Daily Evening Bulletin.

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

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THE EVENING BULLETIN
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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 18 cents per week, payable to the carriers, or $8 per annum.

INVITATIONS FOR WEDDINGS, PARTIES, &c., executed in a superior manner by DREKA, 1033 CHESTNUT STREET. fe20-tf

DIED.

ALLDERDICE.—At New Castle Del., on Saturday, the 29th ultimo, Sarah Isabella, relict of the late John A. Allderdice.

BEECHER.—On the 29th ult., Howard Clarence, son of J. F. and Catharine E. Beecher, aged 23 months.
Gone to meet his brother.
The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his parents' residence, 1539 North Twelfth street, on Wednesday, 4th instant, at 2 o'clock. To proceed to Laurel Hill Cemetery. **

BULL.—On the 1st ultimo, Sarah R. Bull, youngest daughter of Lewis G. and Sarah R. Bull.
The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her parents, No. 1431 Vine street, on Thursday morning, 5th inst., at eleven o'clock. ***

KELLEY.—On Monday morning, March 2d, Mary P., wife of Edwin A. Kelley, in the 35th year of her age. ***

LUCAS.—On the 29th ult., Frank M. Lucas, son of the late John and Margaret Lucas, in the 19th year of his age.
The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, Wednesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, from the residence of his mother, 755 Florida street, without further notice. [New York and Boston papers please copy.] *

WATKIN.—Suddenly, on the evening of February 29th, Charles Watkin.
His male friends are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from the residence of his brother-in-law, John M. Giller, No. 738 South Tenth street, on Wednesday, March 4th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. To proceed to North Laurel Hill. **

EYRE & LANDELL OPEN TO-DAY THE LIGHT shades of Spring Poplins for the Fashionable Walking Dresses.
Steel Colored Poplins.
Mode Colored Poplins.
Bismarck Exact Shade.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

LECTURE BY DU CHAILLU.—PAUL DU CHAILLU will lecture at Concert Hall, on TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, March 3. Subject—Journey to the Cannibal Country; the Gorilla, its habits, and affinities to Man. Illustrated by numerous diagrams. Tickets 50 cents.
No extra charge for reserved seats.
To be had at Trumpler's, No. 926 Chestnut street; Boner, No. 1102 Chestnut street, and at the Hall.
fe28-4trp*

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'cl'k. fe12 tfrr

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN EXPLORING COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.
PHILADELPHIA, February 29th, 1868.
The regular annual meeting of the Stockholders of "The American Exploring Company of Philadelphia" will be held at the office of the Company, 506 Walnut street, on TUESDAY, March 10th, 1868, at 12 o'clock.
JOHN M. HASELTINE, Secretary.
mh2 7t§

OFFICE OF THE LEHIGH COAL AND NAVIGATION COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA, January 30, 1868.
This Company is prepared to purchase its Loan due in 1870, *at par.*
SOLOMON SHEPHERD, Treasurer, No. 122 South Second Street.
ja30-tfrp

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1868.
The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Excelsior Press Brick Manufacturing Company will be held at the office of the company (Penn Building), 430 Walnut street, on MONDAY, March 9th, at 12 o'clock, M.
fe24-m2trp* S. L. MARCHMENT, Secretary.

WEST SPRUCE STREET CHURCH, CORNER of Seventeenth and Spruce streets.—There will be special service held in the Lecture Room, every evening this week, at quarter before 8 o'clock. Sermon this evening, by Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D.D. 1t*

THE PLUMBING BUSINESS OF THE LATE JOHN PHILBIN will be continued by his son, STEPHEN K. PHILBIN and JOHN E. EVANSON.
PHILBIN & EVANSON,
No. 11 South Seventh street.
fe29,6t,rp*

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE YOUNG America Cricket Club will be held in Langstroth's Hall, Germantown, on TUESDAY EVENING, March 3d, at 8 o'clock. [fe29-3t rp*] ALF. MELLOR, Sec'y.

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

NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, WASTE paper, &c., bought by E. HUNTER, No. 613 Jayne street.
fe18,1mo-rp*

DISASTERS.

Shocking Affair in St. Louis—A Man Torn to Pieces in a Mill.

[From the St. Louis Democrat of Feb. 28.]

A shocking and most lamentable casualty took place at a quarter before six o'clock last evening, at the Mississippi Planing Mill, corner of Thirteenth and O'Fallan streets. The chief engineer, Mr. Benj. Wiggenhorm, was passing around the end of a line of shafting, when his coat was caught by the revolving wheel and he was instantly fastened to and whirled about it with swift velocity. The room was then dark, but his screams brought help and lights, and hurriedly the engine was stopped, and the mangled victim was picked up. His coat, shirt and boots had been torn off, leaving only his pantaloons on his person. Both his arms and his left ankle were broken, his back was dreadfully lacerated, and he was suffering from extensive internal hemorrhage. He was removed to the office of the mill and placed on a temporarily arranged couch, and Dr. Heltzig was called in. The surgeon and physician afforded all the poor relief possible; in about two hours the unfortunate man expired. He leaves a wife and five children. A messenger was despatched for the wife, who arrived only to look upon the lifeless and broken form of the husband and father, late the protector and supporter of herself and little ones. The deceased was but about thirty-five years of age, an excellent workman, industrious and much esteemed. His mother, two brothers and two sisters share the affliction.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.—At the Chestnut, this evening, will be produced for the first time Mr. John Brougham's new play *Dead Sea Fruit, a Story of Philadelphia.* It has been mounted in superior style, with handsome local scenery, &c., and will be presented with a powerful cast. Lotta, at the Arch, will appear this evening in her charming impersonations "Little Nell" and the "Marchioness," with Mr. Craig as "Dick Swiveller." At the Walnut, to-night, Mr. J. Wallack, Jr. will appear in the drama "*Henry Dunbar,*" with a strong cast. A varied entertainment will be given at the American.

OLIVE LOGAN'S LECTURE.—On Wednesday evening next, at Concert Hall, Miss Olive Logan, the well-known actress and author, will deliver her new lecture, entitled "Stage Struck." This discourse has been warmly praised by the New York press, and we doubt not it will find favor with the Philadelphia public. The lecture will be repeated on Friday night and on Saturday afternoon.

ELEVENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE.—The excellent burlesque, entitled *Anything You Like,* will be presented at this Opera House this evening, with local scenery, local hits, humorous situations and general jollity. There will also be the usual minstrel entertainment, with singing, dancing, negro comicalities, &c. The entertainment at this house is of an excellent character.

DU CHAILLU'S LECTURE.—To-morrow evening, at Concert Hall, Mr. Paul Du Chaillu, the celebrated African explorer, will deliver a lecture upon the "Gorilla" and kindred subjects. The reputation of M. Du Chaillu is so great that it is hardly necessary to say that the discourse in question will be intensely interesting. On Thursday he will lecture again.

—A postmaster in one of the benighted districts of this State keeps the office in his hat,—a plan which has some disadvantages certainly.

RASH STEPS.

LXXXVI.

Ecouen, and Art Gossip There.—Concluded.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

Faithfullest among the faithful and devoutest among the devotees of the little Ecouen community, I found our old friend Howard Helmick, so pleasantly known to many Philadelphians, not by his paintings alone, but by his literary contributions to the *Sunday Dispatch.*

Helmick is finishing a cabinet-sized interior, quite in the *Frère* taste, which I hope you will soon admire in America. It is a touching little idyl of home and happiness, founded upon the supreme event which Nature, though she repeats it every day, never allows to become commonplace, but varies perpetually with new and improvised touches of tenderness. In the close-bed, between the white, lavendered sheets, lies the little peasant mother, sleeping or fainting, and unconscious that she is for the moment a heroine. In the foreground the wrinkled grandmother, a repository of home love, tends the new-arrived while the *sage femme* of the village, her gay old face puckered with anxiety and kindness, hovers near, a sort of homely genius of nativity. The dingy cottage chamber is humble enough, but it is the guest-chamber of a foreigner soul, and something of mysterious and sacred spreads through it with the repressed sunbeams.

But you ought to know out of what sort of raw material artists are obliged to weave their charming illusions.

"She is positively the most diabolical hag you ever saw in your life," complained Helmick, in reference to the comfortable old gossip; "every evening when I am putting up she comes and grins at me like Milton's death, and says '*où donc sont les frisettes?*' You see I was obliged to promise a row of jet-black curls to make her *pose* at all; and you can't conceive how she remembers it. She fights the other harridan, who is her sister, from morning till night—till sunset, I ought to say, for they go to bed then, having no species of light in their hole; and it is painful to think how they must fight for the covers. They fight about everything. They are continually wanting presents from me, although I pay them well. The only means by which I can get an approach to the expression I want is to say that now I am putting in the curls; but I am soon found out, and then the old Yahoo spits like a cat."

"The hovel, though, is glorious, I must admit," pursued the artist. "The dampest wall is covered with a kind of green and blue mould, with a good many snails; there is nothing finer in Teniers. The cobwebs are at the same time woolly, downy, peachy, pearly and crapy. There is no light at all,—a Rembrandt, on my word—and I often come home from my work completely blind. You notice I sneeze a good deal; diphtheria or consumption, I'm uncertain which; where I sit there is a strong draught pouring up my back directly from the potato-hole below to the gaps in the thatch where the rain comes in. We pay them so much a year not to mend the roof; mend that roof, and your half-tones are lost, the mould and snails dry up, the general juciness disappears, your studies inevitably become dry and German, and Ecouen loses an important figure in her capital."

I listened with sympathy, and learned that there are compensations in all things.

Helmick's proper studio—an immense barn of a place, big enough for Tintoret to have painted his Crucifixion in—contained many other pictures, more or less completed, studies of landscape and the like. All those which were in process of finishing were of the humblest *genre* subjects. But I noticed in odd niches and corners, ostentatiously hidden and yet fondly peeping out to be seen, a number of sketches of a very different character; there were Scripture scenes, broadly and hastily made out, Depositions, Noli-me-tangeres, &c., and epic situations, with heroes in imposing attitudes. After hastily looking at these, I said sharply:

"Those things are what you would *like* to paint?"

"Ah, yes! But, you see, you've got to paint, not what you like, but what Money likes. Religion does not sell. Ary Scheffer himself died poor. Sometime, however, I hope to pitch in. You don't care to attack Paradise Lost and Divine Comedies until you're sure you are up in your grammar."

I shook hands on that, greatly liking his honest humility. But how oddly adjusted are the burdens we bear in this *mélange* of a world! Here the painter, who represents old women with almost the pencil of Gerard Dow, is sighing to paint deities and allegories. I suppose the poor clowns who tumble into the circus are convinced they have a vocation for the pulpit. On the other hand, Rachel and Mrs. Siddons are convinced they were born for comedy. Beard, the bear-painter at home, told me he hated his grotesqueries, and was persuaded he could paint the spiritual side of animated nature to the utter confusion of Landseer.

Helmick wrapped himself up, kissed his charming wife and boy, and took me out to see Ecouen.

Nothing is drearier than the ordinary French village, especially if it is anywhere within the radius and influence of Paris. Long lines of utterly vapid and eventless houses, built of the chalky Caen stone which so soon becomes dirty and opaque and clayey; the church, probably some agonizing structure of the last century, a mass of knobs, fillets, and scrolls that stream down the walls like breadths of paper-hangings unrolling; the mayor's box, eventless as the other houses, but boasting more windows, and surrounded with trees clipped square; the hotel, a slimy nuisance that brings your heart into your throat with a sense of garlic and suffocation; the caprice and individuality which used to distinguish the French race all gone, and each man's house as like his neighbor's as buttons on a card; and finally, this faded coruscation set in an immense plain spangled with other villages equidistant, equally dim and earthy, and, to the stranger, precisely like the first and like each other.

An early lamp, glistening through the twilight from a large and lofty window, was pointed out by my companion. There, he said, were working two brave little Philadelphia maids, who, having fluttered through the course at the Philadelphia Academy, had one day fluttered over to France, fluttered into Ecouen, and settled down under the able tutorship of M. Paul Soyer. Many a time and oft had I seen Miss H—— and Miss C—— bending over the boards among the polished Greek statues of the Academy, absolved in the perplexities of an Ariadne's hair, or a Minerva's armor. Here in Ecouen, away from home and friends, yet cheery and self-sustained like Hilda in her Roman tower, they kindle their lofty lamp to touch an unfamiliar landscape, and toil late and early in the fascinating fields of art. There must be many sympathisers of theirs at home, who will be glad to hear that they are well and stout-hearted, that M. Soyer is greatly interested in their career, and that their improvement is rapid and unquestionable.

We dropped in at one or two of the famous Ecouen "interiors"—cottage rooms more or less like the one so enthusiastically depicted by Helmick, and conspicuous for decay, crumbliness and supreme discomfort. These interiors, preserved by the artists themselves, with great care and at some expense, from the least approach to improvement or smartness, are the backgrounds you admire so heartily in the enchanting home-scenes of Frère and his school. They are inhabited by mumbling peasants, who have learned to sit as models, and have given over being astonished at any combinations—such as parents, outlaws, lovers, prodigals, returned soldiers, heartless fathers, dying wives, &c.—into which it may please the painter to present them. Under the alchemy of art these corroding walls become richer than tapestry, these ragged aprons fill with gold, these toothless gums and palsied lips articulate the glad word "success."

When I was younger and had my illusions, I would have hailed with enchantment the Utopia of a land-locked Ecouen, where a family of harmless dreamers come in at the close of every day from the breezy fields, and talk high things of art among themselves around the evening fires. Its isolation would have been a charm, its simplicity Arcadian, its harmony of interests angelical, its unworldliness sublime.

But I came away from Ecouen aware of many things. Aware that if I sent my card to Mme. A. I should be cut by Mrs. B. Aware that if I took lessons of Appelles I should have an enemy in Protogenes. Aware that there is a Circean tendency in little villages to change gradually your most amusing friends into bores. Aware that my servant would talk about me to my enemy's servant. Aware that the most paintable interiors are damp, that village wives are viragos, and that village hinds may be ungenerous enough to accuse you of having starved your donkey in order to paint a subject that would "cause Sterne to be forgotten." ENFANT PERDU.

CALDWELL & CO.'S NEW STORE.

We have in our possession a lithographic view of Chestnut street as it was in 1840. It exhibits both sides of the street from Fifth street eastward. The United States Hotel was the fashionable house of the time, and it occupied a large portion of the picture. East and west of it were ancient dwellings with their first floors converted into shops; in the carriage-way are omnibusses, and upon the sidewalks are high-hatted and tight coated gentlemen escorting lanky skirted and big bonnetted ladies. In the year in which this scene was presented James E. Caldwell & Co. started a watch-making and jewelry establishment upon the north side of Chestnut street, below Fifth, in an old-fashioned building which stood upon the spot, now occupied by the office of the Franklin Fire Insurance Company. The store was a showy one for the time; but there is a vast difference between the stores of the present day and those of twenty-eight years ago, and Caldwell & Co's store, showy as it was deemed in 1840, would be considered very insignificant in these days of more refined taste and greatly enlarged ideas of business enterprise. In 1843, the tide of retail store keeping fashion was setting in the direction of the row of old dwellings which then extended from the Custom House to Fifth street, and Caldwell & Co. having secured one of these buildings fitted it up in a style of elegance which was deemed magnificent a quarter of a century ago. In 1858, trade and fashion had made great strides to the westward, and Caldwell & Co., unwilling to be left in the rear of progress secured the elegant marble-fronted store immediately to the eastward of the Continental Hotel, and fitted it up in a style of elegance which was worthy of any period or any country. Here the firm has continued until this day, when they opened, upon Chestnut street, above Ninth, upon the site which was formerly occupied by the old Burd mansion, what we believe to be the most magnificent establishment of the kind in the world.

The style of the fixtures and ornaments is that which prevailed in the days of Louis XIV., and everything has been brought into keeping with this antique design. The edifice is four stories in height, with a front of thirty-three feet and a total depth of two hundred and thirty-five feet. On entering, the visitor finds himself within an elegantly-embellished department to be devoted to the sale of general jewelry. This has a depth of one hundred and ten feet, being separated from the next department by what is technically termed a "screen," consisting of a heavily-corniced arch, supported by pilasters and columns, in imitation of the beautiful Sienna marble, and resting upon pedestals of delicately blue-veined white marble. These latter are relieved by genuine Sienna marble panels, which are in fine contrast with the general surroundings.

Ranged on either side of this department are finely polished, black walnut jewelry cases, which enhance the beauty of the room by their contrast with the elegantly frescoed walls and ceiling. The counters are of blue-veined marble, and bear upon their tops large show-cases. Besides these receptacles for jewelry, there extends through the centre a series of finely polished tables, to be used for the same purpose. This apartment is brilliantly lighted by candelabra and brackets, having an aggregate number of 114 jets. The gas fixtures throughout are from the establishment of Cornelius & Baker, and, as a matter of course, they are elegant and effective.

The second apartment is the "silver-room," which has a depth of sixty feet, and is furnished in a style similar to that of the apartment above mentioned, having, however, a double cornice, and it is lighted by a large and elegantly formed chandelier, and brackets, consisting in all of 44 jets. In the rear of this is the "bronze" department, wherein will be constantly kept a valuable array of bronze ornaments of every conceivable kind. This room is thirty feet square, and it has beyond it a space divided off into offices, counting and show rooms, &c. The walls and ceilings of all these apartments are frescoed in the most tasteful and beautiful manner of any we have ever seen; and their neutral tints and golden bands present from the main floor a charming prospect. The floor, too, is entirely new, being of tesselated marble. The gallery of the building, or, properly speaking, the second story, will be used for the display of paintings. It is not necessary to speak of the magnificent stock of rich wares that are displayed in this palatial establishment. The fame of Caldwell & Co. is wide-spread as the Union itself, and the elegance of their stock of goods is *well* understood by every Philadelphian.

On Saturday evening there was a private view of this beautiful store afforded to the members of the newspaper press and a number of prominent citizens. After the inspection was over, the company repaired to the Continental Hotel, where they partook of a handsome collation. In addition to the editorial fraternity, the master mechanics and artists engaged in fitting up the store, and the employees of the firm were present. Mayor McMichael presided, and capital speeches were made by his honor the Mayor, James E. Caldwell, Esq., ex-Governor Curtin, Daniel Dougherty, Esq., John W. Forney, Esq., and other gentlemen.

While Mr. James E. Caldwell remains at the head of the firm, there has been an infusion of younger blood into it, which will insure its permanent vitality. The firm, as at present constituted, is as follows: James E. Caldwell, Richard A. Lewis, Joseph H. Brazier, George W. Banks, J. Albert Caldwell.

[For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

Washington's Birthday at Gettysburg.

A former communication narrated the opening of the year at the National Homestead, since which time the current of affairs has passed as smoothly on as could possibly be expected in so large a family. Fewer counter currents, fewer eddying, agitating movements have transpired than often accompany the navigation of much smaller craft even on familiar waters.

In relation to the Homestead in its varied aspects, it may be said that its course is not only onward, but upward as well—onward, as to the general improvement of the children; upward, in their higher and most interesting tendencies. The 22d of February offered an opportunity to make a deep and lasting impression upon their sensitive hearts respecting Washington, the model man, the spotless patriot, and true Christian; the first and best of the great names on our country's roll of honor, with which these children are to become familiar while under the ever watchful care of the Homestead.

The day came; it was bright, but cold, and Cemetery Hill was rather icy to ascend with ease. But the good citizens were out in full force. From Pennsylvania College came professors and students; from the Theological Seminary a similar attendance. The visitors were received at the door of the main building, and passed from thence to the principal school-room, which was handsomely draped with flags. The gay colors were relieved by evergreens and pictures and texts in tasteful lettering. Opposite the entrance a stage was erected for the children, the wall behind which was more elaborately ornamented. The centre of the festooned flags upon it was surmounted by the name of Washington, in large gilt letters on a blue field, and this was wreathed with green. Above were arranged thirteen shields in the form of an arch, Pennsylvania as the keystone, each bearing the abbreviated name of the State represented.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the sixty soldiers' orphans were seated on the stage, appearing in their neat uniform of blue. The girls had the addition of white sashes thrown over the left shoulder, each set in front with a shield, emblazoned with the name of a State. The exercises opened with prayer by the Rev. Prof. Ferrier, of Pennsylvania College. Singing by the children followed, Lieutenant Norton, Principal, accompanying their clear, sweet voices with the organ. After this came the "Salutation to the Flag," written for the occasion (by the Matron). This was the most touching of the children's part in the exercises, especially as when the last two lines of each verse were repeated each boy sprang to his feet, greeted the flag with a wave of his hand, and the full chorus of voices sang:

"Hail to the Flag! all peerless in might;
Hall to the Flag! of the red, blue and white."

In the last salutation, the flag of the battlefield was referred to, and their youthful voices naturally fell into the minor key, as they now joined again:

"Hail to the flag of crimsoned gold!
That wrapped our fathers in its fold!"

The effect was indeed touching, and would have repaid a lengthened journey to Gettysburg to witness the scene.

After this came the happy presentation of the "Boyhood of Washington" in an address by Major Cleeton, of New Haven, Connecticut. Then followed an allegorical tableaux, first, of the thirteen original States, accompanied with a recitation, entitled "Tribute to Washington," an original poetical production (by the Matron), and next, of all the States represented by an equal number of the smallest girls, and on the appearance of the representatives of the new States, the sixty children sang in the chorus:

"Joined hand in hand the new States come
To bless the name of Washington."

Following these very pretty and patriotic tableaux were remarks by Prof. Ferrier and D. McConaughy, Esq., while Major Cleeton gave some interesting details of his experience as Agent of the Homestead in the New England States. The Professor, in his earnest remarks, called upon his students present to view the institution aright, both as to its local and national importance. He spoke feelingly of its orphan inmates, of their uniform good deportment in the public house of prayer, in their Sabbath-school at home; their knowledge of and love for the Bible; their readiness of answer, their zeal and respect. The orphans are under the Rev. Professor's eye in the church where he ministers, and he comes out often to their Sabbath-school, at the Homestead, and is thus reliable authority in reference both to the children and their management.

One of the Professors of the Theological Seminary spoke briefly to the children, when "America, 'tis of thee," was sung in full choir, and the benediction pronounced.

At the close of the exercises, the Zouaves of Gettysburg, under Captain Norris, made their appearance on the grounds, and drilled for a half hour or longer, in presence of the orphans, much to their gratification. E. L.

[For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

To Philadelphia Presbyterians.

The appeal emanating from the ladies of the United Presbyterian Church of Richmond, Va., endorsed by the trustees and Pastor, has been addressed to the citizens of Philadelphia, asking for a donation to rebuild their church, which was destroyed by fire. A slip from the Richmond *Daily Dispatch* says "that they intend making this one of the most beautiful and substantial temples in the South."

It will be remembered that the old church was destroyed by fire in April, 1865, ignited by the rebels when escaping from Richmond. It was a good and substantial building, having a large congregation, with the Rev. Dr. Read as its pastor. Shortly after its destruction, the writer visited Richmond, and was informed that the Rev. pastor, as well as the entire congregation, with very few exceptions, were intensely disloyal; that the loyal few were treated in an unchristian manner, the disloyal ones refusing all intercourse with them, and the Rev. Pastor informing them that their presence in the church was obnoxious to the congregation, and requesting them to refrain from further attendance.

At a Fair held for the benefit of the church, the secession flag was the only one seen. No love was expressed or sentiment favorable to the Union was uttered. A portrait of Stonewall Jackson, a man who tried his utmost to destroy the Union, was one of the most conspicuous attractions. Attached to it was this motto: "A man of God, a champion of Liberty, Virginia mourns thy loss."

It appears to me that this congregation should be satisfied, under existing circumstances, by erecting a building equal to the one destroyed and not desire to erect one that shall be one of the most beautiful and substantial temples of the South, especially so when the funds to accomplish it are expected to be derived mainly from the North.

Feb. 28, 1868. A LOYAL PRESBYTERIAN.

CRIME.

Suicide in Cincinnati—A Murderer Cuts His Throat—End of a Career of Crime.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette, of Feb. 28th.]

Patrick Ross, *alias* Pat McDonald, charged with having committed a murder in Ireland, in 1862, was, after six years of pursuit, arrested in this city on Tuesday evening last, and confined in the Ninth Street Station House. Yesterday he attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat.

In 1864, Ross having tired of being pursued by officers, determined to come to this country, and accordingly made arrangements to work his way over on a sailing vessel. News of his escape from the country soon reached the ears of the British authorities, and a reward of $25,000 was offered for his arrest.

Stimulated by this large reward, two English detectives, having procured the necessary papers for the arrest of Ross, provided he could be found, came to this country about three years and a half ago. Arriving in New York, they sent a description of the man to the police authorities in all the principal cities of the United States. Ross was traced from place to place, until he arrived in this city, where he had a brother and sister living. Here he remained concealed until the detectives left the country, and then obtained employment at the Gas Works. This became known to our police authorities who were on the look out for him, and three of them proceeded to the Gas Works for the purpose of arresting him. They, not liking to arrest him in the presence of his fellow workmen, sent a messenger in, requesting him to come to the office, where they were in waiting. Ross it seemed had suspicions that the officers desired to arrest him, and instead of going to the office, he made his escape through a back door.

He remained away from the city until about eight months since, when the matter having apparently died out, he returned. From that time until Tuesday evening, when he was arrested, he has been in the city constantly and could have been arrested at almost any time.

On Tuesday, Policeman Roberts, whom it seems had worked with Ross at the Gas Works, saw him on the street, and remembering the fact of the attempt to secure him at that time, determined to arrest him. Mr. Roberts confided his information to Lieut. Evans, and Sergeant Tucker, and these three men succeeded in making the arrest. Ross was confined in the Central Avenue Station House during Tuesday night, and on Wednesday morning he was removed to the solitary cell, or "Calcutta," as it is called, at the Ninth street Station House.

In the meantime, a despatch was sent to Mr. Archibald, the British Consul at New York, relating the fact of the arrest having been made. The following reply was received yesterday:

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—*S. D. Evans, Lieutenant of Police:* Papers required are with Mr. R—— K——, of Cincinnati. Telegraph me to-morrow, if they suffice to hold Ross until witness to prove identity can come from Ireland. I will then telegraph to Dublin for him, and for instructions.
E. M. ARCHIBALD.

From this, it will be seen that had not the circumstance which we are about to relate occurred, Ross would undoubtedly have been held to await a requisition.

As we have already said, Ross was confined in the solitary cell, no one being allowed, by order of the Chief of Police, to communicate with him. Yesterday, about one o'clock, Mr. Owens, the turnkey, took Ross his dinner, and after setting it on the bench of the cell, the prisoner remarked. "There is more than I will ever eat." Mr. Owens paid no attention to the remark, but left to attend to the prisoners in the other room.

In about half an hour he returned and found Ross lying on his face on the floor of the cell, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and bleeding profusely. The knife with which the unfortunate man had attempted to terminate his life was in his hand, and proved to be the knife which had been handed in with his dinner. It was very dull, and the wound inflicted by it was terribly ragged and unsightly. He was unconscious from the loss of blood, but clasped the knife firmly in his right hand.

Medical aid was at once called, and in a few minutes Drs. Bonner and Cilley were in attendance. They both pronounced the wound necessarily fatal, the windpipe being entirely severed. Everything possible was done for the prisoner, and at 5 o'clock he was removed to the Commercial Hospital. Before this reaches the eye of the reader, however, Ross will undoubtedly have passed from this world.

He is a man apparently about 38 or 40 years of age, of medium hight, and red side whiskers. He is very much wasted away, having suffered with chronic diarrhœa for five months past.

MUSICAL.

GRAND CONCERT.—On Monday evening, March 9th, a grand vocal and instrumental concert will be given at Horticultural Hall, in aid of the Hebrew Philanthropic Association. A number of favorite artistes will appear, and the full Germania orchestra will be present.

BURNETT.—Mr. Alfred Burnett, the celebrated humorist and mimic, will give an entertainment at Assembly Buildings this evening. Mr. Burnett possesses extraordinary powers and never fails to keep his audiences in a roar of laughter. He introduces new impersonations every night.

ITALIAN OPERA.—This evening Max Strakosch's Italian Opera troupe will appear at the Academy of Music in the opera *La Traviata.* The cast will include Mad. De la Grange, Signor Brignoli and other eminent artists. The season will last during this week only. To-morrow night the opera *Rigoletto.*

The Weather for February.

B. J. L. sends us the following table of the weather at Germantown for the month just passed:

FEBRUARY, 1868.

Day of Month.	Lowest Point.	Eight o'clock.	Twelve o'clock.	Barometer.	Three o'clock.	Depth of Rain.	Wind and Weather.
1	9	11	28	30.8	29		N. W. Clear.
2	7	17	29	30.3	28		S. W. Clear.
3	2	10	12	30.7	14		N. Clear.
4	*3	7	28	30.5	29		S. W. Clear.
5	8	19	28	30.2	28	6-10	N. E. Snowing. 6 in.
6	11	32	42	29.7	30		N. W. Clear.
7	8	18	23	30.3	25		N. W. Clear.
8	*4	4	19	30.6	20		W. Clear.
9	15	15	36	30	38	1 3-10	S. W. Rain and Snow.
10	20	18	20	30.5	20		N. W. Clear.
11	7	13	20	30.4	21		N. W. Clear.
12	5	15	31	30.5	31		N. W. Clear.
13	14	23	37	30.3	37		N. W. Clear.
14	12	20	35	30.5	35		N. W. Clear.
15	11	27	37	30.2	42		S. W. Cloudy.
16	22	34	36	30.3	39		N. W. Clear.
17	18	34	35	30.1	37	4-10	S. Snow and Rain.
18	17	34	26	30.2	28		S. W. Clear.
19	15	30	46	30	47		S. Clear.
20	30	42	51	30.1	51		S. W. Clear.
21	34	43	48	29.9	51		S. W. Cloudy.
22	14	17	22	30.4	23		N. W. Clear.
23	*1	6	18	30.8	17		N. Clear.
24	7	12	17	30.7	19		N. E. Cloudy. Snow.
25	15	21	25	30.6	24	8-10	N. E. Cloudy. Snow, 6 in.
26	16	25	28	30 5	28		N. E. Cloudy.
27	20	29	37	30	37		N. E. Cloudy. Snow.
28	23	31	37	29.8	34		N. Cloudy. Snow.
29	14	28	29	30	29		W. Clear.

*Below Zero.

MONTHLY AVERAGES.

Lowest Point..........12 6-10
Eight o'clock..........21 3-10
Twelve o'clock..........30 1-10
Three o'clock..........30 6-10
Depth of Rain..........3 1-10 in.

—Canada has got nearly through with lumbering operations for the season. Only a very small amount has been cut, as the business is dull.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Lawrence, Kansas, has not a single pauper.

—Artemus Ward's old agent serves Olive Logan in the same capacity.

—"Pigeon hole" has been declared an illegal game by the Louisville courts.

—The man who lives on tick probably dines on Lenten fare.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Derby's translation of Homer has reached its sixth edition.

—Prairie chickens are so plenty in Missouri that they are used for swine's food.

—Jerusalem has only twenty-two thousand inhabitants.

—Tickets to the horse dinner in London were sold for about $7.

—The last county treasury robbed was that of Harrison, Iowa, and the amount taken was $15,000.

—An Indiana gentleman, who lost sight of his brother nineteen years ago, has just heard of him prospecting for gold in Patagonia.

—A French paper announces the death, at the age of 81 years, of the mother of Count Léon, the son of the first Napoleon.

—Galt's statue of Jefferson will be inaugurated at Charlottesville during the approaching Commencement week of the University of Virginia.

—A suffering woman in Bridgeport, Ct., is begging alms that she may have her baby photographed.

—Southern papers call Semmes the "hero of the seas." Appropriate; he did more at seizing than at fighting.

—Train promises his hundred thousand pounds sterling to the Irish girls of America "in trust for the freedom of Ireland."

—A company has been organized to construct a ditch sixty miles long to bring water to a mine in Colorado. It will cost two and a quarter millions.

—Paris papers announce the death of General Camou at Paris. He was an old soldier of the first empire, and led the brilliant charge at Solferino. He was a senator.

—Kentucky is to pay to John Young Brown the salary to which he would have been entitled from government as member of Congress if the House had admitted him to a seat.

—An elegant overcoat, made of buffalo skin and lined with fine silk, valued at $1,000, has been received by Major General Wool from Russia—a gift from a personal friend in that country.

—The Boston *Journal* says that Mrs. Van Zandt has sung thirty-one nights at the La Scala, in Milan, and with the greatest success on each occasion. The American singers now hold the first places in the European opera houses.

—Pedestrian matches are now arranged in great numbers, to be walked as soon as the spring opens. The fever started too late last fall to have its run before the cold weather "nipped it in the bud."

—A young man, who had the misfortune to resemble a member of the California Legislature, was recently knocked down, and kicked, and stamped upon until half dead, in Sacramento. It is a way of lobbying they have out there.

—The town of Bedford, fifteen miles from Boston, has neither minister, lawyer, nor railroad, and the ladies teach all the schools. Nothing ever happened there, except the birth of President Stearns, of Amherst College.

—California proposes to enact a law that any person who has read a newspaper account of any alleged crime, shall be incapable of serving on a jury to try any person accused of the crime. California will have intelligent juries in such a case.

—Horses in Australia are a drug in the market, and cannot be got rid of at any price. Two hundred were bought at twenty-eight shillings apiece, to feed pigs with, and a company purchased 1,000 noble steeds for the purpose of boiling down their carcasses.

—The Pope still has a nuncio accredited to the "Court of the Two Sicilies." The ex-King of Naples is reported to be highly elated at the prospects of reaction in Italy, and has reappointed the cabinet dismissed when Venice was ceded to Victor Emmanuel.

—The success of Madame Ristori in Havana has been unprecedented even by that of her first season in this country. Although she intended to have played only twenty nights, she now expects to remain in Cuba until the latter part of April.

—A belligerent Californian, named Dow, in fulfilment of a boyish vow of vengeance, recently came all the way to Massachusetts to retaliate upon his old schoolmaster, the Rev. Geo. Craven, for a "licking" which the latter had given him about twenty years ago. Having thrashed Craven to his heart's content, Dow started at once for home, feeling much better.

—An opera, called and founded on "Hamlet," by Ambrose Thomas, is in rehearsal at the Grand Opera, Paris. A theatrical journal says that last week the scene in which *Ophelia* appears mad was gone through for the first time, and that it created such a profound impression on the musicians of the orchestra that they broke into applause.

—Surprise has often been manifested by philologists at the fact that the word "sack," variously spelled, is found in so many languages. One of the most ingenious explanations is that of Becanus, who said that at the dispersion of mankind at the foot of the tower of Babel every one took away his valuables in a sack, the most indispensable article for a long journey, and that no one forgot the name of the thing which was all in all to him.

—Mr. George William Curtis, in one of his "Easy Chair" papers, states that the late Albert G. Greene was engaged during the latter portion of his tranquil life in writing a humorous poem, "The Yankee Muster," into which it was his purpose to weave every truly Yankee phrase that he could gather. It grew, year by year, waxing to a humorous epic. It was privately shown at various epochs to many persons, and Mr. Curtis expresses a hope that it will now be published.

—SENATE CHAMBER.

E. M. Stanton.
STICK.
SUMNER.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Feb. 21, 1868.
Kick. A. J.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Feb. 22, 1868.
Sick. L. T.

—A couple of young men, of Vincennes, Ind., having a misunderstanding about a young lady, repaired to the Illinois side of the river, on Friday morning, to settle the matter according to the code duel. The *Sun* says the parties met, with surgeon, witnesses, a bottle of brandy, and went at it in earnest, with revolver in hand; at the word "fire," given by the respective seconds, they wheeled and fired—one of them reeled and almost fell, when he discovered that his antagonist "missed his aim," as he also had done, concluded not to "fall so early in the fight," and there being a mutual feeling between the two for adjustment of the difficulty, shook hands and made friends, both having sustained their reputation of chivalric young men.

—Says the Boston *Advertiser,* we give one more composition by the West Indies negro boy. It is a treatise on the hippopotamus: "1 of the most Tremenjuice of Animells is the Hippopotamus. He is also called the River Horse because he rezembils An emence Pig, being Amfibbyus and wares no hare. He has no Tayle and is celebrated for his Emence Toshes. It is very difficult to catch Him as you never know ware to find Him When you go to the Zoolosjikals you never see Him because He always keeps Under water which makes the Ignorant say He is A Fabel. In His Native wilds and originall state He is verry Terriffeck. He Treads upon His Enemeys with His Feet and is the Behee Moth of Scripcher."