

# Daily Evening Bulletin

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher.

VOLUME XXI.—NO. 138.

PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1867.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

**THE EVENING BULLETIN**  
PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING  
(Sundays excepted).  
AT THE NEW BULLETIN BUILDING,  
907 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,  
AT THE  
EVENING BULLETIN ASSOCIATION.

**GIBSON PEACOCK**, PROPRIETOR.  
W. F. WALLACE, EDITOR.  
W. F. WALLACE, EDITOR.  
W. F. WALLACE, EDITOR.

**RECEIPTS**  
The Bulletin is served to subscribers in the city at 18 cents per week, payable to the carrier, or 85 per cent in advance.

**ADVERTISING**  
The Bulletin is served to subscribers in the city at 18 cents per week, payable to the carrier, or 85 per cent in advance.

**DEATHS**  
On the evening of the 16th inst., Lizzie F. daughter of J. Hart and Adeline A. Leiby, died at the residence of her mother, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 21 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

**DEATHS**  
On the morning of the 16th inst., Mrs. M. J. DeLoach, (native of Bordeaux, France), in the 75th year of her age, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hill, No. 1241 Locust street, on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, aged 75 years.

## RASH STEPS.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)  
A steady-looking Italian, followed by a pretty dog, opened a gate for us, and introduced us to a natural cellar in the hill-side. The gate was like an alley-way at home, and the cellar was like some thrifless potato-cellar without any potatoes. It was all poor enough, and unpromising in the extreme. But the man was twisting up the half of a badly printed gray-looking newspaper. Striking a match against the side of the cavern, he kindled the paper, which flapped downwards, flaming and steaming, as far as the level of our knees. Then it went out, and settled on the ground without a spark. The extinction was sudden and surprising. The inhospitable cellar was the Grotto del Can.

"What paper was that, my friend?"  
"Emmence, it was the *Unita Cattolica*, from Rome," answered the custode, with a sinister smile. "It is the very breath of his Holiness. How easily it choked—but I will show you a prettier thing, and—ah! he left us alone in the cave."

"What an admirable *ostinato*," exclaimed my companion, who was Breton-French, "to conserve the cinders of *choses malheureuses*! I will burn that brigand of a hotel-bill at Gaeta."

And lighting the paper he let it water down to the floor, where it showed nothing but the amount and receipt. Taking the hint, I began to burn the accumulation of my pockets. The confined air soon bright with a cloud of floating papers on fire, which went out accurately and finally at a certain point, and strewn the ground with ashes.

"Here is the annoying old boot-maker. Here is that down and a half that would not button from the neck. Here is Nemo, who wants a present, because hand-ladders are so useful during the Exposition. Ah! he has two locks of hair, one black and the other red—dyed, I am certain. Here is a Minister Rouber, on the Luxembourg affair."

Not to be behindhand, I devoted a few letters, a cigarette-book that tasted of glue, some morsels of sketching charcoal that never would mark, a paper collar, and the design for my future historical picture. A copy of a New York sheet containing a lengthy *Veto* being in my pocket, I held a match to it, caught fire eagerly, and burned, to my astonishment, almost to the very bottom of the cave, perhaps because the printer's ink was rancid; then it went out, leaving a very bad perfume.

Meanwhile the guide and the spaniel were performing a little drama outside. The man was tugging the dog, and the dog was sneezing to evade the summons without offending the man. It was on both sides a delicate Italian intrigue. His master smiled, flattered, sang, promised sweetmeats, and addressed his follower in diminutive.

"The poor slave drink at the meagre. Eatting fields of fax, affected to grin in circles over the waters of lake Agnano, and crouched from time to time at a safe distance, his tail wagging from cowardice and his fine eyes bright with anxiety. Finally the man approached as near as possible, lay down in the fax, snored, and then sprang on the creature like a panther. He brought the little panting animal in his arms, intending to dip him after the usual fashion in the noxious bath.

Satisfied at this point, we delivered the poor creature to the custode, and rejoined the carriage, leaving the custode in the last degree astonished at our want of spirit.

What a delicious ride to Bale! Everywhere grapes, umbrellas, pine-borders of cactus, and peasants easily jogging at their work in short, white, Chinese-looking suits. A certain tendency to nudity without harm, an easy way of walking, as if they were not ashamed of their fine legs, distinguished the Neapolitan peasants, whether on land or sea. I fancy that after living awhile among them one would cede to the natural influence of the climate—allow the soft Mediterranean breeze to beat at the open bosom, and feel the sweet sun melting luxuriously over the calf as one pattered along one's vines.

We rattled merrily along, talking and singing. The horse was a fanatic, the driver a crusader, my friend an energetic little Breton who had devoted himself to being agreeable from the moment he found I knew his native city, Quimper, in Finistère. In this flippant modern way we scurried on, laughing and disputing, through the regions heavy with a weight of Roman memories. We pointed out profiles among the hills. We confounded with easy wit the little urchin who offered us native sulphur at Solfauro. We pronounced tremendous oracles in the old subterranean batis called by the guides the grotto of Virgil's Sibyl. We scratched matches against the limestone incrustation of the enormous reservoir which, eighteen centuries ago, supplied the fleet in the Portus Julius, and could easily supply to-day, from its still perfect chamber, double the present Italian navy.

It is a region of lava, of nostrils that open out of the earth and fume with sulfuration, of lakes bubbling with carbonic acid, of hot springs, of passages that lose themselves within the hills. But all is garlanded and festal. This land, like a heated, panting bacchanal, crows herself with flowers and vineleaves. The beautiful bean-plants wander over the horrible spittle of the volcano. Dedicated from the oldest times to orgie and debauch, the shore has many times arisen as if in horror and shaken its miserable tenants into the sea. It has shuddered with earthquake throes like a troubled bosom; it has stooped to bury its hot beaches in the sea. Nowhere can we find a soil in such palpable and guilty sympathy with its inhabitants, so stricken with their crime and ashamed of their shame. There remain, outside of Putcoli, three upright columns of the ancient Sarcophagi of the town, which tell the wildest history of bowing and lifting, of heavings such as Samson's pillars never felt. Like three mighty and mutually testing calendars they stand marked with the data of supreme convulsions which have laid their companions around them in the dust. First, for twelve feet they are smooth, then, for nine feet, deeply bored, at advancing water-marks, by the marble-drilling *Widowhood*. They have therefore been, at an unknown era, sunk twenty-one feet beneath the water, their bases meanwhile protected by some volcanic drift of a still earlier period, some beds of ashes or of boiling mire which had swept into the court after the abandonment of its uncouth African rites. Now, risen into the blazing air again, they hold to the light their trophies of the deep, the shells and frofworks of their sea-change. Strange enough testimony of the tidal impulses that have swept the world since the days of old Rome! First came the heaving billow of Christianity, and extinguished the needful altar-fires and washed out the lastral urns. Then the consuming lava, descending and scattering with it the Vandal Irruptions, then,

## EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

**ENGLAND.**  
**A Shocking Murder.**  
A shocking murder was committed September 3d, in the Kent road, London. In a house there a carrier named Bourder cohabited with a woman named Emma Snow. A little before six o'clock in the morning he got out of bed, and taking up a sharp knife, cut the woman's throat. She was able to stagger up stairs to her aunt and tell her what had happened, and then died. Bourder, when he had cut the woman's throat, went into another room, where his little daughter was sleeping, and seizing her by the throat looked intently in her face and then bade her die down again. Bourder could not be had medicated in London, and he was soon afterwards taken into custody. He admitted that he had killed Emma Snow, and he was obliged to do it. Letters found on him show that he had intended to kill himself and the children also. He was brought up at the Lambeth police court and remanded.

**The Queen's Servant.**  
A London correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner* says:—It is understood that the Queen will shortly lose the personal services of her faithful highland gillie, John Brown, who has been her Majesty's chosen attendant in her rides and drives ever since the death of Prince Consort—who had a special liking for and trust in him—transferred to her service. He was included, as it may be remembered, in the striking picture, by Sir Edward Maclay, of the Queen and her children in the year's Academy Exhibition, and the photograph could have given a more perfect *fac simile* of his personal appearance and respectful bearing. It appears that despite the confidential position assigned him in the royal household, he is desirous to reach the truth long ago pledged to a young Scotch woman of his own grade, and it is understood that he has written to the Duke of Devonshire, with the supervision of a certain part of the domain, will prove a gratifying testimonial to him of the value entertained of his services by his royal mistress.

**THE ALABAMA CLAIM.**  
**Mr. Seward's Endless Diplomatic Diversion.**  
(From the London Times, Sept. 4.)  
To Mr. Seward's case, there is probably a relief to have a Foreign Secretary to wrestle with. He delights in going over the whole history of the Alabama claims from beginning to end, and he is a man who has a special aptitude for a practical ingenuity enables him to urge to the disadvantage of England. The conduct of Great Britain, down to the smallest detail, is made the subject of his diatribe. This is only what might be expected; but, unfortunately, it decides nothing. Nor has the endless historical details, which are a mere means of delay, to recommend it. In speaking of the Sumner as a ship built and fitted out in the ports of Great Britain, Mr. Seward has been wrong, and there are other particulars in which he has suffered himself to be misled. But it is useless to follow Mr. Seward's steps in order to correct his errors. Lord Stanley seems to have felt. The whole series of questions arising out of these claims is therefore left by the present correspondence precisely where it was when Lord Russell was in the office of Foreign Secretary.

At present Mr. Seward resembles a lawyer who desires to prolong litigation rather than obtain judgment. We are convinced, however, that the Government will feel its duty as a statesman to dispose of this fruitful source of discord in his own time, rather than bequeath it to a successor. It is a matter of course that the Government will not change as years pass by. The calmness with which, in his recent despatches, he characterizes the war as a "local disturbance" is at least corrected by the words which he has just uttered would be over in ninety days. In 1861 the Foreign Secretary made light of what the Federal Supreme Court called "the greatest of civil wars," and it is his duty to be honest in his own day. In like manner, since he once believed it the best course to refer the Confederate privateer claims to arbitration, he doubts if he will be honest in his own day in referring it into effect before the Foreign Department passes out of his hands. It is not in the interests of any of the parties concerned to let these vexatious claims fester for a number of years, or to prolong national differences, and there is apparently no fairer method of bringing them to a conclusion than that formerly approved by Mr. Seward and now recommended by Lord Stanley.

**THE REFORM REVOLUTION.**  
**Future Action of the English Populace.**  
(From the London Star, Sept. 1.)  
We are not without indications that early in the day of the probable policy of the Liberal party in the future. The Reform act, however, tortuously begotten, has beyond question, increased the influence of the Liberal party, and given force to its impact; the newly enfranchised masses are ready to follow the leaders of the party to the goal which thinkers and practical men have designated as the one national end, and the past and imminent conflicts. Already the details of the "Reform question" are considered to be settled through the ballot, and a satisfactory result is expected to be attained. But there are besides certain great problems which the apathy of unreformed Parliaments has smothered, but which profoundly agitate the people. The Liberal party, in its present mood, is running in an altogether new channel; it shakes institutions—evils consecrated by age, against which logic and morality have heretofore been impotent. The Liberal party, in its present mood, is running in an altogether new channel; it shakes institutions—evils consecrated by age, against which logic and morality have heretofore been impotent. The Liberal party, in its present mood, is running in an altogether new channel; it shakes institutions—evils consecrated by age, against which logic and morality have heretofore been impotent.

**NEWS BY THE CUBA CABLE.**  
**ST. THOMAS.**  
The Steamer *Red Gauntlet's* Passengers Transferred to the South Atlantic. ST. THOMAS, Sept. 2, by way of Havana, Sept. 14, 1867.—The *Palmer* is preparing to sail. The authorities have advised Porto Rico. The steamer *Red Gauntlet*, vainly seeking bottomry, her passengers went per the South Atlantic.

**PORTO RICO.**  
Arrival of Troops.—Detention of War Prisoners. PORTO RICO, Sept. 3, by way of Havana, Sept. 14, 1867.—Seven hundred troops have arrived here. Two war vessels ordered for St. Thomas have been detained.

**HAVTI.**  
The Press and President Salnave. HAVTI, August 16, 1867.—The press protests against President Salnave's disbursement of \$5,000,000 without the approval of Congress. The import duties have been increased fifty per cent.

**ST. DOMINGO.**  
The Government Credits to be Re-examined.—The Tobacco Crop. ST. DOMINGO, Sept. 1, 1867.—The government credits lacking vouchers are to be re-examined. The tobacco crops are as large as in 1866. Prices are sustained.

**VENEZUELA.**  
The French Minister and the Steamer *Caribee*. VENEZUELA, August 31, by way of Havana, September 14, 1867.—The French Minister has received a satisfactory reply about the steamer *Caribee*.

**CUBA.**  
Financial and Commercial. HAVANA, Sept. 14, 1867.—The sugar market is paralyzed. Exchange *rumplis* varied.

## ITALY.

**Garibaldi and Ratazzi.**  
The alliance between Ratazzi and Garibaldi, which for some time past has been suspected to exist, was lately manifested in a very remarkable manner at Orvieto, on the pontifical frontier. On August 28th a considerable number of Garibaldi's followers, joined by a part of the garrison, assailed in the streets, crying, "Down with the pope! Let us march on Rome!" "Down with the pope! Let us march on Rome!" "Down with the pope! Let us march on Rome!"

**Mortality in the Turkish Army.—Atrocities Committed by the Sultans' Troops.—(From the N. Y. Tribune.)**  
CANKA, Aug. 27, 1867.—I seize the opportunity of the sailing of the Swatara for Pirous to send the following news from the incomprehensible, or, at any rate, incomprehended, Greek insurrection. The mortality in the ranks of the Turkish army continues, and is almost unexampled. Of 23,000 Egyptians who came here a year ago, there only 6,000 remain. To some accounts, 5,000 of the estimate being given by an Egyptian Colonel. The same accounts represent the same state of things to exist, more or less, with the Turkish troops. They show signs of exhaustion and demoralization which can hardly be mistaken. The remnants of the divisions of Mehmet Pasha and Ali Bere Pasha, rendered infamous by their atrocities in Kessamos, are entering into the city of the camps around, and seem to have abandoned hostilities. The country from Retimo to the western sea is full of anarchy, and free of troops. The eastern districts alone show any chance of a fight, since some Turkish divisions are still outside the fortifications there. It is probable that the Government will not be able to hold its own in the islands, which have been committed in the island are multiplied and confirmed by a curious discovery—of which more, when circumstances permit—of a journal kept by a private army of Omar Pasha, which records in detail the most brutal acts of history can record. I have no space, and your readers will probably have less disposition to read. One will show how low the pretensions of the Turkish empire are. Two officers, of whom one was a Colonel, quarreled which should have the possession of a beautiful girl, and not content with a improper assault on her, and the flames of a burning house, where she perished. Some of Omar's body-guard, having taken possession of a beautiful boy, who persisted in refusing to be troubled with the Turkish empire, until he died resisting. The journal is in good hands, and may one day be published entire, when I venture to think that one reform will become obligatory on the Porte, viz: that of its method of conducting war.

**CRIME.**  
**THE WESTFIELD (N. J.) MURDER.**  
Trial of Sylvester Quiller for the Murder of John Firman.—The Prisoner Convicted of Murder in the First Degree. ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 16, 1867.—At half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning the trial of Sylvester Quiller for the murder of John Firman was resumed. The case was heard in the court-room, it being known that the trial was to be concluded. The prisoner maintained the same calm and collected manner which had marked his previous trial. He was dressed in a blue suit, and wore a white shirt and a white necktie. Mr. Dutcher, counsel for the prisoner, then summed up on behalf of the defence, arguing ably for the prisoner. His remarks continued for about an hour, when Attorney-General Robeson, on behalf of the State, replied. Judge Dupre then proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury, explaining various points at which the defence had failed. The jury retired to deliberate upon their verdict. In two hours and a half they remained out, coming in shortly after three o'clock. The words of the Judge, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" echoed through the court-room, and in an instant all noise and confusion ceased, and a whisper might have been heard in the next moment. After the usual response, the foreman of the jury rose in firm accents the finding of the jury, "Guilty of murder in the first degree." The prisoner, on hearing the verdict, which he had expected to be the highest penalty of the law, did not give way, but became quite melancholy. He was conveyed from the court-room to his cell, to await the passing of sentence.

**THE WESTFIELD (N. J.) MURDER.**  
Trial of Sylvester Quiller for the Murder of John Firman.—The Prisoner Convicted of Murder in the First Degree. ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 16, 1867.—At half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning the trial of Sylvester Quiller for the murder of John Firman was resumed. The case was heard in the court-room, it being known that the trial was to be concluded. The prisoner maintained the same calm and collected manner which had marked his previous trial. He was dressed in a blue suit, and wore a white shirt and a white necktie. Mr. Dutcher, counsel for the prisoner, then summed up on behalf of the defence, arguing ably for the prisoner. His remarks continued for about an hour, when Attorney-General Robeson, on behalf of the State, replied. Judge Dupre then proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury, explaining various points at which the defence had failed. The jury retired to deliberate upon their verdict. In two hours and a half they remained out, coming in shortly after three o'clock. The words of the Judge, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" echoed through the court-room, and in an instant all noise and confusion ceased, and a whisper might have been heard in the next moment. After the usual response, the foreman of the jury rose in firm accents the finding of the jury, "Guilty of murder in the first degree." The prisoner, on hearing the verdict, which he had expected to be the highest penalty of the law, did not give way, but became quite melancholy. He was conveyed from the court-room to his cell, to await the passing of sentence.

**QUARTER SESSIONS.—JUDGE FELTON.**—Yesterday the case of John Bassler, charged with assault and battery with intent to kill Mrs. Gamble, was commenced, and continued this morning. Mrs. Gamble resides at 1219 Filzwater street, and she testified that, on the 4th of July last, she was in her store, seven or eight feet inside the door, when she was shot. The first intimation she had of her injury was feeling the pain in her left leg, and, upon looking around, she saw the accused standing on the opposite side of the street, with a gun pointing at her door. The injury was so severe, that Mrs. Gamble had to suffer the amputation of her left leg. Dr. Neil testified that he was called in to Mrs. Gamble. He found the bone of the left leg crushed. The leg was amputated at the knee joint the next morning, and she recovered.

The officer who arrested the accused testified that he refused to produce his gun, but the gun was subsequently found in the basement of his house, and was given to Mr. Gamble. The accused resisted the officer when arrested. Mr. Gamble, the husband of Mrs. Gamble, testified that on the morning of the 4th of July, he was in his store, and saw the accused, who was charging a gun from Mr. Bassler's cellar, and frightening the families in the neighborhood. Mr. Gamble went to the cellar, and saw the accused, who was charging a gun from Mr. Bassler's cellar, and frightening the families in the neighborhood. Mr. Gamble went to the cellar, and saw the accused, who was charging a gun from Mr. Bassler's cellar, and frightening the families in the neighborhood.

**CRIME.**  
**THE WESTFIELD (N. J.) MURDER.**  
Trial of Sylvester Quiller for the Murder of John Firman.—The Prisoner Convicted of Murder in the First Degree. ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 16, 1867.—At half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning the trial of Sylvester Quiller for the murder of John Firman was resumed. The case was heard in the court-room, it being known that the trial was to be concluded. The prisoner maintained the same calm and collected manner which had marked his previous trial. He was dressed in a blue suit, and wore a white shirt and a white necktie. Mr. Dutcher, counsel for the prisoner, then summed up on behalf of the defence, arguing ably for the prisoner. His remarks continued for about an hour, when Attorney-General Robeson, on behalf of the State, replied. Judge Dupre then proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury, explaining various points at which the defence had failed. The jury retired to deliberate upon their verdict. In two hours and a half they remained out, coming in shortly after three o'clock. The words of the Judge, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" echoed through the court-room, and in an instant all noise and confusion ceased, and a whisper might have been heard in the next moment. After the usual response, the foreman of the jury rose in firm accents the finding of the jury, "Guilty of murder in the first degree." The prisoner, on hearing the verdict, which he had expected to be the highest penalty of the law, did not give way, but became quite melancholy. He was conveyed from the court-room to his cell, to await the passing of sentence.

**CRIME.**  
**THE WESTFIELD (N. J.) MURDER.**  
Trial of Sylvester Quiller for the Murder of John Firman.—The Prisoner Convicted of Murder in the First Degree. ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 16, 1867.—At half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning the trial of Sylvester Quiller for the murder of John Firman was resumed. The case was heard in the court-room, it being known that the trial was to be concluded. The prisoner maintained the same calm and collected manner which had marked his previous trial. He was dressed in a blue suit, and wore a white shirt and a white necktie. Mr. Dutcher, counsel for the prisoner, then summed up on behalf of the defence, arguing ably for the prisoner. His remarks continued for about an hour, when Attorney-General Robeson, on behalf of the State, replied. Judge Dupre then proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury, explaining various points at which the defence had failed. The jury retired to deliberate upon their verdict. In two hours and a half they remained out, coming in shortly after three o'clock. The words of the Judge, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" echoed through the court-room, and in an instant all noise and confusion ceased, and a whisper might have been heard in the next moment. After the usual response, the foreman of the jury rose in firm accents the finding of the jury, "Guilty of murder in the first degree." The prisoner, on hearing the verdict, which he had expected to be the highest penalty of the law, did not give way, but became quite melancholy. He was conveyed from the court-room to his cell, to await the passing of sentence.

**CRIME.**  
**THE WESTFIELD (N. J.) MURDER.**  
Trial of Sylvester Quiller for the Murder of John Firman.—The Prisoner Convicted of Murder in the First Degree. ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 16, 1867.—At half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning the trial of Sylvester Quiller for the murder of John Firman was resumed. The case was heard in the court-room, it being known that the trial was to be concluded. The prisoner maintained the same calm and collected manner which had marked his previous trial. He was dressed in a blue suit, and wore a white shirt and a white necktie. Mr. Dutcher, counsel for the prisoner, then summed up on behalf of the defence, arguing ably for the prisoner. His remarks continued for about an hour, when Attorney-General Robeson, on behalf of the State, replied. Judge Dupre then proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury, explaining various points at which the defence had failed. The jury retired to deliberate upon their verdict. In two hours and a half they remained out, coming in shortly after three o'clock. The words of the Judge, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" echoed through the court-room, and in an instant all noise and confusion ceased, and a whisper might have been heard in the next moment. After the usual response, the foreman of the jury rose in firm accents the finding of the jury, "Guilty of murder in the first degree." The prisoner, on hearing the verdict, which he had expected to be the highest penalty of the law, did not give way, but became quite melancholy. He was conveyed from the court-room to his cell, to await the passing of sentence.

**CRIME.**  
**THE WESTFIELD (N. J.) MURDER.**  
Trial of Sylvester Quiller for the Murder of John Firman.—The Prisoner Convicted of Murder in the First Degree. ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 16, 1867.—At half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning the trial of Sylvester Quiller for the murder of John Firman was resumed. The case was heard in the court-room, it being known that the trial was to be concluded. The prisoner maintained the same calm and collected manner which had marked his previous trial. He was dressed in a blue suit, and wore a white shirt and a white necktie. Mr. Dutcher, counsel for the prisoner, then summed up on behalf of the defence, arguing ably for the prisoner. His remarks continued for about an hour, when Attorney-General Robeson, on behalf of the State, replied. Judge Dupre then proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury, explaining various points at which the defence had failed. The jury retired to deliberate upon their verdict. In two hours and a half they remained out, coming in shortly after three o'clock. The words of the Judge, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" echoed through the court-room, and in an instant all noise and confusion ceased, and a whisper might have been heard in the next moment. After the usual response, the foreman of the jury rose in firm accents the finding of the jury, "Guilty of murder in the first degree." The prisoner, on hearing the verdict, which he had expected to be the highest penalty of the law, did not give way, but became quite melancholy. He was conveyed from the court-room to his cell, to await the passing of sentence.

**CRIME.**  
**THE WESTFIELD (N. J.) MURDER.**  
Trial of Sylvester Quiller for the Murder of John Firman.—The Prisoner Convicted of Murder in the First Degree. ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 16, 1867.—At half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning the trial of Sylvester Quiller for the murder of John Firman was resumed. The case was heard in the court-room, it being known that the trial was to be concluded. The prisoner maintained the same calm and collected manner which had marked his previous trial. He was dressed in a blue suit, and wore a white shirt and a white necktie. Mr. Dutcher, counsel for the prisoner, then summed up on behalf of the defence, arguing ably for the prisoner. His remarks continued for about an hour, when Attorney-General Robeson, on behalf of the State, replied. Judge Dupre then proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury, explaining various points at which the defence had failed. The jury retired to deliberate upon their verdict. In two hours and a half they remained out, coming in shortly after three o'clock. The words of the Judge, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" echoed through the court-room, and in an instant all noise and confusion ceased, and a whisper might have been heard in the next moment. After the usual response, the foreman of the jury rose in firm accents the finding of the jury, "Guilty of murder in the first degree." The prisoner, on hearing the verdict, which he had expected to be the highest penalty of the law, did not give way, but became quite melancholy. He was conveyed from the court-room to his cell, to await the passing of sentence.

**CRIME.**  
**THE WESTFIELD (N. J.) MURDER.**  
Trial of Sylvester Quiller for the Murder of John Firman.—The Prisoner Convicted of Murder in the First Degree. ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 16, 1867.—At half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning the trial of Sylvester Quiller for the murder of John Firman was resumed. The case was heard in the court-room, it being known that the trial was to be concluded. The prisoner maintained the same calm and collected manner which had marked his previous trial. He was dressed in a blue suit, and wore a white shirt and a white necktie. Mr. Dutcher, counsel for the prisoner, then summed up on behalf of the defence, arguing ably for the prisoner. His remarks continued for about an hour, when Attorney-General Robeson, on behalf of the State, replied. Judge Dupre then proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury, explaining various points at which the defence had failed. The jury retired to deliberate upon their verdict. In two hours and a half they remained out, coming in shortly after three o'clock. The words of the Judge, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" echoed through the court-room, and in an instant all noise and confusion ceased, and a whisper might have been heard in the next moment. After the usual response, the foreman of the jury rose in firm accents the finding of the jury, "Guilty of murder in the first degree." The prisoner, on hearing the verdict, which he had expected to be the highest penalty of the law, did not give way, but became quite melancholy.