Miscellaneous Library.

The Benton Weekly Record.

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POETRY

OLD FRIENDS.

The old, old friends!
Some changed; some buried; some gone out of sight;
Some ossified, and in this world's swift flight
No time to make amends.

The old, old friends—
Where are they? Dress are laid in some grave;
And one from the far-off world on the daily wave
Is loving us as fonds.

The dear old friends!
One passes daily; and one wears a mask;
Another long estranged dares not to ask
Where cause is anger ends.

The dear old friends,
So many and so fond in the days of youth!
Alas that Fate can be divorced from Truth,
When love in severance ends.

The old, old friends.
They hover round me still in evening shades;
And life on God depends.

—*W. J. Linton.*

THE ALEXANDRIA HAVOC.

SIX PICTURES OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

The Splendid Defence of the Egyptians while their Forts were being Knocked to Pieces.

ALEXANDRIA, July 11—5 P. M.—The forts of Alexandria were Bombarded today. The signal gun with blank cartridge was fired, and a tremendous action ensued, the Egyptians fighting splendidly. The ships behaved magnificently.

Last night closed in on a curious scene, practically all the ships had quitted Alexandria harbor except the English ironclads, and in the place where, but now, there lay hundreds of vessels, where only one American and one German war ship and three British ironclads. In the town there had been a general stampede.

Presently the German and Austrian men-of-war steamed out and left the ships and the Forts alone facing each other. The Monarch was just outside the mole, in the inner harbor, with the Invincible not far in the rear, and so, her broadsides turned towards Ghazal's Fort, while some distance away, near the battery commanding the entrance of the harbor, could be just descried the Penelope, in position between two forts all alone.

Outside the harbor and in the rear of the fleet on the neck of land where stands the Ras-El-Tin Palace, also along the shore, lay the Inflexible, Alexandra, Superb, Sultan, and Temeraire, all near each other, their broadsides turned toward the land, their topgallant masts down, with everything prepared for action. Then darkness came on, and signalling by lights began, to be again succeeded by the electric light from the Alexandria searching the whole coast line.

This morning broke hazily, and I found the ships had nearly all changed their positions in the night. The Monarch had gone close to Marabout Battery, where the Penelope had hitherto been stationed. The Invincible lay close by, while the Penelope, getting up steam, moved in a northwesterly direction along the shore. Next the Inflexible moved on to the front shore against the mouth of the harbor.

Then followed a long series of manœuvres, ships moving about all round the front shore till close upon 7 o,clock, when the line was complete, the Alexandria being furthest off, having the Superb and the Sultan in line with her nearly opposite the mouth of the harbor, with the Temeraire right astern, about six cables length; while the Penelope, Invincible, and Monarch were along the shore near Marabout Island.

Suddenly, about five minutes past 7, fire opened all along the line, beginning with the Alexandria. The forts replied at once; great volumes of smoke were seen rolling in every direction, and shells could be seen dropping all over the surface of the water.

The American Captain of the Quinnebaug, who hospitably gave me a chance to see the fight from his deck, anchored five cables only on the port beam of the Temeraire, so that I got a splendid view of the contest, shells frequently falling quite close to us.

Meanwhile the Condor, Beacon, Decoy, and Bittern gunboats took up their line in rear of the ironclads, and pelted away with all their might. Through the day the fire has been kept up fierce and fast by our ships. One after another the forts have been silenced, and we have suffered little or no loss.

HOW THE ENGLISH SAILORS BEHAVED.

ALEXANDRIA, July 12.—As for the sailors, notwithstanding the warm nature of yesterday's fire and their fortunate escape from serious casualties, they are eager to be at work again, and are longing for another bout before the soldiers arrive to take the work out of their hands. However, it is very fortunate that all the conical shot missed the vessel yesterday, for had we been struck on the water line by them instead of by the many well-aimed round shot, the ship would certainly have been obliged to go out of action, and would not improbably have been sunk, for our armor would hardly resist ten-inch rifled shot.

BLOWING UP OF THE MAGAZINES.

ALEXANDRIA, July 12.—I witnessed the blowing up of the Mexs powder magazines—I believe by a shell from the Monarch. It is difficult to describe the excitement of the sailors. Each shot was watched with an anxiety that reminds one of that displayed at the Eton and Harrow match on a larger scale. Every shot that told was greeted with clapping, which occasionally was aided by a cheer, while the unhappy gunner who fired short or wide was the victim of good-humored chaff.

Ouida: It is murder to take life; but perhaps to take away the joy of life is a more cruel thing to do.

FANNY PARNELL'S DEATH.

Last Moments of the Sister of the Irish Land League Leader.

BORDENTOWN, July 21.—Miss Fanny Parnell's death was shockingly sudden. Her tireless activity in behalf of the Land League had worn out her once rugged health, and made her an invalid, although her mother thinks that during the past four weeks her condition was greatly improved. It was her habit to sit up late at night over letters and articles that flowed almost ceaselessly from her pen, and it was thus that she was employed late on Wednesday night. On Thursday morning at 10 o'clock she had her coffee and the early mail of papers and letters brought to her room, and at noon she went about the house chatting and busying herself with even more than her wonted activity. She had never seemed in better spirits. She fed her dogs and sat before she returned to her room.

Her mother, who is herself in poor health, followed Miss Fanny there as she was passing the door. She had not the faintest suspicion of the blow that had fallen. She found her daughter lying on the bed rigid and unconscious. She spoke to her, but got no response. It was difficult to believe her dead, so peaceful was the expression of her face, and so warm the temperature of her skin. Indeed, there was a perceptible pulsation in her veins for a moment afterward. Her death had been almost instantaneous, and it is believed painless. Dr. Longstreet, who came at once, said that paralysis of the heart was its cause. The blow was almost too much for Mrs. Parnell, who is now stopping with a relative in the house nearest the one in which her daughter's remains are awaiting burial.

Miss Fanny Parnell had earned for herself among her countrymen and countrywomen a reputation of her own, distinct from that which came with her relationship to the famous brother, the Irish leader. She made Irish affairs and the matters of the Land League her study, and wrote about them with a ready, intelligent, and very forcible pen. She had an Irish woman's wealth of love, and it inspired her frequently to write verses that of late were always on her favored theme. *The Sun* has reprinted some of them. She was active and conspicuous in the organization of the Ladies' Land League in this country, and in that and other kindred efforts addressed meetings all over this country and in Canada. After her brother's visit to this country she spent much time in behalf of the famine and relief office he established. Her home was the Commodore Stewart mansion, just beyond this town. She was virtually mistress of the estate, which is on a high point of the Delaware river, just where it widens and turns towards Trenton. From the broad veranda of the mansion the placid river and the willows and maples of the Pennsylvania shore are seen beyond a smooth lawn shaded by giant pines, while far away in the other direction are the fields and orchards of the farm, in whose affairs she took so close an interest as to astonish even the women of the neighborhood, who take a bolder part in affairs than city women do. She seemed devoid of fear, and might be met any night alone on the railroad track going to or from the depot.

W. D. Rogers, the undertaker in town, has charge of the burial arrangements. The funeral service, which will be that of the Episcopal Church, will be at the house on Monday afternoon, and the body will be placed temporarily in the receiving vault in Trenton.

The pall bearers at the funeral of Miss Parnell will be Geo. B. Raymond, A. H. Livingston, Alfred I. Claypool, Robert Murphy, Banting Hawkins, and Thomas Hopkinson. What part the Land League will take in the ceremonies has not yet been arranged, but Mr. M. D. Gallagher, President of the League in New York, arrived at Ironsides this afternoon, and will make known the arrangements to-morrow. A message of sympathy from the Ladies' Land League of Dublin was received this afternoon, and other messages of a private character were received from England and Ireland.

A meeting of the Executive Council of the Irish Land League was held at Germania Hall last evening to take action upon the death of Miss Fanny Parnell. Mr. Breslin, Vice-President; Hugh King, Treasurer; Capt. Hugh Coleman, Michael J. Costello, P. MacDonald, Michael McManus, R. Kennedy, Stephen J. Meany, Dr. Donlin, Patrick Gleason; and Mrs. Jenkins, President, and Mrs. Ferry, Secretary of the Ladies' Branch of the Twenty-first Ward; Mrs. McCannon, Dr. William Dwyer, J. Fellas, John Devoy, Martin L. Baggane, and Wm. Connolly, were among those present.

Resolutions were passed regretting the death of Miss Parnell, expressing sympathy with Charles Stewart Parnell and his relatives, and with the Irish people in their loss.

The Council voted that the Committee on Ways and Means meet on Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. King, to make arrangements to attend Miss Parnell's funeral, which is to take place at Bordentown on Monday.

The ladies of the Central Ladies' Land League yesterday sent this despatch to Mrs. Delia Parnell of Bordentown, N. J.:

"The members of the New York Central Ladies' Land League tender sincere sympathy and mourn with you the loss of Erin's gifted and faithful daughter."

Branches of the Parnell Land League will meet to-night at Union place, corner of Eighteenth street, to arrange to attend the funeral.

Gen. W. S. Harney, at the age of 82, is now visiting Minnesota.

A DUEL IN VIRGINIA

Between John S. Wise and John S. Crockett.

Both Men Fire at the Word Without Effect—Wise's Pistol Misses Fire in the Second Round.

CHRISTIANSBURG, Va., July 25.—A duel was fought half a mile from here this morning at sunrise between Capt. John S. Wise, Mahone's candidate for Congressman at Large, and John S. Crockett, Commonwealth's Attorney for Wythe county. Both parties, accompanied by their seconds, reached here early this morning and at once made preparations to fight. Mr. R. Crockett of Wythe was Crockett's second and G. Ward, editor of the Abingdon *Virginian*, acted for Wise. The parties met in an open field, half a mile from here, and were on the ground and ready for the hostile encounter before the village people were astir. They were accompanied by a surgeon.

Soon after leaving the train, both the principals and their seconds went at once to the field, where, without any useless talking and with few preliminaries, the preparations were made for the duel. This hurrying up of matters was necessary because a difficulty between Messrs. Wise and Crockett has been apprehended for some days past, and the fact of the two men being together would have been sufficient to cause their arrest. In five minutes after reaching the ground, the principals were told to take their positions. The distance agreed upon was ten paces. The weapons used were revolvers of the regulation pattern.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" asked the seconds.

Both combatants bowed in the affirmative.

"Fire—one—two—three."

At the last word, "Three," both pistols went off almost simultaneously, so much so that it was at first thought only one weapon had been discharged. The fire was without effect. The men were to stand to take their positions, but as Crockett was raising his pistol it went off accidentally. The men were again placed in position, and at the command each raised his weapon and pulled the trigger. This time Wise's pistol failed to go off, and Crockett's was discharged without effect. Then Crockett said he was satisfied, and thus ended the duel. The parties at once scattered. Crockett and his seconds took the train for home, and Wise's seconds also left. Capt. Wise came here and made a political speech to a large crowd.

The duel was another in that series of political affairs of honor which have been going on since State politics have been raging so hotly in Virginia. None have resulted fatally as yet, and it is a remarkable fact that during the period of four years in which duels have at different times been fought, the only one with fatal effect was that in which a lady was concerned—the Garland-Addison duel last week.

The difficulty which led to the Wise-Crocket duel began on the 17th of this month. It seems that when Wise was in Wytheville a few weeks ago, a conversation took place between him and Mr. Crockett, in which the latter alleged that Wise made use of the expression: "There is no honor in politics." This Crockett had repeated as coming from Wise, and this fact had been reported to the latter. Meeting Mr. Crockett in the evening on the hotel porch at Marion, Wise called him aside and interrogated him about it. Crockett acknowledged that he had made the statement and that it was true. Wise denounced it as false and struck at Crockett. Before the latter had time to resent the blow his arm was caught by Marshal Watts, who was standing close by, and then a policeman appeared on the scene and commanded the peace. Perhaps the difficulty might have ended here, but the next day the Richmond *Whig*, Mahone's organ, printed a telegram, in which was the following:

A short time after Capt. Wise concluded his speech he met a Funder who had slandered him recently. He asked him if he had made certain statements, and the gentleman admitted that he had. Capt. Wise punished him severely on the spot.

When Crockett heard this and other reports to the effect that he had been beaten by Wise he and his friends regarded such assertions as imputations upon his courage. This feeling was aggravated when the Richmond *Whig* came out with a second article, which said:

The affair was much talked about yesterday, and the question was repeatedly asked "what was the name of the man whom Capt. Wise thrashed so roundly?" A private telegram received here said it was John S. Crockett, Commonwealth's Attorney for Wythe county, and that Capt. Wise gave him three Sullivanian licks direct from the shoulder, and came out of the difficulty without a scratch.

Mr. Crockett at once prepared a card severely denouncing Wise and calling him a liar and scoundrel, but it was not published. When Wise left the city a few days ago and came to this section of the State, Mr. Crockett at once opened hostile correspondence with him, winding up by challenging Wise to a duel. The challenge was promptly accepted.

Later advices say that when Wise's pistol missed at the second fire Crockett asked that Wise be allowed another chance, when Crockett's second said that he was satisfied, and under the ruling in the code Crocket was compelled to submit. The parties left the field with the question still unsettled. In Wise's party it is understood there were J. M. Browning, the Governor's private secretary; R. F. Walker, Superintendent of Public Printing; C. H. McCaul, member of the House of Delegates, and Asa Rogers, Railroad Commissioners, all Mahone's officials.

This is the first duel which has been fought here since the anti-duelling law was passed, and under its stringent provisions no person can hold office in the State who has fought a duel. No arrests have been made.

Capt Wise is the youngest son of the late Gov. Wise, and is a warm personal friend of Senator Mahone. In the past two years two other members of his family have fought political duels. The Hon. George D. Wise, his cousin, now member of Congress from this district, fought Senator H. H. Riddleberger, and his other cousin, Gen. Peyton Wise, had a hostile meeting with D. H. Lewis, Judge-elect of the Supreme Court. The two first duels were fought before the anti-duelling law was passed.

Bravery of the Egyptians.

ALEXANDRIA, July 12.—The truth is the Egyptians fought much better than was at all expected. They have well earned the honor of being the first to face throughout a long day the most tremendous artillery ever opened in any warfare. Nor can it be said that ignorance made them bold, for the first few rounds from our heavy guns produced effects positively frightful to witness even from a point of safety, while to have stood under such avalanches of iron without flinching proves the Egyptians to have some good stuff among them.

If the Egyptians oppose our troops with the same gallantry with which they fought their four last days, our soldiers will have their work cut out for them before they reach Cairo. With the tremendous fire of four ironclads concentrated upon them, with the forts crumbling in ruins among them, their gunners set out shot after shot back through the storm of shell and bullets for more than an hour. Sir Beauchamp Seymour himself expressed his sense of relief when at last it was evident that the guns were silenced, and the unequal heroic contest at an end.

The Arabs say the reason why the defense was so obstinate was that the barrieres were manned by regular Mohammedans.

Forest Fire in Massachusetts.

SANDWICH, Mass., July 25.—A large forest fire is raging in the woods between Sandwich and Plymouth. The wind is blowing the body. The woodland being very dry, the fire will undoubtedly prove disastrous.

A WOMAN'S GRIT AND GRIP

Holding by the Gown a Somnambulist who Was Sauntering from a window.

Last night a lady who resides on Ivy street was "at home" to quite a number of her friends, and a pleasant evening was the result. Before the hour for separation had arrived, however, one of the guests of the lady was taken quite ill and was escorted to a bedroom, where she was disrobed and made to feel as easy as every possible kindness could offer. About 12 o'clock she fell into a quiet sleep, and the young lady who was watching by her side, thinking that her guest had forgotten her ills in sweet slumber, lay down upon a sofa beside a window in the room, and was soon lost to the cares of this world. How long she slept she does not know, but while in the midst of a pleasant dream she felt something brush across her face, and with a start, awoke. Her awakening saved the life of her friend, but came near causing her own death.

The something which brushed across her face and awoke her was the night dress of that friend, who had, in a somnambulistic fit, arisen from her bed and walked across the room to the window beside which the lady was sleeping. To get to the window she crawled over the sleeping form of her host, and then began an exit, which must have resulted in death but for the work of her gown. Hardly realizing what she was doing, the lady grabbed the white fabric which had aroused her, with both hands, and as she did so was greeted with screams just outside the window. In an instant she realized that she was holding her friend in mid-air, and that to loosen her grasp on the cloth was to insure her death. She was not physically strong, but with a nerve rarely equaled she tightened her hold and then joined in with her friend's call for aid. Soon their combined screams awoke the inmates of the house, who hastened to the room and rescued the young lady from her aerial position.

As soon as the somnambulist, for such she acknowledged herself to be, was drawn into the room, the young lady who saved her life fainted, and this morning her nervous prostration was so great that her friends are in great anxiety for her.

Hot Weather in the States.

Perspiring persons who looked at the thermometer yesterday generally remarked that the figures did not seem high enough. The day was hotter than the corresponding day of last year by 9 degrees. The thermometer at Hudnut's showed 75 degrees at 6 a. m., 82 at 9, 83 at 11 m., 97 at 3½ p. m., 90 at 6, and 80 at 9. The Weather Bureau record on the Equitable building showed only 96 at 3 p. m. The hottest places throughout the country at that hour were: Boston, 96; Burlington, Vt., 90; Dodge City, Kansas, 90; North Platte, Neb., 97; St. Louis, 99; Princeton, 90 degrees.

Roger Haskel, aged 35 years, died at his residence, 570 West Thirty-fourth street, from effects of sunstroke. An unrecognized man about 35 years old, dressed in dark clothing, died in front of 200 East Twenty-eighth street. Donald Elm, aged 56 years, a lodger in the Liberty street station, died from the effects of the heat.

Christian Miller of 66 Greenwich avenue, who was prostrated by the heat on Monday, died in the Chambers street hospital yesterday.

Louis Heil, 4? years of age, living at 50 Forsyth street, was sunstruck at 90 Cliff street.—*N. Y. Sun.*

AN INTERESTING TALK

With the Man Who Used to Write for Charles Dickens.

"You were an amanuensis of Charles Dickens, were you not?"

"Yes; I did short-hand work for Mr. Dickens for eighteen months. I did not take dictations for any one of his novels, only his fugitive pieces. He dictated to me most of his articles in *All the Year Round*. He was a very clever man to those under him. He always treated me very well indeed. Most people seem to think Dickens was a ready writer. This is by no means the case. He used to come into his office in St. Catherine street about 8 o'clock in the morning and begin dictating. He would walk up and down the floor several times after dictating a sentence or a paragraph, and ask me to read it. I would do so, and he would, in nine cases out of ten, order me to strike out certain words and insert others. He was generally tired out at 11 o'clock, and went down to his club on the Strand. A very singular thing was that he never dictated the closing paragraph of his story. He always finished it himself. I used to look in the paper for it, and found that he had changed it very greatly from what he had dictated to me.

"Dickens had a very odd habit of combing his hair. He would comb it a hundred times in a day. He seemed never to tire of it. The first thing he did on coming into the office was to comb his hair. I have seen him dictate a sentence or two, and then begin combing. When he got through he dictated another sentence. He was very careful about his writings. He wanted every sentence to be as perfect as possible before letting it go to press.

"Dickens was an odd fellow regarding the company he sought. I have known him, while I was employed by him, to go down to the Seven Dials, about the worst place in London, and sleep and eat there. He roasted his herring where the rest did, and slept with the poorest. He loved low society. He never seemed so happy as when seated in a poor coffee-house, with a crowd of the lower classes talking around him. He never missed a word that was said, and was the closest observer I ever saw. Nothing escaped him. When I was working for him he was at the zenith of his fame, just before his death; and even then he loved these careless, rollicking rounds among the poor better than a high-toned dinner."

"Was he as great a drinker as he has the reputation of being?"

"I never saw him drink myself. I have seen him several times exhilarated, however. He only drank the best of wine, but he drank that very freely. Sherry was his especial favorite, and he never refused a glass of fine old sherry. He was an insatiable cigarette-smoker, and when dictating to me always had a cigarette in his mouth. He was a very spruce man, too. He brushed his coat frequently, and changed his collars several times in a day. He was every bit as humorous in his speech as in his writings. When he was in a peculiarly fine humor he could keep you laughing by the hour with his witty talk. He was not one of those men who are above those they employ; he chatted as freely with me as with any member of his club on the Strand. Dickens was undoubtedly the best after-dinner speaker in England. I heard him at Whitehall once, the occasion being the anniversary of the British museum. There was an enormous crowd, hardly standing-room, and he kept them in one continual roar. He was a fine actor, and this, added to his wit, made him irresistibly funny. He was a great eater; not an epicure, but a gormand. He ate, and ate, and ate, and cared little for the quality, so there was enough before him."—*Louisville Commercial.*

A Great Constitutional Conflict in Norway.

The extraordinary constitutional conflict which is taking place in Norway, between King Oscar on the one side and the largest proportion of the Norwegians on the other side, appears to be approaching a serious crisis, and deserves attention.

A constitutional struggle has for several years gone on also in Denmark; but King Christian has, in a most prudent and constitutional manner kept "the King" in the background, leaving to his Ministers to carry on the fight with the constitutional means in their power; and even the Radical leaders were honest enough a short time ago to acknowledge that the Cabinet had remained strictly on legal ground. The consequence is that King Christian is trusted by the nation, and that his popularity daily increases, notwithstanding the parliamentary troubles.

In Norway, on the contrary, King Oscar speaks personally as "the King." It is "the royal I" which a few days ago delivered a speech from the throne to the members of the Norwegian Storthing, of which a garbled extract appears to have been telegraphed abroad among speeches from the throne in a constitutional country, resembling in reality more the "hoc volo, sic jubeo" of a Roman Imperator than a speech from a constitutional King. The consequence of this outburst of the royal wrath has made deep impression in Norway; all the more as the Norwegian character is naturally proud and self-conscious, and a republican rising *en masse* against the union with Sweden under King Oscar, preceded or followed by a declaration of a Norwegian republic, is openly discussed.

The popularity of the King and the dynasty naturally suffers. Already the Storthing has a second time refused to vote the increase in the appanage of the Crown Prince consequent on his marriage, and nobody would be surprised to see the Storthing take the most extreme measures in the fight for what, rightly or wrongly, is considered the liberty of the nation against the dictation of the King.—*St. Jacob's Gazette.*

Sullivan and Wilson to Spar Again—Mr. Dunne Produces an Impression.

The announcement that an attempt would be made last evening at Harry Hill's to make another match between John L. Sullivan and Tug Wilson, drew a large crowd of sporting men. William E. Harding, for Richard K. Fox, offered to back Wilson to fight Sullivan according to the rules of the London prize ring, for $5,000 a side and the championship of the world. The names of the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas were to be written on slips of paper and placed in a hat, and the State drawn to be the battle ground.

Madden said that he would not let Sullivan go South to fight Wilson on any terms, and that Harding knew Sullivan would not get fair play in the Southern States. He was ready, however, to match Sullivan to fight for $5,000 a side, the battle to take place in the East, West or North. Madden said Harry Hill could be stakeholder, and that he would put $1,000 in his hands as a forfeit for the match to come off in eight weeks from signing articles. He dared Harding to cover the money. Jas. Dunne of Brooklyn, who defeated the giant boxer, Bill Davis, the champion of California, in 1865, for $1,000 and the championship of America, then arose and said: "Gentlemen, this is all child's backing and filling. In old times when Tom Hyer, John Morrissey, John C. Heenan, Yankee Sullivan, Joe Coburn, or Jem Mace agreed to fight they made the match. But it seems to me the boxers of these days don't mean fight, but want to go through the country giving exhibitions of sparring. Now I will fight either Mr. Sullivan or Mr. Wilson for $2,500 or $5,000 a side, regardless of States. I'll fight anywhere, and to prove that I mean business I am ready to put up a deposit of $1,000 now in Mr. Hill's hands to make the match. First covering first served."

This seemed to surprise the backers of Sullivan and Wilson. Finally Madden said, "I want Sullivan to fight Wilson and when he gets through I will match Sullivan against anybody."

Arthur Chambers in reply to Dunne's challenge, said, "I am not commissioned to match Wilson against any man but Sullivan, and I ain't going to bet $5,000 of my own money on Wilson."

After Dunne and his backers had left the room, Chambers sent for him, saying that he would match Wilson against him; but when Dunne appeared, Chambers said: "Gentlemen, I have altered my mind. Mr. Dunne, I'll write to you and give you an answer within a week."

"All right," replied Dunne, "any time you see fit I'll be ready."

The result of the meeting was the signing of the following agreement:

Articles of agreement have this, the 24th day of July, 1882, been signed between Richard K. Fox of the *Police Gazette* and William Madden, in which the said Richard K. Fox wagers $1,000 with the said William Madden that J. L. Sullivan cannot stop or knock out of time Joseph L. Collins (Tug Wilson) of Leicester, England, in four three-minute rounds, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules for endurance, with soft gloves of the ordinary size. The sparring match to take place at Madison Square Garden on Monday evening, August 14, 1882. The parties to these articles of agreement have agreed that Harry Hill be stakeholder, and the sum of $1,000 a side has been deposited with him; and the said Richard K. Fox and William Madden further agree that Al. Smith shall be the referee, and his decision to be final, and subject to no appeal at law. It is also agreed that should Sullivan knock out of time Tug Wilson, he shall take the whole of the net receipts and the $2,000 stake money, and should Tug Wilson knock out of time J. L. Sullivan, then he shall be entitled to the $2,000 and the whole of the net receipts. In the event of Sullivan failing to knock out of time Tug Wilson, then the latter (Wilson) shall be entitled to the $2,000 stakes and one-half the net receipts. The expenses arising from this match to be mutually borne by R. K. Fox and W. Madden.

R. K. FOX,
per W. E. Harding.
A. CHAMBERS.
W. MADDEN.

Witness, ED. PLUMMER.

Madden will go to Centreville, R. I., today to train Sullivan, and Arthur Chambers will take charge of Wilson at Stockton's Hotel, Cape May.

Bob Farrell, one of the Sullivan combination, offers to fight the light-weight champion of England, George Holden, for $1,000 a side, with the bare knuckles, London prize ring rules, or he will meet Holden in a soft glove contest, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for $500 a side, the glove contest to take place at Harry Hill's inside of four weeks.

COL. BOWIE'S DEATH.

Frightful Tortures Inflicted Upon the Texan Patriot.

Sensational articles appear in a special edition of *The Houston Daily Post* this afternoon, written by W. P. Zuber, of Grimes county, professing to give the first account of the massacre of the Texan garrison in the celebrated fortress of the Church of the Alamo, at San Antonio, March 6, 1836. Zuber says he got the account from a Mexican flier known in Texas as Polin, who was with the Mexican army at the time of the capture of the Alamo. Polin says that after the Mexican soldiers had taken the fort, scaled the walls, and put the garrison to the sword, Santa Anna, accompanied by members of his staff, entered the fort and viewed the Texan slain. Polin, being a fifer and privileged character, entered with Santa Anna, and immediately behind the great Mexican dictator. Santa Anna ordered the citizens of San Antonio to pick out the corpse of Col. Travis, the Texan commander, which he ran his sword through. After Santa Anna had retired from the fortress, two Mexican officers with a number of soldiers entered and proceeded to pile up the bodies of the dead Texans, in order to burn them. In the search for corpses they discovered the celebrated Texan patriot, Col. James Bowie, in a secluded apartment of the fortress, lying sick upon stretchers. One of the officers looked at the sick officer and asked the other if he knew him. The latter said he thought he did, and that it was the infamous Bowie. The officers then berated Bowie for fighting against the Mexican government after having married a respectable Mexican lady. He denounced them for fighting under a tyrant like Santa Anna. They ordered him to shut his mouth, and Bowie said, "Never, for your sort." "Then," said the senior officer, "We will relieve you of your tongue!" They then had soldiers take knives and split open his mouth, cut off his tongue, and throw his body, still writhing, upon a pile of corpses. The latter was saturated with camphene, a match was struck into the combustible fluid, and a tall pillar of flame immediately shot up, and one of the American officers, pale and trembling, said to his companion: "That fire takes Bowie's soul up to God."

This is the first account of the last moments of Colonel Bowie ever published.—*Houston Dispatch.*

GUITEAU GHOSTS.

Another One of them Sent Abroad by the Scovilles.

George Scoville, the brother-in-law of Guiteau, filed in the superior court a lecture on his family affairs in the shape of a bill in chancery of thirty-two pages of legal-cap, against Frank F. Cole, Thomas E. Whelan, G. J. Littledale, the Chicago Furniture company, and Frances M. Scoville, his wife, asking for an injunction and other relief. It appears that in April last, while Scoville was in Washington defending his brother-in-law, his wife went to work and mortgaged all his office furniture, including his deeds, papers, and documents, as well as all the family household furniture at No. 532 West Monroe street, to Frank F. Cole, the well-known loan broker, and by dint of repeated renewals and alleged usury, Cole ran up a bill of some $661.60 against her. When they broke up housekeeping Cole got Mrs. Scoville to remove all the goods to the warehouse of the Chicago Furniture company and took a receipt therefore. When Scoville came back to business he managed to get his office furniture out of pawn by giving a chattel mortgage on it for a small amount for the cost of warehousing the goods. Subsequently Cole made a pretended sale of the other furniture, including a piano, to a baker named Thomas E. Whelan, for the pretended consideration of $500, it being agreed that Mrs. Scoville could redeem the furniture from Whelan on payment of the above amount. Cole has also since replevined most of the office furniture, to Scoville's great inconvenience. Scoville now accuses Cole of taking advantage of his wife's distress of mind consequent on the assassin's trial to get her to conspire against her husband. He charges Cole, also, with deceit and usury of the worst kind. The warehouse receipt is also, in Scoville's opinion, invalid for want of compliance with certain legal forms. Again, the mortgages given by Mrs. Scoville are declared to be void and not binding on any of the furniture. In conclusion, an accounting is asked, Scoville being ready to pay any amount found due by the court, and an injunction to restrain any further unlawful acts by Cole and his confederates for the present. Judge Jameson granted a temporary injunction on reading the bill. Mr. Scoville files his bill as his own solicitor.

Texas Preachers' Trials.

Texas preachers are said to be very eccentric, and their mild unnaturalness has given rise to a great many remarks and a few stories. The following narrative was told us confidentially by a slanderer:

A minister arose before a large audience, took his text, and began preaching. A brisk firing of pistols began on the outside of the church.

"Brother Deacon" said the minister, "I believe those fellows are casting insinuations at me. In fact, I am very nearly convinced," he continued, as a piece of plastering fell from the wall close to his head.

"I think parson that it refers to some one else," replied the deacon.

The minister raised a tumbler of water and was in the act of applying it to his lips when the glass fell shattered by a shot.

"This is an innuendo no longer," said the minister, wiping the water from his vest; "this is what I term an unmistakable thrust. The congregation will please sing while I go out and investigate the matter. Is there another preacher in the house?"

"Yes," said a man, throwing down a stick which he had been whittling, arising and pulling at the waist of his pants like a man who has just straightened up after settling out a row of tobacco across a broad field.

"Got on an extra?"

"Yes."

"Unlimber."

The whittling preacher handed over a large Remington pistol, which the insulted preacher took, and drawing one from his belt started out. After going out there was an immediate improvement in the firing business. It was decidedly more life-like, insomuch that the deacons sat working their fingers. After a while the minister returned, and placing an ear on the pulpit, remarked: "He that hath ears to hear, let him behave himself." The sermon then proceeded without interruption.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

La Fontaine: Men are as cold as ice to the truth, hot as fire to falsehood.