly exaggerated, consisting of an elegant scarf, about a foot wide, cut from an ancient horse blanket, which was gracefully girded round her delicate waist, the circumference of which, owing to the scarcity of clover and fresh crickets at that season, had materially diminished, over which hung a beautiful set of skeleton hoops. These completed the toggery of this sweet and simple daughter of nature. Her feet were incased in moccasins, and showed evident indications of hard service and long walks over the rocky hills and sage-brush plains, the mud of her native heath, crisp and dry, clinging tenaciously to her toes. And we are glad to be able to announce that this divinity was treated during her brief sojourn among the white savages with all the respect due her exalted rank and birth-right—as the only daughter and heiress of that noble old chief, Winnemucca.

An Octogenarian Printer.

We take the following account of a lively old printer from a late Vicksburg *Herald*:

John G. Barry, familiarly known as "Uncle Johnny," a printer eighty-four years of age, was in the funeral procession of Mr. Columbus Barrett, late proprietor of the Holly Springs *Reporter*. This old man has been at the printing business for seventy-one years. In the year of 1800, he set up the announcement of the death of George Washington. Uncle Johnny, in that year, was working in the Mero District *Gazette* office, in Nashville, Tennessee. The news of Washington's death did not reach Nashville until sometime in January, 1800, some weeks after its occurrence. Our veteran and noble-hearted friend is haleand hearty to-day, and is a regular hand at the case in Holly Springs from Monday morning, bright and early, to Saturday evening.

A POST-RAPHAELITE PICTURE.

The Latest Marvel in the Spiritualistic World—A Crayon Portrait said to be From the Hand of the Great Italian Master.

The Spiritualists of this city have been much exercised in mind for some time past over a picture which was recently completed, and which Spiritualistically purports to be the production of Raphael, the great Italian painter. The history of this picture may be briefly told.

On the evening of May 12, a circle was held at a private residence in Thirty-fourth street, under the mediumship of Mrs. Margaretta Fox Kane—the circle being composed of three ladies and the medium. During the seance the following communication was "rapped out:"

"We will draw you a picture of Mrs. B——— [a daughter of one of the ladies of the circle]. The artist will be Raphael, and the picture very much in the style of his Madonna della Seggiola. The attitude will express three affections; the hands be pointed towards God and signify devotion; the smile to her mother, and the expression of love to all. These three named expressions are the attributes that tend to convey to your minds all that makes the soul divine. We want you to commence and end each meeting with the Lord's prayer." In fulfilment of the above request, a circle was held twice a week at the house where the ladies reside, and the result is the production of the promised picture.

By invitation of a friend, the writer paid a visit to the house to examine the picture and listen to the statements made by the ladies regarding the manner of its production, which was in substance as follows: The time consumed was about four weeks. Two circles, as already stated, were held each week, although at some of the sittings conditions not being favorable, no work was done upon the picture. The actual time occupied in drawing has been computed at seven hours. The directions governing the proceedings were always given through the raps.

A large sheet of drawing paper and a lot of crayons were purchased at Goupil's, as directed by the raps, and placed upon a large sized quartette table at the first circle. The paper was marked by each member of the circle, and also by other persons residing in the house. A piece of muslin was also ordered and strings sewed at each corner. It was placed over the paper by the spirits, and at the close of each sitting the strings were tied to the legs of the table by one of the ladies, and the table placed in a small room under lock and key until the next meeting—one of the ladies keeping the key, which she affirms never left her possession.

The sittings were all held in a dark room, and were open and closed by the circle reciting the Lord's prayer. The ladies and medium were required to stand during the entire time and to sing. Sometimes the sittings lasted for two or three hours, making the attendance anything but a pleasure. During the sittings sounds like pencils moving upon paper were distinctly heard. Towards the end of the third week the faith of the members of the circle began to flag, when the raps asked "If you are permitted to see a hole over the paper will it give you strength to preserve in the faith?" The ladies replied "Yes." It was then rapped out, "Don't cause confusion by exclamations when you see the light."

In a few minutes afterward a halo was visible over the paper upon the table, and the pencils distinctly seen in an upright position moving upon the paper without visible hands.

Three sittings before the last the ladies were ordered to procure a sheet of the thinnest tracing paper. It was purchased, and at the next meeting placed in a roll upon the table. Before the close of the sitting a light was observed, when the drawing paper was found covered with the tracing paper fastened down by pins and books. The ladies were then directed to examine the unfinished picture through the tracing paper, which they did, and at that time there was no writing upon the paper.

The medium who officiated at the sittings was Mrs. Margaretta Fox Kane, one of the original Rochester Fox sisters. She does not reside in the house, and had no means of access except when admitted in answer to the street door bell. It would have been impossible for her to have tampered with the paper without being in collusion with others in the house. The mother of the person whose portrait the picture represents, was one of the circle, and was so much pleased with it that she gave the medium $100 for her services.

As a work of art coming from the hand of Raphael a more perfect production was expected. The expression of the face, with its eyes turned heavenward is exquisitely sweet, and the left shoulder and breast are true to nature. The color of the eyes and hair are said to be like those of the original, and a strong family resemblance is recognized by all who have seen the picture. The hands are crossed upon the right breast with the fingers pointing upward, and from the right hand a rose bud droops toward the left shoulder. The arms, from the elbow to the wrist, and the hand are badly drawn and out of proportion. The defect is a marked peculiarity of the picture, and, to some persons who have seen it, presents evidences of its production as represented. At the bottom of the picture is written in Italian, in a bold hand, "Estiva rosa somiglia mia vita" (My life is like a summer rose), and across the left-hand corner is the name Raphael, said to be a fac-simile of the great artist's signature. The painting has created a decided sensation among spiritualists, and, whether or not it be a production of the marvellous master from whose hand it is said to have come, is a curiosity, and the select few who have seen it have at least found in it something to talk about.—*N. Y. World.*

A Snake Story.

The reporter of the Detroit *Free Press* had a better join the tee-totalers at once. After stating that he had captured a calf, and that he and the boys went out to hunt it, he gets flighty, and talks this way:

"Following up the little brook about thirty feet in higher ground, Snow found a 'dip' in the soil, just under a rocky bank, with a little grassy peninsula jutting out until it made a bend around which the creek flowed, forming a sunny, secure spot. In the centre of this spot was the decaying body of the calf, and over it, around it, and crawling in every direction, were big snakes, little snakes, old snakes and young, until, as Young America, has it Snow 'couldn't rest.' He saw snakes crawling toward the brook, others coming back, others coming out and going into the holes in the ledges below him and there was *an odor arising from the whole that literally made the air blue.* Near the body of the calf were a dozen big snakes knotted together, until one's flesh chilled to behold them. Snow counted fully fifty large black snakes, looked upon the sights as long as his nerves would permit, and then started for home for means of revenge. He got several old barrels, filled them with straw, coke and light wood, and then bundles of corn stalks to spare, and then returned to the 'roost.' The snakes were as thick as ever, and, as they heard and saw the preparations making above them, they hissed and raised their heads with deadly venom. Some of the boys took straw and a barrel around to the opening, and the father and the other son at a proper time sent down their fireworks from the banks of the banks. The fire went off like Fourth of July, making a noise that prevented hearing any disparaging remarks from the reptiles, and in about a half an hour the former descended to find the ground covered with the half-consumed remains of thirty or forty reptiles, while a large number saved themselves by getting into the banks."

Obesity's Pic-Nic.

The representative fat men of Teutonia rolled out on Tuesday, in vast force, to astonish the meagre denizens of the city of New York. For a week previous the keepers of livery stables had been arduously at work inspecting their carriages, putting in additional bolts and screws, and judiciously applying protective clamps, and administering unwonted nourishment to their backs, in anticipation of the unprecented labors of the day. Shortly after 10 o'clock the people in the neighborhood of the City Hall were alarmed by a tremendous vibration of the earth. The mortar on the walls and ceilings cracked and fell; the time-pieces jingled and jarred and stopped; and alarm was depicted on the countenance of the old man that keeps the apple stall at North William and Chatham streets.

It was soon ascertained, however, that these phenomena were attributable to the approach of the procession of fat Teutons on their way to the Bellevue Gardens to celebrate their first pic-nic. A large crowd collected before the City Hall and along Chatham street, and gazed with wonder and approval upon the vast agglomeration of adipose.

As the procession moved along, the vehicles creaked and groaned, the horses strained and sweated, while the huge Germans reposed in calm solidity, and gazed forth complacently upon those less gifted in the matter of flesh. And thusly they went forth on their ponderous pastime.

Before the destination was reached, five horses gave in, hopelessly exhausted, and ten of the vehicles broke down. Several enthusiasts of Mr. Bergh followed the procession, and it is said that the entire Association is to be indicted on an early day. In spite of the delightful coolness of the weather, the supply of table cloths with which the members were provided for the mopping of perspiration from their massive brows failed, and a fresh lot had to be procured on their arrival at the gardens.

The solid meal is a shedder of nourishment, solid and liquid, consumed during the procession, and at the picnic:

1,519 kegs of lager, 1,827 bushels of clams, 17 bretzels, 365 gallons of Rhine wine, 211 pounds of Schweitzer Kaese, 193 pounds of sausages, 21,599 cigars.

The Man Who Killed Zollicoffer.

Gen. Zollicoffer, of the Confederate army, was killed, by a young man named Chrisman, who was in Col. Fry's regiment. Young Chrisman after the war brooded over the act until his friends began to apprehend danger of insanity. He was a brave and honest soldier, and could not have possibly felt any compunction of conscience for killing an enemy in actual battle; but the reflection that he had killed a human being who, at the time, could have been made a prisoner by the mere stretching forth of his hand, who was powerless to do him any injury, so wrought upon his conscience.—preyed, as it were, upon the vitals of his mind—that he finally sank, and, it is feared, into hopeless insanity. A few days ago a writ was awarded against him by the judge of the Wayne County Court, when the forgoing facts were elicited which his dejected and forlorn condition of insanity fully established, and he was sent for more skillful treatment, to the lunatic asylum at Hopkinsville.

Local Intelligence.

MONDAY LAST AT THE PARK.—The trot advertised to take place at the Agricultural Park, Monday afternoon, between the bay mare, Susie Kurtz and the black stallion Uncle Sam for a purse of $1,000 drew together a considerable number of spectators. The horses were both on the track in due time, and a number of pools were sold and outside bets made on the result of the trot, the odds generally being about three to one in favor of the mare. In scoring for a start, the first time, the horses were very even but the black broke, just before coming to the score, and they were of course called back. At the second attempt to get away, the black was about two lengths ahead, and one of the judges pulled the bell rope to call them back; at the same instant Mr. Doble, who drove the bay, nodded for the word, and another of the judges said "go." The bell was again rung, however, for a return, but the horses kept on around the track, making the half mile, when the judges again called to them to stop, and also rang the bell. M. MacGonigle who drove Uncle Sam, pulled up, and came back to the judges stand, but Wm. Doble, who drove Susie Kurtz, continued around the second half-mile, and then claimed the heat and race, on the ground that he had distinctly heard the word "go," and that he had distanced the stallion according to the rules of the Association. After much talk the judges finally decided that there had been no heat, and called upon the horses to start. Uncle Sam obeyed the summons, but Doble refused to go with the mare. After waiting a long time for him to reconsider his determination, the stallion was sent off alone, and trotting the heat leisurely in 3:11, the Judges gave him the race, but decided that as bets made upon the event were "off." Great disappointment was naturally felt at the result.

The whole difficulty was due to the unwillingness of Wm. Doble, the driver of the Kurtz mare, who is celebrated for this trait of character. If he conceived that the judges had made a wrong decision he had an ample remedy by making a protest against their action, trotting the subsequent heats subject to this protest; he then could have taken the matter up to the Court of Appeal of the National Association for final decision. The owner of the mare, Mr. John H. Kurtz, was quite willing that this course should be adopted, but Doble would not hear to it and Mr. Kurtz refused to put another driver in his place. Great efforts were made by the Directors to bring the refractory driver to reason, but argument was wasted upon a creature who set up the preposterous claim that he should unite in his own person the slightly incompatible duties of judge and driver.

AN OLD VOLUME.—We have been shown an old volume in an excellent state of preservation, containing "The Book of Common Prayer and the Psalter, printed at Oxford, by the University Printers, 1707;" the Holy Bible, printed by Charles Bill, and the Executrix of Charles Newcomb, deceased; printers to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, 1707;" and "the whole Book of Psalms, collected into English metre, by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others, printed in London for the Company of Stationers, 1706." The volume is printed in very small type, and considering that it is 164 years old, is quite a creditable job of printing. There is the original Old Hundred, as rendered by John Hopkins:

All people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear; His praise forth tell;
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise;
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure!
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

The Ten Commandments are thus rendered:

1. I am thy sovereign Lord & God,
Which brought thee out from careful thrall,
And thine delivered from Pharaoh's rod:
Make thee no gods on them to call.
2. Nor fashioned form of any thing
In heaven or earth to worship it;
For I thy God by sweeping
With grievous plagues this sin will smite.
3. Take not in vain God's holy Name,
Abuse it not after thy will;
For so thou soon unlisht purchase blame,
And in his wrath he would the spill.
4. The Lord from work we 'wch day rest
And brought all things to perfect end;
So thou and thine that day take rest,
That him alone ye may attend.
5. Unto thy parents honor give,
As God's commandment is do intend
That thou long days and good may'st live
In earth where God a place doth lend.
6. Beware of murder and of hate.
7. All filthy fornication fear.
8. See thou steal not in any rate.
9. False witness against no man bear.
10. Thy neighbor's house wish not to have
His wife or ought that he calls mine
His field, his ox, his ass, his slave,
Or any thing that is his sign.

There are a number of hymns, doxologies, &c., following the Psalms. The Lord's Prayer is thus very literally rendered:

Our Father which in heaven art,
Lord, hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done
In earth, even as the same
In heaven is; Daily our Lord,
our daily bread this day:
As we forgive our debtors, so
forgive our debts, we pray;
Into temptation lead us not;
from evil make us free,
For Kingdom, Pow'r and glory thine
both now and ever be.

DIED IN PRISON.—Professor S. J. Koontz, a man of brilliant mental accomplishments, well known in this city as a successful teacher of elocution, died yesterday morning of delirium tremens, in the Dauphin County Prison. The Harrisburg *Patriot* of this morning contains the following particulars of his death:

Prof. S. J. Koontz, formerly of York Sulphur Springs, Adams county, died of mania a potu, in the Dauphin county prison, at four o'clock yesterday morning. There is a sad history connected with this case. Koontz was a man in the prime of life. When quite young he was sent to Europe to finish his studies, and his friends spent large sums of money in the cultivation of talents which gave promise of a ripe scholar. Law, medicine and theology were gone through with, and he graduated with honors from some of the most prominent institutions in the Old World. He held a professorship at Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, at one time and was master of several languages.

Within the past two years his course was downward. With a blind infatuation he courted the maddening bowl and neither the persuasions of his relatives, nor a knowledge of certain destruction, if he persisted in his course, were sufficient to induce him to pause on his certain course to ruin. The patrimony left him at the death of his father, and large sums of money furnished by a devoted mother and distressed sister, in the vain hope of reclaiming him from degradation, were spent in vain —to no purpose, their sacred trust. True, at one time he was found in the city of New York in a drunken debauch, and taken to his home in Adams county, when he practiced medicine for a short time, but eventually fell into his old habits. He wandered away from home, drank to excess, and became a burden to those with whom he associated. On the sixth of June he was summarily ejected from a certain hotel in this city, where his presence had become a nuisance. At this time he had attacks of delirium tremens and was sent to Fort Simmons for safe keeping. On Saturday, June 11, he was discharged from custody. He told Mr. Simmons, the jailer, that he was ashamed to remain in the city and immediately left for the country. At a certain hotel in the rural districts it is alleged he drank several glasses of the fiery liquid, and in a few minutes thereafter fell to the floor in a fit and was subject to numerous spasms in quick succession. He lay at this place for several days in a precarious condition. Then he went further into the country, drank to excess, became abusive, slanderous and unbearable. From the town of Progress he was sent to prison again—another lawful tribute to the disease of its citizens—on a charge of common drunkenness and slander. Through the instrumentality of Mr. Simmons, the humane keeper of the Dauphin county prison; Koontz was again discharged, the prosecutors even paying the costs to settle the case, for the inebriate was so far gone as to render his life very uncertain. No sooner was he liberated than he returned to his haunts in the rural districts; and, under the influence of the demon intemperance, he recommenced his tirades of abuse and vituperation. He was again placed in durance vile on last Friday morning, and remained in prison up to the time of his exit

From whence no traveler ever returns."

Dr. Egle, the prison physician, paid every attention and administered such medicines as are generally prescribed to the patients laboring under the horrible influence of mania a potu. Mr. Simmons and family were also unremitting in their efforts to relieve the horrible sufferings of the dying man. We are informed that the sufferings were heartrending—terrible in the extreme. He fancied he saw demons and hob-goblins. He raved and stormed and gesticulated. So horrible were the visions he beheld that his eyes protruded from the sockets! And, strange to say, in a rational moment, only a few minutes before his death (as we have been credibly informed), he arose from his cot, fell upon his knees and offered up a touching and eloquent prayer in his own behalf. A few moments later and all that was mortal of Prof. Koontz lay upon the prison cot in the repose of death! His friends in Adams county were immediately telegraphed to in regard to the disposition of his remains.

STILL FASTER.—The fastest railroad run ever made by a regular train between Philadelphia and Harrisburg was accomplished on Wednesday, by Mr. Charles Rue, of engine No. 19, with the fast line west. The distance—one hundred and six miles—was made in two hours and forty-one minutes, including a stoppage of ten minutes at Parkesburg for water. The train consisted of one baggage, five passenger and a directors' car.

FORT WASHINGTON OCCUPIED.—A one-armed soldier, supposed to be deranged, and hailing from Lancaster county, has pitched his tent on the heights of Fort Washington, opposite Harrisburg. The national colors float at all hours from the top of his tent, and he jealously guards all avenues of approach. He has been located there for the past two weeks, and is evidently ready for the next brush with the rebels.

MASONIC.—The ceremonies of constituting Lamberton Lodge No. 476, which took place on Thursday in the Hall of Lodge 43, of this city, were conducted by R. W. G. M. Robert A. Lamberton, and were of the most impressive character.

The following Grand officers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania were present and assisted in constituting the New Lodge:

R. W. G. M.—Robert A. Lamberton.
R. W. D. G. M.—Samuel C. Perkins.
R. W. S. G. W.—Alfred R. Potter.
R. W. J. G. W.—Robert Clark.
R. W. G. Treas.—Chas. M. Howell.
R. W. G. Sec.—John Thomson.
S. G. D.—A. Robeno, Jr.
J. G. D.—Chas. H. Kingston.
G. Chap.—Geo. W. MacLaughlin.
G. Steward—Dr. Wm. H. Egle.
G. Steward—W. H. Eagle.
G. S. B.—J. L. Hutchinson.
G. P.—E. Masson.
G. M.—J. Laudenslager.
G. Sword Bearer—Jere. S. Hutchinson.
G. Tyler—Adam Oblender.
Pursuivant—Ed. Masson.

The following officers of the new Lodge were installed:

W. M.—Wm. A. Morton.
S. W.—Samuel F. Rathvon.
J. W.—Edward H. Welchons.

The remaining officers will be installed at the first meeting of the new Lodge by D. D. G. M., Chas. M. Howell.

After the programme of constituting had been gone through with, the Lodge adjourned to Roberts' New Hall, where a sumptuous banquet had been prepared by that excellent caterer, Jack Copeland.

About 10 o'clock the members sat down to the table, and after doing full justice to the edibles, were called to order by D. D. G. M. Howell, who proposed as a sentiment —"R. W. G. M. Lamberton, in whose honor the new Lodge was named: a good citizen and a good Mason; may he ever remain enshrined in the hearts of the Free Masons of our glorious old Commonwealth."

The sentiment was responded to by M. W. G. M. Lamberton in a very eloquent speech, in which he defined the duties of the members of the new Lodge, and also alluded to this being St. John's eve, when the Masons of Scotland elect and install their princes, describing many of their ceremonies in very eloquent language. He was listened to attentively throughout.

The next sentiment proposed brought up R. W. G. M. Samuel C. Perkins, who delivered a very pleasant and forcible address.

W. M. Wm. A. Morton, was next called on but with his usual modesty excused himself from making any lengthened remarks. Thankful for the honors conferred upon him in choosing him as their first Master, he would give way to his Brother Wickersham.

Prof. Wickersham followed, remarking among other things that there were three places where politics should never enter—the Church, the School and the Lodge. He paid a high tribute to the character of R. W. G. M. Lamborton, remarking that a man who could spend four years in the atmosphere of Harrisburg, and retain an untarnished name, as he had done, gave sufficient evidence of sterling integrity.—His speech was full of telling hits, and was frequently applauded.

Mayer Atleo was next called on, who was as usual eloquent, and made some happy allusions to Masonry in this country in former years; and also gave good advice to the members of the new Lodge.

P. M. Dr. Henry Carpenter, D. D. G. M. Robert H. Thomas, of Mechanicsburg, D. D. G. M. Charles M. Howell, Gilliard Hall, P. M. A. J. Kauffman and M. M. Strickler, of Columbia, and Wm. A. Wilson, Esq., were severally called on and happily responded.

The festivities concluded with recitations and songs by S. G. D. A. Robeno, G. P. E. Masson, Westhaeffer, Howell and Kauffman.

The party broke up about 1 o'clock, A. M., all highly gratified with the entertainment.

ART ALLITERATIONS beautifully blended crowd the columns of the Doylestown *Democrat*. Every editorial is filled full of glowing gems of genius grouped in happiest harmony. Infatuated by its inimitable items, the imp of the INTELLIGENCER is impelled to insert its jocund "June Jottings."

The sun, which upon the first day of this month, was 94,346,087 miles distant from our earth, has been increasing the distance at the rate of 304 miles daily during the month, as far as heard from—and attains his greatest northern attitude at eleven o'clock on this, Tuesday morning, at which time he enters the constellation Cancer.—Astronomically speaking, summer comes to-day—when daylight holds its longest lease on life between the hours of dawn and darkness—while after this sunset the days begin to shorten. Jubilant joyous is the day is by many considered the most magnificent month of the entire year—enwreathing all the tresses of her sunbeams with the fragrance of flowers, the glory of grain, and the royalty of radiant roses. Now everything is approaching its maturity—no signals of either decline or decay are visible in the vegetable world; while vigorous growth and unwithered verdure are inspiring the highest hopes for abundant crops. Fields never wore richer robes—nor forests gleaned in gayer garniture—while its climate seems the incense from censors fairily flung over this earth of ours by Peri in Paradise. In the babble of the brook, the crimson of the clover, the dreaminess of its days, the ecstasy of its exuberance, the fertility of its fields, the green of its grass, the hopes of its husbandmen—these, with a thousand other trembling, thrilling tones of sweetness and song, conspire to crown this month amid an acclaim of June joys:

As silk of corn, her tresses fair—
So smooth—so changeful in their hue;
Her bounteous lips like rubies are,
Or cherries ripe with morning dew;
Her breath is sweet as fragrant peas,
Or roses fresh from Summer's shower;
Her voice is like the voice of bees,
That humming woo the wild-wood flower.

THE PEACH BOTTOM RAILROAD.—The Oxford *Press* is urging the capitalists of that borough to increase their subscriptions to aid in building this important road. It says:

The large population over in Lancaster county, who are doing so much toward building up this county, and who have a custom in all branches of trade, are waking up and getting in earnest, and they expect of us a liberal subscription to assist them, or they will turn to the Pennsylvania road at Penningtonville. A road from that point to the river would leave us several miles out in the cold. In York county they would rather connect with a road direct to Gettysburg, at one time and was master of several languages.

Within the past two years his course was downward. With a blind infatuation he courted the madd