The Press.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1865.

☞ The subscribers and patrons of *The Press* in West Philadelphia will oblige us by sending their names and addresses to this office, as arrangements are in progress for insuring the prompt delivery of our journal throughout the city and suburbs.

THE SHENANDOAH.

The Times has begun to perceive, at last, that some stop *ought* to be put to the buccaneering exploits of the Shenandoah in the North Pacific. It suggests that the British Admiralty should send out a naval force sufficiently strong to capture or destroy this marauder, and suggests that, when captured, Captain WADDELL should be hung as a pirate. This advice smacks of the old proverb which speaks of the wisdom of shutting the stable-door after the steed was stolen. The proper action on the part of the British Government should have occurred considerably earlier. The Shenandoah was built, fitted out and manned in England, and still is British property; for though she hoisted the Confederate flag (as a substitute for the regular death's head and cross-bones on a black-ground), she never yet cast anchor within any harbor at any time, or for any time, possessed by "the so-called Southern Confederation." Six months ago, that pseudo-Confederation came to an end, yet the Shenandoah still carries its fustian flag.

The British Government, had it any earnest purpose of carrying out the neutrality it proclaimed, in Queen VICTORIA's name, (fancy Mr. GLADSTONE assenting, in a Cabinet council, to the principle and even the language of these proclamations, and, at the same time, having neatly folded up in his pocket-book Confederate bonds for $10,000!) should have prevented the Alabama, the Shenandoah, and other such vessels being built in and departing from British ports. *There* lay the original blunder, and we have TALLEYRAND's word for it that a blunder in politics is worse than a crime. For the injuries done to American commerce by British pirates sailing under the Confederate rag, we have to hold England responsible, in a political and in a pecuniary point. Sir MORTON PETO, who has judiciously expressed himself with moderation and temper when alluding to international politics, declared, in his speech at Chicago last week, that he was persuaded, when the matter was fully investigated, that it would appear that the British Government had done every thing in its power to prevent English ships being employed, under the rebel flag, to injure American commerce. Sir MORTON PETO is avowedly a liberal man and expresses himself in the most friendly language towards the United States, but he is impressed, like the majority of his countrymen, with the idea that the British Government was not to blame if it delayed taking steps to stop the Alabama at Liverpool until *after* she had put to sea. PALMERSTON has said so in the Commons; RUSSELL echoed him in the Lords, and the press of England, with a few exceptions, swelled the cry that if British-built vessels were employed to ravage American commerce, it was only a just retribution on the United States for not having let the South quietly glide into Secession, and from Secession into Nationality.

As the same time, while England thinks so favorably of rebellion upon *one* side of the Atlantic, see how sensitive she is to anything like it *on the other*. No sooner was it whispered that a few unarmed natives, supposed to be infected with Fenianism, were being drilled at midnight in some counties of Ireland, (a country not much larger than Maine,) than arrests were instantly ordered upon a large scale, and the channel fleet immediately ordered to cruise close to Ireland as a measure of precaution.

ON MONDAY EVENING one of the steam-cars on the Frankford Railroad ran into a carriage and overturned it and its occupants down an embankment, into a puddle of water. Something should be done to prevent the constant repetition of these accidents, accounts of the majority of which never appear in the newspapers. Collisions are oftentimes of daily occurrence—sometimes two and three in a day—and damage always results either to the unlucky vehicle or the steam-car. In either case there is danger to life. The boiler of the car is but ill-protected, and if struck and penetrated is quite likely to scald engineer or passengers to death. The road is much travelled, but travel to any great extent should be entirely prohibited. If owners of wagons and horses do not reck for their lives and property, the law should step in to learn them common sense.

THE camel-experiment is again to be tried on the plains by an "overland camel company." The camels are to be imported from Algeria, and will set some of the heavy transportation to our fellow-citizens in the wilds. They can travel on roads impracticable to wagons and in the mountain passes, as well as on the plains, and will be for years of immense utility. The camel is the semi-civilized method of transportation, and is but the harbinger of the railroads which will raise the century cover our western land with a giant net-work.

A NEW WEEKLY, the *Owyhee Avalanche*, has just been issued at Ruby City, Owyhee county, Idaho Territory.

Newspapers are said to be offshoots of civilization, and, like full-leaved branches, evidence thy to activity and maturity of the trunk from which they spring. Civilization, therefore, has extended into a territory which even less than a score of years ago was a perfect wilderness, and only a hunting ground for savages. Even now it has scarcely more than 9,000 inhabitants, whites and Indians computed, and yet the whites are intelligent and progressive enough to demand a newspaper. With such pioneers to conquer our Western wilds, and prepare the way for our growing greatness to the Pacific coast, is it any wonder that we are the foremost among the nations in peace and in war?

The Lincoln Monument.

At a meeting of the National Lincoln Monument Association, held in Springfield, Illinois, last week, the treasurer's report showed the gross receipts of the association, including the interest on 7-30 bonds, to be $53,000, of which $31,000 are still in the treasury, the balance having been expended for incidental expenses. A very beautiful and apparently appropriate design for the monument was submitted by the Governor from a well-known Vermont sculptor. It is a Corinthian column, supporting a colossal figure of Lincoln, and resting on a pedestal. Four groups, representing the different branches of the military service, occupy as many corners of the pedestal. At the base of the pedestal, and looking outward from the column, are the figures of four boys upon pedestals, representing a sailor boy, drummer boy, bugle boy, and flag boy. The design was universally admired by the members, but no action was taken regarding it.

BLIND TOM.—This wonderful performer on the piano—an instrument of which he is master—we are glad to learn, is to remain with us for this week only, and those who have not seen him should avail themselves of this, perhaps the last, opportunity of seeing him, and witnessing his wonderful performances. The price of admission is within the reach of all. The hall is crowded nightly, many unable to gain admittance. We, therefore, advise all who have not seen him to go at once and witness his performance.

ARTEMUS WARD.—This gentleman will lecture and exhibit his panorama, at Musical Fund Hall, this evening, for the last time in this city prior to his departure for Europe. On Monday and Tuesday evenings delighted audiences were in attendance at the hall.

MONS. ALEX. WOLOWSKI, who was the musical tutor of the family of our late President, Mr. Lincoln, has opened, at 822 Walnut street, a new course of piano and singing lessons. All those who wish to read music readily and sing with taste, expression, and finished style will do well not to lose this opportunity.

THE WEST CHESTER AND PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD COMPANY will sell excursion tickets to the agricultural exhibition, at West Chester, on Friday and Saturday, 29th and 30th of September. Fare, $1.25. A train will return to the city on Saturday, at 6.45 P. M.

The American Stage.

Revolutions not only do not go backwards, but often (like the whirlpools that sweep everything into their vortex) react, reform, or change others beyond those they were organized to abolish or improve. The new era produced by the war will affect more things than slavery, and extend to a wider space than the South. We have already seen that it has created an unwonted bustle in trade of all kinds; has given an impetus to labor; a new tone to politics, and new texts for private research and debate; and it is easy to predict that all this liberty being true, of the few months succeeding the rebellion, how many unequalled wonders will startle the world when the energies that have been quiet during four years of bloodshed are permitted to work with the tremendous vitality acquired in that long period of rest and reflection. A total change in what is merely a tolerated custom must take place in the present organism of the American stage. It would be incomprehensible if that which should be a source and a means of public amusement and instruction were allowed to go on seeking for the lowest subjects with which to debase the popular taste and to empty the popular pocket.

It is contended that the war degraded the American stage—an assertion which, however true of some things, is certainly not true of what was already so inferior when the war began, as in some respects to seem beyond a deeper decline, if not incapable of redemption. Let us admit, however, that the drama in this country degenerated while our armies were fighting; that only makes it a necessity and a duty to improve and to elevate it in the hours of peace and "reconstruction." Before considering this necessity and duty, let us look after the individual chiefs of the American stage, and ask where they are found at the end of the great struggle? And first about Edwin Forrest. He is here in Philadelphia, in his fine mansion at the corner of Broad and Master streets, recovering and nearly rejuvenated from a long illness. For over two months he was stretched on what for a time threatened to be the couch of incurable invalidism; but the care of his physician (Mr. Forrest is a stern believer in the homœopathic system) and his own natural strength of body and the philosophic habit that has grown out of an education in the struggles of life such as few men have lived to learn—all these have carried him through, and he will begin a course of Shakspeare in the New England towns, about the middle of next month, in almost his usual splendid health. It is known that Mr. Forrest, in his anxiety to improve his own profession, some time ago projected a kind of theatrical school, and erected a neat brick addition to his residence, to which he removed his noble picture gallery, and in which he established, on a small but perfect model, his stage, auditorium, orchestra, &c., or the accommodation of the youth of both sexes who might be so fortunate as to obtain admission to his college. His long illness and necessary absence in his personations at the theatres, have only postponed, let us hope, the fulfilment and prosecution of this noble design. We believe it is his intention to secure the services of some old and experienced actor, of tried integrity and character, to superintend this institution. Once in fair progress, with the aid and influence of Mr. Forrest's advice and presence, we can conceive no more useful public benefit, nor could the last scenes of his own eventful and distinguished career, be more harmoniously filled and honored, than by the success of this theatrical seminary, and the rendering graduation of the young men and women who had been trained within its walls.

After Forrest we look for Murdoch among the living tragedians. Honor to the patriotic and unselfish citizen! His services to his bleeding country during the war for its liberty and salvation—his unceasing and whole-hearted devotion—should secure to him on his return to the stage, from which he retired when the war began, an ovation in every loyal city. He knew nothing but the Republic in that darkest hour in the history of modern civilization, and we trust his reappearance before his countrymen (soon to take place) will be the signal for such a series of demonstrations in his behalf as will show that his courage and disinterestedness have not been forgotten.—James W. Wallack and E. L. Davenport, named in company in recent issues, because of their successful "combination" in the personation of the standard drama, are not, we think, acting together this season. No two gentlemen are better qualified by nature and study to enlighten and edify others; and would now sustain an enviable personal and professional reputation. Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. J. S. Clarke—brothers-in-law and partners, will doubtless add equally to fortune and fame in the coming season. Mr. Clarke was warmly welcomed at the opening week of the Walnut, of which he and Mr. E. are owners.

One realizes, as he writes on this subject, the gap—death or absence from the stage—of many of those who have been chiefs in their art. The best establishments—Wheatley's (Niblo's Garden), Wallack's (New York), Mrs. Drew's Arch (in this city), Grover's New Chestnut here, and the fine establishment that bears his name (in Washington); Ford's (in Baltimore), Pike's (in Cincinnati), the great Boston Theatre, the Walnut (in this city), and the San Francisco temples of amusement, are all making money now, and have made money for their owners. Wheatley's income is very large. His success has been unexampled. The owner of Pike's Opera House, in Cincinnati, rumor has it, contemplates a magnificent edifice in New York—which is to combine all the varieties of music, comedy, tragedy, pantomime, and spectacular grandeur. As we note that even the stage in Salt Lake City is prosperous, we gather a new page in the history of the rebellion, and see how poorly the players are doing in the South. In Richmond, Norfolk, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, and of course, Louisville and St. Louis, the theatres are all in full blast, with few familiar names on their bills, not the less certain, on that account, let us hope, of being the beginning of first-rate reputations. But elsewhere all is sad. The track of war was one wide desolation—blotting out many of the most elegant and luxurious theatrical cities in the insurgent regions, depopulating whole commonwealths, and forcing work upon those who had only known what labor was in the ease with which they squandered its proceeds.

So much for a glance at the *personale* of the the stage. Of its *morale* little can be said in the way of praise. Let us illustrate by taking the plays now in vogue to crowded houses in Philadelphia. At the Walnut we have "Lady Gay Spanker's Secret," a wretched imitation, based on Miss Braddon's hysteric novel of that name, teaching the success of hypocrisy, falsehood and cupidity so well that, although these vices are punished in the final catastrophe, the success of the she-villain will be taken by some young people rather as a temptation than as a warning. At the New Chestnut we have Miss Helen Western in masculine character, very rude, very free, very muscular, and, we must add, very vulgar. At the New Walnut Miss Kate Fisher, handsome and horsy, is doing the same kind of characters in the effective style. At the Arch there is a difference in the character of pieces, but "The Serf" is of the flash flashy, and really imparts no lesson that can be remembered or followed. We are to have Mrs. Lander Davenport at this house on the 2d of October—a very comforting fact. But even this chaste artist must advertise for a spoiled public taste, by appearing in what is either unnatural or doubtful. The fixed fashion, or rather the adherence to the fixed fashion, controls everything; and he will be a bold man who can cure or change it for something sensible or probable. Nor is it the fault of our managers; they do their best.

It is the fault of the market, foreign as well as domestic; and, though ready to pay the best prices for plays and players, and spurred by a sharp and hot competition, they cannot purchase what is not to be had. Who is to discover the remedy? Why is it that the stage does not feel the elevating influences of the times? Never have the sciences been so native and so beneficent as now; never have so many good new books been published; never have the great mechanic arts been so alert and so prolific of inventions. Only the stage drags along without improvement. Of the writers of fiction from which playwrights may draw their material, there is only one who teaches the genuine philosophy of real life; who vindicates the best moral maxims; who lashes the wanton vices of the world, and makes us ambitious that our common experience shall be felt and followed for good. That one is Charles Dickens. When we think of the salutary influences of his stories turned into plays, for the benefit of thousands, many of whom could not read them in the books, we long for "Dombey," with Captain Cuttle, and Walter, and Cawker, and Nell; for Oliver Twist, with Bill Sykes and Nancy; for "The Cricket on the Hearth," (the mere thought of the cricket brings to us the clear old Christmas times,) for David Copperfield, and the other thoughtful and immortal writings of that world's benefactor. "Our Mutual Friend," the last sands of which are now running through *Harper's Magazine*, is a perfect Nevada of precious metals, in the shape of incidents, situations, language, and above all in the valuable impressions and precepts it leaves. When will it be dramatised?

Because what is known as the Theatre proper has fallen into these loose practices, the opera has become popular with the intelligent and refined. The early stage was not only dedicated to dramatic poetry, but also to music as sung in chorus. This was undoubtedly true of the Greeks, with whom the theatre originated. In many cases, and for many years, the recitative was preceded or superseded by the lyric artists. "The whole structure of the theatre," says the historian, "may be traced to the chorus, whose station was the original centre of the whole performance." The opera is undoubtedly fashioned after these ancient models. What we know as the Italian opera is the foundation of the French and German. The Pindaric ode became the fashion, and poetry, written to be sung, not spoken, filled the Italians with a sort of poetic fluency, and soon extended to other nations, reaching England and the United States last. It is only comparatively a few years since the American people were taught to love this style of dramatic personation, and now, at the end of the greatest war of modern years, we find it greedily preferred by the cultivated and even by the multitude (for what is the fashion is sure to be imitated by the masses) to the theatre, which has confessedly, as we have shown, fallen far below the high destiny that it ought to labor for criticism. Although in the structure of the modern drama, Italian or German, the unities are often flagrantly disregarded, the plot involved, and the language generally unintelligible, yet the music exercises a most soothing effect. Nay, it may claim a high mission; for we have seen that where delicious harmonies of the great masters are studied and repeated, the rudest are softened and refined, and rough tastes and habits subdued and given up in the excitement of the emulation produced by a feeling, once realized, never forgotten. We are gratified to know that there is to be no lack of progress, and of improved progress, in the opera during the winter. Maretzek and Grau are evidently to be the high rivals; but there is a harvest for both, and a wide field for their largest expenditures. They cannot mistake in procuring the very best talent. Mr. Bateman's new card, Madame "Pareps," stirs the world of harmony in advance of the "grand armée" of choristers and instrumentalities of all degrees. She is said to be a wonder of her school, and is still singing to unabated crowds in New York. We hear that Mr. Leonard Grover, of the New Chestnut here, and the temple of his own name, in the National capital, will contend with the boldest for the control of the best operatic people; but whether he will reinforce Maretzek or Grau, or start a troupe of his own, remains to be seen. He is a bold man, and we could wish success to no more patriotic, generous and philanthropic citizen.

The Grand Fair for the Soldiers.

THE GREAT PREPARATIONS FOR IT—CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE WHOLE COUNTRY—OUR DEBT TO THE DISABLED VETERANS.

As the opening day of the great Fair for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home draws near, the interest in it increases, and not only Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, but New York and the New England States are awakened to the national importance of the event. With peace has come new responsibility; we no longer need Sanitary and Christian Commissions to provide for the comfort of soldiers in the field, but gratitude, justice, honor, require that we should take proper care of those veteran soldiers who have come home from the war mutilated, penniless, friendless, and unable to work. To Philadelphia the honor belongs of first establishing a Home for these gallant men. Two years ago the building at Race and Crown streets was taken by a committee of prominent ladies and gentlemen, and since then it has been filled with deserving veterans. It is now entirely too small to admit one half of the applicants, and the managers, by this great Fair, desire to raise a building and endowment, and thus to re-establish the Home upon a basis worthy of the nobility of its purposes and the gratitude of the nation. That they will be energetically aided by the ladies, the merchants, manufacturers, and farmers of Pennsylvania, we are assured; but our citizens should spare no effort to make this great Fair one of the most brilliant successes of Philadelphia's benevolence. New England, New York, and New Jersey have shown a noble spirit. They remember the hospitality of the Philadelphia Refreshment Saloons, where nearly one million of soldiers, passing through the city, were supplied with meals, and recognizing the nationality of the Home, they are giving it their liberal and earnest support. Most of the leading New England manufacturers have contributed generously, and in very many of the Eastern cities the ladies have formed committees in aid of the fair.

All this is very encouraging. It is evident that the people have not forgotten their debt to the few thousands of disabled veterans who are homeless in the land they have saved. The success of our Home will probably lead to the consolidation for that of other enterprises here, the establishment of similar institutions in the other States, and at a comparatively small expense, every deserving veteran who has lost limbs or health in the battles of the Union, will find shelter, and, if he is able, occupation. All that is now needed is energy and co-operation. The Fair will begin October 23d, and whoever would share in its triumph should begin to work for it at once.

The Shooting Cases in Richmond.

From the Richmond papers of Monday we take the following particulars of the shooting case, the points of which were yesterday specially telegraphed to *The Press*:

On Friday night about 10 o'clock, a man named R. H. Meade was shot on Franklin street, opposite Metropolitan Hall, by a woman named Isabella Ould, the ball entering the back of his left side near the spine, and ranging forward, remained in the body. The two were first heard in an altercation in the street, the woman exclaiming "in piteous tones, "Don't leave me!" At that time the woman was standing in the door of the restaurant opposite the "Eureka," and Meade was in the street, a few feet distant from the door. While the woman was pleading, "Don't leave me!" he stood for a moment, but suddenly turned upon his heel and started down the street, when Mrs. Ould stepped to the door of the restaurant and fired upon Meade, the ball taking effect as above described. After receiving the shot, he staggered back a few steps and exclaimed, "Lizzie, don't shoot me any more." When the police came up, almost immediately after the firing, they found the woman approaching the wounded man, who was staggering to the ground searching for a brick. Both were taken into custody. Meade was carried to a house near by, where his wound was properly dressed by Dr. White. Mrs. Ould, after her arrest, begged to be allowed to see Meade, and was taken into the house where he was lying. Her face was badly swollen, as if from a severe blow; and it was alleged that she had been struck with a brick by Meade previous to the shooting, as soon as she saw the wounded man she exclaimed, "Oh, Bob, Bob, how are you! Will you forgive me! I begged you to save me from ruin, and you would not!" saying which she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. Meade remained perfectly silently, "Well, you say I've ruined you, and now you tried to kill me. You've got all my money!" Mrs. Ould quickly replied, "I don't want your money," and thereupon drew from her pocket a roll of bills and a watch and chain, and handed them to the wounded man. Several of the bystanders reminded her that she had better keep some of the money; but she replied, "No, I don't want it; I'm dead before he will!" Mrs. Ould was carried before the provost judge on Saturday morning, but, owing to the condition of the wounded man, the examination was postponed and the accused sent to prison in default of one thousand dollars. Mr. Marmaduke Johnson appeared as counsel for the accused. Mrs. Isabella Ould is about thirty years of age, rather prepossessing in appearance, and came to this country from London, England, some years ago. She has been married once, but is childless. She has been acquainted with Meade for about three years, during part of which time she is said to have been living with him as his wife. For some months past the two have been jointly interested in a barroom on Franklin street, opposite Metropolitan Hall. She states that Meade had promised to marry her, and that when he left the house on Friday night she knew he was on his way to Manchester to visit a young lady whom he had engaged to marry to-night (Monday). Dupont (Friday) she had implored him not to desert her, and he had, but a few hours previous to the shooting, taken a solemn oath that he would not.

Meade is about thirty-three years of age, and for some time past has been employed as an agent on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. On Saturday morning he was doing tolerably well, and, with the consent of his physician, was moved to the residence of A. Mc Hooper, in Manchester, to whose daughter, it is said, he was to have been married to-night.

Mr. Perkins, a bookseller in the Exchange, who resides on the corner of Belvidere and Cary streets, in Sidney, was aroused on Saturday night by his wife, who said there were robbers were endeavoring to get into the house. Not believing that anything wrong was the matter, he soon fell asleep again. In the meantime his wife got up to examine the premises and ascertain whether her fears were groundless, when she was down where Mr. Perkins was again roused by what he supposed was the noise made by some burglar. Seizing a pistol he had in his chamber, he fired upon her just as she was coming down stairs on her return to her chamber. The effect of the shot was to kill her instantly. Soon as Mr. Perkins discovered his fatal mistake, he awoke his neighbors with the cry, "I have killed my dear wife," and gave expression to the most poignant grief. The relations between the parties thus suddenly separated, had always been of the most pleasant character, and there is no circumstance connected with the affair to induce the impression that it was anything but one of the most painful and heartrending accidents which it has been our duty to record for many a long day. Mr. Perkins, in his severe affliction, has the sympathy of a number of friends and neighbors.

Pendleton's Speech in Richmond.

[From the Richmond Republic.]

The people of Richmond were addressed on Saturday night at the City Hall by Mr. Pendleton, of Cincinnati, the Democratic candidate for Congress in this district. We were as much delighted with the admirable address of Mr. Barbour as disappointed and chagrined by that of Mr. Pendleton.

From the well-written and most interesting card in which the latter gentleman announced himself to the people as a candidate for Congress, we expected to hear from him on this occasion the speech of a conservative friend of the Union, who had suffered in its behalf, and was determined, more than ever, to support the cause by heartily defending the people wherever he went the most liberal sentiments of forgiveness and reconciliation. We are sorry to be compelled to say that the spirit and sentiments expressed in his address, which was violent, ill-natured and extravagant in the highest degree, were such that no Union editor have suited the angry era of the war than the present conciliatory period of pacification and reconstruction.

One of the laws of Congress, against which there exists no objection of unconstitutionality, whatever else may be its demerits, prescribes a stringent oath as a qualification necessary to admission to a seat in that body. At this law of the land Mr. Pendleton spoke in the most contemptuous manner; spoke of the Congress which passed it as idiots; and, while declaring that he would take the oath, he claimed that he was not running on that merit. He went on to speak of four Federal generals, who had quartered on his farm before the campaign of the Wilderness; and alluded, with apparent gratification, to the fact that three of them had been slain in battle a few days after leaving his premises, as if a special Providence had thus interfered to mark them with its disapprobation, and as if the grave itself could not relieve its victims from the animosities of Mr. Pendleton. That a speech delivered in such a temper does not suit the present circumstances of the South, must be apparent to every reflecting citizen; and, though we would gladly avoid the necessity of doing so, if possible, yet we should be recreant to our duty if we did not visit upon these portions of Mr. Pendleton's speech the most emphatic reprobation.

The law of Congress prescribing the test oath in question is a law of the land. It grew out of the exigencies and passions of the war, and of circumstances which all may deplore, but which not even the hand of Omnipotence can now change. As a law of the land, it must be obeyed, and will it shall be legally repealed. The South earnestly desires and hopes for its repeal or modification; but it would adopt a very mistaken method of accomplishing this object if it sent Representatives to Congress notorious for the violence with which they denounce the law and for the opprobrious epithets which they apply to the body from which its repeal is solicited.

At the pass of Thermopylæ three hundred Spartans rushed upon a useless and wanton death in obedience to a law of their country forbidding its soldiers to return home from war except as conquerors or borne upon their shields. On the monument which was erected over their remains, upon the scene of their immolation, was written this inscription: "*Stranger, tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here, in obedience to their laws.*" In this same spirit of obedience even to the most exigent of laws, many patriotic men of Virginia have immolated their personal aspirations, and in deference to this law of Congress have retired from the congressional canvass. The conduct of these gentlemen is, in our humble opinion, far more to be admired than that of Mr. Pendleton, in characterizing the law and its authors in the terms he employed on Saturday night.

Mr. Pendleton was followed by Mr. B. Johnson Barbour in one of the most eloquent, admirable and conservative speeches we have listened to in many years. It was a beautiful elaboration of the views which he expressed in his letter on public affairs which was published last month. Mr. Barbour made a decidedly favorable impression upon the people of this city; and we have every reason to believe and to hope that he will carry the district by a decided majority over all competitors.

OUR TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT.

From Pittsburg to Chicago—Along the Banks of the Ohio—A Night in a Sleeping Car—The Appearance of the Country—The Western Railways—Chicago and the Chicago River—The Streets of the City—Trade and Business—The Crops—Cattle.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22, 1865.

Leaving Pittsburg at 3 P. M., on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad, we passed rapidly westward along the banks of the Ohio. I was struck with its general resemblance, both in width and the appearance of the banks on either side, to the Delaware a short distance below Easton, Pa.

THE SLEEPING CARS.

We arrived at Alliance at about 7 P. M., where an excellent and bountiful supper was prepared for the passengers, to which they did full justice. Night closed around us; but, having fortunately secured a comfortable berth in the fine sleeping-car attached to the train, we were soon sleeping soundly and comfortably, our slumbers only being interrupted by the summons of the agent in charge of the car to prepare for breakfast, as we were approaching Fort Wayne. Rising, we found our shoes polished at the entrance to the berth; a marble wash-stand with hydrant attached; mirror, comb, and brush near by; and, but for the comparatively narrow proportions of our couch and a slight rumbling of the train, it would not have been difficult to imagine that we had been passing the night in a hotel. Railway travelling has been reduced to a science by our first-class roads, and we are not quite sure that many of those who call themselves of the facilities afforded do not find their physical wants more agreeably supplied while on a journey than during their quiet residence at home. During the whole long route from Pittsburg to Chicago—four hundred and sixty-eight miles—the country is so nearly perfectly level that scarcely a single natural obstruction of the road existed; but what surprised me was that I noticed scarcely a point where the horizon was not bounded by a vigorous growth of thriving timber. I did not see one single bona-fide prairie—part of the land was saturated with water, being abandoned as swamp land; and this resemblies very much in general appearance the marshy meadows which lie a short distance west of Atlantic City, N. J., but they were only of limited extent, and immediately in their rear the wide-spread and almost uninterrupted growth of timber which abounds in northern Ohio, northern Indiana and northern Illinois, was everywhere perceptible. But a small portion of the land through which we passed to-day was cultivated. We saw no stock, and very few farm-houses. The line of the road is almost perfectly straight. Standing on the rear platform and looking back we could see the rails apparently converging until they appeared to reach a single point, and if we had trusted to the evidence of our own eyes, regardless of the mathematical axiom that two parallel lines can never approach each other, we would almost have been forced to conclude that the track united at the distant point in view. It becomes easy to understand why and how it is that the whole West is so completely gridironed with railways. The cost and labor of completing them only commences where in Pennsylvania and other Eastern States among our rugged mountains, rolling plains and deep valleys it is almost ended. In the East, the great labor is to make the necessary excavations and embankments and to build the high bridges. In the West, they have simply to lay down the cross-ties and fasten on the rail-road iron. The statistics are not at hand, but there is no doubt that on a few miles of some of your Eastern roads as much money has been expended as was necessary to lay down the track of this road from end to end. A kind Providence seems to have not only made the great West the granary and garden of the world, where all the great food staples can be produced to an indefinite extent, but the natural outlets by which these products can be forwarded to market have been made and have been bestowed in an equally bountiful degree. To the mighty waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the great lakes on the north leading to the St. Lawrence, and thence to the Atlantic, has been added such a surface as renders the construction of gigantic railways almost as easy as the construction of ordinary turnpikes in the East.

CHICAGO.

We arrived at Chicago at about 1 o'clock P. M., having made the trip from Philadelphia, a distance of nine hundred and twenty-four miles, in less than thirty-eight hours, an average of speed, including all stoppages, of more than twenty-four miles per hour, and not one of our party evincing the slightest symptoms of fatigue, but all concurring in the judgment that our journey here had been extremely pleasant. I will remain in this fine city for two brief periods to properly examine its many attractions, and gain information in regard to its public institutions and extensive trade and commerce. As we entered the suburbs the huge grain elevators on the borders of the lake and the Chicago river (which runs through the city) rose into view; also many large lumber yards, and lumber and great piles of semi-bituminous coal, which does not sparkle like the black diamonds of Pennsylvania, but bears a hue resembling the color of slate. We soon entered the business streets of the city, which by their width and the beauty of the stores, hotels and dwellings, present a very imposing appearance. Chicago reminds me somewhat of Newark, New Jersey, although it is of course much larger. Here nearly all the great railways of the West converge, bringing from the North, South and West immense trains of live stock, wheat, lumber and coal. I was glad to learn that the cattle trade was very extensive and active. Although the wheat crop has not been good, it has by no means proved a failure, and the present corn crop of the West is the best ever raised. Most of it will be consumed in feeding stock, which it is hoped will, in future years, supply your Eastern cities with an abundance of meat at reasonable prices.

J. L. R.

—The *Bucks County Intelligencer* says: A correspondent at Quakertown communicates to us some expressions made by Colonel Davis in a public speech made last fall at the tavern of E. Y. Sterner, in that place. He is represented to have said on that occasion: "If Abraham Lincoln is re-elected to the presidential chair, take my word for it *this will be the last chance you will ever have to vote for a President of the United States.*" This corresponds exactly with other sentiments publicly expressed by Colonel Davis after he had left the army, and with the course of his paper while he was still in the service. His own declarations show that he stands upon the same political platform as Senator Hughes, William E. Reed, and other deadly opponents of the war for Union and freedom. His position is as far as possible removed from that of the gallant Hartranft, who never professed one set of principles in the field while doing his best to establish the opposite policy at home.

THE underwriters' sale of damaged goods saved from Coe's Bonded Warehouse, consisting of rags, wool, hides, &c., commenced yesterday in New York, and will be continued to-morrow (Thursday), by Messrs. John Draper & Co., whose advertisement will be found in another column.

BARRETT'S GYMNASIUM, Sparring Rooms and Rifle Gallery, No. 806 Market street, are now open to the public.

CITY ITEMS.

HEALTH, COMFORT AND ECONOMY are all attained by the use of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines. They have been subjected to the severest comparative tests, and their triumph has been as complete as it has been universal. There is not a single point of merit in any Sewing Machine made in this continent that the "Wheeler & Wilson" instrument does not contain in the highest perfection. For all family purposes, therefore, it is incomparably superior to any other. Over 7,000 of them are now in use in Philadelphia. Office No. 704 Chestnut street.

MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF FALL CLOTHING.—The popular old house of Messrs. C. Somers & Son, No. 628 Chestnut street, under Sayres's Hall, have now ready a splendid stock of Fall Clothing, got up with their usual good taste and superior quality of workmanship. Their stock of cloths and cassimeres, mainly of their own importation, is varied and extensive, so that their facilities for making suits to order, on reasonable terms, are unsurpassed. We advise all our readers to give them a call before purchasing.

THE BEST FITTING SHIRT OF THE AGE IS "The Improved Pattern Shirt," made by John C. Arrison, at the old stand, Nos. 1 and 3 North Sixth street. Work done by hand in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction. His stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods cannot be surpassed. Prices moderate.

HOT-HOUSE GRAPES, CHOICE FRUITS, CONFECTIONS, &c.—The most tempting stock in this city, at A. L. Vansant's, Ninth and Chestnut. Roasted Almonds, Chocolates, and a hundred other delicious things, adapted for the season, can now be had at his counters.

BOOK BUYERS desirous of adding to their libraries, now that the reading season is approaching, are invited to read the advertisement of Mr. J. K. Simon, 33 South Sixth street, in another column. He is exclusive agent for many valuable works, and sells all books in the market at the lowest prices.

TIDINESS VS. SLOVENLINESS.—Show us a lady with disheveled hair and her children in the same condition, and we can show a poor housekeeper and unworthy wife; but show us a lady with a beautiful head of hair, always in place, and children (with even poor and mean clothing) with their hair tidy and neatly fixed, and we will show you a good housekeeper and worthy wife, with a husband who is prosperous and happy, and who shows his neatness and good taste by procuring his wearing apparel at the Brown-Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, above Sixth.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.—Mr. George Grant, 610 Chestnut street, has a handsome assortment of novelties in Shirting Prints, beautiful Spring Cravats, Summer Under-clothing, and goods especially adapted for travelling. His celebrated "Prize Medal" Shirt, invented by Mr. John F. Taggart, is unequalled by any other in the world.

"GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH."—Everybody should read that charming story, "Faithful and True," in this week's *Telegraph*. Single copies 5 cents. 8c 7-

CURTAIN STORE, 1026 Chestnut.—C. M. Stout & Co. has a beautiful stock of Brocatella, Piano Covers, Reps and Damasks, at reduced prices.

FIVE-TWENTY COUPONS, Gold and Silver, and Compound-Interest Notes of 1864, bought at best market rates by Drexel & Co., 34 South Third street.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—All the newest styles of Silk Hats, Felt, Cassimere, and Cloth Hats, now ready at Charles Oakford & Sons', Continental Hotel.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS are cordially invited to call and examine our extensive assortment of Hats, Caps, and Furs, before purchasing elsewhere. They will find it to their interest to do so. C. OAKFORD & SONS.

CHARLES H. OWENS, 163 North Third street, southeast corner of Race, manufacturer of hand-made calf boots, sewed and pegged. Country merchants and others in want of prime goods would find it to their advantage to give him a call.

ARRIVALS AT THE HOTELS.

The Continental.

J H Grover & la, N Y Crocker, New Jersey; T Campbell, Jr, U S A; W J Hawkins, Mass; H W Muller & wf; J Baucus, Saratoga, N Y; Dr S Willey & wf, Minn; C H Wheeler, N Y; L C Garmer & wf; Miss L Knapp; J Knapp & wf; F S Chapman, Georgia; A Ingmire, Columbia, Ga; W Candey, Chester co; P Brown, Pa; Jos S Jones & la, Boston; W E Ford & la, Boston; J C Tucker & la, Boston; H B S Rowe, Boston; Mrs D W Holmes, Boston; R G Brenigen, N C; Mr M Martin, N C; J Shaw, Binghampton; T H Peckham; J H Bates, Cincinnati; Mrs Weller, New York; Mr James, New York; H L Cake, Penna; W H Warne, Baltimore; D B Ranks, Baltimore; J R Thompson, Balt; Dr Comfer & wf, York; Talbot White, York, Pa; Robt Olio, West Chester; A L Brooks, Baltimore; E Billingsell, Iowa; Mr Robertson, Carrist'n; St John George, Penna; J C Winchester & la, Va; Daniel Gerzendam, Md; J Thirwell, Richmond; John E Kuhns, N J; G C Walter, Baltimore; W Williams, Baltimore; H Watkins, Baltimore; M B Stanford, Va; J McNeal, Washington; John U Egle, Ohio; C Tripp, New York; Mrs M Trigge, New York; A Walter, New York; Miss M Fennchalt, N Y; Joseph W Geary; S Toby, New York; J Francis, New York; Chas Schumaker, Clermont; W Woodman, New York; Jos Ward, New Jersey; G N Blanchard, N York; J L Reifsnyder, Maryland; Hon Reverdy Johnson, Baltimore; M Taylor, Montg co; J Dirick, Ohio; J C Spatzburger, Penna; Jas Wilson, Wash, D C; J S Merrill, Maryland; Geo H Burton, U S A; D Burton, York; S A Moss, Reading; S Moore, New Haven; J I Williams, Baltimore; W H Buckley, Baltimore; H Harding, Baltimore.

The Girard.

A C Armstrong, Ky; John Floyd, Pittsburg; H Bovard, Dunsmore; G Young, Penna; Mrs Young, Penna; Wrench, New York; T Wilson, Penna; Isaac Gregg; W Rogers, Baltimore; Geo McK Teal, Baltimore; Chas W Brooke; A H Reynolds, Maryland; J H Rowland, Maryland; E S Ramer, Baltimore; Capt Shahl, Harrisburg; J Watson; E Clark; R P James; H Rogers, Huntingd'n, Pa; J R Jones; J A Pullen, Delaware; Geo A Yohe, Bethlehem; J D Parish, Camden, Ala; A B Simone, Freeport, Ill; L J W Waters & wf, N J; J R Kemble, Kansas; J J Compton; J A Duncan, New York; E F Goodrich, New York; B L Turner & la, Ky; S T Bacon, Boston; Robt M Kennedy, S C; L Houssel, Marietta; J Porter & wf, York; Talbot White, York, Pa; Robt Olio, West Chester; A L Brooks, Baltimore; E Billingsell, Iowa; on of Semi-bituminous coal, which does not sparkle like the black diamonds of Pennsylvania, but bears a hue resembling the color of slate. We soon entered the business streets of the city, which by their width and the beauty of the stores, hotels and dwellings, present a very imposing appearance. Chicago reminds me somewhat of Newark, New Jersey, although it is of course much larger. Here nearly all the great railways of the West converge, bringing from the North, South and West immense trains of live stock, wheat, lum