THE DAILY GAZETTE.

OFFICIAL PAPER
Of Pittsburgh, Allegheny City and Allegheny County.

GAZETTE BUILDING:
Corner of Sixth Avenue and Smithfield Street.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1870.

GOLD closed in New York on yesterday at 113¼.

HON. JAMES S. NEGLEY was in the city yesterday, on a flying visit home. He returns to Washington to-day.

A SOUTHERN road to the Pacific along the 32nd parallel will be agreed upon at this session, as soon as the embarrassing conflicts between rival routes are adjusted.

THE Senate is likely to amend both the tariff and tax bills, but the session will not close without their passage in some shape. The funding proposition is also quite certain to be made generally satisfactory.

IF the amendments by the Senate to the Apportionment bill shall be concurred in by the House, Pennsylvania will gain at least three members for the next decade. This would also give to Allegheny county two members within the county limits.

THE wheat harvest is begun in the Carolinas, Georgia, Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky, and is satisfactory, both as to quantity and condition. The crop promises well in the West, and in the Northwestern States, the look was never more encouraging.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN, of New York, has appointed Mr. David A. Wells, whose occupation as Free Trade Commissioner of the Revenue expires with this month, "as one of the three Commissioners to revise the tax-system" of that State. His acceptance of the trust is regarded as certain.

THE new naturalization bill will not become a law. Probably nothing will be revise of the electoral franchise, from the effected in the premises until Congress shall be brought, as it soon will be, face to face with the next movement, for the instant admission of foreigners to the exfirst hour of their landing upon our shores.

IN his recommendation to Congress to abstain from all premature intervention in the colonial affairs of Spain, President Grant has fulfilled his constitutional duty, vindicated the honorable obligations of international comity, and earned the respect of an enlightened world. The points taken in his message of the 13th were simply irrepressible—or the entire code of International law, which has grown up with the approving practice of Christendom for centuries, must be dismissed as obsolete. The statements of the Executive, which are in exact accordance with the facts, show that the insurgents of Cuba have neither ports nor a government, nor a permanent territorial location. Without a shelter for the representatives of other nations, if accredited to their camps, they ask for an impossible recognition. Beyond the unquestioned rights of humanity, to interpose its influence for the alleviation of the unspeakable horrors of a conflict of extermination between authority and its insurgent subjects—there is not to be found the first shadow of a title for any formal recognition even of that purely domestic rebellion. It is only unfortunately too true that the menacing intrigues of wealthy refugees, who have escaped to our protection, have apparently succeeded in so far enlisting the morbid sympathies or the venal support of the most unreliable members of our two great parties in Congress, as to justify this Executive appeal in behalf of the peace, the honor and the far greater material interests of the Republic as to its existing disputes with another great power of Europe. The hot-headed and the hungry pockets of a few Congressmen may now attempt to inflame a public protest against the Presidential advice, but the good sense and the calm convictions of his people will sustain and endorse this statesmanlike step of the Executive.

CAUTION TO REPUBLICANS!

We were advised, a few days since, that a "call" was in circulation, in the interests of Political Temperance, for the election, on July 2d, of delegates to a County Convention to meet on the 6th of the same month, to nominate a full Temperance ticket—County, Legislative and Congressional.

A rumor was yesterday current, also, that the same "call" also included in its terms the proposition of a "reform" of some sort in the Republican party, and gossip recited the names of many citizens who had already given to it their signatures.

We know that the Temperance "call" is out as stated, but doubt the existence of that which labels itself "reform." We have not seen the so-entitled Temperance call," but we have seen (and print in our local columns) a document which talks about Republican "reforms." It is meagerly signed by Republicans of healthy antecedents, but is freely signed and engineered by the same citizens who triumphed last fall in the election of a Democratic Commissioner. It is the same thing over again, the same crowd of intriguers, with the same tactics, and proposing the same ends.

At present, we would suggest but a single word of caution to all sincere Republicans. We advise you to sign no "calls" whatever, which propose to anticipate the action of your own regular Convention of August. Wait and see what reforms are needed, before you agitate a perhaps needless discussion! Don't commit yourselves, until you know *where* you are going, and *whose lead* and *for what objects*, whether political or personal! Don't go back upon your old Republican associates, until you are *quite sure* that they are no longer to merit your hearty support! If that day *should* ever come, we shall ask to be with you in all proper steps for the redress of such actual evils as may be then revealed. Until then, please excuse us, and hold yourselves aloof, from any bootless fights with innocent windmills. We do not claim to be, nor do we fancy that you are, such zealous temperance men that we can find a triumph for our principles in the choice of an opposition Commissioner who licenses every application. Our notions of reform don't run that way. Do yours? We prefer, and we also advise our honest friends, to wait and see whether the August Convention will not recognize the leading sentiment of the party.

Least of all, can we advise any honest and intelligent Republicans to abandon an organization which has been more honestly, and truthfully, and successfully administered than any other party ever before heard of in our local or State politics, to follow the engineers of last year's ludicrous fiasco into another raid in the interests of Copperheadism. We don't like such leaders; we see and despise their motives; we don't mean to uphold either them or their tools, for offices which they can never win except by fraud, or even then by the consent of a party which never did a healthier thing than when it kicked these engineers of malicious mischief and poor tools of tried and condemned ambition into the outer darkness of contemptuous neglect.

Hold hard, friends, every good man of you, and let these fellows show their hands.

AN IMPERISHABLE MONUMENT.

The curious notion obtains in some distant quarters that the people of Pittsburgh, in their successful devotion to practical art, are ignorant or careless of the claims of elegant letters. To us, who know better, the mistake is only worthy to be laughed at. For here, in this hive of operative industry, where labor is fully exalted to the honors of a crown, are literature and the purely intellectual arts worshipped with an æsthetic warmth of appreciation which is exceeded in no other business community on this continent. Whatever may be said of journalism here, no candid and well-informed observer will deny that our learned professions embody an intelligence as acute, cultivation as exact and comprehensive, science as profound, as high a degree of eloquence, learning, and special attainment as in any other American city, without one exception. The pulpit, the bench, the bar and the medical faculty of Pittsburgh have won and enjoy a conspicuous distinction, which never fails to be recognized elsewhere upon all suitable occasions. Of this community at large, we may justly add that it fairly claims an equal place with the populations of the most favored cities, for an educated and cultivated intelligence, and for its hearty recognition of the value of those loftier pursuits, of elegant science and art, which purify as they exalt the individual or the social character. That these pursuits should ever be tempered by an exact comprehension of their practical influences upon individual or public interests, is but the most convincing of testimonies, supported as it is by results, that our people have put its true value upon intellectual development, accepting it as the indispensible auxiliary of a solid social progress.

A familiar experience in a single direction presents a satisfactory verification of our statements. We may refer to the cordial support which our people have always given to a very popular form of instruction, the system of public lectures. How many cities of the land can say, as we do, that their public interest in the continuance of a similar system has never flagged? Nowhere are there seen such crowded audiences, of culture and refinement, as always attend the annual courses provided by our Library Association. The Committees may be congratulated upon the wise taste with which they have ever declined to offer to us sticks, chaff, verbose conceit without ideas, mere ephemeral pretensions without any solid substance. Rarely, for years past, have the lists of lecturers included even one name which has failed to justify their selections, or to win the approbation of the audiences. Our courses of lectures have never once been failures. Even the last season, which elsewhere, in nearly every city from which we have yet heard, was a losing one for the kindred associations, was here marked by a pecuniary profit most satisfactory to the Committee. The net results of the winter carried over $2,000 to the credit of the funds of the Association. Whatever may have been the real troubles with our neighbors, we make no complaints here of the public apathy. Night after night, the halls were regularly crowded with audiences, including the social culture, the personal refinement and the investigating intellect, as well as the fashion, of these cities, notwithstanding all the conditions, seeming adverse to such a result, have been peculiarly gratifying to us to note the constant presence, on these occasions, of large numbers of the specially operative class of our citizens. It was a pleasure to see that, at least here in Pittsburgh, labor and thought, the brain and the hand, are inseparably united, and that science, or rather an elegant culture, found its constant votaries in the midst of the clangor of our myriad forges and shops.

Pittsburgh may be proud of these proofs of her intellectual elevation, of a people to which is given the understanding mind as well as the muscular arm, the capable head and the willing heart. We have enshrined labor here as worthy of our sincere worship, but it is a labor which we have elevated upon a throne of science, both abstract and practical. We may be proud of the Association which so faithfully represents these higher ideas. It merits our cordial and unstinted support. It deserves the further aid which shall conduct to its highest usefulness. By its lectures, it has done much to guide as well as to satisfy the intellectual taste. But it presents another and still more efficacious instrumentality for the instruction of all this people.

The library of the Young Men's Association is not worthy, in its extent or variety, either of the beautiful pile of building now nearly completed to shelter it, or of an association which includes the chosen best of our citizens, the old and the young, the wealthy and the poor, the man of leisure and the industrious workman, or of a city which aggregates more solid wealth, as well as of positive refinement and culture, than any other city away from the Atlantic seaboard. The architect of the structure has prepared a noble apartment for the library of the future—for the ten or twelve thousand volumes of to-day must make a painfully meagre show along its walls. There are walls, and shelves, alcoves, for four times the present extent of this library. We desire to see those alcoves and shelves filled up at the earliest moment.

The lectures are well enough, but these only give us the fugitive particles of the fructifying pollen which the student's desultory touch has brushed here and there from a boundless field of intellectual flowers. Let us bring that field within the reach of the careful footsteps, and searching eyes, and patient hands, of all our students, of whatever age, condition or special tastes. Ideas never perish. Books preserve their most permanent forms. The arts decay, institutions fade, families become extinct and forgotten; wealth can devise no costly and imposing memorials which, covering the hallowed earth over the remains of the dead, can ensure them from the complete oblivion of the rapidly revolving centuries. Time effaces all material records of the past; its corroding touch destroys even monumental brass, but the intangible and indestructible monuments of the thought of ages, long prior to the advent of Christ, remain sharply defined, as when first carved by the historians, philosophers and poets of Greece or Rome, often the sole surviving records of long-buried empires or extinct peoples.

In these communities, we have scores of wealthy citizens who naturally feel that they cannot afford to be forgotten by the next generation to follow them on the living stage. Our Allegheny Cemetery—city of the dead where the gorgeous pomp of marble and gold attests the ostentation of the living and mocks the useless dust beneath; where iron and bronze attempt the hopeless struggle, with time which destroys all material things—abounds with the most pretentious proofs of this all pervading wish of the human heart, that the dead shall not be soon or easily forgotten. Yet how vain the strife with the centuries! A few score of years, and these monuments, richest and most solid that art can contrive or wealth command, will crumble also into the common dust, and the name, like the heritage, of the proud citizen fades wholly away from the remembrance of the living. So always! Even the grateful love of a country which he saved and led to its first existence among the nations, is scarcely enough to maintain, through three-quarters of a single century, the monumental emblems which mark the grave of Washington. Long centuries yet to come shall find his memory still hallowed and fresh in the hearts of a world well instructed by historic annals, and acquainted, through the art preservative not more of all arts than of all great deeds and their doers, with the personal and public career of the Father of the great Republic!

We invite the wealth of Pittsburgh, which is not insensible to the common reluctance of humanity to be forgotten, to prepare for itself, now, monuments which shall defy time's ravaging hand, and perpetuate their names in the memory of long distant generations to come, after cemeteries and mausoleums, tablet and tomb, shall be as indistinguishable as the ambitious dust over which they were placed. Let the citizen, who would be remembered and honored then, link his name and deservings to those imperishable records of thought! Let him identify his personality with the library of his city! Centuries hence, that collection of expressed and recorded thought will continue to be preserved and cherished. Its founders, and those whose contributions have endowed it, are never to be unknown in all coming time, so long as man thinks and investigates the thoughts of others. In the libraries of the world, the history of the race, as of individuals, is enshrined, guarded, perpetually surviving. Matter has perished and will perish again, in the cycles of nature's resistless law, but knowledge lives and must live forever.

Better monument, nobler and infinitely more enduring than any sculptor can carve in perishable matter, would be this association with the thought of the coming generations. An alcove, a section in the beautiful and enduring structure of our Pittsburgh Library, dedicated in honor of that citizen whose wealth and provident thought shall have filled it with a well chosen collection of volumes, would itself perpetuate the memory of the giver long after tablet and tomb should be crumbled to the earth.

We wish to see twenty alcoves in our Library thus filled, each at the cost of some one of our wealthy citizens. That cost would be much less than the charges upon many an ambitious structure in our lovely cemetery. And reflect how vast the difference in the duration of the memorial! Who shall be the first to appropriate a section to his name? For not more than $5,000, the founder of any one distinct collection in this Library, could in this way secure the grateful remembrance of generations to come, who may not otherwise know even his lineage. We can think of no cheaper monument, to be so enduring! Who shall be first? Whose example shall inspire that generous emulation of his neighbors by which we shall all profit to-day, and which shall enrich all the long line of those who are to come after us? Who names and fills the first alcove in the Pittsburgh Library? We shall commend his example to the regard of a grateful people.

THE KENTUCKY CAVES.

Exploration of the Mammoth and Proctor's Caves—Pleasant Incidents—York Sensation, Interviewed, etc.

The American who has stood on the proudest peak of the Rocky Mountains and waved adieu to the Sun, as he sank lazily to his golden-cloud fringed bed in the Great West; who has picked his steps down the deep and rugged canon, and grown meditative and solemn in admiration of God's great workshop of nature; who has timidly bent forward to watch the wild torrent rush and dash with terrible roar and never ceasing fury and confusion over the precipice down into the bottomless abyss at Niagara; who has calmly surveyed the boundless ocean of dry land, luxurious in its carpeting of velvety green, in the grand prairies; who has held close communion with his own thoughts and soul in the American woods and wilds and forests and pineries where the day's light finds only straggling admittance through close warped limbs and kissing foliage; and lastly, who has gone down deep into the bowels of the earth and contemplated the awful and gloomy grandeur of the world's greatest cave curiosities in old Kentucky—having seen all these things he cautions with commendable good grace visit foreign lands in search of tamer sights and scenery, but not till then.

We promised in our last letter a description of the great Mammoth Cave, at whose rude gaping portal we left the reader. We were rash. No pen can properly describe, or even approach a fair description of that vast subterranean curiosity. It must be entered to be known and explored to be appreciated.

"God's hand,
At the creation, hollowed out this vast
Domain of darkness, where no herb nor flower
Nor sprang sunlit shoot, where no dew, nor rains,
Nor blessed sunbeams fell with freshening power:
Nor gentle breeze in Eden message told
Amid the dreary gloom. Six thousand years,
Swept over the earth—yet human footsteps trod
These desolate aisles not a pressed, and not a sound
Was in this vast expanse, save when at intervals,
In the long lapse of years, some huge mass
Of overhanging rock fell thundering down.
Its echoes sounding through the corridors
A moment and then dying in a hush
Of silence, such as brooded over the earth
When earth was chaos."

At eight o'clock in the morning the entire party, the ladies dressed in very becoming bright colored bloomer costumes, and the gentlemen ordinarily attired, with pants rolled up over boot tops, picked their steps down the fern-bedecked hillside and were ready for the trip. Lanterns were procured, one for each couple, and, after the guides had carefully counted and registered the number who entered—nearly an hundred, all told—the entrance was made. It is singular that even the most timid, feel no misgiving or apprehension of danger upon going into the cave. They may experience a sense of fear while contemplating the journey down under the surface of the earth, but a feeling of security takes possession of them after they pass the gate-way, and wonderment so exclusively fills mind that alarm has no place for occupancy. The atmosphere in the various caverns and chambers is uniform throughout the year, ranging at 59 degrees Fahrenheit, and constantly there is a swift, invigorating current of air sweeping outward through the cave. This action is reversed in winter, coursing inwardly, and we are told that there is no cave breathing whatever when the outside temperature is at the same degree with that uniformly pervading the cave.

After passing through the Narrows, a roadway artificially constructed, we reach a number of old saltpetre vats, worked by the United States authorities in 1808. These are in as good preservation as they were when first put in, but the workmen have long since passed to dust and eternity. The rude appliances for conducting the water into the vats remain in place just as they were left sixty years ago. So far, and the visitor is not much impressed with the vastness of the cave, but this fact only renders the surprise greater as he pushes into the grand rotunda, a resplendent which opens out into the main cave. The immensity of this apartment, seventy-five feet from the ceiling to the floor and one hundred and sixty feet wide, prepares the mind for the still greater feasts of wonder foreshadowed. In a narrow way off to the left of the vestibule is the great bat room, where thousands and thousands of those little, lazy-living animals cling to the rocky walls and sleep away their lives. In winter time they are much more numerous than in summer. While they colonize especially in this chamber, still they go it blind in other parts of the cave, and are met with everywhere. These, the blind fish of the waters, crabs and a species of large, transparent, white spiders, and a few rats, are all the forms of living life encountered or were told of as inhabiting the cave.

Out from the vestibule the guide passed and proclaimed the Main Cave. This is a grand and imposing feature. It is said to be more than six miles in length and is of variable heighth and width. In its vastest part it is three hundred feet wide and one hundred feet high. The first conspicuous object of interest we encounter in this apartment is the Methodist Preacher's Pulpit, from whence, legend says, the gospel was preached to the saltpetre miners during the war of 1812. The church, containing the historical pulpit, is nearly as large as the interior of St. Pauls in Pittsburgh. Logs are arranged as seats throughout the underground temple and the pulpit, a large rocky projection, has full command of the auditorium. We cannot take the space, nor would we tire the patience of the reader, in attempting to follow the guides, for every few feet some new point of interest was called out, such as the "Ball Room," "Standing Rocks," the "Grand Arch," "The Time Piece," "Rocky Hall," two miles in length, the "Picture Gallery," "Giant's Coffin," etc., etc. A large volume would hardly contain anything like a fair description of all these curiosities.

A little pool of pure, gushing, crystal water, located in a niche of its own making, as it dropped from the arched ceiling o'erhead, caused the party to halt, apostrophize and reason. Here, the same process that has for thousands of years been going on to produce such grand results was still quietly progressing. The water was clear, pretty, and pure. As it came drop by drop it hung a moment like a glittering jewel on the stalactite above and then leaped into the crystal pool below, and lost its identity forever. Editors appreciate poetry. The brightest of the party, after viewing his full shadow in the little basin, suggested that refreshingly would go the water after some Kentucky Bourbon. All agreed, and several ominous looking flasks were uncorked and the very good health of the cave was drunk. The water was delicious and invigorating.

We are now on our way to the "Bottomless Pit." After wandering through many pathways we reach a ladder descending some twenty feet very abruptly into a large room called the "Wooden Bowl." This brings us into the region where odd and fantastic formations, stalactites and stalagmites abound in profusion. Admiring all these we pass to the "Bottomless Pit," a huge, dark hole or fissure one hundred and seventy-five feet in depth. Pedestrians are protected from walking into this dangerous place by surrounding iron rails. A few hundred yards more, through the "Valley of Humility," to get on in which all have to again fully assume the Grecian bend, almost crawl, we reach "Fat Man's Misery," a natural water cut pathway about three feet deep and twenty inches wide, supported on either side by solid rock, through which it was cut by a stream of water which once flowed in the track. The obese members of the party experienced much difficulty in edging along the tortuous way. One fat man, some years ago, attempted to work through this passage. He got stuck half ways, and could not be extricated. The guides deny that he died, but it is generally believed that he remained there long enough to be torn to pieces by relic hunters, and that his flesh, bones and clothing, in and out of spirits, are treasured as remembrancers of the cave in various parts of the country.

From "Misery" we enter the beautiful cavern of "Great Relief" and emerging from this we more into "River Hall," at the end of which lies the "Dead Sea," a great pool of water about thirty feet below the floor and covering an area of nearly one thousand feet. The "River Styx," five hundred feet long, is in this neighborhood. After viewing other points of interest we took the back track. A gloom of sadness was cast over the party as several rude stone cabins were passed in the main cave, where, a settlement of consumptives was once established, the poor victims being deluded into the belief that the pure and invigorating air of the cave would cure them of the terrible malady with which assailed. Three of them died in their self chosen retreats and all the others departed life soon after quitting the cave. There were fifteen in number, who, in 1843, established the small colony and remained hidden from the light of Heaven four long and dreary months.

We have run our letter out at such length, and yet have hardly given the reader a fair idea of the cave in its immensity, that we almost despair and feel like abruptly closing. However, there is one especial place which pleases us more than all the rest, and which it cannot be passed without mention. We refer to the grand and unapproachable "Star Chamber." In this vast dome the party halted and all the lights were extinguished. Impenetrable gloom and darkness prevailed. We could hear our own and neighbors hearts thumping and beating in that awful silence. Above, the dark blue concave ceiling appeared as a miniature firmament and crystals of gypsum shone forth like stars to complete the delusion that we were looking up from the deep pit into real heavens. Some ladies and gentlemen broke out into songs, secular and religious, and, in the meantime, the faithful guide furnished optical delusions by means of great reflectors placed in positions to throw lights and shadows on the scene. The finest effect produced was that illustrating the dawn of day. The reflectors were made to shine from the east end and as the first rays of light shot athwart the minature starry firmament above, the stars faded and sank from view and there came the usual signals from the barn yard, and the warbling of birds—accomplished imitators were those guides—and all felt the representation of the break of morning true, grand and impressive.

Leaving behind us the several hundred other points of curiosity, which we cannot mention, we return to the mouth of the cave and the bright noon day light streaming through the broad portal gladdened our hearts, for we were tired of that deep, dreary darkness in which we had been wandering for full five hours. On getting out of the cave we could smell the earth, the grass, the leaves and the trees, and the transition from the cave temperature to that of terra firma was wonderfully marked. Notwithstanding that we had walked possibly fifteen miles altogether, none of the party expressed any sense or feeling of fatigue, but all were fresh, gay and lively.

An elegant dinner at Proctor's hotel, some speech making, sentiment and thanks offering to the worthy and genial host and his assistants, and the excursionists were ready for the home trip. In comfortable ambulance wagons we were placed, and with three times three cheers for L. J. Proctor we bade adieu to the Mammoth Cave Summer-Resort and were determined to advise all our travelling friends to go that way for unalloyed pleasure, enjoyment, rest, comfort and good treatment.

As our jolly party rolled over the good and smooth road leading to Glasgow Junction, which, by the way is the proper station at which to get off to conveniently reach the cave, we stopped midways to inspect "Proctor's Cave," which in formations, oddities, stalactites, stalagmites, lime stone curtains, domes, columns and pulpits, holds great advantage over the great Mammoth Cave, and indeed, it is said, over any in the world. Here an hour was pleasantly spent under the guidedship of Mr. Underwood of the Louisville *Courier Journal*, who, we believe, holds an interest in this grand and beautiful subterranean temple. It is proposed to build a large hotel at this place in the near future, and inasmuch as explorations already made almost make certain that it is an entrance way to the Mammoth Cave, the enterprise must pay handsomely. In token of farewell, the genial Proctor broke several baskets of champaigne, and, thus refreshed, the party emerged from the cave and were again on their way homewards. "Diamond Cave," said to be very rich in crystaline beauties, was passed, limited time preventing its exploration. At Glasgow Junction Hotel the party partook of a magnificent supper, which was hardly finished till the train came along and all departed for Louisville, delighted with the excursion, with their newly made friends, with themselves, and everybody else. Most of the excursionists were loaded down with relics, stones, scraps, crystals, etc., and our companionable fellow traveler, Mr. Siebeneck, of the *Chronicle*, did not forget to remember his geological friends at home, for he brought plenty of fine and carefully selected specimens to be distributed to those who may first call.

Arriving at Louisville the party scattered and separated. Many of them will never meet again; but few who participated in the excursion will forget its pleasures and the many new friends made during its continuance.

After a pleasant rest at the Galt House, the Pittsburgh party, much refreshed, took their departure early next morning for home. Fortunately they selected the elegant cars of the Louisville and Cincinnati Short Route for Cincinnati. This road is an almost air line route, is in the best possible order, and well supplied with first class cars and accommodating train officials. A great saving of time is made by taking the road instead of the river, and the scenery along the route is exceedingly fine. It was our pleasure to make the acquaintance of H. G. Harding, Esq., a genial and true Pittsburger, who is in the Louisville office of the company. His kindness, courtesy and consideration to our party was deeply appreciated, and we hope an opportunity to reciprocate the favors received at his hands may be presented. The party were also put under obligations to Henry Steel, Esq., an obliging official of the same excellent road.

While in Cincinnati at the Burnet House we had the unusual pleasure of interviewing Daniel McFarland, the slayer of Richardson in New York. He was traveling under an assumed name, but recognizing him we made bold to uncover the mask which concealed his identity and addressed him in his proper name. He was quite surprised at the recognition and slow to acknowledge that he was discovered. Finally, after the assurance was given that we did not address him through curiosity, but thought it simply proper to make his acquaintance, he melted into sociability and at length detailed the particulars of his unfortunate case. He said that he felt that he was but partially vindicated in the verdict of the jury, and animadverted, in strong though polite language, to the course of the New York *Tribune* in following up his acquittal with statements at wide variance with the truth. He had hoped that the trial would conclude his notoriety, and was prepared to settle down to private and secluded life, but he now felt that fresh evidence easily obtainable must be procured to throw new light on the whole affair. He said he occupied the place of an injured man, that no one but himself could know or appreciate the terrible unhappiness and mental anguish that he endured during the past several years. He was indifferent to public opinion, feeling grateful to those who sympathized with him in his troubles and hoping that those who denounced him would never be compelled to occupy like place with himself. He was particularly anxious, that his identity should not be known fearing that his plans might be frustrated if information of his movements would get to New York among his enemies. He was on his way to Madison, Indiana, where evidence as to how his wife procured a divorce was to be obtained, for said he, "the end is not yet." He remarked that he had registered "Daniel Mack, New York," on the hotel register, not because he felt ashamed of his own name or identity, but he desired to evade the army of curious folk who would stare and gaze and interview him to death, if known. "But," he remarked, "go where I will, I meet those who, like yourself, recognize me, and when I feel they do know me I am glad to converse with them. It is quite distressing to be notorious and the press of the country have made me so." Here several ladies entered the parlor and our conversation ended. The early train next morning found the "avenger of his own honor" pushing westward on his errand of retaliation and all Cincinnati at the breakfast table read that he had been with them under an assumed name.

McFarland talked calmly and well. There was not the least tinge of wildness or insanity in word, look, or appearance. If he is insane, according to the belief of the New York jury, this world contains few men of well balanced minds. He was conspicuous in the hotel, and the object of curiosity, although none of the guests knew what a load he was who paced back and forth, with head down nigh to his breast, and hands clasped behind this back. In concluding our interview he enjoined us to regard the conversation as private, and we so promised, but the Associated Press has telegraphed through the country his movements and we feel we have not violated our pledge in publishing as much as we have here stated.

T. P. H.

TO PREVENT SICKNESS

During the hot months of summer, every family should provide themselves with some good disinfectant like Chloride of Lime. You will find a fresh supply just received this day at JAMES BURNS & CO'S DRUG STORE, corner of Penn and Sixth streets.

CHLORIDE OF LIME.

Chloride of Lime.	Chloride of Lime.
Chloride of Lime.	Chloride of Lime.
Chloride of Lime	Chloride of Lime.
Chloride of Lime.	Chloride of Lime.

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WANT OF VITALITY.

Sometimes there is a lack of vitality in large and apparently well developed frames. Herculean sinews and muscles are not always indicative of the vigorous and constitutional vigor in their possessor. Health depends more upon the condition of the stomach, the liver and the bowels, than upon the breadth of the shoulders or the size of those levers and pulleys of the system in which strength is supposed to reside. All of this grand animal machinery is of itself no protective against sickness and bearing in that awful silence. Above, the dark blue concave ceiling appeared as a miniature firmament and crystals of gypsum shone forth like stars to complete the delusion that we were looking up from the deep pit into real heavens. Some ladies and gentlemen broke out into songs, secular and religious, and, in the meantime, the faithful guide furnished optical delusions by means of great reflectors placed in positions to throw lights and shadows on the scene. The finest effect produced was that illustrating the dawn of day. The reflectors were made to shine from the east end and as the first rays of light shot athwart the minature starry firmament above, the stars faded and sank from view and there came the usual signals from the barn yard, and the warbling of birds—accomplished imitators were those guides—and all felt the representation of the break of morning true, grand and impressive.

Leaving behind us the several hundred other points of curiosity, which we cannot mention, we return to the mouth of the cave and the bright noon day light streaming through the broad portal gladdened our hearts, for we were tired of that deep, dreary darkness in which we had been wandering for full five hours. On getting out of the cave we could smell the earth, the grass, the leaves and the trees, and the transition from the cave temperature to that of terra firma was wonderfully marked. Notwithstanding that we had walked possibly fifteen miles altogether, none of the party expressed any sense or feeling of fatigue, but all were fresh, gay and lively.

An elegant dinner at Proctor's hotel, some speech making, sentiment and thanks offering to the worthy and genial host and his assistants, and the excursionists were ready for the home trip. In comfortable ambulance wagons we were placed, and with three times three cheers for L. J. Proctor we bade adieu to the Mammoth Cave Summer-Resort and were determined to advise all our travelling friends to go that way for unalloyed pleasure, enjoyment, rest, comfort and good treatment.

As our jolly party rolled over the good and smooth road leading to Glasgow Junction, which, by the way is the proper station at which to get off to conveniently reach the cave, we stopped midways to inspect "Proctor's Cave," which in formations, oddities, stalactites, stalagmites, lime stone curtains, domes, columns and pulpits, holds great advantage over the great Mammoth Cave, and indeed, it is said, over any in the world. Here an hour was pleasantly spent under the guidedship of Mr. Underwood of the Louisville *Courier Journal*, who, we believe, holds an interest in this grand and beautiful subterranean temple. It is proposed to build a large hotel at this place in the near future, and inasmuch as explorations already made almost make certain that it is an entrance way to the Mammoth Cave, the enterprise must pay handsomely. In token of farewell, the genial Proctor broke several baskets of champaigne, and, thus refreshed, the party emerged from the cave and were again on their way homewards. "Diamond Cave," said to be very rich in crystaline beauties, was passed, limited time preventing its exploration. At Glasgow Junction Hotel the party partook of a magnificent supper, which was hardly finished till the train came along and all departed for Louisville, delighted with the excursion, with their newly made friends, with themselves, and everybody else. Most of the excursionists were loaded down with relics, stones, scraps, crystals, etc., and our companionable fellow traveler, Mr. Siebeneck, of the *Chronicle*, did not forget to remember his geological friends at home, for he brought plenty of fine and carefully selected specimens to be distributed to those who may first call.

Arriving at Louisville the party scattered and separated. Many of them will never meet again; but few who participated in the excursion will forget its pleasures and the many new friends made during its continuance.

After a pleasant rest at the Galt House, the Pittsburgh party, much refreshed, took their departure early next morning for home. Fortunately they selected the elegant cars of the Louisville and Cincinnati Short Route for Cincinnati. This road is an almost air line route, is in the best possible order, and well supplied with first class cars and accommodating train officials. A great saving of time is made by taking the road instead of the river, and the scenery along the route is exceedingly fine. It was our pleasure to make the acquaintance of H. G. Harding, Esq., a genial and true Pittsburger, who is in the Louisville office of the company. His kindness, courtesy and consideration to our party was deeply appreciated, and we hope an opportunity to reciprocate the favors received at his hands may be presented. The party were also put under obligations to Henry Steel, Esq., an obliging official of the same excellent road.

While in Cincinnati at the Burnet House we had the unusual pleasure of interviewing Daniel McFarland, the slayer of Richardson in New York. He was traveling under an assumed name, but recognizing him we made bold to uncover the mask which concealed his identity and addressed him in his proper name. He was quite surprised at the recognition and slow to acknowledge that he was discovered. Finally, after the assurance was given that we did not address him through curiosity, but thought it simply proper to make his acquaintance, he melted into sociability and at length detailed the particulars of his unfortunate case. He said that he felt that he was but partially vindicated in the verdict of the jury, and animadverted, in strong though polite language, to the course of the New York *Tribune* in following up his acquittal with statements at wide variance with the truth. He had hoped that the trial would conclude his notoriety, and was prepared to settle down to private and secluded life, but he now felt that fresh evidence easily obtainable must be procured to throw new light on the whole affair. He said he occupied the place of an injured man, that no one but himself could know or appreciate the terrible unhappiness and mental anguish that he endured during the past several years. He was indifferent to public opinion, feeling grateful to those who sympathized with him in his troubles and hoping that those who denounced him would never be compelled to occupy like place with himself. He was particularly anxious, that his identity should not be known fearing that his plans might be frustrated if information of his movements would get to New York among his enemies. He was on his way to Madison, Indiana, where evidence as to how his wife procured a divorce was to be obtained, for said he, "the end is not yet." He remarked that he had registered "Daniel Mack, New York," on the hotel register, not because he felt ashamed of his own name or identity, but he desired to evade the army of curious folk who would stare and gaze and interview him to death, if known. "But," he remarked, "go where I will, I meet those who, like yourself, recognize me, and when I feel they do know me I am glad to converse with them. It is quite distressing to be notorious and the press of the country have made me so." Here several ladies entered the parlor and our conversation ended. The early train next morning found the "avenger of his own honor" pushing westward on his errand of retaliation and all Cincinnati at the breakfast table read that he had been with them under an assumed name.

McFarland talked calmly and well. There was not the least tinge of wildness or insanity in word, look, or appearance. If he is insane, according to the belief of the New York jury, this world contains few men of well balanced minds. He was conspicuous in the hotel, and the object of curiosity, although none of the guests knew what a load he was who paced back and forth, with head down nigh to his breast, and hands clasped behind this back. In concluding our interview he enjoined us to regard the conversation as private, and we so promised, but the Associated Press has telegraphed through the country his movements and we feel we have not violated our pledge in publishing as much as we have here stated.

T. P. H.

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