

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Wednesday, March 25.

A legitimate Journal of Paris asserts that a Frenchman named Bermon, editor of the Carlist Official Journal, has been captured by the Alphonists and shot.

John Riley, aged twenty-three, and John Monahan, aged twenty-four, residents of South Brooklyn, quarreled yesterday evening, and Monahan was fatally shot.

Andrew Egner, who has been on trial at Cincinnati several days for the murder of Schilling, or what is commonly known as the Tan-yard murder, was to day found guilty of murder in the first degree. The jury was out about twenty hours.

Dr. Moody, a physician in good standing in Green county, was tried last week on the charge of shooting a negro. The jury brought in a verdict against him, and he was sentenced by Judge Bartlett, on Friday, to two years imprisonment in the penitentiary. The negro was not killed.

The Ripley (Miss.) Advertiser is reliably informed that on Wednesday last, as Dr. Fred Carpenter, who lives about fifteen miles southeast of that place, was riding along the road, he was fired upon by some person concealed on the roadside, and shot through the head and instantly killed.

The hard times have proved a blessing in one respect to Sharon, Tenn.; it has dried up the saloons. There is but one house that has any whisky, and that is the drug store, and the proprietor of that is an avowed temperance man.

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Water-zap, and extend back eighteen miles to DeWitt's. The ice is piled from ten to fifteen feet high all the way, and much alarm is felt along the valley at the probable consequence.

On Sunday afternoon a sad case of drowning occurred on Douglas branch, in Gibson county, Tenn. A daughter of Mr. Tom. Counter, about thirteen years old, who lives close to the branch, was playing in the banks of the branch when a sudden rush of headwater swept her away, and before any one could get to her assistance she was drowned.

The New Orleans Times reports a destructive tornado in the Ouachita valley on Friday, between Smithland and Ray's Point. The loss of life and the destruction of property was very great.

On Thursday last week the bodies of two white men were found in some drift wood on Caney creek, Texas, about one hundred yards below the crossing of the road between Caney and Boggy depot.

A private dispatch from Camden, S.C., informs the Columbia Phoenix that Capt. Samuel Place came to his death yesterday morning from a blow delivered by a policeman.

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he could do for the sufferers, and the following answer was received: "Assistance will be needed by some. Will let you know when the dead are buried and when we can get housed. The academies and all the churches are gone but one. Myself, wife and children are all safe. We lay on the floor while our house crumbled above our heads. Dr. J. M. Bynum, who had passed a raised pension-warrant for \$300, was shot and badly wounded by Detective Woodward, at Little Rock, Ark., while attempting to escape.

John M. Fadden shot and killed George D. Blackard at Clarksville, Ark., yesterday. Blackard was a railroad employe, and was shot for refusing to return one dollar, won from M. Fadden. The murderer was arrested.

Several members of a gang of counterfeiters have been arrested in Boston, according to a dispatch from that city, and papers found in their possession have put the officers on the track of others of the gang in New York and other cities.

Citizens of Augusta, Ga., have contributed \$6,000 to the sufferers from the tornado, which has devastated several counties of the State, from the Chattahoochee to the Savannah river.

At Cincinnati, J. M. T. Davis was yesterday convicted of murder in the second degree, for killing policeman Bird at Jackley's circus in September last.

In reply to a telegram from one of the miners who "residing in the city, and the Black Hills, whether he would be permitted to return with re-enforcements and provisions, General Ord says: Troops from Fort Laramie and hostile Indians have both gone for your miners.

Gen. Ord has been authorized to put all his cavalry at once into the Sioux country in which the miners are trespassing, and employ fifty Indian scouts to advise the cavalry of the advent of miners.

Early last night the body of Mrs. Mary Bingham, a widow, aged about 30, was found in the cellar of her mother's residence, on Webster street, East Boston, Mass. The police are looking for the murderer.

G. B. Straugh and wife were thrown out of a buggy near Cairo, Ill., yesterday, each one having one leg broken, and receiving other injuries. Mr. Straugh is a member of the commission firm of Straugh & Hinkle.

The San Antonio, (Texas) Herald has information that the Indians who captured the stage near Laredo, last Friday, attacked Cacho Ponce, near Corvial, on the Texas side. They were driven off by the ranchers and generally being killed, says sometimes McCreath.

Some three or four weeks ago a man by the name of Severin Benoit was murdered near New Iberia, La. Three citizens were arrested for the murder, and they are excited people of all colors, and hung. A few days afterwards affidavits were made by some negroes against Messrs. Burbank, Pierre Lagarde and Ozenn Jacob as participants in the hanging.

The grand jury at Bloomington, Ind. returned an indictment against Cornelius A. Merhan and his wife, Tuesday, yesterday afternoon, for the murder of John Moore, in April 1871. Moore went there from Louisville, Ky., on the 13th of that month.

In the Circuit Court at Staunton, Va., this week, James McConley, a stupid but ill-looking man about 35 years of age, was put to the bar charged with bigamy. Just behind him sat a tidy, pleasant-looking little woman of 25.

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mand without resistance. As soon as he and his men were made prisoners, Havitt dispatched a runner to the fort, a squad of troops was sent to his assistance, and Lone Wolf and his band were secured to Sill, where he is now in irons. None of the Indians have been tried yet. It is the impression now that none of the Indians will be hung, though many of them will undoubtedly be sentenced to terms of imprisonment.

The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle has obtained the following particulars in regard to the murder of Mrs. Lena Foster, in Edgelfield county. Mr. Foster went out to work in the field, as usual, Friday morning taking his little son with him. The case came up before W. T. Stone, a justice of the peace, and the murderer was sentenced to terms of imprisonment.

In Aberdeen, Miss., on Saturday morning, C. Stuart Beverly, of the Helen D'Este theatrical troupe, shot Mr. R. Scullin, editor of the True Republican, through the head. The wound inflicted is dangerous, though not necessarily fatal. The difficulty grew out of the following remarks of the True Republican: "Destiny, in all that constitutes even a medium drama, as performed by the Helen D'Este Troupe last Monday night, was a failure."

Among the animal curiosities recently brought to light in Murfreesboro, Tenn., is a horse with a moustache. A negro man was found dead Sunday morning near a suburban still-house in Sumner county, Tenn., having been shot several times, and his head cut nearly off.

Thursday morning a party of Kickapoo Indians raided the town of Guerrero, Texas, and carried off all the horses and provisions they could find. A party of forty men in pursuit, led by a man who was some twenty years a captive among the Indians.

Alonso Arr, a young man but recently married, lost his life at the Rockwood coal mines, East Tenn., one day last week, under the following circumstances. He was engaged in some duty near the mouth of the mines, when the bank caved in, burying him beneath the earth and rock.

Little Mollie, daughter of John Ball, residing in Hawkins county, Tenn., was shot and killed in the following manner, last Thursday: She—aged only two years—was playing with a pistol, which she had found in an old trunk, and in attempting to replace it, caught the hammer on the edge of the trunk, causing it to discharge, the bullet taking effect in Mollie's cheek, and ranging upward, killed her almost instantly.

Benches warrants were issued by the Todd Circuit Court, now in session at Elkton, Ky., on Tuesday evening last, against ten of the Fairview gang of Kuklux. The sheriff with a large posse left Elkton at midnight, and returned Friday night with only one prisoner. All the rest had absconded.

The Ashville (N. C.) Pioneer tells the following story of a corpse and coffin: During the recent high water a negro woman died on the premises of a Green Allen, on Wolf creek, two miles above the station. The day she was to have been buried, and the relatives and friends assembled for that purpose. After the funeral services at the house, the body was placed in a two-horse wagon, and those akin to her also got in the vehicle to accompany the remains to the burial-spot.

Yesterday morning about 10:30 o'clock, a young man of Knoxville, Tenn., named Clabe Austin met with a very serious accident, which will doubtless terminate with his death. Mr. Austin had been intended to hunt again yesterday, as he was out of work. He had loaded his gun at home, and something being the matter with his ramrod, as it would not go into its proper place right, he had gone over to the shop to file it down.

A little boy, about eight years old, son of Andrew Stuart, of Best creek, Green county, was killed Tuesday by the falling of a tree, during the terrible wind storm which prevailed during that day.

Merced boasts of three solid citizens who turn the scales at 816 pounds, and the Harpersburg reporter is satisfied at this, that he has met out three other men of the county who can outweigh them by from thirty to forty pounds.

A son of George Waltz, of Mayville, met with a very serious accident on Friday evening last. An old musket which he was using for target practice, and which he had left in such a terrible manner that amputation above the wrist was necessary.

T. B. Rippe, a wholesale whisky dealer and distiller, of Anderson county, was assigned March 15. His indebtedness was \$140,000. It is supposed to be \$75,000. Saturday, March 20, his assignees sold between twelve and thirteen thousand dollars' worth of cattle which

he was selling at his distillery. J. M. Walker and W. W. White were appointed his assignees. Monroe Walker & Son have filed their petition in bankruptcy. D. G. Gaines, Ezra Fidler and James S. Arthur are all broke. Almost everybody in Anderson county will lose more or less by Rippe's failure. Business dull.

On the 6th inst., in the neighborhood of Casey creek, Adair county, two children of Mr. D. L. Edgelfield and two of Mr. Armstrong were badly bitten by a mad cat. By the prompt application of a madstone belonging to Elder Wallace they were relieved. Several dogs and cats were also bitten.

Last Sunday morning about daylight the inhabitants of Berry's Station, Harrison county, were startled from their slumbers on the most terrific alarm known that ever visited this section. The storm lasted several minutes. The hail-stones were afterwards picked up were from the size of a buckshot to that of a pullet's egg, some of them measuring four inches in circumference to an inch and a half in thickness.

On Wednesday evening of last week, while Ezra Watson, a young man in the employ of J. H. Magruder, of Shelbyville, was taking the harness off a horse, a cat sprang from the stable-loft on the back of the animal, causing him to kick young Watson on the leg, and to produce a compound fracture of the bone, which will doubtless cripple him for life. This is the second time the young man has been kicked in the same place by a horse.

A difficulty occurred between G. W. O'Brien and J. D. O'Conner, Wednesday morning on the streets of Springfield, in which Mr. O'Conner fired one shot at Mr. O'Brien—the ball passing through his clothes, and Mr. O'Brien's clothes was considerably burned by the explosion of the pistol. The case came up before W. T. Stone, police judge, but he declined to sit in the case. It was continued until next Thursday.

One Carter, an American citizen of African descent, applied to his Honor, Judge Wickliff, at Springfield, during the sitting of the court there, for license to practice law. His Honor appointed W. B. Harrison, Esq., of Lebanon, and P. H. Thompson, jr., of Harrodsburg, to examine the applicant. He didn't pass his tutor will have to instruct him a little further in legal lore. This is the first application of the kind ever made in the State outside of Louisville.

A prominent citizen of Harrodsburg, Mr. A. C. Passmore, was found dead in his bed Thursday morning. The cause of his sudden and unexpected demise is supposed to be heart disease, or a congestive chill. Mr. Passmore had been a very stable keeper for many years in that place, and owner and trainer of many fine trotters.

The sheriff of Barren county offers a reward of \$300 for the arrest and delivery at the Glasgow jail of John M. Basham, charged with the murder of A. L. Hawkins. In addition to this is the State reward of \$500, which according to the Glasgow Times, will probably result in Basham's capture.

Harrodsburg lays claim to the most remarkable woman of the age. Mrs. Sarah Fairman, a lady who has lived a half century in one house in Harrodsburg, not more than two hundred yards from Main street, which bisects the entire town. She crossed this (Main) street, the other day, for the first time in thirty-seven years. When she last crossed it, she was a maid.

On Sunday near 12 o'clock, there occurred at the head of Main street, Bowling Green, a sickening and shocking deed. It was between two negroes, residing fatally to one of the parties. Just under the hill there is a house where these dusky and dark men fought. Their names were Henry Black and Albert Carpenter.

They got into a fracas about a negro woman, and from words the case blew into a knife. Carpenter made a lunge at Black, and the latter drew a carving-knife, or shoe-knife and cut him to death. The entrance of the blade cut the heart clean in two, disemboweling his antagonist. Black then went for Dr. Porter, who immediately saw that the case was a hopeless one. Carpenter died almost instantly, and was buried. Black voluntarily surrendered himself to the civil authorities, and was taken in charge by Capt. LeGrand and J. P. Bailey, jr.

The case is a very unfortunate one. On Monday Black was arraigned before Judge Thos. J. Kinniard, in the Police court. It was shown to be a case of justifiable homicide in self defence, and the case was dismissed by the Judge.

We learn of the commission of a very serious and revolting crime in Metcalfe county. The facts are as follows: There lives a woman in the county who belonged to one of the best families there, but who for some time has not conducted herself as a lady should, to say the least.

On the 2nd day of March she was delivered of a child—a bastard—and determined to conceal its birth. Accordingly she placed it in a cradle, and stowed it away up stairs. During the day one of her daughters heard the infant cry and mentioned the fact, but her mother informed her that it was something else.

The mother went from the house, and the daughter, who was as satisfied, with her brother began an investigation, and found the child hid as above stated. They returned down stairs and said nothing. A few moments afterwards they saw the mother leave the house with the cradle in her hand, and, we believe, watched her. She carried the cradle some distance from the house, dug a hole in the earth, placed the still living child therein, and covered it with dirt and rocks. The child was afterwards found and resurrected, smothered to death. The mother was arrested and tried, and in default of bail committed to the custody of the jail, in whose charge she still remains, awaiting the action of the grand jury.

So, it appears that the Radicals even owe their election of the Governor in New Hampshire by the skin of their teeth to the Prohibitionists. That "glorious reaction of the reaction" has petered out beautifully.

"PINSBACK don't seem to care whether he is successful or not in gaining his seat in the United States Senate," says the St. Louis Times. Let the editor of the Times undertake to swap his seat in heaven for that of PINSBACK in the Senate, and he'll see a certain Buck-eye nigger's upper-lip curl with scorn until it hangs on his eyebrow.

Mrs. WOODHULL denies the story of the nigger witness that TILTON once passed a night with her. We didn't believe the witness at the time, for, considering that there were BLOOD and WOODHULL, her two regular husbands, and possibly one two affinities, we couldn't imagine where there'd be any room for TILTON.

THE Secretary of the Treasury reports the cost of repairing two wagons belonging to his Department at \$2,699 93, and the repairs of one wheelbarrow at \$32 75. We'll cheerfully undertake to furnish him with brand-new wagons, of a kind that won't break down, for \$2,699 93 a dozen; and, rather than be called stingy about it, we'll fling in a couple of dozen or so of stout wheelbarrows.

DR. LANDIS of Vineland, N. J., shot and killed Mr. CARUTER, the editor of the local paper, the other morning, who had noted in his paper that a prominent citizen was endeavoring to secure the incarceration of his wife in a private mad-house. As LANDIS is about the wealthiest man in New Jersey, and the murdered editor—as is too frequently the case with those of his profession in this ill-balanced world—was about the poorest, the popular verdict will acquit him of all blame. Gilded crime largely discounts ragged virtue in these nest-hiding days.

AN ARTISTIC PORTRAIT. Hon. PROCTOR KNOX, in a lecture on "The Model Statesman," delivered in Philadelphia a few evenings ago, drew the following life-like portrait, which will be readily recognized as that of a certain person who is at present engaged in running down and capturing the office of Governor of Kentucky.

As a specimen of high art work-painting it is worthy of preservation: If you were to describe to him the character of one who, with inferior talents, the instincts and habits of a rude vulgarian and an utter destitution of moral principle and political information, had succeeded in making himself the favorite of the populace by a singular volubility of language and a loud, vehement manner of delivery, combined with coarse manners and unmeasured abuse of those better than himself, whose vulgar impudence had secured him the reputation for a blunt honesty in the expression of his sentiments, and whose rashness had been mistaken for quickness of decision and promptness of action, he would " " conclude that you were speaking of " " the distinguished Democratic " " leader now in your mind's eye. " " The great leading object in life, the one which concentrates all the energies of his intellect, and influences every sentiment and emotion of his soul, the one, in fact, upon which his very existence seems to be hinged, is to get into office. " " until some convention, which he had no agency whatever in packing, puts him forward as the gallant standard-bearer of his party and the champion of the untutored sons of toil.

Actuated, as he invariably professes to be, by a pure and unselfish devotion to the public good, " " it is but natural that " " where the dispensation of place and power depends in a great measure upon the popular will, the Model Statesman should not only manifest the warmest regard for the individual prosperity and general welfare of the people, but the loftiest admiration for their wisdom, virtue and intelligence, as well as the profoundest deference for their superior judgment upon every conceivable question of public policy. Consequently every other sentiment of his soul seems completely absorbed in a boundless, faithless affection for the masses.

The miser may gaze in rapture upon the shining heaps he has amassed through long years of patient toil and painful self-denial; the young and buoyant bridegroom may feel every fiber and tissue of his being tingling with the delicious emotions of mingled affection and hope as he looks down in amply pride upon the gentle and beautiful form, whose trembling hand nestles in his own beside the marriage altar; the young mother may feel the warm flood of maternal love welling up from the deep fountains of her soul as she folds for the first time the form of her eldest born to her gentle bosom; but all such sentiments pale into utter insignificance when compared with the unutterable affection of your Model Statesman for the great body of the people. Under the overpowering influence of this master passion his soul is seized with an insatiable yearning to become an exponent of their wisdom, as well as the champion of their rights and the vindicator of their virtue. He bankrupts the vernacular in adulation of their infallibility while insidiously attempting to delude the public mind with some dangerous and destructive fallacy; he applauds their purity while endeavoring to give shape to popular sentiment by exciting some miserable social prejudice or fanning the fires of sectional jealousy and hatred; or, as is more frequently the case, he maintains a mysterious reticence, or expresses himself in a sort of Delphic ambiguity with regard to new and important issues, until he catches the drift of the popular current, when he exhausts the vocabulary in extolling the intelligence and honesty of the sovereign masses, at the same time modestly insinuating his own far-sighted sagacity which had long anticipated precisely that particular crisis in public affairs.

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As a specimen of high art work-painting it is worthy of preservation: If you were to describe to him the character of one who, with inferior talents, the instincts and habits of a rude vulgarian and an utter destitution of moral principle and political information, had succeeded in making himself the favorite of the populace by a singular volubility of language and a loud, vehement manner of delivery, combined with coarse manners and unmeasured abuse of those better than himself, whose vulgar impudence had secured him the reputation for a blunt honesty in the expression of his sentiments, and whose rashness had been mistaken for quickness of decision and promptness of action, he would " " conclude that you were speaking of " " the distinguished Democratic " " leader now in your mind's eye. " " The great leading object in life, the one which concentrates all the energies of his intellect, and influences every sentiment and emotion of his soul, the one, in fact, upon which his very existence seems to be hinged, is to get into office. " " until some convention, which he had no agency whatever in packing, puts him forward as the gallant standard-bearer of his party and the champion of the untutored sons of toil.

Actuated, as he invariably professes to be, by a pure and unselfish devotion to the public good, " " it is but natural that " " where the dispensation of place and power depends in a great measure upon the popular will, the Model Statesman should not only manifest the warmest regard for the individual prosperity and general welfare of the people, but the loftiest admiration for their wisdom, virtue and intelligence, as well as the profoundest deference for their superior judgment upon every conceivable question of public policy. Consequently every other sentiment of his soul seems completely absorbed in a boundless, faithless affection for the masses.

The miser may gaze in rapture upon the shining heaps he has amassed through long years of patient toil and painful self-denial; the young and buoyant bridegroom may feel every fiber and tissue of his being tingling with the delicious emotions of mingled affection and hope as he looks down in amply pride upon the gentle and beautiful form, whose trembling hand nestles in his own beside the marriage altar; the young mother may feel the warm flood of maternal love welling up from the deep fountains of her soul as she folds for the first time the form of her eldest born to her gentle bosom; but all such sentiments pale into utter insignificance when compared with the unutterable affection of your Model Statesman for the great body of the people. Under the overpowering influence of this master passion his soul is seized with an insatiable yearning to become an exponent of their wisdom, as well as the champion of their rights and the vindicator of their virtue. He bankrupts the vernacular in adulation of their infallibility while insidiously attempting to delude the public mind with some dangerous and destructive fallacy; he applauds their purity while endeavoring to give shape to popular sentiment by exciting some miserable social prejudice or fanning the fires of sectional jealousy and hatred; or, as is more frequently the case, he maintains a mysterious reticence, or expresses himself in a sort of Delphic ambiguity with regard to new and important issues, until he catches the drift of the popular current, when he exhausts the vocabulary in extolling the intelligence and honesty of the sovereign masses, at the same time modestly insinuating his own far-sighted sagacity which had long anticipated precisely that particular crisis in public affairs.

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