Daily Evening Bulletin.

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GIBSON PEACOCK, ERNEST C. WALLACE,
F. L. FETHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIAMSON,
CASPER SOUDER, JR., FRANCIS WELLS.

The BULLETIN is served to subscribers in the city at 18 cents per week, payable to the carriers, or $8 per annum.

SCHOMACKER & CO.'S CELEBRATED Pianos.—Acknowledged superior in all respects to any made in this country, and sold on most liberal terms. NEW AND SECOND-HAND PIANOS constantly on hand for rent. Tuning, moving and packing promptly attended to. Wareroome, 1103 Chestnut street. je19-3m§

DIED.

DE YOUNG.—On the morning of the 3d inst., at the residence of his son-in-law, Wm. W. Caldwell, Isaac R. De Young, aged 71 years.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

EYRE & LANDELL, FOURTH AND ARCH, ARE opening for the Fall Trade of 1867—
Marcot Shawls, ordered goods.
Poplins, new colors, and Rich Plaids.
Black Silks, superior grades.
Plain Silks, of all qualities.

BLACK AUSTRALIAN CRAPES—JUST RECEIVED, Crape Cloths, from 85cts. to $1 37½ a yard.
BESSON & SON.
au31-2t. Mourning Store, 918 Chestnut street.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PARDEE SCIENTIFIC COURSE
IN
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

The next term commences THURSDAY, September 12th. Candidates for admission may be examined the day before (September 11th), or on TUESDAY, July 30th, the day before the Annual Commencement Exercises.

For circulars, apply to President CATTELL, or to
Prof. R. B. YOUNGMAN,
Clerk of the Faculty.
EASTON, Penna., July, 1867. jy20-tf§

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT CERtificate No. 310 for ten (10) shares of the Capital Stock of the Amygdaloid Mining Company of Lake Superior, in the name of Jos. H. Trotter, has been lost or mislaid.
Application has been made to the Company for a new certificate.
PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3, 1867.
se3-20t JOS. H. TROTTER.

POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE, 1867 68.
THE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL WILL BEGIN TUESDAY, September 10th.
THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS WILL BEGIN TUESDAY, September 24th.
Apply at the College Building,
MARKET street and WEST PENN SQUARE.
ALFRED L. KENNEDY, M. D.,
se3-12t§ President of Faculty.

FAMILIES ABOUT CHANGING THEIR RESIdence or leaving the city, can receive the highest cash price for old newspapers, books, pamphlets, rags, etc. Wrappers always on hand and for sale by E. HUNTER, 613 Jayne street. Orders will receive prompt attention, by mail or otherwise. au27 1mrp§

PENNSYLVANIA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Essay THIS EVENING on "The Pear and its Culture," by P. T. QUINN, Esq., of Newark, at New Hall, Broad, above Spruce. It

HOWARD HOSPITAL, NOS. 1518 AND 1520 Lombard Street, Dispensary Department—Medical treatment and medicines furnished gratuitously to the poor.

RASH STEPS.

LII.

(Correspondence of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.)

"The brothers in your monastery here, my father, ought to pass their lives in a continual dream of peace."

"The oysters of Lake Fusaro," observed the friar, "are excessively insipid at this season of the year."

The application was so pointed that I almost accused the holy man of a bit of badinage.

—But he was answering in Italian, at cross purposes, my remark in the French language, of which he did not know a word. Looking into his face again, I saw his innocence. No shaft of malice had ever been sent through those wide, blue, ignorant eyes, the eyes of a baby who contemplates life from its cradle. He was the most beautiful old monk I ever talked to, the stupidest and one of the cleverest. His round, naked, infantine head, his well-cut but meaningless profile, and the long, soft fleece of his beard would have been a treasure to an artist. He looked, in fact, exactly the mild, benevolent, objectless Saint Joseph who plays so piteous a rôle in the Catholic art—the morganatic husband, so good, but so superfluous, so far from the purpose of affairs, and only useful to lean over the Virgin with a staff or to fodder a donkey in the distance.

Our ornamental old St. Joseph had been showing us over his monastery, that of the Camaldoli, so beautifully situated upon the hills west of Naples. With the serene and noble folds of his serge gown bending gently to his motions, he had preceded us through the convent, through the chapel with its pictures, through the monks' quarters, and even into his bedroom, with its crucifix and the wretched bench on which he had slept the last fifty years. Then, as the heat abated, he had gently managed us along into the garden, where strange gowned forms were busy weeding the lupines. And finally, towards sunset, he guided us to a lofty terrace, where the Gulfs of Naples and of Gaeta, held apart by the crowded promontory of Miseno, swam beneath us.

"The Fusaro oysters!" exclaimed *il principe*, "you remember eating them at Baiæ? And the Falernian we had afterwards? You ate *so* many," he added most maliciously, mapping out a liberal space upon the portly bulk of the friar.

"His reverence will misunderstand you," cautioned I, "he will think you are going to carve him for the table."

"I had rather eat a monk than an oyster, in summer," remarked the prince, with perfect coolness. "A monk has more devil in him than an oyster. I hunt the monks. I contemn them. I recreate myself (*je me moque*) with them."

And I recollected the glance of fury and outrage loosed upon him by a young priest whom my companion, carelessly pointing him out upon the road, had happened to touch with his riding-whip. No kind of game came amiss to this strange youth, one of the greatest oddities I ever was acquainted with. Spoiled with the servility of his dependants and the title of prince—in Italy where it is so easy to be a prince—and left to the company of inferiors from childhood, he treated his little world as a plaything, and freely cut at friends, enemies, dignities, virtues and dominations with that stinging little whip he carried. Our acquaintance began at a table d'hôte, and ended, not too regretfully on one side, at the Naples railway *Garde*, whither he had swept me in a coach with three horses. As to my friend W——, the prince's love for him was immense and tropical. He entertained him at the family villa and hotel dependencies at Sorento; rode with him all day long, and at parting tore out the links from his sleeves and forced them into W——'s astonished hold. At the same time, the young man's childishness and imprudence were so extreme as to make his company compromising, like the company of a disguised madman. The first excursion he took with me, riding gaily out with the driver behind us, he made for a wall the instant I resigned the lines into his hands, deposited the carriage against it on its ribs, and laid us severally in the white Italian dust at various distances from the seat of the coachman and of the difficulty. To-day for the Camaldoli he insisted upon donkeys. I hate a donkey, because I cannot ride. The creature is always shooting off from between my legs. However, my comrade providing the animals, there was no remedy—for you cannot look, as Paddy observed, a gift donkey in the ear. So I mounted, but with a boding soul. And what do you think was the catastrophe? Why, the *principe*, who had been flying off his beast with perfect abandon at short intervals all the way up the hill, and alighting a little way ahead with unimpaired spirits in the attitude of a saw-horse, finally determined that I should share his exercises. He chose the instant when we were meeting the beautiful English girl from the Hotel Crocelle. This superior creature, descending from such a limited exploration as a lady is permitted to make in the sanctuaries of monastic celibacy, was returning on a hackney similar to ours, which she rode with the tranquil and elevated air of a Vishnu. I was willing to make a dignified impression, if a dignified impression on donkey-back were feasible, upon the English Vishnu, floating downward so placidly on her donkey, as if it had been a lotus of the Ganges. But I had miscalculated the amount of malice resident in in the *principe's* riding-whip. At the critical moment, when the two caravans were face to face, a kind of organic earthquake took place beneath me, and there we were, both shooting bodily at the English g— as if it were a new bow we were practising, a— at the same time rudely shaking her own Bud— ist serenity. One breaks no bones with a fall from a donkey-back, but my chance in that particular English direction I felt to be dislocated forever.

"You may try *my* donkey if you like." That was all he said.

Such was this harum-scarum, who made up to all Americans with the most eager confidence, and whose un-American autograph in full, *René de ——, Prince de Santa S——*, is written under a handsome young face in my sketch-book.

"And what are all these places below us, father?" asked *il principe*, with a very slender amount of curiosity, "you have told me a dozen times at least, but I never can remember the words of a parson."

The simple formula which the frate proceeded to deliver by rote was like a bit of Eneas' tale to Dido. That languid landscape, swimming and evaporating beneath us in sheets of hills and breadths of purple water, had for its nomenclature the most awful words in Virgil, nay, the names which Homer himself had pronounced with his lips whitened and his hand shaking upon the lyre. It was the pale country which Eneas had explored on the direction of the Cumæan Sibyl. There, on the west, lay the site of Cumæ itself, whence she came out to Tarquin with the frail and costly books. There, clothed with the pride of summer and the boast of harvests and vineyards, lay the golden Elysian fields. There, among the volcanic caverns, lay the dark abodes of the Cimmerians. The poisoned beauty of Lake Avernus—you remember its dazzle and splendor in Turner's picture of the Golden Bough—is at our feet. One uniform tint of pale violet, half effaced, occupies the immense space, all the sky and all the sea. Sky and sea both commingle: it seemed sometimes as if the little dark boats were birds sailing along the air. Not a sound; we listened painfully for the soft break of the waves. A color softly dissolving in a bath of water will give the best idea of the effacing incidents of the view. I thought of the silent lands where the Sibyl descended, realms peopled with floating shades,—not so cold and so unhappy as the Cimmerians of Homer, but—

"Elysian beauty, melancholy grace
Brought to a pensive, but to a happy place;"

of a life exhaled, restful and vague, waiting until the power of the sun should concentrate and kindle it along the shining tide of being, or of dormant soul-embryons, abounding and rolling over meads of asphodel like bees around the flowers. Nisida, Ischia in the distance, Cape Miseno, hardly seemed like real forms, but like [illegible] ing to be born. And further on, over all the landscape, the white tree-trunks, the verdure pale with distance, the pearl-sheets of the lakes, the soft swelling mountains, all the thin, still country seemed as if resting from the fatigue of being, sleeping, dreaming in a monotonous and grateful peace. ENFANT PERDU.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE WALNUT.—*A Midsummer Night's Dream* will be performed this evening, with all the gorgeous accessories of scenery, costumes and transformations.

THE CHESTNUT.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence will appear next Monday evening in the comedy of *Caste*.

THE ARCH.—This theatre will open on Saturday evening with *The School for Scandal*. Mrs. Drew appears as "Lady Teazle."

CONCERT HALL.—Blind Tom gives a concert to-night and a matinée to-morrow afternoon.

MR. ALF. BURNETT.—This gentleman made his first appearance last evening before a crowded and delighted audience. Mr. Burnett may justly be termed "The Man of Many Faces," as his changes are of the most rapid kind, and his characters of the most laughable nature. "Petroleum V. Nasby" was received with shouts of merriment. Miss Helen Nash made a very favorable impression as a reciter. Assembly Building will be a popular resort during Mr. Burnett's stay, as those who visit his entertainments will be sure to go a second and third time. He remains all this week.

SIGNOR BLITZ.—The wierd, mysterious Blitz has begun at Assembly Building, and will bewilder the public this evening. This is his fiftieth and last season on the stage.

HONORS TO GENERAL SHERIDAN.

Proposed Reception by the St. Louis Radicals—Governor Fletcher and General Schurz Make Speeches.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 2.—Delegations of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Radical clubs met to-day to make arrangements for the reception of General Sheridan. General Fisk presided. Governor Fletcher and Mayor Thomas made speeches. The Governor said the loyalists of Missouri despised Andrew Johnson, and gloried in Sheridan. The course pursued by Johnson had given hope to every rebel in Missouri, and was already felt.

Mayor Thomas, in behalf of St. Louis, endorsed the plan for a reception of Sheridan. General Schurz proposed to include all classes of citizens, without respect to color, in the demonstration, which was agreed to.

Libel Case in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 2.—The editors of the *Enquirer* were arrested to-day for libel at the instance of Miles Greenwoad, the well-known iron founder of this city.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Prorogation of the British Parliament.

On the afternoon of the 21st ult., Parliament was prorogued by Commission. The Lord Chancellor read the Queen's speech, which is worded as follows:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: I am happy to be enabled to release you from the labors of a long and more than usually eventful session, and to offer you my acknowledgments for the successful diligence with which you have applied yourselves to your Parliamentary duties.

My relations with foreign countries continue on a friendly footing.

At the commencement of the present year great fears were entertained that differences which had arisen between France and Prussia might have led to a war of which it was impossible to foresee the ultimate result. Happily the advice tendered by my Government, and by those of the other neutral States, aided by the moderation of the two Powers chiefly interested, sufficed to avert the threatened calamity; and I trust that no ground at present exists for apprehending any disturbance of the general peace.

The communications which I have made to the reigning Monarch of Abyssinia, with a view to obtain the release of the British subjects whom he detains in his dominions, have, I regret to say, thus far proved ineffectual. I have therefore found it necessary to address to him a peremptory demand for their immediate liberation, and to take measures for supporting that demand, should it ultimately be found necessary to resort to force.

The treasonable conspiracy in Ireland, to which I have before called your attention, broke out in the early part of the year in a futile attempt at insurrection. That it was suppressed, almost without bloodshed, is due not more to the disciplined valor of my troops, and to the admirable conduct of the police, than to the general loyalty of the population and the absence of any token of sympathy with the insurgents on the part of any considerable portion of my subjects. I rejoice that the supremacy of the law was vindicated without imposing on me the painful necessity of sacrificing a single life.

The bill for the abolition of certain local exemptions from taxation enabled me to avail myself of a liberal concession made, in anticipation, by the Emperor of the French, whereby several taxes were removed which pressed heavily upon British shipping.

I have concluded a Postal Convention with the United States of America, whereby the rate of postage between the two countries will be diminished by one-half, and further arrangements are in progress for increasing the intercourse between this country and the Continent of North America.

The act for the union of the British North American Provinces is the final accomplishment of a scheme long contemplated, whereby those colonies, now combined in one dominion, may be expected not only to gain additional strength for the purposes of defence against external aggression, but may be united among themselves by fresh ties of mutual interest, and attached to the mother country by the only bonds which can effectually secure such important dependencies—those of loyalty to the Crown and attachment to British connection.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons: I thank you for the liberal supplies which you have voted for the public service.

My Lords and Gentlemen: I have great satisfaction in giving my assent to a bill for amending the representation of the people in Parliament. I earnestly trust that the extensive and liberal measure which you have passed may effect a desirable settlement of a question which has long engaged public attention; and that the larger number of my subjects who will be for the first time admitted to the exercise of the elective franchise may, in the discharge of the duties thereby devolved upon them, prove themselves worthy of the confidence which Parliament has reposed in them.

It is gratifying to me to find that the lengthened consideration which you have necessarily given to this important question has not prevented your entering on many subjects to which your attention was directed at the commencement of the session, and particularly to such as have immediate reference to the well-being of the industrial classes.

I have had especial pleasure in giving my assent to bills for extending to various trades, with such modifications as have been found necessary, the provisions of the Factory Acts, the success of which has proved the possibility of combining effectual protection to the labor of women and children with a due consideration for the interest of the trades immediately concerned.

I confidently anticipate from the operation of the present Acts the same improvement in the physical, social and moral condition of the working classes which has been found to accompany the application of the Acts to those trades to which they have been hitherto confined.

The restraints alleged to be imposed upon workmen and their employers by trade unions and other associations appeared to me to call for inquiry: and the revelations derived from the examinations before the Commission, to which you gave your legislative sanction, have disclosed a state of things which will demand your most earnest attention.

The administration of the poor laws, which generally has conferred great benefit on the community, and especially on the poor themselves, requires constant supervision; and I have readily assented to a bill which, applied to the metropolis alone, will tend to equalize the pressure of taxation and improve the treatment of the sick poor, whose condition will be greatly benefited by your well-considered legislation.

The bill for the regulation of the merchant shipping contains important provisions, calculated to add to the health and comfort of those engaged in the mercantile marine.

These and other valuable amendments of the law have been the result of your labors during the present session; and in returning to your homes you will carry with you the gratifying consciousness that your time and pains have not been misapplied, and that they have resulted in a series of measures which I hope and earnestly pray may contribute to the welfare of the country, and the contentment and happiness of my people.

THE SALZBURG CONFERENCE.

The Imperial Negotiators on Their Way—Napoleon in Robust Health—How the Empresses were Dressed and Met—French Precautions—General Rejoicings.

FREILASSING, Aug. 18, P. M.—The Emperor and Empress of the French arrived here at five o'clock this afternoon, and were met at the railroad depot by the Emperor of Austria and his consort, the Archdukes Ludwig Victor, William and Franz Carl, the entire French Embassy in Vienna, the Prince Hohenlohe and a very select company of visitors. Napoleon, who was dressed in plain clothes, appeared hale and hearty. Eugénie was dressed in a very short white skirt, made with a long body, both trimmed with black. The Empresses of France and Austria kissed immediately on meeting, and were simultaneously presented by their husbands to the visitors, and *vice versa*. Hearty cheers broke out as the train reached the station, which was decorated very tastefully with the flags of both nations. The waiting-room was resplendent, and exotic plants from Vienna surrounded a magnificent marble statue of the Austrian Empress. Over two hundred French spies are in Salzburg this day. Fifty of them in disguise were in the depot. This beautiful town, standing in the middle of an amphitheatre of hills, will present to-night a scene of unparalleled grandeur. Bonfires will be lighted on every mountain top, fireworks displayed in every gorge, and Imperial salutes simultaneously fired from every fort. Napoleon and Eugénie remain here until Monday. Public opinion is yet divided as to whether the Salzburg meeting will have a political signification or not. The visit will be a very quiet *en famille*.

IMPERIAL MEEONIL.

First Symptoms of the Peace Movement—Reciprocal Imperial Compliments.

SALZBURG, August 21, 1867.—It is stated that the desire felt by the Emperors of France and Austria for the preservation of peace will be manifested by an invitation to the other European Powers to join in an agreement which has been entered into between the two sovereigns for the settlement of certain questions. The basis of this agreement is believed to be the maintenance of the treaty of peace signed at Prague. The Emperor Francis Joseph, on presenting Prince Metternich, Austrian Minister at the Court of the Tuileries, with the order of the Golden Fleece, eulogized, in presence of the whole court, the services he had rendered the State by re-establishing a good understanding with France. The Emperor Napoleon expressed aloud to the Emperor Francis Joseph his thanks for this declaration.

This incident created a great sensation among those present.

CRIME.

ANOTHER TRAGEDY IN NEW JERSEY.

Murder of Carem Carr at Boonton—The Victim Gives a Clue to the Supposed Murderer—Arrest of the Accused.

Another atrocious murder was committed on Saturday night last, at the usually quiet little village of Boonton, about eleven miles from Morristown, N. J., by which a young man named Carem Carr lost his life.

It appears that at about half-past eight o'clock on the evening in question a respectable resident of Boonton was walking along one of the village roads when he stumbled over a prostrate form, and upon examination ascertained it to be that of a man named Carem Carr. A light was procured from a neighboring house, when it was ascertained that the man was badly cut. The Catholic priest was at once summoned, and arrived in time to assist in removing the wounded man to an adjacent house. Carr was first discovered lying in the road, about one hundred yards from the lock house. Upon being placed carefully upon a bed the priest washed and dressed the wounds of the injured man, when a severe cut was found in his groin, about an inch in depth, from which the blood flowed freely. The man lived about fifteen minutes after being conveyed to the house. Previous to his death an acquaintance visited him, and deceased recognized him, saying, "Pat, is that you? I'm gone. Dempsey struck me." Carr repeated the name of the assassin to other persons present before his death.

Officers were at once despatched to effect the arrest of John Dempsey, the alleged murderer, which they accomplished on Sunday morning. He is a man of about thirty years, and has a wife and three children. He was found asleep in bed at his own house, a short distance from the place where deceased was first discovered, apparently unconscious of the near approach of the officers of the law. Blood was found upon different parts of his clothing, upon the sleeve of his coat and upon his hands; and the ground from the house to the spot where the victim lay was besprinkled with blood.

It is known that the two men attended a picnic in the neighboring woods on Saturday afternoon, after which they returned to town and drank very freely, both becoming somewhat intoxicated. After drinking at the saloon they walked up the road together, about half an hour previous to the discovery of Carr in his wounded condition. This is all that is actually known, beyond the fact that there was an old difficulty existing between the men. It is supposed that this difficulty was in some manner alluded to as the two were walking up the road, and that Dempsey went into his own house, procured the weapon and again met Carr, when he gave the fatal blow. This is partly substantiated by the fact above mentioned that the road from Dempsey's house to where deceased lay was saturated with blood.

As soon as the tragic affair became known the county coroner proceeded to empanel a jury, and a coroner's inquest was held yesterday at the Boonton tavern, before Squire Kenhouse and the coroner. The evidence taken was very strong against the accused. The Catholic priest testified to dressing the wounds of deceased, and that the conversation between him and Carr pertained strictly to spiritual matters. Several witnesses testified to hearing deceased say, "Dempsey struck me."

The case has not yet been given to the jury. In case of a verdict of guilty the accused will be taken to Morristown and confined in jail to await trial. Carr was a large and powerful man, and was commonly known by the nick-name "Giant," owing to his great muscular abilities. He was an unmarried man, and a great favorite among his associates.

The knife with which the deed was committed has not yet been found, but a search has been instituted for its recovery.

The excitement is very great, and the details are anxiously inquired after in the locality where the crime was perpetrated. It is said that Dempsey has admitted his guilt, and states that he committed the murder in self-defence.—*N. Y. Herald.*

TRIPLE MURDER IN ARKANSAS.

A Desperate Overseer Attempts to Chastise a Negro, is Resisted and Kills a Woman—Afterwards, in the Court Room, He is Set Upon by a Negro Mob, Kills Two of Them, and Disappears.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 2, 1867.—A terrible affair occurred at Marion, Arkansas, on Friday. A man named Bradley, an overseer on Mr. Keyes' plantation, ordered a negro to do some work, and the negro peremptorily refused, when Bradley attempted to chastise him. The negro resisted, and others interfered, and Bradley drew a pistol and fired, killing a negress. The negroes became infuriated, and Bradley fled, not knowing he had killed the woman. At his instance two of the negroes concerned in the attack on him were arrested, and on Saturday were brought before Magistrate Marcena. During the trial one negro called Bradley a liar several times, when he struck the negro. A party of negroes then set upon him, and Bradley drew a pistol and fired on them, killing two persons. He then turned and fled and has not been heard from since.

The Situation in Washington.

(From the Washington Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.)

WASHINGTON, Monday, Sept. 2, 1867.—The President is determined to relieve Howard, if what he says on the matter can be believed. He is only waiting to find a man to put in the place.

Gen. Pope cannot be considered safe in his position. The President gives out that he will surely remove him. When this occurs Binckley's services will again be brought into requisition, to make a report justifying the President in making the removal.

It is given out that Stanbery's lieutenant, Binckley, is now engaged in preparing a report on the Presidents charges against Gens. Sheridan and Howard, similar to his report on Gen. Sickles. These reports will be submitted to the Cabinet before being made public, and anything in the cases that may injure Johnson will be suppressed, of course.

Apropos of Binckley, since he has become so famous as an expounder of law and a writer, it is related here that not a long while ago he was made an editorial writer on the *World*, and that the first and only editorial he wrote for that paper was rejected, and the manuscript inclosed to his friend here who had recommended him, asking him if the writer was crazy.

It is not likely that the President will give the Sickles and Grant correspondence. Grant will not let it go to the public, claiming that he has no authority to do so. When Congress meets, however, all these suppressed documents will be exhumed and given to the country. This correspondence, and Grant's letter to Johnson on the removal of Stanton, will probably be the first things called for on the assembling of Congress.

A movement is on foot here, among loyal citizens from Louisiana and Texas, to petition Congress at their next meeting to reinstate General Sheridan in command of the Fifth Military District. They are of the opinion that the only way this can be done is by impeaching the President.

It is stated this evening, from a trustworthy source, that Gen. Hancock has applied for an extension of thirty days to his time before reporting for duty in New Orleans. The yellow fever is so very prevalent there that his physicians and friends urge him not to go at the present time, as he would surely be a victim to the disease, especially as he has been so acclimated to the pure air of the prairies.

Prominent citizens from Baltimore state that great apprehension exists among the Unionists of that city in regard to the coming celebration of the anniversary of the battle of North Point, which is to take place in that city on the 8th instant. The militia of Maryland, since Swann's apostacy, is composed mostly of returned rebel soldiers. Their number is put down at 30,000 strong. Those regiments made up in Baltimore and adjacent counties are to take part in the coming celebration. So, also, are several independent regiments, composed mostly of colored men who served in the Union army during the rebellion. A conflict is anticipated. These Baltimoreans state that the rebel element in Maryland, and especially in Baltimore, is very great, and they mean mischief, if they can make it. They go so far as to express a willingness to obey a summons from Johnson to disperse Congress.

THE SOUTH.

A Sheriff Removed by Gen. Sheridan.

The following order has been issued by General Sheridan:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT, NEW ORLEANS, Louisiana, August 27th, 1867.—SPECIAL ORDERS No. 127.— * * * * 7. J. R. Carradine, Sheriff and Tax-Collector of the Parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana, having made incorrect returns of the public moneys collected by him, as shown by an impartial investigation, is, at the request of his Excellency, Governor Flanders, hereby removed from his office, and Charles E. Stephens is appointed Sheriff and Tax-Collector in his stead. * * *

By command of Major-General P. H. Sheridan.
GEO. L. HARTSUFF,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

A Southern Colored Orator on the Northern Democrats—He Reads the Bible from the Original Hebrew.

From six to eight thousand persons held a political gathering in Macon, Ga., on the 27th ult. Among the principal speakers was the Rev. H. M. Turner, colored, who, in the course of his remarks, expressed himself as follows:

The Southern whites should hate the Northern Democrats. They fooled them into war, and then deserted them to take big offices against them. These Northern doughfaces were heavy on fat offices. For himself, he would as soon take sides with the devil as with these Northern Democrats, and hated them because they had fooled the Southern people, and he had no sympathy with Democrats. What I want is a constitution founded on the eternal justice of the Bible, and on the platform of eternal truth and justice he was willing to meet the Southern whites. He was opposed to any man doing his voting, and proceeded to read from Bancroft to show that the Southern people had forfeited that right when they engaged in the rebellion and failed. He was in favor of the negro doing his own voting, now that he was free. They owed the same duties to the country as the white man, and should be entitled to the same privileges. He must thank the Legislature of Georgia for rejecting the Constitutional Amendment. I am satisfied, if we do not reconstruct under the Sherman bill, that God will bring about some greater thing for the negro yet. All we want is our rights—without them our freedom amounts to nothing. I am opposed to confiscation, and do not want the whites to lose their property; and these, I believe, are the views of the majority of colored men. Turner then proceeded to rebut the Governor Perry objections to the colored man, and also to show the fallacious reasoning of Prof. Agassiz, who asserted that the negro was a distinct race from the white man. He would be glad to think so; for if that were the case then his Adam had never fallen and his race were not sinners, and there was no need for churches among them. If this was so, then is the Bible a lie. He then read from the original Hebrew to show that there had been but one race created, and that in the express image of its Maker; and then went on to demonstrate that the anatomical structure of the white and black races were identical. Gov. Perry contended that the negro occupied the same position to the white man that the jackass did to the horse, or the owl to the eagle. If the Governor thought this, why did he wish to crop the wings of the poor owl? Why wish to lock the feet of the poor negro? He then traced the genealogy of his race according to the Bible and history, and showed that to that race the Greeks and Romans were indebted for learning and civilization. I ask no more for my race than I am willing to grant to yours. We want our rights, and ask the white man for them. For two hundred and fifty years we have labored for you, more submissively than any race has ever done before. We built your railroads. During the war we took care of your wives and little ones, when at any time we could have scattered ruin and devastation in your rear. And what do we ask of you now? In the whole 38,000 square miles within Georgia, what portion is possessed by the negro? No, there is nothing for the negro; and all he now asks is that the negro have a fair living chance. I do not ask for vengeance upon the white man. I wish him to have a fair and equal chance, and have no grudge against them, and will take the hand of the white men who will give us our rights. I want my white friends to take the wheels on one side of the Union car, and the negroes on the other, and roll it through.

A Silly Story.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* publishes the following ancient and foolish story:

RADICAL PLANS FOR DEPOSING THE PRESIDENT AND CARRYING STANTON INTO THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.

I learn this evening from a gentleman who is generally regarded as having sufficient shrewdness and foresight to see a few moves ahead in the political game, that a little plan has just been decided upon in the Radical camp to carry Mr. Stanton to the White House. The plan is said to have received its finishing stroke during the visit of Hon. Simon Cameron to this city, which terminated this morning, Mr. Cameron having left for Pennsylvania. I give it as a rumor coming from a Radical source. In carrying out the plan the events, it is said, will occur as follows: Mr. Stanton will resign as Secretary of War, which will be followed by the resignation of Senator Cameron. Governor Geary will appoint Mr. Stanton United States Senator from Pennsylvania; Mr. Wade will then resign as President of the Senate, and Mr. Stanton will be his successor. The President will be impeached and deposed, and Mr. Stanton will seat himself in the Presidential chair. Mr. Wade will then be re-elected President of the Senate, and Simon Cameron re-appointed Senator, vice Stanton, Chief Magistrate of the United States.

[The Great Republic for China.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 2, 1867.—The steamer Great Republic, for China and Japan, which sails to-morrow, will have six hundred tons of freight, $1,000,000 in treasure, forty cabin and six hundred and forty steerage passengers.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Bishop Kip is coming back from California.

—Two Wisconsin ladies were nearly frightened to death by a sight at the great sea-serpent.

—The French watering-places are said to be less patronized than usual this year.

—A Cambridge, Eng., rat devoured 24 canary birds at a sitting.

—Lopez is a lively ghost. He has just written three letters.

—Taking iron is described as swallowing the essence of a mile or two of railroad track.

—Victor Hugo's living at Jersey has doubled the price of property on the island.

—A youth in New York committed suicide because he had a headache.

—A genuine woolly horse is exhibiting in Ohio. Barnum may cover many sins by securing him.

—Dr. Major Mary Walker is called a brevet female.

—Sweden is having its woman's rights agitation as well as England and America.

—A Vermonter has produced an apple some five inches larger round than the trunk of the tree that bears it.

—A manufacturer of artificial limbs advertises "Two legs in one." But what does a man want with three legs?

—The Saratoga gamblers have exhibited their winning ways greatly to their own advantage this season.

—A young lady at Boston taunted a boy of sixteen years for making love to her, whereupon he made a murderous assault upon her.

—A school teacher in Cincinnati died in a few days from insanity produced by a bookseller refusing to publish a new grammar of which the teacher was the author.

—Queen Victoria has expended £4,000 on the restoration of the Savoy Chapel, the ancient place of worship so famous in history in connection with the palace of the Dukes of Lancaster.

—The immigration to Minnesota this year has been immense. It is estimated that 10,000 persons have settled in the Sauk Valley alone. The average number passing Winona was at one time 700 daily.

—An ingenious Frenchman has invented a curiously shaped hearse, which contains not only room for the coffin, but seats for the priests and the mourners—constituting a whole procession with only two horses.

—Cholera has been successfully treated in Mississippi, if we may believe a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, by injecting sulphuric acid into the veins. All right for the cholera, but how about the patients?

—The *London Spectator* has an Australian correspondent who adopts the curious signature of "Wild Ass." An exchange, in alluding to this, very uncivilly remarks that "he has several close connections among the watering-place correspondents of New York journals."

—Another great fortune has been found, according to the Western papers, to belong to heirs in this country. It is said to amount to between two and three hundred millions, and to belong to the descendants of Lady Mary Townley Lawrence.

—The *Transcript* says the President "has been playing muffin ever since he was inaugurated." But did'nt he put Stanton, who was on the first base, out on a fly?—*Boston Post.* No, he put him out on "a foul," and then tried to play first base himself.

—The Albany *Journal* says that President Johnson is in the bog of usurpation and reconstruction opposition up to his ankles, but in the same way as the friend of the Irishman who was called for help to get the victim out. "How deep is the gentleman in?" asked the man solicited to help. "Up to the ankles," was the reply. "Then there's plenty of time, and he can wait." "No, indade there's no time, for he's in head first."

—In reference to invitations to visit the Horse Fair at Springfield, Mass., the two great humorists of New England sent there two poor specimens of fun:

"*Dear Sir:* I am much obliged to you for the invitation to appear (on horseback) at the great equestrian banquet. I doubt not you would have plenty of nice bits, ready for the flying horse referred to and his rider, and, for aught I know, a saddle of venison may form part of the entertainment. Unfortunately, he is entered for a grand sweepstakes on the 20th, the track running through Springfield, but the winning post is Boston. In plain English, the 20th of October is the day appointed for the annual migration of the family to which the horse belongs from Pittsfield to its city quarters. Now, my past experience has t— match against time so much weight is carried the animal is good for nothing else during the whole week in which it takes place. If there should be any report, therefore, of trotting, running, or flying matches, please enter the following:

"O. W. Holmes name f. h. Pegasus; withdrawn, pd. forfeit.

"Yours very truly,
"O. W. HOLMES."

Mr. Saxe's note is similar, and equally like himself:

"GENTLEMEN: I am very sorry that I shall not be able to partake of your *horsepitality*. Being a born Vermonter—who, you know, is a perfect Arab for horses—I claim no exemption from the charge of being a 'charger,' and admire a "courser" of my course. Indeed, I must say, in the manner of Alexander to Diogenes: 'If I were not a *man* I would be a *horse*'—an animal which, in utter contempt of the monkey theory of the naturalists, I hold to be the next of kin to his master. In short, he who does not love a horse is an *ass*, and deserves a perpetual diet of thistles, instead of the sumptuous fare which your famous Springfield caterers will spread before you at your banquet on the 20th. Hoping that Vermont will represent herself worthily at the great national exhibition of horses; I am, gentlemen, very truly, JOHN G. SAXE."

The following letter to the same Committee from the venerable Secretary of the Navy, was intercepted at this office. Let Holmes and Saxe look to their laurels:

"WASHINGTON, Sept. 3, 1867.—I regret exceedingly to be compelled to say neigh to your invitation to the banquet. If I went to Springfield I should doubtless enjoy myself and bare-back many pleasant memories of the visit. In looking over the *courses* in the bill of fair I find many attrack-tive dishes which I could dispose of in one 'cat. Your stakes I know will be served up tenderly, and I smack my lips even now at the thought of the *hock* and the pony-brandy which will adorn the table in a de-canter. If you and I got at that together with all our might and mane, I would soon place you horse-du-combat under the table. I understand you have asked Agassiz down to give you a speech on the difference between the races, and also on 'oss-tea-ology; why not have Mr. Binckley to amuse you with an essay on stable governments? I might suggest an after dinner speech from our Mayor, but he is a little hoarse from public speaking, and he seems to think you wouldn't give such a veteran-ary chance. But you ought to have him, for if he once gets a bit in his mouth off of your team-ing board—say a wheel-cutlet, or a filly-de-boeuf—he will astonish you with *shafts* of wit and show you what he accomplished by the *tongue* of satire. I am not a man to a Bucephalus confidence [NOTE.—This is to be pronounced 'abuse-n-fellow's confidence'], but he told me that he would like to have something to do with your corn-fed-oration on the occasion, because he admires you. You can rely upon his sincerity, for he is by no means hippo-critical. I have a friend that I should like to send, that served in the militia during the war. Like John Gilpin 'a train-band captain *equus* he,' and any re-past you're going to have he would like to join. His name is P. Gasus, and he thinks he will take a gal-up with him to see if he can't stir-up an excitement among the bachelors.

"Yours truly,
"GIDDY'UN WELLES."