The Somerset Herald.

WEDNESDAY. November 24, 1875.

JUST as we go to press we learn the sad news of the death of Hon. Henry Wilson, Vice President of the United States, at Washington D. C. Vice President Wilson's health has been failing for some time, but as will be seen by articles in other parts of this paper, his friends entertained strong hopes of his recovery. His death, therefore, comes with more startling surprise to the people.

SENATOR, Orvis S. Ferry, President of the Senate of the United States, died at Norwalk, Con., on Sunday afternoon.

THE Reading *Times*, says there will be an effort made in the nex session of Legislature of this State to change the Constitution in that part with reference to holding the fall election, fixing the time in October as it used to be. A two-thirds vote of all the members of both Houses can make the change, and we think the change should be made.

THE total number of votes cast in this State for the past four years is as follows:

1872, Governor	572,606
1873, State Treasurer	464,101
1874, Auditor General	504,289
1875, Governor	600,096

The vote this year, while 55,136 greater than last year, is still 62,910 short of that of 1872; and as the total vote of the State must have increased to over 700,000 since 1872, the real falling off is about 100,000.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* says that "upon the eve of the Presidential election the Democratic party is burdened with a large majority in the lower house of Congress, a contest for Speakership, a general war upon Presidential aspirants within its ranks, a dispute as to whether the rag baby is dead or alive, a general set-back in the State elections, and other troubles too numerous to mention."

WE have herefore doubted somewhat, but it looks to us now as if the "Peoples' Freight Railway" was a fixed fact. Work has been commenced upon it in Perry county, and already the Supreme Court has been asked to enjoin the directors from proceeding further. Evidently the Pennsylvania R. R. is afraid it is going to be built, hence the injunction prayed for.

GOV. HARTRANFT has not yet selected a successor to Attorney General Dimmick. The Pittsburgh press is warmly urging George Shiras, Esq., of that city, for the position, and we feel assured that the Governor could not appoint a more worthy or capable gentleman, while at the same time he would be conferring a well deserved compliment upon the sturdy Republicans of Allegheny county.

THE Chicago *Times* thus characterizes the average Democrat: "He is politically the stupidest thing on the planet, and must confirm to the requirements of his stupidity. Incapable of bringing himself forward to the living present, he will continue to vote for the dead and buried Democratic party, and to expect the mountain to open and release from his sepulchre of ages the rock-rooted Democratic Babarossa."

THAT sturdy Roman, Judge Pershing, was during the late canvass, lauded to the echo by his Democratic supporters for doing his duty, by sentencing to the penitentiary a couple of Democratic County Commissioners for defrauding the county treasury of Schuylkill, they will now have another opportunity of bestowing their plaudits on another judge for sending to the same prison the Democratic Prothonotary and his clerk in Luzerne county for altering the election returns, and thereby attempting to cheat the Republican candidates out of their election.

IT is eighteen years since a Democrat presided over the House of Representatives. The last Democratic was Orr, of South Corlina, whose term expired March 4, 1859. He was succeeded by Pennington, he by Grow, he by Colfax, and he by Blaine. The struggule between the various Democratic aspirants for this positon bids fair to prove one of great bitterness. Nine candidates have already been named: Keer and Holman, of Indiana; Cox and Wood, of New York; Saylor and Payne, of Ohio; Randall, of this State; Lamar, of Mississippi, and Walker, of Virginia, not one of whom, except, possibly, Kerr, is entitled to much respect either for abilities or character.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

THE result of the late election in Mississippi has added five more to the long list of ex-rebels and confederate soldiers already elected to Congress. Late advices from Washington say that political circles are deeply stirred with a rumor started since the elections are over, that the ex-Confederates have organized with a view of controlling the approaching organization of the House. The programme is said to be the election of a Northern Democrat as Speaker, and the apportionment of the other officers, such as clerk, sergeant-at-arms, and doorkeeper among Southern men. These three latter officers control all the subordinate appointments, and of course they will be filled with ex-rebels. Of course, also, the Speaker, whoever he may be, will owe his election to this combination of Southern men, and they will dictate in advance, the chairmen of all the important committees. We shall therefore, in all probability, witness the amazing spectacle of Confederate soldiers controling the appropriations for the support of the army and navy against which they were so lately in arms, and also of the pensions of those who were made widows, orphans, and cripples, through their instrumentality. Surely, the world never before witnessed such a sight.

Now, that the Democrats have been pretty generally flogged at the late elections, in an issue of their own selection, they are trying to divert public attention from their pitiable plight by again raising the bugaboo of a third term, asserting most positively that there is no longer any doubt of Grant's re-nomination, and boastingly predicting his overwhelming defeat. As the big, good natured lubber remarked to a friend, who dropped in and found his little wife pounding away at him with her fist, "it don't hurt me and it amuses her," so say we, let these little fellows pound away at the third term if it amuses them. In view, however, of their late predictions of fifty thousand majority for the rag baby in Ohio, and of a similar majority for its wet nurse, (Pershing,) in this State, we would suggest to them to "draw it a little mild," when they are predicting their majority for next year.

SO BOLD and defiant were the frauds in Baltimore by which the Democratic city and State tickets were successful at the late elections, that the Lemocratic press is compelled to admit them. The swindled candidate for Attorney General, S. Teacle Wallace, Esq., has addressed a note to Governor Groome, giving notice of his intention to contest the election, and we presume that other contests will also follow. The fact that from Governor down to the smallest office, the entire Democratic ticket was carried by the most unblushing frauds and personal outrages upon the opposition voters, is susceptible of the clearest proof, in fact is admitted. Now let us see whether there is honesty enough in the Democratic party of Maryland to grant a fair investigation, and do justice not only to the defrauded candidates, but to the majority of the voters in that State.

FRANK HUGHES of Pottsville, the champion of Pershing in the late canvass, and the special advocate in this State of inflation, evidently considers the Democratic party no longer available as a political organization, and therefore virtually abandons it. He is out in a letter in favor of a new party, based chiefly of the doctrine of a legal-tender paper currency.

He asks the co-operation of the men of all parties who favor, first, the immediate and unconditional repeal of the resumption act of the last Congress; and second, a Government legal-tender paper currency, receivable for all debts, public and private, except where contracts require payment in coin, and made convertible into Federal bonds, the principal of which shall be payable *in gold*, and the interest on which shall be fixed at such a rate as will keep the bonds at par with gold; such issue to be limited only by the wants of trade as determined by the reconversion of such legal tenders into the bonds and back again.

This is the scheme of a mere demagogue, by which it is hoped to array the rag, tag, and bobtail of the population in a mass, against the resumption of specie payments and an honest currency. It has no political significance, except that it shows the utter disintegration of the once great democratic party of Pennsylvania, by the fact that one of its admitted leaders thus openly proposes to abandon not only its organization, but all its past traditions and principles, for the sake, as he hopes, of overthrowing the party in power. It is, in short, a proposition to base a party on the single cry of "anything to beat the Republicans."

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 12, 1875.

BERGH'S GOOD WORK.

Henry Bergh's new Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is doing as good a work as his old one for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He has turned his attention to the thousand and one shows in the city. At the Tivoli Gardens, in 8th street is a boy acrobat, advertised under the name of "Prince Leo," who nightly performs the most difficult feats on the tight-rope. He is a little, wee child, not over six years of age, delicate and pretty as possible. A man named Leonard, a brute of a fellow, owns him, and has taught him not only the common feats of tight-rope performers, but many more startling and dangerous. Leonard compelled him to walk the tight-rope blindfolded, to ascend and descend a rope fastened at an angle of forty-five degress, and a score more of other feats which the oldest equilibrists decline to undertake, and all without any netting underneath to save him in the event of falling.

Bergh stationed a few officers in the audience, and when Leonard and the boy appeared they sprang upon the stage and seized them both. At the examination the next morning, it was shown that the child was the son of a drunken rag-picker in Philadelphia, that the father sold him to Leonard, who has trained him. Leonard has habitually beaten, starved and abused him. When practicing, if the child failed in the slightest particular, the brute would kick and bruise him, without mercy. He performs none of the feats willingly; in fact, there is terror in his face from the moment he is forced upon the rope till he is through. He trembles so with fear during his performance that the chances of failure are largely increased, but he does it because he knows that if he fails he takes the chance of being killed by the fall, and that if he escapes that, his brute of a master will half-kill him with beating. Think of putting a boy seven years old, on a small rope stretched from floor to ceiling, a distance of sixty feet, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and compelling him to crawl up the terrible incline! And then when at the top, sixty feet from the stage, to slide down the steep descent with frightful velocity, grasping the rope only with his toes, bringing up in the arms of his master.

Judge Donohue, will put the child in the charge of the Society, who will find him a home.

Bergh will go through all the shows, and take every one of these children out of the hands of the brutes who own them. It is estimated that there are three thousand children in the city similarly employed, in the cheap theatres and in begging on the streets, who are slaves in every sense of the word. Mr. Bergh proposes to emancipate them.

HOW THE RICH MEN LIVE.

Because a man happens to be rich it does not follow that he lives in gorgeous style. Indeed the "bloated aristocrat" of New York, or the most of them, live as quietly as other people, and a great deal more so than those whose wealth is of more recent date. Vanderbilt, whose wealth runs up a long way into the millions, lives on Fourth street, a most unfashionable neighborhood in New York, in a very plain house. Sam Tilden lives on 20th, near Fourth Avenue; Peter Cooper on the corner of 22d and Lexington Avenue. Cyrus W. Field, on Gramercy Park, and Hamilton Fish, on 17th and Second Avenue. Daniel Drew's abode is on the corner of 17th and Broadway. All these locations have been abandoned by the fashionable, years ago, but the old fellows love their homes, and stay in them. Peter Goelet, one of the richest men in New York, lives on the corner of 10th and Broadway, in an old house with ground enough about it to pasture a cow, and he keeps his cow on it. The ground is worth probaly $500,000, but Goelet is fond of milk, and he wants it fresh and good. Counting in the interest on the ground, the old gentleman's milk costs him about $10 per quart, but he doesn't care for that. He wants good, sweet milk in his coffee and he gets it.

A. T. Stewart, has a wonderful mansion on 5th Avenue, but I rather thing he built it more for an advertisement for his business than anything else.

The shoddy aristocrats—the suddenly rich—all live on 5th Avenue, and the streets that run into it above 25th. They are obliged to get into this location to show that they are rich—those whose wealth is known and acknowledged can do as they please. I should prefer to be an ancient millionaire, for I should want the privilege of living where I saw fit without having snobs to put me out of conceit with myself.

MOODY AND SANKEY

are not the sensation they were when they began. You can get into the Rink now, without the slightest trouble, and unoccupied seats begin to show. Still the Evangelists keep up their efforts with as much vigor as ever, and the religious element of Brooklyn seems to be in no wise discouraged. While their success is not what we anticipated, there can be no question that they have accomplished great good. They have succeeded in awakening the professing Christians to a more keen sense of their duty; they have brought back backsliders, and have alarmed thousands of sinners. The requests for prayers come from every State in the Union. Moody's method is peculiar. He selects a subject for each meeting, and compels the attention of the audience to that one subject, and nothing else. For instance the other morning the subject was "Love." Frequently a good brother, in the course of his remarks, would get at some other phase of Christian experience, but the moment he did so Moody would bring him back. He had to talk of "Love" or nothing. They now hold five meetings a day.

A WONDERFUL WORK OF ART.

A memento of interest is the portrait of Washington, woven of silk by the Jacquard loom, in Lyons, twenty years ago. Not a dozen copies of this curiosity exist, and the marvelous skill of their workmanship, together with their rarity, put a high value on those in private hands. The owners of the Jacquard loom wove pictures in the same manner of the crowned heads of Europe. Napoleon I, Josephine, Victoria, the Pope, and Charles X., among the rest, which were always reserved as presents for sovereigns, one copy being made for each member of a royal family, after which the frames were destroyed so that no more could be produced. The United States consul at Lyons seeing these portraits, suggested to the manufacturers that there were millions of sovereigns in our country, and it would be well to present them with a picture of their Washington. The firm, Ponson, Philippe & Viberty, agreed, if the consul would give them an authentic portrait of Washington, and an engraving after Stuart's Washington was selected as a model. The labor of making one of these silk pictures is something incredible. It took two years to construct the loom, three engineers worked at the design, and 28,000 sheets of cardbcard were used in weaving. The chain is of white silk, the filling of black and white, each stitch, guided by passing through a perforated bit of card, which as it was used, rose to the top of the loom and was cut off. The best of the finest silk is used for these woven pictures. An expert selected from a hundred pounds of the choicest raw silk only ten pounds fit for the purpose, the rest going to make superlative dress silks! Of the portraits made, the first was for Mr. Goodrich, whose idea it was to have this imperishable souvenir of Washington; three others were presented through him to the cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. One now hangs in the Boston Atheneum, the New York copy is in the Governor's room at the City Hall. A few others found their way by gift or exchange to private hands. Consul Goodrich entreated that copies bought be multiplied and sent here, urging that a fortune might be made by the sale of them, but the Frenchmen shrugged their shoulders, obstinate on a point of pride which was with them to keep these weavings unique. Mr. Goodrich was lately offered $5,000 for his picture by a millionaire of this city, who is a collector of curious things, but this offer was no temptation. A copy of this silk engraving is in the possession of Mr. O. S. Baldwin of Brooklyn.

The picture has every appearance of a steel engraving in line and stripple, is peculiarly soft and rich in shading, and an admirable study of Stuart's portrait. Of the thousands who have seen one of the five first copies in the Governor's room, not one in ten thousand has had the slightest idea that it is one of the marvels of nineteenth century inventions. No one detects the fabric except by closest scrutiny, but it is silk and well nigh imperishable.

THE NEXT DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

Gov. Sam Tilden a few months ago was confident of being the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He had it all fixed. His programme was to help to beat Allen in Ohio, which would settle him; to help elect Pershing in Pennsylvania, which he could afford to do, Pershing having no presidential aspirations, and then to make his name the rallying cry of the Democracy of New York, which was to carry the State by 60,000. A pretty programme, was it not? But somehow it didn't work. Allen was barely beaten in Ohio, Pershing was unmercifully beaten in Pennsylvania, and the cry of "Tilden and Reform" was beaten 20,000 in the city of New York, and escaped defeat in the State by only 17,000! Where does that leave the calculating Tilden? Allen is as strong as ever he was, and if there is a man on earth who has earned the undying hatred of Western Democrats that man is Tilden. Pennsylvania Democracy owes him nothing, for with his help they were beaten out of their boots, and no man from New York need enter the ring, who has Tammany stuck to him, and who came so near sinking the party in the State. Exit Tilden. If he ever had a chance it is gone. Small men should never undertake large combinations. The Democracy must look elsewhere for a candidate.

And when it comes to a point the people of New York are not as fond of the Democracy as they were on general principles. Now that

TAXES ARE HIGHER THAN EVER

they remember that the city has been under Democratic rule for years, and for whatever is bad in the government, which is to say, the entire government, that party is responsible. When business was beaming, and when the property-owner had merely to put figures on his property, they did not care for taxes. But now it is quite different. Rents are down a half, and thousands of buildings are standing empty, while taxes are mounting up frightfully. The taxes have to be paid whether business yields profit or not. And now that they are worried to raise money to pay their taxes, they begin to find that it pays to pay some attention to politics, and the more men think the less Democracy suits them. It was this feeling that overthrew Tammany this fall—it is this feeling that will give the State to the Republicans next year, sure. The rings that have plundered this city and Brooklyn own the Democratic party, and the tax-payers find that they can only kill the rings by killing the party. Democracy in New York is not a corpse yet, but the death-rattle is in its throat. Let us make a judicious nomination, and there will be no trouble about carrying New York.

BEECHER.

Beecher may be as popular as ever in his own church, but he is not outside of that body. He attended the Moody and Sankey meetings quite regularly up to last Saturday.—The clergymen present on that day were invited to remain after the meeting, to consult as to the best means of carrying on the work, and Beecher stayed with the rest, but, alas! he was coldly received, and many of the reverends did not speak to him at all. He has not been at the Rink since. In his sermons he speaks of Moody as "Brother Moody" but the evangelist always prefixes the plain "Mister" to Beecher's name. There is no getting rid of the fact, the public have lost confidence in Beecher. He does not stand where he did two years ago, and never will. Innocent or guilty, he has lost his grip, and the sooner he withdraws from public gaze the better it will be for his name.

PIETRO.

Guibord's Burial.

The bones of Joseph Guibord were yesterday laid to rest in Cote des Nieges, the parish cemetery at Montreal, in which he purchased a lot during his lifetime, but from which his body was debarred for six years by an ecclesiastical decree, which was finally annulled by the Queen's Privy Council. A brief review of the incidents of this remarkable contest between the civil and the ecclesiastical authority may not be out of place. Joseph Guibord was a French Canadian printer in Montreal, whose fame and prominence have been entirely post-mortem, as he was in his life unknown outside his own circle of friends.—When the Institut Canadien, a free reading room and library, was founded, he became a member. The Insitut had upon its shelves certain books that were interdicted by the Papal Index, and Bishop Bourget excommunicated its members. Guibord, however, refused to sever his connection with the Institut. In 1869 he died so suddenly that no priest could be summoned, and, of course, without opportunity to confess, recant and receive the last sacrament of the Church. On the 6th of November, 1869, his friends sought to bury his remains, and were refused admission to Cote des Neiges, the parish cemetery, as the Church authorities would not permit an excommunicated person to be buried in consecrated ground. His wife, herself a true daughter of the Church, besought her Father Confessor to repent, and finally, at the instigation of her late husband's friends, applied to a Superior Court for an order to compel the Church to allow his burial in the lot he had bought, and at the time of his death owned, in the cemetery. She obtained the order, and from a Roman Catholic Justice, but the Church appealed. The widow Guibord soon after died, and was buried in the lot alluded to.

The Institut Canadien appealed the case to the highest tribunal, the Queen's Privy Council, and on November 28, 1874, that body granted an order commanding the Church authorities to receive the body of Joseph Guibord for burial, with the full rites of the Church, in the consecrated ground of his own lot, a right of which they declared his remains indubitably possessed under the old French law. On receiving the Privy Council's order last July, the Superior Court issued a mandamus commanding the Fabrique de Notre Dame, who control the cemetery, to bury the body with the usual rites. This was served August 30th, and on September 2d the remains were taken from the tomb where they had rested six years, and borne to Cote des Neiges. The ignorant French Canadian people of the parish flocked to the cemetery to the number of a thousand or more, and violently resisted the entrance of the funeral cortege, which was attended by about three hundred of the friends of Guibord. M. Doutre, President of the Institut, and counsel and leader of the Guibord party, attempted to address the mob, which so infuriated them that they attacked the hearse with stones, and compelled its driver to seek safety in flight. The driver was seriously injured, and numerous wounds and bruises were inflicted in the conflict of the day, but no lives were lost. The body was returned to the tomb, where it has since been guarded by an armed force. Bishop Bourget, evidently alarmed at the serious results of his intolerant preachings, at once published a letter in which he deprecated the riotous proceedings, and urged his people to refrain from further violence, promising an easier and more satisfactory solution of the difficulty by cursing the spot of Guibord's interment, thus protecting the consecrated cemetery from pollution. The next Sunday Bishop Bourget's decree cursing Guibord's lot was read in the Church of Notre Dame. Since then there has been a great deal of talk over the affair, and it was anticipated that any attempt on the part of the friends of Guibord to bury him in the cemetery would be violently resisted by the populace. Nevertheless, his remains were yesterday laid beside his wife.

The Stupidest People on Earth.

The most demoralized, confused, broken-up, scattered, disentegrated, confounded, lost, dazed, knocked-out-of time people that exist to-day on this planet are that body of citizens who call themselves "Democrats." Like the tribes of Israel, they have been wandering for many years in the wilderness, unable to find their way out, and compelled to subsist on extraordinary short rations. Unlike the Israelite wanderers, they havn't got any Moses. For fifteen years they have been without a head. For fifteen years they have been running wildly hither and thither, in search of a leader. Every few years somebody has come forward and tendered his services as a leader, but only to demonstrate his utter incapacity for the position. McClellan, Seymour, Pendleton, Thurman, Hendriks, old Bill Allen, and last of all, Sam Tilden, have proved failures in the role of Democratic Noses. The failure of Tilden leaves the headless Democracy worse off than ever before. Its physical organism, its nervous system, its mental and moral structure (so far as it has any) are all torn up. Its condition is one that realizes the chaos more completely than anything else that has lately appeared.

Six short months ago Tilden seemed to be the most promising Moses the headless old body had found since it became an aimless, scattered and disentegrated crowd of wanderers, without a reason to be. His vigorous and probably honest blows against the famous Tammany ring sent him up like a rocket to the chair of Governor. His too palpable intriguing for a higher flight sent him down like a stick, and proved that he, like the rest, is not of that stuff of which political Moseses are made. For the tournament of 1876 Sam Tilden is out of the field, and the headless old corpse has no one to put forward in his place who can bring them any reasonable hope of success.—*Chicago Times, Dem.*

Railway Accident.

AUGUSTA, Nov. 18.—A frightful accident took place last night on the Charlotte, Columbus & Augusta Railroad, near Pine House, about twenty-five miles from Augusta. After the regular passenger train left Columbia yesterday afternoon for Augusta, it was followed by a train of empty cars from Augusta. The two trains rolled on at the rate of twenty miles per hour, one following close upon the other. The passenger train had just reached the siding, and was about to stop when the second train came rushing along, and and the engine telescoped the ladies' passenger car, throwing it and the smoking car from the track. A terrible scene followed. The ladies' car was filled with passengers. Men, women and children were jammed together, wounded, crushed and bleeding. After a few moments confusion the windows and doors were broken open and the passengers carried from the wreck. But one life was lost, that of Charles Nightingale, of Brunswick, Ga., and who seemed to have been steamed to death. The son of Mr. Hegesheimer, United States Coast Surveyor, who was in the smoking car, was seriously injured. Mr. Desbman, of Baltimore, commercial traveler, bled a great deal and appeared badly wounded. Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, was among the passengers. The outward train from Augusta, being unable to pass the wreck, returned with the wounded, some of whom, however, proved to have but slight injuries.

Serious State of Affairs on the Mexican Border.

BROWNSVILLE, Texas, Nov. 15.—The federal grand jury in their report say that from Brownsville to Pecos river, a distance of 600 miles in length and 100 in width, to the Neucus river, all the American ranchers have been ordered to leave their homes by Mexican raiders on pain of death, and that 100,000 head of cattle are driven to Mexico annually by Mexican maurauders a number of federal officials have been assassinated, post offices burned, custom houses robbed and mail carriers and inspectors of customs killed while in the discharge of their duties, and the perpetrators of these crimes have gone unpunished, and general insecurity of life and property prevails on the border. The jury found eighty indictments and urged decisive action on the part of the state and general government to punish criminals and and protect the inhabitants against Mexican banditti.

Treasury Robbery.

WASHINGTON, Nov 18.—The $3,000 stolen from the Government during Treasurer New's administration, $1,000 at one time and $2,000 at a later period, were paid into the Treasury, very soon ofter the losses were reported, by Mr. New himself, out of his private resources. He has not assessed the employees. The arrangements in the Treasurer's office to guard against losses by stealing or otherwise are as perfect as possible. Efforts are still being made to discover who took the money, with a view to their arrest and punishment.

Effects of the Storm.

OMAHA, Nov. 15.—Reports received to-night from west of Cheyenne report that trains on the Union Pacific railroad are blocked with snow. The telegraph lines are now down east of the men that were sent out to repair the break of yesterday, but the main trouble is between Green river and Granger—twenty-one miles.

Unless the weather moderates considerably it will probably be a day or two before telegraphic communication through to San Francisco can be had. The Union Pacific are sending out snow trains from Cheyenne.

On Wednesday night of last week a bold robbery at Greensburg, and the burglars succeeded in getting away with goods to the value of $2,500. The stores from which the articles were taken belongs to the firm of Block & Co., and yesterday morning it was noticed that the wheel marks of a wagon led from the door of the building. By following up the clue thus presented there was no difficulty in tracing the vehicle to a house some three miles distant, and situated near the main road leading from town. The building was surrounded, and some eight or ten persons therein at the time were captured. A search was then instituted, which resulted in the finding of all the stolen property. Numerous robberies have been purpetrated in Westmoreland county recently, and it is now thought that the gang of desperadoes who were operating in that vicinity have all been captured. At the next term of Court in that district the whole party will be tried.

Death of U. S. Senator Ferry, of Connecticut.

NORWALK, CONN., Nov. 21.—Senator Orvis S. Ferry, whose health has been failing for some months, died this afternoon.

Senator Ferry was born at Bethel, Conn., August 15, 1823; graduated at Yale College; studied and practiced law; was appointed Judge of Probate in 1749; was a member of the State Senate in 1855 and 1856; was States' Attorney from 1856 to 1859; was a member of the United States House of Representatives in the Thirty-sixth Congress; was a Colonel and Brigadier General in the Union army, serving with marked distinction; was elected to the United States Senate as a Republican to succeed Lafayette S. Foster, Union Republican, and took his seat on March 4, 1867; was re-elected in 1872, and his term of service would have expired in March, 1879.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

Fire at Irwins.

A very destructive fire occurred at Irwin's Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, about 22 miles from the city, yesterday morning. The fire was first discovered in a billiard saloon in the basement of Jacob Goehring's building, located in the centre of the frame block on Main street, in the southwest portion of the town. The flames spread with fearful rapidity, and for a time it was apprehended that nearly the entire town would be destroyed, but they were gotten under control after fourteen buildings had been destroyed.

A telegram was sent to this city for assistance, and Assistant Chief Evans immediately sent two steamers to the Union Depot, where a special train was shortly ready to take them out. They did not go, however, as in a short time a dispatch was received stating that the fire was under control, and the engines would not be needed. The fire continued for about two hours, and to stop its progress it was found necessary to blow up a couple of buildings with powder.

Of the fourteen buildings destroyed, ten were stores. The loss amounts to fully $50,000, most of which was insured.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

A Spark in a Keg of Powder, and the Result.

POTTSVILLE, Nov. 18.—A terrible accident occurred at the Potts colliery, Locust Dale, this morning, and was caused by the explosion of a keg of powder. It appeared that Alfred Steeley, Mordecai Jones, Robert Payne and John Durkin, and a boy, aged about eighteen, were sitting on a box which contained a keg of powder, when a spark from one of the miner's lamps dropped into the powder, and it ignited and exploded. Every stitch of clothing was torn from the bodies of Durkin and Payne, except their shoes, and both are a mass of raw flesh. Steeley is terribly injured in the abdomen; his groans and cries are fearful, and he suffers dreadfully from the terrible pains. Jones is also frightfully burned. The men were removed to their homes and medical aid was summoned at once.

An Outbreak in the Western Penitentiary.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 16.—Five of the prisoners confined in the Western Penitentiary, three colored and two white, broke out in open mutiny this afternoon, and with hatchets and iron bars attacked Mr Charles Weaver, the contractor under whose supervision they were working.

Weaver, who was unarmed, was driven into a corner and badly beaten, and would, undoubtedly, have been killed, but for the opportune arrival of the deputy wardens, who confronted the prisoners with revolvers and forced them to relinquish their victim. The five convicts were secured and placed in dungeons. The trouble occurred in the whip factory, in which about ninety convicts are employed.

Fires.

LOUISVILL, KY., Nov. 16.—This afternoon a fire was discovered in the city hall, and the flames gained such headway that it was thought the whole building would be destroyed, but by the energetic efforts of the fire department the fire was confined to the tower of the building. Water had to be thrown 150 feet high, compelling two engines to play into the same hose. By means of long ropes the hose were drawn to the top of the hall and there used to great advantage. It is impossible to estimate the damage at present, but the loss will fall below the insurance, which is $45,000.

The Denver Murderers Arrested.

DENVER, COL., Nov. 17.—Frank Valindire, one of the party who murdered the four Italians in this city several weeks ago has been captured, and was to-day brought to this city. He was the only only one of the assassins at large. All are now secured and will be tried soon. Several of the band have confessed the crime since their incarceration, and it is believed that all of them, seven in number, will be hanged.

Another Collision.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 18.—At 10 o'clock this morning a collision occurred on the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis railroad between a construction train and a Westbound freight train, near the Philadelphia Cross roads, a few miles west of Dennison, Ohio. Three employees of the construction were killed and two others seriously injured. The accident seems to have been caused by the engineer of the freight train disregarding the signals given by the flagman of the construction train.

Robbing the Mails.

CLEVELAND, O., November 16.—Richard Dockstaded, a clerk in the Postoffice in this city for the past fifteen years, was arrested last night on the charge of robbing the mails. On his person were found eleven letters addressed to Cleveland parties. Seven of these letters had been opened. A preliminary examination was held this morning, and bail fixed at $3,000, in default of which the prisoner was committed to jail.

The Recent Election in Wisconsin.

MILWAKEE, Nov. 17.—The full official vote of all the counties has been received at the office of the Secretary of State. The majorities of the successful candidates are as follows: For Governor, Ludington (Rep.), 881; Lieutenant Governor, Parker (Dem.), 1,201; Secrotary of State, Doyle (Dem.), 621; Treasurer, Kuehan (Dem.), 3,840; Attorney Generalf Sloan (Dem.), 1,811; Superintendant of Public Instruction, Zaring (Dem.), 1,175.

The Peace Policy.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.— Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, in a letter to President Grant, says that the peace policy towards the Indians has been a success, and that thousands of them are learning to live as civilized men. Among them are many as good Christians as can be found among the whites.

Washington.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—The Vice President slept well last night, and continues to regain strength quite rapidly. His recovery is thoroughly assured.

The Secretary of the navy has arranged that the United States war vessels shall call next spring at convenient European ports, to collect and transport hither to the exhibition the works of American artists resident in Europe. Among the ports thus far designated, are Southampton for England, Havre for France, Bremen for Germany, and Leghorn for Italy, to which, if desirable, others may be added.

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