THE DEATH PENALTY.

Execution of John S. Pearson at Goshen for the Murder of Walter Gregory.

CRIME AND ITS RETRIBUTION.

The Confession and Dying Words of the Condemned.

Capital Punishment Inflicted in a Court Room.

THE SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

&c. &c. &c.

The little village of Goshen, some sixty miles distant from this city, was yesterday the scene of an execution. John S. Pearson, alias John Henderson, alias John Hardy, formerly a soldier in the Southwestern army, was hanged by the neck until dead in the very court room in which, a few months previous, he had been convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to atone for the deed by the sacrifice of his life. The fact of the jail being unprovided with a yard would have compelled the erection of the gallows in a public square; and rather than be the means of offering so melodramatic a spectacle to all the idlers of the county, Sheriff G. A. Denniston wisely ordered that the execution should take place within the court house. The letter of the law was quietly and effectively carried out, the arrangements being admirable, and no incident occurring to disturb the solemnity of the occasion.

THE MURDER AND ITS RESULTS.

On the evening of Sunday, the 24th day of September last, Pearson left his boarding house in Middletown and proceeded to the residence of Walter Gregory, an old man about sixty-five years of age, who lived with his wife near the village of Van Burenville, a few miles distant. The visitor on his arrival knocked at the door, his victim opening to admit him. After some parley a scuffle ensued, during which Pearson, drawing a pistol, fired four shots at Gregory, one of the bullets penetrating his heart and another his right lung. A few seconds elapsed, and the murderer, hearing a wagon approaching, fled, leaving the old man dead on the threshold of his house. The assassin made his way to Shohola, in Pike county, Pa., where he was taken in custody on the 1st of October last and conveyed to Goshen. On the 17th day of October the accused was arraigned to answer the charge before the Court of Oyer and Terminer, presided over by Judge John A. Lott. Twelve hours later the jury, without adjourning from the court room, rendered a verdict of guilty, and the magistrate sentenced the prisoner to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

AWAITING DEATH.

John S. Pearson was confined in a small cell in the village jail. As the structure was not destined to accommodate those notorious criminals whom a death sentence but nerves with a firmer resolve to regain their freedom at any cost, the prisoner was secured to the floor of his cell by an iron chain, four feet long, riveted about his left leg. One morning the turnkey entered the place and found the inmate relieved of his bonds, which had been sawed off during the night. Thenceforward he was more closely watched, but his conduct finally became so exemplary and his bearing so respectful that he won the sympathy of the attaches of the jail, who accorded him many little comforts unknown to most unfortunates in a like predicament. During the past fortnight one of his three brothers has been a daily visitor to his cell. His father and mother, who still reside in Indiana, set out to bid him farewell, but sickness compelled their return and continually postponed the sad journey, until, at length, all that was mortal of their son lay stark and stiff under the gallows. Of spiritual comfort there was no lack. Pearson daily received consolation and instruction while listening to the kind words of the Rev. Messrs. Osbon and Browning, of the Methodist Episcopal church, and their teachings endowed him with that resignation which characterized his demeanor to the last. Arriving at the village in the afternoon, the visitors waited upon Mr. W. E. Baldwin, keeper of the prison. In response to their request that official kindly guided them to the cell of the condemned, so soon to be robbed of its tenant.

THE JAIL.

Passing through the main corridor of the Court House, a neat white building, prefaced by six Doric columns, a wooden stairway led to a yard in the rear. Within this open space stood the jail, a small, quadrangular structure, two stories in height, seemingly possessed of little accommodation, but in reality having in its keeping a number of more or less hardened criminals. The turnkey, having unbolted, unbarred and unlocked an iron door, and again a grated gate, led the way into a small recess, scarcely six feet by ten, redolent with the prison-like odor familiar to all who have once crossed the threshold of a bridewell, and heated to suffocation. Five rusted iron shutters surrounded the recess, each bearing a distinctive number beneath a wicket. The guide flung open a door and stepped into cell No. 18, where lay the doomed man.

THE CELL AND ITS TENANT.

The room occupied for the past few weeks by the unfortunate man was in nowise different from the places usually reserved for felons, was four feet by nine, with whitewashed and bare walls, lighted by day by a grated window, through which the sunbeams entered and fell upon the floor in checkered devices. Stretched on a wooden pallet, secured by a chain riveted about his left leg, and made fast to a ring in the floor, covered with a mass of brown army blankets, was the prisoner. As the warden and visitors entered he half rose and bowed slightly. Young in appearance, about five feet ten inches in height, of stout build, with straight, light hair, combed back, fair complexion, and a small and well-shaped Roman nose; in line, of a German rather than a Saxon cast of features. A semi-circular scar was plainly visible in the centre of his forehead, and, lifting his blue and white cotton undershirt, he pointed to the marks of a bullet wound, received during the battle of Chickamauga, where a rifle ball entered his abdomen and passed through his body from side to side. The prisoner, in few words, gave a sketch of his life. He was twenty-four years of age, and lived in Indiana, where his father and mother still reside. He had enlisted in the Ninth regiment of that State, and served his time, subsequently joining Hancock's corps, and, deserting the flag on the seventh or eighth day of August last, a month later he had committed the crime for which he was so soon to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. He had been kindly treated, and was heartily repentant. Money had been the sole incentive to the deed. He was confident of salvation, and trusted that his fate would prove a warning to others. The lad, for such he really seemed, was quiet and courteous to the last, his manner asserting the truthfulness of his declaration. As the visitors turned to quit the cell he threw himself upon his pallet and slumbered until two hours before the dawn of the day upon which he was to atone for his crime. Previous to taking his brief repose, however, he had written out a confession and sketch of his life, in presence of his spiritual advisers. As he had been unable to receive the visit of any of his victim's relatives, whose forgiveness he earnestly desired to obtain, he had resolved to make a confession, which he requested the minister to give to the public. The words run:—

HIS CONFESSION.

My name is John S. Pearson. I was born in Hamilton county, Ohio, October 20, 1841. In the year 1861 I enlisted in the Ninth Indiana regiment. After the expiration of my three years' term of service I re-enlisted in the First army corps, Fifth regiment, from which I deserted on the 7th or 8th day of August, 1863. I travelled across the country from New Haven, Connecticut, the place where my regiment was stationed, to Catskill, N. Y. For about two weeks I was employed by a Mr. George Elliott. Fearing detection as a deserter, because of the presence in the neighborhood of some members of my corps, I took passage on a steamboat and came to Newburg. Thence I walked to Middletown. I had sent to New York for pictures, purposing to engage in their sale. They arrived on Tuesday, September 12. On the same day I went to Goshen to procure a license. On Wednesday I returned to Middletown, and remained all night at Mrs. Miller's. Thursday night I spent at Fair Oaks. I sold out on Friday, and stayed at Mrs. Miller's over night; on Friday, the 22d, I received another lot of pictures, and went with them to Mount Hope. I stayed there all night. Saturday was spent in an unsuccessful attempt to dispose of my goods. I returned to Middletown on Saturday night. On Sunday, the 24th, at about ten o'clock in the morning, Charles Miller and myself went out into the woods, and returned at about four o'clock. I first saw Mr. Gregory on Thursday, the 14th of September, in his yard, and sold him a picture. I never saw him again until the night of the 24th. I did not see him then, as it was too dark. I was at the house, and went on a hunting excursion, as Mrs. Gregory related in her testimony; but did not see Mr. Gregory. I left Mrs. Miller's, as nearly as I can recollect, between six and seven o'clock. I went for the purpose of obtaining money, but I most solemnly affirm that I did not intend to take life. I took the straight road to the house. I did not avoid the toll gate nor go through by roads. I went to the door and knocked. Mr. Gregory answered. Putting his hands on my shoulder, he asked, "Who is here?" I said, "It's none of your business; I want your money." He replied, "I have none for you." I answered, "You have." He said again, "I have not." I told him to strike a light or I would. He said, "I have no money; go away." I told him that I came for and I was going to have it. He seized me by the collar and commenced tearing off the buttons and scratching me, whereupon I fell in a passion and told him if he did not let go I would fire. The first time I fired I did it to intimidate him and force him to let go, but with no intention to do him injury. After I fired he seized me with a greater force and came near throwing me down. I tried to go away and leave him, but he still held me. I told him if he would give up his money I would not fire again. He said he would not, but pushed me out, still holding to me. I then fired at him, he still grasping the revolver, for the purpose of wounding him in the arm. Where the bullet struck I do not know. I fired two more shots in succession, being in a passion. I do not know where they struck. I do not remember striking him with the revolver. I left immediately. I did not go through the house nor search his clothes. I went to the corner, took the main road and travelled in a westerly direction. I slept that night about eight miles from Monticello, beside the road. On awaking I proceeded towards Monticello. I remained there for an hour and bought some refreshments. I inquired the way to Pennsylvania. When I travelled I shunned no man on the road. Near sundown on Monday I crossed the Delaware at Pond Eddy, and stayed all night at Maidhoff station. On Tuesday I hired out to Mr. Wells, and while at his house I was arrested. From the very moment that the shots were fired I was seized with a deep remorse, and almost hoped somebody would shoot me dead. I never had such awful sensations. I reiterate solemnly and before God the assertion that I did not intend to take life. I reiterate what I said touching Sullivan's testimony, when asked if I had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon me. I did not tell Sullivan that I had made up my mind to go to Gregory's two weeks previously, and did not examine the cupboards while Mrs. Gregory was out, as he testified. The expression Sullivan used in his testimony concerning "stopping Mrs. Gregory's wind" is his expression, not mine. This is my solemn confession, made in the presence of God, and with judgment before me.

JOHN S. PEARSON.

AT DAWN.

From sunrise every soul in the little village of Goshen was astir. The country farmers, gathered from miles around, assembled at their favorite places of resort and discussed the topic of the hour with evident gusto. Every public house, from the lordly Railroad Hotel, directly opposite the depot, to the tiniest shanty in the most nameless and remote of back streets, had its quota of transient guests. As the morning advanced large crowds congregated about the square in front of the Court House, anxiously awaiting the hour for opening the doors. A train of cars from Jersey City, that arrived shortly before ten o'clock, brought heavy reinforcements, and it required the efforts of sixty or seventy militia men, bearing Enfield rifles with fixed bayonets, to prevent the curious from making a combined attack upon the place and occupying the court room spite of sheriff or executioner. The most resolved, however, were kept back, and the less impatient, seeing that violence would be of no avail, confined themselves to giving utterance to uncomplimentary allusions to the soldiery and reviewing the past career of the condemned man. Finally eleven o'clock struck, and a few minutes later the doors were thrown open, and the holders of "invitations," presenting their credentials, rushed up the stairway and found themselves in a large hall face to face with the stage on which was to be enacted the last act of the tragedy.

THE GALLOWS AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

The gallows, under whose shadow had stood Gordon, Hawkins, Beale and Kennedy, rose erect at the southern extremity of the court room, directly in front of the judicial bench, which had been draped in black. Two upright beams, fifteen feet in height, a cross piece, a hempen rope with an iron ring to receive the slip noose, a roughly boarded enclosure with five sixty-pound weights concealed within; to the right a dozen cushioned arm chairs for the Sheriff's jury to the left, a low wooden railing of carved balusters enclosing the square set apart for the framework of the ghastly picture—such was the scene. In the court room a large hall approached first by a double and subsequently by a single stairway, lighted by nineteen windows and surrounded by benches for the accommodation of the morbidly curious gathering—were about four hundred "special deputy sheriffs," seated and standing, each and every man looking anxiously to the door and straining to catch a glimpse of the condemned man as the gallows loomed up before him. Most prominent among all was noticeable a brother of the murdered man, who, with singular bad taste, had come to witness the execution of the assassin.

THE PRISONER.

Pearson had been engaged from early dawn with his spiritual advisers. He had partaken of a hearty breakfast, and was in good spirits. Having been removed from his cell to an apartment on the lower floor of the Court House, he engaged in singing with the ministers, and the chanting of hymns reached the assemblage above long after the crowd had entered the room and monopolized every bench and chair and every foot of ground. At forty-five minutes past eleven o'clock the kindly Sheriff, George A. Denniston, Esq., entered the apartment and asked the prisoner if he was ready. Pearson replied in the affirmative. His arms were then pinioned to his sides, the black cap placed upon his head, and at a given word the procession filed into the corridor and up the stairway leading to the gallows.

FACING DEATH.

Not a sound was heard as the funeral cortege appeared at the doorway. First came the sheriff, next the executioner, then the prisoner and his spiritual advisers. Pearson was attired in a full suit of black, and did not seem so calm and collected as on the previous night. Still, as he entered the room, he looked at the gallows and betrayed no emotion whatever. With the thick hempen noose hangly loosely around his neck, he quietly walked into the square and stood directly under the rope, with downcast eyes and flushed cheek. Now and then a convulsive twitching of his lips almost indicated that he was making a desperate effort to gain mastery over his feelings; but he remained firm, and only once raised his eyes to glance at the motley assemblage. Sheriff Denniston then read the death warrant, which applied nominally to John Henderson, alias John Hardy, the names under which Pearson had been convicted and sentenced. Having concluded the reading of the document, he asked:—

"John Henderson, alias John Hardy, what have you now to say?"

The condemned man motioned to the Rev. Mr. Browning, who, in Pearson's name, delivered a brief address, recapitulating the principal statements contained in the confession, and offering up a prayer for the repose of his soul. Having concluded, the prisoner, speaking rather incoherently, and with a slight tremulousness perceptible in his tone, said:—

HIS DYING WORDS.

"I am guilty of the deed, and I suffer here to pay the penalty of my crime. I trust that God will take me to his arms. I have confessed here to the brothers on this point, and they can have it established before you. I trust that I am about to gain that happy land. A great many say that I am a murderer, and that I cannot find grace in my soul, but I feel that Jesus is my God and has died for me."

THE END.

As Pearson was silent, the Rev. Mr. Osbon, stepping forward, offered up a fervent prayer for the future welfare of the condemned, the doomed man joining in the responses and fervently and repeatedly whispering amen. He now breathed heavily, and the hectic flush on his face had deepened into a crimson glow. Seeing that his time had come, he shook hands with Sheriff Denniston, the District Attorney and his spiritual advisers, motioning rather than uttering a long farewell to all. Having grasped the hand of the executioner, that official adjusted the noose under the prisoner's left ear and secured it to the iron ring at the end of the rope. At precisely seven minutes past twelve o'clock, just as he had drawn the black cap over the victim's features, a slight "thud" was heard within the boarded enclosure, and the murderer, convulsively clenching his nails, leaped from his feet into the air and swung to and fro. His chest rose and fell, once or twice a gurgling sound was audible to those nearest the gallows, a few muscular contractions followed, but the struggles of the dying man were few and scarcely perceptible. At twelve minutes past twelve o'clock the body was lowered a score of inches, but the pulse still beat. At eighteen minutes past twelve the wrist was pulseless. At twenty-two minutes past twelve the heart was silent. The neck had been instantly dislocated by the fall, and the murderer, in paying the penalty of his crime, had happily undergone little agony.

THE CORPSE

was lowered nine minutes after the least sign of life had vanished. They laid it in a pine coffin, at the head of which had been placed a small white pillow. The black cap was removed from over the features of the dead, and the jurors, who had sworn to see that the law was duly carried out, viewed the remains in all their ghastliness. The eyes were closed, the tongue protruded slightly, and the extremities were of a bluish tinge. Having gazed for a time at the distorted features of the lad who had stood in the midst of the crowd but twenty minutes prevous, in all the enjoyment of life and strength, the lid of the coffin was replaced, the remains were borne to a hearse without the building, and the assemblage dispersed—and because of the necessity of such dread retribution, but content with the assertion of the supremacy and infallibility of the law.

Artistic.

The collection of paintings which the Philadelphia Sketch Club placed on exhibition at the Derby Gallery, 625 Broadway, will be sold to-night by Messrs. Leeds & Miner. The choicest works of some of our American artists are comprised in this collection, and many of them received high prizes at the late exhibition.

The pictures owned by the late Mr. Denniston were sold lately in Glasgow, Scotland. There was a large attendance of purchasers. "The Press Gang," by Alex. Johnstone, brought two hundred and fifteen guineas; a "Sea Piece," by J. Wilson, thirty-seven guineas; "Abbey Craig," McNeill McLea, seven guineas; "The Rod and the Gun," J. Giles, eight guineas; "Loch Arosk," A. Perigal, thirty guineas; "Entrance to Glencoe," early picture, H. McCulloch, after keen competition, fifty-one guineas; "Glencoe," also an early picture of McCulloch's, eighty guineas; "Loch Ard," do., thirty-five guineas; "Strowan Bridge," Perigal, twenty-five guineas; "St. Fillans," do., forty guineas; "The Victory," Fraser, eleven guineas; "A Matter of Taste," do., twenty guineas; "The Irish Whiskey Still," by Fraser, was bought for sixty-seven pounds ten shillings, little more than half the sum paid by Mr. Denniston to the artist for it.

Baili Suffren, one of the most celebrated sailors of France, and who is spoken of as the hero of six triumphant battles against the English on the Indian coast, is to have a molten image to his memory at St. Tropez. Suffren was a gentleman of the old school of France, and a great favorite at the Court of Louis XVI.

The magnificent collection of Assyrian bas reliefs from the Palace of Nimrod, presented to the people by M. Delaporte, Consul General of France in the East, has been placed in the galleries of the Louvre. Those antiquities, several of which are of immense proportions, belong to an exceedingly distant period.

THE VETO.

Convention of Conservative Union Men of Missouri.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23, 1866.

The President has received the following despatch:—

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 22, 1866.

The conservative Union men of Missouri greet you with one hundred guns for the noble stand you have taken in defence of the liberty of the people. Very respectfully,

E. B. BROWN,

President of the State Central Convention of Conservative Union Men of Missouri.

Endorsement of President Johnson in Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 22, 1866.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held to-night in honor of President Johnson's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill. Governor Bramlette presided, and speeches were made by him and other distinguished gentlemen.

Resolutions were adopted requesting the withdrawal of the Freedmen's Bureau from the State, pronouncing the Bureau bill unconstitutional, expressing kindness and good will to the freedmen, thanking the President for his veto, advocating the rights of the States to control their own domestic concerns, opposing the distrust of the people expressed through the National Legislature, and endorsing the sentiments of President Johnson upon representation and taxation.

The Demonstrations at Carbondale, Pa.

CARBONDALE, Feb. 22, 1866.

There is now being fired in this city a national salute in honor of the immortal Washington; also a salute of one hundred guns in honor of President Johnson for his veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill.

The Feeling in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 23, 1866.

President Johnson's veto and his speech of yesterday excite considerable attention. In the City Council this afternoon a resolution endorsing the veto message was laid on the table. A call has been issued for a meeting to endorse the President.

Meeting of Democrats and Conservatives in St. Louis.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S POLICY ENDORSED—HEARTY APPROVAL OF THE VETO, ETC.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 23, 1866.

The democrats and conservatives held a meeting at Mercantile Library Hall last night, at which resolutions were adopted to the following effect:—That the democracy of St. Louis are determined to restore to the citizens of Missouri all their constitutional rights; that the federal constitution defines the qualifications of members of Congress, and all men passing such qualifications are eligible to seats in either house of Congress; that the regulation of the right of suffrage belongs to the States alone; that taxation without representation is in opposition to the fundamental principles of American constitutional law; that Andrew Johnson, in his recent speech to the Virginia delegation, has placed himself upon the principles stated in the foregoing resolutions, and we, the democracy of St. Louis, pledge our support to him in carrying out said principles; that the democracy of Missouri heartily approve the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill; that the democracy are alarmed at the rapid strides the advocates of the national funding system are now making toward the establishment of a national autocracy of stocks and funds, by exempting such stocks and funds from State legislation; that holders of every kind of government stocks ought to be subject to the same rate of taxation as holders of real and personal property; that the democracy believe no citizen can be deprived of any natural or political right except by trial and conviction for such crimes as are punishable by deprivation of liberty or property; that the present constitution of Missouri was formed by a faction, inaugurated by fraud and violence, and is in direct conflict with the essential principle of liberty, and we pledge ourselves to labor for its overthrow; that we pledge ourselves to support free trade; that we thank the Hon. Joshua Hogan, the democratic representative from this city, for his support of President Johnson's reconstruction policy, and his faithfulness to his constituents; that we cordially invite the co-operation of all men who oppose the misrule and tyranny of the radical party.

A separate resolution was adopted endorsing the action of the Verandah Hall Convention last May, and merging the democratic county organization with the State organization then formed.

The Missouri Legislature.

ENDORSEMENT OF THE ACTION OF THE RADICALS IN CONGRESS.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 23, 1866.

Both houses of the Missouri Legislature passed yesterday the following resolutions under a suspension of the rules:—

Resolved, That the conflict which has existed for the last five years between loyalty and disloyalty is still existing, and that the safety of the nation demands that the government shall be retained in loyal hands.

Resolved, That in the thirty Senators who voted to sustain the Freedmen's Bureau bill, vetoed by the President, and in the Union majority of the House of Representatives who supported the same and kindred measures, we recognize true and worthy representatives of the principles which saved the country in the late rebellion, and we tender such representatives our hearty support, and the sympathy of ourselves and our constituents.

The resolutions passed the House by a vote 77 to 25 and the Senate by 21 to 5.

Both houses then adjourned, in commemoration of Washington's birthday, after which speeches were made by Lieutenant Governor Smith and several members of the Legislature taking strong grounds against the President's veto.

The Radicals in San Francisco Open Their Vials of Wrath.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 23, 1866.

Colonel Hawkins addressed one of the largest meetings ever held here last night. The sentiment that, if President Johnson's action had been correctly reported by telegraph, he was unfit for the Chief Magistracy of the United States, was greeted by long continued applause. Governor Low, introducing Colonel Hawkins, in the course of his remarks, said of the President's veto, that he felt it to be a source of anxiety and alarm when he saw every traitor in the land singing psalms to Andrew Johnson. This sentiment was also greeted with long continued applause.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERIES.

Discovery of a Systematic Scheme to Rob the Erie Railroad Company—One Hundred Thousand Dollars Worth of Freight Stolen from Cars While En Route Westward—The Thieves Undiscovered for Two Years—Singular Manner of Their Final Detection and Arrest.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1866.

One of the neatest and most successful detective operations we have heard of in some time culminated in our city to-day in the arrest of the perpetrators of the systematic robberies of the Erie Railroad Company. The freight over the road known as time freight has been stolen for some two years past. The robberies were conducted all along the road from Port Jervis to Dunkirk, and no clue as to how or where the freight was taken could be ascertained, so systematic and well planned and executed were the operations of the thieves. Their plan was generally as follows:—They had keys with which they opened the car doors when the train stopped here for wood and water. One or two of the party would enter the car, shutting the door after them. Confederates were stationed along the road, and after the train left the city the parties in the car would open the door and roll out the freight, which would be gathered up by their friends and carried to their hiding place. At the first stopping place the parties in the car would leave and return here. About three months ago the freight house in this city was robbed of from one to two thousand dollars worth of goods. Officer Knapp, a special policeman of the Erie Railroad, was then sent here to watch, and, through his agency, one of the most gigantic robbing schemes has been exposed, and the parties conducting it arrested. For three months officer Knapp and a detective from Buffalo named John Shoop have been steadily engaged in watching the suspected parties, and gradually drawing the rascals into their toils. The men were corresponding with a thief in Scranton, Pa., whom they wished to act as their agent in selling the goods. Knapp, having obtained knowledge of this, in conjunction with Postmaster Chickering had a stamp made containing the postmark "Scranton." The letters were handed to Knapp, answered by him stamped with the die as coming from Scranton, and the answers were delivered to the parties, they all the while supposing the Scranton letters were genuine. By this means a great amount of information was obtained as to the manner of conducting their operations. Detective Shoop represented himself as a brother crackerman, was admitted into their confidence, and seemingly entered fully into their operations. The plot for their capture progressed until it was brought to a head on Thursday night. Officer Knapp had two cars loaded with freight switched off the train and placed in a convenient situation for them. He then concealed himself where he could witness their operations. They soon approached, unlocked the car, secured their booty, and went off, followed by the officer. By this means the location of their storehouse was obtained. Yesterday morning the officers proceeded to a house in Baldwin street, near Carroll, and arrested one of the principals, George Wallace, who was in bed. The other head man, Alexander Powell, was arrested at a boarding saloon on Winner street. The lair of the thieves, the house of one Frank Hazlett, on Winner street, was searched and a thousand dollars worth of goods secured. All day to-day the officers were engaged in searching the city and securing piles of goods which these fellows had disposed of. They were both released from State Prison about two years ago, and have been engaged in these operations since. They informed Shoop that they had taken over one hundred thousand dollars in freight. Wallace and Powell are lodged in the county jail. They will be examined to-morrow.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK JUVENILE ASYLUM.—The thirteenth annual report of the management of the New York Juvenile Asylum has just been published. This is a very deserving and useful institution, located on 175th street, near Tenth avenue, and has been in operation for over twelve years. More than ten thousand children have, in that time, been committed to its care, and many of them finally returned to their families and friends. Thirteen hundred boys have been duly indentured to farmers and others in the State of Illinois. In 1864 the agent visited these children and found them generally contented and leading honorable and useful lives. Three hundred of the number were at one time in the Western army. They were originally gathered from the abodes of poverty in this city. Only two inmates ran away from the home in 1864 out of a family of one thousand, although the gates were generally open and the enclosure could be readily scaled by almost the smallest boy. Fifteen thousand dollars are required to pay current expenses, and a mortgage of thirty-five thousand dollars—the only encumbrance upon the property of the asylum—should be paid. The officers are:—A. R. Wetmore, President; Peter Cooper and John T. Adams, Vice Presidents; Benjamin F. Butler, Secretary; Joseph B. Collins, Treasurer. Their present board of directors includes some of the best and most responsible citizens of New York.

DISABLED SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' RELIEF FUND.—Mr. Julguet's French company have generously offered their services for a performance for the benefit of the above patriotic fund. They have been gladly accepted by the committee, and the entertainments have accordingly been fixed to come off at the Academy of Music on the 6th of March next. Some of the best pieces of the French *repertoire* will be presented on this occasion.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT ELECTION.—At an election, held on Wednesday evening last, for the purpose of filling the vacant captaincy of Company K of this regiment, occasioned by the resignation of Captain Borendes, the officers and members re-elected the former commander of their company, Captain William Seebacu, of the Comptroller's office.

THE VOSBURGH ASSOCIATION.—This association, composed of veteran members of the seventy-first regiment, National Guard, was permanently organized on the evening of the 20th inst., by the unanimous election of the following officers:—President, George A. Buckingham; Secretary, John W. Scott; Treasurer, George W. Roosevelt. Another meeting was held last evening at the armory, Centre Market, at which the various committees were appointed, and several names were added to the roll of membership.

THE THETA DELTA CHI CONVENTION.—The annual convention of the Theta Delta Chi Society, in session at the Astor House for two days past, adjourned last evening. The oration was delivered by Mr. William H. Merriam, at the headquarters of the fraternity, in Fifteenth street, Colonel George D. Kellogg presiding, and the subject being "Reminiscences of the late Confederate States Capital," and most interesting allusions to the rebel Cabinet, comprising personal sketches, and motives of individual and collective action in that body. The attendance was large, and the matter of Mr. Merriam's oration exceedingly interesting. After the delivery of the oration the convention was entertained at the residence of Colonel William S. Hillyer, who was made a member of the fraternity during the day.

THE EIGHT HOUR MOVEMENT.—A committee of workingmen met last night at No. 267 Bowery for the purpose of making arrangements for a grand mass meeting, to be held on Wednesday evening next, at Clinton Hall, for the purpose of advocating the eight hour labor movement, which the workingmen of this city have decided to inaugurate on the first Monday of March. The necessary preliminary arrangements were perfected and invitations issued to several prominent public speakers to address the meeting on Wednesday evening.

THE GERMAN MUSICAL SOCIETIES.—Some twenty three German musical organizations, which were engaged in the ninth general Saengerfest, recently associated for the purpose of uniting in all musical enterprises and to prepare for the next general Saengerfest, which will be held in Philadelphia. The singers are represented by a central organization, composed of delegates elected by the various societies, who held a convention last night at their headquarters to take some action in reference to various musical matters. Two additional societies—the New York Quartet Club and the Mozart Maenner Chor—were admitted as members of the central organization of the singers. The proceeds of the concert for the benefit of the German Hospital fund which was recently held under the auspices of the German musical societies at the Academy of Music, it was reported, amounted to about two thousand dollars. Some arrangements were made for a *Commers*, as is called a peculiar social gathering, to be held by all the members of the German societies. This festival is to be held for the purpose of effecting a closer reunion of and harmony among members comprising this union of German societies. This festival, it was arranged, will take place some time during next month. A number of the societies, it appears, have made arrangements to participate in the Saengerfest of the Eastern singers, which is to take place in June next at the city of Providence. The officers of the central organization were authorized to make the necessary arrangements for the *Commers*, and to prepare a programme for the festivities.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW YORK OPHTHALMIC SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL.—A large audience attended the fourteenth annual commencement of this institution at the large chapel of the New York University, on Washington square, last evening. Dodsworth's band was in attendance and played several selections from modern operas and the opera in music so prevalent in New York at present. The following graduates were presented with diplomas by the Rev. Dr. Matthews:—T. Frazer Rumbold, W. S. Ely, C. A. Hart, S. W. Crawford, W. J. Bryson, E. C. Evans, N. G. Sands, R. P. Jump, H. Henderson, G. A. Tye and G. McKay. A stirring address was made by the Hon. John H. Anthon and the valedictory by Wm. S. Ely. A number of prizes were distributed.

RUN OVER.—Yesterday afternoon Kate Burke, aged two years, whose parents reside at No. 89 West Houston street, was run over near the above residence, and fatally injured, by a wagon driven by Hubert Potger. The driver of the vehicle was arrested by officer Tuthill, of the Eighth precinct.

THE FENIANS.

The Pittsburg Congress.

PITTSBURG, PA., Feb. 23, 1866.

The Military Committee presented a report on the plan submitted by General Sweeny. After being thoroughly discussed it was unanimously adopted, the delegates present pledging their circles to support Sweeny with the last dollar and the last man. Statements of the means, men and arms at the command of each circle are now being received. Money is rapidly flowing into the treasury. The Congress will probably adjourn sine die to-morrow.

An O'Mahony Meeting Disturbed by the Roberts Faction.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 23, 1866.

A serenade was given this evening to the New York delegation, at the St. Charles Hotel. A large number of people were in attendance. Some of these at the Congress in session under Roberts and Sweeny left the hall to prevent or break up the assembly, and the wildest excitement prevailed, intermingled with threats against the life of Mr. Killian, and others, who kept the assailants at bay. The citizens of Pittsburg express great indignation against the would be rioters.

Agitation Among the Fenians in This City Regarding the Action of the Pittsburg Congress.

Considerable stir was occasioned in the city by a report that General Sweeny demonstrated at the Pittsburg Congress that Ireland was not at present capable of revolutionizing herself without the aid of the Canadian movement. The belief among Fenians here is that the I. R. B. are still the formidable controlling power of the whole movement and able to take the island and keep it. The O'Mahony party are in hopes that the other movement will avow a low opinion of the I. R. B. and thus chase away those who are now under the Sweeny leadership. The latter claim that the senatorials are the best friends of the I. R. B. and the agitation is working in such parties. Sweeny is soon to strike, it is believed, and the excitement throughout the country is intense. The faith of all seems to be in the Irish Central body.

Public meetings of Fenian circles, which were some months ago prohibited by the officers in this city, are coming in fashion again. Every evening some half a dozen different circles are holding as many meetings in different parts of the city, for the purpose of elucidating the I. R. B. and inducting outsiders into its mysteries. The speeches are substantially the same all round, and through the year these organizing measures being mere routine Fenian work, a report of one meeting with the exception of speakers' names, answering for a report of all. Last evening there were meetings of three circles of the Brotherhood and two of the Sisterhood, held as follows:—The John Mitchel Circle (O'Mahony), at Thirty third street and second avenue; the St. Lawrence O'Toole Circle (O'Mahony), at Thirty-third street and Eighth avenue; The Sweeny Circle (Senate), 155 First avenue; the Kincora Sisterhood (O'Mahony), Twenty-second street and First avenue; the Sweeny Sisterhood (Senate) 267 Bowery. Members were initiated and funds collected at each.

General Logan and the Fenians.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 23, 1866.

General Logan telegraphs that he never authorized the use of his name by the Fenians assembled here.

Literary Intelligence.

The English translation of Napoleon's "Life of Julius Cæsar" is approaching completion rapidly. It will be illustrated with thirty two maps explanatory of Cæsar's campaigns.

An important article on "Liberty" will appear immediately in the *Revue Contemporaine*, Paris. It is said to be written under high official inspiration.

A Paris publisher will shortly bring out the first of a series of pamphlets entitled "*Opinions Philosophiques, Economiques et Esthétiques de Pigeon-Roy*." The first number will treat of the *Mystère Indécipherable*.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Grand Celebration in Philadelphia by the Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

Major General Chamberlain as Orator and Private Miles O'Reilly as Poet of the Day.

A Home for the Benefit of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors.

&c. &c. &c.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 23, 1866.

The Philadelphians, as you are aware, are a hospitable set of people, and under a grave exterior have hearts as able to rejoice in a festival as their neighbors of more jocund aspect. They are distinguished for the good taste with which they get up, and the good order they preserve at all public ceremonials; and the celebration of Washington's birthday yesterday was an occasion calling forth both taste and order in their highest development.

The military and fire companies of the city paraded, presenting a most brilliant display under the soft spring sunshine; the streets, sidewalks and windows were crowded with happy faces; joy bells rang, fireworks made the night brilliant, and if spirits in the next world can take any cognizance of toasts and imbibations in this, then the soul of George Washington must have been kept pretty busy bowing all day long—and all night, too, for that matter—in response to the liberal and innumerable cups in which his memory was pledged.

But the great feature of the day was the first annual celebration of its existence given by the Military Order of the Loyal Legion at the Academy of Music, the proceeds of admission being devoted to the benefit of disabled soldiers and sailors of the recent war. It was a noble object nobly carried out by the officers of the Order, and nobly responded to by the generous and loyal people. All the official heads of Philadelphia were present as invited guests on the stage—the judges, the faculties of the various colleges, the most eminent men in all the learned professions, and the municipal and many of the State authorities.

On one side of the stage sat Major General Meade, surrounded by his staff, and Generals Torbert (of the cavalry), Davis, Wilson and many others, together with several hundred officers, whose badged and ribboned breasts showed that they had seen service. On the other side sat Commodore Alden, commanding the Navy Yard, surrounded by a score of fellow officers belonging to the same branch of the service. On the left and rear, in the parquet, about a hundred disabled veterans sat, their maimed and truncated limbs appealing eloquently to every eye; while in front of them were the gay, bright and richly-laced uniforms of the City Troop—the crack cavalry organization of the City of Brotherly Love, dating back their origin to four years earlier than our regular army, and once having served as General Washington's body guard. The remainder of the parquet was filled with the soldiers of Hancock's corps and the Marines, their cross-belts and gloves white and glistening, and all their equipments showing handsome readiness for parade inspection. In the dress circle and private boxes the *élite* of Philadelphian beauty sat fanning itself and lending the inspiration of its presence to the scene; and up to the very top of the house the various tiers of galleries were thronged and rustling with holiday life and pleasure.

Major General Chamberlain, of Maine, who won so much distinction and was so often wounded in the Fifth army corps, was introduced by Major General Cadwalader, and delivered a lengthy, erudite, eloquent and very scholarly speech, replete with apposite quotations and a sound exposition of the principles both of the general government and the government of the military Order of the Loyal Legion, in whose name he spoke. The General's wounds have reduced his physical strength so that his voice was not always quite equal to the requirements of so vast a building; but he was heard with intense interest and attention throughout, and was frequently interrupted by hearty bursts of applause, more especially from the more cultivated classes of his audience. His speech, I learn, appeal as all the other exercises of the day, will soon be published in handsome pamphlet form, bound in blue and gold, by the Brotherhood of the Legion, as a portion of their official records.

After the General's speech and some appropriate music by the various military bands present, the Poet of the Day was next introduced in the person of Colonel Chas. G. Halpine ("Private Miles O'Reilly"), to see whom there was much curiosity—more especially among the soldiers and ladies of the audience. He was received with much enthusiasm on his appearance, which is prepossessing, and was continually interrupted after every stanza by demonstrations of applause—many of the ladies using their handkerchiefs to their eyes quite freely during certain parts of his poem. He has a clear, full, ringing and very powerful voice, and speaks with great emphasis of gesticulation and vehemence of feeling, though entirely devoid of theatricality or rant. His poem is as follows:—

LINES FOR THE DAY.

Forever rest the days of gloom,
The long, and days of doubt and fear,
When woman, by her idle loom,
Heard the dread battle's nearing boom
With clasped hands and straining ear;
While each new hour the past possess
With further threat of loss and pain,
Till the sick senses would retrace
Its hungry track the bloody mass
That told of sons and brothers slain.

The days of calm at length are won,
And, calling thus, with united hands,
We talk of great deeds greatly done,
While all the future seems to turn
A silvery vista over golden sands.
With pomp the robing season I and shield
The sacred ashes of the brave and gay,
And while new shrines to Peace we build,
On our great banner's azure field
Yet larger constellations burn!

Who love the flag—who won the day?
The young, proud manhood of the land,
Called from the forge and plow away,
They seized the weapons of the fray