VOLUME XXIII.—NO. 88.

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1869.

PRICE THREE CENTS

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.] PARIS, Friday, July 9, 1869 .- The sounds of the liberal, or as it might well be called, the "liberating" movement, are ringing out all over the country, and everything goes on as merrily as marriage-bells. The doom of "imperial" institutions, in the arbitrary sense, at least, of the word, has been struck, and the knell of "personal government" has tolled. One hundred and ten signatures already cover the demand for a restoration of the national liberties, which the Constitutional party has put forward with a rapidity and energy which surprised every one, and none perhaps than the advanced liberals, find the wind taken completely out of their sails, and themselves obliged to follow, instead of assuming the lead. They have resolved, in fact, to await the result of the discussion upon the proposals of the tiersparti, before bringing forward any of their own. The attempt, too, made by M. Rouher to countermine the liberal movement, by inducing M. Du Miral, and such of the majority as still remained steady to him, to get up interpellations of their own,in a modified liberal sense, which would allow him to adhere to themthis manœuvre has failed. The tiers-parti, therefore, have it all their own way, both as against the ultras and the government, and are daily drawing recruits to their ranks from both sides by the power and attraction of success. It is impossible to say how far the defection may not go, nor by how many deputies the resolutions demanding vital reforms and changes in the principle of the government may not be signed before they are laid before the House. There will then be a great debate -such a debate as has not been heard in France for twenty years and more-for it will be a debate on a radical reorganization of the institutions of the country. If, after the debate, the Emperor yields, he may still hold his ground; if not, he must look out for the deluge. But that things should go on longer as they are is acknowledged on all sides to be

impossible.

The weather here has now become warm and seasonable, and Paris has assumed its usualsummer aspect. The Tuileries Gardens, and other places of similar resort, are filled all day with family groups of bourgeoises, with their bonnes and children, who give each other rendezvous there with their friends, to sit, work, and read, and gossip and play in the open air, instead of in their confined and small apartments. Out-of-door life is the great summer luxury of the middle-class Parisians, and they enjoy it to the full. Every day, in the Tuileries Gardens, too, an admirable military band plays from five to six o'clock, when, for three sous, you may sit under the trees, in a comfortable arm-chair (one of those delightful iron chairs, with spring seat and back, which they make cheaper and better in France than anywhere else in the world)-and hear as good music as from the Grand Opera. The arrangements for this public concert en pleine air are now admirable, and very superio to what used to be the case. The band is stationed in the centré of an oval space, surrounded by noble trees, and forming a delightful natural music hall. Within this, chairs are placed in regular order, and programmes of the performance politely handed round by one of the hand, and posted up on the trunks of the neighboring trees. The scene on a fine summer afternoon is often quite beautiful, and the place a great resort for old retired French veterans, who rarely stir out of Paris. Changarnier frequently takes his seat there, looking now very old and brokenbroken in spirit and career, perhaps, more than in age, though there is still fire in his eye, as if he thought "his" turn might come yet. But the chief part of the audience are the bourgeois class, who remain in town after the fashionable world has taken its departure, to count the gains of the season and enjoy their leisure. There, is always a large admixture also of blouses; for the French ouvrier has a real and genuine taste for, and often a considerable knowledge of music, and is quite capable of appreciating the compositions of the best masters. The performances by such bands as those of the guides, or the gardes de Paris, or the imperial guard, is first rate; the solo parts being played by performers who are allowed to hire themselves out as professional musicians at a very high price. And all this cheap and pleasant and, elevating luxury is placed daily at the command of the people for three sous, or for nothing at all if they like to stand and listen instead of being seated.

Another great feature of Paris out-of-season and out-of-door life is the concierge and his family. There he sits, with his wife and children, at the door of every private hotel or fashionable residence in Paris, rejoicing in " nothing to do," with no staircase to clean, nor porte-cochère to sit up and open till five in the morning. He brings the chairs and half the furniture of his narrow loge out into the deserted street, and takes his ease all day long. There are whole avenues in Paris, at this time of year, where, in the evening, you see nothing but these groups at the door of every mansion, all the other occupants of which have flitted to the sea-side, Switzerland, or a German watering-place.

The mention of Switzerland reminds me of letters I have received from friends in those parts, and the weather they describe. In the Grisons, the Engadine, and even down as low as Coire, snow has fallen very recently in large quantities, and one fact mentioned is that the temperature registered on the 21st of June, the longest day of the year, was in many places the same as that registered on the 21st of December, the shortest. In some parts, as in the Schuytz district, for instance, the cattle had been obliged to be brought down again from the high pastures, to prevent them from perishing from cold and hunger. Flocks of sheep had been buried under avalanches, and early travelers and tourists had been obliged to resort to sledging in order to get on their way. I see, however, that more recently a first ascent of Mont Blanc has been accomplished, though not without difficulty and danger; so that the weather has probably moderated, and a fine autumn may be anticipated after the late unusual inclemency.

The harvest and vintage in France seem, on the whole, to promise well, now that fine

weather has set in again. Friends in the West write me word that wheat and barley will be ready to cut by the last week of this month, and that the yield will be above an average In the southern and central districts, from Bourges to Lyons, the accounts are about the same, though somewhat less favorable eastwards and towards the Jura mountains and the Vosges. On the whole harvest, perhaps, a good average may be calculated. The vineyards, also, promise well, though backward, in consequence of a cold and wet June. There are at this moment two of the most celebrated wine-farms of France for sale in the market, the Romanée-Conti, and the Clos-Vougeot, both in the Burgundy district. The size of the former is only some three acres, and its produce rarely exceeds ten casks, averaging about 300 bottles each. The price asked for this precious estate is 100,000 francs. The farm known as the Clos, or inclosure of Vougeot, contains something more than one hundred acres, entirely surrounded by a wall, whence its name, and yields, on an average about two hundred or two hundred and ten casks of wine, though it has sometimes produced five or six hundred, and sank again as low as eighty. It is now offered for sale at the price of 2,000,000 francs. The produce, however. of both these celebrated vineyards is still disposed of, I understood, for some years to come, to the Compagnie des grands vins de Bourgogne, in the Rue Royale, of this city.

CRIME.

A Cincinnati Tragedy. A terrible tragedy, resulting in the self-drowning of a husband, the probable shocking death of the wife, and the orphanage of four small, helpless children, occurred early this

morning.

The name of the husband was John Maher, and that of the wife had been Mary Gamble. They had lived together seventeen years. For the last two or three years, with the exception of an occasional job of tailoring, he has done nothing for the support of his family, the wife, at the wash-tub, having to provide—all too scantily—the band and clothing for her children, now reduced to four, out of eight born to her.

They occupied a single room, in the second They occupied a single room, in the second story of a house on the southeast corner of Columbia and Race streets, where they had lived for three years. Not without bit-terness of feeling and harsh words had the wife endured the burdens thus imposed upon her; and not without shameful abuse had he resented this natural manifestation of human weekness. veakness.

Not much is known of the scenes immediately preceding the catastrophe of this morning. During the night Maher came home, drunk as usual, and his wife refused him admission into their only room, where she and mission into their only room, where she and her four children were sleeping. She had the door locked against him, and he remained out all night. He was seen at midnight, sitting on a box in front of the house. The next that was seen or heard of him was this morning at five o'clock, when Mr. Duffy, who sub-lets the room occupied by Maher, heard a rumpus in the room, and ran down to quell the disturbance. He heard Maher ask for a dollar, that he might go away and leave her. She refused to give it to him. He then asked for a clean shirt; but the poor wife either had none for him, or was so exasperated that she would not him, or was so exasperated that she would not gratify him to that extent. Then followed a

gratity him to that extent. Then followed a scuffle, a thump upon the floor, and steps hastening out of the room.

As Mr. Duffy reached the door, he saw Maher rushing down the steps. Looking in, he was shocked to see Mrs. Maher lying on the floor, her head bloody, and an ax by her side. He gave an alarm, and hastened after the fugitive. He pursued him down Bace street toward the river. At that early hour there was nobody in the streets to halt him, and on he went to the river, up Water street, to the Louisville Mail boat, lying at the foot of Vine, across, her bow, and leaped into the river. Soon his head appeared above the water, and floated a moment to the stern, where a plank was thrown out to him, and he might have caught hold of the yawl, but he turned away from them, and sunk to rise no more alive.

rom them, and sunk to rise no more alive.

Iteturning, Mr. Duffy found some neighbor women washing the blood from the almost infeless woman. The first blow had almost cut off the right ear, and the second had sunk a deep gash in the right temple. The axe was dull as a grubbing hoe, or it would have cleaved her head in two. Dr. Maley was sent for, who dressed her wounds, but thinks there s little prospect of her recovery.

When we called at the terrible scene we

found a sister of the unfortunate woman and tound a sister of the unfortunate woman and two neighbors taking care of her and her little group of children, the eldest a girl of twelve, and the youngest less than a year old. It was a sad sight, and, helpless to render any desira-ble service, we turned from the scene to other and constantly varying scenes of life, generally brighter, but too often with hues of darkness

and woe.

Since the foregoing was written, we have learned from Dr. Maley that Mrs. Maher's wounds were not necessarily fatal. The blow in the temple did not fracture the skull, but inflammation of the brain renders her unconscious, and may terminate her life. She will be taken to the hospital this afternoon, and

her brother will take one of the children. The Doctor informs us that Maher called at his office last night, between 10 and 11 o'clock, and solicited a recommendation to get work in the Garden of Eden. He was sober then, and promised to do betterif he would only help him to employment. For the sake of his family, the Doctor gave him a note asking for work. But it must have been that the weak man, elated with the prospect of earning some-thing and again bringing happiness to his family, took a few drinks in congratulation of his good resolution, and so became the brute and fiend he was.

Sad Suicide.

From the Cincinnat Times of July 20th.]

This morning about half-past eleveno'clock, Emil Gaworski, a young and handsome Polander, very genteely dressed, entered Washington Park, and, when reaching the northwestern part of it, deliberately pulled out a pistol, as is supposed, shot himself in the heart, walked a few paces, and fell to the earth a corpse. earth a corpse.

The act was unperceived by those in the park at that hour, though the report of the pistol was heard, and attracted attention to the lifeless form of the young man, crimsoning the grass with his blood. The news of the sad actsoon became known, and crowds flocked the spot to gaze upon the unfortunate

On the arrival of the Coroner his pockets were searched; and a letter indited in German was found therein. Astranslated to usit reads

was found therein. As translated to us to take in substance as follows:

"One hour before death—My name is Emil Gaworski. I have been trying to kill myself for the last two weeks, and regret exceedingly that I was not killed while fighting in the Union Army. Let none of my friends who may read this mention how I died to my poor mother and sister. Adieu, dear home."

There were some other papers found in his pockets, but nothing giving any further explanation in regard to the reason why he committed the act. Some metallic cartridges were also found in his pockets, but, strange to say, the pistol with which he had committed the fatal act had not been found when we left the

scene. When he fired, doubtless, he threw the pistol among the shrubbery which skirted, the promenade.

A gentleman who was present was acquainted with the deceased, and stated that he had been acting as bar-keeper at the hotel at the southeast corner of Third and Broadway, formerly the Winne House. He had been, he further said, in this country some eight or ten years, and had received a splendid education.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

PRUSSIA. Pourth of July in Berlin.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. World.]
BERLIN, July 6.—Independence Day was, as usual, celebrated by the American colony assembled to dine—for this once—in the hand-

assembled to dine—for this once—in the handsome hall of a restaurant in the neighboring city of Charlottenburg. In the centrelof one side of the afartment was hung a familiar portrait of fresident Washington, which has often formed a part of the decorations at similar festivals, as it formerly belonged to Governor Wright, by whose widow it was given as a souvenir to his faithful butler, Schmidt. On either side of it were placed the stars and stripes of the Republic, while the Prussian eagle, with his gilt crown, looked down from the white and black ensign festooned above. Almost in front of the picture sat the chief guest, Privy Councillor Bruns, the present Dean of the law faculty of the University, and a distinguished professor of civil law. That this learned gentleman might have an opportunity of conversing in any modern language he might prefer, care was taken to place Mrs. Young, of Detroit, and Mrs. Mitchell, of Chicago, beside him. It turned out, however, that he was quite at home in their own vernacular. Quite half of the rest of the company, some thirty in number, was made up of young ladies, one charming bevy being matronized by Mrs. Hoffman. of New some hall of a restaurant in the neighboring

on the company, some thirty in humber, was made up of young ladies, one charming beyy being matronized by Mrs. Hoffman, of New York, and another by Mrs. Fuller, of Chicago, both of which ladies must have been grateful for the kindness of the spruce young men who displayed great readiness in assisting them in the care of their charges.

displayed great readiness in assisting them in the care of their charges.

Grace having been said by the Rev. Mr.
Barstow, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, a very clegant dinner, accompanied by equally poor wines, was served. When the table became pretty well dotted with champagne coolers, and the roast was under consideration, it seemed time that the orating—for orating there must be when two or three Americans there must be when two or three Americans are gathered together—should commence, and so it did. First, of course, came the sentiment, so it did. First, of course, came the sentiment, "The day we celebrate," which was duly drunk, after being prefaced by very brief remarks from Mr. MacLean, and by three hearty cheers from all. Then followed, doubtless under application of the principle of doing in Germany as the Germans do, the toast to his Majesty, the King of Prussia, and Presidium of the North-German Bund. Privy Councillor Bruns spoke for his soverion. and Presidium of the Botth-Gothisovereign Privy Councillor Bruns spoke for his sovereign this own tongue, and with they contained by the second with that loyalty of expression which marks the that loyalty of expression which marks the language of a people with principalities and powers many. Referring to the United States, he said that Americans must be pronounced fortunate, in that they had a national birthday, to which they could look back with pride, and which they could celebrate with fond remembrance. In Germany there had been lately born a new state, if not a new nation, and the man who had principally guided the affairs during its birth-struggle, controlled them still; so the Union, which, after the manner of republics, seldom called a military man to be its Executive, had chosen for this high office the man who successfully concluded its last struggle for life. He begged, then, to propose "einen toast auf den Herrn

gten Staaten. Er lebe hoch! und abermals hoch! und nochmals hoch!" The reply to this was made by Mr. Mac-Lean, who said that he had on several similar occasions during the preceding adminis-tration been called to a like honor, and that he now, as then, contended that every citizen should render honor and support to him who had been chosen President. He thought it surprising that those from whom the new exe-cutive had a right to expect assistance—the ruling majority in the Senate and Congress should have hampered him by a statute which was as contrary to the doctrines of public law taught in Europe as it was to the experience of efficient governments. He mentioned, among the reasons why Americans abroad could respond heartily to the toast, the fact that the President and Secretary of State had shown a determination not to be led by even

eneral Grant,

" einen toast auf den Herrn

upon foreign powers, nor into couniving at breaches of international law. Mr. Tomkins, of Providence, most happily proposed the (among Americans never forgotten) toast, "The Ladies," winning showers of smiles from his fair clients and provoking frequent interruptions of applause, to which small hands contributed no little part. Then came toasts and sentiments numerous, including "The University"—with which was coning "The University"—with which was cou-pled the name of the eminent jurist present at the board, Count Bismarck—"Mr. Bancroft," whose absence was much commented upon though due, I believe, to some misunderstand

own party into extravagant demands

gentleman connected with the Nordeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, in answering for The Press," glorified that institution as it exists in the States, and the laws, or rather the absence of laws, controlling it in pretty strong terms for an attaché of a ministerial journal. terms for an attaché of a ministerial journal. Queer enough, some itinerant domine delivered himself of a toast to religiou—whether it was greeted with hurrals I have forgotten, but think I may safely affirm that to have been the case, for the company had become quite cheery by that time. The musicians stationed on the balcony, seeing the merriment, commenced a rollicking air from one of Offenbach's comic operas. This bull was outdone by the one with which they commenced. The musical committee-man found that he could not lead his pipers into the mysteries of "Hail not lead his pipers into the mysteries of "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," but grew enthusiastic when he had made them comprehend "My Country, 'tis of Thee;" but he omitted to mention the order of exercises, so the hymn to the sweet land of liberty was drawled out as a pæan to the king, and "Heil Dir im Sieges Kranz" swelled the acclamation

for Independence Day.

It was 9 o'clock before dinner was over, yet It was 9 o'clock before dinner was over, yet preparations were speedily made for a dance, and probably it came off, though I cannot say with certainty, for, thinking it the proper thing for a staid bachelor, I left the lads and lasses to their hop. Before I got away I heard the ladies praising the committee, and I believe they spoke of Mr. Tompkins, of Rhode Island; Mr. Hill, of Georgia; Mr. Hance, of New York, and perhaps others; these, at any rate, received honorable mention.

A War Steamer Sent after a Haytian Privateer. [Correspondence of the New York Herald.]

Washington, July 21, 1869.—The United States steamer Seminole, Commander E. H. Owens, which left Norfolk, Va., on the 11th inst., under sealed orders on a secret expedition to the Haytian waters, is now understood to have sailed for the purpose of capturing the Haytian privateer Hero. This latter vessel has long been preying extensively on American commerce in that latitude. It is stated on semi-official authority that the orders of Commander Owen are to capture the Hero and bring her at once to Washington. Engineers Smith and Van Claine, of the Gosport Navy-Yard, a number of extra officers and a full crew and armament left on the Seminole, and it is expected she will be heard from shortly. The last heard of the privateer was that she was seen in Gonaives Bay with an American

schooner in custody, the captured vessel flying the St. Domingo flag, with the American ensign beneath. The Haytian privateer is also said to have a large amount of specie on board, which materially enhances the value of the prize among the crew of the Seminole. Navy officers here are looking anxiously for further intelligence. intelligence.

THE BEVOLUTION IN CUBA. News Received by the Junta in New York.

The news which the Guban Junta received from their correspondents in Cuba by the arrival of the steamship Columbia yesterday, is cheering and satisfactory. Among other things, is the announcement of the landing of another expedition of troops from the United States, who shortly after disembarking attacked two regiments of Spanish volunteers, and routed them, taking two hundred prisoners, among them Colonel Villayerde. The officers and men of the Spanish navy were also much alarmed at learning that a few schooners from New Orleans, laden with submarine torpedoes, arms, and ing that a few schooners from New Orleans. Inden with submarine torpedoes, arms, and ammunition, had landed their cargoes and sailed on their return voyage. Hopes are entertained that the Cuban flag will float over Morro Castle by New Year's. The conduct of our Government meets with unanimous condemnation in Cuba, some going so far as to assert that under no consideration will they consent to the annexation of Cuba to the United States.

inited States.

Major Rios, with sixty men of the Spanish troops, had had a sliarp engagement with the Cubans near Manzanillo on or about the 10th inst. Twenty of the latter were killed and twelve captured. The Spanish loss was not

FINAL ESCAPE OF GEN, RYAN.
On Sunday night Cols. Ryan and Currier escaped from Gardiner's Island, and yesterday they were in the Clifton House, Niagara Falls.
When the marines and deputy marshals under Marshal Gregg landed on Gardiner's Island, Island last Friday, and took off all the men from the camp and elsewhere that they could from the camp and elsewhere that they could find, bringing them, as has already been reported, to Fort Lafayate, they had left behind Cols. Ryan and Currier and about 40 (not 70), including some of the principal men that had been in the army—the flower, in fact, of the fill-busters. During the chase and the capture of the fillibusters by the marines and Deputy Marshals, upward of 200 shots were fired, some of the fillibusters returning in earnest the fire, and both Currier and Ryan narrowly escaped with their lives. A short time after the camp was surprised by the officers of the law, the Cubans singled out the Deputy Marshals and opened a fire upon them. It—was positively asserted by Col. Currier that he had not only shot one of the Deputy Marshals, but that he had seen his arm in which the shot had taken effect fall helpless to his side. If such is the effect fall helpless to his side. If such is the case, why has it been kept a secret? Which one of the Deputy Marshals, or men, was it that was shot?

· COL. CURRIER'S DISGUISE. But to continue. When the last boat-load was only a short distance from the shore they were hailed and put back to receive a note from a large-framed man in common clothing, having a beard all over his face; the letter was directed to the officer in command of the force, who was then on board the cutter. The large-framed man with a beard, in common clothes, who spoke to the loat load of marines, was Col. Currier himself, who had by that time re-loaded his weapon and was with Eyan standing on the beach watching with heavy hearts the last sading loops of all their deep-laid plans for a glorious campaign against the Spaniards in Cuba. The note sent was a mere piece of bravado on the part of desperate, hunted men, prey was yet openly and avowedly on the island. It is well known that some time ago Colonels Currier and Ryan, and one or two other principal officers, entered into a secret compact never to be taken to a dungeon, such as the abominable den in Ludlow street, alive,

and pledged each other that they would stand by each other to the bitter end. THE ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND.

Last Sunday night a sailing yacht, belonging to or commanded by a Capt. Bennett, which had at first been engaged by Ryan for \$70 to carry his men, left the island for this city, bringing about forty persons. Everything had been done so noiselessly, yet so swiftly, that even if the United States authorities had any soldiers stationed in those waters they would have suspected nothing. Within two hours after leaving the island that night they were seen in Sag Harbor in company with Judge Merrill, Mr. French, Mr. Sleight, and others, and shortly afterward again embarking on the same yacht, they reached the Connecticut shore, and made their way to Canada WHAT RYAN AND CURRIER SAY.

Ryan and Currier say that if those of the men who were left in New York had joined them in season all could have embarked and reached a point where their whereabouts THE ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND.

reached a point where their whereabouts would have been unknown to Marshal Barlow, whence they could ultimately have 'embarked for Cuba. They add that the failure of the dition rests with Señor Alfaro and others as had they not given all up when only a part were seized, and they had attempted to save what they could, their loss would not have been so great. The pecuniary loss is estimated at \$100,000. As the Cuban Junta refuse to aid any one of

the men that have been enlisted by their paid subordinates, a number of them are about to institute suits against the Junta for the pay promised them of \$30 per month in gold, the bounty that had also been promised them of an additional \$500 in gold, and also their lost

YELLOW FEVER IN NEW YORK BAY. Twenty-five Deaths on the Saratoga.

[From the New York Times.] When the United States sloop-of-war Sara toga lay at Hayana, last spring, that scourge of the topics, the yellow fever, broke out among her crew. One of its first victims was John Paul Quinn, the ship's surgeon. She was immediately ordered by Admiral Hoff, commanding the North Atlantic Squadron, to sail for a northern latitude. Accordingly she came to New York, arriving here on the 19th of June. She was quarantined in the Lower Bay, and the side-wheel steamer, the Frolic, despatched to her. To this vessel were removed the healthy men of the Saratoga's crew. They remained on board for two weeks, and, no further case of the fever appearing among them, were transferred to the United States receiving-ship Vermont, where they still remain hey still remain.

On board of the Saratoga, since her arrival, great many men have died, among them the a great many men nave dition, to the surgeon, following officers in addition to the surgeon, who died at Havana: Wm. A. Van Vleck Lieutenant-Commander, died June 29; George A. Flagg, Lieutenant, June 25; Samuel G. Blodgett, Master's Mate, June 20; Wm. E. Mc-Mullen, Captain's Clerk, June 22; Hiram L. Dixon, Carpenter, June 26.

Since she left Havana there have been synthesis and autre, pure

wenty-five deaths on board, and quite a numer of cases who are now convalescents. Ten days ago the remainder of the crew, being considered quite well wore transferred to the Vermont, so that now the vessel lies in the Vermont, so that now the vessel lies in the Lower Bay with but a few men on board to look after her and see that she is thoroughly cleansed. Everything that can be done to disinfect and purify her is being done. To make assurances doubly sure, she will be kept at her present anchorage until the cold weather sets in, when she will be brought to the Navy Yard to discharge her stores. All his officers have been detached and have gone to their homes. Only Captain Whiting remains to care for his men.

DISASTERS.

The Late Accident on the Union Pacific

[From the Omaha Republican, of July 18.] The late railroad accident on the Union Pacific was caused by the heavy rains having washed the earth from under the track at the eastern end of a fill on the grade just above Antelope Station

The up train approached the spot about day-The up train approached the spot about day-light on the morning of Thursday last, at the usual rate of speed. The track being perfect, and the engineer discovering no evidences of any disarrangement, did not slacken the en-gine at all, but allowed her the accustomed

The baggage and mail cars piled themselves up rather promiseuously, while the passenger cars were scarcely injured.

cars were scarcely injured.

A young man named Jno. Dwyer, who was stealing a ride on the platform of a front car, was instantly killed. On his person was found a diploma showing him to have been a graduate of the Medical College at Dublin, Ireland. Several letters of introduction from prominent. Eastern men were also found in his pocket, with \$1 in money. It is supposed that he was short of means, and too proud to ask a ride, hence adopted this means to procure transportation to some point further west. transportation to some point further west.

The fireman, Mr. Melvin Shears, of Cold Water, Michigan, was also instantly killed. His body was sent to Sidney on the return train; and will be taken to his home in the

The baggage and mail cars were badly wrecked. The passenger coaches sustained The baggage and mail cars were vary wrecked. The passenger coaches sustained but little damage. Several passengers were slightly injured, and the engineer somewhat scalded. Mr. S. S. Daniels, U. S. Mail Agent, who is our authority for the above information, had his left limb shgutly bruised, but not seriously enough to lay him up.

The damages to the road were soon repaired and the trains in running order.

Curious and Painful Accident. A young man named Edward Nolde, em-ployed as a salesman in the wholesale hat store of R. H. Edelen & Co., on Main street, met with a very curious and distressing accident at noon yesterday. He had sat down to dinner at his home, on Chestaut street, and was taking a drink of water from a glass tumbler. Before he had swallowed the first mouthful of water he discovered that he had swallowed several sharp sewing needles. He gave a tremendous cough, and finally succeeded in spitting out one of the needles, but two of them had become fastened far down his throat, and had lodged so severely that they could not be forced either down or up. They caused him great pain, and it was with some difficulty he could breathe at all. A surgeon was at once summoned, who, after examining the location and position of the needles, announced that they would have to be cut from the throat. An incision was therefore made large enough through which to extract the needles. Although which to extract the needles. Although the operation was performed very scientifically and skilfully, the young man suffered intense pain, and is now unable to move his neck in the least from one side to the other. The wounds will heal shortly, however, when the unfortunate young man will find re-lief.—Louisville Express, July 17th.

POLITICAL.

A Southern View of Packer's Nomina-The Savannah Republican, a Democratic

paper, says:

"Itis a rare thing for the Northern Democrats to make a judicious nomination. Indeed, since the South has been left out of the brains. There seems to be a fatality that drives them away from every road that can possibly lead to victory. They appear incapable of learning anything from the past. It is their blunders alone that have kept alive the Radical party, which has long since been con-demned by the American people. In the late Presidential campaign they not only brought out a ticket that was obliged to be beaten, but took special pains to secure its defeat by putting the party on the defensive in a long and silly string of irrelevant resolutions. In the States they have been guilty of equal folly. With the exception of Hoffman, in New York, and Roserous in Ohio they have blundered in these every nomination made since the close of the war. The Pennsylvania nomination on Tuesday affords a striking example. They could have had the services of Hancock by anything like a unanimous nomination, and his nam would have put a Democratic victory a peradventure; but no, they must go off into a wild goose chase after a 'copperhead' nominee, a well-known partisan, who will keep his minority party together and the opposition quite as firmly united."

The Eric Railroad Slaughter.

[Correspondence of the New York Times.]
PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Wednesday, July 21,
1869.—The engineer of the freight train, Griffin, still lies in the jail at Milford, Pa., awaiting the September term of court for a trial. In the meantime efforts are being made to bail him out, and yesterday a party of his friends from Susquehama went to Milford to make application to Judge Sharswood, of the Supreme Court (who is temporarily stopping there), for the discharge of Griffin on bail. The application was granted and the amount of ball fixed at \$2,000, which his friends were prepared to furnish. Subsequently the amount was fixed at \$10,000, which amount has not yet been raised, and the probability is that the prisoner will be obliged to lay in jail until his

On Sunday a man came to Port Jervis, representing himself as a relative of the lost German family whose remains were interred in Laurel Grove Cemetery. He says they are John Kruch, Elizabeth, his wife, and their three children, and that they were going to Girard, Ill. They started from Morrisania, N. Y., where they resided for some time. The gentleman had come on to make arrangements to effect a settlement with the Company for their loss, for the benefit of the heirs, which would be \$25,000. He failed to satisfy the Company as to the identity of the bodies, and did not succeed in effecting a settlement.

The wounded at the Delaware House are rapidly gaining, and will return home in a

few days. There are only three of them re-maining, one of whom, Carl Baer, the Ger-man lad, has sent for his mother and brother, in Prussia, to come over to this country. The claim for damages for his father's death has not yet been settled. John Flowers, one of he injured, started on Saturday for La Crosse,

-Some of the feats of post-office clerks are wonderful as a magician's surprises. A letter bearing the post-mark of some obscure station village recently came to the Paris Post Office.

It bore no address but this: "To my huz Bunn a barr Shoo her in parigi." Well, it reached the husband, the bear showman in Paris, to whom it was addressed.

whom it was addressed.

—The Indianapolis Mirror says: "A party of Muncie ladies, headed by Mrs. Frame, the revival lady, recently visited the saloons of that city for the purpose of holding prayer meetings. Being unable to effect an entrance at a certain Mark Wallings, they organized on the sidewalk, whereupon the ungallant proprietor proceeded to pump water on them through a garden engine. He may see a time when, looking away off there across the flery gulf, he will see Mrs. Frame in Abraham's bosom, while he thinks regretfully of the precious fluid which lie so prodigally wasted on the occasion of the prayer meeting." He will be in casion of the prayer meeting." He will be in another Frame of mind, then, doubtless.

FACIS AND FANCIES. [From Harper's Magazine.] Betrothal.

O for one hour of such enchanted light As made a fairer daytime in the sky,
When on the willow-bank we sat that night,
My old-time love and 1

A while we talked so low and tenderly, We felt the listening trees above us lean; And louder far the silence seemed to me That fell at last between.

Her heart lay floating on its quiet thoughts, Like water-liles on a tranquil lake;
And Love within, unknown, because un-

Lay dreaming half awake. Ah, Love is lightest sleeper ever known!
A whisper, and he started plain to view;
Old as the heavens seemed our story grown, While yet the moon was new.

And when she spoke, her answer seemed the Sweeter for sweetness of the lips that told, Setting a precious word within a smile—
A diamond ringed with gold.

Then bloomed for us the perfect centuryflower: Then filled the cup and overran the brim; And all the stars processional, that hour, Chanted a bridal-hymn.

Ah, Time, all after-days may fly away, Such joy as that thou hast but once to give, And Love is royal from his crowning-day, Though kingdomless he live.

-Millard Fillmore and Thurlow Weed have

—Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker went before the Secretary of the Treasury on Tuesday. Mr. Boutwell was unmoved.

-It is said that under the new system of extracting alcohol from garbage, a palatable article of beer may be obtained from old boots. -The New York Times thinks that General F. P. Blair at Long Branch, instead of being the right man in the right place, was a tight

—There is a horse'in Northern Illinois, six years old, nameless and unknown except by its owner and trainer, which can pace a mile in two minutes and twelve seconds.

—It is proposed to form an inland State out of Eastern Oregon, Idaho, and a part of Washington Territory, and a coastwise State out of the rest of Oregon and Washing. ton Territory.

—It is calculated that the quantity of beer annually produced in Europe exceeds 1,200,000,000 gallons. Bavaria produces most in proportion to her population, and Russia

The century plant at Rochester, N. Y., draws many strangers to that city, some of whom have come purposely hundreds of miles to see it. It now shows the beautiful pyramidal form of flowering, and will soon be in

—A little girl named Katie Pitt has received a premium in Platte county, Mo., for committing to memory 13,657 verses of the Bible. At last accounts she was still alive, although it may be doubted whether she can survive the 14,000th verse. We Pitty the poor child.

-The dressmaker's account which the Princess of Metternich submitted to her hisband recently, before leaving Paris, was of 112,000 francs (£4,480). Unlike Prince Bariatinski, who last month flatly refused to pay 10,000 francs (£400) for a "petite toilette de matin en ranks (£400) for a "petite follette de matin en crêpe de Chine," his Excelleney the Austrian Ambassador opened his purse like a prince. Madame la Princesse then produced the bon-net bill, which amounted to 2,250 francs (£330). This his Excellency paid again, remarking this time, with exemplary resignation, "My dear, I have noticed that in proportion as your bonnets diminish in size the price of them increases. One of these mornings we shall be having the milliner bringing nothing but the

—A novel has just been published at Little Rock, Arkansas. Its author is Captain R. H. Crozler, and its title, "The Bloody Junta; or, the Escape of J. Wilkes Booth." The leading actors in the assassination conspiracy play the principal parts in this romance. The Junta is composed of Booth, Payne, Atzerodt, Mrs. composed of Booth, Payne, Atzerodt, Missuratt, and others, and directed by a certain Coldheart, whose purpose is to make himself king. Booth is not killed, however, in Garrett's barn, but a beautiful girl named Floratouran dies in his place, and the military carry off her corpse, as that of the assassin, for the purpose of claiming the reward.

—A letter from Niagara says:—The most marked change is visible this spring, perhaps, that has ever been seen by the oldest habitnes, and there is a very evident alteration in the appearance of the mighty wonder. The cone in the point of the Horse-Shoe Fall, where the in the point of the Horse-Shoe Fall, where the "green water" is seen, has given away about thirty feet, and the even, regular curve has been transferred to more of a triangular shape. It is estimated from the size of the gorge made It is estimated from the size of the gorge made that from one hundred and fifty to two hundred tons of rock must have given way. There is also a marked change in the appearance of the American Fall. The side toward Luna Island has worn away, leaving a sharp projection. Should this give way and form a hollow, the American Fall would form the outline of a complete letter S. The appearance of the rock is shelvy, so that it would be no wonthe rock is shelvy, so that it would be no won-der should this happen ere many days, although it may not happen for years. -A Paris correspondent writes the follow-

—A Paris correspondent writes the following: "Let me tell you of a catastrophe that happened recently in the Bois. One of the best, 'international' gentleman riders was taking his pleasure there—such pleasure, that is to say, as may be had in a Victoria at 2f. 75c. per hour. Calmly reflecting on good things in general, and his next good thing in particular, he went mooning up and down the shore of the great lake. Suddenly his conveyance halted and aroused him from his reverie. Looking up he saw his steed—a proud animal—consuming something. What do you think it was? Why, only the straw-colored chignon of the lady in the Victoria in front of him. Picture the face of the victim of this latest 'rape of the locks,' and the look of detestation which she bestowed. After all, he was not to blame; nor, indeed, was the horse. If ladies have straw-colored tresses, they really must be prepared to be caten up alive by ignorant prepared to be caten up alive by ignorant horses which have, perhaps, been kept a little short, and see the tempting bait dangling before their eyes." _Our frontier females do not seem to un-

Our frontier females do not seem to understand the necessity of taking the census, and naturally resist such things. Such was the case in Cheyenne. To one Mr. Pierce, the collector; said: "What is your age?" and she replied: "That is an impudent question and I won't tell you." "Well, I shall put you down at thirty," said Pierce. "I'm only twenty-seven," indignantly exclaimed the now thoroughly enraged lady. The record was corrected accordingly. "Madam," said Mr. Pierce to another lady, "I have been at your house twice to take the census." "You had better not let me catch you there taking anyhouse twice to take the census." "You had better not let me catch you there taking anything," answered the independent woman. "I want to know how many children you have?" asked Pierce, walking into a house: "What's that your business?" answered the dame, "so long as we don't ask you to keep them?" "I am taking the census and must know," pursued Pierce, "Well, I guess somehody has been a takin't yours, and you'd better. body has been a takin' yours, and you'd better be hunting them up, young man," vociferated