THE REIGN OF TERROR IN NEW YORK.

Its Approaching End—An Upright and Fearless Judge—Thieves and Murderers to be Brought to Justice.

The N. Y. *Sun* of yesterday tells this interesting story:

Early in this month a party of gentlemen were seated about a marble-topped table in the parlor of a fashionable club-house on the Fifth avenue. Sofa-bottomed chairs, plush settees, and a thick velvet carpet wooed the idle mellow give of sofily shaded gaslights. Heavy lace curtains dropped from gilt window cornices, and an elegant sideboard stood in one corner of the room. Waiters in full dress answered the frequent tinkle of silver band bells. The conversation of the party was carried on in a low murmur. The faces were sober, even sad. It was evident that the topic under discussion was of extraordinary interest. The evening passed. The room became blue with the fragrant smoke of a dozen choice cigars. And still no smiles swept over the sober faces at the table.

The dim hands of the clock crept to the hour of midnight, but the murmuring conversation still continued. Gestures were frequent, and occasionally an energetic sentence was spoken in a sharp, business-like manner. The waiters threaded the group noiselessly, and disappeared as soon as their orders were filled. Occasionally a diamond flashed from the bosom of an excited speaker, and was lost from fingers which were impatiently drumming the marble before their owners. The o'clock came. The business of the conclave was accomplished. Waiters brought in overcoats and muffles. The party drifted down stairs, crept within the carriages dripping in the rain at the door, and were driven to their homes.

All this at the Manhattan Club-house. All these were prominent merchants, heads of the great political party, who had determined to purge that party of a load which threatened to strangle it in a city where the majority was numbered by tens of thousands. After an earnest debate they had decided that what was the welfare of the party, if not of the public, demanded a change. Under the lax enforcement of the law which has been in vogue for a part. Notorious thieves and burglars had grown more bold than ordinarily bold, trusting to the secret springs of political action for safety when detected. Vigilance Committees had been organized, and city officials had been threatened with the halter. A change of policy was indispensable. It was decided deliberately resolved to throw without the pale of the party the county official whose affiliations with the criminal class of the community were the closest. Justice should be allowed to take her course, and robbers and murderers should be punished without hazards.

Tuesday, the 10th of February, came, and with it a remarkable charge from an incorruptible Judge (Barnard)—a charge that recognized the fearful increase of crime, and that evinced a determination to battle with it manfully, and to stamp out with the strong foot of the law. The District-Attorney was to be no longer fettered, and witnesses were to be no longer coerced. The reign of terror was no longer delayed until public sentiment had been roused, or the memory was dim of the crime had dwindled to forgetfulness. Retribution was to be swift and sure. An old standing rule of the Court, which had been adopted for the postponement of a trial on the arraignment of a prisoner, was promptly revoked, to the surprise of all the old court officials.

This was the bugle blast of the war against the scoundrels who had too long robbed and murdered unoffending citizens with impunity. The thieves laughed in their sleeves. It was only the old dodge, so they said, "to shut the eye of the public." They could control the Primaries, and they would like to see the man that "would go back on them." Bold crimes increased in number. The place gas of the Park Bank was smashed in broad daylight; a broker was choked in his own office, and his money robbed of before his eyes; a thief fore nightfall, a wealthy gambler was poisoned and gagged, early in the morning, in his room fronting Broadway, thousands of dollars taken from his pockets, and precious gems torn from the fingers and his frilled shirt-bosom; a diamond merchant was waylaid in Twenty-second street, and robbed of petty crimes cropped out in various parts of the city, while above them all the spectre of the Bloody Angel hovered, and haunted the public mind like a hideous nightmare. The thieves would not read the signs of the coming storm.

At length, Mr. Stephen Boyle, with a dozen aliases, was seen lounging around Squires's jewelry store in the Bowery. The police successfully intercepted him. He jumped into a butcher wagon and drove for dear life. The police pursued. A running fire of pistol shots was scattered along the Bowery. The officer caught his prey uninjured. Mr. Boyle belonged to a gang who boasted of their political influence. He was caught on a Monday. He was tried and convicted on Thursday. The unflinching Judge instantaneously sentenced him to the State prison for forty years. On the same day three thieves, of political influence, pleaded guilty of burglary in the third degree. The baleful Sentence was not suspended. They were given the full term—five years in Sing Sing. In the Court of Oyer and Terminer, at the same hour, Jacob Worth, alias Jacob Worth, convicted of burglary in the first degree, and sentenced to the State prison for twenty years, the whole proceeding occupying only *the short space of five minutes.* Quick work was the cry on the street, and elected last fall. And this is a Judge for whose impeachment the *Tribune* has clamored during the past year. Nor was this all. On the same day the same Judge sentenced one McNamee, a highwayman, to prison for ten years.

So much for one day's work. The thieves were alarmed. Thunderbolts were dropping from an apparently cloudless sky. The city rumbled in a storm of which not a cloud out their chest iron umbrellas. The public forgot its indifferency, and showed its old costume upon the two Judges. But a jargon of curses arose from the slums of the Sixth Ward, the "Bagnes" of Thirteenth street, and the liquor shops of the Sixteenth and Twenty-first wards. Threats of assassination were loud and deep. Politicians were "seen," but in vain. The magic word "Primaries" had lost its charm.

Falling in their schemes, the thieves attempted by open force what they could not accomplish by strategy. The corners of Centre street were packed, and prisoners were taken from the custody of deputies. The entries and stairways of the court-room were filled with professional thieves, and the room itself was crowded, with the intention of overawing the Judges. But all of no avail. Justice was dealt out with inexorable rigor.

Then a pet of the thieves (John Real), himself a deputy sheriff, was brought to the dock. He was a man who had premeditated and carried out cold blood the murder of a police officer. So confident was he that his political strength would secure him from the consequences of his crime, that he had proclaimed his intention of murder in an open court-room. The readers of the *Sun* have perused the history of his trial. The murder of the Court was thrown out with the most desperadoes. Witnesses were intimidated with death. The jury was dared to bring in a verdict of guilty. Bets of fifty dollars to ten were made in the presence of the jurors that the murderer would escape. The Judge on the bench was cursed for his precautions against an attempt to rescue the murderer. In open Court he warned the villains that their purposes were known, and that they would not be allowed to succeed. So great was the danger, that the presence of two hundred policemen was necessary to prevent an outbreak. The witnesses gave in their evidence with nervous reluctance. The jury went out to deliberate, but were afraid to return with their verdict. Even the judge resorted to strategy to clear the room, saying that he was going home, and directing the jury to be locked up, as there was no prospect of their agreement. The gang still watched the proceedings with wolfish eyes. At last the jury returned. Fear had left its trace in their verdict, for it was tempered with a recommendation to mercy. The gang festered with curses. But the judge, with quiet dignity, stood in the midnight gaslight and sentenced the brutal assassin to death. By his order the doors were closed, and the prisoner sent to the Tombs. Then the thieving mob went to their homes.

The Judge was the only one who had the courage to wage an open warfare with the robbers and murderers. He was taken from the regular term of the Supreme Court, and placed over the Oyer and Terminer solely on account of his indomitable pluck. The thieves know and fear him. All their efforts to procure the appointment of other Judges. Even if a writ of error should be granted, the iron-hearted Judge has announced his determination to quash the proceedings.

John Real was sentenced to death. From that moment the party drifted down the footsteps of the Judge. The witnesses are hourly threatened with murder. The life of one of them was saved only by the timely presence of a police officer. The terror of the gang, however, seems to have been concentrated upon the Judges. On the evening succeeding the sentence of death the Judge was waylaid in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In ten minutes the main hall was filled with a crowd of beslobbered ruffians, all eagerly scenting his tracks. Respectable citizens gazed at the unusual spectacle. The Judge, though unarmed, remained cool and impassive, not seeming to notice the scowls of hate and the curses hissed in his ear. Once he asked a number of well-known citizens whether they had any special objection to seeing him paying him home. All refused. One man —a prominent Republican office-holder—took the Judge by the hand.

"You are doing a noble work, Judge, but you are in great danger. Why do you go unarmed?"

"The law forbids the carrying of concealed weapons. I cannot break the law, even if my life should pay the forfeit. I shall do my duty regardless of consequences."

"I am armed, and will go home with you," replied the Republican.

The circle of ruffians was broken as the two passed without the door of the hotel. Steadily footsteps followed them, and beneath the gas lamp at the intersection of Broadway and Twenty-first street, another murderous ambush was encountered. The Judge and his companion were salited with profanity, but no violence was offered. They reached the Judge's home in safety. But the band of assassins are still at his heels.

Will John Real be executed? His comrades are fearfully excited. They have no hopes of Gov. Hoffman's interference, and, as a last resort, they have rested their expectations upon Judge Barnard. They openly assert that that official will not obey the mandate of the Court. They say that the Sheriff will take the risk of imprisonment for a direction of duty, and afterward throw himself into the arms of his commander for protection. His fight with the leaders of the party has already begun. It is said that the Judge has been politely upbraided by some of his exposure and defeat of the plan for the rescue of Real.

But the death sentence has been pronounced, and the assassin must die. If the Sheriff refuses to do his duty, another officer will be found who will execute the sentence of the law.

In the mean time, the half-formed Vigilance Committees are becoming stronger. The members will sustain the Judges in their determination to sweep the criminals from the city. The clouds are breaking, and a long night of violence and crime is passing away. The end is at hand.

In all probability the present week will close with the trial, conviction and sentence of four murderers, among them the assassin of Mr. Rogers. The latter has been identified, and the evidence against him will, it is said, warrant his conviction. The day is certain—the Judges will faithfully do their duty.

Cheap Amusements for English Poets.

Speaking of the social habits of Tennyson, which would draw upon him the elegant abuse of Edwin Thompson, if he lived in Massachusetts, we may be pardoned for repeating an anecdote, now a quarter of a century old, which was best of story-tellers, Theodore Parker, sometimes related. On his first visit to Europe, in 1843, Parker took letters to Carlyle, and when he called to deliver them, on a Sunday afternoon, he found, somewhat to his surprise, the great writer with his brother, Dr. Carlyle (the translator of Dante, and the suggester of many of the pictures of German life in "Sartor Resartus"), sitting with a bottle of Jamaica, a kettle of hot water, and the other appurtenances of steaming punch, which they were concocting and drinking in the course of the conversation. Carlyle, with wide range, the name of Tennyson was mentioned, better known then, as was that of Carlyle, in New England than in the mother country. Parker had read and admired his poems, but it was before his more masculine verses had appeared, and he spoke of him to Carlyle as a man whom he imagined of delicate habits, nicely dressed and elegantly performed, sitting down in his exquisite study to compose the dainty verses which Bulwer could not excel, or Mrs. Hemans equal. Carlyle roared with laughter at this fancy sketch of his friend, and said, "No, man, he's nothing of that sort—he's a down right good fellow, and drinks his grog like the rest of us."

And now that we are upon the subject of Tennyson, his contempt for Bulwer, and the apology he made for a too frank expression of it, may be mentioned. In the "New Timon," Bulwer's long satirical poem, he remembered chiefly by the epithet applied to Lord Derby—"the Rupert of debate"—and by that single line describing Earl Russell's entrance into the House of Commons:

"Comes the calm Johnny who upset the coach."

In this satire, we repeat, the dandy novelist had exercised Tennyson as a woman's poet. Steadily footsteps followed them, and beneath the gas lamp at the intersection of Broadway and Twenty-first street, another murderous ambush was encountered. The Judge and his companion were salited with profanity, but no violence was offered. They reached the Judge's home in safety. But the band of assassins are still at his heels.

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"Comes the calm Johnny who upset the coach."

In this satire, we repeat, the dandy novelist had exercised Tennyson as a woman's poet. Soon after appeared in *Punch* a silly little poem, personal to the last degree, written by Tennyson against Bulwer, and speaking of him as

"The paddled man that wears the stays."

The satire was fearful, but the poet soon regretted it, as Thackeray did the contemptuous things he had said of Bulwer, and not long after appeared a "palinode," in which Tennyson made a handsome apology for the terms he had used. Both poems may be found in the old volumes of *Punch*, so much better than the new ones, but they never have been printed with the author's name, for it is generally known that he ever contributed to *Punch*. One of the best caricatures in Darley's new book of "Sketches," is a head of Lord Lytton, suggesting, with ludicrous effect, the preposterously of the man whose elegant portrait used to adorn the best edition of his novels. How profoundly Carlyle scorned those early efforts of the young aristocrat, and how he cuts up Pelham in "Sartor Resartus!" But Bulwer has outlived the early celebrity, and written much better novels since his hair began to fall off.

THE DECLINE OF THE FRENCH MILITARY SPIRIT.

There are many indications that, notwithstanding the vast military establishments of France, the military spirit is declining among the people. If Arthur Young could go through the country again he would no longer report crowds of peasants carrying small drums home to their children from fair and market. The march of intelligence, the increase of material comforts, easy communication between different points of the empire and with foreign countries, a love of wealth which means attention to business and trade, the teaching of the Liberal party, which hates the despotism of the sword, and the influence of such works as those of Hermann-Chatrian, Pierrat, D'Haussonville, Tenot, Taxile Delord, Rochefort, and the brilliant volumes of Lanfrey, have done much to subdue the warlike spirit of the Gaul and render him more tractable. The Republicans have at length commenced to write the real history of the wars of the First Napoleon, and to deal freely with the character of Napoleon, and deep the impression which has been made on the public mind. The other day a writer in a French paper declared that, laying down hatred of the gang, forged at the Coup d'Etat Bazaux," written expressly for the army to Rochefort, and the famous "chant du départ" echoed from one end of the camp to the other. But the heyday of the French soldier only lasted for a short time, and when he appeared in the comedies of the Restoration, in those days of feverish reaction, the government imposed on France by the allies was attacking the liberties of the nation, the soldier of Napoleon became the pariah here, and though he had been an instrument of the most absolute despotism he was held up as a hero. Scribe peopled his comedies with officers of various grades, all young, handsome, and brave from the sublieutenant to the colonel, each ready to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth in order to obtain the favors of his mistress. It would be difficult for an audience to keep its countenance to-day without listening to your Captain Adolphe asking young Colonel de Gondreville to present his sister to have pistols fired at each other in the battle, and then advancing to the foot-lights and singing in a soft and martial strain such couplets as these:

En prononcant le nom d'Elise,
Tous deux saluèrent nous chargeons l'ennemi.
Il est blessé, la vile est prise,
Je cria blessé, dieu merci! [fin]
Qu'on trouve mon sang mêmaine!
Que l'intérêt je lui vais inspirer!
Un bras de moins, je puis tout espérer.
Et qui sait mieux? Un bonlet favorable
Peut m'emporter et me faire alcoter.

Scribe afterwards attempted to combat the reaction he had helped to create. The shopboys whom he ridiculed for the manner in which they wore their aprons and had contended up their frock coats in order to ape the old soldier, assembled night after night to hiss his spells, and soon drove it from the stage. Scribe went back to his old gods and married a simple sergeant with a bald pate and a wooden leg to a blooming young girl of sweet sixteen, and no one considered the pair ill matched because the sergeant had fought at Austerlitz. This same piece, admirably performed, was tried at the Gymnase three years ago, but the wooden leg had lost its former charm. However, in the days when Scribe was king, a kind of constitutional monarch who had to follow the best of his subjects, the prestige of the uniform was such that anything was permitted the old soldier; he could sing of his success with women, of the flagons of wine he had drunk off, and concluded a list of his peccadilloes with such rollicking verse as this:

Nous avons quelquefois dîné sans chacepas:
Les pâtiches, je puis me les permettre.
Pour notre repas, il est vrai,
On y a bien du pourrai plus commettre.

One of the first pieces which brought the reaction into disfavor on the stage was the "Chandelier" of Alfred de Musset, who painted a cold-hearted seducer in a garrison town contemptuously uniformly with a bonnet assistant; but by this time the public was getting heartily sick of Romeos who were Don Juans who suffered terribly from rheumatism, and were quite prepared for the engineers of Lagoutey, Feuillet and Sardou, and the young barrister whose prospects were brilliant under the parliamentary regime. That the day should have gone by when "Alfonsi messieurs, a cheval," and "Soldats, je suis content de vous" sent a thrill through a French audience must in some measure be attributed to the correspondence who followed the armies in the last campaigns. Under the First Empire the sufferings of the soldier were concealed under bushels of laurels and the blare and rattle of military music drowned his groans. But the correspondents who wrote home from the Crimea and Italy touched the national fibre in another manner by detailing the horrors of war. Neither the Crimean nor the Italian campaign excited more than a temporary enthusiasm, and they paved the but few "pieces de circonstance." The Crimean plays were only remembered now by the appearance of the hated Cossack. But since the conclusion of peace with Prussia not one military drama, even accompanied by splendid scenic effect, has met with success. Even the Vengeur sank nightly at the Chatelet, in presence of a supremely indifferent audience, till it sank to rise no more, after a very short run. The fact is the critics exposed the whole impostures before the piece appeared, and revealed to the public how the captain of the Vengeur had breakfasted with the English admiral, instead of going to the Bastile to the tune of the "Marseillaise." When Coquelin presented his "Vouvreu Cid" the sight of a general's staff, feathers, and maps was quite sufficient to excite the hilarity of pit and gallery, and precipitate the fall of his piece. We are told that the uniform has still an imposing effect in the provinces, and, in fact, we find in "Maître Guerin" an obstinate peasant overcome by the sight of his son (whom he had always treated as a scapegrace), when he appeared in full regimentals as an officer. But the provinces are rapidly catching the tone of the city, as M. Francisque Sarcy recently showed in the interesting series of articles from which we have borrowed most of our illustrations. "Theodoras" is now being played at Paris, but it is wholly sustained by the ballet, the Abyssinian scenery, and stuffed lions. The British soldier in his red uniform, being somewhat of a novelty, is tolerated and, strange to say, applauded. Some of the episodes of the Mexican campaign might have furnished matter for a popular drama; the Cofradesque, the subject has been left untouched, out of deference to the tastes of the epoch.

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QUEEN OLIVES—50 GALLONS QUEEN OLIVES, just received and for sale at COURT'S EAST END GROCERY, No. 1018 South Second street.

LUMBER.

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Delicious for the Lenten Season.
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The cheapest article of food in the market. It goes further, tastes better, gives greater satisfaction, than a quarter pound of codfish will at dinner. Will not spoil in any climate. Ready for the table by simply adding cold water.
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TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Diplomatic relations between Italy and Mexico will soon be restored.

COUNT WALEWSKI has returned to Paris with the title of the Polish Government.

Six thousand additional troops are to be forwarded at once to Cuba from Spain.

FORTLAN demonstrations in favor of religious freedom have recently been made in Madrid.

It is said no punish prize-fighting has passed both branches of the Missouri Legislature.

Dr. Schlosser has been sentenced at Carlisle, charged with poisoning Miss Slolnecke.

Tyre Alley Tavlock, from Charleston for London, has been abandoned at sea. Her crew have arrived safely at Deal.

THE Nicaragua Legislature has passed a resolution, asking General Grant to give Senator Sumner, of that State, a position in his Cabinet.

THE trial of James Grant for the murder of *H. Bitres Pollard* will begin at Richmond on Monday next.

CONTRADICTORY accounts of affairs in Paraguay have been received. The Brazilians claim that the war is ended. Lopez, it is reported, has gone to Bolivia.

THE Vice Consul of the United States at San Diego, Cap de Verde, under date of December 31, last, reports as follows: "I beg to inform you that the thermometer in this place, has not yellow fever since December 9, and this island since December 31."

YESTERDAY morning the extensive works at Spring Mills, on the Norristown Railroad, known as the "Phoenix Iron Works," belonging to Jos. B. Wilson, were destroyed by fire. The buildings and valuable machinery are a total loss, insured but the stock, papers and books were saved. The work of rebuilding is to commence at once.

THE Senate in executive session yesterday ratified several Indian treaties negotiated at Fort Laramie in the Sioux Country, with Red Cloud and Augur with representative bands of Sioux, Shoshones and Bannocks, who had been at war with the whites all the way from one to two years, located on reservations north of Nebraska and south of the Indian Territory in accordance with the policy of the peace commission.

FROM TRENTON.

The New Jersey Legislature—United States Senatorship.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

TRENTON, Feb. 16.—Quite a large number of public interest acted upon in either House to-day.

In the Senate, Mr. Hays presented a petition for the repeal of the Bonded Act, and Mr. Sherman, Mr. Bowne, Mr. Wildrick and Mr. Taylor presented petitions urging the passage of the Transit bill. Mr. Nixon presented a petition with about fifty signatures appended, praying that the Senatorship be given to Hon. Peter Cooper.

Mr. Woolverton introduced a bill to organize counties of Camden and Ocean. The Clerk of the Supreme Court shall have the power and authority conferred on the Clerks of the Circuit throughout the State, and the time of holding Court in each county shall be at such convenience may demand.

The bill for organization of a State National Guard, the provisions of which were explained in a previous issue, was put upon its final passage, and lost by a vote of 8 to 7. The vote was subsequently reconsidered, and the bill taken over until to-day, when it will be voted on.

In the House, quite an earnest and warm debate has taken place in regard to a memorial in relation to the large number of insurance bills before the Legislature. Several of the members denounced all such special legislation in the strongest terms, arguing that such bills were endeavored to be "rushed through" for the purpose of forestalling the action of the public press. The members interested in the different bills of course urged their claims, and the subject was finally left to the consideration of the committee, to which the memorial was referred, with a resolution relating to insurance and companies, were acted upon.

The name of the United States Senator from Thorn et al. This case is still on trial. To-day Mr. Scofield, the counsel for the defendants, addressed the jury at length on behalf of defendants, and was followed by the counsel for the prosecution for the Government, and without closing his speech, the Court adjourned until to-morrow morning.

Book Swindling in India.

Rev. Mr. Fox, the missionary of the American Board, stationed at Kamburn, in Southern India, writes that the barbarous practice of book swindling is rife in that section of India, and he describes an occasion of this nature, which he witnessed himself. It is surprising that the British Government, which once forbade this inhuman rite, should allow the practice to continue, to prey upon the people. We copy his account as given in the *American Presbyterian*:

"Recently, while laboring in the itinerancy, I witnessed the 'hook swinging festival. At the beginning of the festival, the priests of the pagoda sends the sacred ashes, and other things, to a person whom he marks as a victim to be suspended. On the reception of these gifts the man commences a fast, denying himself all food and drink, and the day fixed for the celebration of the feast, he enters the temple with pomp and ceremony, and appears before the idol. The priests make quite a ceremony over him, uttering mumbrams or heathen hymns, and then he prostrates himself before the idol, and then he is fastened to the back, which produces a slight swelling. The machine is then raised, the ropes cut and openings are made sufficient for the insertion of the iron hooks, which are immediately introduced, and then powder is applied on every side of the wound to prevent the loss of blood, and the machine is in the man's sufferings. The fact that no blood flows is regarded by the people as a miraculous interposition of the gods, and leads the man in taken to the machine upon which he is about to be suspended by the iron hooks. This consists of a four-wheeled platform car, in the centre of which is an upright post, twenty or twenty-five feet long, on the top of it a transverse beam, forty feet long, fitted to work like a well-sweep, and also to be swung around in a circle. Upon one end of this beam the hooks already inserted in the man's back are fastened by means of ropes. Long ropes are also attached to the other end, by means of which several men manage its motions.

"The victim is first swung round in a circle and the crowd of his friends and relatives and multitudes below fill the air, with their shouts of joy. In another place he hangs suspended, on catching hold of the rope with his hands, but pretty soon its go, and is suspended by the hooks, being into the muscles of the back and fest hanging and the muscles of his back being quite torn by the weight of the machine. While he is hanging in this position, the car is drawn by hundreds of men over the rough ground, causing the hooks to be more firmly shaken and tossed from side to side by the motion of the car. It was a sad sight for any watch that I saw the man thus suspended. His countenance was a picture of distress, and when shaken down he seemed much exhausted.

"He is next presented to the people to receive their offerings, which are in the presents of money and lands—property such as he could not have acquired by the labor of years. He is now taken to his house, the hooks are removed, and his wounds are treated by applying a kind of poultice of mud, made so hot as to burn the skin. Three of these plasters are placed on each wound, and kept there for seven days, when they are taken off and other medicines are applied. This is severe treatment, but the wounds are said to be effectually healed by it in twenty days, if the man does not die from the fever he suffers but little, because he is made ready for the sacrifice by intoxicating drugs and potions. On the second, and sometimes third day, the sufferings are so great that he will often attempt to commit suicide; but as he is strictly watched by his friends, he finds no opportunity, and the deed is seldom done.

"The barbarous practice of hook-swinging was discontinued for many years in Madura district, until it was again revived in 1867, and as the people have come to understand that the government will not interfere to prevent it, it is likely to become a common occurrence. I estimated the number of persons present on this occasion at 15,000."

From our late editions of Yesterday

Discord in the Senate.

(Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The Senate, by a vote of 36 to 23, took the bill pensioning Mrs. Lincoln, and discussed it for half an hour, and then spent two hours wrangling over the order of business, between the appropriations, Tenure of Office repeal, Currency bill and other measures. The Chairman at length said he had never seen public business in so backward a condition. He attributed it to the great amount of time the previous private and railroad subsidy bills had been allowed to occupy.

Mr. Fessenden said he had waited for two days for the Tenure of Office bill, and as it is evident the Senate would do nothing, he moved to go into an executive session, which was done.

The Removal of Disabilities.

(Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The House finally passed the bill removing disabilities, by a vote of 120 to 48, and then went into Committee on the bill redistributing the banking circulation.

State Legislature, Harrisburg.

(Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

HARRISBURG, Feb. 16.—The House to-day by the Finance Committee reported the House bill prohibiting the issue of scrip, which was tabled, and the bill was passed without debate.

Senate bill relating to the certification of checks was also reported with an amendment to amendment, and the bill regulating the reports of the National Banks passed finally. The bill is similar to the bill previously matured by the Finance Committee.

The New Missouri Senator.

(Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Senator Drake appeared on the floor of the Senate, and his credentials were presented by Mr. Howe.

Objections to the Alabama Claims Treaty.

(Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations met at 10 o'clock, and continued discussion on the Alabama Claims Treaty at their usual hour, 12 M. Only one member of the Committee was had, with the general result showing that the Senate will not ratify the treaty in the form which is understood to have been agreed to by Mr. Sumner. The treaty contains no satisfaction for the great injuries done by the Alabama, and it is therefore entirely inadequate. Although final action was not taken, the feeling in the committee showed that not a single member was in favor of the ratification of the treaty.

The Proposed Second Parallel Road.

(Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The Pacific Railroad bill was the morning hour, and the thirty-second parallel route, represented here by Gen. Ewing, was discussed by Senators Stewart and Nye, but only the right of way. Their bill, to that effect, is now before the Committee on Public Lands.

The Air Line Railroad.

(Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Senator Sherman introduced a bill to aid the Air Line Railroad, at the earliest opportunity. It will pass if brought up to-day.

Press Club of Philadelphia.

(Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Senator Sherman introduced a bill to incorporate the Press Club of Philadelphia. Bills were also presented and signed by the Governor.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Among the callers on Gen. Grant to-day were the Hon. Henry Wilson, and Senator Sumner, who remained with the Minister of the North German Union.

Owing to the late hour of continuing the session of the House last night, the Committee of Ways and Means, Post-office and Commerce met yesterday morning.

The immediate relief of the tobacco dealers are still here, endeavoring to procure a modification of the internal revenue regulations relative to stamps, and desiring the substitution of those, which will meet the Government interest, as well as secure the government against fraud.

Outrages on Americans in Havana.

HAVANA, Feb. 16.—The Government authorities refuse to recognize the United States Consul except as a subordinate. Many Naturalized citizens are being imprisoned without having charges preferred against them or without a chance for trial. The Consul General of Spain is expected here unless he is supported by his Government. The Spanish Government is pursuing the same way of Americans who wish to leave the island.

From Troy—Bedfoster Sentenced.

TROY, N. Y., Feb. 16.—Thomas Thompson was yesterday sentenced by Judge Hogeboom to 20 years and 4 months imprisonment in Clinton jail at hard labor, for the murder of Thomas H. Bailey. A bill of exceptions in the case has been filed.

Brain Intelligence.

BOSTON, Feb. 16.—Brain Intelligence Aleppo, from Liverpool.

New York, Feb. 16.—Arrived, steamship United Kingdom, from Glasgow.

MORMON ITEMS.

Wifecoiling against the Gentiles.

We find the following in the Salt Lake City *Reporter* the following items. They serve to show how the Mormons are incited against which the Saints regard the Gentiles, and they indicate very plainly the opposition of serious trouble between them:

Wifecoiling.

Will our very saintly contempor