Daily Evening Bulletin.

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

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AMERICAN
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of Philadelphia,
S. E. Corner Fourth and Walnut Sts.

This Institution has no superior in the United States.
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INVITATIONS FOR WEDDINGS, PARTIES, &C., executed in a superior manner, by
DREKA, 1033 CHESTNUT STREET. fe20-tf§

DIED.

ALLEN.—On the 11th inst., after a brief illness, Rev. Thomas G. Allen, in the 75th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family, and clergy of the city, are invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, 926 Lombard street, this (Friday) afternoon, at 4 o'clock. Funeral services at the Church of the Ascension, Lombard, above Eleventh street. 1t

ARCHER.—Suddenly, of heart disease, at his residence, in the city of New York, on 12th inst., Ellis S. Archer, aged 64 years, formerly of Philadelphia.

His relatives and friends are particularly invited to his funeral, from the residence of his brother-in-law, James M. Vance, No. 1629 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, on Saturday, 15th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M., without further notice. Interment to be at Laurel Hill Cemetery. •

BROWN.—On the morning of the 13th inst., J. Johnson Brown, son of David S. Brown, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

His relatives and friends are requested to attend the funeral, from the residence of his father, 1716 Walnut street, at 9 o'clock A. M., on Second-day, the 17th inst.**

CAPELLE.—On Thursday morning, the 13th instant, at Wilmington, Delaware, Catharine A. Capelle, aged 65 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, on Saturday, the 15th inst., at 4 o'clock without further notice. •

DERINGER.—On the evening of the 11th instant, at Waverly Place, near Wilmington, Delaware, Bronaugh M. Deringer, aged 49 years.

Carriages will be at the Baltimore Depot, Broad and Prime streets, 9½ o'clock, Saturday morning next. To proceed to Laurel Hill Cemetery. •

LANCASTER.—On Thursday afternoon, 13th instant, Charles, infant son of George C. and Lucy C. Lancaster, aged 3 years and 4 months.

Services at the house, No. 627 Wood street, on Monday morning, the 17th inst., at 10 o'clock. **

POTTS.—On the 11th inst., Reginald Shober, infant son of Joseph and Regina S. Potts, aged sixteen months and twenty-one days. •

ROSS.—On the 13th instant, John Finlayson, son of S. Ingham and Isabella Ross, in the 20th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from the residence of his aunt, Mrs. M. K. Finlayson, Holmesburg, on Saturday, August 11th, 1868, at half-past 2 o'clock P. M. To proceed to Cedar Hill Cemetery. •

STOKES.—On the morning of the 14th instant, John Stokes, aged sixty-eight years.

Funeral from his late residence, Church Lane, Germantown, on Second-day morning, 17th inst., at half-past ten o'clock **

FRAGRANT AND PLEASING.
COLGATE & CO.'S TOILET SOAPS are widely known—fragrant and pleasing—they have a softening influence on the skin.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*
au10 m w f tf lp§

ENGLISH BOMBAZINES.—FALL STOCK OF BEST make of English Bombazines, just received by BESSON & SON, Mourning Dry Goods House, No. 918 Chestnut street.

PLAIN BLACK ENGLISH CHINTZES.—JUST landed, one case of Plain Black English Chintzes.
BESSON & SON.
MOURNING DRY GOODS HOUSE,
au14-3t* No. 918 CHESTNUT street.

GOOD BLACK AND COLORED SILKS.
S'OUT BLK. CORDED SATIN FACE GRO GRAIN.
PURPLE AND GILT EDGE.
BROWNS AND BLUE GRO GRAIN.
MODE COL'D PLAIN SILKS.
au12tf EYRE & LANDELL, Fourth and Arch.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PARDEE SCIENTIFIC COURSE
IN
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

The next term commences on THURSDAY, September 0. Candidates for admission may be examined the day before (September 9), or on TUESDAY, July 28, the day before the Annual Commencement.

For circulars, apply to President CATTELL, or to
Professor R. B. YOUNGMAN,
Clerk of the Faculty.
EASTON, Pa., July, 1868. jy14 tf

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD COMPANY, OFFICE NO. 227 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.
PHILADELPHIA, May 27, 1868.
NOTICE to the holders of bonds of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, due April 1, 1870:—
The Company offer to exchange any of these bonds of $1,000 each at any time before the 1st day of October next, at par, for a new mortgage bond of equal amount, bearing 7 per cent. interest, clear of United States and State taxes, having 25 years to run.
The bonds not surrendered on or before the 1st of October next will be paid at maturity, in accordance with their tenor. my29-t oct1 S. BRADFORD, Treasurer.

COMPANY C,
REPUBLICAN INVINCIBLES.
A meeting of Company C, Republican Invincibles, will be held at the Club Headquarters, Seventh street, above Chestnut, on
FRIDAY EVENING, 14th inst., at 8 o'clock.
All young men desirous of joining this organization are invited to attend. au13-2trp* GEO. C. HENSZEY, Capt.

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

NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, WASTE paper, &c., bought by E. HUNTER,
au28-tf rp No. 613 Jayne street.

The French Empress at Fontainebleau

The Empress stays at Fontainebleau with her Spanish relations, during the Emperor's sojourn at Plombières, a little thermal station in the Vosges mountains, and embosomed in pine forests, the odor of which has a tonic effect on him. Her Imperial Majesty comes to town early on Saturday morning to preside at the ministerial councils, and leaves Paris at four o'clock. For the fun of the thing she traveled back last week in the ordinary train, to which her saloon carriage was attached. She enjoyed greatly the way in which the other passengers mobbed her when she was at the terminus of the Lyons Railway. People put up with a great deal from a pretty laughter-loving woman. But there were folks who grumbled at being turned out of the first-class waiting-room and jostled about by police agents and superintendents. I happened to meet the Empress that day face to face. She looked uncommonly well. Nobody would take her for a woman of forty-two. But I suppose the privilege she enjoys of making anything calculated to conceal the work of time the fashion must have its effect. She wore a little round Tuscan straw hat, with a white lace scarf fastened round it on the front of her head. There was, when I come to think of it, art in this. That terrible thing for a middle-aged lady, the parting of the hair, was concealed, as were the traces of Time's finger on the forehead, and the leaf resting on the bridge of the nose projected a charitable shadow on the crow's feet. The ends of the scarf softened the too vigorous outline of the chignon, and falling about the neck kept out of sight the relaxed skin which comes before forty on the best-preserved woman. Altogether the little hat was highly becoming, and though not dowdy, anything but coquettish, especially with a black silk mantle and gray silk dress which fell in ample folds. The only thing remarkable —*voyant*—about the *toilette* was a light-green parasol covered with superb Irish crochet lace. But as the Empress was not to walk in the streets, it did not afford a handle to criticism.

NOMINATION ENDORSED.—The Good Intent Engine and Humane Hose Companies last evening passed resolutions endorsing the nomination of Terrence McCusker for re-election as Chief Engineer of the Fire Department.

A Talk with Thaddeus Stevens.

[Correspondence of the New York Tribune.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12, 1868.—About a fortnight before his severe illness, which compelled him to abandon, as one of the Managers of Impeachment, the prosecution of President Johnson, I spent an afternoon with Thaddeus Stevens.

I found Mr. Stevens in a small, shabby, low-roofed room of a small, dilapidated brick house, in a not very pleasant-looking and certainly an unfrequented street. He had evidently chosen it for convenience rather than comfort or style. A very plain, low-posted bedstead, a small wardrobe and bureau, a desk and an easy chair formed the furniture of the room. The decorations consisted only of photographs of Mr. Lincoln and himself, and one of Miss Vinnie Ream's busts, but whether of Mr. Lincoln or himself I cannot now remember. Mr. Stevens was lying on his bed, his head tied up in a red handkerchief, and his feet in a pair of plain slippers; he was minus coat and vest. So nearly complete was his *dishabille* that he alluded to it on my entry, and said he was compelled to rest all he could, and that when not at the Capitol he was seeking renewed strength in repose. It was not sleep he wanted, only rest for his bones in a reclining attitude, and he was ready and able to talk as long as had interested hearers. Then ensued a conversation—conducted principally by him—which proved so interesting that I immediately made full notes of it, and have here written them out, not perhaps in the order in which the remarks were made, but with accuracy as regards his expressions.

It was the day before the organization of the Court of Impeachment, and he was in unusual spirits at the prospects of the early success of a movement which he had inaugurated and pioneered. The prospect of success at that time was very flattering to the impeachers; it seemed that the trial, conviction, and removal of the President would prove a fitting climax to the career of his most earnest and bitter enemy; and during our conversation I ventured to suggest to him that he was almost ready to exclaim with Simeon, "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." He answered, without hesitation, that he had "no wish to go just yet."

"My friends tell me," he added, "that I am growing old and weak, and must look forward to an early end to my career, but," and he spoke in a matter-of-fact tone and manner, "I have no intention of dying just yet."

The spirit proved stronger than the flesh on that occasion, though his illness compelled him to relinquish an active part in a cause in which he was undoubtedly enlisted heart and soul; but he gradually sunk from that time forward until his death on August 11. But though the flesh grew weak, even unto death, the spirit does not appear to have faded in the least. If it were possible for him to describe his own death-bed he would doubtless say that "he died hurrahing."

"I am going to die like Nicanor," he said to me on the occasion I have alluded to, "in harness. I mean to die hurrahing."

He attached a peculiar meaning to this last phrase, which was a favorite one with him, and I have heard of his using it on two or three occasions. One of these is noteworthy. A citizen of Knoxville, Tenn., had visited him, and had conveyed to him a message of respect and good wishes from Gov. Brownlow, who, by the way, is an admirable prototype of Mr. Stevens, possessing the same earnest, bitter, and indomitable spirit, alike in hate and in generosity, and not unlike in (ugliness of) person. When his visitor was about taking his leave, Mr. Stevens said to him:

"Give Gov. Brownlow my respects; tell him I hope he will be restored to health, and live a long time, and that I say when he dies to die hurrahing."

During the first part of the interview something was said by me relative to Mr. Stevens's famous speech comparing Mr. Johnson to Charles I. and declaring the former's usurpations greater than those of the English King, and in any other country would have cost a king his head. He said that the cases were parallel in a great many particulars—in the contending parties, the personal actors, and the principles involved. Something of the same idea had occurred to my mind a day or two previous, while reading Goldwin Smith's "Three English Statesmen," then just published in this country, and which I had read in the cars on the way to Washington. I interrupted him by remarking that I had come to look upon him as the John Pym of this Impeachment, and read to him from a note-book a passage from Smith's volume which seemed to me to apply as well to him as to Pym: "He had stood," says Goldwin Smith, speaking of Pym, "among the foremost of those 'evil-tempered spirits' who protested that the liberties of Parliament were not the favors of the crown but the birthright of Englishmen, and who, for so doing, were imprisoned without law. He had resolved, as he said, that he would rather suffer for speaking the truth than the truth should suffer for want of his speaking." I would have gone on with further quotations, but Mr. Stevens interrupted me—

"That is unimportant: the parallel is not strong—not so strong as I would like to think it, for I greatly admire curt and crusty old John Pym; it is not as strong a parallel as Macaulay unconsciously drew twenty years ago. His arraignment of Charles I., in the first volume of his history, applies with hardly a change of word, except names, to Andrew Johnson. It is really a remarkable document. Give me that volume of Macaulay and I will show you the passages.

I handed him a volume of Macaulay, and turning to some marked passages he read rapidly, interpolating his explanations.

"'The day on which the houses met again' (he is speaking, you know, of the Long Parliament—this is our Long Congress; your paper at New York, the *World*, calls us the *Rump*, just as the Royalists denominated the Long Parliament.) 'The day on which the houses met again,' he repeated, 'is one of the most remarkable epochs in our history. From that day dates the corporate existence of the two great bodies which have ever since alternately governed the country.' (That is prophecy with us, and true prophecy, too; you'll see.) 'His first measures promised well' (so did Johnson's). 'He declared his determination to govern in harmony with the Commons' (that is Congress), and, for that end, to call to his counsels men in whose talents and character the Commons might place confidence. Had he kept his promise it cannot be doubted that the reaction which was already in progress' (and Reconstruction was making most favorable progress under poor Lincoln) 'would soon have become quite as strong as the most respectable Royalist' (say loyalist) 'would have desired. That the fair prospects which had begun to open before the King' (that is King Andy) 'were suddenly overcast, that his life was darkened by adversity and at length shortened by violence is to be attributed to his own faithlessness and contempt of law. The truth seems to be' (he read very slowly and emphatically) 'that he detested both parties into which the House of Commons was divided. Nor is this strange; for in both those parties the love of liberty and the love of order were mingled, though in different proportions. The advisers' (Stanton for instance) 'whom necessity had compelled Charles to call around him were by no means men after his own heart. They had joined in condemning his tyranny, in abridging his powers, and in punishing his instruments. Accusations and recriminations passed backward and forward between the contending parties. All accommodation had become impossible. The sure punishment which waits on habitual perfidy had at length overtaken the king. The distrust with which his adversaries regarded him was not to be removed by oaths or entreaties. They were convinced that they could be safe only when he was utterly helpless. Their demand therefore was that he should surrender, not only those prerogatives which he had usurped in violation of ancient laws and his own recent promises, but also other prerogatives which the English kings had possessed from time immemorial, and continue to possess at the present day. No minister must be appointed, no peer created without the consent of the houses' (very slowly and emphatically). 'Above all, the sovereign must resign that supreme military authority which from time to time beyond memory had appertained to the regal office.'"

Much more of this Mr. Stevens quoted, for which I have no room—the curious reader will readily find the passage in the first chapter of Macaulay's history.

Dropping politics and the impeachment question (not as abruptly as I do here, however), we came to speak of the course of the newspapers toward him, and the vast amount of vituperation which had been poured on his head. He remarked that he did not fret at that, it was all he could expect, "for you know," he added, "that I have always been a plain speaker myself." This led to my asking something in regard to his early life and his history. As I used the word "history," he glanced at me quickly and I thought rather suspiciously, and directly said, "You newspaper men are always wanting to get at a man's history. As I said to a young girl who came to me some time ago to collect materials for a biography of me, I have no history. My life-long regret is that I have lived so long and so uselessly."

I ventured to suggest that his friends were not disposed to agree with him in the use of the word "uselessly" as applied to his Congressional achievements.

"I have achieved nothing in Congress. Until the war began I was a plodder without influence, and since it began I have been so radical that I had no control over anybody. Some of the papers call me the 'Leader of the House.' I only laugh at them. I lead them, yes; but they never follow me or do as I want them until public opinion has sided with me."

"No," he added, after a pause of a moment or two, "I'm not over proud of my Congressional career. I like my State service better. I think and feel, I hope without vanity, that the crowning utility of my life was the adoption of the Common School System of Pennsylvania.

"That is the work that I take most pleasure in recalling, except one perhaps. I really think the greatest gratification of my life resulted from my ability to give my mother a farm of 250 acres, and a dairy of 14 cows, and an occasional bright gold piece, which she loved to deposit in the contribution-box of the Baptist Church which she attended. This always gave her great pleasure, and me much satisfaction. My mother," he suddenly added, "was a very extraordinary woman, and I have met very few women like her. My father"—he hesitated a moment, and several times commenced the sentence before pursuing it further; it was evident he was trying to make a confession he did not like. At length the innate love of the truth and plain speaking got the better of him, and he continued:

"My father, you see," he said, "was not a well-to-do-man, and the support and education of the family depended on my mother. She worked night and day to educate me. I was feeble and lame in my youth, and as I couldn't work on the farm she concluded to give me an education. I tried to repay her afterward, but the debt of a child to his mother, you know, is one of the debts we can never pay. Poor woman! the very thing I did to gratify her most hastened her death. She was very proud of her dairy and fond of her cows, and one night going out to look after them she fell and injured herself so that she died soon after."

I had heard the fact mentioned that Mr. Stevens had on one occasion given $100,000 to the poor of Lancaster county, and I asked him about the truth of it.

"Oh! it was not true," he said. "I have never been able to do any such thing. I have been a *failure* in everything. I have failed financially three times. The first was through going bail and security, and it broke up a very fine practice I had in Adams county. The second was through the carelessness of a partner in some iron mills. Notes were presented to me for payment which I had never executed or known of. I went to my partner and asked how it was. He explained that he had been losing money for some time, but as he had induced me to embark in the enterprise, he had not the courage to tell me of the losses, and had signed the firm name to notes without consulting me. 'Well,' I said, 'what's to be done?' He began to make a piteous mouth, but I cut him short. 'I don't come to upbraid you, I said. 'I come to get at the facts. I looked over the books and saw that we were deeply involved. Then I said to him, 'You take the works and pay all claims, releasing me entirely.' He declined and I at once said, 'Then I will;' and it was thus the iron works near Chambersburg came into my possession. The third time I failed was when the Rebels burned these works. My friends in Lancaster and elsewhere raised about $100,000, which they tendered to me, but I declined it, and it went to the Poor Fund, but I did not give it. I managed to get through my trouble, and have never taken advantage of a Bankrupt law yet."

He evidently had some feeling on this subject, and I asked him his views on the Bankrupt law.

"Well," he said, "personally I feel that my creditors are entitled, among my other worldly goods, to my labor until I am dead. If my debts are not paid, then the Bankrupt law of another world will cancel them."

Letter from William Lloyd Garrison.

The following letter from Mr. Garrison, addressed to the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Alliance in England, is published in the London *Star*:

"BOSTON, July 4, 1868.—*Dear Mr. Barker*:—This is the anniversary of American independence. One year ago to-day I was in Manchester, receiving at a complimentary banquet such an expression of the feelings and sentiments of some of your worthiest citizens, in regard to my anti-slavery labors, and the unconditional emancipation of the entire slave population of the United States, as only a vital interest in the great cause of freedom and humanity could prompt. My eyes moisten and my pulse is accelerated as I recall the occasion, and also the generous reception given to me by the Executive of the United Kingdom Alliance; and last, not least, by the assembly of estimable ladies convened at the Trevelyan Hotel. To all those who participated in these manifestations of personal respect and good will to my native land, I desire my fraternal remembrances to be given. They so overpowered me by their kindness as to deprive me of all adequate power of speech; but there was no lack of gratitude in my heart.

"As I write, the bells in all the steeples are merrily ringing, the roar of cannon is heard on every side, the 'star-spangled banner' waves from every flag-staff, the city is handsomely decorated in various quarters, the military companies and civic processions are thronging the streets, the pressure of an excited and jubilant population is immense, and the day is celebrated in a thousand different ways. While four millions of slaves were clanking their chains in hopeless bondage on this anniversary, such exhibitions of hilarity excited my disgust, and filled me with sorrow. But, now that not a slave pollutes the soil by his tread, they symbolize a much nearer conformity in practice to the self-evident truths contained in the Declaration of Independence. Nevertheless, the cause of impartial liberty is not so far advanced with us to warrant any relaxation of vigilance or effort on the part of its advocates. Contempt and hatred of the negro as 'a man and a brother' (not as a slave and chattel!) are still widely prevalent, and constitute an immense capital in the hands of political demagogues to carry out their nefarious designs. This negrophobia is nearly eliminated from the Republican party, so far as political equality is concerned, but it pervades and dominates the pseudo, semi-treasonable and desperately factious Democratic party in the most absolute manner. That party, glorying in its shame, trampling the Declaration of Independence beneath its feet, proclaiming itself 'a white man's party,' and going for 'a white man's government,' is to-day audaciously holding a national convention in the city of New York, with reference to the next Presidential election—a convention largely attended by leading rebels at the South, and by those at the North who, during the rebellion, were in spirit scarcely less hostile to the administration of President Lincoln. No matter as to the candidate who may be brought into the field by it in opposition to General Grant, he will be the standard bearer of whatever is seditious, whatever is factious, whatever is specially ignorant and depraved, whatever seeks to overturn all that has been done by a loyal Congress to reconstruct the South upon the basis of universal freedom and justice. The approaching struggle between the two parties will be tremendous, again testing the stability of our free institutions. I cannot say that I am wholly without apprehension as to the result; yet my conviction is that the right will triumph, though 'saved as by fire.' The two allies upon which the Democratic party depend for success are rum and hatred for the negro. Hence, in the language of Satan, in Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' they exultingly say:

"'With this advantage then,
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate.'

"How essential is the cause of temperance to that of freedom! The more of sobriety, the less of degradation; and as degradation recedes, freedom becomes assured.

"WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

"P. S.—Congratulate me that I am getting to be patriarchal! I have now four grandchildren, two having been born within a few days of each other—one a boy, by the wife of my son William, and the other a girl, by my daughter Fanny (Mrs. Villard), who was with me at Manchester. Of course, I am as proud and happy as a grandfather is entitled to be; but, *mirabile dictu*, instead of feeling any older in consequence of these advents, I am growing younger again. You should see me with two rivals for my regard in my arms!"

POLITICAL.

GENERAL GRANT'S TOUR.

The General Struck in the Face by a Leader of a Copperhead Mob at Carlinville, Ill.

[From the Springfield (Ill.) Journal, August 10.]

The brutish, devilish spirit which possesses the so-called Democracy was fully manifested on the occasion of the passage of General Grant through Carlinville the other evening. That party, under the auspices of that prince of low fellows, Bill O'Brien, had been holding a political meeting in the town during the day, and, filled with bad whisky, when they heard that General Grant was upon the train they started for the depot, several hundred strong, and taking possession of the platform and surrounding the General's car, they set upon him with the most unearthly yells and screechings, insulting him and his family in the most dastardly and shameful manner. The fellow O'Brien, whose manners are as filthy as he is himself personally, was loudest and foremost in egging on the drunken mob. General Grant had raised the window of the car for the purpose of shaking hands with some friends whom he recognized, when one of the dirty hounds, more impudent than the rest, rushed to the window, and shouting "Hurrah for Seymour and Blair," violently struck General Grant in the face with his hat. Mr. McConnell, who was conversing with the General at the time, resented the indignity by giving the fellow a blow on the side of the smeller, which sent him sprawling, and Lieutenant McKee and others at once kicked him off the platform. This, however, only the more incensed the Copperhead mob, and though it was intended by the decent citizens of the place to extend to the General who had successfully led our armies through the war some indication of their personal, not to say political appreciation of his services, it was found to be utterly impossible to do so, and the train passed on. The hyenas, with O'Brien at their head, who perpetrated the insult, were highly delighted with their disgraceful performances, but the respectable citizens of Carlinville, without regard to party, were exceedingly indignant that such a reproach should have been cast upon the good name of their town; and we are not astonished. It is certain that the Democracy have gained nothing by their bad manners.

Another Speech by Howell Cobb.

This Georgian has been making another speech at a barbacue at Harlan. We extract the following from the report:

"You ask me about the negro—how to act in regard to him. I reply: Treat him justly, generously, kindly. Undeceive him. When the thieving, cunning, miserable wretches who are traveling through the country try to deceive him, go to him and tell him the truth. Tell him that the charge that you want to put him into slavery again is false. Tell him that you are now, as you have always been, his best and truest friends. Tell him to inquire who were his worst enemies in the days of slavery—and he will find that they were these miserable scalawags who are now pretending to be his best friends. Their masters were their best friends in those days, and those who were their masters then are their best friends now, and will continue to be good to them. I never talk politics with my negroes, and yet they voted with me, and will do it again. The only argument that I offered them was four pounds of bacon, one peck of meal, a quart of potatoes, a good doctor when sick, and one-fourth of my crop. That's the very best argument that you can offer them. Try it. You will find that it will convince all sensible negroes. I don't intend to deceive these negroes. I don't want to put the idea into your heads that you can control this country. You cannot do it. If you don't know this you ought to. The white people will control it. If they should treat you wrong in any way, or attempt to deprive you of any of your legal rights, I will stand by you and defend you—at the court-house, here, everywhere, in protecting you in the enjoyment of all your civil rights. These people will vote with you, my friends, if you will be candid with them and tell them these truths. But suppose that the present state of things continues—suppose that negro rule becomes foisted upon this State, what will be our condition? I would ask the good men of the North to reflect upon the result; to look upon these mothers, these daughters, these little children, these good men and true; and I would say to them: "Do you think that these women and children and good men ought to be placed under negro rule? Do you believe that the negro ought to be elevated to a social equality with them? Do you believe that our parlors and our dining-rooms should be thrown open and the negro invited to come into them, into the society of our families? Tell me, you men of the North, have you mothers, daughters, and sisters? Look at that little one kneeling around its mother's knee; see the tear-drop glistening in that mother's eye; see that sister clinging to her parents and asking for protection from these outrages. Oh, men of the North would to God that you could stand here and see these women, in their tears growing prettier and prettier; these children, in their supplications growing sweeter and sweeter. Tell me, could you, seeing this, bring them down to the degradation of negro equality? They could not but respond to such an appeal in your behalf, my friends. And if they could not resist it, oh, my countrymen, how can you resist it? I call upon you, then, not to overthrow your Government, but to preserve your Constitution and the institutions of your country, and in ambition's wild hour never forget these women and children."

General Political Items.

—The London *Economist*, representative of the steady sentiment of Great Britain, makes this comment upon the letter of Gen. Blair:

"Nothing so decidedly secessionist in tendency as this has been put forth by nominal Unionists since the beginning of the war. Indeed, if Col. Blair's programme meant more than bluster, it would mean another war. We do not suppose that this is in the least what the Democratic party seriously wish for. War cannot be the object of a party which insists on retrenchment and the reduction of taxation. But the danger of this sort of boast, if the party which indulges it were to succeed in gaining power, is that it not unfrequently precipitates those who indulge in it into a violence much beyond their wish and intention. When once they have given their party hope of a policy stronger than that for which the leaders are in their hearts prepared, they are not unfrequently held to it, against their own better judgment, by the supporters whom they have."

—At a meeting of rebel generals in Memphis, General Forrest claimed that he wanted peace. He had been to Nashville to make arrangements to secure peace. He had letters from there, however, which indicated that the Militia law would surely pass. Troops would be called out. He was confident, too, that they would be backed by Federal forces. President Johnson, notwithstanding all he and others had done to gratify his pride in the National Convention, had gone back upon the Democracy. He did not look for any help from him, but it mattered not how many were arrayed against him and his old comrades. He liked peace, but if any of them were shot down, as he expected they would be, he would toot his horn. He knew that his old troops would answer as they had always done. He bade them arm themselves and be ready. They were already drilled and needed no drilling. If the fight opened, it would not be troops in line of battle, confronting each other, but citizen against citizen. He should be in favor of giving no quarter.

—Gov. Seymour not only never owned a Government bond, but, acting as one of the trustees of a savings bank in Utica, which bank invested some of its funds in Government bonds, he, at a meeting of the trustees, made a motion directing the treasurer to sell all the Government bonds as not being a safe investment. The motion did not carry, because the majority of the trustees were sensible, loyal men.

—A Club of Grant Tanners, composed entirely of colored men, has been organized in Indianapolis.

—One of the Pendleton escort is said to be wandering in the Rocky Mountains.

QUARANTINE SMUGGLING IN NEW YORK.

Midnight Expedition of Custom House Officials—Capture of One of the Health Officer's Vessels.

The New York *Herald* says:

"The frauds upon the revenue through the importation of cigars without the payment of the government impost had become of so extensive a character during the present year, and particularly during the warm months, that the customs authorities put forth extra energy in the effort to secure their detection, with the successful result which the sequel will show. The mercantile community doing business in this article of merchandise had long complained of the injury which the illicit business of smuggling cigars was doing them, and Collector Smythe and Surveyor Wakeman were petitioned to use their utmost endeavors to put an end to it. The quantity of smuggled cigars thrown upon the market at one time frequently amounted to hundreds of thousands. The consequence to legitimate dealers was of the most ruinous character.

"The officers of the revenue service, in obedience to these demands, were instructed to thoroughly examine all ships and steamers inward bound from the West Indian ports, particularly from Havana; but their search was in almost all instances without avail. The discoveries of contraband tobacco were confined to a few hundred cigars or so in excess of the amount permitted regularly to passengers. It was evident, therefore, that the smugglers had got out their cargoes long before the vessels reached the anchorage at the Upper Quarantine, below which port the orders of Health Officer Swinburne forbade them to be boarded. Under the interpretation which that officer placed upon the law he assumed the right to prohibit the boarding of any vessel by any person until she had passed the inspection at Lower Quarantine, and had gone to the upper bay. Even the revenue officers referred to were denied the privilege, despite the high character of their position and the imperative nature of their duties. Now, from spies and other sources it was known, without the shadow of a doubt, that illicit cigars were shipped at Havana. The strictest search failed to discover them when the vessels arrived at Upper Quarantine. The United States authorities were, therefore, reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the quarantine machinery cloaked a vast amount of this contraband traffic, especially as the greatest quantities of cigars made their appearance during the quarantine season. The attention of the Commissioners and Health Officer Swinburne had been directed to this fact, but the evil continued without remedy or abatement.

"An expedition was determined upon, and it was decided to catch the sloop 'Four Brothers,' a vessel of some fourteen tons, belonging to the State of New York, which was employed by the Health Officer as a tender to the hospital ship Falcon. Her duties were the transferment of the dead from the hospital ship to their place of interment and of the sick from arriving vessels to the Falcon. She was also used in carrying packages to and from the city and was under the entire control of the Health Officer, Dr. Swinburne. Suspicion was directed to her from the fact that she had been seen to visit the vicinity of Fort Hamilton, Red Hook and points on Staten Island at unseasonable hours of the night, remain until daylight and then return to her anchorage near the Falcon, and this particularly after the arrival of the Havana steamers.

"The cutter Uno was fitted out, the expedition started, and about half-past eight yesterday morning the cutter came abreast of the Falcon. She had been running as if to pass her, with the idea of deceiving those on the smuggler. The Falcon was first boarded. The Customs officials had noticed when in the distance a couple of boats cross the water between her and the smuggler, and they had a faint suspicion that some of the contraband goods had been transferred to her. They found nothing. Sheering off they then boarded the smuggler. Inspector Kane dived down the companion-way and was tossing up beds when he was interrupted by the cry, 'Here they are, lots of 'em,' from Inspector Jones, who had lifted the hatch, leaped into the hold and was waist deep in cigars sewed up in check and canvas sacks. The cutter then put back to the Falcon, took off the captain of the sloop and made him a prisoner along with the mate. The prize was again boarded and Captain Lay, taking possession by virtue of his authority as a United States revenue officer, lashed her to the Uno and started triumphantly up the bay. During the sail the hold of the smuggler was examined more leisurely, and cigars and cigarettes were discovered in such profusion as would have made the fortune of the owner. Not common ones were they, either; but large, fragrant fellows, fresh from the *calles* of Havana, and worth twenty-five cents a piece in gold."

—In Tunis, a girl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room; shackles of gold and silver are placed upon her ankles and wrists as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, despatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore are put on the new bride's limbs, and she is fed till they are filled up to the proper thickness. The food used for this custom, worthy of the barbarians, is called drough, which is of an extraordinary fattening quality. With this food, and their unnatural dish, cuscassia, the bride is literally crammed, and many actually die under the spoon.

—The English papers publish long communications from people who have seen or heard a mosquito, and gravely chronicle the ill luck of a gallant officer who gave himself a severe box on the ear in the attempt to kill one of the strange creatures.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

[For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

A Quiet Life.

I.

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

II.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair;
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

III.

A little blithesome winsome maid,
A little hand within his laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

IV.

A little family gathering round;
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil;
A little rest from hardest toil.

V.

A little silver in his hair;
A little stool and easy chair;
A little night of Faith-lit gloom;
A little cortége to the tomb.

CHARLES G. STEIN.

—Utah claims a population of 80,000.

—Crimson umbrellas are the fashion in Berlin.

—McCoole's bride is a milliner. He is a miller.

—Canada now has money enough to pay off all its unfunded debt.

—The largest mouthful in the world—the Bight of Benin.

—Wood's new theatre in New York opens on the 31st with Miss Maggie Mitchell.

—Mount Hood, Oregon, shows symptoms of a new eruption.

—It is stated that five thousand divorces a year are granted in Indiana.

—Biarritz is now the most fashionable watering place on the Continent.

—Jules Favre has had his hair cut to cure the nose-bleed.

—*Judy* asks if the first waiter was born in the days of Cheops.

—Prince Napoleon sported in Pesth at the rate of $5,000 in two days.

—Does a bishop ever play croquet on his own lawn?—*Judy*.

—Lightning emptied 300 barrels of beer at Kewaunee, Wisconsin, the other day.

—An Auburn girl has been flirting with one of Burlingame's Chinamen.

—At the Luther Festival at Worms, the hallelujah chorus from the "Messiah" was arranged for and performed by male voices alone.

—Stockholm has had more fires recently than were ever known there. It is thought an organized band of incendiaries is in the city.

—The Rothschilds are negotiating for the Caserta Palace, near Naples, and have offered ten million francs for it.

—Buttermilk is said to be an excellent remedy for the gout; but it requires five gallons a day for ten years to cure a man.

—The English community in India are very anxious to have the loan of a prince for a short time.

—Speaking of the newspaper discussion concerning the adulteration of milk, *Punch* gives his opinion that the best article on milk is—cream.

—Offenbach has written an operetta called "Coscoletto," which is to be performed in Paris by a new company.

—Work on the new suspension bridge at Niagara goes forward rapidly. The fifth cable has been stretched across.

—Pierre Soulé, the ex-rebel, is said to have inherited a large fortune by the death of a relative in Europe.

—Edwin Booth is to play an engagement in Washington this fall, for the first time in several years.

—A Tennessee editor notices with regret the necessity he was lately under to refuse an order for job printing. The customer wanted a quantity of postage stamps.

—The hot weather has killed thousand of fishes in the different ponds in Franklin county, Me. Large quantities of speckled trout have drifted ashore at Rangely.

—Lucille Western and Kate Denin have each concluded very unprofitable engagements in San Francisco. An amateur named Theresa Sherk is having quite a success in the same city.

—A boy of thirteen and his stepfather were both arrested in Utah the other day. They were lying in wait for each other, the one with a double-barrelled shot-gun and the other with a horse pistol.

—The present Lord Mayor of London is unduly sensitive. Some of his acts were criticised in the *Daily News*, whereupon he at once wrote the editor that no reporter from that paper would receive a ticket to the next public dinner.

—Three large fleets are at present anchored in Italian waters. Admiral Boutakoff, with the Russian vessels under his command, is at Brindisi; the English squadron is at Ancona, and the Italian at Cagliari, in Sardinia.

—Spots on the sun have lately received more than usual attention from astronomers. Some of them are very large, and it is expected that in a day or two one of them may become visible to the naked eye, smoked glass being used of course.

—The *Tomahawk* says of Schneider that the Prince of Wales has been to see her three times, Prince Alfred four times, Prince Louis of Hesse three times, the Duke of Cambridge twice, and other Princes of smaller note we don't know how many times.

—A Minnesota paper says: "Harvest help continues to come by the hundred. Every steamer is black with passengers. Wages keep at good figures, and all the help necessary to husband the immense wheat crop will be had. The future never looked brighter in Minnesota."

—The editor of the Mansfield (Ohio) *Herald* says that in a trip through the country in that section he found that the bugs had taken whole potato fields, leaving nothing but the naked stems—from these they assailed cabbage leaves and other vegetation—while the grasshoppers had levied on the clover fields, cabbage, potatoes, oats and timothy—laying low every stem and leaving the fields as bare as a floor.

—Some one has taken the trouble to make statistics regarding the consumption of cigars in New York. He guesses that the denizens of that city burn up seventy-five million cigars in a year, and that they cost nine and three-quarter million dollars. Then this ingenious individual estimates that if the cigars were placed end to end they would extend one and a half times across the Atlantic, or that placed side by side they would build a wall two cigars high from New York to Albany.

—Auber is President of the Paris Conservatory, and at the examination he fell asleep. Not all the hammering and trickling of the legion could rouse him. The jury, however, kept wide awake through the whole infliction, each aspirant playing the same piece one after the other for several consecutive hours. The strangest incident is that when it was over Auber woke up and pointed out the defects of some of the players who had executed while he was snoring; also the qualities of touch of others; the jury were taken aback at this astounding example of Auber's genius. They had actually not remarked with their eyes and ears open what the great man had criticised in his sleep.