The Centre Hall Reporter.

Fredrick Kurtz, Editor. *Centre Hall, Centre Co., Pa., Friday, September 2d, 1870.* *Vol. 3.—No. 19.*

BUGGIES! BUGGIES!
J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa.
Manufacturer of all kinds of Buggies, would respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that he has on hand
NEW BUGGIES,
with and without top, and which will be sold at reduced prices for cash, also a reasonable credit given. Two horse Wagons, Springwagons, &c., made to order, and warranted to give satisfaction in every respect. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Call and see his stock of Buggies before purchasing elsewhere. ap10'68tf

Science on the Advance.
C. H. Gutelius,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,
who is permanently located in Aaronsburg in the office formerly occupied by Dr. Neff, and who has been practicing with entire success—having the experience of a number of years in the profession, he would cordially invite all who have as yet not given him a call, to do so, and test the truthfulness of this assertion. ☞Teeth extracted without pain. may22'68tf

HENRY BROCKERHOFF, President. J. D SHGERT. Cashier.
CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Notes,
Buy and Sell
Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.
ap10'68tf

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Reynold's bank. may14'69tf

JAS. M'MANUS, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, promptly attends to all business entrusted to him. jul3,68tf

P. D. NEFF, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Centre Hall, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of Potter and adjoining townships. Dr. Neff has the experience of 23 years in the active practice of medicine and surgery. ap10'68

H. N. M'ALLISTER, JAMES A. BEAVER,
M'ALLISTER & BEAVER
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Penn'a. ap68tf

Chas. H. Hale,
Attorney at Law, Bellefonte. dec25'69tf

MILLER'S HOTEL, Woodward, Pa. Stages arrive and depart daily.
This favorite hotel is now in every respect one of the most pleasant country hotels in central Pennsylvania. The traveling community will always find the best accommodation. Drovers can at all times be accommodated with stables and pasture for any number of cattle or horses.
july3'68tf GEO. MILLER.

BECK'S HOTEL, 312 & 314 Race street a few doors above 3rd, Philadelphia. Its central locality makes it desirable for all visiting the city on business or pleasure
A. BECK, Proprietor.
ap'68 (formerly of the States Union hotel)

WM. H. BLAIR, H Y STITZER,
BLAIR & STITZER,
Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Office, on the Diamond, next door to Garman's hotel. Consultations in German or English. feb19'69tf

SCALES, at wholesale and retail, cheap, by IRWIN & WILSON.

BOOTS, large stock, all styles, sizes and prices, for men and boys, just arrived at Wolf well known old Stand.

LEATHER, of all descriptions, french calf skin, spanish sole leather, moroccos, sheep skins, linings. Everything in the leather line warranted to give satisfaction, at BURNSIDE & THOMAS.

FINE TABLE CUTLERY, including plated forks, spoons, &c, at
ap10,68 IRWIN & WILSON.

BAROMETERS and Thermometers, at IRWIN & WILSONS.

COFFIN TRIMMINGS, a large assortment at IRWIN & WILSONS

HAND BELLS and Door Bells, all sizes and kinds at
ap10' IRWIN & WILSONS

TOYS of all kinds, at BURNSIDE & THOMAS

SYRUP, the finest ever made, just received, cheap at Wolf's old stand—try it.

A Large Stock of Ladies Furs, horse Blankets, and Buffalo Robes at BURNSIDE & THOMAS

BUGGY—new trotting Buggy for sale at a bargain, at Wolf's old Stand at Centrehall.

J. B. Kreider, M. D.
Office at Millheim, Centre county.
Offers his services to all needing medical attendance. Calls promptly attended to. Early settlement cordially requested, when a liberal discount will be allowed. Interest charged on unsettled accounts after six months. 21jantf

C. E. CHANDLER, M. D.,
HOMŒPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Bellefonte, Penn'a. Office 2nd Floor over Harper Bro's Store. Residence at the Office. *References*—Hon. C A. Mayer, Pres't Judge, Lock Haven, Pa. Hon. L. A. Mackey, Pres't 1st National Bank, do.; Harper Bros, Merchants, Bellefonte, Pa., and others. 19nov69tf

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney at Law.
Collections promptly made and special attention given to securing lands or property for sale. Will attend to acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Office in the diamond, north side of the court house, Bellefonte. oct22'69tf

CLOTHING—Overcoats, Pants, Vests, and Dress Coats, cheap, at Wolf's.

DR. J. THOMPSON BLACK, Physician and Surgeon, Potter Mills, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of Potter township. mr26,69,tf

THE BELLEFONTE
Boot & Shoe Store
Next door to Post Office.
We have always on hand.
GENTS CALF AND KIP BOOTS
A larger assortment of Ladies and Children's Shoes than any other place in town. Gum Shoes, every style, make and size.
We ask an examination of our goods, before purchasing elsewhere.
octltf. GRAHAM & SON.

HORSE COLLARS, if you don't wha your horse's shoulders galled and madesore, get good horse collars at BURNSIDE & THOMAS'.

THE ANVIL STORE is now receiving a large and well assorted Stock of Hardware, Stoves, Nails, Horse Shoes, Saddlery, Glass, Paints, Sheet, Bar and Hoop Iron also Buggy and Wagon Stock of every description.—Call and supply yourselves at the lowest possible rates at
ap10'68. IRWIN & WILSON.

A Tremendous Stock of Goods
at Burnside & Thomas.
Whitman's celebrated confections,
Whitman's celebrated chocolate,
Baker's chocolate, Smith's chocolate,
China Ginger, English Pickes,
American Pickles, at
BURNSIDE & THOMAS'

Philadelphia Store,
In Brockerhoff's block, Bishop Street, Bellefonte, where
KELLER & MUSSER,
have just opened the best, cheapest, largest as well as the best assorted stock of Good, in Bellefonte.
HERE LADIES,
Is the place to buy your Silks, Mohairs, Mozambiques, Reps, Alpacas, Delains, Lans, Brilliants, Muslins, Calicoes, Tickings, Flanels, Opera Flanels, Ladies Conting, Gents' Cloths, Ladies Sacques, White Pekay, Linen Table Cloths, Counterpanes, Crib Counterpanes, White and Colored Tarlton, Napkins, Insertings and Edgings, White Lace Curtins, Zephyr & Zephyr Patterns, Tidy Cotton, Shawls, Work Baskets
SUNDOWNS,
Notions of every kind, White Goods of every description, Perfumery, Ribbons—Velvet, Taffeta and Bonnet, Cords and Braid, Veils, Buttons, Trimmings, Ladies and Misses Skirts,
HOOP SKIRTS,
Thread Hosiery, Fans, Beads, Sewing
LADIES AND MISSES SHOES
and in fact every thing that can be thought of, desired or used in the
FANCY GOODS OR NOTION LINE
FOR GENTLEMEN,
they have black and blue cloths,, black and fancy cassimeres, sattinetts, tweeds, melons, silk, satin and common vestings, in short, every thing imaginable in the line of gentlemens wear.
Ready-made Clothing of Every Discription, for Men and Boys.
Boots and Shoes, in endless variety, Hats and Caps, CARPETS, Oilcloth, Rugs, Brown Muslins, Bleached Muslins, Drillings, Sheetings, Tablecloths, &c., cheaper than elsewhere.
Their stock of QUEENSWARE & GROCERIES cannot be exceiled in quality or price.
Call in at the Philadelphia Store and convince yourselves that KELLER & MUSSER have any thing you want, and do business on the principle of "Quick Sales and Small Profits." ap30,69
GRAIN AND PRODUCE ARE TAKEN

NEW FIRM at
Centre Hall.
J. B. SOLT.
ALL NEW.
New Store.
New Goods.
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Centre Hall and Potter township, that he has opened a new store at the well known stand formerly occupied by C. F. Herlacher, where he is now offering
A Full and Complete Stock of
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS
cheap as anywhere,
His stock is entirely new, and the public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves; Goods will be offered at the lowest possible prices, and by a general system of fair dealing they hope to merit a fair share of public patronage.
Call and Examine our Stock
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
☞ Only Give us a Fair Trial. ☜
We have a full and complete assortment of the latest Styles.
Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Queensware,
Gentlemen and Ladies furnishing Goods, Ladies Cloaks and Circulars, in Silk and Cloth, all kinds of Groceries, the finest Syrups, the best Coffee, Tobacco, Paints, Dyestuffs, Oils, Fish, Salt, Stationery, and everything else that is to be found in a well stocked country store.
The highest market price paid in Store Goods for
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Don't forget the New Store, at Centre Hall, where goods are now offered at a bargain. Call and see us.
ap23y J. B. SOLT.

Furniture Rooms!
J. O. DEININGER,
respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has constantly on hand, and makes to order, all kinds of
BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS
TABLES, &c., &c
HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND
His stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under his own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates as cheap as elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the same.
Call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere. ap24'68,1y.

FISHING TACKLES, rods lines, hook flies, sea hair baskets, etc. Rig you out to catch trout at BURNSIDE & THOMAS

JAPANNED TOILET SETTS, AND other Japanned ware, at the Anvil Store.
ap10'68. IRWIN & WILSON.

CANNED FRUITS, peaches, tomatoes pine apples, and peas in great variety, at BURNSIDE & THOMAS'

LOOKING-GLASS PLATES of all sizes for sale by IRWIN & WILSON.
ap10'68.

UNION PATENT CHURN, the best in use at IRWIN & WILSON'S.
ap10'68.

HORN BLANKETS AND SLEIGH BELLS, at low prices, at
ap10'68. IRWIN & WILSON'

BOALTS for Buggies and Carriages all sizes in use; Fire Bolts, ditto, at
p10'68 IRWIN & WILSON'S

TERMS.—THE CENTRE HALL REPORTER is published weekly at $1,50 per year in advance; and $2,00 when not paid in advance. Reporter, 1 month 15 cents.
Advertisements are inserted at $1,50 per square (10 lines) for 3 weeks. Advertisements for a year, half year, or three month at a less rate.
All Job-work, Cash, and neatly and expeditiously executed, at reasonable charges.

CENTRE HALL REPORTER.
CENTRE HALL, PA., SEPTEMBER 2d, 1870.

A Fight With a Rattlesnake.

Hunting in an Alabama Swamp—Attacking a Rattlesnake Eight Feet Long—A Desperate Fight—Death of the Human Combatant.

[Cloptoa Correspondence of the Eufala News.]

Last Saturday morning I was the witness of such a scene as I pray God I may never see again. I beheld a combat between a young man and a rattlesnake, in which the former was bitten, and died in ten minutes thereafter. The particulars of the terrible affair are as follows:

On Friday last a young man named Graynor asked me to spend the night with him and go coon hunting with him next morning, to which request I readily assented. We started out about three o'clock in the morning, and near the day the dogs opened on a trail in the swamp of Bear creek. Just after sunrise the deep bayings of the dogs informed us that the game had taken a tree. We proceeded to make our way through the bogs and tangled brush and vine in the direction of the dogs, until we came to a small space of firm ground, which was covered with a low growth of oak bushes. Here we halted a moment to listen for the dogs.

We had scarcely paused, when we were startled by a loud, strange, rattling sound issuing from a low thick bush within a few feet of us. Though I had never heard the peculiar noise before, I knew instinctively that it was a rattlesnake, and I sprang back in terror, remarking, "Graynor, let's leave here."

"What, S——," said he, "are you afraid?"

"Yes," said I, "I *am* afraid."

"Well, S——," he coolly remarked, "I am going to kill the snake. It would be a pity to leave such a fine fellow go. So, here goes."

While Graynor was speaking I caught a glimpse of the snake, which, as nearly as I could judge, appeared to be about eight feet in length, and three inches in diameter in its larger part. He was lying coiled up in perfect circles, with his head drawn back in a terribly graceful curve, his small eyes sparkling, his slender forked tongue darting swiftly back and forth, and his brown neck swollen with fatal wrath, while ever and anon he twirled the warning rattles in the air, with a harsh, blood-curdling sound.

"For God's sake let's go," said I, shuddering at the terrible sight.

"Don't get scared," said G., "just climb a tree, and he won't bite you. It ain't every day that a fellow meets with such a fine, large snake as this and it wouldn't do to lose him."

He picked up a small stick about a yard long, and, while speaking, was drawing back the bushes from above the snake so as to get a sight of him. He threw his foot around over the bushes, and then tramped them down in such a manner that the monster was fairly exposed to view, but just as he did so, and before he had time to strike, the snake made a sudden spring at him, and I turned away my face in horror. The next instant Graynor exclaimed, "I've got him by George!"

I turned to look, and with his right hand he was grasping the snake by the neck in such a manner that he could not bite; while the monster was gnashing his teeth most furiously, and twisting and writhing in huge folds around Graynor's arms. All of a sudden, in some unaccountable manner, the snake freed his head, and as quick as lightning plunged his deadly fangs in G.'s right cheek; when dropping on the ground, he glided a few paces and again coiled himself up, keeping his head erect and ringing his fearful rattles. G. turned deathly pale, paused a moment, and then with a little stick advanced toward the snake. As he did so the snake made a spring at him, but G. struck him with the stick and knocked him back. A second time the snake sprang at him, and he again knocked him off with the stick; but before he could strike the third blow the snake made another spring and inflicted another wound in Graynor's arm. This time Graynor again managed to seize the monster by the neck, and dropping the stick he drew forth his knife with one hand and opened it with his teeth, and then deliberately cut off the snake's head. Blood spurted from the trunk, and G., still grasping the snake, whose huge folds flapped and writhed around him, turned towards me staggered and fell. I rushed up to him and asked him:

"What in the name of God can I do for you?"

"Nothing," said he calmly, "I am dying. Tell them good ——," and his features became frightfully contorted, his eyes rolled over as if starting from their sockets, and his black, swollen tongue protruded from his mouth. Then he fixed his red, wild, staring eyes upon me, and heaved a deep, piercing groan; a shiver passed over his frame, and then all was still. I was alone with the dead.

Marking the place as well as I could I hastened to a house we had passed on the road, some half a mile distant from the fatal tragedy. Runners were sent through the neighborhood, and in the course of two hours some twenty of the neighbors had gathered. We proceeded to the place, which I found no difficulty in pointing out.

Good heavens! what a sight met my view. The face and body had turned to a deep purple, and were swollen to three times the natural size, presenting the most horrible appearance I had ever witnessed. The snake lay where he had been thrown, and was still writhing.

A litter of boughs was hastily constructed, and, with heavy hearts, we took our way to the residence of his parents. I will not attempt to describe the heartrending scene when they saw the body. Grief like theirs cannot be portrayed.

The Story of a Strike.

From the Journal of Commerce.

Persons who have had occasion to visit the Schuylkill coal region at any time from May to August, saw all about them the injurious affects of the miners' strike. Tourists for pleasure, except a few hardy ones, shunned the region as pestilential. Trade having almost stopped, even the adventurous commercial traveller gave the disturbed district the go by. Storekeepers did barely enough busines to live on. Hotel proprietors were in despair at losing the rich patrons who customarily came with every summer to the breezy mountain tops or cosy nooks where their hostelries are situated. On piazzas usually promenaded by opulent old Philadelphians, their buxom wives and blithesome daughters, sullen miners are seated, aglow with firey potations from abounding bars, and discussing their grievances with tiresome iteration. The wives of these idlers were wearing out their lives in squalid houses, are desperately striving to make their scanty supply of food go the round of a brood of hungry children—and the latter were tattered and dirty and pinched as the poor little ones who fish through the gutters of New York for a living. As the strike continued and the hoarded earnings were withdrawn, dollar by dollar, from the savings banks, the peril of actual starvation set in; and all through the richer adjacent country these women begged for money and food to keep the souls and bodies of their households together. If the visitor, tired of contemplating all this squalor and wretchedness, turned for relief to the local newspapers that he found lying about his inn, he there discovered a new cause of depression in grandiloquent appeals of editors—column after column—to the miners not to give an inch, but to fight out their battle to the last man and the last dollar. The same mock-heroic sentiments were enforced in strings of doggerel from strikers "with the gift." The rest of these inflammatory journals was mainly occupied with high-flown accounts of the monster receptions according to this or that well-fed and comfortable president of some labor union who had been up to see the miners, and conjured them by all that was sacred to starve rather than yield. And they took these apostles of liberty and equal rights at their word, and did strave—until early this month, when they made a clean back-down from their ultimatum, and were glad to accept the terms that the mining operators or owners gave them. The collapse was complete, as we will show. The miners struck early in the year for the following reason: During 1869 they had worked upon a basis of coal at $3 a ton at Port Carbon, the recognized shipping point of the Schuylkill region. If the price of coal went above that figure they were to receive a proportionate increase of price, both for day work and on contract—but if it went below, there was no corresponding reduction of wages, &c. This was favorable to the miners. Towards the close of the year coal at Port Carbon had declined, and stood at $2 50 to $3 a ton. The arrangement for 1869 terminated December 31st of that year. The miners wished to continue it—as if coal were still at $3 a ton. But the operators, being free to make a new basis, fixed it at $2 50, which was all that coal seemed to be worth in 1870. The miners were obstinate and the operators not less so, for the latter had a large stock and could afford to stop work, with a view to getting higher prices for the coal on hand. To the miners came all the suffering, and the operators a goodly line of profits out of the strike. Still the operators would not have objected to continue mining if a fair compromise could have been made; but, under the demagogic direction and advice of trade-unions in different parts of the country, the strikers declined any practicable adjustment of the difficulties, and went on starving. Finally, early in the present month, this senseless trouble ended just as every sagacious observer said that it would end. The operators proposed, and the strikers accepted, a sliding scale of wages based on the actual price of coal at Port Carbon. The prices enumerated at which the increase or decrease of wages shall take place range all the way from $2 to $4. At present the price is between $2 50 and $3, with a prospect of going to the first named figure. Thus it will be seen that the strikers have been forced to back out from their scale of 1869, which they endeavored to force upon the operators for 1870, by accepting prices based upon coal at less than $3, and a natural law has won the victory, as it ever will in the long run against all odds. Work has generally been resumed in the Schuylkill region, except among the contract laborers, and they will probably give in to the operators' terms also. The losses sustained by the strikers are immense in the aggregate; and each of them must now work hard for a long time to re-accumulate the small store of earnings which he has wasted in this desperate war fare not merely against the operators but against nature and the common sense of mankind.

A NEGRO RISING.

Threatened Insurrection of the Colored People in Tennessee—Women and Children Flying for Safety.

The Memphis Avalanche has the following in its issue of the 16th inst:

There is trouble at the "Point." The Point is situated some five or six miles from town, between the Wolf and Hatchie rivers. The colored population out there have been disturbed to their lowest depths. Some time ago Winfield Jerusalem was out there preaching a sort of religious political sermon, exclusively colored in its tone and air. Sentries were placed at proper distances beyond the precincts of the church, to keep away interloping whites. What transpired at the meeting was held secret until a Dr. Winston cornered one of the colored cusses and forced a confession from him. The colored man said that "Uncle Smif was a talking to 'em upon warious toothpicks, an' things in general," among which was the startling announcement that the "kulled pussun" would pass away like the Indian of former days, and that now was the time to make a stand, now the time to get on their legs and make a fight for their rights, and do or die.

Their enthusiasm and their ire and their indignation were at once raised; even the sentries that perambulated outside the church became affected and sent up involuntary cheers. The news spread abroad among the neighbors that the colored men intended to stand up for their rights, and that he considered now the accepted time and that if he wouldn't strike boldly and well he would be forever fallen. Yesterday was the day set apart for the "rising." The female portion of the community became imbued that they couldn't stand it. They took the youngsters under their arms and under the protecting folds of their cloaks and rushed into the city quite numerously.

The discourse of the patriotic Smith occurrred some five or six weeks ago. Since then the negroes, making crops on shares, have been growing discontented and careless daily, abandoning their crops in some cases. Smith is reported to have advised them to rise at once or the whites would soon be too numerous for them. When asked what about their crops Smith's reply was that their crops were nothing compared to their lives and liberties. Now was the time to vindicate themselves or not at all. A patrol of citizens were organized and word was sent to Sheriff Wright, coupled with a request for aid. Further details are awaited with anxiety.

HOGS AND RATTLESNAKES.—The Columbus (Ohio) News says that a farmer near there, recently in walking about his place, discovered a nest of rattle snakes in an old log about which several large pieces of rock lay scattered. He had heard that hogs were death on snakes of all sorts, and not caring to attack the nest himself, he thought he would try the experiment and see a fight. He drove several hogs in the vicinity to the nest, and watched the result. The hogs soon seemed to scent the snakes, and commenced rooting eagerly about the spot. In an instant half a dozen of the serpents emerged from their hiding places to attack the intruders, who manifested a zealous disposition to go in. A snake would rear himself to the hight of the back of a hog, shake his rattles, and plunge his fangs into the animal with lightning like celerity, and then dart away, pursued by the grunter, who dexterously received the sting upon the fleshy part of the jaw. Time and again this would be repeated, until the hog got his fore foot upon the snake, when he would deliberately rip the snake in twain, and then devour him. This slaughter continued until all the snakes were disposed of, when the hogs grunted contentedly, and without any signs of being disturbed, waddled off in search of another provender. The eye witness to this singular contest, which was not without its exciting features, declares himself convinced that a pig is impervious to the poisonous bite of any kind of serpent.

The reports for July from Lieutenant Davidson, Indian agent at the Banrock and Shoshone agency, Idaho, says that grist mills have been erected, but the grasshoppers have destroyed most of the grain crop and vegetables, which will lead to much suffering this winter.

The Greecian bend is to be superseded by the Boston dip, a sort of limp with one foot.

Massacre in Japan.

A late letter to the N. Y. *Tribune*, from Yokohama, giving some details of the recent massacre in Japan, speaks of earlier persecutions, which will enable our people to form some opinion of the treacherous nature of those we are now inviting to our midst. The correspondent says:

I should first state that there are two established religions—Sintoism and Budhism; the former a primitive belief recognizing a Supreme Being, and the latter allied to the Buhdistic faith of China. A third creed, called Sootoo, resembles Confucianism, and is a purely autheistic creed. The Mikado has, as is well known, been for ages considered to be the sacred representative of the first named, deriving his descent from the Sun goddess, and receiving the worship of his subjects. It was just three hundred years ago when the Dutch and other nations had obtained a satisfactory footing for commercial and other purposes within the Empire, that certain missionaries from the East made their appearanc in Japan, St. Francis Xavier being their leader. Fired with zeal for the conversion of a people that even in these days, evinced a civilization and desire for progress which struck their visitors with astonishment, they set eagerly to work, and within a very short period had obtained so many converts that they constituted a formidable class, and became so bold and even imprudent in their demeanor that Tyco-sama, the first Shiogoon (or Tycoon, as we erroneously say now-a-days), determined on their extirpation. Tyco-sama was a man of humble origin, who had gained his vast power by his unrivalled ability and determination, and he was not one to pause in the means he had adopted for gaining his objects. By his orders secret instructions were forwarded to the Daimios of every Province, commanding them on a given day to massacre every Christian, foreign or native, found within their jurisdiction. The savage mandate was literally obeyed. The visitor to Nagasaki will, as he enters the harbor, be struck by the picturesque appearance of a small island which rises in mid channel, its lofty top crested with fine trees, guns peeping here and there from the brushwood which clothes its sides in all the brilliant tints of Japanese verdure, and with a percipitous cliff on one side of some hundreds of feet, going sheer down to the water's edge. Barely a mile in circumferance, this island was one of the scenes of the Nagasaki massacre. All the Christians native and foreign, of the neighborhood, were suddenly seized and conveyed to this spot, and there, amid nature's loveliest scenery, between 30,000 and 40,000 men, women and children, including beautiful girls and infants just able to walk, were driven at the pike's point over the awful precipice, to be drowned or dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. History records few instances of greater heroism than the refusal of these martyrs to trample on the figure of the cross, which was the alternative of escaping death. No Christian foot is, even at the present day, allowed to tread the shores of an island consecrated by the blood thus shed in witness of the faith.

Distant but a few miles from Nagasaki proper lies Simabarra, the scene of another and similar massacre at the same date. It is a quiet looking town, backed up by a huge mountain, whence hideous volcanic fires vomit a never ceasing stream of smoke, faintly visible in the cloudless atmosphere around it. It bears a sad history in many ways, for it has been the scene of desolating earthquakes, where thousands have fallen victims to the convulsions of nature. But is is, of course, as the scene of the extirpation of Christianity in Japan—the massacre at Pappenberg was consumated before that at Simabana begun—that is of present interest. In this case the town was surrounded by troops, who prevented all egress on the part of its inhabitants, and deliberately burned and battered to pieces every house, putting to the sword every soul, without distinction of age or sex, who sought to escape. Its defenders however, fought bravely, though unavailingly; and when all was over, and the reeking ruins remained, 37,000 Christians lay dead upon the ground.

A New Naven editor recently wrote an elaborate article about his "Alma Mater." and was astounded to find it appear in the paper as "Alum water."

The loss sustained by the destruction of the Pearl Flour Mills by fire, in Allegheny city, is near $200,000. Insurance about $80,000.

A Michigan boarding house keeper calls up his servants of a morning with "Get up, you lazy jades, breakfast has got to be got, and somebody has got to get up and get it."

A new well was struck on Thursday of last week upon the M'Cray fram, near Petroleum Centre, owned by Hart and others, and is now pumping at the rate of 250 barrels per day.

A four foot vein of coal has been struck near Orangville, Mercer county, by Messrs. Brown and Fell, at a depth of seventy feet.

The present long continued dry weather recalls a story, a true one, of a minister of New Hampshire who prayed for rain in this fashion, "O Lord, we pray for rain! Not a tearin' drivin' rain, such as harrers up the face of natur, but a drizzlin', sozzlin' rain, as lasts all day and pretty much all night!"

BISMARCK.

The "Man of Iron and Blood" in the North German Parliamet—His Caustic Severity on the Alleged Causes of the War.

The meeting of the German Federal Parliament in Berlin has given occasion to many scenes of profound interest. In the session of the second day Count Bismarck presented a summary view of the situation, commenting with caustic severity on the alleged causes of the war, and exposing the deceitful pretension of the Imperial government. A spectator of the proceedings of the occasion gives a dramatic sketch of Bismark in a letter to a Vienna journal:

"The president had already closed the session, and the members were about leaving the hall, when he rose, and requested them to again take their seats, as the Chancellor of the Confederation had a communication to make to the House. A general murmur was heard, and the crowd pressed into the galleries, in order to gain a better sight. Bismarck then made his appearance, his cheeks pale and deep furrows under his eyes. A broad shouldered, strong boned figure, in the uniform of a cavalry colonel, dark blue with yellow. The yellow of his uniform collar contrasted strangely with the deadly paleness of his face. He took his place to the left of the president. Near him lay a black leather portfolio. In this was concealed the fate of two nations. He searched for the key and opened the little brass lock. Then he drew out a few sheet of paper—sheets in which lay the dreadful war that was to destroy so many thousand lives and bring so many families to ruin. He gave a hasty glance at the first, and then began to speak. There was the stillness of death. Count Bismarck is no orator, in the usual sense of the term. He speaks without fluency, and with little pathos. He has nothing less at heart than this. His words come out in a broken form. He expresses what he has to say in short sentences. He often hesitates. He makes pauses, and then hesitates again. His language never flows in a living stream. His speeches, which read as if they came from a single gush, are always fragmentary when they fall from his lips. You see that he labors as he speaks. One who heard him to day for the first time might believe that the burden of the feelings which weighed upon his heart almost took away his breath, that every word was wrung out from the depths of his inner man. Yet he always speaks in this way. While he expresses himself with the utmost facility in private conversation, his language becomes slow and difficult as soon as he addresses a public assembly. What he said to the excited and eager members of the House is already known to every one that reads the newspapers. It was the keenest and most subtle criticism of the pretenses on which the French government had gone to war. A slight vein of irony ran through his whole discourse, the effect of which on the hearer was heightened by the subdued tone of its delivery. Not a line in the countenance of the Chancellor was altered as he took up one sheet after another and declared its contents. No mocking contraction of the mouth accompanied the points which he made against the cabinet of Napoleon. No trace of approval or of disapproval betrayed his personal interest in the subject. In the same quiet, business like manner he called the declaration of war 'the only official communication which he had received from the Imperial government in the whole affair;" analyzed the private negotiations which had been entertained between the Ministry and the French Ambassador; characterized the interview at Ems; and finally, referred to the unsuccessful attempt at mediation by England. The last sheet was the French original of the declaration of war—a piece of paper like all the rest—distinguished by no special mark—as Bismarck there took it in his hands—not even by the slightest change in his features, or the least wavering of his tone; he coldly remarked that the text of the declaration of war was already known in the German translation, and asked the Parliament to excuse him for the unfinished sketch of a circular to the foreign ministers. This was the last word of Bismarck at the session, at which no one could have been present without being penetrated with the power and wide bearing of acts which it took but twenty or thirty minutes and six or seven pieces of paper to make unchangeable. We who have hitherto become acquainted with historical documents only after they have grown mouldy in the archives, here had them before us in their fresh odor and their modern aspect. There is nothing there to be seen of sentiment or enthusiasm; all this comes afterward—after the flow of tears and blood. And of these we shall this time have no lack."

William H. Gordon, proprietor of a soda water stand on East Broadway, dissatisfied with the presence of a woman named Catherine M'Connell living with his wife whom the latter obdurately refused to expel in compliance with the demand of Gordon, went to his house on Gouvernier street and renewed his demands for the expulsion of the woman M'Connell. High words insued, upon which Gordon drew a revolver and shot his wife in the temple, inflicting a murderous wound. Gordon then attempted to shoot the woman M'Connell, hitting her on the elbow. Then quickly recocking his weapon, he sent a ball at his little son, cutting a piece off the nose of the boy. Having satisfied himself from the exclamations of his victims that the bullets had taken effect, and supposing he had completed his work effectually, he presented the revolver to his own breast and fired, the ball lodging above his heart, inflicting a severe but not dangerous wound. He then fled from the house, but was captured by the police. Mrs. Gordon will probably die. The cause of this desperate crime is ascribed to the presence of the woman M'Connell in the house, to which Gordon strenuously objected.

A duel took place at Savannah, yesterday morning, between Richard Aiken and Ludlow Cohn, two well known citizens. They exchanged five rounds, when the latter was mortally wounded. Aiken was unhurt.