PUBLISHING BULLETIN.
EVERY EVENING
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BY THE
EVENING BULLETIN ASSOCIATION.
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ALEX. K. McCLURE,
PETER McGUIGAN,
GEORGE W. PETERSON,
JAMES W. PAUL,
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CASPER SOUDER, Jr.,
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FRANKLIN WEALE.
The DULLETIN is served to subscribers in the city at 15 cents per week, payable to the carriers, or 25 per month.

BUSINESS NOTICES

CLOTHING.—LOWER THAN TEN TEARS.
OVERCOATS.—Best wool Chinchilla Sacks, reduced to $18
Best of the newest and most stylish materials, cut and make, which have been sold at $25.
A great variety of all styles, upwards from $8
BEAVER JACKETS.—The best assortment in the city, selling off very low.
PANTALOONS, all-wool Cashmere, reduced to $5
VESTS, for all-wool Cassimere, reduced to $2
BOSTON COATS, in great variety, at prices equally low.
BOSTON CLOTHING, very low indeed.
Our whole stock of MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING to be sold out at a great SACRIFICE or PRICES, which are in all cases unmatched lower than the cheapest, regardless of the cost or cancelled and money refunded.
Call and examine our goods after having examined those of the "Sacrifice" houses before purchasing. A fair test is all we ask.
Hall and Sleeping Apartments to Let.
ROWNEY & CO.,
Fifth and Chestnut Streets, Sixth street.
S. E. CORNER OF
SIXTH AND MARKET STS.,
AND 600 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

PIANOS.
GREAT SALE OF BRIGHT ROSEWOOD PIANOS, AT EXTRAORDINARY PRICES.
THIS PIANO DECEMBER 1st, 1868, TO JANUARY 1st, 1869.
WE HAVE MADE A REDUCTION OF PRICES ON OUR EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SUPERIOR AND BEAUTIFUL ROSEWOOD PIANOS, AS FOLLOWS:
No. 1 Cost $500 Now $350. No. 4 Cost $350 Now $250.
No. 2 Cost $450 Now $325. No. 5 Cost $300 Now $225.
No. 3 Cost $400 Now $275. No. 6 Cost $250 Now $175.
No. 4 Cost $350 Now $250. No. 7 Cost $200 Now $150.
No. 5 Cost $300 Now $225. No. 8 Cost $150 Now $125.
We offer the above great inducements to those wishing to purchase Elegant Rosewood Pianos, that they may be the largest assortment of instruments on hand that has been collected at any one establishment, and at close cash prices, from first class manufacturers, of great power. Every instrument is warranted to give satisfaction, and all those who purchase will bear in mind the fact of every one the opportunity of obtaining one of the finest pianos made and sold at wholesale.
Pianos of other makers, including Steinway's, Call and examine them at our store and beautiful warerooms.
PIANO AND MANUFACTURING CO.,
SCHOMACKER'S,
1013 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
w.ds.w.m.6m.6t

CONRAD NEYER, STEINWAY AND SONS' Manufacturer of the celebrated Iron Frame Pianos, has removed his Warerooms to 1006 Chestnut Exhibition, London, Eng. The highest prizes awarded at the World's Fairs, London, Paris, Vienna, Boston, and Philadelphia. Warerooms, 1006 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

KINDT & MANTZ'S GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS.—Warerooms removed to No. 1006 Arch street. Also, the new Concerto Piano, Organ and Melodeon. Second hand Pianos at all prices.
A. SCHREYER,
No. 804 Chestnut street.

STEINWAY'S PIANOS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST HONOR at the World's Universal Exhibition, Paris, 1867. WAREROOMS, SCHERMERHORN'S PIANO WAREROOMS, 652 Chestnut street.

THE CHICKERING PIANOS RECEIVED the highest honors at the late Paris Exhibition.
DITTON'S Warerooms, 514 Chestnut street. ed1tf

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

—Mrs. Scott Siddons will appear this evening at the Academy of Music as "Lady Macbeth."

—*The Orange Girl* continues to attract full houses at the Arch.

—*A Flash of Lightning* is still on the bills at Arch.

—At the Chestnut this evening the circus company will perform.

—The American announces a varied entertainment.

—The Gilton Comic Opera Company, at the Assembly Buildings, will give *Marriage by Lanterns* and *The Waterman* this evening.

CRIME.

ATROCIOUS MURDER IN MARYLAND

A Colored Man Murdered in Church.

(Correspondence of the Baltimore American.)
CHURCHTOWN, MD., Dec. 26th, 1868.—*Editors Baltimore American:* GENTLEMEN—Another horrible and atrocious murder has again been perpetrated in this county, the victim this time a quiet, respectable and hard-working colored man named Westley Ross, who has been working faithfully for the past five years at a farm for Mr. Francis Hanly, in this neighborhood, near Churchtown, a place where this gross outrage upon society occurred week before last, and which I failed to write just above the Catholic church, North Centre st., Cumberland. The time was between 6 and 7 P. M. The facts, as elicited at the preliminary examination, before Justices Boyd and Jones, held in the Council Chamber, are about as follows: The deceased, as a quietly inoffensive, well-behaved man, usually attended church, and it was, as usual, opened to the public at 3 P. M., some hour and a half previous to one at the outside door fronting on Centre street, the other door, leading into the gallery, from the fair room. It was near 7 P. M. when four men, respectively named Jas. Wolfe, Jas. Wolfe, Michael Ryan and Thomas Simmons (I might have mentioned that the testimony of witnesses that attacked the Republican procession some two years since), with combined whisky and stolen stilletos, rushed past both doorkeepers into the church, and, without any provocation, Cook, *alias* Jerry Hawkes, was? The reason they asked for Ross at that time, some months since, whilst the above-named Jarbers were carrying a rebel flag from depot to Mr. Jas. W. Jones's residence, three of the above-named gentlemen, both men and boys, commenced a very severe revenge. Upon seeing these crowdies rush in, the colored people, both men and women, became alarmed, and commenced to retreat in the direction of the door, but Simmons caught Ross, pushed him against the stove and knocked him down, close to the door, and McGlir pushed him to the floor and stamped him to death. He did not manifest any, in receiving of the wound. Three of the party were immediately arrested, Mr. Barnard being one. At the preliminary examination, although it was a very cold and partly open house, the most of the party present at the time of the killing of Ross, or rather, Hawkes, gave testimony to the Justice that there was not sufficient evidence to hold him, (not even bail necessary in the second degree). After the examination, the prisoners were discharged, and, as I understand, *generally* let walk out with their wives and sweethearts, as yet no great efforts have been made to recapture him. At the time of his escape there were four policemen and one constable present—the latter, *for political friends* and the faithful execution of the laws in this "God-forsaken" State, I have no doubt whatever, unless there is able counsel sent to prosecute the case, and that, too, was caused by the negligence of the prosecuting attorney, the whole party, principal and accessory, to the "foul deed," will be found, or, rather, *not* found. Peace, Walsh and McKaig are for the defense, and, I understand, have given bonds to the public and the readers of *The American* (from the prosecutor of the peace of this County, I gang) that the assassins of Mr. Douglas Lowe are in the Frederick county jail here.
In great haste, truly,
DETECTIVE.

Murder in New York City.

The *Tribune*, of this morning, says:
At 5½ o'clock last evening, Jacob Tieman, aged 28, a liquor dealer, residing at the corner of Ludlow and Stanton streets, was murdered in the drinking saloon of Mrs. Larkin, in the basement of the building, on the corner of Ludlow street and Tenth avenue. Tieman, was partially shot, and entirely cut up, the wounds received starting at those in the place, among Germans, Irishmen, a Dane, a German, a German bricklayer, 21 years of age, residing at 152 Twenty-third street, while sparring, Tieman slapped Groening in the face, and Mrs. Larkin interposed to prevent a fight in the place. After a war of words, Tieman went out, and a quarrel ensued between the men, during which Groening drew a sharp-pointed butcher knife from his pocket and plunged it into Tieman's breast, and then fled. Tieman staggered into an adjoining liquor store, where he fell prostrate on the floor, bleeding profusely from the wound in the breast. He was promptly taken to a neighboring drugstore, and thence to the Tenth ward station house. The remains were then taken by Officer Bernhardt and Officer Second Precinct, to the Morgue, to await an inquest. The prisoner, Groening, was arrested and instituted for the murderer, Groening, and was taken to Jefferson Market Police Court, on 6th street, by a young man named Wm. Horan, and handed over to Roundsman Westervelt, of the Twentieth Precinct. He was locked up at the West Thirty-fifth Street Police station. The knife with which the deed was committed was found in his room and was stained with blood. He denies strenuously having committed the murder, or having had any quarrel with Tieman, although he admits having been in the place, and, place during the afternoon. Groening is a man of small size, though thick-set and powerfully built. An inquest will be held to-day at the morgue.

MRS. AUGUSTUS DICKENS.

Facts Connected with the History of Her Life—A Letter from Horace Greeley, Editor of the Chicago Tribune.

NORMAN HOUSE, N. Y., Dec. 29.—*To the Editor of the World—Sir:* I notice in your issue of this date a statement that Mrs. Augustus Dickens, who committed suicide in Chicago on Christmas eve, was not the widow of the deceased brother of Charles Dickens, but that the real Mrs. Augustus Dickens is living in London, and is supported by her brother-in-law, the celebrated novelist. There are, I believe, three children of the late Augustus Dickens living in Chicago, who now, in addition to their other misfortunes, are deprived of the loving care of their mother. This circumstance dictated me from telling what I know, when my eye fell upon the telegram announcing the death of Mrs. Dickens. Since the unenviable fame of Dickens has become public without any agency of mine, I shall attempt to do justice to the living, without disrespect to the dead, by giving you so much of the history of the case as my best counsel advises me to give.

Mr. Augustus Dickens was a brilliant scapegrace, who abandoned his own wife in England and ran away to America with Mary Bertha Phillips, the daughter of an insurance agent in London—a young lady of many attractions and accomplishments. I have heard that after arriving at an interior town in Illinois, Dickens, who had said there a sufficient length of time, he procured a divorce from his wife and married Miss Phillips, but of this I know of no positive knowledge. It is certain that she was thenceforward treated by her own parents as Mrs. Dickens, and that she received a small bequest in her father's will as "Mrs. Bertha Phillips Dickens." Nevertheless, the former Mrs. Dickens lived, and still lives, in London. She is now advanced in blindness, and is supported by Charles Dickens.

When Mr. Dickens visited this country last year, and received a large sum of money from his readings, a portion of which he bestowed in charity upon strangers, the press of Chicago, in order the journal with which I am connected, commented upon the fact that he had done nothing for those who find the most obvious claims upon him, and of whose necessities he could not be ignorant. The Eastern press attributed the remark to the spleen, because Mr. Dickens had not included Chicago in the list of cities "in which he was to give his readings. I am sure there was no such feeling as that prompted the remark, because I knew my own case. There was, however, an important misapprehension of facts. It is easy now to see why Mr. Dickens could not visit Chicago. If he had come he would have recognized Mrs. Bertha Phillips Dickens, to the injury of the other Mrs. Dickens, or by his silence, have seemed to do so constantly. It is easy to see also why he continued silent. I suppose, at glimmering of the truth was given to the public in the London correspondence of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, but without the slightest injury of private Dickens.

These facts came to my knowledge through the kindness of a literary friend in London, a few days after Mr. Dickens departure from this country. Much as I desired to speak the injury of Mrs. Dickens, I felt it my duty to do so without inflicting a greater wrong upon Mrs. Dickens. I understand that Charles Dickens has always been solicitous that the lady in question should receive no other injury from his family than she had already received; that he wished her well and that he was willing to do, or to forbear doing, anything not inconsistent with his duties to the more afflicted woman whom his brother Augustus had left in England.

It only remains to add that Mrs. Bertha Phillips Dickens (whom I never saw) was unfortunate in reputation at Chicago. Upon the decease of her husband she was left destitute, with three infant children to support and educate. She was faithful to those whom God committed to her care. Her noble struggle with poverty was alleviated in a great degree by the kind-hearted gentlemen of the land department of the Illinois Central Railroad, of which Mr. Augustus Dickens had been an employé; and it is safe to assume that her dear children will not come to want. It appears to me that Mrs. Dickens died of a broken heart, and that no contributions of money from Charles Dickens, or the people of Chicago, could have healed her wound.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
HORACE WHITE,
Editor of the Chicago *Tribune*.

The Circumstances Attending the death of Mrs. Augustus N. Dickens in Chicago.

(Chicago Tribune, Dec. 26.)

Mrs. Dickens, widow of Mr. Augustus N. Dickens, and sister-in-law to Charles Dickens, the well-known novelist, was found dead in her bed on Christmas Day, at her residence, No. 568 North Clark street, in this city. She and her children were invited to a party given on Christmas eve, by Mrs. Lawrence, couple to her husband, who lives on the west side. Mrs. Dickens did not go herself, but sent her children, and the following note explaining her absence:

DEAR MRS.: After seeing you yesterday somebody relieved me of my parcel and its contents. The affair has worried me so that I have not dared not to accept your invitation for myself, and I let the children come. Please see them safely to the care; or, if too late after your festivities, you will find them at home and send them home early in the morning, as we are anticipating a merry little dinner to-morrow.

BERTHA.

The children parted fondly from their mother, little thinking they would see her again so soon alive. They went to the party with light hearts, and enjoyed themselves to the top of the best. When the fun and frolic had ended, it was found that there was no place for them to sleep, and they kept them until the next morning. She then called upon a friend to accompany her home to her house about noon. Going to the door they knocked, but no response was returned, all was still and silent as the grave. Supposing their mother was asleep, Mr. Barnard, next door, they went in and asked that lady, who, in return, asked if they had carry provisions to come over to Mrs. Lawrence's. She had not, nor was she at home. Mrs. Barnard, therefore, went to her house. After further knocking without effect, Mr. Barnard entered the house by raising a window, and then opened the front door. When Mrs. Dickens and the children entered, the former going directly to her bedroom, where she found her in bed, with her head resting on one hand, the other lying on the counterpane. Her face was composed and as natural as if she were in a deep sleep, and so it was—death was in the sleep that knows no waking. Mrs. Barnard found the body quite warm and soft. Dr. Seifert, who lives opposite, was at once sent for, and, on examining, pronounced the death to have taken place within an hour or two of midnight.

Mrs. Dickens left a letter stating that she committed suicide, as she had made every preparation for the Christmas festivities, that she was in the wooden board ready for roasting, the children's candy, the pudding was in the saucepan, and the plum pudding were in the house. She also expected her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lawrence, to come to Mrs. Lawrence enjoyed by anticipation the family Christmas gathering around the Christmas board. It is true that a disappointed lady has been in her mind, and they have produced upon her mind, and may have produced a temporary insanity. The following letter explains the matter:

No. 568 NORTH CLARK STREET, Dec. 23, 1868.

—*Gentlemen:* During a necessary visit to the city I have been unfortunately relieved of my purse (either in some crowded store or car), which contained my entire capital, deposited upon bank for $100, (unsigned.) I therefore promptly notify you not to pay to any other person than myself the same or any smaller amount, unless I have my purse returned to me, or much obliged.

BERTHA P. DICKENS.

To the President of the Third National Bank, Chicago.

The letter shows that she was not in pecuniary distress, and that she contemplated calling at the bank in "in person."

The deceased was born in England, some thirty-nine years ago. Her father was a Mr. Phillips, a prominent London solicitor. The brothers and sisters move in respectable society in England. She married Augustus Dickens, and with him came to this country and to this city, about 12 years since. When death made her a widow she had three young children depending upon her. She was deposited in the grave by one of her father and brothers, from whom she had separated, to live with the husband in whose house in which she lived. Her father died about a year ago, leaving her enough to rear her children respectably. The children are three—two boys and a girl—the eldest about a little lad of twelve; Adrian, an intelligent boy of eight, and Amy, a pretty and interesting girl of six. They are now deeply orphaned. Fortunately they have some kind friends in the city, and there is no lack of womanly sympathy and kind help in the home of sorrowing yesterday. Fear and nimble fingers sewed quickly to prepare for the funeral, and the children were taken care of at the house of Mrs. Lawrence, where they will remain until arrangements are made for their disposal. It is believed that eventually they will go sent to England.

MURDER IN HOBOKEN.

A German Sailor Killed by a Glow with a Blacksmith's Hammer.

An unoffending German sailor named John Frank Feeble was found lying in a yard in an insensible condition about 5.30 o'clock yesterday morning, in Grand street, Hoboken, and, before a physician could be called, he expired. It appears that a number of German and Irish men, commonly called "dock-leg" by music and dancing, which they kept up all night, and that between four and five o'clock in the morning a fight occurred between some of the party and persons in the lower part of the tenement-house. Deceased, who boarded in a house adjoining, hearing the noise and confusion, got up from his bed and went into the house to see what was going on, when he was attacked by some unknown person, pushed out of the back door and received a blow which caused his death soon after. Upon examination, there was found the impression of a square-faced hammer directly over the region of the heart, the blow from which undoubtedly caused death. The police being notified, arrested all the persons in the house, thirteen in number, to await the action of the Coroner's jury. An investigation was commenced before Coroner Webb last evening.—*N. Y. Times.*

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

ENGLAND.

The Opening of Parliament—Absurd Ceremonies.

The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes as follows of the opening of the Parliament:

It was not an imposing or even very interesting ceremony; the opening of the new Parliament on Thursday was the same as it has been in New Palace Yard and Westminster Hall, the Commons being summoned, and the Commons elected a Speaker in obedience to Her Majesty's pleasure. Everything was formal and dull; there was no pageant, and no excitement. Only routine business will be done. The real session will not begin till the usual time in February.

Now that the House of Commons is the ruling power of the Kingdom, the antique formalities which compel it to attend upon the Lords, seem to have a superfluous look. Her Majesty's faithful Commons assemble in their own Chamber. To them comes the functionary called the Black Rod, a man of humanity known as other men as Sir Augustus Clifford, and delivers the request of the Upper Commission for the attendance of the Commons in the Peers' House, to hear the Queen read a speech. Her Majesty not opening Parliament in person, five peers, under the name of Lords-Commissioners, do it for her. Upon receiving this request, the Commons, headed by the Rod, the faithful Commons rush disordinly to the other Chamber. Black Rod marshalling the way that they should go. Arrived in the Peers' House, they find the Lords-Commissioners seated on a bench in front of the Throne—which no sure you spell with a capital. The five are led by one Lord-Chancellor, the Duke of Argyle (Secretary for India), Earl of Kimberley (the Lord Privy-Seal), Earl de Grey (President of the Council), and Viscount Sydney (Lord-Chamberlain). The Lord-Chancellor, because his patent of peerage is of ancient date, wears his plain black judicial robes. The other unhappy four, because their ermine robes, with cocked hats, looked as uncomfortable as scuttle and slightly half-mourning arrays. Luckily, the ceremony is a short one. The Lord-Chancellor has previously announced to the Peers that her Majesty, not being able to be present in her royal person, has appointed himself and his colleagues her Commissioners by letters patent, which were thereupon read. The Commons having then been summoned to the Lord Chancellor continues to read that when the members of both Houses shall have been sworn, the cause of Her Majesty calling this Parliament will be declared; but that the Commons must first choose their Speaker. In everything the royal style is still preserved. The Lord Chancellor, with all gravity, declares "it is Her Majesty's pleasure that you, gentlemen of the House of Commons, repair to the place where you are to sit, and there proceed to the choice of some proper person to be your Speaker, and that you present such person among you shall so choose here to-morrow, at 2 o'clock, for Her Majesty's royal approbation"—which person you accordingly do, but has long ceased to be anything but idle chatter.

Having thus got the royal warrant to choose their Speaker, the Commons trooped back to their own place. The Lords Commissioners retired to rid themselves of their unsightly ermine robes, then returned. The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the woolsack, prayers were heard; then each peer took the oath, subscribed the roll of Parliament, and handed the pen to the succeeding him to attend to the chair. Many peers were present. Of the new Ministers, except the two on the Commission, there was only Earl Granville, Secretary to the Colonies, who, as he was mustered in stronger force; but all present had been sworn, and, of course, had their lordships adjourned.

In the Commons the attendance was much fuller, and into the sacred precincts of the House of Commons were admitted, for the first time, the beginning of business. Mr. Beverdy Johnson was conspicuous among the strangers, drifted, naturally, over to the Tory benches.

Severe Cold Weather in Europe.

The London correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says:

No incident in the English career of Mr. Beverdy Johnson has so surprised people as his absence from the Fishmongers' Dinner on Thursday evening. He was invited, accepted, sent no excuse, and the toast to which he was invited to respond was read, but he came not, he spoke not, and, although dinner was delayed, it was not with the Fishmongers. It is just possible that the Calculative Minister begins to suspect he is tailed too much. What could he have said to the Fishmongers? He must either have recited the old assertions that the Alabama troubles were settled, or have confessed that he had deceived the English public, or have been silent. I know not which would have been the most difficult for Mr. Johnson to do. Of course, his absence was remarked on and complained of. It is young generally understood by this time that the sweet assurances he has given his numerous hosts are contradicted by facts in a most disagreeable way. Still, there may be somewhat more will this fall in the city Marylander, and would have liked to on on being gulled a little longer.

Delivery in America.

The London *Star* asks another slavery—shall it be North, and doomed in South America, shall be permitted to establish itself in Australia. Shall the vile slave trade, nearly extinct in the Atlantic, be allowed to blight the island home of the Pacific? Of course we know what the answer to such questions—a prompt, stern No! authoritative enough to sweep the Queensland mammon-worshippers who have caused the Select Committee which will hold slave cures the short-sightedness which would sacrifice the future of a nation to mortgage, and are casting about means to mortgage, and are casting about which may be strength, as giant creepers rock the mighty oak in the forest. Australia cannot be found who would voluntarily put on the disgraceful cage which one of other lands that do not pretend to so high a standard of morality as the English, are ready to do. Australia the Polynesians who are imported into Queensland are treated worse than slaves, and in the way that they should go. Arrived in the Lords, they find the Lords-Commissioners seated on a bench in front of the Throne—which no sure you spell with a capital. The five are led by one Lord-Chancellor, the Duke of Argyle (Secretary for India), Earl of Kimberley (the Lord Privy-Seal), Earl de Grey (President of the Council), and Viscount Sydney (Lord-Chamberlain). The Lord-Chancellor, because his patent of peerage is of ancient date, wears his plain black judicial robes. The other unhappy four, because their ermine robes, with cocked hats, looked as uncomfortable as scuttle and slightly half-mourning arrays. Luckily, the ceremony is a short one. The Lord-Chancellor has previously announced to the Peers that her Majesty, not being able to be present in her royal person, has appointed himself and his colleagues her Commissioners by letters patent, which were thereupon read. The Commons having then been summoned to the Lord Chancellor continues to read that when the members of both Houses shall have been sworn, the cause of Her Majesty calling this Parliament will be declared; but that the Commons must first choose their Speaker. In everything the royal style is still preserved. The Lord Chancellor, with all gravity, declares "it is Her Majesty's pleasure that you, gentlemen of the House of Commons, repair to the place where you are to sit, and there proceed to the choice of some proper person to be your Speaker, and that you present such person among you shall so choose here to-morrow, at 2 o'clock, for Her Majesty's royal approbation"—which person you accordingly do, but has long ceased to be anything but idle chatter.

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PHILADELPHIA.

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN 1868

Deaths of Prominent Citizens—Destructive Fires, Serious Disasters, Murders, &c., &c., &c.

January.

1. Geo. W. Rummel, while masquerading in a sailor's costume, fell from a moving train, shot and killed by Geo. W. Mayberry.
2. Jas. Pleasant, the first City Treasurer, entered upon his duties.
6. Thomas Smith died from the effects of being knocked down and kicked, on Walnut street, near 19th.
6. Fire at Rogers & Mitchell's sugar refinery, fire street, below Third. Loss $20,000.
7. James Cole, colored, died from the effects of a blow received Dec. 16, 1867, in Price's court, Fifth and Lombard streets.
8. Sale of tickets for a series of readings by Jas. Dickens commenced. Great rush at Concert Hall, some parties standing in line all night.
9. Fire at Wood's Hotel and Record of Controllers of the Public Schools organized.
7. Alexander Hamilton, aged 18, S. W. corner Fifth and Callowhill streets, dedicated.
8. Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans celebrated by the soldiers of the Wars of 1812.
9. Thomas Hamilton, aged 18, of Dyer's Blue Hall, Great Fusian demonstration and obsequies in honor of Allen, Larkin and Gilmore.
10. Samuel Lloyd, a well-known citizen and Deputy Register of Wills, died.
11. Rev. Dr. Furness installed as pastor of Bethune Memorial church.
12. Jas. Dickens commenced his first reading to an immense audience at Concert Hall.
13. Thomas Bradley, aged 18, from French daily paper of Quebec, having much influence among the French.
14. A tame deer in the city park at Charleston, S. C., attends church regularly every Sunday. Recently he went into the church and into the Queen street, and took his place in one of the pews beside a lady.
15. An English Catholic paper prints a list of the prominent Protestant ladies who are expected to be appointed to constitute a Catholic Hierarchy in America. The appointments have not yet been made, but they are expected.
16. A sleeper, who leads the psalm tunes in a Boston church, finding Hall to rally the minutes, in which was Jacob, had not syllables enough to fill the tune, and he called upon the people, "Jacob lid to riddle cob!"
17. Mr. Anthony Trollope lately opened a school exhibition in England with an address wherein he was sorry that the Americans had not an other as general as in Prussia, "and certainly, as regards popular education, it is not high or so advanced here as it is in America."
18. A subscription has been set on foot in England for the benefit of the family of the late Wm. Harrison, the singer. It emanates from several noblemen and gentlemen, who desire to show their respect and affection for the memory of this most popular singer.
19. Mr. B. P. Cilley, of Manchester, N. H., has a lineage of his grandfather, Gen. Joseph Cilley, drawn by Kosciusko in a church at Trenton, during service, on the fly-leaf of a hymn book. It possesses artistic merit, as well as historic interest. Of course it is a Poor likeness.
20. A tax duel in Lancaster, between two high-spirited gentlemen of color, the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary, "for," said he, "their pistols have been shaking hands all day."
—Canada rivals Mr. Squeers with an "agent" who operates in England and the Canadian seaport is a boiling hotbed of "agricultural" and "agricultural college" in the interior, where the college boasts of "a farm of 1,000 acres, with steam power and the food and instruction hardly better than at the workhouse."
—A French bibliographical paper mentions two novels published in Mexico, one by Quintin Mayne Reid—the Ranger of Sonora, and the other by Gustave Aimard, the celebrated French, of a M. de Bellamare, and hints its resemblance to the novel of Aimard, claimed by Captain Reid are also plagiarized.
—During his recent visit to Shanghai, Hon. J. Ross Browne, United States minister to China, met with a serious accident. A drunken sailor on horseback ran his horse into the carriage where Mr. Browne was sitting, and the latter was thrown out. He received several bruises in the back, and a cut on the forehead, requiring five stitches.
—As a railway train was nearing Kent, O., a few days since, a man was discovered lying on the track. It was too late to stop the train, so it was forced, his, but it was done as soon as possible. As the train passed over the man, it stopped sitting up, about twenty feet from the track, swearing because his bottle was broken.
—Mons. Lucien Bonaparte, the last surviving of rapidly decomposing animal matter.
—Lately there was a fight among some Indians while escaping from white persons took refuge in the lake at Sandy Lake, Minnesota. The bodies were let in the water and in a few weeks they were seen floating about in the lake.
—A gentleman from Nevada being asked by an old lady in relation to the welfare of a favorite scapegrace who had gone to the Pacific Slope, State, was informed that "the young man had died from exposure to the elements." The old lady very much, until, by dint of inquiry, she learned that the young man had "died a natural death for hanging."
—The work of restoring the ancient and beautiful Cathedral of Gloucester, England, formerly used as a church of a Benedictine Abbey, is to be back to about A.D. 1017, is going forward successfully. The work, when completed, transept is now completed; the south porch has been restored, the south door has been fitted with restored, at an expense of some 75,000. The whole restoration will probably cost $200,000.
—Mr. Lincoln's sentimental niece to a bereaved widow, "now you're prosperous and well to do, let us see how you behave yourselves for good Uncle Daniel; you know he has none at his house, and he's lonesome, and he's fond of children." Mr. Lincoln's sentiments are emphasized this touching expression: "Jane, if you wish you could have been the mother of children they can find him without a guide-board. I tell you he's there in time."
—A Western paper says the following was found written on the fly leaf of a Prayer Book after church time:
His matter a terrible jumble;
His manners a shocking mixture and bumble.
The effect on the people, a grumble;
The Sexton, the bumble of bees.
In vain through its mazes may stumble;
For the truth they in darkness are humble,
And over the precipice tumble.

—If the *Inquirer* is correct, Mrs. Siddons mixed things considerably last night at the Academy. There was a play called "Lady Macbeth," and *Life It and Much Ado About Nothing.* Our correspondent says: "Mrs. Siddons, in her conception of the Academy of Music to witness the character of 'Rosalind,' in Shakspeare's fine comedy of 'Much Ado About Nothing,' showed herself with ability, which won for her the hearty approbation of the assembled. Mrs. Siddons is supported by Mr. Harkins as 'Benedick,' and Mr. Davies as 'Dogberry.'"
—The most beautiful young lady of the Vienna aristocracy is Baron Von Henst's accomplished and lovely daughter. She is adored by the bands of all the Saxon and Austrian authors who have been studying her. The Emperor Francis Joseph the past two years at the Austrian Court by the violent hatred with which he regards the aristocracy of Prussia and the Prussians. Alas! Vienna is not Prussia, and, in fact, the Baron's young Prussian officer, and she succeeded only in the last extremity in obtaining her father's consent of her father and uncle to her betrothal with her blue-coated lover.
—A correspondence which has just appeared in the Paris *Temps* throws some curious light on the condition of the Cuban insurgents, and helps to explain why it tide is in, in Spain, estimated by the Spanish Cortes, to be in an pennilless nobleman, the Marquis de Croizier de Saint Sergeant, who had been in Cuba, and, as advertised for an help, offering to confer his name and title by adoption on any body who would give him 3,000 francs down and an annuity of 80 francs. The proposal was accepted by his own lawyer, M. Baudor, who, upon the old man's death soon after, found the Marquis at a very cheap rate. The question now remains whether the gifts were legally transmitted. By the code, it is said, adoption is only allowed in the person adopted has been approved by the adopter for six years, or has saved his life in battle or when threatened by an accident.

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Will occupy its New Banking Room,
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ATMORE'S MINCE MEAT!
After the Rush Again Ready!
MINCE PIES FOR NEW YEAR!
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