Daily Evening Bulletin.

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor. | OUR WHOLE COUNTRY. | F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher.

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THE EVENING BULLETIN
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BY THE
EVENING BULLETIN ASSOCIATION,
PROPRIETORS.
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 12 cents per week, payable to the carriers, or $6 per annum.

DIED.

CARSON.—Suddenly on the 12th instant, Thomas B. Carson, in the 59th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 603 North Thirteenth street, on Saturday afternoon, the 15th inst., at 2 o'clock. Interment at South Laurel Hill.

FAUSSETT.—On the 10th instant, James T. Faussett, in the 43d year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 222 Pine street, on Saturday morning, at 8½ o'clock, without further notice. Funeral service at St. Joseph's Church. Interment in Cathedral Cemetery.

LIPPINCOTT.—Mrs. Ellen C. Lippincott, relict of the late John S. Lippincott.

The relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Friday, February 14th, at ten o'clock, from the residence of her son-in-law, Geo. B. Kerfoot, No. 628 Buttonwood street. To proceed to Laurel Hill.

NEAL.—On Tuesday, Feb. 11th, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Eliza Neal, wife of Mr. Wm. Neal, in the 66th year of her age.

The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Sunday, Feb. 16th, at 2 o'clock, from the residence of her husband, No. 812 North Fifth street.

SHOEMAKER.—On Third-day night, 11th inst., Amelia B., wife of Richard M. Shoemaker, in the 77th year of her age.

Friends and relatives are invited to attend the funeral, on Sixth-day, the 14th inst., at 10 o'clock, noon, from the residence of her husband, York Road, corner of Cheltenham avenue, Cheltenham township, Montgomery county. Interment at Abington.

WHITE, PURE MOHAIR FOR EVENING DRESSES.
WHITE ORLEANS CLOTH.
SCARLET OPERA CLOTH.
WHITE MERINO AND DELAINE.
EYRE & LANDELL,
Fourth and Arch streets.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S
FAREWELL READINGS.
CONCERT HALL.

An Office for the sale of RESERVED SEATS has been opened at
CHARLES E. SMITH'S,
GENERAL STATIONER,
No. 109 South Third Street, near Chestnut,
where Seats can be procured for either of the two FAREWELL READINGS at TWO DOLLARS each.
fe11tf

ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY,
Galleries 1334 Chestnut St.
The Exhibition of February and March will be free to the Public.
Open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
fe13 15 18 20-4trp§

REV. JAMES BOGAS, COLLECTING AGENT of the American Union Commission of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, having lost or had taken from his pocket, his commission as collecting agent, hereby notifies the public that he has closed his labors for said Society, and that any person presenting said commission must be regarded as an impostor.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, CORNER OF FRANKFORD ROAD and PALMER STREET (opposite New York Kensington Depot), in charge of the Sisters of St. Francis.

Accident cases received if brought immediately after reception of injury.

Lying-in cases received at a moderate rate of board.

Free medical and surgical advice given on Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons between 4 and 6 o'clk. fe13-1trp§

OFFICE OF THE DELAWARE COAL COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA, February 12, 1868.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Company, and an Election for Directors, will be held at No. 316 Walnut street, on WEDNESDAY, the 18th day of March next at 11 o'clock A. M.

fe13,30t* J. R. WHITE, President.

HALL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, No. 1210 Chestnut Street.
SCIENTIFIC LECTURES.
Thursday, February 13, Dr. W. W. KEEN, "Brain and Nervous System," illustrated with extensive models and diagrams. February 20, Rev. E. R. BEADLE, D.D., "Mohammedan Life." fe12-2t,rp§

OFFICE OF THE LEHIGH COAL AND NAVIGATION COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA, January 20, 1868.

This Company is prepared to purchase its Loan due in 1870, *at par*.

ja20-tfrp SOLOMON SHEPHERD, Treasurer, No. 122 South Second Street.

DR. FOWLER'S LAST DAY OF PHRENOlogical examinations and advice as to best business, marriages, children, &c., &c.: from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., at the Continental till Monday at 2 P.M., only. (fe13-4trp§

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

NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, WASTE Paper, &c. Bought by E. HUNTER, No. 613 Jayne street. de17 2m§

Baron Von Steigel, of Lancaster County.

(From the Reformed Church Messenger.)

Manheim, in Lancaster county, is one of the older towns of the State. It was laid out some fourteen or fifteen years before the Revolution, by a German nobleman, Baron Von Steigel, who named it Manheim in honor of his native city in Germany. For a long time it was called after his own name, *Steigel's Stettle*, which, however, as wanting in euphony, has gone out of use, and the original and proper title has been restored. The founder made it his headquarters for a number of years, while he carried on extensive glass and iron works in the neighborhood. From all accounts, he must have been a wonder in his day, and to some at least demented. Tradition says that he rode in a carriage drawn by eight fine horses, preceded by a band of musicians, imported from Germany for his gratification, who played enlivening airs as he approached his iron-works some fifteen miles distant, and then again proclaimed from the top of his chateau his approach to his little town. His house, or perhaps as he regarded it, his castle, which has been in the possession of the Arndt family for many years, is still standing near the centre of the town, and, though somewhat modernized, is in a good state of preservation. The interual arrangements, the wainscotting, the cornices, the landscape painting covering the walls of the parlor, representing scenes in falconry, and the beautiful porcelain tiles adorning the fire-places, are all in good taste, and would be admired by good judges in our day. Everything would tend to show that the Baron was a gentleman of cultivation and refinement. Little or nothing is known of his antecedents, and comparatively little of his career in this country. It seems he had a family, as one of his sons served as a captain in the revolution; who, it is said, on a certain occasion pledged his gold watch for food for his soldiers, which is still in existence. But nothing further is now known of his family. He himself failed in his business, taught school somewhere in Berks county, and died in the utmost obscurity.

It would seem from what has been said, that it was his object to live as a nobleman here, and perhaps to transplant feudal ideas to this new world. It is probable also that he aimed to be more than the secular head of the community, which he gathered around him. He had a chapel in his house, where he was accustomed to conduct divine worship for those in his employment. It is not known whether he belonged to any persuasion, and the probability is, that he wished to establish a religious community of his own, of which he should be the temporal and spiritual leader. Thus passes away the glory of this world. At least so we thought, when we composed ourselves to sleep in part of what was once the Baron's chapel.

RASH STEPS.

LXXXII.

Paris—A Glimpse of the Legislative Chamber, apropos of the Army Bill Discussion.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

Tap. Ring. "*La Séance! A vos places, Messieurs! La Séance! La Séance!*"

While the deputies move, to a rapid music formed of the above sounds, towards their places, we of the upper tier are craning over and criticising them. The deputies require a good deal of tapping, a violent agitation of the silver dinner-bell, and a great many sharp announcements from the ushers, before they can be got to settle leisurely into their seats. And, meanwhile, we of *our* circle are much interested in their gait and movement, their manner of conversing among themselves, the pairings and selections they form.

"There is Monsieur the Minister of State, Rouher, already in his place. Don't you see?—the heavy *bourgeois* in a velvet cap, in the front range, second sofa from the right, in effect the fifth man from the extremity of the curve."

"*Tiens!* How? That great pig? I had always figured Rouher as a monsieur *chent-le-man*." (There is ever to be found, in such a crowd, the supremely ignorant man contrasted with his friend who is perfectly omniscient.)

"*Cher*, he is an Auvergnat. See how he buries his chin in his arms, and his arms in his bosom. In reality he is as bald as my knee, but he gathers the locks from his temples and heaps them on his head. You may see a long one escaping from under his *toque*. How like a grocer he appears, with the velvet forced down to his nose!"

Rouher in the photographs, and in the courtly portrait by Cabanel, which figured at the Exposition, is a kind of Olympian Jove, broad, serene, irrefragable. But the rapid *silhouette* cut by my incisive neighbors has a good deal more of the likeness. The famous mouthpiece of the Tuileries is a burly, swollen, clumsy sort of a mouthpiece, in the appreciation of the difficult Parisians. The mouthpiece talks, moreover, with a certain provincial accent which is very trying to them. After one of his great speeches an admiring friend of the majority once exclaimed,—"'Tis Demosthenes!" "Yes," returned some one, "but Demosthenes before the pebbles." Rouher, on the whole, struck me like a somewhat less rustical Dr. Johnson, inspired by a somewhat less respectable toryism. In the intervals of business he conversed with members who grouped around him, all pertaining however to the seats marked *Commissaires du Gouvernement*. When others were speaking, he tapped a little testily with his paperknife. When minded to speak himself, he plucked off the velvet cap, allowing the lock noticed by my friend to stray down his back like some belated form of pigtail, and rolled forward to the tribune, where he poured forth his prompt prologue and apology with a great deal of unctuous facility.

On one of the seats behind him was planted the Minister of War, Marshal Niel, for whom the present discussion was a *fête*. In the course of proceedings he spoke in answer to M. Garnier-Pages, his words having the same cut, dried and brushed effect that belonged to his face and mien. These two government representatives were the only members of the majority who excited the least interest among my fellow-spectators. The right side of the chamber is principally pervaded by that best-known, least-hated, most indispensable member, so familiar to all large parliaments, the voting member. He has sold his tongue for a piece of cardboard, which he drops, whenever he is told to, into a globular urn with a vacant mouth, and that is the sole sign made by the voting member. Sessions pass, ministries rise and fall, storms of opinion pass and shatter the popular mind, but the monumental calm of the voting member is never disturbed. While he can lift his arm to the votive box, his peace is enduring and his silence sure.

But the opposition benches were peopled with fiery spirits, the troublers of the State, tameless under repression, the leaven of the time. These we looked up and pointed out to each other with unwearied avidity. We magnified our favorites, applauded our representatives, uttered distrustful comments on those who keep too much on the fence. The young and valiant Bethmont had our complete sympathy; M. Ollivier, the husky, rough-headed and legal-looking pleader who constantly chills where he might convince, attracted it less, and was pronounced unsafe, opaque, and puzzling; and M. Thiers, with all our respect for his books (which we had none of us read), had too recently emerged from his speech applauding the Italian invasion to be completely to our taste. For my own part, however, the constant silence of the scholarly historian was greatly a matter of regret. He broke it, however, on neither of the occasions when I was in attendance, but sat in his place with the prim precision of a wax statue of Mme. Tussaud's; his shining frock-coat buttoned across his breast, his accurate spectacles squared and gleaming, his white hair gathered to a point *à la* James Buchanan, and all his alert little figure constrained to silence.

In the neighborhood of M. Thiers are grouped the places of three famous standard-bearers, Jules Favre, Garnier-Pagès and Glais-Bizoin.

Favre, the achieved orator, whom the critical Proudhon has pronounced miraculous, wears, with his grizzly valance of a beard, very much the air of some of our Western senators at home—orators born, who have rushed out from the backwoods to petrify pedants and vindicate liberty. His large frame and frank, rough face might be seen in a chair of our own Senate without attracting a suspicion of their being from the *outre-mer*. I fancied I recognized the typical visage which freedom gives to her beloved disciple.

The old man at his side, with well-combed locks clinging to the outline of his head and then springing out like a brush against his shoulders, is his friend Garnier-Pagès; endowed with eternal youth, that transfigures a frail body, this faithful soldier marches through the tangled and annoying politics of the day with the faith, honor and enthusiasm of another age.

An astute, foxy-looking man on the next range, with an iron-gray bristly beard defending, *en chevaux de frise*, a wide and lean mouth, is the whip of the majority, the ever-pungent Glais-Bizoin. His stinging little orations, enforced with angular gestures of the left hand, cannot be said to be heard, for they are always interrupted. But they come out, with energetic distinctness, in the morning paper.

Immediately behind sit two prominent journalists: M. Guéroult, of the *Opinion Nationale*, and M. Havin, of the *Siècle*. The latter is believed to be in receipt, by the by, within a few days, of a political letter from Prince Napoleon; such a full expression of liberal opinions that the editor is restrained from publishing it by considerations of prudence.

In the same neighborhood sits Picard, another originator of stinging little pellets in the shape of interrogations. I found him tall, loosely strung, with a rather flabby cheek and a rather fluffy head of brown hair. He is a valiant enemy of M. Haussmann, of boulevards, Cæsarism, centralization and the rest of it.

ENFANT PERDU.

The Steel Rail Question.

Messrs. Editors: In a former communication on this subject it was stated that *good steel rails* could, when cold, be bent at right angles, or even doubled up without fracture. This, to many unaccustomed to dealing with steel, seems paradoxical, as their whole experience (perhaps extending only to the use of a penknife, razor, or some other *hardened* and *tempered* tool) has taught them exactly the opposite. If it is only remembered, however, that with the use of iron of certain known properties, infused with a small percentage of carbon, steel can be made of so mild a nature as to be capable of being manipulated into any shape in which iron is used, the assertion will at once be understood. Of course it is needless to state that steel rails are never *hardened* or *tempered*, this process being applied only to cutting tools, springs, &c.

The discovery of what is known as the Pneumatic or Bessemer process of converting Pig Iron into Steel, by blowing a volume of atmospheric air through the molten iron, and depriving it of the most of its impurities and carbon, by the affinity which the oxygen of the atmosphere has for the carbon of the iron, and thus forming carbonic acid gas and oxide, is generally so well understood as to hardly need any explanation to those most interested in our subject. On the *perfection of this* process, however, entirely depends the safety of Steel Rails. It was at first asserted by Bessemer that steel could be made thus from the cheapest qualities of English Pig Iron. It is very true, a molten metal was made of the material named, but when made it was found to be entirely worthless as steel, for ordinary use as such. The slightest proportion of phosphorus beyond a mere trace, for example, was found to utterly ruin the quality of the steel. So, also, was difficulty encountered in the prevalence of sulphur in some ores, and of many foreign materials, which gradually narrowed down the limits of the variety of ores and pig iron, until it is now an acknowledged fact that but *very few descriptions* will answer for making *good steel* by either the Bessemer or by the crucible process. Such being the fact in these times of "cheapening," although the demand arises from all sides for reducing expenditures on our railways, is it not a bad policy to insist on reducing the already extremely low figures of rails, both of iron and steel, and yet expect the *best* material? I question whether at this time any iron rail-makers, either in England or in our own land, are doing more than paying expenses, and many, no doubt, are losing money on each ton sold. Steel rails have been reduced fully $25 per ton within a twelvemonth, and it is now asserted by the best of the foreign makers that they have reached the point when the question of *profit* ceases to be considered by them. Yet, in the face of this, there are new makers springing up who do not hesitate to accept still lower figures (as we are informed), *and just here will come the danger*. Neither capitalists nor manufacturers are prone to throw away their hard-earned dollars or pounds sterling, when any way to save them and continue their business can be devised; hence comes the temptation to the manufacturer to use a *cheap material when pressed to the wall* rather than see his competitors carry away his trade which he, perhaps has so long striven for. True there are many manufacturers who rise superior to these temptations, and struggle on year after year until they conquer by *intrinsic* merit all opposition; of this class we have not a few in Philadelphia, and in Pennsylvania a still greater number. That the Iron rail business has been peculiarly open to these temptations, the large importations of almost worthless Foreign Rails have taught us to our cost; too often we have been paid in bonds which have been of about as much value as the cinder rolled into the shape of rails which have been sent us; but the fearful responsibility of the management which has authorized the laying of such rails has never yet been brought home to those at whose door it lies. How long the people will permit themselves to be carried over the "very jaws of death" in their daily transit from city to city upon rails which have been laid down without even a *test* being made of their soundness or quality, it is hard to tell, as we are a long-suffering people proverbially. Our English cousins show more regard to human suffering, on the rail at least, and we would do well to copy them in this particular. All the leading English roads, as well as the Continental Railways, test their rails by letting fall a heavy drop, or "monkey," as it is called, on a certain number of rails in each thousand, so as to ascertain the resistance of the rail to the shock; and as a rule, when the test rails (which are taken promiscuously from the lot) fail, the entire lot is rejected. In testing steel rails the monkey usually weighs a ton, and it falls from 15 to 20 feet on a portion of rail lying between rests 3 to 4 feet apart, according to agreement. If it deflects greatly under this blow it is deemed too soft, or if it breaks it condemns the lot, unless farther tests show that the breakage is exceptional. The tests of iron rails are of course much less severe, as the iron would not stand such terrible punishing. The test weight for the iron varies, but is usually about 450 pounds, and it falls about 10 feet, on rails placed on rests about 4 feet apart.

Let me now ask how many of our railway contractors or managers demand such tests in this country? I venture but little in saying that with some few most honorable exceptions the test system is as unknown here as it is unpracticed, and yet our Yankee lives are worth as much to us and to the world, perhaps, as those of our British cousins. If a maker wilfully places on the market a bad rail he is morally a first-class wholesale murderer, and should be held to the strictest accountability as such so far as the law can touch him. Why we should not permit a builder to put up a defective building, or run a steamboat with a defective boiler, and yet allow contractors to put almost certain death right under our feet, in the shape of defective rails, has always been to me one of those mysterious inconsistencies which we American people overlook or wink at almost daily.

It is very true that no system of testing rails can ever be made entirely reliable, but the methods stated are perhaps the nearest to giving practical results which we can hope for at this time, and *without these no rails should be laid down in any country*. So impressed were the Board of Directors of one of our largest coal roads in this State with the necessity of this testing system being applied to their purchase of English steel rails, that when supplying themselves with 5,000 tons, they sent an engineer over at the suggestion of the writer of this article, to examine and test the entire shipment in the usual manner adopted by the English roads. That they will reap the benefit in the future of this cautious attention to the demands of the age no one can doubt, and it is to be hoped that they will not be alone in their practice. In one point a difficulty in regard to defective rails arises which is a little troublesome to regulate with our present laws. Whilst we have inspectors to see that no steamers shall be run whose boilers will not pass their criticisms, and public wardens who examine to see that no decayed meats or vegetables are exposed for sale, what law have we to prevent any one from re-selling *condemned* rails which are even known to be utterly worthless? Some mercenary creature will be found to buy at a price, or some innocent victim will be sold with the rails, and then comes a railway accident with its dozens of lives lost, and poor wretches maimed for life. Should not *condemned* rails fall under the ban of the law as much as condemned boilers or ancient meat? At least, should not the officers of the law go so far as to cut up *condemned* rails at the owner's expense, when notified that such rails are in existence? A wide door is opened, I know, by such an idea, and one which we Americans are very loth to look at, as it interferes we say with private rights, and forms a *government test for quality* in the material which we make; but the argument is equally good in the inspection of steamers and boilers, and do not railroads carry even a greater burden of humanity than steamers? It may therefore become a question, whether the guardians of the public safety should not be authorized to follow up such condemned material, until its shape is changed into something by which murder cannot be so readily effected as in the laying down and use of condemned rails of any kind.

PENN.

CRIME.

The Murder Trial in Doylestown.

Referring to the recent murder trial in Doylestown, Pa., the Trenton *American* says:

Some of our readers may remember the arrest of a colored man in this city by the name of Abraham Brown, charged with the murder of Benjamin Hogeland, also colored, not far from Morrisville. The negro was brought up for trial on Tuesday last.

District Attorney Cope opened the case on the part of the prosecution, stating that on the 15th of October last, Abraham Brown, the prisoner at the bar, just before sunset, came to the house of Benjamin Hogeland, in the village of Tyburn, below Morrisville, where the deceased kept a small shop. He had raised a crop of corn, husked it, and that morning had started to Trenton to dispose of it. Brown accompanied him to this city. Shortly after Brown was seen in Trenton with Hogeland's team in his possession. Mrs. Hogeland next met her husband on the road coming back on foot and alone. He came to his house, and not finding Brown, he and a man named Jack Hill went back after him. The three met at the foot of a hill near Morrisville, when Hogeland accosted Brown and said, I want you to pay me for my corn. He took up a whip out of the wagon, and raised it as if to strike Brown with it; when Brown took hold of one end of it, he was then pulled out of the wagon by Hogeland; when Brown picked up a porter bottle which Hogeland had let fall, and threw it at him, striking Hogeland with it on the breast. Hill then interfered, and caused them to stop their quarreling; he taking charge of the the team while they walked on to the house. When they got there, Hogeland again insisted upon Brown paying him for his corn, when Brown pulled out some kind of a postage stamp which he afterwards returned to his pocket. Hogeland then commenced carrying in some potatoes, when Brown took hold of a bag containing them and started away with it. When Hogeland came out and observed this he went after Brown, caught up to him near the barn, took hold of the bag, when Brown turned suddenly around and plunged a dirk knife to his heart. Hogeland came towards the house, crying out, "Jackey, he has stabbed me!" which he repeated three times, staggered into the shop, sat down, and then saying, "I am gone now!" almost immediately expired. Brown immediately ran off to his home, changed his clothes, and under cover of darkness crossed the Delaware, and made his way to the farm house of a man named Hart, near the village of Pennington, in New Jersey, where he hired out to work at husking, and where the officers in pursuit found and arrested him, when he said he had been four years in the rebel army, and had never been in Tyburn in his life. He was committed to jail in this city, identified as the assailant of Hogeland, and on a requisition from Gov. Geary was taken to Doylestown for trial.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, and the Court sentenced him to eleven years in the Eastern Penitentiary.

Horrible Tragedy in Canada—An Insane Mother Murders her Five Children With an Axe—Sickening Details.

(From the Pembroke (Canada) Observer, Feb. 7.)

Seldom does it fall to the lot of Canadian journalists to have to chronicle an occurrence equalling in horror and magnitude that which we are about faintly to describe. In the township of Alice, near the town of Pembroke, Ont., live, or rather lived, a German family by the name of Webber. The family consisted of the father—a tailor, who earned his living by working round among his neighbors—his wife and six children. The father is said to be a peaceable and industrious man, and his wife had the reputation of being a kind and affectionate mother, though some years before she had exhibited symptoms of insanity; two daughters, the eldest about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and four sons, made up their family. On Friday last, 31st ult., the father being out at work, the eldest daughter went out to milk the cows, but before she got through was called into the house by her mother. On reaching there she was startled to find her mother standing in the entrance with an axe, and remarking to her, "They are all dead," or words to that effect; but on looking into the house, the horrible sight of her younger sister and brothers lying around the room, gashed and bleeding, met her eyes, and she fled in wild terror to one of the neighbors. It was said that the mother was making demonstrations to make her a victim also, but she got out of her way in time to prevent it. Word of the horrible affair was soon afterwards received in Pembroke, when Dr. McKensie, coroner, repaired to the place, and held an inquest at once, after which the woman was conveyed to the jail in Pembroke, to await further proceedings on the part of the authorities. Three of the children were dead when the coroner arrived at the scene of the tragedy, another died while the inquest was being held. Four of them were buried on Sunday last. Insanity, as will at once be inferred, was the cause of this awful and unnatural act. About ten years ago, while yet in Germany, her husband tells of her killing a cow with an axe, in a similar frenzy. Up to Friday last the derangement in her mind seems to have slept, and there appears to have been no danger apprehended by her friends of violence on her part; on the contrary, those who know her speak of the great amount of affection and tenderness she always manifested for her children. On the morning in question the children, it is believed from the circumstances gathered, had just got up out of bed, and were standing round the stove, when the old demon of insanity returned with redoubled power, and urged the wretched woman to the committal of the most unnatural act the mind can conceive. The axe was seized, and rapidly the deadly blows descended on the heads of the devoted children, cleaving their skulls and scattering their brains in a horrible manner. The spectacle on entering the scene of the butchery, when the inquest commenced, is described as sickening and pitiable in the extreme. Three of the children were already cold in death, and the other two, barely alive, were lying where they had fallen, with the ghastly wounds in their heads, precluding the possibility of recovery. One of these yet alive, had, in addition, part of one hand cut off, the little thing having, probably, on the same principle that "drowning men catch at straws," mechanically clasped its hand over its head to ward off the descending blow. After the inquest, the coroner, Dr. McKenzie, committed the woman to the county jail in Pembroke, where she now is awaiting the further action of the legal authorities. Since her commitment the wretched being has come to her usual senses, but save a few half meaningless expressions, has said very little in connection with the affair, and is not apparently disposed to speak at all on the subject. Her mental agony appears to be excessive, as evinced by constant moaning and rocking to and fro, while the tearless eye seemed to denote an extremity of inward suffering too great to be relieved by tears. Since writing the above, we learn that one of the children is still living—the one with the mutilated hand,—though it cannot recover, so dreadful is the wound inflicted.

Desperate Feat of a Convict.

[From the Harrisburg Telegraph of the 13th.]

About six o'clock yesterday morning, as the Erie mail train South was approaching Northumberland, and when within three miles of that station, a convict, in charge of the Sheriff of Tioga county, leaped from the train while going at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The fellow had his legs chained together and must have sustained considerable injury. The Sheriff's Deputy proceeded on his way to Philadelphia with the remaining five convicts, all sentenced for long terms, for arson, at the last session of the Tioga county sessions, while the Sheriff and a posse of men left Northumberland immediately after the train stopped, to hunt the escaped desperado. The Sheriff and his bird had not passed through Harrisburg up to a late hour this morning. No doubt the convict was either killed or badly injured.

DISASTERS.

Explosion of Paraffine Oil Works in Brooklyn—Two Men Burned to Death and One Fatally Injured.

About half-past ten o'clock last night a still in the paraffine oil works of Samuel Richardson, in Nelson street, near Columbia, North Brooklyn, exploded and completely destroyed a portion of the building. Three men employed on the premises were engaged at the time of the fire in watching the stills, of which five out of seven were in operation. The chief stillman, named John Brough, was first discovered after the explosion. His body was in a terribly mangled condition, and perfectly unrecognizable. The means by which he was identified was his watch, his clothes, boots and hair being all burned off, and his entrails protruding from his body. His remains were taken from the burning mass by Assistant Engineer Dowd, J. M. Curran, foreman of Engine 16, and James Dowd, of the same company, who conveyed them to the Forty-third precinct station-house. The deceased leaves a wife and four children, residing in Columbia street. Another man, named Conroy, employed in the same establishment as assistant stillman, was so dreadfully burned that his recovery is deemed impossible. He was promptly conveyed to the City Hospital by direction of roundsman Brumley, of the Forty-third Police Precinct. Still another man, whose name could not be ascertained, was buried in the ruins and burned to death. His body had not been recovered at a late hour.

The explosion, it appears, was caused by the flame of a candle coming in contact with gas escaping from the stills. The candle was brought into the room by one of the unfortunate men. The damage to the structure amounts to about $200.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Singular Railroad Accident.

Some time during the forenoon of Monday last two freight trains left Williamsport for Elmira, in convoy. When within sixteen miles of Elmira something became deranged about the engine of the first train, which had some twelve cars attached, and the engineer stopped his machine to make an examination. While investigating the defect, the rear train—a long and heavy one—was heard rapidly approaching. The engineer of train No. 1 sprang to his "throttle," giving the locomotive a full head of steam, when both himself and fireman leaped to the ground as the near train collided. The shock of the collision and the "wide open" throttle of No. 1 engine caused the locomotive to spring forward, breaking loose from the tender, indulging in a regular "John Gilpin" stampede, *sans* Engineer-driver and fireman—making 16 miles in "less than no time," pitching head-foremost into, and running half-way through an empty sleeping car, on the main track at Elmira, setting fire to it, and literally destroying furniture, fixtures and everything else, "stripping the rampant locomotive," as our Elmira correspondent terms it—"from pilot to fire-box." The "sleeper" belonged to the Central Transportion Company, and the engine to the Northern Central Railway Company. This most singular occurrence created quite a sensation in Elmira, and hundreds of people flocked to the railroad to see the rampant iron horse placed *hors du combat* at his own instance, or rather, from a combination of unforseen circumstances.—*Harrisburg Telegraph, 12th.*

A New Dam in the Delaware.

The Newark *Advertiser* of yesterday contains the following account of a project for damming the Delaware river:

The Trenton Board of Trade held a meeting on Monday night, to allow Mr. Henry C. Spaulding to explain the advantages of the bill proposing to dam the Delaware and establish slack-water navigation. Mr. J. A. Roebling presided.

Mr. Spaulding's plan seems to be not only to make the Delaware navigable, but to connect it, via Cayuga Lake, in New York, with Lake Ontario. Leaving Lake Ontario, we suppose, at Bog Sidus Bay, a very fine harbor, these are no considerable difficulties in canalling to Cayuga Lake. Thence to Ithaca the lake would be always navigable, except in winter. From that point it is proposed to reach the Delaware, and there seems to be the difficulty. The valley of the Susquehanna, or that of the Chenango, and the intervening hills, must be crossed, Mr. Spaulding says, by a series of inclined planes. The Delaware once reached, it can be made navigable, of course.

Mr. Roebling gave the plan his endorsement. He says it is a great and commendable undertaking and far more national in its character than the Niagara Ship Canal.

—That very plump and juicy simpleton, "Hon." James F. Babcock, of New Haven, in his speech before the Connecticut Democratic Convention, said that, as to Presidential candidates, he preferred the best man, "whether he be English, of Connecticut, or Hancock, Pendleton, or Seymour, or *Sheridan*, whose bugle blast you have just heard [great sensation]—ah! what did I say? Sheridan! No; I mean General Stanbery." At this particular point the great Babcock was overcome by his feelings, and sank down in silence and abasement.—*Ex.*

—Herman Grimm, the German novelist, on whose romance and "irresistible powers" Bayard Taylor recently bestowed such enthusiastic encomiums, claims to have received from Dr. Becker, private Secretary of the Princess Alice, Queen Victoria's second daughter, a plaster cast of William Shakespeare, taken immediately after his death. This cast is said to have been a long time in possession of a distinguished family which presented it a year or two ago to the Princess Alice.

—A professor of medicine at the Vienna University has succeeded in saving the lives of many cholera patients, who had already been given up by the other physicians, by the so-called transfusion process. The blood of healthy young men or women is infused into the veins of the patients to the extent of about twenty ounces. In many instances the success was almost immediate. The face of the patient assumed a more natural appearance during the operation, the pulse grew more normal, and the patient was entirely well, though feeble yet, in the course of a few hours.

—Mr. Rogers has cast in plaster his new work, which he calls "The Council of War." This group is composed of three figures, Lincoln, Grant and Stanton, of whom faithful portraits are given. Mr. Lincoln is represented sitting in an easy posture, holding in his hand a map; Gen. Grant stands a little on one side, and has placed his finger upon some point to which he seems to direct the attention of Mr. Stanton, who is rubbing the dust from his glasses—a familiar habit with the Secretary when he is thinking hard. These three figures are modelled with great care and with anatomical accuracy.—*Boston Advertiser.*

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Egg Nog is now a novelty in fashionable Parisian society.

—Gladstone is contributing to *Good Words* a series of articles on "Ecce Homo."

—Leap-year balls are quite common in the West, and leap-year sleigh rides in the East.

—A Belgian paper says that most of Queen Isabella's children are very illiterate.

—Up-town New York streets are to be numbered anew on the Philadelphia plan.

—The ice is three feet thick on Winnebago Lake, Wisconsin.

—A Quebec paper calls one of the members of the provincial legislature "a pachydermatous pluralist."

—Java must be a pleasant place for a residence. From 130 to 150 persons are killed there by tigers every year, fifty by crocodiles and nearly as many by serpents.

—Two young women of Vienna lately waltzed on a wager until both fell exhausted on the floor, and both have since died of heart disease.

—Land in Paris, in the vicinity of the Palais Royal, or the new Grand Opera, brings from thirty to fifty dollars the square foot.

—Lesseps, the Suez Canal man, paid over a million francs for puffs of his enterprise to Parisian editors.

—A negro was recently hanged by a mob at Frankfort, Kentucky, for an alleged crime, but it has since been incontestably proved that he was innocent.

—The culture of the castor bean has been introduced into Texas. It is believed that not less than seven thousand acres will be planted the coming season.

—The Marquis de Caux, Adelina Patti's intended, is the gentleman whose nose Prince Napoleon pulled at the Tuileries at the time of the Achille-Murat scandal in 1863.

—Auber, the composer of eighty, has written a new opera, entitled "A day of Happiness," which will soon be performed at the Opera Comique.

—It is said by an Indiana paper that upwards of ten thousand persons have become church members in that State as the results of the revivals experienced there.

—They have an artesian well at Ottawa, Illinois, which discharges water at the rate of 24,925 gallons a minute. The well is 400 feet deep.

—It is now the custom for reporters of some cities situated on some lines of railway to put inquiries to all purchasing tickets, so as to be supplied with the material for obituary notices.

—"Brick" Pomeroy advertises for a "confederate flag" to hang up in his office. He would doubtless publish a less violent paper if he imitated the most of those who fought under it.

—There are one thousand six hundred so-called Indians in Massachusetts, but probably not one of unmixed blood. A century ago they numbered three thousand six hundred.

—An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he was.

"Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

—They have now come to the point, in the West, of timing divorce suits. One has been granted in Terre Haute, Indiana, in a minute from the time the trial began,—the best time yet made.

—Professor Newman, of University College, London, has rendered Longfellow's "Hiawatha" into Latin verse. Here are two lines:

"E finibus Oggibbawalarum,
E sedibus Dacotarum."

—By a recent accident to a wood-chopper in Pennsylvania so deep a gash was cut in his breast that the workings of his heart can be plainly seen. This case parallels one that need to be told in all the school physiologies. The man is in a fair way to recover.

—A New York husband says:—"Whereas, the wife of Peter Smith has left his bed and board, the public are cautioned against trusting her, as he will pay no debts of her c[illegible]. N. B.—The best of garden seed sold by Smith at the sign of the Golden Ham."

—Two old gentlemen were complaining to each other upon their habits of intemperance. "Do you ever, neighbor," said one, "see me with more than I could carry?" "No, indeed," was the reply, "but I have seen you when you had better go twice for it."

—A little girl seeking celestial information, asked her mother: "Have angels wings?" The unsuspecting mamma, full of memories of pictures and traditions, answered: "Certainly they have?" Straightway young inquisitive sprung her trap: "Then why did they want a ladder to get down to Jacob?"

—A country editor, noticing the decease of a wealthy gentleman, observes: "He has died regretted by a numerous circle of friends, and leaving a widow as disconsolate as any widow need be who has obtained the uncontrolled possession of five thousand per annum. More than twenty young men have sent letters of condolence to her."

—A captain in the Prussian service, stationed at Posen, who fell violently in love with a young actress of excellent character, named Walmore, threatened to kill first her and then himself if she did not reciprocate his affection, and although she in terror wrote to the colonel of the regiment for protection, the captain shot her and broke her arm and then blew out his own brains.

—M. Dusautoyer, the publisher of the *Epoque*, used to be a merchant tailor. The editor of the *Pays* having lately ridiculed him on account of his having made liveries, the ex-tailor replied tartly that a man who made liveries was certainly better than a man who wears liveries. The editor of the *Pays* did not seem to like the reply.

—In one of our civil courts, to-day, the counsel for the plaintiff took occasion to comment somewhat severely upon the "generosity" of the opposing client, and concluded his closing argument in the following eloquent strain:

"Generosity in *him*, gentlemen! I should as soon think of fishing in the sky with an anchor, and expect a bite from the ghost of Joice Heth, as to find generosity in *him*."—*Boston Journal.*

—The Denver *News* describes a novel entertainment there: "A series of religious dances, as practiced among the Indians in the days of Montezuma, and handed down to the present day in tradition. The dances were performed by fifteen Mexicans, who were dressed in suits of many colors, their faces covered with masks, according to custom, while they made music from an instrument more primitive than melodious—the gourd shell."

—It is related that when Commodore Biddle was paying a visit to a Japanese junk in Jeddo bay, in 1846, a sentry pushed him back into his gig, as he was clambering over the bulwarks. The commodore's official wrath was kindled, he returned to his ship and sent a peremptory demand for an apology and indemnity for the insult. The reply was returned as speedily as the circumstances would admit, that the sentry had acted without orders, but that his head, which had been already cut off, was at the commodore's service.

—The young Duke de Luynes, who was at the time of his immensely wealthy grandfather's death, whose sole heir he is, a private in the first battalion of Papal Zouaves, has returned to France and entered upon his new position. No sooner had he arrived in France than he wrote a letter to the Pope, to whom he announced that he had sent him a little New Year's present. This New Year's present was found to consist of two splendid batteries of rifled cannon. Plus EX. in acknowledging the receipt of this unique gift, said in his letter, "My son, how shall I thank you for this munificent gift?" "By permitting me to send you two more batteries like the former," replied the young Duke. The Pope probably did not refuse this offer.