

Elk County Advocate.

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NUMBER 4

VOLUME I.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA,

Nervous Debility,

JAUNDICE,

Diseases of the Kidneys,

ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,

and all Diseases arising from a Dis-

ordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Read the following symptoms, and if you find that

your system is affected by any of them, you may rest

assured that these Remedies will cure you, and

the most important organs of your body, and unless you

checked by the use of powerful remedies, a miserable

life, soon terminating in death, will be the result.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles,

Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity

of the Stomach, Headache, Heart-

burn, Disgust for Food, Fullness

or Weight in the Stomach,

Sour Eructations, Belching,

ing or Fluttering at the Pit

of the Stomach, Swelling of

the Head, Harsh or Difficult

Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart,

Choking or Suffocating Sensations when

in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision,

Dots or Webs before the Sight,

Dull Pain in the Head, Defi-

ciency of Expectoration, Swel-

lowness of the Skin and

Eyes, Pain in the Side,

Back, Chest, or Loins, Head-

aches, Flashes, Heat, Burning in

the Flesh, Constant Imaginations of

Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive

Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hooftland's German Tonic

is entirely vegetable, and contains no

poison. It is a compound of Fluid Ex-

tracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Berries

from which these extracts are made

are gathered in Germany. All the

medicinal virtues are derived from

them by a scientific process. These

extracts are then forwarded to this

country to be used exclusively for the

manufacture of these Bitters. There

is no alcoholic substance of any kind

used in compounding the Bitters,

hence it is the only Bitters that can

be used in cases where alcoholic stim-

ulants are not admissible.

Hooftland's German Tonic

is a compound of all the ingredients of the Bitters,

with even Santa Cruz Hops. It is used for

the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some

pure alcoholic stimulus is required. It will bear in

mind that these Remedies are derived from

any other source for the cure of the disease

named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal

plants, while the Bitters are mere decoctions of roots

in wine form. The Tonic is decidedly one of the most

valuable and agreeable remedies ever offered to the

public. It is used in cases of general debility, and

in all cases of debility, and is a pleasant and safe

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Selected Poetry.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

Each day when the glow of the sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, first of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringling with girlish laughter,
Echoing girlish strife;
We two are waiting together,
And oft as the shadows come,
Through all the house he calls me—
"It is night! are the children at home?"

"Yes, love," I answered him gently,
"They're all home long ago!"
And I sing in my quivering tremble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in a better land.

Home, where never a shadow
Shall dim their eyes with tears;
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
It almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon their
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom:
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell, and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear, they are all at home!"

Select Story.

THE ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS-EVE

BY MARY A. DENISON.

It had been snowing heavily all day, but towards night had cleared off, and now a keen, bitter wind was blowing; that cut to the very bone. It was so cold indeed, that but few persons were seen on the streets, although it was Christmas-eve. Usually, at this hour, on the night before the great holiday, the pavements were crowded with people; happy children going, hand-in-hand with their parents, to buy toys; gay lookers-on; maskers in grotesque garments; and boys blowing horns; everything and everybody jubilant with joy and merriment. But now the streets were almost deserted, for the snow lay a foot deep. In vain the shop windows blazed with gas and exhibited their very choicest stores. Here and there a newsboy, stopping to face the blast, cried the evening papers; and now and then a solitary cab drove almost noiselessly through the trees of the public square, and the icicles rattled down from the eaves. It was as desolate a winter's night as you ever saw.

Suddenly a bare-footed little girl, thinly clad, and shivering with cold, turned a corner, and came face to face with one of the most brilliantly-lighted toy shops in that quarter of the town. She had evidently been abroad to gather fuel for a scanty fire, for she carried an old, torn basket on her arm, in which were chips and other bits of refuse wood, which had been picked up anywhere and everywhere.

At sight of the dazzling window and of the glories it revealed, the poor little thing stopped. Her eyes sparkled with joy. Her breath came short. For a moment she forgot the want and misery at home—the fireless room, the empty cupboard, the sick mother—and could think of nothing but the lovely things the window contained. Oh! that doll, that glorious, gorgeous creature; the spangled dress that seemed covered with diamonds; the funny, funny masks. She had never had a Christmas tree herself, but she had heard of such things, and she gazed, breathlessly, gazing at the doll.

"Where will it go, I wonder? To some one who lives in a beautiful house, I expect, and has everything she wants, even to pies and turkeys for Christmas," she added, in a longing little voice. "Oh, dear!"

That sigh reached the ear of a tall, dark man passing, leaning upon the arm of another gentleman. He looked down, at first with wonder, and then with pity, upon the sweet face and eyes; upon the little red hands that were grasping the basket the poor little hands that should have been white and dimpled; upon the chips with snow melting about their edges; upon the cleanly though thin garments; upon the bare feet; and then again into the deep, wistful eye.

"What a pretty child!" he thought; "Poor little thing!" And he asked, stopping, his voice softened to tenderness, "What is your name, little one?"

The little child, roused from her absorption, looked up, startled but, seeing a kindly face, she answered, dropping a courtesy—
"Lucy, sir!"

Lucy! It was the name of his only sister, whom he had not seen for many a long year; not since he had gone away, after the death of their parents, and the sale of the old homestead up in New England, determined to make his way in the world. What a train of memories it called up. He thought of the happy old days, and of sweet Hetty Moss, and then of the utter despair that followed, when his father died a bankrupt.

and his mother followed of a broken heart, and some far-away relatives came and took his sister out of charity, and old Deacon Moss shut his doors against him. The shame and anguish of it all returned on him as sharply as when he had first felt it, a lad of twenty; but back also came the memory of his sister, and he almost persuaded himself, for a moment that the child before him looked like his "little Lucy" had looked at her age. There was a tremor of expectation in his voice, as he said,
"Lucy what, dear?"

"Lucy Pettigrew,"
"Ah, that was a name he had never heard. But, remembering that his sister's child would not bear her mother's maiden name, he asked again,
"And have you always lived here?"

"Always. As long as I can remember. Father was a soldier, you know, and was killed in the war. Now there is nobody but mother and me."

He looked again at the child. The fancied resemblance to his sister had faded. The "little Lucy" of long ago had blue eyes and flaxen hair; both hair and eyes here were brown.

There was an end of the dream, then. He gave a sigh at the thought. But he put his hand in his pocket, took out a greenback and offered it to the child, saying,
"Don't you want to buy some toys, my dear?"

The child looked down. Her face was very red. Suddenly she seemed to take a resolution—she looked up and said,
"Oh, sir—it's five dollars! It would buy mamma everything. She is sick, you know, and I ought to be home this minute; it was so wrong of me to stop here. If you please sir, I'd much rather spend it for her," she said rapidly and incoherently.

"So you shall, dear! Hurry home now, at any rate; but first tell me where you live?"
"We live in Carpenter street, No. 10."
"And may I keep the five dollars—may I, sir?"

"Certainly. And you shall have a doll, too. I will bring it to you myself, to-morrow."

Oh! will you, sir? she interrupted, her eyes dancing.
With these words she gathered her shawl about her and hurried away.

The gentleman, who had carried on the arm of his companion again, said,
"How all this brings back the past to me! You have often heard me speak of Hetty Moss. I suppose she is dead long ago," he added, with a sigh, "or married, which, for me is worse. But at sixteen she was the loveliest creature I have ever seen. I never shall forget the day, after my father and mother had been buried, that I went to see her, intending, even then, to go away and try my fortunes, but expecting that she would bid me God speed, and that her father who had always been kind to me, would do the same. Ah, Charles! we must all, sooner or later, learn hard lessons; and I learned my first cruel one that afternoon. The old man met me himself. 'Well, I can't dwell on it. He declined to let me see Hetty; called me a beggar's brat; worse, the child of a bankrupt, and bade me begone. Ever since then I have had less faith in human nature.'"

"No, you haven't," answered his friend, bluntly. "You think you have. But, old fellow, you are too good to talk such nonsense and, please God! you'll be happy yet, though not with Hetty."

"My first task, now that I am rich, and home at last," answered the other, "will be to get on the traces, if I can, of poor Lucy. After I left America, I continued to write for years, but never getting any answers. I finally gave it up. Christmas once over, I shall start for the old homestead; but I fear all clue to her is lost."

Meantime, Lucy was hurrying home, feeling herself a new being. In spite of the snow, her bare feet, her cold, numb fingers, we question if there was a happier child in the city.

"She, mother! oh, see!" she cried, when she got home, with a great sob of happiness, we shall have some Christmas, after all; a gentleman gave it to me and said it was five dollars. Oh, mother! mother! I'm so happy! five whole dollars to spend for Christmas! Why, I never heard of such a thing, and my face fairly glowed. 'Isn't it a—miracle, mamma?'"

"My dear child, it seems like one!" said her mother, holding out her wasted hand, and regarding the money.
The sad, sweet face lighted up with a glow of thankfulness as she listened to the little narrative.

"Oh, my darling," she cried, "it was sent for shoes and stockings for your poor feet. I cried to see you go out into the snow to-day, and I prayed in agony to the dear Lord to help us; and this is the answer."

"But I don't want the shoes, mamma, I want Christmas," said Lucy, with a disappointed face. "He told me to go in and buy toys. We never did have a Christmas, and I wanted to see how it seems."

Very soon there was a loud knock at the door; and when it was opened, in came two stout men with an enormous basket between them, and put it down; and there it sat looking up into the widow's face with their great, round eyes of potatoes and squashes, and bulging packages that told of plenty.

"Who is this for?" asked Lucy's mother, quite pale.
"It's for a widow by the name of Pettigrew."

"But who sent it?"
"I don't know who sent it; it's paid for, that's all I care about."
The door shut, the men had vanished.
"Oh, mother! we're dreaming—just as sure as you live, we are dreaming!" cried the delighted child, dancing about the basket. "Why, there's everything there, why, the Lord keeps working miracles, don't he?"

"Call Hetty Moss, child," said her mother, sinking back in her chair, quite overcome; and presently Hetty came in, a stout, sweet-looking woman, not over thirty, with soft, dewy blue eyes, and lips that always looked smiling.

"Why, Lucy, you've been your mother's good angel to-day," said Hetty, stooping over the basket and lifting the packages. "Sure enough, here's Christmas for you!" and she took an enormous turkey from the basket.

There was another knock at the door and a tall man entered and stood on the threshold. The sick woman looked up, and a great cry, the cry of uncontrolled joy, rang through the room.
"Robert! Robert!"

The man was on his knees beside his sister, his arms about her, kissing her eyes, her lips, her forehead.
"Explanations came brokenly. In spite of his first disappointment, something kept telling the stranger that 'Little Lucy' might, after all, be his sister's child. He could not rest, therefore, until he had come to see. And Lucy told him how she had married, but her husband and she had always been poor, and how her husband had been killed at Antietam."

"There is my guardian angel," said the tearful woman, at last, pointing to Miss Hetty; "you may thank her that I am yet alive."

For the first time, now, the stranger saw there was another woman in the room. Miss Hetty Moss was silent for a moment. Miss Hetty Moss looked him straight in the eye, her color flitting and returning, the breath coming quick through her parted lips.

"It is you, Hetty—but you do not remember me," he said, hesitatingly, yet appealingly.
"Yes, I do, Robert," came with a quick gasp. "Oh, Robert! and as he rushed forward, her hands were in his, her head upon his shoulder."

Then came Hetty Moss' story. She had been faithful to her love. Her father, after some years, had died insolvent. After his death, Hetty left her native village, and had come to the great city in search of employment. Here, by one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence that the ignorant call chance, she had come across Robert's sister, now a widow, and almost penniless. They had thrown in their lot together. Hetty had skill with her needle, besides some taste in dress, and had set up in an humble way, as a dressmaker. Sometimes she went out by day's work, and sometimes she labored at home. In these latter cases, Mrs. Pettigrew helped her with her needle. But, latterly, the times had been hard, work was scarce; and both had been near to starving. On the Christmas-eve, when little Lucy went out to see if she could gather a few sticks or chips, they had not a dollar between them.

"I have more money than I know what to do with," said the newly-found brother. "You shall never, Lucy, dear, know want again."

Need we tell the sequel? How there was a grand dinner in one of the most elegant private parlors of the Continental Hotel the next day; and how Hetty became a bride a week or two after; or how little Lucy never knew again the pangs of poverty, or the longing for a Christmas doll. [Peterson's Magazine.]

How STUPID.—To walk along the street with an umbrella or cane under your arm, the point sticking out for everybody to run their face into. How stupid for three ladies to walk abreast, and move so slowly that persons in a hurry must either go between them or get off into a gutter. How stupid to puff and blow, and well filled upon ascending a stairway, with forty pounds of fashionable cloak on your back. How stupid to go too late to church and annoy the minister and congregation by your fussy entrance. How stupid to wear a dress four feet too long, and then look daggers if any one stops on it. How stupid to walk for exercise when you need rest. How stupid not to know what you want when you go into a dry goods store. How stupid to eat when you're not hungry. How stupid to smother the smell of your unwashed person in musk or other disagreeable perfume. How stupid to think that people's opinion of you increases in proportion to the cost of your clothes. How stupid to refuse to sing or play when urged; or to bore people to distraction by both singing and playing when not asked.

"How I HATE THE RAIN."—Thus exclaimed a little girl in our hearing last evening, as the big drops pattered on the window pane, and she looked out almost sobbing at her inability to enjoy a promenade. It was a foolish thought of the child; but many a grown-up person is just as foolish in his wishes. They would rejoice to exclude every cloud from their social horizon. They think they would be best if they could be insured continuous good fortune—no griefs, no melancholy, no vicissitude of condition. Ah! what a great mistake. They would die of ennui in a month! The monotony of our little satisfactions would be unendurable. Our little afflictions are actually a relief. Which, if unattended, wouldicken us to satiety, and sorrow, trouble and pain, are the clouds and the rain, which give variety to social existence, and fruitfully our social nature.

"The world was not made for incessant joy or woe. Change is at once our annoyance and our benefactor."

Cleveland has a bird that sings by machinery. It cost \$200, and there is but one more like it in the United States. This one came from the Paris Exposition. Its plumage is so perfect and beautiful that persons are frequently deceived in supposing the bird is alive.

When the chirping, warbling, and whistling is started by machinery, that causes the bird to open and close its mouth between every note, and turn its head from side to side, the effect upon the spectator is perfect astonishment. The bird is perched upon the limb of a artificial flower that rests in a handsomely painted china flower pot, which contains the machinery. The machinery connects with the bird through a delicate-looking limb of the flower. It is concealed entirely from the view, and works so smoothly that one cannot detect the sound occasioned by its movements unless quite close to the casket, and then only for an instant after the bird concludes a warble.

A CABLE DISPATCH from Cuba says that the insurgents have taken Vill del Cobre, and are preparing to attack Santiago. We have strong reasons to believe that the prospects for the insurgents are very favorable.

The Fashions.

Fanny Fern writes for the N. Y. LEXOK. She has queer notions and uses plain language. The world will not agree with her in many things, but the sensible part of it will endorse her strictures on some of the absurd fashions of the present day. If the Lord had made some ladies look as they make themselves look, we should call it one of those mysterious Providences which no body could understand. But hear Fanny:

When I call the street dress of the majority of respectable women of New York to-day disgusting, I but feebly express my emotions. I say the respectable women, and yet save to them who know them to be such, their appearance leaves a wide margin for doubt. The clown at the circus wears not more stunning or parti-colored costume; in fact he has the advantage of being sufficiently "taut" to use nautical phrase—not to interfere with locomotion; while theirs—what with disgusting humps upon their backs, and big rosettes upon their sides and shoulders, and loops, and folds, and buttons, and tassels, and clasps, and bows upon their skirts, and striped petticoats, all too short to hide often clumsy ankles—and more color and shades of colors heaped upon one poor little fashion ridden-body than ever was gathered in one rainbow—and all this worn without regard to temperature, or time, or place—I say this presents a spectacle which is too disheartening even to be comical.

One cannot smile at the young girls who are, one day—Heaven help them!—to be wives and mothers. Wives and mothers! I say to myself, as I see the throat and neck with only the protection of a gold locket between itself and the cold autumnal winds. Wives and mothers! I say as I see them ruining their feet and throwing their ankles out of shape in the vain endeavor to walk on heels like corks, fastened far into the middle of the sole of their boots and those so high upon the calf of the leg, and buttoned across it so tightly that circulation is stopped, and violent headaches follow. Wives and mothers! I say, as I see the heating and barrenness panier tacked on the most delicate portion of a woman's frame, to make still surer confirmed invalidism. What fathers, husbands, brothers and lovers can be thinking about, to be willing that the women they respect and love, should appear in public, looking like women whom they despise, is a marvel to me. Why they don't say this to them, and shame them into a decent appearance, if their glasses cannot effect it, I do not know. Oh, the relief it is to meet a lady, instead of a ballet girl—Oh, the relief it is to see a healthy, firm stepping, rasy, broad-chested, bright-eyed woman, clad simply with a dress all of one color, and free from bunches and tags! I turn to look at such a one with true respect, and that she has the good sense and courage and good taste to appear on the street in a dress befitting the street; leaving to those poor wretched women whose business is to advertise their persons a free field without competition. If I seem to speak harshly, it is because I feel earnestly on this subject. I had hoped that the women of 1868 would have been worthy of the day in which they live. I had hoped that all their time would not have been spent in keeping up with the changes of fashions too ugly, too absurd for toleration. It is because I want them to be something, or no something higher and nobler than a peacock might aim at, that I turn heart-sick away from these infinitesimal fripperies that narrow the soul and purse, and leave nothing to their wake but emptiness. Nor is it necessary, in avoiding all this, that a woman should look "strong minded," as the vulgar phrase goes. It is not necessary that she should dress like her grandmother in order to look like a decent woman. It is not necessary she should forswear ornaments, because it were better and more respectable to have it confined to the promenade. She is not driven to the alternative of muffling herself like an omnibus driver in January, or catching consumption with her throat protected only by a gold locket.

Oh, I wish that a bevy of young handsome girls, of good social position, would inaugurate a plain lady like costume for street and church wear. I say young and handsome, because if an old woman does, the little chits will toss their heads and say, "Oh, she has had her day and don't care now—and now we want ours."

Now that's perfectly natural, and right, too, that you should have your youth; that you should as girls say, "make the most of yourselves;" but in doing so don't you think it would be well not to lessen or cheapen yourselves? But I submit, with all deference to your dressmakers and mammas, that every one of you who appear in public in the manner I have described are doing this very thing—are degrading womanhood, and bringing it into derision and contempt, whether you believe it or not.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN GERMANY.—Sunday Schools had no existence in Germany eight years ago. Now there are sixty-six, with 11,209 scholars, and in the German cantons of Switzerland, nineteen, with 2343 scholars. These schools, for religious instruction, were started by means of the efforts of an American merchant, named Woodruff, who addressed several audiences at Bremen on the subject, a German merchant acting as interpreter. The latter gentleman has since devoted himself to the Sunday School work with the result named.

A STORY is going the rounds of the English press, under the head of "Lamentable Ignorance," to the effect that a little girl, ten years old, examined at an inquest on the body of her father, could not tell where little girls went who told lies. This leads a correspondent of the Pall Mall GAZETTE to relate of the late Judge Maule, that having asked a little girl tendered as a witness if she knew where she would go after death if she told a lie, and the child replying "No, sir," the Judge was overheard to mutter to himself, "No more do I."

A "brave tar" of Water street, thus delivered himself at a recent religious assemblage in that locality: "Fellow citizen, Give me the Presbyterians for discipline, the Baptists for water, and the Methodists for fire; I'm a Presbyterian when on duty, a hard-shell Baptist in hot weather, and a Methodist in winter."

NEWS ITEMS.

It is reported that at Fort Scott, Kansas, the inhabitants procure all their coal by grading the streets, where it is found in abundance.

A dispatch from Havana says that Salnave attacked the town of Jacmel, Hayti, recently, and was repulsed after losing 300 men. He had also committed outrages against the French and English flags, and vessels of war had been sent for to protect foreign residents and reset the insults put upon them by Salnave.—Gen Monagas, of Venezuela, is reported dead, and it is feared another revolution will be the result.

A colored boy named Ben Gray has been arrested at Richmond, charged with having misplaced a switch recently at Temple's Crossing on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, and thereby throwing the mail train from the track. After some hesitation the boy confessed to having moved the switch while playing with it, and being unable to replace it.—He was committed to answer.

On Sunday morning the jury in the case of Gen. Cole, charged with the murder of L. Harris Hiseock at Albany last Winter, came into Court and asked for instructions. They desired to know if the prisoner, being previously sane, was seized with uncontrollable frenzy at the sight of Hiseock, should be considered sane; also, if one "obstinate jurymen" should yield his convictions to the other eleven. The Judge instructed them regarding the first point that it was one which they must decide for themselves, and as to the jurymen if he was honest in his opinion he should maintain it.

A treaty has just been concluded with the delegates of the several tribes representing the Six Nations, which they cede to the General Government the lands owned by them in Kansas. The Government agrees in consideration, to pay the sum of \$520 for each and every person entitled to participate in the beneficial provisions of the treaty of Jan. 15, 1838, (about 4,000 in number,) the sum to be invested in United States bonds, to be held in trust by the Secretary of the Interior, the interest thereon to be paid annually to the members of the several tribes.

On the night of Nov. 17, Howard A. Cleveland, a young man about 35 years of age, visited his friend, Warren George at East Orrington, Me., to the purpose of passing the night. Some time during the night Cleveland cut George's throat from ear to ear, nearly severing his head from his body. His mother, an old lady 70 years of age, then helped him to conceal the body in the cellar, after which they robbed the house and fled. The murder has but recently been discovered, and has created a great sensation from its brutal nature. The old lady was arrested a few days since, and young Cleveland was apprehended in Boston on Friday night.

A terrible steamboat collision took place on the Ohio River on Friday night, resulting in a fearful loss of life. The regular passenger boats AMERICA and UNITED STATES, playing between Cincinnati and Louisville, came in collision near Warsaw, owing to false signals having been sounded. Immediately upon coming together a quantity of Petroleum on board the UNITED STATES caught fire and enveloped both vessels in flames. A scene of horror ensued among the passengers, many of them jumping overboard to escape the flames. It is thought between seventy and eighty persons, many of them being ladies, were either burned to death