The Sun.

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR. NEW YORK, MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1871. PRICE TWO CENTS.

THE WAR ON FRANCE.

Another Sortie from Paris Repulsed.

FAIDHERBE AGAIN DEFEATED.

Bourbaki Pursued by General Von Glumer.

GERMAN OCCUPATION OF TOURS.

The Last Sortie from Paris—Rumors of an Armistice—Mobiles Frozen to Death—Fifteen Deaths per Day from the Bombardment—A Private Letter from Paris.

"VERSAILLES, Friday, Jan. 20.—Faidherbe will be pursued to-day. The sortie from Valérien yesterday was made in great force. The troops are still outside of Paris. A fresh attack is certain to-day.
"WILHELM."

THE EMPEROR'S SECOND DESPATCH.

LONDON, Jan. 20, 5 P. M.—The Emperor William telegraphs as follows to the Empress Augusta:

"VERSAILLES, Thursday, Jan. 19.—A sortie was made from Valérien to-day under cover of a heavy fire. It was entirely resultless. The Army of the North was beaten to-day before St. Quentin. Four thousand unwounded prisoners and two guns were captured.
WILHELM."

ANOTHER DESPATCH.

LONDON, Jan 20—4:30 P. M.—The French made a sortie from Mont Valérien yesterday noon, and the fighting lasted until dark. The German loss was inconsiderable.

FRENCH LOSS IN THE SORTIE.

The French suffered great loss, and five hundred wounded men were captured by the Germans. Gen. Trochu asked for an armistice, but it was refused.

A PARTY FROM PARIS SURPRISED.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—Prince George of Saxony telegraphs to Dresden that the Saxons, while reconnoitring on the 19th, surprised a force from Paris on the Ferme Grosjay, and captured 5 officers and 150 privates. The bombardment of Paris continues, with good results.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS BELIEVED TO BE PENDING.

The Versailles correspondent of the *Telegraph* reports on the 16th that the Germans have twenty-two batteries available for use against Paris. For the past three days, however, the bombardment has slackened, and for the past twenty-four hours has totally ceased.

It is believed that negotiations looking to peace are pending.

THE BOMBARDMENT TO BE RENEWED.

VERSAILLES, Jan. 18—7 P. M.—Overtures of some nature have certainly arrived, but there is good reason to believe they have failed of success. A bombardment of increased severity will recommence immediately.

BALLOON REPORTS TO THE 18TH.

LONDON, Jan. 19—Midnight.—A balloon has landed in Belgium, with advices from Paris to the 18th inst. The bombardment was causing considerable damage, but the fires occasioned by it were easily extinguished. Some of the mills for the grinding of corn had been damaged, and supplies of meal were, in consequence, obtained with great difficulty.

THE PARISIANS STILL HEROIC.

A despatch has been received here which gives further particulars of the bombardment of Paris up to early on the morning of the 19th. The Prussians are moving their siege trains nearer and nearer the city, and should they persist in the continuous fire many parts of the city must be entirely destroyed. The conduct of the inhabitants is described as very heroic, although there are evident indications of a desire to capitulate.

RUMORED FOUR DAYS' ARMISTICE.

On the 10th there was a rumor current that the Germans had consented to a four days' armistice. The cessation of firing from many of the forts for three days seemed to confirm this.

It was also fully believed that Trochu intended to commence a series of sorties on the 20th.

MOBILES FROZEN TO DEATH.

In the sorties on the 15th thirty unwounded Mobiles were found frozen to death on the road in the wood in the front of Meudon.

DEATHS FROM THE BOMBARDMENT.

Advices from Paris of the 18th state that the number of deaths in the city from the bombardment is estimated at fifteen per day.

A PRIVATE LETTER FROM PARIS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—A private letter, dated Paris, Dec. 26, which came out by balloon and was received here yesterday, gives some very interesting information as to the state of affairs in that city. The writer, a well-educated American gentleman, who preferred remaining in Paris during the siege, says the fact is well established that

GEN. TROCHU IS A COMPLETE FAILURE,

and that if he were out of the way, there would be some hope of saving France. He has been so flattered for his supposed greatness that he believes his own safety paramount to that of Paris, and has talked of leaving Paris by balloon to avoid capture when the city falls. When urged not to do so, and told that the French people would regard such an act as cowardice, he replied that his capture would be the ruin of France, and by his safety alone could the people expect to succeed in driving the Germans from the soil of France.

THE PRICE OF PROVISIONS

is enormously high; there remains only enough on hand to enable the city to hold out until the 20th of January—possibly a few days longer. But no one expects the siege will extend beyond the 1st of February, as the provisions will be entirely exhausted by that time, and the city forced to surrender. Horse meat has entirely given out, and is not to be found in the markets. Mule meat sells for $2 per pound and upward, according to quality. Cats bring $4 each, dogs $1.50 per pound, and rats are $1 per pair. One turkey sold for $50.

The inhabitants have experienced

BITTERLY COLD WEATHER,

and there has been universal suffering owing to the fuel being exhausted, with the exception of what could be obtained from the fences about the city. Coal is entirely gone, and in consequence the city is in total darkness at night.

THE ARMY OF THE NORTH.

The Stores not being Removed from Arras—Faidherbe Defeated and Driven into St. Quentin.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—The journals of Lille deny that stores are being removed from Arras.

FAIDHERBE DEFEATED.

In the north, the advanced divisions of Gen. Faidherbe's army have been driven from Beauvais to St. Quentin, with the loss of 500 unwounded prisoners and one gun.

Gen. Von Goeben attacked Faidherbe yesterday, and after an obstinate fight of seven hours drove him out of all his positions, and into St. Quentin.

THE ARMY OF THE EAST.

Bourbaki Pursued by Gen. Von Glumer—Longwy Bombarded Vigorously.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—Gen. Von Werder has commenced the pursuit of Bourbaki, with whom he had successful engagements on Wednesday.

GEN. VON GLUMER AFTER BOURBAKI.

Gen. Von Glumer telegraphs to Carlsruhe that his vanguard is in pursuit of the retreating army of Gen. Bourbaki, and that there would be a general advance along the whole line of the German army on the 19th. The Baden brigade is marching to Saverne.

LONGWY BOMBARDED VIGOROUSLY.

Midnight.—A despatch from Arlon says the bombardment of Longwy by the Prussians continued vigorously to-day. Three hundred shells have already fallen in the town.

LONGWY SAID TO BE IN FLAMES.

Midnight.—It is reported from the Belgian frontier that Longwy is in flames, but a heavy fog prevents the verification of the report.

The Army of the Loire.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—8:30 P. M.—The Germans have occupied the city of Tours, meeting with no resistance.

It is said that M. Gambetta has requested Gen. de Palasdines to resume the command of the Army of the Loire.

WAR NOTES.

French Gunboat Run Down and Sunk—The Inactivity of the French Navy Condemned.

News has been received that on the 12th inst., off Vigo, Spain, the Prussian corvette Augusta ran down and sunk a French gunboat, and that four of her officers and twenty-six of her crew were made prisoners.

M. Gambetta is reported to have issued an order for the cessation of enlistments for the corps of free shooters.

The Paris *Siècle* condemns the inaction of the French Navy in not intercepting the German-American steamers.

Large numbers of refugees have arrived on the British island of Jersey from the neighboring French coast, in consequence of rumors that the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg is advancing on Rennes.

Spanish iron-clads have been ordered to Vigo to enforce the observance of neutrality and prevent a collision between the German frigate Augusta and the French man-of-war Hermione, both now lying in that harbor.

Bismarck, in a letter dated the 17th inst., replying to the American, Swiss, and other foreign Ministers in Paris, denies the reasonableness of their demand that their compatriots might be allowed to quit the city. Neutrals, he says, had abundant notice before the siege; the only outlet now is capitulation. Facilities for the intercourse of the Ministers with their respective governments continue, though they are inconvenient. The firing of buildings containing women, children, and invalids is unintentional, but unavoidable.

The London Conference.

LONDON, Jan. 20—6½ A. M.—The Berlin correspondent of the London *Telegraph* writes that Count Bernstorff has been ordered by the Prussian Government to leave the Conference if any discussion arises out of the subject of the war with France.

BELGRADE, Jan. 10.—The Government of Servia has despatched a semi-official representative to the London Conference.

LONDON, Jan. 20—Midnight.—Berlin journals confirm the truth of the report that Count Bernstorff, the Prussian Minister, has been instructed to withdraw from the Conference if the French question is introduced.

Prussia and American Shipping.

LONDON, Jan. 20—7:30 P. M.—The *Nord Deutsche Zeitung* states that, according to the treaty of 1799 between Prussia and the United States, Prussian men-of-war cannot capture American vessels carrying contraband of war, but may stop their voyage until the end of the war, or may take possession of the contraband portion of the cargo, at the same time giving bond for future payment for the same. It is probable that instructions will be immediately given to all commanders of vessels of the German navy to act in accordance with this interpretation of the treaty.

THE SIEGE OF MONTEVIDEO.

The Blancos Surprise and Capture a Fort and its Garrison—Total Rout of President Battle's Army—Brilliant Naval Exploit—Capture of a Government Steamer.

MONTEVIDEO, Dec. 17.—The war continues. On the morning of Nov. 28 the people here were startled by a salute of twenty-one guns fired from the Cerro fort, where the lighthouse is situated, and their surprise was not decreased when they learned that at 2 A. M. of that day Blanco's troops had carried the position, capturing the garrison, consisting of sixty men and six officers, ten pieces of artillery, and a large store of ammunition, and doing all this with a loss of only two or three men. The attacking force, mostly Spaniards serving as volunteers, surprised the garrison, and only a short and feeble resistance was made.

At noon of the same day President Battle, with the advice of his Cabinet and the commanding officers of his army, made an attempt to capture Union, a town about four miles from Montevideo, and where the troops of Blanco were making merry over their success of the night before. President Battle commanded in person, and the attacking force consisted of 1,000 men, with six pieces of artillery. Blanco's pickets were surprised on the right and centre, and where not killed were driven in upon their reserves. The garrison of the town were immediately marched to the front, accompanied by the pickets, who had now rallied, and engaged the Government forces, holding them in check until the arrival of reinforcements, when President Battle and his men were compelled to make a hasty retreat and to seek safety in flight, leaving behind them three pieces of artillery and about 300 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Blanco, elated with the recent successes, organized a naval expedition, and on the 8th of December a dash was made into the port of Mercedes, where were captured the steamer Anita with one hundred men on board, the passenger steamer Rio Uruguay, and the steamer Rio de la Plata. The steaming qualities of the Anita were favorable, and she ran into Montevideo and gave the alarm.

Toward morning of the 9th Blanco's fleet appeared in the harbor, and captured within hailing distance of the Captain of the Port and the Custom House, the Government steamer Oriental, which had on board a large quantity of powder. This was distributed among Blanco's vessels, and then they left the Oriental, steaming away under cover of the fire from Cerro fort, which they had previously taken. They made for the coal yards of a Brazilian, which were not far off, and took in a full supply of coal. They were not long here, however, when an order was received from the Brazilian Minister and Admiral that another encounge must be found.

The Uruguayan Government was powerless in the emergency, as their only war ship was stationed at Colonia. The Villeta, commanded by Capt. Morse, an American, was chartered, and he carried a summons from the Government to the Coquimbo to come to this city with all despatch and annihilate Blanco's vessels. She arrived next day, but could do little, as three water batteries effectually guarded the prizes, and looked too formidable for the Coquimbo to venture a serious attack. Both sides indulged in some cannonading, however, and it was finally agreed that Blanco should give up the prizes to the Brazilian Legation. This arrangement was soon afterward carried into effect.

For three or four days now the British Chargé d'Affaires at Buenos Ayres has been endeavoring to effect a compromise between the rival factions, but without success.

PARAGUAY RECONSTRUCTED.

A New President and Cabinet and a New Constitution.

ASUNCION, Dec. 12.—The general elections passed off quietly, and resulted in the choice of C. A. Rivarolo for President, and Cuyo Miltos for Vice-President. The Cabinet consists of Miguel Palacio, Foreign Affairs and State; Rufino Fabonda, Interior; J. B. Gil, Treasury; Salvador Jovellano, War and Navy; José M. Collar, Public Instruction and Worship.

A new Constitution has been adopted, and the several officers of the State have sworn fealty to it. It is regarded as a very liberal instrument, and, if all its provisions are properly observed, will be of benefit to the country. The Constitution provides for freedom of worship, the encouragement of immigration, the protection of immigrants, and for the summary punishment of any one who may attempt in the future to make himself Dictator.

Sherman Sticking to an Odious Tax.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Senator Sherman is preparing an elaborate speech against the repeal of the income tax. He is willing to let it die with the present limitation, but will try to prove that the anticipated revenue from that source cannot be dispensed with the next year. He does not regard Gen. Pleasonton's recommendation to repeal it as of any importance, for the reason that he made it without that knowledge of the situation which is necessary to form a proper opinion. When the Senate by a large majority fixed Tuesday next to consider its repeal, there was little more than a quorum present. Senator Scott will make a vigorous fight to carry his repealing bill, but the result is yet in doubt.

Awaiting Grant's Commissioners.

SAN DOMINGO, Jan. 10.—The news of the appointment of a Commission by the President of the United States is generally favorably received, and by many with enthusiasm. Affairs are at a standstill, and proposed improvements are awaiting the action of the American Congress. Agents of German, English, and American capitalists are travelling about, making investigations in order to be ready to begin enterprises when annexation is consummated.

A NEW CONFIDENCE QUEEN

THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED OF FEMININE HOTEL THIEVES.

The Remarkable Robbery in the Westminster Hotel—A Skilful Officer's Arrest—The Plausible Tales of Mrs. Taylor, alias Miller, alias Van Loo.

The arrest of Mrs. Mary C. Miller, a notorious confidence woman, in a pawn shop on Broome street, near the Centre Market, on Saturday, by Officer La Rue of Capt. Cameron's force, was a clever piece of detective sagacity. Mrs. Miller has been one of the most successful confidence operators and hotel thieves of whom our city police officials have a record. She has been a bold offender for years, and has operated under the assumed names of Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Miller, and Mrs. Van Loo, in almost every hotel in the metropolis. Her last case

THE ROBBING OF MRS. NANCY E. BISHOP

and her two daughters, relatives of Gen. Burnside, from Providence, is thus narrated by Capt. Cameron: Mrs. Bishop and her two daughters occupy liberal suites of rooms in the Westminster, and are known as wealthy people. Last Wednesday an agreeable, stylish lady, modestly dressed in black, called at the Westminster, representing that she was boarding at the Grand Central with her husband, a Louisiana planter, by the name of Van Loo, adding that she didn't like her rooms, and might be prevailed upon to change her quarters. The clerk received her representations deferentially, as coming from a lady of elegance and refinement, and Mrs. Van Loo passed up to survey the rooms and the hotel parlor. While in the parlor she met Mrs. Bishop, and saying that she was

A SOUTHERN LADY,

immediately opened conversation with her. Mrs. Bishop politely replied to her questions, and gave the desired information relative to the hotel. Her winning ways charmed Mrs. Bishop, who soon found herself in full and delightful conversation with one whom she supposed to be a representative of the *élite* of an aristocratic circle of Louisiana planters, but, in fact, the most notorious confidence woman of metropolitan record. The conversation ended, Mrs. Van Loo departed, and the incident was forgotten. On Friday Mrs. Van Loo called at the Westminster again in reference to a suite of rooms, and meeting Mrs. Bishop in the parlor, soon won by

HER CHARMING WAYS

and simple *naïveté* an invitation to look at her room. This invitation was quickly accepted, and the covetous eyes of the confidence thief were soon ravished by a sight of laces, camel's hair shawls, and diamonds, while she entertained her new friend with snapshots of her beautiful residence in Croll Parish, Louisiana.

In the midst of the conversation—it was then about 5 P. M.—Mrs. Bishop turning to a servant said, "Mary, tell the coachman to be at the door at six, to drive us all to dinner with Mrs. ——, on Fourteenth street."

Instantly the confidence woman saw her opportunity. This was the place, and six o'clock the time when she was to make a grander and bolder operation than any since her previous

ROBBERY OF SURROGATE HUTCHINGS

and the Grand Hotel.

Six o'clock came, and, Mrs. Van Loo having excused herself, Mrs. Bishop and her daughters whirled off to the appointed dinner, where she was to meet Gen. Burnside. But the confidence woman did not return to the hotel with Mrs. Bishop, Grand Central, for, sitting in an out-of-the-way niche in the hall, she saw Mrs. Bishop take her departure, and then she began the work of robbing her new-made friend. Entering Mrs. Bishop's room with a skeleton key, the eye of the confidence woman soon fell upon a beautiful camel's hair shawl, valued at $1,500. Here she found

THE KEYS OF THE TRUNKS,

which she immediately opened. Taking out article by article, she came to the bottom, where was the jewelry box of Mrs. Bishop and her daughters. Three thousand dollars' worth of jewels were soon secured, and then the things were carefully laid back and the trunk closed, locked, and Mrs. Mary C. Miller, the new-made friend and the wife of the Louisiana planter, left the hotel, unseen and unsuspected.

Eight o'clock came, and Mrs. Bishop and her daughters returned. Opening the wardrobe, the beautiful shawl with camel's hair border and centre was missing. Exactly the trunks were opened, but the astonished eyes of Mrs. Bishop looked in vain for

HER DIAMOND CROSSES

and sets of cameo, garnet, and pearl. Soon the room was in an uproar, the bells were rung, and there was a conference with clerks and the proprietor as to the *modus operandi* of finding the thief. Early in the morning Capt. Cameron was summoned, and he sent Officer La Rue to Mrs. Bishop's room to "look up the case." First the servants were suspected, arrested, and their rooms searched. Nothing was found, and Mrs. Bishop's imagination was even baffled as to whom to suspect. Here Officer La Rue came to the rescue.

"Who has been here to see you lately?" he asked of Mrs. Bishop.

"No one that——Oh, yes! a Mrs. Van Loo,

A SOUTHERN LADY;

but we don't think of her," said Mrs. B.

"Give a description of her," said Officer La Rue.

"She is a tall, graceful blonde, a little *passé*, with restive manner, and dressed in black. She lives with her husband at the Grand Central," said Mrs. B.

Officer La Rue looked wise, and, going to the Twenty-second street police station, soon returned with a photograph of a feminine thief arrested a few weeks ago by Officer Mulligan for robbing a guest of the Grand Hotel. Mrs. Bishop recognized it, saying, "That is the very person who called this afternoon."

Officer La Rue hurried off to the pawnshops on the Bowery with this description of the articles stolen written out by Mrs. Bisnop:

INVENTORY.

1 camel's hair shawl, $1,000.	1 green stone cameo ring.
1 diamond cross, $500.	1 stone cameo set and brooch.
1 diamond ear-drops.	1 gold and pearl set, with bracelet.
1 diamond cluster ring.	2 diamond studs.
1 diamond onyx bridal set.	1 ring of gold beads.
1 large 2½ carat emerald.	1 long gold chain.
1 small diamond ring.	1 short gold chain.
1 ring—a hand with diamond.	1 string of pearl and ruby ear rings.
1 heavy necklace, with locket and side pendants.	1 shell pin.
1 black and white stone cameo ring.	1 pearl and garnet bracelet

THE OFFICER'S REWARD.

In a small pawn-shop on Broome street at noon on Saturday, Officer La Rue ran upon the very object of his search, and in the act of disposing of the very articles stolen. The rings were on Mrs. Van Loo's fingers, and the camel's hair shawl was on her back. Startled at her sudden detection, when confronted by the officer she acknowledged her guilt and was taken to Superintendent Kelso, then to the Essex Police Court, where Justice Scott committed her without bail. She lies in the Essex Market prison, but will go to the Tombs to-day.

THE CONFIDENCE THIEF'S SON.

When confronted with her crime, she said she "didn't care for herself, but" said she, "I am sorry on Willie's account." Willie is a nice-looking little lad, about fifteen years old, and lives with his grandmother at 15 Fifth street, where his mother has also been staying. About a year ago, Mrs. Van Loo, under the alias of Mrs. Miller, robbed Mrs. Surrogate Hutchings at the Everett House of jewelry and diamonds, for which she was arrested by Officer McCarty, convicted, and

SENT TO BLACKWELL'S ISLAND

for a year. On account of her good behavior she was released after ten months' imprisonment, and returned only to commit a robbery at the Grand Hotel about six months afterward, for which she was arrested by Officer Mulligan, and is under bonds for appearance.

On the 6th of January, 1869, the same woman, under the name of Taylor, went to the Ashland House with her son Willie, and took a nice suite of rooms, remaining until the 27th of March. She paid her bills with scrupulous exactness, seemed like an educated lady, and conversed on every subject with intelligence and candor. She would make

OCCASIONAL EXCURSIONS,

no one knew whither, returning again silently, and causing no comment. She gradually won the respect and sympathy of the guests of the hotel and the credit of the shopkeeper in proximity. Mr. Fred. Brockway, one of the proprietors, says she is about 39 years old, has blue eyes and light hair, is a blonde, and would be taken anywhere as a most respectable widow. When she returned from Blackwell's Island, Mr. Brockway met her one day, and advised her to change her course of life, and become a good woman.

"I've been ten months on the Island," said she. "I've got a good many new points, and I'm acquainted with a good many officials, and I now know how to go to work right again."

"Yes," said she, "I'll show you some nice jobs before many months, but they will be

AMONG RICH PEOPLE THIS TIME."

It was while at the Ashland that she robbed Mrs. Surrogate Hutchings of the Everett House, for which she was imprisoned. Officer McCarty arrested her while in the act of paying her bill.

It was soon discovered that she was the author of a robbery at the Ashland House, though not suspected at the time, in which

GEN. CESPEDES

lost a diamond ring and a bag of silver, and a Mrs. White lost a pair of diamond earrings. Their rooms were unlocked by false keys and the contents rifled and pawned.

Mrs. Taylor, alias Miller, alias Van Loo, says she expects now to go to Sing Sing. She is a constitutional thief—born a thief. For her there is no reformation. Her sensibilities are dulled, her conscience seared, and she is never melted to tears, even in the most distressing situations. She tells one that she was a Boston school teacher, and another that she is the daughter of a noted divine.

ARREST OF A FORGER.

The Leader of a Gang of Wall Street Check Alterers Arrested in New Orleans—The Great Forgery on Wells, Fargo & Co.—An Operation Involving $77,500.

Early in October a very gentlemanly person, giving the name of J. R. Livingston, was introduced to Mr. Goddard, the Treasurer of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, by a Mr. Clark, a broker. He expressed a desire to purchase $100,000 of Kansas Pacific bonds, and at once commenced his negotiations. Day after day he called upon Mr. Goddard, and it was not until Oct. 12 that he concluded the bargain. He then bought $100,000 of the bonds at 77¾, giving in payment Hallgarten & Co.'s check on the Park Bank for $77,500. He had been so long in deciding on the purchase, and had acted so courteously throughout the transaction, that Mr. Goddard was thrown completely off his guard, and accepted the check without question or inquiry as to its genuineness. It afterwards proved to have been altered from $1,000, while the certification of the teller of the Park Bank, which it purported to bear, was a sheer forgery.

Mr. Goddard endorsed the check and deposited it in the Continental Bank, whence, in due course of business, it was sent to the Park Bank. This was on the 13th of October, and the check should have been verified on that day, but owing to a pressure of business the matter went over until the 14th. On that day the bank officials discovered that Hallgarten & Co.'s account was overdrawn, and so informed them, and this led to a discovery of the alteration of the check.

Mr. Worth, cashier of the Park Bank, Mr. Goddard, and Mr. Cornelius F. Timpson, cashier of the Continental, held a consultation as to the case, when Mr. Goddard suggested detectives (a moneyed man's universal panacea). But Mr. Timpson knew too much to give the case into the hands of detectives, and in two hours did as much as a detective would have done in as many months. He found that Livingston had deposited the Kansas Pacific bonds with the Commercial Warehousing Company as collateral for a loan of $80,000, receiving checks on the Park Bank and Manhattan Company for $25,000 each. These checks he had deposited with Caldwell & Co., on Wall street, with orders to buy him $30,000 in U. S. bonds. After they had purchased the bonds he called and demanded them, together with the cash balance, $15,500. Caldwell & Co. refused to deliver either the bonds or the money, as something had excited their suspicions, and they wanted Livingston to get somebody to identify him. He brought a Mr Chadwick, a Broadway broker, but the firm demanded that he be identified by the President of the Commercial Warehouse Company. He went in search of this gentleman, and while he was gone, Mr. Timpson, who was "looking up" the checks of the Warehouse Company, entered Caldwell & Co.'s office, and explained the true condition of affairs. Mr. Timpson was accompanied by two well-known detectives, and it is supposed that their presence deterred Livingston from returning. At any rate, he didn't return, but started post haste for California or some other distant point.

After he left it was discovered that his true name was Lewis Van Etten, and that he was the leader of a gang of counterfeiters, who had everything ready to swindle the Wall street firm the time of half a million. Detectives were at once sent after him, and at length traced him to New Orleans, where he was arrested by the Chief of Police and held to await a requisition by Gov. Hoffman.

Van Etten was brought to this city last night by Detective Sampson, and is now lodged in a cell at the Police Central Office.

BAIL, $10,000 EACH.

The West Side Highwayman's Sunday Morning Exploit in a Sixth avenue Coffee Saloon—Ruffians in Quod.

Yesterday morning at about 2:30, Mr. William A. Christiansen, of 412 West Twenty-ninth street, went into the restaurant of William E. Stockwell, at 408 Sixth avenue to get a cup of coffee. A gang of seven or eight men soon after entered, among whom were Edward Hoyt, John Kane, and Philip McGovern. Hoyt began fooling with Christiansen, who requested him to go away. Hoyt then seized Christiansen's watch and wrenched it from the chain. George Cleed, who witnessed the robbery, went in search of an officer, and was followed by two of the gang. Hoyt kept the watch about fifteen minutes and returned it to Christiansen, at the same time claiming a reward, which Christiansen refused to give, whereupon he was knocked down by Kane, and kicked and beaten until insensible. Hoyt put his knee on Christiansen's throat, and he and his companions rifled his pockets, taking the watch and $10 in money. Christiansen had on his finger a valuable diamond ring, which they also stole, and in removing it tore the flesh from the finger. The murderous gang then left the restaurant.

Mr. Reed in the mean time had eluded the two ruffians who had followed him, and his repeated cries of "Police," brought to the spot officers Curtin, Hagan, and Mahoney, and Roundsman Crocker of the West Thirteenth street Police station, to whom he related what had occurred. They started quickly in pursuit of the robbers, whom they found in a saloon nearly opposite the restaurant in which the robbery had been committed. They endeavored to escape, but five of the gang were captured and locked up. The prisoners gave their names as Philip McGovern, Joseph Fitzbeen, William Sherman, John Kane, and Edward J. Hoyt. When arraigned before Justice Cox yesterday at Jefferson Market, they pleaded not guilty. Mr. Reed, and Stockwell, the proprietor of the restaurant, swore positively to the identity of Hoyt, Kane, and McGovern, and Justice Cox held them to answer in default of $10,000 bail each.

Shakespeare in "The Little Church Round the Corner."

"The little church round the corner" is well filled every Sunday, many of the worshippers being strangers, whose attendance testifies approval of the conduct of the teacher of Christian charity who feared not to soil his robes by giving the rite of burial to a comedian. Speaking of the power of prayer, he repeated the speech of *Prospero* in the epilogue to the "Tempest":

Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

The quotation was prefaced by the remark that he presumed there was no harm in using the words of the great dramatist in the pulpit.

An Excursion Round the World.

The long projected excursion around the world by a select party of New Yorkers was begun on Saturday evening. The excursion party—which includes Richard Murphy, son of Collector Murphy; and George Hoey, son of Supt. Hoey of the Adams Express Company—sailed at 7 P. M. in the Alaska, one of the finest steamers in the Pacific Mail Company's service. The vessel will touch at many of the seaboard continental cities, accommodating her movements to the convenience of the tourists. Eight Chinamen were on board, who are returning to their native land.

The End of the Liquor Deadlock.

It was currently reported on Saturday among the large liquor dealers that the Secretary of the Treasury had determined, together with the Committee of Ways and Means, to agree to the terms of the petition of the liquor importers, and that the uniform tax of $2 per proof gallon would be the rate for all liquors.

Another Railway Robbery.

The mail car of the eastward bound train on the Central Pacific Railway was robbed at Alta, near the summit of the Sierra Nevada, on Saturday evening, of all the registered letters and a package of $10,000 in greenbacks.

Driving out the Germans.

The Germans of Iowa have passed resolutions disapproving the Government's action in allowing arms and ammunition to be sent to France, and withdrawing their support from the Administration.

FLASHES FROM THE OCEAN CABLES.

The Italian Consul has ceased diplomatic intercourse with the Government of Tunis.

Cabral writes proclamations, and continues his depredations, without, however, caring to meet the troops of Baez.

The appointments of the Rt. Hon. Chichester Fortescue to be President of the Board of Trade, and the Rt. Hon. William Monsell to be Postmaster-General are gazetted.

NEW JERSEY.

The Jersey City Charter Convention finished its labors on Saturday evening.

Mr. William Edelstein, of 73 York street, Jersey City, will entertain his friends next Thursday evening.

Yesterday afternoon Dr. Nadler, a German physician of Newark, after leaving the house of a patient, was set upon by two rowdies and brutally beaten. Andrew Connell and Edward Morrissey were arrested.

On Saturday afternoon a servant, employed at 264 Court street, Newark, was standing in front of a store, when her clothes caught fire, and before the flames were extinguished she was shockingly, and, it is feared, fatally burned.

AN EVENING AT BEECHER'S

LAST NIGHT'S SCENE IN THE TEMPLE ON THE HEIGHTS.

The Appearance of Mr. Beecher—He Joins in the Singing of "Come, ye Disconsolate"—A Slight Nervousness and Deep Inward Emotion Apparent in his Manner—A Classical Sermon on Christian Character.

Mr. Beecher entered Plymouth Church last evening at precisely half-past 7. He mounted the platform by the stairs at the right, and tossed his black felt hat beneath a small stand at the head of the steps. He walked across the green carpet to his mediæval chair, and sat down. He removed his overshoes. The doors of the church were then thrown open, and a vast multitude who were not pewholders poured in, filling every empty seat. A beautiful calla lily reared its white head from a slender stem upon the stand at Mr. Beecher's right, while a magnificent bouquet of flowers adorned the platform on his left. Mr. Beecher unbuttoned his overcoat, and drew a small roll of manuscript from his inside left breast pocket. He placed the manuscript upon the table with the lily. He then took a large Testament from his pocket, opened it, and laid it upon his lap. A slight nervousness was apparent in his manner. He opened the Plymouth Collection of Hymns, and laid it face up over the Testament. By a strong mental effort he seemed to overcome his nervousness, and gazed placidly over his audience. His eye rested first upon Mr. Claflin's pew, and then wandered to the seats of Mr. Sace and Mr. D. B. Howard. These gentlemen were absent. Mr. Beecher then looked at Mr. Henry C. Bowen, who sat upright in his pew. Moving his head to the right, the reverend gentleman glanced at a pew near a pillar. This is Theodore Tilton's pew. Its occupants were strangers. Even Mrs. Tilton, who rarely fails to attend the services at Plymouth Church, was absent. The weather was bitterly cold, and many of the regular attendants of the church were missing. Mr. Beecher's daughter-in-law was the only member of his family who was present.

While the organ was playing an overture to the introductory hymn, Mr. Beecher drew a long breath, and nervously drummed with his fingers upon the open pages of the book upon his knee. During the singing, Mr. Beecher apparently made a strong effort to control some deep inward emotion. There was no indication of feeling upon his massive face, but his fingers and his knee betrayed the fact for some time as if gazing into the future, with two fingers of his left hand buried in the leaves of the New Testament.

Suddenly he tremulously raised the hymn book, and began to rapidly turn over its leaves. Then he slowly turned the volume back to its place, and again seemed to drift into futurity. The sweet voice of Miss Morgan was heard in a solo. He closed his eyes during her singing, and only opened them as the last strains of the organ died away. Mr. Beecher then arose with much dignity, walked to the lec urn, and, in a clear, low tone of voice, read the following verses, apparently with much feeling:

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou prepare a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

After the profound impression caused by the reading of these sorrowful words had passed away, Mr. Beecher laid aside the book, and opened the Plymouth Collection.

"Hymn 34," slowly looking up from the book. "87." He then removed his overcoat, and again sat down, placing the open books upon his knee. The organ again broke forth in a flood of harmony, and the congregation arose. During the singing of the first verse, Mr. Beecher's eyes again swept over the congregation from Mr. Claflin's pew to the bench near the pillar on his right. Again he raised his book, and again he turned over its leaves. As if by some strange impulse he joined with the choir in singing the last four verses, as follows:

Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures that endure,
Thou of all consolers best
Visiting the troubled breast.

Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe,
Comfort wheresoe'er we go.

Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit thou these hearts of Thine;
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in us will stay.

Heal our wounds—our strength renew,
On our emptiness pour new;
Wash the stains of guilt away,
Guide the steps that go astray.

Mr. Beecher then made an earnest and impressive prayer. He prayed for strength and wisdom. "Thy love to us, O Lord, is greater than our love for ourselves. We draw near to Thee for comfort in our days of sorrow and woe. Oh, that we might be so delivered from sin that our hearts might ever draw near to Thee. Oh, that we might live so as to inherit Thee here and enjoy Thee hereafter." After a burning appeal for the sinner, Mr. Beecher continued: "We beseech Thee, our Heavenly Father, to bless all the efforts which are being made for the reformation of morals. Deliver us from all covetousness, from all unrighteousness, from all inhability. Oh, for the day when all darkness shall flee away, and when the light of religious truth shall shine over the land." The prayer concluded with a petition in behalf of our rulers at Washington.

Mr. Beecher then gave out the 805th hymn, and again sat down. He seemed lost in sad thought as the choir sang the beautiful and expressive hymn beginning,

Come, ye disconsolate, wherever you languish,
Come, at the throne of God for ever kneel.

During the singing of the first and second verses, Mr. Beecher sat like a statue. Then drawing a long sigh, he sang with much earnestness the chorus:

How speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

As if lost in deep thought, Mr. Beecher beat time with his book while the third and last verse was sung, ending with the words:

Come to the feast of love; come ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can cure.

When Mr. Beecher arose to speak, a slight and inexplicable nervousness was apparent in his manner. His voice, however, was firm, and his grand face was stolid as marble. He gave the text from Philippians, second chapter:

Therefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.
For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

His sermon was strictly classical. He began preaching from his notes, as if under restraint. He crossed his hands behind his back, and his fingers played wildly with one another. He moved backward and forward as if bewildered and in a dilemma—as if his body was not strictly under the control of his powerful mind. Occasionally his right hand nervously tapped his desk in emphasizing some particular point in his discourse. It was at least ten minutes before this vague undefinable something seemed to wear off, and he became in a measure the Beecher of old. But the sermon was strictly classical, it contained no heart-searching exortations, no powerful appeals to sinners, no strains of blazing eloquence. It was an analysis of Christian character. This, the speaker said, was not an article of Divine manufacture. The great elements of Christian life were wrought out in men little by little. As the apples began to flower and bud in the spring and to ripen in the autumn, so did religion flower, bud, and ripen in the hearts of men who worked out their own salvation.

"No man," said Mr. Beecher in a sad tone of voice. "ever learned to love God and his neighbor as himself in a single day—no [with a sudden energy], nor in a single life." Then he added, with a touching and indescribable mournfulness, "For that is a love that was never learned and never will be learned upon this mortal shore."

"I thought that men could not know from whence they come, come from God," said the great divine, and paused, as if not quite sure of his assertion; but he afterward applied it to the cases of great criminals who felt impelled by strange and conflicting emotions to confess their crimes. Here ran a thread of genuine pathos as if coming from the very bottom of the speaker's heart.

"The heart of man knows not how to love," spoke Mr. Beecher, in his most impressive manner. "It is only the heart of God that knows how to love."

His sermon was filled with diamonds. They shone brilliantly, but, like diamonds, they were as cold as icicles. They was no warmth in them. Occasionally they seemed to reflect a beam of strange personal emotion, but beyond this they were the same as any other diamonds.

At the close of the sermon another hymn was sung. Mr. Beecher did not sing, but leaned his head upon his hand as if in sorrow too deep for utterance. He then gave his benediction, and his hearers slowly dispersed. The great divine then sat down and drew on his overshoes. He then moved over to the beautiful white lily and inhaled its fragrance. Mr. Howard, the father of Joseph Howard, Jr., spoke to him, and warmly pressed his hand. Mr. Moses S. Beach also greeted his pastor very warmly. Mr. Beecher then descended the platform, and spent a minute in conversation with a lady, who apparently complimented him in high terms upon his sermon. Mr. Davis, the Wall street banker, next shook hands with his beloved pastor. After a short con