Daily Evening Bulletin.

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

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THE EVENING BULLETIN
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GIBSON PEACOCK, ERNEST C. WALLACE,
F. L. FETHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIAMSON,
JASPER 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-tfs

MARRIED.

HAY—BONNER.—On Wednesday, April 8th, by the Rev. Henry N. Pohlmann, of Albany, James Hay, of this city, to Martha, daughter of Andrew Bonner, Esq., of Albany.

GASKILL—WHITEMAN.—On the morning of the 15th inst., by the Rev. Reese F. Alsop, Rector of Christ Church, Hyde Park, N. Y., H. Maurice Gaskill to Emma H. Whiteman, both of this city.

STEVENSON—GUERNSEY.—On the evening of the 14th inst., at the Frankford Presbyterian Church, by Rev. Thomas C. Murphy, Mr. John B. Stevenson, Jr., to Miss Mary Eastman Guernsey, daughter of Dr. William F. Guernsey, all of this city.

DIED.

BROWNE.—On the 15th instant, Jane Tunis, wife of Samuel Browne.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, from the residence of her husband, No. 1117 Callowhill street, on Monday afternoon, the 20th inst., at 3 o'clock. To proceed to Mount Vernon Cemetery.

FLOMERFELT.—On the 11th inst., Mr. A. L. Flomerfelt aged 51 years.

The relatives and friends of the family, also Lodge 187 A. Y. M., Wecanoe and Franklin Fire Companies, are invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 912 Catharine street, this (Thursday) afternoon, at three o'clock.

LAFFERTY.—On the 15th instant, Mary A. Lafferty, daughter of W. T. and Elizabeth Lafferty, in her 20th year.

McCALLUM.—Suddenly, on the 15th inst., Alexander, son of Hugh and Mahala McCallum, in the 8th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend his funeral, from the residence of his parents, Main street, Germantown, on Saturday afternoon, 18th inst., at 1 o'clock.

McGILL.—On the 15th inst., Henrietta Harrison, wife of George L. McGill, and youngest daughter of George W. Nelson, in the 28th year of her age.

Due notice will be given of the funeral.

McKENNA.—On the 14th inst., Mr. Patrick McKenna, aged 55 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, 312 South Fourth street, on Friday morning, precisely at 8 o'clock. High Mass at St. Joseph's Church. Interment at St. Mary's Cemetery.

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 AND CONCERT.

REV. A. A. WILLITS, D. D., will deliver his new lecture, "The Model Home," at Concert Hall, on TUESDAY, April 21st, at 8 o'clock.

In connection with the above a Grand Concert will be given by the following artists:

Madame Henrietta Behrens.....Soprano
Mrs. Annie E. Simpson.....Contralto
Mr. Wm. A. Briscoe.....Tenore
Mr. O. W. Miller.....Basso
Mr. O. A. Knipe.....Pianist

Reserved seats, 50 cents. Tickets to be had at J. E. Gould's new piano rooms, 923 Chestnut, or at the door on the evening of the Lecture. ap16-th,s,tu,rp3t*

STOCKHOLDERS' NOTICE.—A MEETING OF the Stockholders of the Germantown Passenger Railway Company will be held at their office on WEDNESDAY, April 22d, 1868, at 4 P. M., to take into consideration the propriety of increasing the number of the Board of Managers, in pursuance of a supplement to an act of Assembly, approved the 3d day of April, 1865.

By order of the Board of Managers.
ap10-th,s,tu,tu4t* JOSEPH SINGERLY, Secretary.

A COURSE OF LECTURES ON BOTANY, TO Ladies and Gentlemen, will be delivered in the Scientific and Classical Institute, S. E. corner of Poplar and Seventeenth streets, adjoining Ridge avenue. Introductory Lecture (free) WEDNESDAY, April 22, at 5 o'clock. by J. E. ENNIS, Principal. ap16-6trp

A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Mercantile Library Company will be held on TUESDAY EVENING, the 28th instant, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of taking further action on the pending amendments to the charter.

JOHN LARDNER,
ap15-12trp Recording Secretary.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.

Examine your matress when you enter a sleeping car. If made of ELASTIC SPONGE, you can smother the fire with it in case of accident, as it is perfectly incombustible. ap16 3trp*

NOTICE.—IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE UNFAVORABLE state of the weather, the opening of SAMUEL R. PHILLIPS'S Saddlery Establishment, No. 120 Chestnut street, will be continued to-morrow, Friday, all day. It*

PHILADELPHIA ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL, No. 15 South Ninth street. Club-foot, hip and spinal diseases and bodily deformities treated. Apply daily at 12 o'clock. ap15 3mrp

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, mh21-1mrp No. 612 Jayne street.

The Chesapeake Bay Piracy—Arrest of two of the Murderers.

[From the Somerset (Md.) Herald.]

Two negroes calling themselves William Wilson and William Wells, were arrested, one in, and the other near Drummondtown, Accomac county, Va., on the 6th and 7th inst., by constable David T. Topping, for the murder of Captain Benjamin Johnson and Henry Cannon, (not Pritchett, as published last week,) of the schooner Brave. They were brought to this town and lodged in jail on the 10th inst., by Constable Topping and John Larmore, Esq. They confess that the captain and Cannon were both killed and thrown overboard.

The other two parties now at large are named George Bailey and Frank Rounds. We learn that one of these parties has been seen in Accomac county, Virginia and it is supposed that both of them are still lurking in that county.

This is the most horrible affair that has ever been perpetrated within the limits of this county, and it is to be hoped that all the guilty ones may be speedily brought to justice.

There was a negro brought to this place yesterday and committed to jail, on suspicion of being one of the above parties; but it is generally thought that he is not.

MUSICAL.

JEAN LOUIS'S CONCERT, in the Academy of Music, will be no ordinary occasion. The production of such works as Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" and Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia" is indicative of a high purpose on the part of the excellent Society. There is a coincidence in this connection worth noting: When Mendelssohn produced the cantata of the "First Walpurgis Night" to the words of a ballad by Goethe (entirely distinct from the same subject in Faust), it was at a concert at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, on the 2d of February, 1843 when the Beethoven "Choral Fantasia" was played by Mad. Schumann. Mendelssohn began its composition in Rome, and, it is thought, at the express instance of Goethe. This work is worth examining, for both in music and poetry there is an aiming at something more noble and elevated than mere music. The "Lurline," by Hilleir, is also an interesting romantic subject, and the admirers of Mr. Habelman will be glad to hear him, for the first time in this country, in a style and part which gained him some reputation in Germany. Mendelssohn is represented by another fine composition for the piano, a "Rondo Brilliante," which he dedicated to his master, Ignatius Moscheles, the oldest of living pianists.

CONCERT.—A concert in aid of the Mechanics' Benevolent and Relief Association will be given at Athletic Hall, Thirteenth and Jefferson, by the Philadelphia Æolians, on Friday evening, 17th instant. The following programme has been arranged: Grand March, Liberty Military Band, No. 1, late of the 98th regiment P. V. Colonel Gosline. 1. Chorus, Haymakers; 2. Duett, Flotow; 3. Male Quartett, Arion; 4. Comic Refrain, Freeborn. Saud. 5. Solo, "Tempest," Barker; 6. Duett, Abt; 7. Male Quartett, Cox; 8. Solo, Grillith. Overture, Liberty Military Band. 1. Chorus, Haymakers; 2. Male Quartett, Arion; 3. Duett, Schubert; 4. Comique, P. Berger. Band. 5. Chorus, Eaml; 6. Comic Refrain, Freeborn; 7. Duett, Russell; 8. Male Quartett, Work. "Home, Sweet Home," or "Sherman's March to the Sea," Liberty Military Band.

CONCERT.—At Concert Hall this evening a grand concert will be given in aid of the Catholic Philopatrian Society. A large number of eminent artists will appear, and a most attractive programme will be presented.

BARILI'S CONCERT.—Signor A. Barili's grand concert will be given on Friday evening at the Musical Fund Hall. He will be assisted by accomplished instrumental and vocal artists.

THEATRES, Etc.

THE THEATRES.—Mr. Edwin Booth, will appear at the Walnut to-night in his great personation of "Hamlet." The *Black Crook* will be presented at the Chestnut. *Pluy* is announced at the Arch. The American offers a varied performance.

ELEVENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE.—The entertainment offered at this popular place of amusement to-night will be of the highest character. A number of new pieces are announced, among them the extravaganza, "Life on a Mississippi Cotton Boat." The farce entitled *Trix on Travelers* will also be given, with the usual miscellaneous performance, including burlesques, farce, negro comicalities, ballad singing by Mr. J. L. Carncross, and a multitude of other good things.

RICHINGS' OPERA TROUPE.—On the 20th inst. the favorite Richings' Opera Troupe will begin a brief season at the Academy of Music, with the opera of *Martha*. The sale of tickets will begin on Wednesday, the 15th, at Trumpler's Music Store, No. 926 Chestnut street.

THE FINE ARTS.

Wenderoth's Battle of Gettysburg.

On Monday next will be exhibited, at Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown's, No. 914 Chestnut street, Wenderoth's large and accurate oil-painting of the Battle of Gettysburg, representing the action of the second day in the afternoon, that is to say of Monday, July 2d, 1863.

The centre of interest at this time was Culp's Hill, an eminence a little to the southeast of Gettysburg, disembarrassed of foliage upon the summit, but wooded along its most abrupt slope in the direction of the farm of Henry Culp. On this point Meade—imagining, from the deployment, early in the day, of Ewell's left around the base of the crest, that this would be the centre of attack—reserved some forces of the Fifth and Sixth Corps, and used the hill as an observatory, commanding a view of the city and of Cemetery Ridge, from which Sickles was unadvisedly pushing towards the Peach Orchard and the Emmetsburg road. The rebel forces, almost surrounding our army, were constantly endeavoring to break our lines and push in to the cluster of elevations which culminates in Little Round Top; and it was not until night, after a hand-to-hand conflict with Hood's troops which recalls the Homeric ages, that the key of the battle-ground was secured in our hands, and the sorely-thinned brigades of Vincent and Fisher could breathe again.

The time of the picture is in the afternoon. Meade, viewed in profile, and sitting firmly upon a magnificent horse, is centrally planted upon the hill as upon a pedestal, his bronze face relieved against the volumes of dense white smoke which hang around the circle of artillery defending the height. He is surrounded by his staff, General Dickinson, Major Cadwallader, Colonels Starr and Biddle and Captain Carpenter. General Barstow, having ridden up the acclivity, is reporting to Meade, his right hand pointing to Cemetery Hill, whose gentle slope swells upward into the left of the picture, crowned with its peaceful tombs, and covered with the wounded and dead whom the Louisiana troops are leaving behind in their hot retreat. Near the middle of the scene the roofs and spires of Gettysburg show through the interval between Culp's and Cemetery Hills. A detachment of our forces in the left foreground winds down into the valley, meeting a group of confederate prisoners and colors (from the famous "Louisiana Tigers"), who are being brought up as a trophy to General Meade. The lower right-hand corner is occupied with a more consolatory scene, indicating the accompaniment of beneficence that traveled along with our actions so closely and so nobly. A wagon of Sanitary Commission stores is unloading. Surgeons are busily selecting their remedies; an assistant disposes of a case of supplies; the wounded, both loyal and confederate, are receiving attention, and a swooning federal captain is being revived in the arms of a male nurse.

Pictures like these are a complement to history. Though wanting in artistic breadth, Mr. Wenderoth's painting is so reliable, so exact, so conscientiously copied from nature to the farthest crest of the landscape and the minutest detail of a soldier's accoutrements, that it will help to tell the fortunate history of the Pennsylvania raid to generations yet unborn with more than the picturesqueness of the romancer and more than the definition of the historian. It is, too, a painting that will keep constantly improving as time rolls forward. A few years will tone its contrasts, and moderate its rude opacity of white and its cold breadths of blue: while the very commendable study in its particulars will be perpetually instructive to whoever shall wish to study out the gallant achievement of Meade in reversing the famous invasion of the North.

Such pictures, indeed, made soon after the fact, with the actual actors for models, the clothes they wore and the weapons they used for accessories, and their living memory for criticism—are the truest history. The possession of a gallery of such illustrative paintings would be the very nutriment of the hobby of the antiquarian. Every man who studies, with the perpetually-annoying insufficiency of material around him, knows what it is to cry out for "more light," with the avidity of the shepherd-lads recalled by Taine the critic, as he stands among the pictures of local history in the Naples Museum. The little herdsmen, relates Taine, agreed to a wishing-match. One, breaking off a mouthful of his black bread, cried, "If I was king I would eat nothing but fat;" the other, who was out of breath chasing hogs, chimed in, "If I was king, I would watch my beasts on horseback." "If I was king," confesses the ardent student, capping wishes with his humble rivals, "I would transport all these portraits and historical subjects to my cabinet, and learn from them the realities of history." There are few historians, accustomed to the annoyance of gleaning their stores in one library or museum after another, who would not like to find the same kind of royalty, and move on in the same road to perfection.

It is to be hoped that this most creditable picture will be secured to decorate the National Orphans' Homestead, on Cemetery Hill, at Gettysburg, for the benefit of which institution the exhibition will be held.

Death of Lord Cardigan.

James Thomas Brudenell, seventh Earl of Cardigan, who led the celebrated charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava, and whose name has been prominently before the public in more or less honorable connections throughout most of his career, died at his seat, in Northamptonshire, England, on the 28th of March, in consequence of a fall from his horse. He was born in 1797, and entered the army at the somewhat mature age of twenty-seven, purchasing a cornet in the Eighth Hussars. The influence of wealth and family position in the military career in England was strikingly exemplified in his case, for in four years, without having seen a day's service in the field, he had risen to be a Lieutenant-Colonel, which, by the usages of the British army, made him the actual commander of the regiment. He was the beau ideal of a cavalry officer of the "Guy Livingstone" school, handsome in person, one of the best horsemen of his time, daring, impetuous, ambitious, haughty and passionate in his dealings with men, unscrupulous and successful in his intimacies with women.

The scandals of his private conduct became the reproach of the peerage, and his violent and overbearing temper made his regiment the most notorious in the service. For his treatment of a Maj. Wathen he was court-martialed, censured and placed on half-pay. An officer with less interest would probably have remained on half-pay to the end of his days; but in less than two years he managed to have himself restored and gazetted to the Eleventh Hussars, then serving in India. His short term of service abroad seems to have been as uncomfortable as his military career at home. The officers hated him cordially, and when he brought his command back to England a series o quarrels and bickerings broke out which caused the whole country to ring with his name. He insulted one captain by reprimanding him for introducing Rhine wine in a "black bottle" at a mess banquet; he provoked another into a breach of discipline which ended in the expulsion of the injured man from the service; and he fought a duel upon Wimbledon Common with Captain Harvey Tuckett, who had served under him in India, and had resigned his commission, so it is said, for the purpose of challenging the noble lord.

Captain Tuckett was wounded in the duel, and Lord Cardigan was indicted for felony. He availed himself of his privilege as a peer, and elected to be tried by the House of Lords. The trial, which took place in Westminster Hall before one of the most brilliant and aristocratic assemblages which had ever witnessed a prosecution in England since the impeachment of Warren Hastings, was a cruel mockery of justice. There was but the faintest show of pressing the charge, and the accused was hastily acquitted on the ground that there was no certainty that the Harvey Tuckett named in the indictment was identical with the Harvey Tuckett proved to have been shot! Lord Cardigan went back to his regiment with his temper more savage and insolent than ever, and so little affected by public opinion that one of his first actions was to flog a man at Hounslow Barracks, after parade, on Sunday afternoon. The Adjutant-General publicly admonished him that his subordinates were gentlemen, and that he was in authority not only to exercise military command, but "to give an example of moderation, temper and discretion." The difficulties of the Eleventh Hussars were brought before Parliament, and a member stated in the House of Commons that "in two years, the regiment being 550 strong, the Earl of Cardigan had held one hundred and five courts-martial. In the same two years he punished in the defaulters' list upwards of seven hundred men.

During the same period sixty men were placed in Canterbury jail. The punishments exceeded those inflicted in India over a period of twenty years, although the regiment was seven hundred strong. Nevertheless, Lord Cardigan was a good soldier and an efficient disciplinarian, and possibly it was this circumstance quite as much as favoritism which enabled him to retain his rank, and on the outbreak of the Crimean war to be appointed to the command of the Light Brigade. His personal courage was superb. Yet on the field of Balaklava he seems to have let slip two splendid opportunities. The first was when he had a chance to sweep down upon the rear and flank of the Russian horse, then engaged with the English cavalry, but refused because his brother-in-law and superior officer, Lord Lucan, with whom he did not agree, had posted him where he stood. The second was when, on his famous "chestnut horse with the white heels," he rode with the gallant six hundred into the Valley of Death, and left them to get out again as best they could. Despite the admiration aroused by the exploit, the Earl's conduct was severely criticised, and soon afterward he returned home. Good fortune, however, followed him to the end of his life. He was appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry (an employment for which he was probably well fitted), and became a Knight Commander of the Bath in 1855 and Lieutenant-General in 1861.

CITY BULLETIN.

RIOTOUS CONDUCT.—Last night, between ten and eleven o'clock, a row occurred at Harmer's Cornucopia, at the southeast corner of Broad and Chestnut streets. It seems that several parties who had gone to the house for supper got into a quarrel about some women. From words they went to blows, and one man was struck with a pitcher. A regular fist fight then ensued. Bloody noses, black eyes and scratched faces were the result. During the wrangle, chairs were overturned and broken, dishes and glasses were smashed, and considerable damage was done to everything in the room. The belligerents got out upon the staircase, and the fighting was kept up until the bar-room was reached, and there another smashing of things occurred. The noise caused by the disturbance was heard for some distance, and the attaches of the establishment sprang a rattle from the window. Policeman Orr came up and arrested John P. Abern, alleged to have been one of the participants in the affray. The attention of the watchman at the Union League House, David Robinson, was attracted by the noise, and he went to the assistance of Officer Orr. Policemen Kulp and Garvin also arrived on the spot, and John Raymond, Lawrence O'Brien and Matthew Snowden were taken into custody. The prisoners were taken to the Fifth District Police Station, but were soon released upon security being entered by Alderman William McMullen for their appearance this morning. After the hearing this morning, before Alderman Swift, the defendants were fined for drunkenness, and were held to bail to keep the peace.

FIRE AT MANAYUNK.—This morning, about half-past five o'clock, a fire broke out in the drying-house attached to the cotton mills of Gen. Robert Patterson, located at Manayunk. The structure was a two-storied brick. The whole interior was destroyed, and a considerable quantity of material in process of drying was burned. The main mills were not injured. The flames originated from the heating apparatus.

DISORDERLY.—Thomas Evans and John Devine were arrested yesterday at Fifth and Library streets, by Day Sergeants Jeffries and Albright. They were behaving in a very disorderly manner, and were annoying passers-by. Devine was heard by one of the officers to exclaim, "Here's health to John Wilkes Booth, who shot the nigger Lincoln." The prisoners were arraigned before Alderman Beitler, last evening, and were placed under $1,000 bail.

THUNDER STORM.—At an early hour this morning there were several showers of rain, accompanied by sharp flashes of lightning and heavy claps of thunder. About ten o'clock the rain commenced to fall steadily, and since that time it has been pouring down in torrents. The lightning has continued at intervals. The clouds are very heavy and in many places the gas had to be lighted.

BOLD THEFT.—A man named John Hayes, while passing Market and Water streets yesterday afternoon, took a fancy to a lot of stockings which were hanging up in front of a store. He helped himself to two dozen pairs and continued his walk. A Fourth District policeman followed and captured the thief and his plunder. Hayes was taken before Alderman Hurley, and was held in $800 bail to answer at court.

ARRESTED.—Eugenie McKinney, who is charged with having been concerned in an assault upon Michael Morgan, was arrested yesterday. It will be remembered that Morgan went to the house of the McKinney's to see his wife, who is a daughter of Mrs. McKinney, and he was attacked and badly beaten. The accused had a hearing before Ald. Heins and was held in $800 bail for trial.

LARCENY OF A WATCH.—Margaret Wiggins, residing on Race street, near Seventh, was arrested yesterday and taken before Alderman Godbou, upon the charge of the larceny of a watch from a man who had been in her company a few nights since. She was held in $800 bail for trial.

—Lord Byron's correspondence has been discovered in a curious way. A pet ape of the monks of the Armenian convent of Machitarists on San Lagro Island, in the lagoons of Venice, so pleasantly sketched by Mr. Howell in his "Venetian Life," was the agent of the discovery. This ape, escaping from his master, took refuge on the top of a bookcase, and being pursued threw at the head of the brother a roll of yellow and dusty letters, which proved to be Lord Byron's. It is supposed that they will be published, but no hint is given as to the nature of them.

—Offenbach is engaged in writing a new opera buffa, which will first be performed in America.

THE ERIE RAILROAD DISASTER.

Further Details—How the Accident Occurred—What the Directors Say—Bringing the Dead Bodies to the City of New York.

From the New York Papers of to-day.

Carr's Rock is sixteen miles from Port Jervis and overhangs a tributary of the Delaware, the scenery of which in this neighborhood is almost Alps like in abruptness of outline. The cliff itself is from two to three hundred feet in height, belted about midway with a narrow ledge or lengthened table, upon which the track is laid—the table being quite too narrow for any sort of possible safety in case of accident. The rock is of the craggy order which trap ridges usually assumes being, moreover, exceeding steep and precipitous, an idiosyncracy so peculiar to the valley of the Delaware in this region that it has developed into a sort of proverb that one may live in the valley of the Delaware and only see the sun at noon. The bluff in question overhangs the river so juttingly that only a very narrow bottom intervenes at its base, the railroad track winding around the mountain about one hundred feet from its base, or possibly a little less.

Of the accident the *Herald* says:

The whole was a work of possibly ten seconds—not more—and as speedily as possible the engine was brought to a stand and an examination of the extent of the accident was made. Down the bluff, having given the alarm, rushed conductor and assistants, while, in the meantime, the rear car of the four had taken fire from the embers scattered from the stove, and was blazing like a great will-o'-the-wisp in the fogs below. In the meantime, also, a messenger was sent to the nearest telegraph station, and word was sent to Port Jervis and assistance requested. The demand was responded to as soon as convenient, in an extra train, which proceeded with all necessary implements, armed and equipped, to the scene of the disaster. With the feeble help on hand the conductor and assistants did what they could before further assistance came to the rescue, their first attention being given to those who exhibited signs of life. With a groan one dragged himself out from beneath the mass of rubbish, part of which was human and part of which was human workmanship; another begged piteously for help; another shrieked with the pain of contusions just beginning to be realized, the poor bruised individual having been half stunned with half a hundred concussions, each more violent than the preceding.

Few are spared disfigurement or deformity, and thirteen lives are beaten out instantly. The air is freighted with groans, sobs and sighs of the quick and the dying; and the smooth Delaware flows quietly along, while it receives as tributaries the oozing, trickling rivulets of blood and liquified brains. One poor fellow, a Frenchman, named Souss, has his nostrils scraped out as if done by an oyster-knife. A man named Pruinton, as he bounces from rock to rock, has his eyes beaten in, his upper forehead torn off, and a hole is dug out of his skull with as much facility as if it were a spring turnip. A woman named snow, with her husband and seven young children, are jammed, when they strike the plateau, under a heavy car. Death is merciful in his care and does not mutilate the features; a smash on the crown of her head, and the lamp is put out forever. The husband and seven children live to tell the pitiful tale, but all are injured more or less. One man has his jaw torn out, and it hangs limp by a chin whisker dangling from the chin. His fingers are twisted, torn, and burnt by the embers in the rear car. His eyes are glassy and have a reproachful look. There is a little lad of ten years, unknown, with a cultivated face, rosy cheeks. Death struck him gently, and he lays by the surging Delaware's bank, with a placid smile on his features, after bumping his childish head from rock to rock downward. There lie together, grasped in their last embrace, man and wife, Ephraim and Mary Hoyt, torn and mutilated, their foreheads riven and furrowed with the traces of the jagged rock-points. The quiet streets of Chenango, 100 miles away, buried in the shades of lofty hills, shall never see them again. Alone, stiffened, and fast getting cold, with his calm, resolute face, is C. K. Loomis, of Buffalo, his hair dripping with the washing, sedgy waters, and a dark streak under the eyes to tell how he was swept into the illimitable space of night. Nothing but a confused mass of torn timber, broken bones and bleeding bodies; and, to add to the horrors of it, one of the cars takes fire from the scattered coals of the stove, and six persons jammed in the seats—four women and two men—are slowly reduced to ashes and calcined bones. Oh, the pity of it! One man named Oliver, residing at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in N. Y. city, has both legs broken. He is jammed under a car flat on his back, and while thus undergoing unspeakable tortures, his eyes are fastened on a woman alongside of him, who is also fastened [illegible] timber, whose head is broken to fragments. [illegible] old man hears her last expiring sob, [illegible] being free, he makes a vain attempt to [illegible] For two long hours, this old man, [illegible] and sickly, lies on the cold damp [illegible] morass before he can be extricated.

To say that the scene baffled description [illegible] uld be speaking paradoxically; for, as one of the facetious wounded remarks, there was plenty of sensation but no scene. It was altogether too dark for the latter. Seven of the dead were burned to death amid the debris of the wrecked cars, and the remainder, known to have been six, were killed in the descent by the action of the rough boulders, which smashed in the ribs of the huge vehicles as they descended, leaving nothing but rubbish and skeletons to find the bottom. Yesterday morning the marks of the catastrohpe were visible on many a jutting boulder between the ledge and the bottom of the narrow ravine where the cars lay—a few fragments, blistered bodies and a few handfuls of ashes. Five mortal hours without surgeon or opiate—five mortal hours, each of which had an age of pain in it to the poor, stunned, bruised and bewildered sufferers; and the wounded had all been gathered up and were on their way to Port Jervis. A ghastly regiment they were—ghastlier was never conceived or pencilled even by the fantastic Doré. Fifty-four mutilations of something human, with three hundred wounds and bruises and broken bones rather unequally distributed among them. At 9 o'clock, the relief train having made Port Jervis, a motley car full of broken bones and broken heads was landed—all the work of a simple defective rail, and all the fault of some contractor who had undertaken to make a defective rail answer the purpose just as well as one not defective.

In the meantime the fifty or sixty persons who have escaped in the five foremost cars are out and endeavoring to assist those buried in the ruin and wreck of matter. The engine is reversed, and the people on the cars do their best to clear away the broken and burning timbers. The gray mist of the morning breaks slowly on the river, and after a time the wounded, the dying and the dead, with the exception of those burned to death, are put on the cars which reach Port Jervis at eight o'clock in the morning. The entire town, men, women and children turn out to assist the suffering ones. The Delaware, Minnesink and American Hotels are converted into temporary hospitals, twenty-four rooms in the first named house being made to serve as hospital wards.

Telegrams pour in and out of the town as the news spreads all over the broad land, and every incoming train brings the terrified friends and relatives of the wounded and dying.

ARRIVAL OF THE WOUNDED AT JERSEY CITY.

The trains which arrived in Jersey City at noon and at seven minutes past one o'clock yesterday, conveyed several of the injured passengers, many of whom, but slightly hurt, walked to the ferry-boat and crossed to New York. The following who were severely injured, were placed on a steam tug and conveyed to the piers of New York and Brooklyn nearest their residence: A. S. Gillett, wife and child, and Miss Stewart, who were conveyed on matresses from the pier at the foot of Charles street to the residence of a friend at 16 Vannest place; Camden C. Dike and Bigelow, his nephew, were afterwards taken to Brooklyn. Mr. Charles McIntosh, ferry superintendent, was unremitting in his exertions to alleviate the condition of the sufferers. When the boat was made fast to the pier at New York a large crowd collected and thronged the passage to West street as the melancholy procession wended its way. A compact bed borne on the shoulders of four men contained the writhing, gasping form of Mrs. Gillett, who appeared to be on the point of sending forth the last vital spark. The spectators jostled and gaped, and in half whispers inquired who the victims were—whether there were any further casualties, and with a pitying glance at the processionists and their burden, muttered an audible prayer for the relief of the sufferers. The first victim is borne along, unconscious of the staring throng, the excitement and the bustle, and unconscious even of the proximity of those she holds dearest on earth. The husband comes next, wrapped up on his little pallet and smarting under the scars and burns, which become irritated from the motion of the carriers, who tread cautiously through the slushy street. A third group follows close, and there is no motion perceptible in the form which lies stretched on the pallet, and a whisper is heard on every side—"She is dead." This is Miss Stewart, who has become quite prostrate. Then comes

A MELANCHOLY SPECTACLE.

The poor child of two years, who seems already an orphan, sits boldly upright in the arms of a stranger, and the procession ends. Everybody gazes at the little fellow, and a murmur of pity breaks from the crowd as he casts his eyes upward to meet the glance of father and mother, but in vain. No cry, no moan from the young sufferer, who, though he must have accompanied his parents in their fearful descent over the rocky precipice, presents few marks beyond a swelling on one side of his head. And yet calm and quiet was the expression of the countenance, for his perception, fortunately, had not yet been matured to realize horror in the awful calamity. How the mother must have clung to that child in the moment of peril; and how Providence watched over it and rescued it from the jaws of the grave!

WHAT THE DIRECTORS SAY.

The Erie Directors charge that in consequence of the granting of an injunction preventing them from issuing $10,000,000 worth of bonds, the Vanderbilt party are indirectly the cause of the deplorable accident which occurred on the Erie railroad. At a meeting of the Directors, held last January, reports were received from the various officers of the road in reference to the condition of its affairs. The following placard has been extensively circulated in the West by the Vanderbilt party, containing an extract from the report of Superintendent Riddle, submitted at that meeting:

"BAD CONDITION OF THE ERIE RAILWAY.

"We extract the following from Superintendent's report of the condition of the New York and Erie Railway, published in the Cincinnati *Gazette* of the 12th inst. The remarks of the Superintendent show the superiority of the steel over the ordinary iron rail. The Superintendent further says:

'We have passed through three months of unusually severe winter weather, and moved more than an average winter tunnage, with the road-bed frozen solid as a rock, the rails incased in snow and ice, so that it has been impossible to do much in the way of repairs; the iron rails have broken, laminated and worn out beyond all precedent, until there is scarce a mile of your road, except that laid with steel rails, between Jersey City and Salamanca or Buffalo, where it is safe to run a train at the ordinary passenger train speed, and many portions of the road can only be traversed safely by reducing the speed of all trains to 12 or 15 miles an hour, solely on account of the worn out and rotten condition of the rails. Broken wheels, axles, engines and trains off the track have been of daily, almost hourly occurrence for the last two months, caused mostly by defective rails. Fully 1,000 broken rails were taken from the track in the month of January, while the number removed on account of lamination, crushing, or wearing out was much greater. February will show a still worse record than January.

'The condition of the iron at the present date is such as to give me much anxiety and apprehension for the safety of trains. We cannot and do not attempt to make the schedule time with our trains; nearly all lose from two to five hours in passing over the road, and it has been only by the exercise of extreme caution we have been able thus far to escape serious accident.'"

It was found from the report of the Treasurer that the Company was in debt $1,100,000. The Directors say that it was at this meeting that they resolved to issue $10,000,000 worth of bonds to repair the road and purchase steel rails. They immediately contracted for the purchase of 20,000 tons of steel rails, to replace the broken rails which had been snapped during the severe cold weather. That immediately after the granting of the injunction, the firm with whom they contracted refused to furnish the rails unless the amount should be deposited with Baring & Brothers. In consequence of the injunction the Treasurer refused to disburse any of the funds of the Company until the present difficulties could be adjusted. The directors say that for the past three months the speed of the express trains has been reduced to the accommodation-train schedule, and that until the track is relaid with steel rails in insecure places, it will be deemed unsafe to run at a higher rate of speed.

Renan on Beranger.

Béranger's god of grisettes and drunkards, that God in whom you can believe without purity of life, or elevation of mind, seems to us the myth of stupidity, substituted to that of the antique sentiment. We are tempted to make ourselves atheists to escape from his deism, and devots, not to be the accomplices of his platitude; so much so that the orthodox song-writer of 1828 appears to us at the same time implous and a Philistine.

True religion, in fact, is the fruit of silence and recollection. It is synonymous with distinction, with elevation, with refinement; it is born with moral delicacy, at the moment when the virtuous man, re-entering within himself, listens to the voices that call there. In that silence, all senses being appeased, all noises from outside being hushed, a murmur, penetrating and gentle, comes to the soul, and recalls, like the sounds of a remote village bell, the mystery of the infinite. Like, then, to some lost child who vainly seeks to unravel the secret of his birth, the meditating man feels himself homeless. A thousand sighs from his country provoke within him melancholy returns. He rises above the slimy soil of reality towards fields in sunlight; he smells those perfumes of the antique days which the seas of the south still retained when the vessels of Alexander traversed them for the first time. Death in the clothes of a Pilgrim coming back from the Holy Land knocks at the gate of the soul, which begins to feel what it did not perceive in the troubles of life, that it will be sweet to it to die. It is assured then that its works shall follow it; truth appears to it as the reward of good actions; it sees the insufficiency of all fleeting forms to express the ideal; the words "to be," or blankness, lose their contradictory sense; it contemplates with divinity, under the relations of a son with his father, and prays with this prayer, "Our Father who art in Heaven."—*From Renan's new work, "Questions Contemporaines."*

—One of the English religious papers is making a raid, aided by troop of correspondents, on the wearing of moustaches by Methodist ministers. Certainly very impertinent to do such a thing under the very noses of the ministers.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—France is going to try raising opium.

—Dumas, *fils*, has been buying old tapestry for 6,000 francs, and refusing 40,000 francs for it.

—The peach crop in New Jersey is said to be hurt by the late frosts.

—Why might carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

—What did the spider do when he came out of the ark? He took a fly, and went home.

—Another successful breeder of short "horns." Whisky tax.

—An English traveler has discovered some fossil oysters in the vicinity of the pyramids of Egypt.

—Prince Murat wants to sell his chateau of Besenval, near Paris. But that makes no particular difference to any of us.

—There is a sign in Harrison county, Indiana, bearing the following inscription: "Hearn & Wife, Saw and Grist Mill."

—The Earl of Cardigan, who died in England a few days ago, was the leader of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

—Eugénie discards trails, and all female Paris is cutting off the extra length of its dresses in despair at the mutability of human affairs.

—An inventor at Washington claims the discovery of a process of setting or distributing type by machinery operated by electricity.

—The streets in Detroit were recently flooded because of the obstruction of the sewers by cast-off hoop skirts.

—"Why are old maids so devoted to their cats?" asked a young fellow of an elderly lady. "Because, having no husbands, they take to the *next most treacherous animals*," was the reply.

—A western editor says that his connection with the press has thawed and resolved itself into adieu. Just as well, too, we have no doubt, for his readers.

—A California editor says he lately met a grammarian who had just made a tour through the mines, cogitating thus: "Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus!"

—The executioner of Madrid has assassinated a woman. The European opponents of the death penalty claim that this event is the most striking proof of the fact that executions will not deter murderers from shedding human blood.

—On the street cars of a Nashville company a new feature has been introduced, which has the merit of originality. They have all the daily papers placed in convenient positions for the entertainment of its patrons. We should object to the insertion of *some* daily papers into our cars.

—Fanny Janauschek has sent forty thousand dollars' worth of American bonds, the net profits of her trip to the United States, to her relatives in Prague. Dawison made fifty thousand dollars, but his expenses were trifling compared with those of M'lle Janauschek.

—*Punch* says: "Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?" Echo answers—"Never."

—A French writer says of the Highland troops: "In the eyes of the Turks the Scotch had one enormous fault, that of showing their legs. In our eyes they have but one defect, a slight one, but still excessively annoying—their depraved taste for the screaming of the bagpipes."

—An offer has been made by a Cincinnati citizen to the city government to pay fifteen hundred dollars a year for the use of the four hundred street lamp-posts. He wishes to cover each post with metallic advertising cards. A Committee of Councils has reported favorably on the matter.

—The long-talked-of bridge between England and France, across the Straits of Dover, seems to be making some progress toward realization. The works of the model of the international bridge are being carried on with great rapidity, and in two months it is hoped that they will be forward enough to permit of