Daily Evening Bulletin

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OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

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> BUTH. A SCRIPTURE IDYL.

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from llowing after thee."—RUTH i. 16, Forbid me not from following after thee, Even for deal Mahlon's sake,

Unto Beth-lehem, where the corn-reeds shake,
My path shall be.
Nor look thou back, nor mourn The dead Whose leaf is shed, Whose sheaf is bound;

Flowers of thy youth, on Moab's ground, Whose bloom, so living-sweet, no summer shall return.

Orpah, depart !—Nay, go
Back to thy kindred, as our mother sayeth;
And kiss the sod for me,
Where lip of mine no more with weeping prayeth;
The dead have no more woe,
But her, the living, will I not forsake.

O Naomi! if not with me,

Where shall thy torn heartstill its bleeding? Orpah departs—and, see! Even now her steps, receding,
Tread down the grass in Moab. Let me be
The one found faithful. Bid me comfort thee.

Love hath no one sole land:

In all lands love hath been At God's right hand; Below, above, In every clime is love, And still shall be, While mingles shore with sea And silvered upland slopes to golden lea. That sap must flow,
Which feeds the tree of Life and keeps it

Take comfort, then, of me, O Naomi! And God, whose will can make New dawns, new hopes, to break, Whose love alone Can green the arid heart, as moss the desert

Who walks the rustling ways where all dead leaves are strown,
Shall lead thee by the hand Back to thine own loved land.

Where thou shalt see On yonder once-parched plain The ripe ear full again!

"We must have a lemon or two, Sam," she say; and so, though I'd just set down to my pipe and drop of beer, I got up again, and I says, "Now, I tell you what it is, lass, it's just two miles to the town, and it snows like fury, so if you can think of anything else you want, just say so, and I'll get it same time." In a Sore Strait.

'O, 't isn't worth while to go if it snov she says; "never mind, and I'll make shift without. But O!" she cried, all at once, "father's coming to-morrow, and you've

Well, I'd never thought about that, for when I'd had my fingers in the little jar there seemed enough for me, even if next day was Christmas day; but with company—why, there would not be half enough. So that settled it, and I got my stick and hat; when Polly declared I couldn't go out a night like that without something round my

neck, so she tied a comforter round twice, close up to my nose and ears.
"Now, don't be silly, Sam," she says.
"Why, wot's silly." I says.

Why, your being such an old goose, and making so much tuss after being married all these months. Now, let go, do," she says. But I didn't, of course, but held her for just a few moments while I looked down in her laughing eyes that seemed to have grown brightersince we'd married; and then I smoothed—no, I did n't, for no hair could have been smoother—I passed my rough, chopped—about old hand down the bright shiny hair that I felt so proud of, and then kissed both pink cheeks, and felt somehow half glad, half sorrowful, for it seemed to me that I was too happy for it to last. Ta "There, now," she says, at last, "make haste, there's a dear, good boy! and get back; perhaps I shall be done by that and then we'll have a snug bit of

But I couldn't get away, somehow, but watched her busy fingers getting ready the things for the next day's dinner,—chopping suet, stoning plums, mincing peel,—and all in such in a nice, next, clean way, that it was quite enjoyable. was quite enjoyable.

was quite enjoyable.

"Now, do go, Sam," she says, pretending to pout, "for I do want you back so bad."

So I made a start of it; unlatched the door, when the wind came roaring in, laden with flakes of snow; the sparks rushed up the chimney, the condication of the policy gave me just candle flickered, while Polly gave me just one bright look and nod, and then I shut one bright look and nod, and then I shut the door. But, there—I could n't get away even then, but went and stood by the window for a minute, where the little branches of holly were stuck, glistening green, and with scarlet berries amongst the prickly leaves; and there I stood looking in at the snug, bright, warm kitchen, with Polly making it look ten times more warm and bright. Il was n't that it was a handsome place, or well furnished.—for those sort or well furnished, -for those sort of things don't always make a happy home,—but plain, humble, and poor as it was, it seemed to me like a palace; and after watching my lass for a few minutes as she was busier than ever,—now frowning, now making a little face at her work,—now with a bright light in her eye, as something seemed to please her,—I all at once thought to myself, and, what's more, I says to myself, "Sam Darrell," I says, "why, what a donkey you are, not to get what you want, and make haste back!" which, when you consider that it was snowing hard. blowing watching my lass for a few minutes as she consider that it was snowing hard, blowing harder, and that where I stood the snow drift was over my knees, while inside there was everything a reasonable workingman could wish for, you'll say was just about

So I gives myself a pull together, hitches so I gives mysell a pull together, nitones up my shoulders, sets my head down to face the wind and the blinding snow, and then, with my hands right at the bottom of my pockets, off I goes,

Now, we'd been together in the town that hight to bring home a good basketfold.

night to bring home a good basketful of Christmas cheer; for even if you do live in the black country, amongst the coal mines

and furnaces, and work as pit carpenter at two hundred feet below the mouth, it must and furnaces, and work as pit carpenter at making brattices and the different wood work wanted, that's no reason why you shouldn't spend a merry Christmas and a happy one. But now there was this tobacco nappy one. But now there was this tobacco and the lemons to get; and from where we lived, right across the heath to the town, being two miles, and me being alone, I made up my mind to cut off a corner, so as to get back sconer. So I turned out of the road as soon as I was out of the colliery village. soon as I was out of the colliery village, makes sure of the town lights, and then, taking my stick under my arm, set off at a trot to the left of the old pits.

The wind was behind me now, and though the snow made it hard work walking, I was n't long before I was trudging like a white statty right through the town through the town through the town through with nearly when I

like a white statty right through the town street, then thronged with people, when I goes into a shop, and, after a good deal of waiting, gets my lemors and tobacco, pays for 'em, and starts off home.

As soon as I was out of the town again, I gets out of the road to take that short cut; and now I began to find out what sort of a night it was; for the wind was right dead in my teeth. while the way in which the snow my teeth, while the way in which the snow my teeth, while the way in which the snow cut into your eyes was something terrible. But I fought my way on, setting up an opposition whistle to the wind, and thinking about the warm fireside at home with the snug suppertable; and then I thought of what a blessing it was in a hard winter to live close to the pit's mouth, and get plenty of coal for next to nothing. We could afford a good fire there, such as would cheer the heart of some there, such as would cheer the heart of some of the London poor, while wages were not

Every now and then I had to stop and kick the snow off my boot-soles, for it collected in hard balls, so as to make walking lected in hard balls, so as to make walking harder; then, not having the town lights to guide me, I found I'd wandered a bit ont of the track, so that the ground grew rougher and rougher, and more than once I stumbled. The wind beat worse than ever; the snow blinded so, that I could not look out for the lights of the village; and at last I began to think that I'd done a foolish thing in trying to make a short cut. But then one in trying to make a short cut. But then one is always slow about owning to being in the wrong, so I blundered and stumbled on; but at last, after walking for some time, I was obliged to own to myself that I was

was obliged to own to myself that I was lost in the snow.

"Stuff and nonsense," I says the next minute, and then I has a look round to try and make out where I was, for I knew every foot of it almost; but nothing could I see but snow falling almost like in a sheet all round me so that I could only see a few feet each snow falling almost like in a sheet all round me, so that I could only see a few feet each way, while the snow where I stood was nearly up to my knees. I listened, but there was nothing to be heard but the whistling of the wind; I shouted, but the cry scunded muffled and close just as if I had been in a cupocard; then I walked a little one way and then turned and went another; and at last, to my herror, I found that I was regularly confused, and could not make out in what direction lay town or village, while the snow covered in every footnark. while the snow covered in every footmark

n a very few minutes. Now, I did not feel alarmed, only bothered and confused; for I felt sure that, if I kept on walking, I must come to some place or another which I knew, unless I walked right out on to the great waste, where I might go for miles and miles without finding a house; but I was hardly likely to get there and the thing I meet could be seen and the thing I meet could be seen and the see there and the thing I most cared for was my poor gal at home getting upset about me, and thinking that I'd stopped in the town drinking with some mates, being Christmas eve, when I'd promised her over and over again most faithfully that I'd always have my drop of beer at home.

"There's no danger that's one comfort." I

"There's no danger, that's one comfort," I said, "unless I run bang into the canal; and even then I shall know where I am," I says, "so that won't be such a very serious mater;" and then I tried again to make out where I was, but the snow came dwn where I was, but the snow came down where I was, but the snow came down more than ever; and at last, feeling worried and cross, I started off afresh as hard as I could go, when all at once I let go of my stick, for I felt one foot slipping, and, as I felt it go, a fearful thought came across my mind. With an agonized cry, I tried to recover myself; but, from leaning forward to face the wind, this from leaning forward to face the wind, this was impossible, and then shrieked out,—
"My God, it's the old pit!" I was falling and rolling down-down into the black

It was like being in some horrible dream, and for a moment I fancied it might be; but no, there I was falling faster and faster for a length of time that seemed without end, as I waited for the coming crash when I reached the bottom—to be found afterwards a mutilated corpse.

I thought all this, and much more, as I

fell down the sloping shaft of the old pit; and then came a tre-tremendous splash as I was plunged down beneath the icy water which roared and thundered in my ears.

I had been down pit after pit in my time,

I had been down pit after pit in my time, working in the shafts at the wood casing, making new or repairing the old, perhaps half-way down, hanging in a cage; or I had been working at the traps and doors in the most dangerous parts, where you might hear the gas hissing through between the seams of black slaty shale; but I never before knew so hideous a sense of fear as came over me. when rising to the fear as came over me, when, rising to the surface of the water, I struck out, as if by instinct, for the side, and then, clinging to the roughened wall with one hand, and with the other thrust into a sort of hole, I remained for a few seconds panting and half mad, up to my neck in the cold water, while tue

darkness was terrible.

It is impossible to describe the horrible It is impossible to describe the horrible thoughts that came hurrying through my mind as if to unnerve me—thoughts of foul choking gases, of fearful things swimming about in the black water, or of horrid monsters lurking in its terrible depths ready to drag me under and drown me; but worse still, as I began to recover myself a little, were the calmer thoughts of the length of time I could hold on there without becoming numbed, and then slipping off and drowning. I shouted, and the sound went echoing up the shaft with a horrible unearthly tone that made me tremble. I cried earthly tone that made me tremble. I cried again and again till I was hoarse, but knew all the while that it was useless, for there was not accottage for at least a mile, and then terror seemed to get the better of me, as I felt that there, in the midst of that fearful darkness, I must drown, and then sink to the bottom of this old, worn-out coal-pit; while no one, not even my poor wife, would know

With the thoughts of my wife, came thoughts of the pleasant scene I had so lately gazed upon, when something almost like a sob seemed to come from my heart, and then came weak, despairing tears; but I roused up and shouted again and again, and throwing my head back to try and see the mouth of the pit, but, though imagination peopled the darkness with horrors, there was nothing around but the intense blackness; while, to my despair and terror, I could feel that my hands were slowly slipping from their hold.

Could any man have heard me down there

Could any man have heard me down there

have been very fearful, for during the next minute I was shrieking for aid, giving vent to the most unearthly yells, praying aloud, and crying for meroy; and then, hoarse and worn out, I felt that I must sink back, and I did. shrieking and struggling savegory worn out, I felt that I must sink back, and I did, shrieking and struggling savagely for life, till the cold water gurgled over my mouth and choked back my cry. Then, for a few minutes, I was beating the water frantically, as a dog beats it when it cannot swim; but my nerve beats it when it cannot swim; but my nerve seemed to come once more, and even then

seemed to come once more, and even then, in the midst of that horror and despair, I could not help thinking of myself as being like a rat in a well, as I swam round by the side trying to find a place to hold on by.

I swam slowly along, striking my right hand against the side at every stroke, but, after a few strokes, it did not touch anything; and then, striking out more boldly, I swam on, turning to the right with a ray of hope in my heart, for I knew that I was on the level of one of the old veins, and though swimming farther into the bowels was on the level of one of the old veins, and though swimming farther into the bowels of the earth, yet I had not the herrible depth of the shaft under me, while I knew that, before long, I should find bottom for

my feet.
All at once my hand touched the side; All at once my hand touched the side; then I raised one up, and could touch the roof; and then, after a few more strokes, I let my feet down slowly, and found the bot tom, but, the water was to my lip; still, by swimming and wading, I soen stood where it was only to my middle; and now, pausing to rest for a while, I leaned up against the side, and, in the reaction that came on again, cried weakly, and like the sme on again, cried weakly, and like the lespairing wretch I was.

By degrees, the heavy panting of my heart grew less painful, while, heated with the exertion, I did not feel the cold; but soon an icy chill crept over me as I stood there lisicy chill crept over me as 1 stood there issering to the low echoing "drip, drip, drip, of the water far away to my right." Racking houghts, too, oppressed me, and, despairing, I felt that there was no chance of my heing discovered, since, to keep alive, I must penetrate farther into the mine, though even from where I was then, it was doubt-ul whether my voice could be heard.

"Il whether my voice could be heard.

I knew very well where I was, and that very little traffic lay by the old pit's mouth; while the next day being Christmas made the chances less. But would not my wife give the alarm, and would not there be a search? Surely, I thought, there must be hope yet; and then in a disconnected, half-wild way, I tried to offer up a prayer for succor. Not standing, — not with my hand resting upon the wall—but kneeling, with the water rising to my neck; and I rose again stronger, and better able to think.

And now I began to look within, and to think of the dangers I had to encounter. As to there being things swimming about, or anything terrible to attack me, my common sense told me that there was no cause for fear in that districts. mon sense told me that there was no cause for fear in that direction; but the naxt thought was a terrible one, and my breath came thicker and shorter as I seemed to feel the effect of it already.—"Was there any foul gas?" But I found that I could still breathe freely, and by degrees this fear went off; while, summoning up my courage, I waded on "splash-splash" in the echeing waded on "splash-splash" in the echeing darkness, farther and farther into the mine, always with the water growing shallower and shallower as I receded from the shaft; and at last I stood upon the dry bottom, but with the water streaming off me.

The place did not feel cold, while as I sat down I could not but wish that my clothes were dry, for they clung to me till I stripped a part of them off and wrung out the

were dry, for they clung to me till 1 stripped a part of them off and wrung out the water, when I felt on putting them on again, comparatively warm. But what a position! Trembling there in the midst of that thick darkness, with a wild imagination peopling it with every imaginary horror, I lay despairing, till, with the thought strong upon the that I was buried alive, I began to run recklessly about, now dashing myself vio-ently against the sides, now tripping over the fragments that had fallen from the roof, ill at last the splashing water beneath my set warned me to go back, when, with my head feeling almost on fire, I crawled back o lie panting amongst the coal and slate.
All at once I recollected the tobacco, and put a wet piece in my mouth, and after a nme it seemed to calm me, so that I could sit and think, though at times I would have iven worlds to have run away from my houghts. How time went I could not tell; but it seemed after a while that I must have slept, for I leapt up all at once with the lancy strong upon me that I heard Polly calling; but though I strained my ears to drip" of the water; while I feared to call out, for the sound went echoing along, so

out, for the sound went echoing along, so that it seemed to be reseated again and again, till I felt to creep with dread.

Many hours must have passed, for a neavy, dull, sleepy feeling oppressed me as I lay there, numbed bodily and in mind; but at length I started up thotoughly awake, feeling cartain that I had heard a cry which seemed to have whispered like in my ear. I sat up trembling, when again there came the shout faintly heard as it came along the top of the water, and then I gave a loud despairing shriek for help three times, and

spairing shriek for help three times, and then fainted. When I came to again, it seemed like waking from a dream; and I felt that confused that I could hardly believe that I was not in my own room at home; but as I sat up, the thought of where I was came upon me again, while like a faint, buzzing, whispering noise, I could hear voices. To rouse up and give a tremendous shout was but the work of a moment, when my heart rose, for it was answered, though but faintly, and I knew that I was being sought for, and sat

istening. But soon I grew impatient and began wading into the water, so as to be once more near to living creatures; and I waded on and on till the water was up to my chin and I could hardly stand, when I shouted again, and now I could hear the reply quite

plainly.

After a while I saw a faint light flash along the wall, and knew that a piece of something burning had been cast down the pit; and then again and again I saw simples a strength of the strength of ilar flashes, while I stood there trembling lest I should sink from exhaustion

and be drowned. But now something far more reviving came, for, like a star shining along the water, I could see the light of a lantern that had been lowered down as it suggests. had been lowered down, as it swung slowly about at the mouth of the passage; while at length close by it I saw something move, when I felt choking, as I knew that a man had been lowered down, and was swinging beside the lantern; while, when his voice came ringing along the passage with a cheery "Where are you, mate?" for a few moments my head swam, and I could n't

"Can't you get to me?" he says, after I had answered.

"No!" I says, "I dare n't try to swim it."

"Then I must," he says; and then he shouted out "Slack out," and an echoing splash came along to my ears. "How far had answered.

he stopped and called out to me to keep up my heart, and he would soon be back; when shouting to those above, he was drawn up once more, and it seemed hours before I heard the sound of his voice again; and directly after, I could see the lantern comping towards me, and then I ye a recollection ing towards me, and then I've a recollection of seeing; some one with a light splashing about in the water, and of having something tied under my arms which floated me up till I was pushed along to the mouth of the passage, where I can recollect clinging to the rope made fast round me; and then I was swinging about and knocking against the rough sides of the shaft, while a voice at was swinging about and knocking against the rough sides of the shaft, while a voice at my ear kept saying, "Cheer up, matey!" Then in a sort of sleep I heard people talking and some one said, "Here, catch hold of these life belts!" and it seemed like the voice of the man who came down to me. these life belts!" and it seemed like the voice of the man who came down to me. But the next thing I recollect is lying in my own bed, with some one sitting at the side, as she used to all she could for the next three days; and told me she did at last, of her horror when I did not come home, and of the search next day; but there were no footsteps on the waste on account of the snow, so that no one would have searched there, had not a boy been seen with my walking stick, which he had found sticking up in the snow by the old pit's mouth, just as I must have left it when I fell into the fearful gulf which held me for two long days!

Gavarni. From a modest house at the corner of the From a modest house at the corner of the Avenue Bugeaud and the Avenue de l'Impératice, a thin-waisted man, with a very grave face, wrapped in a black velvet gown, would of late watch the crowds of happy Parisians driving and riding to and from the Bois de Boulogne. He had been among them many a year and had shone in their Bois de Boulogne. He had been among them many a year, and had shone in their midst. But now the fashionable man had withdrawn himself from the world. Hill beard was gray, and he had a cough that spoke of the grave. He had been a gallant, who could turn a compliment exquisitely; a wit, whose shafts were keen and polished. Not only with his pen, but also, and chiefly, with his pencil, he had observed the men and women of his day, their passions men and women of his day, their passions and prejudices and meannesses; and he had so embodied them that he had earned for himself, albeit not of the Academy, nor conspicuous on the Line at the annual exhibitions, a fame that must be embodied in the history of his period.

Paul Chevalier was a working engineer Paul Chevalier was a working engineer at Tarbes. It will surprise many who have met him in society; and must therefore have admired his tact and grace and distinguished bearing, to hear that he was of the working-class, a man born to live by the use of his strength; yetit was so. But early the light of his genius broke through his humble lot. He began his ert-work by furnishing drawings to the books of fashion. The working engineer had a taste for the elegant and the refined from the beginning. After a while Paul Chevaller was emboldened to send two water-colored drawings to the Salon in Paris. The humble artist's drawings were Paris. The humble artist's drawings were remitted from Gavarnie. M. Germain mis-took the name of the place for the name of the artist, and Paul Chevalier's drawings appeared as the work of M. Gavarni. The ictures made a hit; and Paul Chevalier with a laugh, stuck to the name of Gayarni, He in late years, when he was a fine gentleman, made a fair joke on the subject. A lady, who was wont to labor under the delusion that she was a wit, one day asked him whether he was cousin to the cascade of Gavarnie.

'Yes, madame," the artist answered, "I am cousin issu de Germain." Many are the jokes and polished sarcasms which travel still about French society as those of Galvarni. At the height of his renown he was feted and admired; but neither the adulation nor the rapid pace of the life spoiled him. Light and sparkling as he could be, he kept aways a serious and sober background to his mind. M. Jules Clarétie describes this phase of him by saying that he had the entrain of the Frenchman with the phlegm of an Englishman; that it was a drop of gin in a glass of champagne. So that champagne and gin express the relative values of the French and the English characters. We are obliged to M. Jules Clarette. Gavarni was in his prime and in his glory from about 1830 to 1848. He was a correct and graceful artist, a keen observer of character, a pictorial wit and satirist. The vices, the meannesses, of his time were illustrated and flagellated by his practised pencil. It is remarked of him, and to his honor, that there are few, if any, personalities in his works. His was that higher observation which from a class can embed to me the control of the control

works. His was that higher observation which, from a class, can embody an individual type, and punish a popular vice or weakness without making a scapegoat. Gavarni's "Masqueset Viages," his "Lorettes Vieillies," his terrible parents and children, will live not only as finely conceived and will live not only as finely conceived and executed works, but also as admirable and most authoritative material for the historian. Some of them, indeed many of them, present the naked truths of a dissolute society so sharply that we shudder; and Gavarsi meant that we should shudder. This varsi meant that we should shudder. This was the lesson the serious man who stood ever upright behind his comic mask insisted upon teaching. It has been said of Gavarni that he was not a caricaturist, but a moralist. It is nearer the truth to say that he was both caricaturist and moralist. He did not, as we have observed, caricature individuals, but he enforced the zalient characteristics

but he enforced the salient characteristics of the type he wished to produce to the specof the type he wished to produce to the spec-tator's mind by exaggerating them. Ergo, he was a caricaturist, it will be remembered, to his honor, that his great qualities were always employed on the right side; that if he painted vice, it was to show how hideous she was; that if he took learned observa-tions in the bowave and slums of Paris and tions in the byways and slums of Paris and of London, his mission was not merely to amuse the badauds of the Boulevards. Gavarni delighted in the new world London opened upon him when he came among us in 1849. His pencil reveled in the pic-turesque miseries of St. Giles's and Whiteturesque miseries of St. Giles's and White-chapel, as wall as in the elegancies of the West End. He studied all the shifting phases of our social life with ardor. He made his countryman acquainted with the multitude of our low games, and the dismal

multitude of our low games, and the dismain habits and predicaments of our uninformed and under-fed population. But he never caught the British type. His Englishmen are stage Englishmen. He got far beyond the stupidities of the old French caricaturists and even the majority of French rists, and even the majority of French caricaturists of our own time, whose only idea of an Englishman is a man with a hook nose and two fangs protruding from his upper lip. Even Gustave Dore is satisfied with copying the ancient absurdity. Gavarni, we repeat, studied hard to catch our English faces; but we have only to compare his people of the London streets with those of Leech to see what little

But at home Gavarni was, at least, the equal of Leech. Gavarni was the accom-plished artist. He had a grace which Leech never studied to reach. The exact position in the world of each of his figures is as plainly "About sixty yards," I gasped; and then could be in pages of description. Gavarni told by the magic strokes of his pencil as it was, moreover, a facile and graceful writer. His letters on England, which are scattered hither and thither, are said to be full of point and just observation.

Gavarni called the sombre house from which, a shattered man, he watched the brilliant company of Paris pass to the Bois, his torols and in this case. brilliant company of Paris pass to the Bois, his tomb; and in this tomb he would lift the green serge from before his window and still admire the grace over which his pencil had loved to linger. In this retreat he lost his son, and the sorrow hastened him on his own long journey. A little while ago he was persuaded to go to Auteuil for better air, and at Auteuil on the 23d of November this better air received his last. November this better air received his last breath,

CITY BULLETIN.

PRESS CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA. Celebration of the Third Anniversary.

The third anniversary of the Press Club of Philadelphia was celebrated on Saturday evening, by a banquet at the La Plerre House. The dining room was tastefully decorated with flags, and the tables were well supplied with luxuries of the bes: quality. There was a very fair attendance of the Active and Contributing Members of the Club.

Mr. J. H. C. Whiting, Chairman of the assemblage to order, and introduced Thompson Westcott, Esq., the President of the Club. Mr. Westcott said that he regretted that busifess engagements prevented him from presiding on the occasion, and proposed that Hon Moster Westcott. from presiding on the occasion, and pro-posed that Hon. Morton McMichael, of the North American, act as Chairman, which was agreed to unanimously.

was agreed to unanimously.

The company then sat down and enjoyed the excellent dinner which had been provided by Messrs. Farley & Baker, proprietors of the La Pierre.

After the removal of the cleth the company was called to order by the Chairman

pany was called to order by the Chairman, Morton McMichael, who said he was at first arraid the task of presiding would be a diffi-cuit one, but he had believed that the assembly was much more orderly than the Senate of the United States, of which the Senate of the United States, of which the Clerk, Hon. John W. Forney, was present. He stated that he found by the programme that he was set down as replying to the first toast, "The City of Philadelphia; the birthplace of American Freedom"—but being projected by the state of the project he did not see the project of the state of accidentally in the chair, he did not see how he could call on himself, and instead of saying anything more would call on his friend,

Daniel M. Fox.

Mr. Fox was greeted with applause, and said he prided himself on the friendship of Mayor McMichael; they were boys together, and always fast friends. All he desired to say was that he was enjoying himself hugely, and would have many pleasant reminiscences of the present gathering:

The second foast was "The Account The second toset

The second toast was: "The American Press—The Guardian and Champion of our National Liberty"—to which Col. John W. Forney replied. He said: "This was the first opportunity he had enjoyed of meeting his fellow-craftsmen of the press. The Colonel then proceeded to eulogize the newspaper fraternity. He thought it peculiarly appropriate that Mr. McMichael should occupy the chair, as he was one of our oldest cupy the chair, as he was one of our oldes newspaper men, and a relic as it were of the newspaper men, and a relic as it were of the past. Thirty-five years ago the speaker set the first type. What wonderful changes have taken place since then! He desired to say that he hoped we would have many such gatherings as the present. We may differ in opinions and politics but let us all such gatherings as the present. We may differ in opinions and politics, but let us always preserve a personal good feeling towards one another, and then bear in mind that we are gentlemen. The speaker stated that through all the rancorous scenes he had passed, and notwithstanding all the virulent articles he had written on public men and massures. not with standing an the virtuent articles he had written on public men and measures, he had never yet either with his pen or his tongue made a personal attack. The speaker thought that the members of the New yet had a proper disposed to blacker. York press were rather disposed to blacken than brighten the reputation of their fellowcraftsmen, but we in Philadelphia are setting them a praiseworthy example. The speaker then spoke on national affairs. hie stated that hereafter we would have one

country, and all the sects, factions, and dif-ferences of the present day would be disferences of the present day would be dis-pelled as mist before the rising sun. The third toast was "Pennsylvania— Though founded in peace, ever faithful in War." Colonel William B. Mann replied, in the absence of Governor Curtin, who was expected to be present. Colonel Mann paid a glowing tribute to the State of Pennsylvania, and thought that every Pennsyiva nian should be proud of the title of citiz-It was in Pennsylvania that independence was in remissivatina that independence was first acknowledged, and in that State that independence was fought for. It was due, in a great measure, to Pennsylvania that 4,000,000 human beings are freed from that 4,000,000 numan beings are freed from bondage. Pennsylvania, as a State, has innumerable virtues. She has upon her escutcheon no idle words; they are "Virtue, Liberty and Independence;" and each sentiment in the motto is dear to the citizens of

The fourth toast was, "Our Country—Her Genius; her liberal institutions and her energy make her the Queen of Nations." To which Judge Kelley replied.

The fifth regular toast was:

American Press Clubs—May they increase and multiply, until the entire Press fraternity are united in one common brotherhood—was replied to by Cbl.E. W.C.Greene. Colonel Greene was received with much applause, and said he felt greatly honored in being called on to respond to the teach. being called on to respond to the toast just given; he felt great satisfaction in announc-ing that our Press Club had proved a complete success. He felt that the Philadelphia Press Club could in no event be subject phia Press Ciub could in no event be subject to dissolution, the members being bound together by the strongest fraternal ties. Col. Greene then proceeded to give a history of the club, and adverted to the endeavors made in other and distant cities to establish press clubs upon the same principle that keeps the Press Club of Fhiladelphia to-The club has succeeded almost beyond the expectation of its most sanguine members, and he hoped the example set by it would be beneficial to the press fraternity throughout the United States.

"The Philadelphia Bar, Famous during a Century for its Eloquence, its Ability an its Integrity"—was the sixth regular toast. Daniel Dougherty, Esq., replied. He remarked it was a saying that it was hard to puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer, but still he elt himself in a peculiarly perplexing predicament, and therefore, instead of making a speech he would tell a story. Mr. Dougherty proceeded ta relate a series of stories in erty proceeded to relate a series of stories in admirable style, which "kept the table in a roar." He concluded his speech with a neat compliment to the Philadelphia press, and a brilliant eulogy of the profession of the

"Our Departed Brothers-Wm. S. Pierrie George C. Bower and John Mason Grier"
—was the next toast, and was drank in si-

"Our Contributing Members-The Patrons

of Art, the Encourgers of Journalism, and the Friends of Universal Intelligence," was replied to by Mr. Charles Buckwalter. He replied to by Mr. Charles Buckwalter. He said: In rising to acknowledge the toast just proposed I feel that, as the organ of that branch of your membership whom you have just so highly complimented and howored, I can but inadequately express all that would be proper and necessary to utter upon an occasion like this. To be in any manner connected with the Press Club of Philadelphia is an honor, but to have that connection connected with the Press Club of Philadelphia is an honor, but to have that connection distinguished as you, sir, have just distinguished it, makes it doubly so. I trust singuished it may not altogether be unnersited, that while we may not all be actively engaged in the arduous labors and duties of the profession, that nevertheless is associated with an organization of the character of this, that we may at all times lend an encouragement and patronage. character of this, that we may at all times lend an encouragement and patronage, however humble it may be; to the diffusion of intelligence, and ever be the warm and devoted friends of American journalism. I say particularly of American journalism. For nowhere in the wide world is the newspaper more assiduously awaited, or more eagerly read than in America, nowhere is it more liberal in its spirit, and nowhere is its influence more potential. nowhere is its influence more potential.

The newspapers of this country have added much to its greatness in stimulating intellectual exertion, and moulding the national character by the daily droppings of the golden seeds of profitable study, culture and

philosophy.

They have been, too, time and again, the preservers of the people, and so long as they cannot be subsidized by money or favor, or dismayed by power, no political Vulcan, even with a whole workshop of his fellows, can forge the chains which can bind the freedom of our people. Indeed, they seem to be the great levers of American life, politics, society—in a word, of American civilization. We may cast about to find other powers and faces, but high above them all tation. We may cast about to find other powers and faces, but high above them all sits the genius of the American press. Who is there, then, who cares at all about his own well-being, or that of those about him, who can be indifferent to its management or its character? Who is there but must feel that a Club, such as the Press Club of this city, can do incalculable good—that in its objects it demands recognition, and deserves in the highest degree our approbation and support? Philadelphia, I am proud to say, had the first Press Club, and I am most happy to add that the influence of its example has spread through the land, and that organizations of like character are being formed elsewhere. Here it is as an instution, an ornament and a power. Organized for the purpose of uniting more firmly in kind fellowship the members of a numerous ornament and a power. Organized for the purpose of uniting more firmly in kind fellowship the members of a numerous and honorable profession, it has afforded opportunities for the interchange of sentiment and opinion, which has tended to redeem all the harsher features of Journalism, to soften and soothe the bitter and serimonious soften and soothe the bitter and acrim feelings which have sometimes personal leetings which have sometimes marred its character and weakened its power, and which, when exhibited, so greatly detract from the high aim of the newspaper as a conservator of art, science and letters. But continue this is greatly detract from the high aim of the newspaper as a conservator of art, science and letters. But, gentlemen, this is a theme so interesting and so full of matter, that if I were to indulge myself I should weary you. You will permit me, therefore, to again express to you the gratification we experience and the honor we enjoy in being permitted to be your contributing members. General Joshua T. Owen responded to the next toast, "Pennsylvania's Heroic Defenders; the men who oft in danger tried, have never proved unitrue." He alluded in proper terms to John Fulton Reynolds, and said all in the army knew if he had not been there the enemy at Gettysburg might have whipped the Union soldiers. He referred to the matter because Reynolds was a Pennsylvanian. Pennsylvania's heroic defenders never proved unitrue. Therefore, be illustrious the name of Pennsylvanias soldiers. The next toast was, "The Fathers of Pennsylvania Journalism," replied to by Emerson Bennett. He spoke as follows:

"The Fathers of Pennsylvania Journalism." The words are few and simple, but what a power there is in them to lift our thoughts from the glowing present and bear them far back into the silent and eventful

thoughts from the glowing present and bear them far back into the silent and eventful past. At once, as by the wand of some past. At once, as by the wand of some mighty enchanter, our great proud city, with its almost million of human beings, its shops of industry, its marts of trade, its mansions of luxury, its walks of fashion, its hotels of grandeur, its temples of art, its balls of learning its fanes of worship its halls of learning, its fames of worship, its halls of learning, its fanes of worship, its palatial structures reared for the prosecution of that art preservative of all arts, this mighty city, I say, is made to vanish away, "Like the baseless fabric of a vision."

and lo! we find ourselves standing, as spectators of the olden time, before a little, quiet, rustic village, which, with careless ease and independence has nestled itself among the rustic village, which, with careless ease and independence, has nestled itself among the hills and creeks that overlook the placid Delaware. In that little, quiet village, with its sober and quaintly-dressed inhabitants—our Philadelphia of the olden time—one handed and forty-gran years and to day. hundred and forty-seven years ago to-day— this day we celebrate—more than half a century before the thunders of the Revolution that made us a nation of freemen—Andrew Bradford seut ferth, with fear and trembling Bradford sent ferth, with fear and trembling to eager, curious eyes, the first printed journal ever issued within the limits of Pennsylvania, and the third within these then British colonies. It was a small, yellow, dingy, half-sheet of foolscap size, and seemed to have a shrinking, frightened look, as if not well over the scare of coming through the rough hands of the printer's devil. It was not a loquacious sheet. It had little to communicate beyond the fact of its own birth and existence, and appeared to be quite as much astonished as any of the inhabitants, at finding itself thrust forward inhabitants, at finding itself thrust forward as a newspaper pioneer. It was a seven, if not a nine days' wonder and constituted its projector the great father, if not the grandfollowor the great lather, it not the grand-father of Pennsylvania journalism. In the pride of his heart, Andrew Bradford gave his dingy little bantling the high-sounding title of The American Weekly Mercury, but it no more resembled its namesake, the bril-diant and winged messayor of the gods Alant and winged messenger of the gods, than the empty pockets of Lazarus did the gold heaps of Crossus; and yet, mean and insignificant as it appeared, it was the beginning of a great result-the beginning of a power which has made itself felt to the uttermost ends of the earth; a power which has made the throne of tyrants tremble; a power before which that of the fabled god was as a breath to a whirlwind. It was the first glimmering spark of a glorious constellation. For years Andrew Bradford stood alone as the only journalist liant and winged messenger of the gods. Bradford stood alone as the only journalist within the limits of Pennsylvania, and then he one day found himself confronted with a formidable rival in that wonderful man whose fame is as broad as civilization and enduring as time; that great practical genius who first shock hands with the lightnings of Heaven and defied the thunders of Jove; that the leaven and defied the thunders of Jove; that beloved patriot and states man whom we all delight to honor—Benjamin Franklin. The progress of early journalism was so slow in Pennsylvania that for many years Bradford and Franklin stood along a constant of the stood and states.

stood alone as rivals, and even at the end of (Continued on the Twelfth Page)