Daily Evening Bulletin

CHESON PEACOCK. Editor.

VOLUME XX.--NO. 158

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

PHILADELPHIA, TUNSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1866.

F. L. FETHERSTON. Publisher.

DOUBLE SHEET, THREE CENTS.

EVENING BULLETIN. PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING. (Sunday's excepted.)

667 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia Evening Bulletin Association." GIBSON PHACOCK, ERNEST C. WALLACE F. L. PATHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIAMSON GASPER SOUDER, Jr., FRANCIS WELLS.

The Bulleria is served to subscribers in the city at as cents per week, payable to the carriers, or \$8 00 per

DIED. BONSALL.—On the morning of the 8th instant, at Washington, D.C., Lydia C., wife of Henry L. Bonsall.
Due notice will be given of interment. [New Jersey papers please copy.]; BOWIE.—On the 5th inst., James A. Bowie, in the The way of his age, so the hist, James A. Bowle, in sthyear of his age, the history of his age, the hadronal chief his Masonic brethren of Solomon's Lodge, No. 114, A. Y. M., the members of the National Union Club, and all other Societies of which he was a member, and the relatives and friends of the family, are respectfully invited to attend his frueral from his late residence, No. 24 South Second street, on Thursday, lith inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M. To proceed to Odd Fellows' Cemetery.

26 Clock, F. m. To proceed w our remove extery.

CARTER.—On the sih inst, Margaret, wife of J. G. Carter, in the 69th year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence, of her husband, No. 821 North Ninth Street, on Thursday afternoon, the 11th inst, at 2 o'clock.

CARTER—On 9th inst. Martha H., daughter of Rodman and Helen A. Carter, aged 2 years and 4 months. months.
FISHER.—On Sunday morning, 7th inst., Eliz A.
Fisher, widow of the late Samuel B Fisher, in the 72d

FIRHER.—On Sunday morning, 7th inst., Eliza A. Fisher, widow of the late Samuel B. Fisher, in the 72d year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, in Potts-ville, Schuylk ill county, Pal, on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 10th, at 3 o'clock, without further notice.

HELIMBOLD.—Suddenly, on the 8th inst., George H. son of Edward R. and Louisa J. Helmbold, in the 21st year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his fathers residence, No. 1917 Lombard street, on Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, without further notice.

McClielland, pict of the late John MoClelland.

The relatives and male friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her son-in law. No. 31 South Sixth street on Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock.

NORRIS—In New York, ou the morning of 8th inst., Gertrude, daughter of Joseph P. and Fanny Stevens Norris, aged nine months and twenty three days.

days.

ROWLAND.—On the merning of the 7th instant,

ROWLAND.—On the merning of the 7th instant, Charles T. Rowland,
His male friends and those of the tamily, also the members of Robert Morris Lodge, No. 29, I.O. of O. F., of Pa., Hope Lodge, No. 21, I.O. of O.F., and Washington Engine Co. of Wilmington, Delaware, are respectfully invited to attend his nuneral, from his mother's residence, No. 624 South Eleventh st., on Wednesday afterneon, at 2 o'clock

SANFORD—On the 8th inst, Mary A.. widow of Alex. Sanford, and daughter of the late William Lane. Her friends are invited to attend her funeral, from the residence of her sister, S.W. corner of Girard and Corinthian avenue, on Wednesday morning, at 10 o'clock, without further motice.

STOCKTON.—At Morven, Princeton, N. J., oa the 7th inst., Robert Field Stockton, late a Commodore in the U.S. Navy.

Funeral from Morven, on Wednesday, the 10th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Fineral from Morven, on Wednesday, one food man, at 2 o'clock, P. M.
SMF1 BURST.—On the 3th inst., Emeline, wife of the funeral.

TAYLUB.—On Third day morning, Tenta monta.

The 1886. Jane C., daughter of Benjamin and Jane

Taylor.

The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the fuseral, from her father's residence, No. 134
North Tenth street, on Fifth day atternoon, at 30 clock, without further notice.

WHORRALL.—On the 7th inst., Captain George W. Whorrall, aged 24 years.

His relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 304 North Twelfth street, on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock.

LYRE & LANDELL IMPORTED FOR FALL d Woolen Cloakings. Splendid Plain Silks. Magnificent Plaid Poplins.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

[See Sixth and Last Pages for Special Notices.] CITY COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE. THILA DELPHIA, Oct. 9, 1866.
To the Judges and Inspectors of Elections—From the number of inquiries at this office there appears to be a misunderstanding as to the mode of voting the saveral tick size. several tickets.

This Department would inform you, the law requires for the city, four tickets and boxes, as follows:

ONE FOR STATE.

ONE FOR JUDICIARY.

ONE FOR COUNTY.

ONE FOR CITY.

The city box includes for this year, the City ward and Division Tickets.

It Clerk City Commissioner.

OFFICE OF THE ANYGDALOID MANING OMPANY OF LAKE SUPERIOR, No. 324 WALNUT street.
NOTICE is hereby given that an instalment of FOUR FOLLARS (34) on each and every share of the Capital Stock of the Amygdaloid Mining Company, will be due and payable at the office of the Company, No. 324 WALNUT street, on or before SATURDAY, October 20th inst., with interest added a firer that date.

By order of the Board.

F. K. WOMRATH,

Treasuret.

oc940c20

Treasure.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The Introductory to the Seven teenth Annual Seasion will be given on MONDAY. October 15th, at 4 o'clock P. M., at the College rooms, North College avenue and Twenty-second street, by ANN PRESTON, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Hyglene. Hygiene,
The regular Lectures of the Course will commend
the next day.

iny.
EMELIN E. H. CLEVELAND, M.D.,
153t* Secretary of the Faculty. oc9 tu th s3t4 oco tu th 531*

Secretary of the Faculty.

A PUBLIC MEETING OF WELCOME TO

the delegates from the Irish Wesleyan Conference. will be held in the Union M. E. Church, on
WEDNFSDAY EVENING, Oct. 10th, at 7% o'clock.
Bishop Simpson will make the address of welcome,
and Rev. Robinson Scott, D. D., and Win. McArthur,
Esq., will reply.

AT Doylestown, Bucks (Pa.) County Fair after a severe contest, the FIRST PREMIUM for "BEST SEWING MACHINES" WAS awarded to WILLCOX & GIBBS.

A THEATRE ON FIRE.—Just as the doors of the theatre at St. Etienne, France, were about to be opened on the 29th ultimo, two violent detonations were heard. An explosion of gas had taken place at the moment that the lamplighter applied his match. His clothes caught fire, and his body was dreadfully burned, but he had still strength enough to walk to his own home, where however, he died soon after. In the meantime the theatre had caught fire, and an alarm was given. The Duke de Persigny, who was giving a dinner at the Hotel du Nord to the members of the Council-General, having been informed of the accident, hastened to the spot with his guests, and en-couraged the firemen. In about an hour the flames were got under.

THE Sewing Machine Committee at Mount Holly (N. J.) Fair, held last week, awarded the highest premium to Willcox & Gibes. AFRICAN TRAVELLING NOT PLEASANT.

Passengers on the railroad from Alexandria to Suez make bitter complaint of the bad usage they receive. The carriages they, say, are "something between beast trucks and -fourth-class carriages," and between six o'clock in the evening and seven o'clock the following morning—the time taken by no food or drink could be had at the stations.

THE York county Fair, just closed, awarded to Willcox & Gibbs the first pre-mum for "Best sewing Machines."

A FLOCK OF SHEEP KILLED BY LIGHT-NING! Lightning struck atree under which a flock of sheep had taken refuge, near Marlboro', Prince George county, Maryland, on the 22d ultimo. Twenty-two of the animals were killed.

THE New Jersey State Fair, held at Trenton leat month, awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM to Willcox & Gibbs for "BEST Bewing Machines."

For the Phila, Evening Bulletin THE PRESIDENT BACCHIC.

Res que in vita nsurpant homines, cogitans curant vident. Qua que agunt vigliantes, agitantque, ea si cui sumno accideut,

Minus mirandum est.

Accrus,
Tis not to be wondered at if those things which men
practice, think, care for see, and do while awake,
should run in their heads and agitate them while
they sleep. Deep in his slumber the President lay, Heavy his brain from the work of the day, Heavy his brain; for the President Bacchic.

"Spernit nec veteris pocula Massic."# | Snored he, the President, loud in his sleep,

Through his brain long-cherished visions did creep, And he saw, Phoenix-like, from his own

ashes rise. Another A. Johnson, a man good and wise. A tailor he saw himself plying the shears-Alderman, Congressman, Governor with

Till, Liberty's Champion, he saw himself atand With the bravest, and brightest, and best o

the land. O, soundly the President slept as he dreamed, A halo of glory around his soul beamed; For he saw himself rise in his majesty there Again as a man to the President's chair! The chief of the Nation then seemed he to

walk. The delight of their pride, and the theme of their talk.

Till, loaded with honors, and ripened with He retired amidst a great Nation's best tears.

Tis sad, when the poet in greatness has wrought His song to the glory his hero's self taught, That, like that same hero, his song must

To the meanness of numbers most fitting his

Farewell then Calliope! best of the Nine, Beneath thee has fallen this hero of mine. And welcome Thalia, so fond of a joke! In language most fitting we'll give him s

Oh! President, weep! for the tale I now tell, Will fall on your soul like a shadow of Hell. O, weep! for I know that your conscience now stings

With the truth that stern Justice from wrong ever wrings.

I sang of the glory my hero achieved-Alas! can my song have the reader deceived?

The glory I told of was seen in a dream. Behold now the plight of the man of my theme:

A. Johnson lies snoring in drunken repose, When, lo! a musquito alights on his nose, Inflicting a sting in that prominent part 'Till his Majesty sprang from his bed with the smart

Alas! for his Highness, the bright dream has For the fumes of his Massic now oozed

through his head, And his tott'ring endeavors to stand did bu work ill

As he found himself going around in a circle Visions he saw as he 'gan to gyrate-Before him stood Bill, Secretary of State, 3

Gens. Farragut, Grant, and some friends. too, stood near, And the tomb of Great Douglas was seen in

the rear. 'Hic Sew-ew-ard," said his Highness, supporting a chair. 'And you, Farragut-hic Gen'ral Grant over

there. The tomb of great Douglas I'll visit to-day And help my good people his corner-stone lay; Then, too, as me-ic travel 'tis plain how me

all- T-see Can expound to my people the course of 'My Policy.' "

"Tis yours to command," cried Bill Seward. "and we Will obey your injunctions with zeal to a

And I know when the people see Grant with us travel, And hear what a beautiful tale we unravel.

They'll subscribe to 'My Policy' without hesitation. And consider us all the best men of the nation. 'Hold, hold!" exclaimed Grant, "a soldier

obeys,-But my voice for a policy I'll never raise; The nation entrusted their arms to my care And my policy is to the traitor 'Beware.'"

'Your right, my dear Grant," cried old Farragut, true, 'And my policy strikes for the red, white and

The President shook, for though drunk, their words fell On his traitorous heart like a death-telling knell.

And visions chaotic now thronged through his brain-Of c!ties, and mayors, and council-men plain!

(Mirabile dictu! the Brotherly City Had no mayor to greet him; alas, what pity!)
New York he now sees, where his Billy once ruled, But I, his minions swear, were not very

Yet the city itself was quite ready to greet them, And the Mayor and Councilmen hastened

to meet them.

The visions whirled on in still greater But his hearty reception he found an illusion;
And instead of the loyal, who gave him his

station,
He was cheered by the traitors and scum of the nation.

O, with anguish and pain then the President

started,
As vision by vision across his sight darted,
Till the fumes of his Massic had passed
from his brain,
And he fell on his bed in a stupor again.

Soon he wakes with a start; what his dream The votes of the people will tell in the end, *"Does not despise cups of old Massic," The Massic wine was in great repute among the Romans.

[For the Phila. Evening Bulletin.] RASH STEPS.

After witnessing, as I mentioned, what is called familiarly the Benediction of the Sardines, I felt an interest in those oily little neophytes which they never had inspired me with in their merely lay or lunch-serving character. I thought I would go and study them out, learn their treatment and history, and pursue them in fine even to their bitter or bitten end. This end presented itselfall too promptly.

The first object I saw in Concarnesu (a

little chalky-looking seaport on the southern coast of Finisterre) was my friend the sardine wriggling, positively wriggling, in the jaws of a small boy. You never ate a fish alive, perhaps, except it was a shelfish: the Bretons munch the sardine as you munch a banana, and kill him by inches, six vertebræ at a time. The urchin was a smearv young sea-weed, brown as sorghum, plump as an oyster, majestic as an alderman; he stood, with a great display of bare leg, in blue clothes and a blue cap the shape of a cake. His shirt, apparently cut from a very old sail, was fastened under his round chin with a jewel of beads and wire. Right before my eyes he removed his victims head with his fine shark's teeth, and I am greatly mistaken if I did not see it wink to me from the pavement. Then he stripped

him of his shining shirt, and then he ate "Do vou love it well?" I asked, with an interrogative cast of a sou. He corrected me affably, in consideration of the coin. "No: I do not love sardines, since they are like dirt; I leve pig, and the tails of mutton." He must, by some strategy or other, have tasted meat already in his short The sea-faring families have an advantage over the small farmers, who live almost exclusively upon potatoes and the

Behind this barbaric repast I could see the

meaner cereals.

town and the little harbor. The latter was covered with-sardiner's coming into port. It was yet early in the afternoon, but the uck had been good, and all over the sparkling blue the square brown sails rode gal-lantly in, fifty schooners together. With my glass I could watch the fishermen emptying their nets, and see my interesting little friend again among his comrades, urning the sun-like silver crescents, or like the bright scraps of the sardine-boxes which covered all the neighboring walls, and served as spikes or broken glass with us. served as spikes or broken glass with us.

Other boats, already arrived, laid their noses in a group to the long granite quay.

Here was a busy scene. Under the nets, which fell in fine and graceful veils from the mastheads where they were hung to dry, the fishermen were counting out their prize into baskets. The baskets became the prey of a multitude of very wet, dark lean boys.

cent some other boy equally insupportable a terror, a killjoy, and a bore to all. But here was Europe utilizing him, as she utilizes sewage. The reclaimed race wrough away merrily, rinsing the baskets of fish by ng them several times into the sea and the vanishing with them into the town. They appeared to consider that they were playing, and some of them supported a Celtic chorus, their voices breaking from time to time into alarming trebles, agreeably

to their time of life.

The fishers were sitting about the thwarts, smoking short black pipes of contentment and attending to the slippery arithmetic of their toil. The man I happened to ask had taken eleven thousand for his morning's work. He numbered his gains into the paskets with the ease of practice, occasionally throwing two or three sardines into the aprons of the beggar-women, who were exciting themselves around the boats like a

range of starving dogs.

Getting my direction from the fishy lips of the child who liked pig, I proceeded to make use of an introduction I had to M. Suion, the governor of an imperial establishment for pisciculture at Concarneau. I found him on the steps of his office, enjoying a stiffish breeze in shirt-sleeves. He was tout, sun-burnt, and fifty—the model of a sea captain ashore. He was dressed like a rustic gentleman, but his shoe-leather was of a light bluish color from salt water. Adiressing him in sad, sad French, I got a

cheery English answer, blown through the ose in a dialect almost as vile, maybe, as my own. From some absurd sense of etiquette, we continued throughout the advenure exposing ourselves in each other's language. In the highest good-humor he recreated himself by tracing out my meaning and adjusting it mentally into French, and I with equal satisfaction seized his English at the nostril, corrected it like a difficult proof, laid it up in my mind, and answered t in fresh enormities.
"I you'll take at te 'stablissement more

grant of te place"—or something like that, was my invitation to the large and complete packing house of M. D., a heavy exporter, a little way back in the town. M Guion showed an old habitual expertness in avoiding the heads and offal of different marifie monsters which made our path a

thorny or at least a spiny one.

The first exhibition was the bait laid up in hogsheads in a store-room. It is the spawn of the cod imported express from Norway. I do not profess to judge for cold-blooded gourmands; but I thought the expensive dish brought so far to give distinction to my poor friend's last meal a very vile dish. It lay stolidly quivering in the casks, looking like something very masty, and smelling like something badly spoilt in the first place, and badly over-salted in the second. If I had my choice I had rather cost a nicer writing way at several had rather eat a nicer article, even at second-hand in

the fibre of a sardine.

The next exhibition was an infinite ad-The next exhibition was an infinite advance. It was an exhibition of girls, nearly a hundred gigantic creatures doing an unpleasant duty in the centre of an eminently ancient and fishlike smell. They were guillotining my friend the sardine; but so sharply and convincingly that I incline to to think he acquiesced in it. They were hired from various departments in the vignitive and their different developments. cinity; and their different dresses revealed their geography at a glance to the learned. The bare-legged, streaming boys shot in with their two baskets apiece, poured their tribute before the blooming girls like adoring Tritons, and darted shyly off with a hurried glance at us—acting as if they could exist only a minute or two out of water. was before me, a young mer-woman of seventeen, with broad surfaces like a Hindoo statue. I went up to where she sat,

I have compared the Breton cap to the

head-dress of a sphynx. This superb creature was everyway fitted for the rôle. The face, between its broad falling wings, was an ample oval, dark and silent. She sat scattering the slain in showers from her hands, victims of a too inquisitive temperament. Their heads fell from her left hands, their trunks from her right—lively emblems of adventurers who had guessed wrong, and gave it up. Her full red lips were placidly gave it up. Her inil red lips were placinly pressed tegether, and each time she nipped off anew a little inquisitively-gasping coun-tenance, she set their rosy breadths a trifle closer, as if she tasted him. As I darkened closer, as it she tasted him. As I darkened her work she raised her massive head, smiled, and asked me some question in Celto-Breton, as if she hoped I might be the Œdipus at last. Finding I could not converse, she resumed the silence that seemed so suitable to her, and hit upon a better means of communication. She lifted from time to time her was love solid and from time to time her eyes, large, solid and lustrous as those of some soft sea-brute, and through those interpreters carried on an

agreeable conversation for a lengthened region.

The rest of the girls sat with her in two rows, up and down a stone gutter. Each had a clasp-knife, with which she pinched off the head at the gills, in such a manner as to draw the viscera after it. Then with a nimble turn of her two round wrists she dropped both simultaneously, heads to the left, tails to the right. Each Egyptian-like creature sat on a little hill made of the appealing heads of her victims, who had gasped their last gasps in her hand, and died of the embraces of their Cleopatra's

supple fingers.

This was the end reserved for my delicate pilgrim when he floated so gaily off from the benediction of the Church into the broad benediction of ocean of good and evil fortune. At this point he became commercial. I saw him broiled, a single minute, on great wire gridirons the shape of staircases—each step the height of his body. Then I saw him handily packed, heads and tails, into his pretty tin coffins. Then, in a corner filled with the pleasant perfume of the best sweet oil, I saw the golden stream running from location. the golden stream running from large cisterns upon a pile of boxes arranged to receive and communicate it. Then, in a great tin-smithing establishment, I saw him soldered up, and cleaned and polished off in bran by some little ragamufins who had never dreamed of cleaning themselves. Then I saw his English labels attached by

more boys; and finally I saw him in his kegs and barrels, being weighed under the eye of the eternal gendarms. In the court where this took place, I had my farewell interview with the noble animal I compared to a sphynx. I ought to have mentioned the important part played by water throughout the establishment; the sardines, and everything they touch, are kept as neat as if in the most spotless Philadelphia kitchen; the sphynx had come for water. If she had looked imposing when seated in the dim interior, she was terrific here, where a full light fell from the blue upon her towering proportions. In recognition of me she filled the air with a baskets. The baskets became the prey of a multitude of very wet, dark, lean boys, clothed in blue, where they were clothed at all, which was hardly anywhere. I could not repress my admiration in regarding and developed from its astonished nose an inundation like the Nile. As I turned my when the American boy is a savage nuis when the American boy is a savage nui-sance and Ishmael, without a friend, (ex-engine to its roots, and inundating and detonating.
My hospitable conductor, M. Guion, wil-

ling to exalt the credit of the town, informed me that the sardines of Concarneau are considered choice in commerce, as the smallest and most delicious on the coast. Lindley Murray groaned in his sepulchre to hear him say it. In return, I was delighted to assure alm of my surprise at the appetizing nicety and cleanliness of the Establishment D—. Thus pleasantly we passed again to his own quarters, the fish nursery. In this silent asylum, besides the hugh turbots and mullets, fattening for the imperial table, I was gratified with the sight of a very com-plete aquarial museum, replenished from he neighboring seas. Dozens of the grace ful little sea-horse were caracoling through crystal pasture. There were gorgeous reatures with wings like tropical butteries, cuttle-fish and electric skates, sea-cats and congars; but the prettiest sight was his

pet class of young tame turbots. These were lying in great numbers upon breadths of sand, of the greatest variety of hue, which they were able to match precisely with their own speckled coats; though from the posture of their eyes they can never see the bed they cover. And at a peculiar call from their master, they came fluttering like ladies" fans to the surface, and bit sharply at our hands for the xpected morsels.

expected morsels.

Exchanging some last words with M. Guion upon his steps, he pointed out the walls of the original town, forming a circle within that part of the city lying opposite to us across the harbor. In the fourteenth century an English garrison held the fortifications before me, controlling a disreputa-ble village of fishers and sea-robbers. Later, during the wars of the League, the little port had its adventures between the Huguenots and the weavers of the white scarf; and, about three hundred years since, an heroic Protestant sentinel made a leap from these ramparts, under circumstances which may

bear relating.
In January, 1576, Henry IV. being yet
Calvinist, the Protestant Sieur de Kermassonnet, with two other lords and a handful of thirty men, took Concarneau by a nearly bloodless stratagem. They manned the towers, and shut up all the inhabitants excepting a few upon whom they quartered themselves. There was small love for the heretics either in or around the little fishingharbor. Two hours after its occupation s besieging force of eight thousand, sum-moned by the tocsin, menaced the poor thirty around the walls. Having sent a midnight boat by the water-gate to La Rochelle for supplies, the occupying force exerted themselves to hold the place during the interval. Five days passed, the siege was close, an ugly wind was industricusly blowing away their allies, and the besieged were tired out with forced watches.

That was the chance for Charles le Bris. Charles was a youthful merchant of the town, who lodged the Sleur de Kermassonnet with most reluctant hospitality, and had his freedom on that account. Coming home from a promenade on the twenty-second of that January, Saint Vincent's day, he found his lordly guest and another gentleman, torpid with long watching, anoring upon one of his beds in their clothes. A very short time served to make up the mind of the astute little Jesuit. The men were asleep, were his guests, and de-fenceless; but on the other side, they were unbelievers and not men: their swords and belts of poignards were at a safe distance upon a table; the town keys were invitingly tied around the arm of the Sieur; and a radiant vision of rewards flowing from Saint Peter's chair clinched the argument. Grasping their two daggers in his hands, the counter-jumper stabled away in har-mony at the pair of sleepers, trying to act with strict impartiality and making the two daggers, as it were, propgs of the same fork;

after a little perseverance he released them both, without a cry, to the heretic's hereafter. Disembarrassing his chief visitor of the heavy keys upon his arm, and bidding him sleep well, this model host now stole softly down the street to open the door to a party of his own kidney.

A nameless, noble soldier on the wall,

half-dead with waking as he was, detected something suspicious in the haggard figure softly hastening up to the gate with a bunch of keys. There was a race for the portal—the Protestant on the wall with a drawn sword, the Romanist below, advancing the most probable-looking key. The disadvantage of the stairway was arranged by the sentinel in a large but radical taste; he leaped from the rampart (a height as it seemed to me of nearly twenty feet); leaped in his armor, alighted like a cat, and up and after screaming treason. The plous Le Bris, whose shoulders had a narrow escape, flew on to the gate, had luck with the key at the first selection, and turned the lock and lowered the bridge by the same action. He shot out into the Catholic camp singing deliverance, the point of the Huguenot sword an inch or two from the small of his back. The stout sentinel did not consider eight thousand enemies any valid objection to running his man down if he could. When quite surrounded, and equally unable to dvance or retire, he leaped off into the mud pordering the cove at low water, and there perished of a much-perforated skin, alone and grand against eight thousand hostile swords. The communes retook the place

without opposition, and had fine sport with the rest of the over-sanguine thirty.

My story is told, with a piquant Roman-ist bias, by the canon Moreau, a contemporary writer.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.

OF THE STEAMSHIP EVENING STAB.

THREE HUNDRED SOULS ON BOARD

Nearly All Supposed to be Lost.

Arrival of Two of the Steamer's Boats at Savannah and Fernandina.

LIST OF THE CABIN PASSENGERS

DESCRIPTION OF THE VESSEL. &c., &c., &c.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Oct. 8, 1866. - The steamer Evening Star, from New York, bound to New Orleans, foundered 180 miles east of Tybee, with 250 passengers and fifty crew. Five of crew and Frank Gerrard, a oassenger, were saved. SAVANNAH, Oct. S, 1866.—The boat from

the steamer Evening Star arrived at Ferandina. It left the steamer with eighteen persons, including Captain Knapp, one lady and a child. The boat was capsized nine times. At the sixth time the captain was lost. As the steamer Sylvan Shore left Fernanlina a boat was reported to be coming in with the purser and engineer of the Even-ing Star. Four boats left the steamer as he sunk. The other two are supposed to have been swamped.

The schooner S. J. Waring, from New

York for Apalachicola, put in in distress, having thrown overboard part of her deck

The Waring brought the chief engineer, the purser, two passengers and six of the crew of the steamer Evening Star picked up

it sea. [From to-day's N. Y. Herald.] The above despatches, brief as they are, dispel all doubt as to the fact that the loss of the ship has entailed a large loss of life. The Evening Star, Captain Knapp, of the New York Mail Steamship Company, left this port at three o'clock P. M. of Saturday, September 29, having on board two hundred and fifty cabin and steerage passengers and a crew of seventy men—over three hundred souls. The vessels of this line were familiarly known as the Star line of steamships, and comprised the ships Morning Star, Mississipp!, Mariposa, Rising Star, Guiding Star, Monterey, Havana. They are all first-class ships and rank A No. 1 at Lloyds.

List of Cabin Passengers. The following is a complete list of the cabin passengers of the Evening Star, published the day after she left port:

Gen. H. C. Palfrey, lady, H. T. Rocheson, child and servant, Miss B. Merserole, Miss B. Merserole, G. Saverac, T. Coignard, S. Robert, Mrs. J. T. Mason, Mr. Frank R. Dennis, Mr. Halcrow. Mrs. G. G. Frasar and on the child and the control of the child and servent, and the child and sa Fainey,
Sa Yan Stekle,
Sa J. T. Mason,
F. Frank R. Dennis,
F. Halcrow,
F. Rockwell,
hu; Touro,
F. J. J. Adams,
Sa J. J. Adams,
Sa Lilly Parker,
Sa Minnie Taylor,
Sa Adde Norton,
Is Rosa Barnes,
Sa J. Sterrett, iliss G. L. Conin,
G. Fraser and aunt,
Havens and lady,
C. C. Ackerman,
Polglars,
L. Herzog,
T. Fontainebleau,
J. Deheirris,
K. Spader. s. J. Deneirris,
H. Spader,
J. T. Low,
J. T. Low,
J. M. Davidson,
M. Pell,
M. Barlow,
Denison,
J. M. Myer,
Ir. and Mrs. V. G.
Harkness, Jr.,
D. Maroremus,
Irs. Callaut,
Fisher. isa J. Sterrett, rs J. King, rs. J. T. Philbin, isa Julia Monro. ilss Julia Monro.
Iss A. Cibbard.
Goette and wife,
Irs S. F. Gordon,
Irs. Spangenberg and
three servants,
Iex. and afred Langlois,
Irs. Henry Newell and
damphar fisher, ot. Wm, Shipman, Smith. aughter,
orge Hillman and son,
orge Hillman,
Pretto and wife;
s. Gillespi and daughter
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Chenest,
Capian and wife,
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Destorbuy and wife, H. Register, T. Hau, buy and wife, Destorbuy and wifes Destorbuy and wifes Destorbuy its Lya Krepps, itss Nellie revere, iss M. Hudson.

78. Elodie Girard, iss E. Ferney, iss E. Durand, iss J. M. Ster, S. T. Marie, ss T. Campena, iss T. Borel, se C. Rayob, and Mrt. Coppini, ilnaiza and lady, i. Ch. rch, rancis. T Dewey,
M Parizot,
Bayan,
L D. Bertean,
Perchal,
Morenshilager,
Lacquemont,
L Strauss, Geïser, Stutt, F. Stutt,
H. Quinau,
Jas. Bouffe,
S. Ferne,
G. Sandal,
J. Harper,
J. Frauconian,
Geo. Estell,
Miss E. Devlin,
D. B. Small,
Miss Mary Duvall,
M. Boyle,
L. Schwerin,
J. J. Reed,
D. Julien,
W. S. Nigage,
C. Puckdeschel & daughter
J. Uirleh,
Mrs. S. Gelser and child,
Miss C, Glauper, H. Jeremal, adontine. nd Mrs. P. Polydor,

Miss M. Lymen, E. and J. Corls, E. O Brien and child, F. Smith, H. Crowther, R. Tape,

The Gale in Which the Evening Star was The subjoined account, compiled from the loss of the steamers Santiago de Coba and the Daniel Webster, which suffered in the same gale, will give the readers of the Herald an idea of the hurricane which found dead the Francisco Steamers Steamers Steamers Steamers

dered the Evening Star:

During the first days of the voyage the weather was mild and agreeable, with now and again slight breezes which were more refreshing and plaasant than uncomfortable or threatening. Towards the morning of the second day the wind became a little stronger, filling the sails with a stiff breeze, which increased in the afternoon, at which time a pretty fair rele was blowing confident. time a pretty fair gale was blowing, causing the steamship to roll heavily but not so as to create any apprehension in the minds of the passengers or crew, many of whom were used to such on the Georgian coast. The wind continued at about the same strength all during this day, neither increasing or changing until the morning of the lat, when a very strong gale, but still nothing alarming, began to blow. The ships still continued to roll, obliging the passengers, particularly the ladies, to leave the deck and retire to the cabin. Things now began to look eminous The structure of the cabin. gan to look ominous. The breeze still freshened, the clouds looked gloomy; sails were taken in, and every preparation made for the coming storm, which now, to even an inexperienced eye, seemed inevitable. The wind continued all the afternoon to blow stronger and stronger, night come on and still no change for the better. A strong gale then was blowing, with nothing but darkness, solid darkness all round; no view to cheer, nothing to remind the terrified passengers of the deep sea over which they rode but the foam of the spray which came in showers over the deck.

At last, toward midnight, the dreaded

hour arrived, and then, with all its wildest fury, the dreaded hurricane burst upon the trembling ship, which rocked and pitched about like a tiny boat, every timber of which threatened to come asunder each mo-ment. The fury of the hurricane was fearful, terrific and appalling, so much so, that it might be reasonably expected that nature would exhaust herself, but no, alas! no, for would exhaust herself, but no, alsa! no, for the doomed ship and her living freight, it continued with all the fury of a demon proud of its strength, and feasting over the sad desolation which was so soon to follow. At last day breaks, but still the storm was, there and continued with remorseless force all through the day, the gallant steamer fighting as brave as brave could be, but the fight was unequal. On came one fearful gust, came furiously along, disturbing the waters with fearful violence. Then one heavy sea strikes the hull of the ship, and all is over with the Evening Star and all on board. She struggled for awhile, but only like the faintest gasps of death, or the last flickers of the dying lamp, to give one last wild throw and then down to be seen no more, the victim of one of the most severe storms that has visited the coast of Georgia for many years, and which has caused more some time; for, in addition to the deplorable loss now chronicled, there also went down in the same wild storm, which seemed to be general along the western and southern coast, the Daniel Webster, bound from New York to Mobile, the crew and passengers (eighteen) of which were providentially saved by the ship Cromwell; also the Mary McKee, of Philadelphia, and the Minnehaha, from Savannah to Richmond; also the steamer Santiago de Cuba, seriously

York Mail Steamship Company, of which C. K. Garrison is President, and plied between New York and New Orleans. She was a splendid vessel and was built by Mesars, Roosevelt, Joyce & Co., of New York, and was of the following dimensions: Length over all, 283 feet; breadth of beam. Length over all, 253 feet; soreaum of beam, 39 feet 4 inches; depth of hold, 23 feet, and was 2,022 tons burden, Custom House measurement. She was mainly built of white and live oak, and hackmatack and yellow locust, and was braced and bolted in the most secure manner. She had two full decks, fore and off (the main deck and spar deck), the main deck being placed eight feet below the spar deck, and eight feet above it is a promenade deck, 212 feet in length. The space occuwas enclosed by watertight bulkheads. The engine was constructed by the Morgan Iron Works, and was a single beam engine, with cylinder eighty inches in diameter and twelve feet stroke of piston. The engine was a superior one, all its parts being of extra size and strength. She had two tubular boilers, which were made by the Allaire Works.

The Evehing Star was built for the New

injured.

The Evening Star had very superior accommodations for passengers. All the staterooms were of large size, lighted and ventilated in the most perfect manner, while the height between decks gave to the salcons and staterooms an air of comfort and luxury as well as fitness for occupancy in warm climates. There were two hundred and twenty-three berths in the stateroom of the first cabin and twenty-four berths in the second cabin. The cabins were painted in pure white, relieved with pink and gold. Of the furniture and fittings Messrs, E. V. Haughwout & Co., of Broadway, supplied the china ware, glass ware, silver ware, mirrors, lamps and heating apparatus; A. T. Stewart & Co., the carpets and upholstery; and Bruner & Moore, of this city, the furniture,
Satement of President C. H. Garrison.

One of the reporters of the *Herald* called on Mr. Garrison, President of the New York Mail Steamship Company, at an early hour this morning. Mr. Garrison had re-ceived no news of the disaster until thus informed of it, and at first could scarcely realize the intelligence. He stated that the Evening Star was the favorite ship of the line, and went out with ruller berths than any of her sister vessels. Frequently pas-sengers remained over waiting for her to sail. She was almost new, and Captain Knapp, her commander, had the fullest confidence of the company, and bore the reputation of an old and tried sailor, besides that of as experienced a navigator as any sailing from this port. Mr. Garrison inquired particularly if any news had been received as to his fate He expressed great concern at the loss of life reported, but thought it over estimated. His idea of this is that the crew and passengers. had taken to the boats when all hope of saying the vessel was gone, and that the number reported saved were those in one boat that had reached Savannah. The others, he thinks, may yet be heard from. On this that had reached savannan. The others, he thinks, may yet be heard from. On this impression he stated that he would immediately despatch a vessel to cruise in the vicinity of the scene of this disaster in hopes of picking up more of the passengers and crew. Mr. Garrison estimates the value of the yessel at about four hundred thousand,

(Continued on the Last Page.)