Evening Bulletin.

PHILADELPHIA

VOLUME XXIV.—NO. 117. THURSDAY AUGUST 25, 1870. PRICE THREE CENTS.

FIXED EARTH CLOSETS ON ANY floor, in or out of doors, and PORTABLE EARTH COMMODES, for use in bed-chambers and elsewhere. Are absolutely free from offence. Earth Closet Company's office and salesroom at WM. G. RHOADS', No. 1221 Market street. ap29-tf5

DIED.

LEWIS.—At Summit Grove, near White Hall, on Tuesday morning, 23d inst., Francis Morton, youngest child of Edmund and Elizabeth C. Lewis, aged thirteen months.

The funeral will take place from the residence of his parents, No. 12 North Thirty-eighth street, at half-past three o'clock, this (Thursday) afternoon. Interment at South Laurel Hill.

MUIR.—On the afternoon of the 24th instant, John Muir, formerly of Louisville, Ky.

WRIGHT.—Suddenly, on the 1st instant, at Faleide, near Bergen, Norway, George I. Wright, son of James A. Wright, in the 18th year of his age.

400 EYRE ARCH STREET. 400

& LANDELL,

Are supplying their Customers with BLACK SILKS At Gold 12½ Premium.

PURE COD LIVER OIL, CITRATE Magnesia.—JOHN C. BAKER & Co., 718 Market st.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Finest READY-MADE CLOTHING and MERCHANT TAILORING, at JOHN WANAMAKER'S, 818 & 820 Chestnut Street.

GRAND VISITATION OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR (IN FULL UNIFORM) TO ATLANTIC CITY, On Friday, August 26th, 1870, REMAINING UNTIL Monday Afternoon, 29th.

The various Commanderies of Knights Templar have made arrangements for a repetition of their visit to Atlantic City this season, leaving VINE Street Ferry at 5.30 P. M.

On Friday, August 26.

Programme while at Atlantic City.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Complimentary Hops will be given at each of the Hotels by the proprietors.

SATURDAY.

At 9 A. M. will report at headquarters, in full dress for parade on the beach.

At 8 P. M. the "Grand Knights Templar's Reception" will be given at headquarters, under the auspices of Cyrene Commandery, preceded by a display of fireworks illustrating Masonic emblems.

SUNDAY.

Rev. Sir WM. H. JEFFREYS, E. G. P., of New Jersey, will lead in devotion, in the Methodist Church.

MONDAY.

At 9 A. M. will report at headquarters, in full dress, for the Grand Review before the Grand Officers.

Sir WM. WALLACE GOODWIN, P. E. C. Cyrene Commandery and E. G. C., of New Jersey, will have general command.

General Headquarters will be at the Sea View Excursion House.

See time table for running of trains, etc.

Round Trip Tickets, good from Friday afternoon until Monday afternoon, inclusive, $3 00.

au25-2trp§

NESQUEHONING VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY—Office, 122 South SECOND Street.

PHILADELPHIA, August 23, 1870.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—The Semi-annual payment of interest on the capital stock of this Company, under the lease to the LEHIGH COAL AND NAVIGATION COMPANY, at the rate of TEN PER CENT. per annum, or TWO AND A-HALF DOLLARS per share, clear of taxes, will be made at this office, on and after THURSDAY, September 1, 1870.

au25 1w§ W. B. WHITNEY, Treasurer.

NOTICE.—THE PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

August 25th, 1870.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company will be held at their Office on MONDAY, the 5th day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when an election will be held for nine Directors, to serve for the ensuing year.

WM. G. CROWELL, Secretary.

au25 1w5

HOWARD HOSPITAL, NOS. 1518 and 1520 Lombard street, Dispensary Department.—Medical treatment and medicine furnished gratuitously to the poor

POLITICAL NOTICES.

1870. 1870.

SHERIFF,

WILLIAM R. LEEDS.

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EXCURSIONS.

BECK'S PHILADELPHIA BAND, No. 1, WILL GIVE A Grand Excursion to Long Branch, Saturday, August 27, 1870,

Leaving Philadelphia, from WALNUT Street Wharf, at 7½ o'clock A. M.,

BY SPECIAL TRAIN over Camden and Burlington County and New Jersey Southern Railroads, giving parties

Eight Hours at Long Branch,

and an opportunity of viewing the Trotting Matches at Monmouth Park, and the Encampment and Dress Parade of the celebrated

Ninth New York Regiment,

Colonel James Fisk, Jr., Commanding.

Fare for the Excursion $2 50

Tickets will positively be limited. They should therefore be purchased at an early date.

They can be procured until 7 o'clock P. M. of the day previous to the excursion, at the office of Beck's Band, 828 Market street; Chas. Brintzinghoffer, 935 Market street; Enos C. Renner, 501 Girard avenue; J. C. Heim, 1215 North Tenth street; Ticket Office, 828 Chestnut street; also, Camden and Amboy Railroad Ticket Office, Walnut street wharf, any day previous to the excursion, and on the morning of the excursion.

au25 2trp§

CAPE MAY. REDUCTION OF FARE AND CHANGE OF TIME.

The Steamer Arrowsmith will run as follows until the close o the season:

Leaving Arch Street Wharf on SATURDAY, 27th, WEDNESDAY, 31st of August, and FRIDAY, the 2d of September, at 9 A. M.

Leaving Cape May at 8 A. M., on MONDAY, 29th August, and THURSDAY, September 1st. Fare, $2 25.

Excursion Tickets for the round trip, $2 50, good any day during the balance of the season. au23tselrp§

RAGS.—2 BALES RAGS NOW LANDING from steamer Pioneer, from Wilmington, N. C., and for sale by COCHRAN, RUSSELL & CO., 111 Chestnut street.

THE WAR IN EUROPE

WHAT THE COMBATANTS WANT.

A Letter from Berthold Auerbach, the Novelist.

I was wandering through the villages and forests of my native country, when the sounds of war from over the Rhine reached my ear. The solitary wood-cutter leaned on his axe and asked, "What does the Frenchman want?" The stone-breaker on the road held the hammer in his hand, the reaper in the field let the sickle rest, and in the village the old man who was teaching the children, all asked, "What does the Frenchman want?" Here and far off it was said, "The Frenchman has had a bad harvest; he is coming to get something from us." Yes, indeed, the Frenchman has a bad harvest, but in a different way and not from this year alone; and that is why he wishes war, while for war the worst pretext is good enough with him.

And what I said to many a parting man courageous for the combat, to many a one remaining behind, with a rigid, earnest face, I will now proclaim to the whole German people, to those fighting abroad and to those waiting at home: In these quiet days, when every one is unsheathing his sword, all minds—as in the waiting room of a railway station—are in agitation, in suspense. We count the minutes, we ask, "Why not begin?" The time until something is done seems so long and weary. Our hearts have not been able to put up with the idea that such a war is possible in our days, that the peaceful acquisitions of two nations should be at stake through the gambling of an adventurer, declaring war against civilization. However, this is the case, and ever again the same question arises, "What does the Frenchman want?" I am going to tell you.

The Frenchman has a bad conscience, he is displeased with himself, and therefore, he wishes to deafen himself by the din of war, and as he cannot put his own miserable household in order, he wants to make a row in the world! He is at war with himself, and therefore seeks to stir up quarrels with others. He sees his neighbor, the German nation, quiet and prudent, steadily working, increasing in well being, arrive at unification, make wholesome laws, and administrate conscientiously for the public welfare. The whole world looks with respect on all this. The Frenchman alone, instead of taking an example, what does he do? Jealous of his neighbor he wants to destroy the harvest of his strenuous labor, and in doing so he speaks of liberty and civilization! But behind this is a greed for territory—a common rapacity. Our hills are crowned with verdant foliage, the French have despoiled their forests. And deep under the soil which the farmer tills lies, from time immemorial, the coal which furthers our industry. The French want to take our coal-beds on the Rhine and on the Saar, and speak at the same time of liberty and of civilization which they are to bring us! Why? Who can bring what he has not got himself, and what cannot be stolen? The man who governs the French has often acted the lucky gambler. He has speculated on the stupidity and the baseness of men and has won. On the stupidity and baseness of the Germans he has also speculated, has hoped to find men foolish and vile enough to take his part.

But what had he to experience? He has already helped us to victory, the most beautiful and indestructible! The wicked one was going to bring us a curse and he has brought us a blessing already. There is no more a North Germany and a South Germany! there is nothing but a united Germany! We no more allow ourselves to be torn asunder, so as to be nothing, and to be considered as nothing in our disunion. The French have an immoral dance—they call it the cancan. The war-dance to which Napoleon now plays the fiddle is the war-cancan.

What do the French want? To fight—haughtily to try their strength against their peaceful neighbor, and to conquer tracts of land because of his own accord nobody has a desire to participate in French grandeur.

What can the French write on their flag for a device? Nothing more than this: "We want to fight and rob." But what do we Germans want? What can we write on our banner? We fight for the purest and holiest cause, and for a century the struggle for the equal rights of man before the law has lasted. Let us not forget—for we Germans are just even towards our present enemy—that the French have done much in this struggle. Equal rights before the law have been gained in all essential points. To-day Germany fights for the equal rights of nations.

What do the French want? They want the preponderance, the guardianship over nations, the prestige. They are impertinent enough to say to the neighboring people, "You dare not feel well, for I myself am not well; you dare not arrange your affairs as it seems best to you; you must eat the soup as I salt it for you; and of course everything that I like to eat must be served to me first—I am the chosen people of liberty and civilization!" The bragging of Frenchmen, behind which they hide their greediness for territory, must receive the blow which it deserves. No agreement, no means of culture would help us. We no more blush at our own abjectedness; now the blood must be spilt that ought to have risen to our face. Our German device is, "Equal rights to all nations!" We free ourselves and the world from the arrogance of the French, and free the French from their own arrogance. We know what we want, and dare proclaim it to the world. The French must look for a pretext themselves, and try to persuade the world by all sorts of artful means. As sure as truth triumphs over untruth, so surely the victory will be ours.—*N. Y. Post.*

The New Treaty as to Belgium.

The following are the conditions of the new treaty signed between England and Prussia:

"ARTICLE I. His Majesty the King of Prussia having declared that, notwithstanding the hostilities in which the North German Confederation is engaged with France, it is his fixed determination to respect the neutrality of Belgium so long as the same shall be respected by France, Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland on her part declares that, if during the said hostilities the armies of France should violate that neutrality, she will be prepared to co-operate with His Prussian Majesty for the defence of the same in such manner as may be mutually agreed upon, employing for that purpose her naval and military forces to insure its observance and to maintain, in conjunction with His Prussian Majesty, then and thereafter, the independence and neutrality of Belgium.

"It is clearly understood that Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland does not engage herself by this treaty to take part in any of the general operations of the war now carried on between the limits of Belgium as defined in the treaty between Belgium and the Netherlands of April 19, 1839.

"ART. II. His Majesty the King of Prussia agrees on his part, in the event provided for in the foregoing article, to co-operate with Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, employing his naval and military forces for the purpose aforesaid; and, the case arising, to concert with Her Majesty the measures which shall be taken, separately or in common, to secure the neutrality and independence of Belgium.

"ART. III. This Treaty shall be binding on the high contracting parties during the continuance of the present war between the North German Confederation and France, and for 12 months after the ratification of any Treaty of Peace concluded between those two parties; and on the expiration of that time the independence and neutrality of Belgium will, so far as the high contracting parties are respectively concerned, continue to rest as heretofore on the 1st Article of the Quintuple Treaty of the 19th of April, 1839."

The Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria.

We translate from the New York *Staats Zeitung* some extracts from a leading article on English intervention in the European war.

The Empress of the French in her troubles has requested Queen Victoria, the mother-in-law of the Crown Prince of Prussia, at present with the army on its march to Paris, to mediate, so that a peace may be established which will make it possible to the Bonaparte dynasty to continue in France. Queen Victoria was, however, thereby asked to do something which does not at all agree with her wishes, for she has always been opposed to that dynasty. She may be a woman of narrow views, but she has a strong sense of the right, and the act by which Napoleon, after breaking the most sacred of oaths, has placed himself on the throne, convinced her long ago that a reign so commenced could not end well.

The Queen only knows what the King of Prussia has decided to do, in case of victory; and, while her sympathies are with the re-establishment of a constitutional monarchy in France, with the Orleans family at its head, she has simply expressed her regrets that she is unable to do anything. She is a constitutional Queen, who has to act strictly in accordance with the views of her Cabinet; that Cabinet is of opinion that at the present moment an intervention might not be favorably received.

Queen Victoria has therefore made a State affair of that which was asked of her as a personal favor. The Empress meant that she should speak a good word for her husband and child, but the Queen, who knows full well the active part which the Empress has taken in the declaration of war, tells her as plainly as possible that the Bonaparte dynasty has nothing to expect from her personally; that whatever she may do will be in accordance with the views of her Cabinet, and that the Cabinet is of opinion that only when the French army shall be victorious can a diplomatic intervention be of use. This answer must have been, to the Bonaparte dynasty, a mirror to show it its own weakness. It will have learned therefrom that in case it has nothing further to hope for from its own endeavors, it is lost, and that an earnest intervention of Neutral Powers in favor of France can only be made when it shall have fallen.

Scenes and Incidents in a Former Advance on Paris.

The graphic pen of Carlyle has described the invasion of France 78 years ago, which, in its military aspect, is in many respects paralleled to-day. The advance toward the French Capital was then under different circumstances from the present, and the system of warfare has in the meantime completely changed, but the events of that day still continue to be a subject of constant study with military writers, and are now invested with special interest.

Carlyle gives us a life-picture of the scene in the alarmed capital, not unlike what may be repeated within a few days:

"Nor does the other movement slacken; the rushing against foreign Despots. Strong forces shall meet in death-grip; drilled Europe against mad undrilled France, and singular conclusions will be tried. Conceive, therefore, in some faint degree, the tumult that whirls in this France, in this Paris! Placards from Section, from Commune, from Legislative, from the individual Patriot, flame monitory on all the walls. Flags of Danger to Fatherland wave at the Hotel-de-ville; on the Point Neuf—over the prostrate Statues of Kings. There is universal enlisting, urging to enlist; there is a tearful-boastful leave-taking; irregular marching on the Great Northeastern Road. Marseillese sing their wild *To Arms* in chorus; which now all men, all women and children have learnt and sing chorally in Theatres, Boulevards, and the heart burns in every bosom. *Aux armes! Marchons!*—Or think how your aristocrats are skulking into covert; how Bertrand Melleville lies hidden in some garret 'in Aubry-le-Boucher street, with a poor surgeon who had known me.' Dame de Stael has secreted her Narbonne, not knowing what in the world to make of him. The barriers are sometimes open, oftenest shut; no passports to be had; Townhall Emissaries, with the eyes and claws of falcons, flitting watchful on all parts of your horizon! In two words, Tribunal of the Seventeenth, busy under howling galleries; Prussian Brunswick, 'over a space of forty miles,' with his war-tumbrils, and sleeping thunders, and Briarean 'sixty-six thousand right hands'—coming, coming!

"Oh, Heavens! in these latter days of August he is come! Durosoy was not yet guillotined when news had come that the Prussians were harrying and ravaging about Metz; in some four days more one hears that Longedi, our first strong-place on the border, is fallen in fifteen hours. Quick, therefore, Oh ye improvised Municipals; quick, and even quicker. The improvised Municipals make front to this also. Enrollment urges itself; and clothing, and arming. Our very officers have now "wool epaulettes;" for it is the reign of Equality, and also of Necessity. Neither do men now *monsieur* and *sir* one another; *citoyen* (citizen) were suitabler; we even *thou* as the "Free peoples of Antiquity" did, so have Journals and the Improvised Communes suggested; which shall be well.

"Infinitely better, meantime, could we suggest where arms are to be found. For the present our *citoyens* chant chorally *To arms*; and have no arms! Arms are searched, passionately; there is joy over any musket. Moreover, intrenchments shall be made round Paris; on the slopes of Montmartre men dig and shovel; though even the simple suspect this to be desperate. They dig; Tri-color sashes speak encouragement and *well-speed-ye*. Nay, finally, 'twelve members of the Legislature go daily,' not to encourage only, but to bear a hand and delve; it was decreed with acclamation. Arms shall either be provided, or else the ingenuity of a man crack itself and become fatuity. Leon Beaumarchais, thinking to serve the Fatherland, and do a stroke of trade in the old way, has commissioned 60,000 stand of good arms out of Holland; would to Heaven, for Fatherland's sake and his they were come! Meanwhile railings are torn up; hammered into pikes; chains themselves shall be welded together into pikes. The very coffins of the dead are raised for melting into balls. All church-bells must down into the furnace to make cannon: all church-plate into the Mint to make money."

The advance toward Paris is then described:

"And so Brunswick advanced from stage to stage; who shall now stay him—covering forty miles of country? Foragers fly far; the villages of the Northeast are harried; your Hessian forager has only 'three sous a day' the very Emigrants it is said will take silver-plate—by way of revenge Clermont, Sainte-Menehould, Varennes especially, ye Towns of the *Night of Spurs* tremble ye! Procureur Saussy and the Magistracy of Varennes have fled; brave Boniface Le Blanc of the *Bras d'Or* is to the woods; Mrs. Le Blanc, a young woman fair to look upon, with her young infant, has to live in greenwood, like a beautiful Bessy Belle of Song, her bower thatched with rushes; catching premature rheumatism. Clermont may ring the tocsin now and illuminate itself! Clermont lies at the foot of its *Cow* (or *Vache* so they name that mountain) a prey to the Hessian spolier; its fair women, fairer than most, are robbed; not of life, or what is dearer, yet of all that is cheaper and portable; for Necessity on three half-pence a day, has no law. At Sainte-Menehould the enemy has been expected more than once—our Nationals all turning out in arms; but was not yet seen."

The principal closing scene of the campaign, remembered as the Cannonade of Valmy, in which the army of the Duke of Brunswick was finally repulsed, is thus told:

"At seven in the morning the mists clears off: see Kellermann, Dumouriez, second in command, with 'eighteen pieces of cannon' and deep-serried ranks, drawn up around that same silent windmill on his knoll of strength; Brunswick, also with serried ranks and cannon, glooming over to him from the Height of La Lune; only the little brook and its dell now parting them. So that the much-longed-for has come at last! Instead of hunger and dysentery, we shall have sharp shot; and then!—Dumouriez with force and firm front looks on from a neighboring height, can help only with his wishes in silence. Lo, the eighteen pieces do bluster and bark, responsive to the bluster of La Lune; and thunder-clouds mount into the air; and echoes roar through the dells, far into the depths of Argonne Wood (deserted now), and limbs and lives of men fly dissipated this way and that. Can Brunswick make an impression on them. The dull bright Seigneurs stand biting their thumbs; these Sans-culottes seem *not* to fly like poultry! Toward noon-tide a cannon-shot blows Kellermann's horse from under him; there bursts a powder-cart high into the air with knell heard over all: some swagging and swaying observable; Brunswick will try, 'Comrades' cries Kellermann "*Vive la Patrie! Allons vaincre pour elle*, Come let us conquer for her. 'Live the Fatherland,' rings responsive to the welkin, like rolling-fire from side to side our ranks are as firm as rocks; and Brunswick may recross the dell, ineffectual; regain his old position on La Lune; not unbattered by the way. And so for the length of a September day—with bluster and bark; with bellow far echoing! The cannonade lasts till sunset and no impression made. Till an hour after sunset, the few remaining clocks of the district striking seven; at this late time of the day Brunswick tries again. With not a whit better fortune! He is met by rock-ranks, by shout of *Vive La Patrie*, and driven back not unbattered. Whereupon he ceases; retires to the 'tavern of La Lune;' and to raising a redoubt lest *he* be attacked!"

A Poet to the Rescue.

After many years of compulsory exile and voluntary seclusion, Victor Hugo has returned to Paris in the uniform of the reserve National Guard. "A la bonne heure!" says M. Gaillardet, announcing the fact by ocean cable as of good omen.

Certainly it is significant, but rather of the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty than of the final triumph of the French arms. The poet and dreamer of Hauteville House would prove no great accession to the military strength of France, were he to enter into active service, and as a member of the reserves of the National Guard, he can only look on at the final scene which seems so rapidly approaching. His son is charged with complicity in the recent plots for the assassination of the Emperor, and whether the accusation stand or fall, it is reasonably certain that Victor Hugo would not come to Paris except in the belief that the overthrow of "Napoleon le Petit" was accomplished.

Possibly, with this hope of witnessing the dawn of a new era in the government of France, there is united an aspiration to rouse the drooping spirits of his countrymen with the battle song. Certainly the poetry of the war in Paris has so far shown a plentiful lack of the ancient fire, and has given us but faint echoes of the lyre of Beranger. The opportunity is thus afforded Victor Hugo of interweaving with the laurels of his youth fresh wreaths, even though these be wet with the life-blood of his country, and if his return should only make the lyrical wail of Paris more respectable, it will not have been in vain.—*N. Y. Post.*

An Official Prayer for Peace.

The Bishop of London, as provincial dean of Canterbury, has forwarded to the bishops of the province of Canterbury a form of prayer which he and the Archbishop of Canterbury have agreed to recommend as a help to private devotion during the continuance of the present war. The Archbishop, in a letter to the Bishop of London, states that he found that precedents were against the issuing of a public form of prayer while his country is not engaged in the war. The form recommended is as follows:

"O Almighty God, King of all Kings, whose power no creature is able to resist, to whom it belongeth justly to punish sinners, and to be merciful to them that truly repent; assuage, we beseech Thee, the horrors of this war, which Thou hast permitted to break forth in Europe; restrain the passions of the combatants; inspire the conquerors with mercy and the vanquished with submission to Thy will; give patience to all who suffer; prepare for the summons those who are called to die; and set to this warfare bounds which it may not pass. We pray Thee, O God, speedily grant peace to the nations, and so over-rule, in Thy good providence, the course of all events, that our present anxieties may end in the spread of righteousness, enlightenment and true liberty, and thus Thy Kingdom may at last be established on earth. And this we pray through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, the Prince of Peace. Amen."

A DEVILISH PLOT.

Attempt to Throw a Train off the Pennsylvania Railroad Track.

The Lancaster *Express* says:

On Monday night last a most devilish scheme was attempted on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Baby's Curve, about one mile west of the Gap Station, to throw the Cincinnati express train off the track. The object, it is supposed, was to rob the passengers on the train or the express car. This curve is very short, and the embankment is pretty high, rendering it a dangerous portion of the road, and, should the attempt have proven successful, no one can tell what might have been the loss of life, or how terrible an accident would have happened. It appears that a tie was placed across the track, but fortunately not fastened tightly thereto. The Cincinnati express train being considerably behind time, the freight trains received orders to proceed ahead to Leaman Place Station. One of the freight trains struck the tie, carrying it along some distance, until the engine was stopped and the tie removed, when it was taken afterwards to Leaman Place. It is thought that the parties in putting down the tie were frightened by the approach of the freight train, so that they did not stop long enough to fasten it to the rails.

—A thoughtless Iowa youth tied the bridle of his horse about his waist and lay down to sleep. His neck was broken when he was found, and the horse was careering across the country.

—Alaska wants public schools, schools of herring having played out.

—A Berlin correspondent says the whole Almanac of Gotha seems clamoring at King William's headquarters for staff position. The Prussian authorities seriously propose Orpheus C. Kerr's proposition for a corps of brigadier-generals which they will denominate *corps d'elite*.

—Jenkins tells how many yards were made up in a wedding-dress of a recent fashionable bride. Extravagance in this direction is very extraordinary, and yards are of no account; some of the girls will put up with nothing short of a lawn.

—The Swedish immigrants in Illinois are building a city in the neighborhood of Sycamore. Most of them own from ten to fifteen acres of land.

LATEST FROM WEST HICKORY, PENNSYLVANIA.

The "Varmin" of the Oil Regions.

The Titusville *Herald* says:

West Hickory, besides being noted for its big wells, dry holes and rattlesnakes, has a new and charming feature of attraction in the vast number of wildcats, or catamounts, that are to be found in the neighboring forest, and which make night hideous with their mellifluous notes, when on a forage. Since the untimely demise of the wildcat at Fagundas, by reason of an encounter with a bull-dog, no "varmints" have been seen, and it was hoped that the aforesaid animals would let the peaceful settlers have a rest. But such felicity was not to be—and now comes the story.

Near the headwaters of West Hickory creek lives an humble and upright agriculturist, by the name of Adam Goodman, who, after engaging in the perilous occupation of an oil operator on the creek, reformed and opened a keno bank, and with the accumulations of several weeks retired from business—out of the back window (as a police officer entered the front), and purchasing a few acres of soil began to farm it. Not having previously studied Lydia Thompson's work entitled: "What I Know about Farming," his first year's work was not a success. His pumpkins were devoured by potato bugs, grasshoppers carried off his cattle, the weevil got into his sheep, and the corn crop failed under the combined attack of the hoof-rot and murrain. To crown all, he was himself attacked with the hog cholera.

This was the situation on Saturday night last, when from a dreamless sleep he was awakened by an unearthly howl, a crash of glass, and the striking of a "heavy something" upon his breast. At first he thought it must be a horrible nightmare, caused by too rich viands, but when he considered the fact that there were no horses within ten miles of his cabin, and the only supper he had partaken of was a couple of buckwheat cakes, such reasoning seemed erroneous. All was quiet, and finally, thinking it must have been an Oil Creek bedbug on a raid, he dismissed the subject, and was preparing to settle into an all night's sleep, when a scratching was heard beneath the bed. Hastily rising, he jerked on his unmentionables, and, dropping on all fours, began to claw beneath the bed after the midnight intruder.

He found it, and in one-fourth of a minute all the clothes there were upon him would not have made a bib for a china doll. He finally found himself in the corner partly scalped, with his lower limbs looking as though he had been through a wool-carding machine; while, at this juncture, with a spit and a growl, a catamount disappeared through the open window. Such is the simple tale of Adam Goodman. He now desires to emigrate to some spot where the insects are not so troublesome. His farm is a good one, but he says he cannot stand the cats.

SHOCKING SUICIDE IN NEWARK.

A Leather Merchant Hangs Himself.

The Newark *Advertiser* says:

At noon to-day the city was shocked by the intelligence of the suicide of one of our oldest and most successful business men—Mr. Alexander M. Utter, of the firm of Jacobus & Utter, leather dealers, of No. 100 Market street. For some thirty-five years Messrs. Jacobus & Utter have been engaged in business in this city, and in that time have been unusually successful. Mr. Utter was a gentleman of the highest standing in his business relations and otherwise and always won the kind consideration of all with whom he came in contact.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock this forenoon Mr. Utter sold a bill of harness leather and then was seen to proceed up stairs. At about six minutes past twelve o'clock Mr. Jacobus, his partner, went up to the head of the stairs in the fourth story of the establishment at No. 100 Market street, which is used as a drying loft, and seeing Mr. Utter reclining behind a bulk head about four feet high, against the railing of the stairs, said: "Come, Alex., it is 12 o'clock," and descended the stairs.

Eliciting no reply, and thinking that, perhaps, Mr. Utter was asleep upon the pile of leather behind the bulk-head, he retraced his steps and beheld a sight which riveted him to the spot—the body of his partner cold in death, with a rope around his neck, which was fastened by a knot in a crack in the bulk-head, which had at some time been a door. Screaming for help he cut the fatal cord, when Patrick Nugent, an employé, came to his assistance. Dr. O'Gorman was at once summoned, but his skill was of no avail, life was extinct.

The unfortunate man must have died an excrutiatingly painful death—by slow strangulation.

The rope was about three feet in length. He evidently adjusted the rope around his neck, tied a knot in the end of the rope which he forced down a crack in the bulkhead, and then deliberately settled down upon a pile of leather. When found his tongue was protruding from his mouth, and his face was frightfully discolored.

Mr. Jacobus, between whom and the deceased the most friendly relations have existed since they entered into partnership, could give no cause for the rash act. He was free from debt, worth some $60,000, and their business was going on successfully. Several times, however, within the past three or four years, Mr. Jacobus said he had come from his home to the store in a desponding condition, and on two or three occasions had buried his face in his hands and wept.

Mr. Jacobus, on these occasions, knowing that his partner's trouble was of a strictly domestic character, urged upon him strongly to overcome his feelings and try to look upon the bright side, at the same time assuring him that if he continued thus to give way to his feelings, and permit his home troubles to weigh so heavily upon his mind, he would certainly become insane. Others, too, who were somewhat intimate with deceased and his family, attribute his suicide to the same cause.

WHALING NEAR HOME.

An Exciting Adventure.

The New Bedford *Mercury* says: "Captain George Harrison, of the fishing smack Quilp, of New London, which arrived here Saturday afternoon, had an exciting chase after a finback whale while fishing on Coxswain Ledge, twenty-five miles southeast of Block Island, on Friday last. The whale suddenly appeared near the smack, and Captain Harrison threw a swordfish dart into the critter. The fish took about twenty-five fathoms of line, and the tub was also allowed to go overboard. The whale went down, and in a few minutes was seen to 'blow' about three-quarters of a mile distant. The smack up jib and went after her, and when within a short distance Captain Harrison threw an old lance into the small boat, and with two sturdy oarsmen started in chase. He was soon alongside, and threw an iron into the fish.

"Then began the fun; for three hours the whale dragged the boat at a rate of about eight miles an hour, the captain standing ready to cut the line should things get dangerous. That moment arrived at last, the enraged fish suddenly went down, and the boat and its occupants were instantly submerged. Three desperate cuts were made, and just as the boat went over, the line was cut, and the whale and gear disappeared. The smack was far in the distance, but the men clung to the bottom of the boat until she took them off."

—The Utica *Herald* tells of a man who has been pulling agony out of an accordeon for seven days in that city. That's nothing; we knew a school teacher once who did it for seven months, and there was just as much agony in the accordeon as when he began.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

[Translated from Graf von Platen, by H. W. Longfellow, in the Atlantic Monthly for September.]

Remorse.

How I started up in the night, in the night,
Drawn on without rest or reprieval!
The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my sight,
As I wandered so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the gate with the arch mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed through the rocky height,
I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearnings;
Deep under me watched I the waves in their flight,
As they glided so light
In the night, in the night,
Yet backward was not one returning.

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,
The stars in melodious existence;
And with them the moon, more serenely benight;—
They sparkled so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed, in the night, in the night;
And again on the waves in their fleeting;
Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,
Now silence thou light,
In the night, in the night,
The Remorse in thy heart that is beating.

—General Butler was the "best boy" in school.

—A French engineer has invented a steam girl—a new machine for paving.

—Oshkosh, Wis., will produce 50,000 pounds of Swiss cheese this season.

—"Full of *elan*" is the latest description of intoxicated persons.

—An Indiana base ball club has leased a graveyard as a ball-ground.

—A man in Indiana, on being asked why he never combed his hair, nobly remarked that "it was a heap cheaper to cut it."

—Miss Helen Taylor, step-daughter of John S. Mill, is said to be editing the posthumous works of Buckle.

—The Cincinnati *Chronicle* says: "Man's inhumanity to dogs makes our ears tingle daily." A fellow feeling, &c.

—A soldier was so badly injured by the bursting of a shell that he actually took up his quarters in different parts of the town.

—A duel with eight-inch knives has been staved off at Huntsville, Ala. Mr. Gallagher apologized to Mr. Venable.

—The reason young Cavaignac didn't join the army was that he couldn't be allowed to make "certain dynastic reserves" in the oath.

—The most terrible fatality yet for Napoleon is the news that Louisa Muhlbach is writing a "historical novel" on his wife.

—Stephen Pearl Andrews is writing up "the inexpugnability of prime elements" for *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly.*

—Lillian Edgarton is to lecture about "Gossip, its causes and cure." She should patent that cure.

—"How happy should I be with ether!" as the patient said who couldn't get chloroform.

—Daniel Boone's monument has almost disappeared in the shape of chips in the pockets of relic-hunters.

—Carl Beetz, a new tenor with a high C, has arrived in New York. Perhaps he beats them all.

—A jolly Texan painted and disguised himself as an Indian, went to his own house, scared his wife into a fit, set the dogs to howling, and caused his child to jump into a cistern.

—A French statistician estimates that since the departure of the *garde mobile* from Paris there is but one able-bodied man to eighteen women.

—The "Girl of the Period" in Arkansas is described as thirteen years old, shoeless, bonnetless, stockingless, and with the sheriff after her for stealing a horse.

—Boston people are chuckling over a land speculator who invested a quantity of his wealth in the purchase of "lot 17, block 216." It lies somewhere out in the harbor.

—Monroe county, Mississippi, has added sixty pairs of twins to the census within a year. This is what may be called going in t' win.

—A dose of Iowa whisky killed a water-snake a foot long, which had slipped down the throat of a farmer while he was drinking from the river.

—The first important action of the present war was a defeat of Napoleon III. on the anniversary of the departure of Napoleon I. for St. Helena.

—Mullins, of Tennessee, is out in a circular on Roderick Random Butler, because Roderick Random implies that Mullins is an ass.—*Ex.*

—Ladies, you cannot be too careful about your clothes-lines. Mrs. Mack, of Troy, has lost her nose, just because her clothes-line and that of Mrs. Sullivan became entangled.

—An old toper mistook a pitcher of vitriol for cider, last week, at the railroad depot in Scranton, Pa., and emptied it before the station-master could stop him. Only for the promptness of a physician in administering an emetic the consequences would have been fatal.

—The youngest æronaut in the United States is a boy named Bird, at Poughkeepsie. Although only thirteen years of age, he has made more than fifty ascensions, and looks forward with no little eagerness to the time when he may travel across the continent in a balloon made under his own directions.

—Louisville boasts a base-ball player, who "runs the bases so rapidly that nothing is seen or heard of him after the ball is struck until he yells 'score' at the home plate. The papers say that as the umpires could not decide whether he went around or not, it was necessary to provide him with a red scarf. Now, as he flies from base to base, nothing can be discerned save a red streak, which, as he turns each base, forms a part, and at last the whole, of a beautiful red circle."

—A Chicago lady with a very pug nose has been made happy. Says the *Times*: "The distorted feature caused the lady infinite mortification, but art was equal to the emergency. A few days since she applied to Dr. C. H. Thayer, a Madison street dentist, for the manufacture of a rubber nose, after the Grecian style of architecture. The result was the construction of an organ of the required style. It was tinted to suit the fair complexion of the wearer, and now Mrs.——follows as fashionable a proboscis as any on the avenue, and one that should put nature to the blush for the fatal error in her handiwork."

—The following lines were found on a lawyer's table in the Rochester court-house, after the adjournment of the court the other day:

Fair woman was made to bewitch;
A companion, a nurse,
A blessing, a curse,
Fair woman was made to be which?

—John Smith fell in love with a maid,
Each night near the window he stood,
And there, with his soft serenade,
He awakened the whole neighborhood.
But vainly he tried to arouse
Her from sleep with his strains so bewitching.
While he played in front of the house,
She slept in the little back kitchen.