

WESTERN STONEWALL.

General Patrick Cleburne, the Irish Hero of the Southern Army, Who Was Never Defeated.

A Sketch of His Career—His Distinguished Services at Shiloh, Chickasawmunga and Other Battles.

Philadelphia Times.

Conspicuous as the Irish hero of the Southern army was Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, who was also the Confederate "Stonewall of the West." He was descended from two of the most ancient and honorable families in the United Kingdom. His superb genius for war was inherited on the female side from the Cliffords and Nevilles, through his grandfather (in the fifth degree), Frances, daughter of Sir Richard Lowther and grand-daughter of Dorothy, daughter of Henry, the tenth Lord Clifford—the "Shepherd Lord" of Wordsworth's poem. Through Elizabeth Curwen, wife of John Cleburne (1489), he was descended through "Cospicuous of Workington" from English, daughter of Eibeldred the Unready, thus carrying his line down the spindle side to the Fifth century. According to Burns, the historian of Westmoreland (vol. 1, p. 457) "the family of Cleburne derived its name from a manor in that county which was early divided into the counties of Cleburne and Cleburne-Hervey." The latter Tailbors and Cleburne-Hervey, a cadet of the Breton house of Bardeff (brother of Alan Breogant, first Earl of Richmond, 1070), "one of the many sons of Eudo the Breton." As was the custom of the time, the name of the manor became the name of the family's descendants, who remained there till the Seventeenth century, when soon after the marriage of Thomas Cleburne (the fourteenth lord of the manor) to Frances, daughter of Sir Richard Lowther (the custodian of Mary, Queen of Scots, and ancestor of the Earls of Londesdale), branches of the family settled in Ireland and America.

Cleburne's early years and the progress of his education we have but little knowledge. As a child he is said to have been silent, shy and reserved; but very early manifested the promptitude, decision and courage that marked his military life. His mind was singularly constituted for such a nature and his leading feature was concentration. He received instructions at home from a tutor till he was twelve years of age, and was then sent to the academy of the Rev. Mr. Spedding, an Episcopal clergyman; but there was nothing about his school and college life except his aversion to the classics and exact sciences, and his ardent love for poetry and history.

The death of his father at a very early period deprived him of parental control, and this affliction fell heavily upon him. His father, the good master of Grange, left behind him a noble memory. His mother was a woman of practice; large benevolence and devotion to the suffering poor had endeared him to many and earned for him the title of the "poor man's friend." Young Cleburne, being destined for the medical profession, was placed under the preceptorship of Dr. Justice of Mallow, and for several years he wearily waded through a course of professional study in which he had little heart. Aware that he must be the architect of his own fortune, and imbued with a natural spirit of independence, he applied himself diligently to his ungenial studies and prepared himself for the rigid examination of "Trinity." Passing creditably over this part of his career, which would be the turning point of his adventurous life, it may suffice to say that he failed, and, despite mortified at the result, discouraged and disappointed, in an overwhelming fit of despondency, he ran off and enlisted in B. M. forty-first regiment, then under orders for India, but stationed at Dublin. There he laid the foundation of his success and shining fame as one of the most brilliant generals of a great war.

There was one sacred love of Cleburne's heart, of which very few knew anything. When General Hardee was married at Selma, Ala., General Cleburne attended as a guest. A young lady from the Middle West, Miss Sae Tarleton, was the bride with whom Cleburne walked. He was attracted by her intelligence and beauty, and early in 1864 visited Mobile, proposed and was accepted. They were engaged to be married when he was killed. Letters which he wrote to his betrothed were sometimes read to the writer amid some quiet camp scenes and were often revelations, even to one who knew him well, as to the depth of his feelings. Devoid of all approach to sentimentality, they were full of a most sweet and tender passion. They detailed the author's thoughts and feelings in a style that was both elevated and beautiful, and in every line they were glowing with an affection that was explained in his pathos and tenderness. Both hero and lady now rest from all earthly sorrows in the quiet grave, whence the spirit awakes to love immortal.

Responding to the first call of arms, he joined the ranks as private soldier. Promotion followed quickly, and in March, 1861, he was unanimously elected Captain of his company for having planned the surprise and capture of the United States arsenal at Little Rock, Ark. Having been placed under command of Brigadier General Thomas H. Bradley, he was at once ordered to Barksfield Point, on the Mississippi, where his regiment performed excellent service until the state troops were withdrawn. While at this point his suspicions were aroused about Bradley, who had been suspected of disloyalty to the south, and when the latter caused the retreat of the Arkansas troops from Bearfield, Cleburne was so convinced of the purposes of Bradley that he deposed him and assumed the chief command. A charge of mutiny was immediately brought against Cleburne, and a court-martial was convened at Mound City for his trial; but Bradley preferred to leave the matter to General Pillow, who at once decided that Cleburne was to retain command of the forces, which were then transferred to the Confederate service and placed under General William J. Hardee in South-eastern Missouri.

In the fall of 1861 Colonel Cleburne's regiment was transferred to Bowling Green, Ky., and he was placed in command of a brigade of Hardee's division. Here he had an opportunity of displaying and organizing the excellent raw material of which our southern army was composed, and it is not too much to say that no officer in the Confederacy labored more indefatigably for the improvement of the troops under his command. His regiment was admitted to be the most perfectly drilled body of men in the army, and his brigade excited the envy of every commanding officer. When he came to command a division it was said that his

division "would make the reputation of any man who commanded it—a very high tribute to his successful work of a year." Cleburne devoted himself daily to military studies, and required the same of all his subordinate officers; in fact, drill, discipline and arduous study were obligatory upon all who served in the "Irish Brigade."

During the second day's battle at Shiloh the fighting was terrific, with occasional lulls. It seemed as if both sides spent themselves at intervals, and rested their fury in utter exhaustion. With straining desperation our line held its own under fierce and repeated assaults. The pressure at times of overwhelming numbers upon our decimated ranks was frightful. Thousands of demoralized soldiers frantically struggled back, only to retreat or menace. The order was issued for the cavalry to be dispersed into squads and bring the straggling infantry to the front. The shame of that day, glorious in the splendid audacity and heroism of the few who stood immovable against every assault, was this distressing desertion. It did not often happen to the southern soldier, but the enjoyment of unusual camp luxuries captured from the enemy had spread a strange timidity or something else unwonted to our steady soldiers. I was pushing these stragglers to the front when a familiar voice hailed and inquired what I was doing. It was Cleburne, alone, his brigade scattered to the four winds, not a man to follow him. In the fearful carnage of the two days' fight his command had dwindled to nothing and he was a leader without men. He joined me in my duty. Sometimes we found ten or fifteen men, with an officer, buried in the bushes, shirking the danger. I would that I could pass over these facts, but the truth must be told. Spots they are upon an admitted and magnificent chronicle of gallantry. I can recall Cleburne with a pistol in hand ordering such fellows to the front in harsh, loud voice—a voice dissonant in its high notes, but sweet in its low tones.

Later in the afternoon we met Colonel Carney, a volunteer aid on Hardee's staff, who told us that General Beauregard had ordered a retreat, and still later we met General Breckinridge, who had charge of the rear guard, who confirmed the intelligence; and still later we met General Hardee, sitting at the foot of a tree, unblinded and cool, as he always was amid the worst disaster. We spent an hour or two destroying ammunition and preparing for the retrograde, Cleburne doing a private's part. We heard grunts in the wood off from the road, and discovered a poor fellow lying in a sitting position against a log, pallid, faint, dying, bowels torn out, suffering unutterable agony and begging God for merciful death. There was nothing in which to remove him. There was no relief for him but speedy death, the quicker the better. It was a cruel and suggestive case of war's horrors. With a "poor fellow" tenderly uttered, and with tears in his eyes, Cleburne left him.

As we passed through a camp we saw some immense hardtacks, a bucket of butter, and a half sack of corn. The writer lifted the corn to the front of Cleburne's saddle by his direction. I then buttered for each of us one of the huge areas of biscuit, and, swinging the bucket on my own arm for further use, on we rode, eagerly munching the tough provender. I often afterward joked the General upon his comical appearance, holding with one hand the bulky sack of grain on his saddle pommel and with the other hand grasping a sheet of cracker as broad as the jump of the United States, and cramming it in heavy rhyas down his throat. The rain began to fall, adding to the gloom of the disaster. It became heavier until it grew to a steady pour, and the road was converted into a deep slop and the way imperceptibly dark, and we could only go by the occasional flash of lightning and the occasional flash of lightning and the occasional flash of lightning. We fed our horses about 9 o'clock and then resumed our weary ride to Corinth. Men and animals were worn out. We rode sleeping, and would be awakened by jostling against some one, or by a fierce oath from some startled trooper. The horses would stop to drink in crossing branches and fall asleep. Frequently I would awake and find my horse stark still, and a blinding flash of lightning would reveal the General's gray nightgown closely to my mate, the General snoring away as if he had made a special contract to sleep. At length, far in the night, we arrived at a broad creek and let our horses drink, and of course the writer went to sleep. I was awakened by a deafening clap of thunder. I called for my companion, but he was gone, and I saw him no more for several days. The roads forked between the creek, and we took different routes. Cleburne told me afterward that he awoke and found me missing and shouted lustily for me, and then rode on and brought up finally at a farm house.

Cleburne made a characteristic charge in the first day's battle of Chickasawmunga. He was selected late in the afternoon to drive the enemy from an important position that had been held in spite of every assault the entire day. This was on August 19, 1862. It was a little before sunset. The whole line was quiet. Cleburne gave the order to his peerless division to advance. Perhaps never in the same brief space of a quarter of an hour was there a deadlier struggle. A deafening and continuous roar of cannon and musketry marked the bloody work. Cleburne led his veterans straight to victory, with the resistless momentum of a tornado. It was a marvel of a deliberate but fiery valor, this dauntless onset of fifteen fatal minutes. The intrepid division bivouacked upon the soggy ground they had so bravely and bloodily won, and the next day's work saw one of the brightest victories of the war reward southern soldiery with this well named "River of Death."

Having successfully fought those great western soldiers, Rosecrans and Thomas, Cleburne was soon to be pitted against two greater soldiers than either, Grant and Sherman, who were advancing to attack at Missionary Ridge Bragg's army, weakened by the withdrawal of Longstreet's force that had been sent into East Tennessee. That was a frightful blow that Grant struck the southern cause at Missionary Ridge. The shattered fragments of Bragg's army fell back in distressful demoralization. Cleburne, fortunately, brought up the rear with his wonderful division, whose pride it was to say that it was "driven in every light and last in every retreat." Our army was a dispirited retreat, and Grant was pushing his advantage with his wonted vigor. It seemed as if nothing could save the broken Confederate force from complete defeat and destruction. It was here that Cleburne achieved the brightest fame of his lustrous career and earned the proud praise of saving our army. Holding his thoroughly disciplined division in firm hand, maneuvering as if on parade, he opposed its steady front to every assaulting force,

A SENSATION EXPLODED.

Continued from First Page.

The attention of the police is a young man who sells items to newspaper correspondents, and who is not by many regarded as trustworthy. His name is withheld at the request of the police, to whom he told substantially the following story: About 6 o'clock he went to mail a letter, and going to one of the desks to address it, he noticed a man putting the address of Chief Justice Waite on a box. He says he thought nothing of it at the time, and, therefore, did not observe the man closely to be able to identify him. When on the street, however, he thought came to him that there was something suspicious about it, inasmuch as the Chief Justice had on Wednesday delivered the opinion denying the writ of error to the condemned anarchists. He thereupon went to the home of the Chief Justice and inquired of him if he had received a box. The Chief Justice said he had not, and the young man then went to the postoffice and ascertained that the box had been delivered at 6:30 o'clock. He next informed several correspondents of the matter, and offered to sell them a story about it. The correspondents desired to make further investigation, and went to the police station and told the story to the detectives. Sergeant Hollaender immediately called on the Chief Justice, who then acknowledged receiving the box and gave to the Sergeant. The Chief Justice said he had received the box while at dinner and had opened it, but without being harmed, the wire which was to have exploded it having been detached as already stated. The sergeant took the box to police headquarters, where it is now held as evidence. Sergeant Hollaender said he had no clew as to the sender of the box, and that the young man was unable to give any description of the man whom he had seen addressing the box.

A Heathen Custom.

Montreal Gazette.

The recent decision of a case in Calcutta has directed attention to an extraordinary and from a Christian and western point of view, intolerable state of things actually prevailing throughout India. An Indian lady, who had been betrothed in childhood, according to usage, declined when the time came for consummating the absurdly premature contract, to live with the person who had been selected as her husband. The latter appealed to the courts, and the courts, following the letter of the law, decided in his favor. Thus a woman is forced—and legally forced—to spend her life with a man who is objectionable to her because in her childhood her friends and she had deemed it advisable to promise her to him. Unconsciously all these years, she was the predestined wife of a husband who, when she came of age, had only to claim her as his own, and she had no resource but to go. But that is not the worst of it. In the nature of things it happens that the persons to whom many of these children are thus affianced die before they have attained what in India are considered years of wifely discretion. The consequence is that of some 21,000,000 widows in the Indian empire, 79,000 are under nine, 207,000 are under fourteen, and 382,000 under nineteen years of age. The Hindus look upon this early widowhood as a punishment for sins committed in a former state of existence, and the result is that the condition of these poor children is most deplorable. They have to undergo penances which are dreadful to contemplate, and are subjected to all sorts of reviling and other forms of persecution. A correspondent of the Times (whose initials are those of Professor Max Mueller) tries to interest the humane public in the lot of those unfortunate girls, he says, is sanctioned by nothing in the Hindu scriptures and is mere superstition. He suggests that the Woman's Jubilee offering be used in whatever way may be most advisable to alleviate their sufferings, and the suggestion is one of which, we are sure, the women of England would approve. That fund is, however, to be devoted to another purpose, and it is likely that a separate one will be raised for the purpose indicated.

A Famous Amazonian Warrior.

Pall Mall Gazette.

People just now in Constantinople are interested in the presence among them of Kara Fatma, the redoubtable female warrior of Kurdistan, who has come on a brief visit to the Turkish capital. Her deeds of prowess date back to the beginning of the Crimean war when she led a large body of Kurdish volunteers, who fought with singular daring for Turkey. The Ottoman government remembers her services, and requires these by a monthly pension of 5000 piastres, a sum that in her own frugal home allows her to live with ease. She is tall, thin, with a brown, hawk-like face; her cheeks are the color of parchment, and seamed with scars. Wearing the national dress of the sternest sex, she looks like a man of 40, not like a woman who will never again see 70. Sing and march, she has a long, straight, bushy hair, and she has a special contract to sleep. At length, far in the night, we arrived at a broad creek and let our horses drink, and of course the writer went to sleep. I was awakened by a deafening clap of thunder. I called for my companion, but he was gone, and I saw him no more for several days. The roads forked between the creek, and we took different routes. Cleburne told me afterward that he awoke and found me missing and shouted lustily for me, and then rode on and brought up finally at a farm house.

THE PITTSBURGH STORY DENIED.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 4.—There was a rumor about the jail to-day that Governor Shelby has sent an agent to look into the case and determine the degrees of guilt of the seven. Schwab refused to talk when questioned on this point. It required little coaxing, however, to get him to deny the Pittsburgh yarn. He declared that Schnaubelt had a partner, but he was not the bomb thrower. Parsons said the story was nonsense. Captain Black called about 4 o'clock to say good bye. He leaves for Springfield Monday to present the petitions.

JUSTICE'S WATCHWORD.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 4.—The object of the visit of Messrs. Salter and Lloyd to the anarchists on Wednesday developed to-day by the circulation of three different petitions among the citizens, asking the Governor to save the anarchists. The first of these contained the names of all seven men, and was signed during the day by Judge Fuller, Judge Booth, Alderman Manning and others. The second petition does not contain the names of Engel, Fischer and Lingg. The last one has only the names of Feilden and Schwab on it, these being singled out as the men most likely to be saved. The Arbeiter Zeitung, the organ of the anarchists, has a long editorial on the action of the Supreme court, in which it says: "The request of our eight comrades for a writ of error has been refused by the Federal Supreme court. For a hundred years the United States has enjoyed the reputation of being a free country. Up to such a reputation was certainly most justifiable, but lately a few possessors of the colossal riches produced by the common people have usurped the government and a criminal power has been used to prevent and misinterpret the laws created by the fathers of this republic in good faith and a progressive spirit. They splinter with mud the name of the republic. The Supreme court at Washington, the General Imperial court at Leipzig and the Martial courts at St. Petersburg stand on the same level. The justice which is being distributed under the auspices of Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, etc., wears not only a canard over her eyes, but also a watchword on her breast which reads: 'The public be damned!'"

HOW IT AFFECTS OGLEBY.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Nov. 4.—A reporter of the Supreme court delivered to the Governor this morning the first copies of the advance sheets of the opinion of the Illinois Supreme court in the anarchist case. Governor Ogleby is busily engaged at the executive mansion in examining the records of the case, decisions of the Illinois and United States Supreme courts, newspaper editorials and reports of public expressions of prominent men. Since he entered upon this task, he has not made his appearance at the executive office until nearly the noon hour and then only to remain for a few minutes after which he retires again to the mansion and devotes his attention to the careful inspection of the case and the matter which may have come by mail to him during the morning. Since the opinion of the United States Supreme court, refusing a writ of error, the mail of the Governor's office has more than doubled and the office force has been busily engaged in the despatch of the accumulation till near midnight. Petitions which have been circulated in various cities in behalf of the anarchists have not begun to arrive, and the mail consists mainly of individual appeals.

MORE REPORTS.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 4.—The anarchists were visited in jail shortly before noon to-day by Captain Black, Attorney Moses Solomon and another gentleman who refused to give his name, but who is said to be from New York on a mission here in the interest of saving the necks of the doomed men. A brief review was had of the case, and the man who was in the cell. The subject discussed is said to have related to securing the names of all anarchists to the petition begging for clemency. Captain Black presented no paper to the men to-day, but said a few words to them calculated to bring that about, and his companion talked in the same vein. Mr. Solomon hinted that special efforts were being made in Feilden's behalf. The imprisoned anarchists received their friends as usual to-day and were apparently indifferent to any occurrence the near future had in store for them.

NO INTERFERENCE PROBABLE.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Nov. 4.—Governor Ogleby arrived at the Executive Office shortly before noon to-day. The morning's mail was of an anarchistic letter from all parts of the country, but their contents were not disclosed. He said the letters of Lingg and Fischer had never reached him. Parsons' letter has not been received, and it may be said for the Governor that he has only newspaper reports as authority for the statement that these men will refuse to accept commutation to life imprisonment, and demand liberty or death. Every official and employe about the state house and all politicians and men about town who are acquainted with the Governor are firm in the belief that he will not interfere with the execution of the sentence of the courts. It is expected by those near the Governor that he will make no official order, but will simply permit the EXECUTIVE A PETITION.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 4.—Captain Black and L. S. Oliver of the amnesty association to-day asked Mayor Roche for permission to circulate a petition at the street corners invoking executive clemency in behalf of the anarchists. Mayor Roche says he has no objection to this, providing it be done in the proper manner and in the proper spirit.

HE DOES NOT DESIRE THAT CROWDS GATHER AT ANY PLACE WHERE THE PETITIONS WERE CIRCULATED SO AS TO BLOCK THE STREETS, AND WILL NOT ALLOW SUCH A THING, BUT IF A PROPER PETITION, COINED IN RESPECTFUL TERMS, IS CIRCULATED ON THE STREETS QUIETLY, DECENTLY AND IN ORDER, HE SEES NO OBJECTION. THE MAYOR WILL EXAMINE THE PHRASEOLOGY AND GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE PETITION BEFORE IT IS GIVEN OUT FOR CIRCULATION.

THE PARIS SEWERS.

Excursion Paris—Enjoying the Esquisite Drainage of the French Metropolis.

From the Chicago News.

Excursions through the gorgeous sewers of Paris are now all the rage in the fashionable world of the city. A few evenings since I was invited to accompany a select party. We started from the Palace Chateley at 8 o'clock, and descended a little winding staircase, the steps and walls of which were covered with a green cloth, fringed by a red border. There was not the slightest danger of soiling our clothes or of encountering the least disagreeable odor. On arriving at the foot of the stairs a fine display of fruits and vegetables was the first thing to greet our eyes. These products were from Genevilliers and were grown in gardens that are watered by the sewers. We got into a wagon in which were seated twenty persons. Off we went, shoved along by solid-looking fellows, all neatly dressed. Above us was a mass of tubes and pipes. They are the water pipes, the two largest containing our drinking water from the Vanne and water from the Ourcq, which latter is used for washing the streets and sidewalks. Then there were the pneumatic tubes in which we could hear the rattle of the despatch boxes. Soon we reached the crossing of the Pont Neuf. This tunnel was lighted from end to end with garlands of colored lamps. The effect was fairy-like. The same effect was produced under the Rue de Louvre, the Rue de Richelieu and the Place des Pyramides, where precisely under the statue of Joan of Arc appeared in luminous glass the arms of the city of Paris. We passed along, still following the Rue de Rivoli, where each house has its number in the sewer, just as in the street, until we reached the Place de la Concorde. There the electric lights, crossing their arcs with the reflection of the Venetian lamps, turn the square into a sort of ball-room. Nothing was wanting, not even music. We all got out of the wagon to embark in boats, furnished with cushioned seats. The music was in the first boat, which was decorated with flags and lamps. The boats were started. We followed the entire route of the Rue de Rivoli by the light of fifty dazzling electric lamps. After a quarter of an hour in this boat we landed at the foot of a staircase, which we mounted, and in three minutes we were above the ground at the Madeleine. It was much warmer in the street than it was in the sewers, where the temperature, summer and winter, is always uniformly pleasant.

Baby Binsley.

A more clever, captivating and capable little woman than the one named in the caption hasn't bewitched the play-goers of Fort Worth in a long time. Her diminutive size won her the sobriquet of "Baby," but every inch of her is grace itself. Her every tone is music, her dancing incomparably the best of the season. In strictly sonnette business she is not one whit behind Yvonne or Rosa, but she adds to this rare power—the ability to delineate with force and idyllic scenes of pathos and emotion. She does this, too, without any rest, yet very effectively. The play, "A Heroine in Days," gives full scope of the versatility of her talents, containing the "gay and grave" in well mixed proportions. The audience could not have been better pleased, not only the star, but the entire cast coming in for a share of the unstinted praise.

Apothecary of Esper.

Philadelphia Record.

We know it would come. The announcement has been made that a paper coffin has been invented and put upon the market. A man may now build his home of paper, eat his dinner from a paper plate, wipe his face with a paper handkerchief, buy his wife a paper coffin, and go to his grave in a paper coffin. The coffin may be paid for with a piece of paper and the death published on another piece. There are few things more useful than paper.

A Bog with Six Feet, that gets all six in the trough, lives in Sherwood, Mich.

HAVE YOU A SKIN DISEASE?

If so there is no system of treatment that offers the certainty of cure and economy of time and money, as do the CUTICURA Remedies. We will send free to any sufferer "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials, every one of which repeats the history.

COVERED WITH SALT RHEUM.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case of Salt Rheum in his country. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact, died from it. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her. My arms, breast & head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally & CUTICURA and CUTICURA OINTMENT externally. NEWARK, OHIO, J. W. ADAMS.

HEAD, FACE AND BODY RAW.

I commenced to use your CUTICURA REMEDIES last July. My head and face and some parts of my body were almost raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and my suffering was fearful. I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad one. I have now not a particle of Salt Rheum about me, and my case is a wonderful wonder to me as a clear and blood as pure as a child's.

A FEVER SOON CURED.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of your customers, who has been cured of a severe case of CUTICURA REMEDIES, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness or fever eight years ago. He was so bad he had been several times thought to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well, sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. GASON, merchant, JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist, Galtsburgh, Tenn.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

TIN NED with the lowest efficiency is the skin preserver with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS.

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. The first and only pain-subduing Plaster. All druggists, 5c.

ROLLING BACK THE SWARMING ONSET OF FIERCE AND AN IMMORTAL ROCKS HARIS OF THE RUSHING WAVES OF THE SEA.

At Ringgold Sherman threw 10,000 veteran soldiers against this unconquerable division in the charge. Cleburne was told that the safety of the army depended upon his checking the enemy. That was enough. Assault was futile. Cleburne and his gallant men stood there, and, though heroic efforts were made by a fearless foe, he repulsed every assault and administered so bitter a punishment to the attacking columns that General Grant ordered a retreat of his whole army, leaving 1000 dead, a large number of prisoners and some artillery. The army was saved. Cleburne's name filled the public heart, and again he received the thanks of both Houses of the Confederate Congress. In December, 1863, the army went into winter quarters at Dalton, Georgia. Cleburne devoted himself to the discipline and instruction of his men. He had daily recitations, at which Brigadier-General and field officer were required to attend. I. W. AVERY, Formerly Colonel, Fourth Georgia Cavalry.

A MONEY MAKING SCHEME.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—Henry G. Hopkins has made a confession that the package delivered to the Chief Justice last night, and supposed to be an internal machine, was the scheme invented by himself and Arthur Sperry, a reporter on a local paper here, for the purpose of selling the story to the newspapers. Hopkins in his confession said the phial which was found in the package contained only ink and a very small quantity of powder to burst the phial and alarm the person who might open the package. Sperry is the party who called at Chief Justice's residence last afternoon and inquired whether a mysterious looking package had been received. Both Hopkins and Sperry were at once arrested, charged with conspiracy to defraud newspaper correspondents.

PETITIONS BY THE BUSHEL.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 4.—Petitions for the condemned anarchists came in by mail and messenger. Detroit sent one such roll of 3500 names and Grand Rapids contributed 500 petitions. It is claimed that nearly 200,000 signatures have already been secured.

WANT THEIR SENTENCES COMMUTED.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 4.—August Spies, Samuel Feilden and Nicholas Schwab signed a petition this evening humbly begging the Governor to commute their sentences. These three of the condemned men are the only ones who have not written letters to the Governor that they would not accept a commutation of the sentence, and that all efforts in that direction were without their sanction. The signatures of Feilden and Schwab were secured this morning by Captain Black and L. S. Oliver, who had a conference with them. All sorts of entreaties were adopted to get Spies to sign the petition, but he resolutely refused to do so, with Lingg, Engel, Fischer and Parsons. At 3:30 p.m. the same petition was brought to the jail by Dr. Schmidt and H. L. Banemeyer, with permission from the Sheriff to confer with the condemned men. George Schilling joined them later. It was said that Spies had weakened since morning. He read the petition over several times. After an hour's pleading Spies said: "Well, give me a pen," and with a flourish his name was appended below. The visitors then turned their attention to the other four men, who have written letters declining executive clemency. Schilling talked long and earnestly with Spies, but seemed to make no impression. The men resolutely refused to consider the topic. Engel and Fischer talked together for quite a time. Frank Saunce paid Lingg special attention and occasionally patted him on the back in an encouraging way, but he did not relent from the position that he had previously taken. It is understood there were three petitions submitted, each differently worded. One was signed by Spies, Feilden and Schwab, but none of them suited the other four men. The party promised to call to-morrow and renew their application. "We have won more than half our battle in getting the signature of Spies," said Franz Stamber, "and we hope to succeed with the rest to-morrow."

George Francis Train sent seven packages of fruit to the doomed men to-day, with a ban on the ban.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 4.—Yesterday Thomas Owens, an unpretentious carpenter at work on a house at Homestead, fell from the roof of the building and broke his neck. Squire Cleffer was deputed to hold an inquest, and to-day made the report of his investigation. Owens, the deceased, it appears, came to this city about one year ago, some two or three days after the Haymarket riot at Chicago. He at once secured work at Homestead with J. N. Mullett and for the past year he has been working steadily alongside a man named Piper, or Pfeiffer, also a carpenter. When Owens went to work he had just come from Chicago, where he had a brother living, and seemed nervous and started everything. One day while Pfeiffer and Owens were at work an officer came to Homestead in search of a man on a charge of desertion. Seeing Owens, and not knowing what his man looked like, the officer asked Mr. Mullett who Owens was and was told, whereupon he went away. The men at work heard that the officer had asked who Owens was, and out of mischief told him that an officer had been after him. He became very much excited and went to Mullett and expressed a desire to get away from Homestead as soon as possible, but was assured that he was not the man the officer wanted. He went to work again, seemingly contented. His conduct interested Mr. Pfeiffer, who was rooming as well as working in his company, and he at once began to systematically inquire of Owens as to his cause of alarm in this inquiry. Pfeiffer yesterday swore before Squire Cleffer in the course of the inquest that Thomas Owens told him: "I am sorry for those anarchists in Chicago who are now in jail charged with throwing bombs at the

ROLLING BACK THE SWARMING ONSET OF FIERCE AND AN IMMORTAL ROCKS HARIS OF THE RUSHING WAVES OF THE SEA.

At Ringgold Sherman threw 10,000 veteran soldiers against this unconquerable division in the charge. Cleburne was told that the safety of the army depended upon his checking the enemy. That was enough. Assault was futile. Cleburne and his gallant men stood there, and, though heroic efforts were made by a fearless foe, he repulsed every assault and administered so bitter a punishment to the attacking columns that General Grant ordered a retreat of his whole army, leaving 1000 dead, a large number of prisoners and some artillery. The army was saved. Cleburne's name filled the public heart, and again he received the thanks of both Houses of the Confederate Congress. In December, 1863, the army went into winter quarters at Dalton, Georgia. Cleburne devoted himself to the discipline and instruction of his men. He had daily recitations, at which Brigadier-General and field officer were required to attend. I. W. AVERY, Formerly Colonel, Fourth Georgia Cavalry.

A Heathen Custom.

Montreal Gazette.

The recent decision of a case in Calcutta has directed attention to an extraordinary and from a Christian and western point of view, intolerable state of things actually prevailing throughout India. An Indian lady, who had been betrothed in childhood, according to usage, declined when the time came for consummating the absurdly premature contract, to live with the person who had been selected as her husband. The latter appealed to the courts, and the courts, following the letter of the law, decided in his favor. Thus a woman is forced—and legally forced—to spend her life with a man who is objectionable to her because in her childhood her friends and she had deemed it advisable to promise her to him. Unconsciously all these years, she was the predestined wife of a husband who, when she came of age, had only to claim her as his own, and she had no resource but to go. But that is not the worst of it. In the nature of things it happens that the persons to whom many of these children are thus affianced die before they have attained what in India are considered years of wifely discretion. The consequence is that of some 21,000,000 widows in the Indian empire, 79,000 are under nine, 207,000 are under fourteen, and 382,000 under nineteen years of age. The Hindus look upon this early widowhood as a punishment for sins committed in a former state of existence, and the result is that the condition of these poor children is most deplorable. They have to undergo penances which are dreadful to contemplate, and are subjected to all sorts of reviling and other forms of persecution. A correspondent of the Times (whose initials are those of Professor Max Mueller) tries to interest the humane public in the lot of those unfortunate girls, he says, is sanctioned by nothing in the Hindu scriptures and is mere superstition. He suggests that the Woman's Jubilee offering be used in whatever way may be most advisable to alleviate their sufferings, and the suggestion is one of which, we are sure, the women of England would approve. That fund is, however, to be devoted to another purpose, and it is likely that a separate one will be raised for the purpose indicated.

A Famous Amazonian Warrior.

Pall Mall Gazette.

People just now in Constantinople are interested in the presence among them of Kara Fatma, the redoubtable female warrior of Kurdistan, who has come on a brief visit to the Turkish capital. Her deeds of prowess date back to the beginning of the Crimean war when she led a large body of Kurdish volunteers, who fought with singular daring for Turkey. The Ottoman government remembers her services, and requires these by a monthly pension of 5000 piastres, a sum that in her own frugal home allows her to live with ease. She is tall, thin, with a brown, hawk-like face; her cheeks are the color of parchment, and seamed with scars. Wearing the national dress of the sternest sex, she looks like a man of 40, not like a woman who will never again see 70. Sing and march, she has a long, straight, bushy hair, and she has a special contract to sleep. At length, far in the night, we arrived at a broad creek and let our horses drink, and of course the writer went to sleep. I was awakened by a deafening clap of thunder. I called for my companion, but he was gone, and I saw him no more for several days. The roads forked between the creek, and we took different routes. Cleburne told me afterward that he awoke and found me missing and shouted lustily for me, and then rode on and brought up finally at a farm house.

THE PITTSBURGH STORY DENIED.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 4.—There was a rumor about the jail to-day that Governor Shelby has sent an agent to look into the case and determine the degrees of guilt of the seven. Schwab refused to talk when questioned on this point. It required little coaxing, however, to get him to deny the Pittsburgh yarn. He declared that Schnaubelt had a partner, but he was not the bomb thrower. Parsons said the story was nonsense. Captain Black called about 4 o'clock to say good bye. He leaves for Springfield Monday to present the petitions.

JUSTICE'S WATCHWORD.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 4.—The object of the visit of Messrs. Salter and Lloyd to the anarchists on Wednesday developed to-day by the circulation of three different petitions among the citizens, asking the Governor to save the anarchists. The first of these contained the names of all seven men, and was signed during the day by Judge Fuller, Judge Booth, Alderman Manning and others. The second petition does not contain the names of Engel, Fischer and Lingg. The last one has only the names of Feilden and Schwab on it, these being singled out as the men most likely to be saved. The Arbeiter Zeitung, the organ of the anarchists, has a long editorial on the action of the Supreme court, in which it says: "The request of our eight comrades for a writ of error has been refused by the Federal Supreme court. For a hundred years the United States has enjoyed the reputation of being a free country. Up to such a reputation was certainly most justifiable, but lately a few possessors of the