DAILY EXAMINER.

MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1866.

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A WORD TO THE BUSINESS MEN OF RICHMOND.

With the beginning of the new year we have a word to say to the merchants and business men of Richmond. The South has been emptied of everything of the mercantile kind by the war. It has to be filled up anew. There is an impression among the country merchants that they must go to New York, and other Northern cities to buy their goods, *while in reality we have wholesale and commission merchants in Richmond* who can furnish them dry goods, groceries, liquors, &c., at rates as cheap, (with the shipping expenses added,) as they can be bought for in the Northern cities. Just let the mercantile classes of the South once know that the trade can be supplied from Richmond, and that at Northern prices, and the trade of the city will be increased beyond estimate, and Richmond can be made the commercial capital of the South. The way this can be done is to ADVERTISE—ADVERTISE in *Richmond* papers, and in newspapers having large circulation and influence—journals that are known to have been always true to *the vital and substantial* interests of the South. *Thousands of dollars can be kept in Richmond* by the merchants and dealers, by ADVERTISING LIBERALLY, which, if neglected, may be diverted into the business channels of Northern cities, and thereby be lost to our people.

One of the best mediums for advertisements is the EXAMINER. Of this there can be no doubt. *It reaches a class of intelligent and worthy persons not approached through any other advertising channel.* The *Examiner* is read by the solid masses of the South, and its subscribers are in *every* city and town.—Those who are wise and would add to their business, will take our advice and *advertise* in the EXAMINER.

DELIVERY OF THE EXAMINER.

We regret very much that our subscribers should have cause for complaint of the irregularity in the delivery of the *Examiner* to them. Confusion must necessarily, in some degree, attend the commencement of a new paper, and we hope our readers will bear with us. We are doing all in our power to correct the evil, and to secure the prompt and regular delivery of the paper. Such of our subscribers as do not receive their paper will confer a favour upon us by leaving word at the office.

THE NEGRO RIOT AT ALEXANDRIA.

Northern correspondents say that, on the reassembling of Congress, a searching examination will be made into the causes of the Alexandria negro riot. It is said that the Radicals in the House intend to make use of this and similar disturbances at the South upon which to urge anew their theory that the South is not yet in a condition for representation. General Augur has forbidden the surrender to the civil authorities of those persons arrested in Alexandria during the riot.

THE TRIAL OF MR. DAVIS.

We get nothing definite from Washington in regard to the trial of ex-President Davis. Yankee correspondents continue their speculations and rumours, but their statements are so ridiculous and conflicting that it is evident they know nothing of what they write. Chief Justice Chase is reported to have said, in conversation on last Friday, that if, when holding a Circuit Court, he should find the case of the United States *vs.* Mr. Davis on the docket, he would proceed with the cause the same as any other, but that he should certainly hold no Circuit Court in Virginia so long as that State is under military rule.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

We have some interesting intelligence from Utah—that blessed abode of Brigham Young and his thousand wives. At last accounts Brigham Young was dangerously ill of pleurisy, but was thought to be recovering slowly. A letter from Salt Lake City says the ill feeling between the Mormons and United States troops is increasing. Many persons are apprehensive of difficulties before the end of winter. The militia of the Territory have of late been drilling and reviewing in several of the counties, and as an offset, General Conner last week marched his cavalry through Salt Lake City for review.

A BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI.

The present is decidedly an age of progress and gigantick undertakings. A bill providing for the construction of *a bridge across the Mississippi river* at St. Louis, is now before the Committee on Post-offices and Post-routes. It is urged that the commercial connections of St. Louis with the larger cities of the Union render it absolutely necessary that its mail and railroad communications should be placed beyond the hazard and disabilities imposed by natural causes, as far as it is in the power of art to overcome such liabilities. It is thought the committee will report favourably upon the projected enterprize.

THE FENIAN TROUBLES IN IREL.

From the latest intelligence received from Europe we learn that the trials of Fenian prisoners were proceeding, in Dublin, before Catholick judges and mixed juries, and, in every instance, the accused had been convicted. The usual punishment awarded had been from ten to twenty years' banishment and penal servitude. It was not expected that any but the most active heads of the Fenian movement would be brought to trial. The other prisoners are looked upon rather as misled than misleading. It was ascertained that "Head-Centre" Stephens had made good his escape to Paris, and it was reported that he has no intention of coming to the United States.

DEATH OF H. WINTER DAVIS.

Hon. Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, who has occupied a conspicuous place in the publick eye, as a member of Congress, and who, at one time, swayed, to a considerable degree, the politicks of his native State, died in Washington on Saturday, of pneumonia. For five years Mr. Davis was a private tutor in the family of the father of the editor of this paper, and it was our lot to recite many lessons to him. In his small sphere as tutor he was tyrannical, and displayed that disposition which subsequently distinguished him in a larger sphere, as the most violent of politicians and demagogues. Out of a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, during his tutorship, he managed, by economy, to save a sum sufficient to educate himself for the profession of law at the University of Virginia, at which institution he took the Law ticket, and, after graduating, settled in Alexandria in its practice.—While residing in Alexandria he wrote a political pamphlet or work, which first brought him into notice, and gave him some reputation. From that time his rise was rapid. His subsequent publick career after entering the political arena is well known.

Mr. Davis was in the the prime of life and intellect when he died—about forty years of age.

ADMISSION OF THE SOUTHERN DELEGATIONS TO CONGRESS.

We give below the political classification of the the House portion of the Joint Committee of Fifteen on the admission of Representatives from the Southern States, from which some idea may be formed of the probable decision of the question. The names of the Republicans are given in roman, and those of the Democrats in italics:

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania;
Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois;
Hon. Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont;
Hon. *Henry Grider*, of Kentucky;
Hon. John A. Bingham, of Ohio;
Hon. Roscoe Conkling, of New York;
Hon. George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts;
Hon. Henry T. Blow, of Missouri;
Hon. *Andrew J. Rogers*, of New Jersey.

Seven Republicans to *two* Democrats! another evidence of the justice meted out by the Congress now sitting in Washington.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, generally very correct and reliable in his statements, says that the chances are more than even that the Joint Committee on Reconstruction will make no report at all. There have been a good many changes among the members who at first favoured the appointment of the committee, and should a report therefrom against the admission of the Southern members ever see the light, it would receive, he thinks, a cross fire that would be certain to kill it. The probabilities are, this correspondent adds, that the committee will smother their indignation, rather than run the hazard of a rejection of their report.

NORTHERN "CIVILIZATION."

In that great and wicked city of New York are published two papers, *Harper's Weekly* and the *National Police Gazette*. *Harper's Weekly* takes the civilization of the South under especial care; and in its last number, dated January 6, 1866, (always published in advance because ahead of the truth,) gives a large first page cut, with a woe-begone looking negro man in the foreground, sitting on a ledge, leaning upon a stick, his bony fingers clasping it, and his sunken eyes directed skyward, pretty much in the attitude of a negro watching the flight of a flock of rice birds! All this was designed by the artist, and intended by the Harpers to be very pathetick and touching. At the nigger's feet lies a wagon whip, with the lash worn off, and beneath his feet, in explanation of the subject, are printed the words—"The Last Chattel." In the background the artist has put up two ghost-like chimneys, and around the barren pines and the cheerless waste are made to look as dreary as dreary can be, This is intended as the ferrule over the palm of the South that will make the blood come!

The rival journal of Northern *civilization*, the *Police Gazette* for December 30th, (not printed in advance, because *not* in advance of the truth,) emblazons its first page with six large, black, horrible wood-cuts, depicting as many murders, attempted murders, and burglaries, and attempted burglars, and licentiousness, under the following array of titles, so captivating to *civilized* New York. Here are the titles of this picture gallery of crime:—"The Shooting of Smith while struggling with a burglar;" "A burglar shooting and robbing Frank Smith, at Williamsburg, N. Y.;" "The negro boy attempting to murder Walter W. Broom;" "Doctor Clause stabbing Charles Carson, at the Carson Shades;" "W. H. Russ shooting Miss Dayton in Brooklyn, N. Y.;" "Waverly, the Strong Mansion;"—redolent of incest and adultery.

If this be Northern civilization, then God deliver our land from it. If the "Poor Chattel" depicted, as the "last," were a "chattel" still, he wouldn't be setting on that ledge, the last of his class, so hungry and woe-begone; but he, and several million brethren, would be singing in the cotton fields, well fed, clad and contented, and not starving and dying of the "negro rot," in camps and "contraband" pens.

If the Northern philanthropists who said "Lo! the poor negro," had attended to their own civilization, and let the South alone to attend to theirs, the world would have been spared, to-day, the horrible illustrations of crime that fill the second journal of civilization at the North. Heaven save us from another invasion—even an invasion of Northern *civilization*.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM MISSISSIPPI.

The present condition of affairs in Mississippi is, as we learn upon unquestionable authority, much more satisfactory than could have been expected, when the disorganization caused by the termination of the war and emancipation of the slaves is taken into consideration.—Labour is scarce and difficult to obtain, as so many negroes were run off by their owners, and have never returned; while large numbers, thirsting for military glory, or a life of idleness, enlisted in the different negro regiments which were then accessible. Very little cotton was raised last season, and, as a general thing, only enough corn was made to feed the hands. Many plantations were abandoned altogether; large tracts of fine cotton land are now covered with a dense forest of cane, and require to be thoroughly cleared; hundreds of miles of fencing must be rebuilt to replace that destroyed or worn out; and mules and farming stock must be purchased to make up the losses caused by war, robbery and disease. All these things must be done, at least partially, before a planter can again commence to raise cotton, and it is not then surprising that wages should be high, and that so many plantations should be leased or sold by those who have not the cash capital to work them to advantage.

In the Mississippi Bottom mules are worth from $200 to $250 each, and farm hands are paid $12 per month, besides their rations of four pounds of meat and a peck of meal per week. All the expenses of farming are vastly increased, but it must be remembered that cotton is even now selling in Yazoo city at fifty-two cents per pound.

Northern capitalists, with their usual keen appreciation of pecuniary profit, have not been slow to seize upon the opportunities offered them for making money in the rich bottom lands of Mississippi, and have rented plantations at apparently unreasonable prices. Three plantations on the river, adjoining those of ex-President Davis and his brother, Joseph Davis, Esq., bring an aggregate rental, for the present year, of $36,000; and a plantation of eight hundred acres of cleared land, on Deer Creek, rents for $10 per acre, the lessee contracting to repair the negro quarters and rebuild all the necessary fencing. It may be estimated that bottom lands will generally sell for about $20 per acre, and they will rent for about one-half of the selling price.

The people of Mississippi now intend to devote all their energy to making good crops of cotton; the standard of value is changed, and an heiress, instead of being worth so many negroes, is now reputed to have on hand so many bales of cotton. There is every probability that the negroes will work tolerably well with proper supervision and care; and if a man has not ready money, he can rent his plantation for this year, and be able with the proceeds to make a good start for himself in 1867. One year or five would be but a short time in which to recover from the effects of the tremendous ordeal through which we have passed, and if in 1870 the Mississippi planters can equal their production of cotton in 1860, they and the country will be more than satisfied.

GENERAL EARLY'S LETTER.

In reply to numerous applications which have been made to us, we have the pleasure to inform our friends an subscribers that copies of the "EXAMINER" of Saturday last, containing General Early's manly letter, may be still obtained at this office. It is necessary that orders should be forwarded at once, as although we printed an unusually large edition, but few copies now remain on hand.

THE COURTS.

BEFORE JUDGE WM. H. LYONS.—*Saturday, December 30.*—PETITION OF THE COUNSEL OF MRS. KIRBY, THE MURDERESS OF HER HUSBAND, FOR BAIL UPON THE PLEA OF INSANITY.—To-day, at 12 M., Mrs. Hannah Kirby, who, on the 21st of November last, shot and killed her husband in a frenzied fit of jealousy, because of his alleged attention to another woman, was brought before Judge Lyons upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, setting forth her general bodily ill-health and aberration of mind as grounds for her release from jail upon bail, or her transfer to a lunatick asylum. Messrs. Judge Crump, Marmaduke Johnson and Edward Y. Cannon represented Mrs. Kirby as counsel, and N. A. Sturdivant, Commonwealth's Attorney, prosecuting.

Mrs. Kirby was brought from jail in a carriage, and occupied a settee in the rear of her array of legal counsel, attended by three female friends—one, her mother, from Petersburg, and Mrs. and Miss Collins, who had been her attendants in the jail since her confinement. Mrs. Kirby was dressed almost in *dishabille*, with an *outre* bonnet surmounted by a gauze veil. In the bustle of preparation for the opening of the case she stared wildly about, wringing her hands and ejaculating incoherent and unconnected expressions, which her attendants strove in vain to repress by such appeals as "Oh, don't, Lizzie!" "be calm." These are some of her expressions that the reporter noted down at the time: "Oh, dear me, why are so many here? Cut one side or the other. They're going to choke me. Ah! Mr. McPherson, I can't mend your cap. Mr. McPherson, who fills up the glasses with ale? What makes them be after me? I can't get through the bushes. What makes them all dress in white? What are they running for?" &c., &c.

Then she struck a rhyming vein, but without rythm or reason:

"They are touching their thumbs,
That they may pick up the crumbs,
And one hurries over with three bottles of ale."

Then back to incoherent prose: "They flew up the chimney in the snap of your thumb, and were dead in the sunshine. The clothes are boiling for the washing," &c., &c.

Remember, this rambling was continued four hours, through all the examination of the witnesses, which was commenced with Major John N. Croft, late military Chief of Police, who was called by counsel of petitioner, to establish

HER INSANITY—NO DOUBT.

Major Croft examined—I was connected with the city police for some months, until recently; after the killing of Kirby, Mrs. Kirby was under my charge at my headquarters, and subsequently at the city jail.

I should say, judging from what I saw, that she was an insane woman; very much affected indeed; she is, I should say, a great deal worse than she was then; the object of my visits to her was to see what her mental condition was; I had a good deal of experience with insane persons in New York city, and looking at her with a professional eye, I should say she was insane.

By Mr. Johnson—I have never been able to obtain from her a rational, coherent statement; all rambling.

By Mr. Cannon—I have never, from the hour of her arrest, seen anything in her conduct to change my mind.

By Commonwealth's Attorney—It was about two hours after her arrest that I saw her; I did not make an attempt to lead her into conversation; but she seemed to be wandering in her conversation and actions; told her it was a serious charge upon which she was arrested; she asked me what that was; and her answer to all my questions were foreign to the subjects. Her manner, her actions, and her questions subsequently confirmed me in my impressions that her mind was wrong; she ordered me out of her room once, thinking it was her own room; gave orders to search her person for any instrument with which she might harm herself or others; gave orders that she should be watched; she never made correct answers to any of my questions, but went off rambling. In one instance I detected a case of feigned insanity, where a man had been arrested for arson.

By Mr. Cannon—The delusion to which I refer—her actions, conduct, and incoherent remarks—all confirmed me in the point of her insanity.

By the Commonwealth's Attorney—When Mrs. Kirby came into my keeping, her eye was full, her form fleshy, and her face round, like a person in health. There have been instances where persons have fallen away in confinement, but as a general thing I think they improve.

Dr. Dove, Physician at the City Jail, examined—I saw Mrs. Kirby shortly after her commitment, off and on for three or four weeks. My object was to ascertain her general health; I consider her mind *non compos mentis*; I judged so from the incoherency of her language, her general health, and the appearance of her face. I consider her decidedly *non compos mentis*. Until to-day, she took me for Mr. Hicks, or a brother of Polly Hicks; this morning she believed me to be a Mr. Richardson; I have not been able, during my entire series of visits to obtain from her any rational conversation upon any subject, and I have tried many.

By Mr. Cannon—I am of the opinion that her continued confinement at the jail is calculated to increase her malady and confirm her insanity; I would recommend that she be sent to a well ordered lunatick asylum. During her confinement the circumstances have contributed to prevent sleep, and she has lost physical strength more rapidly than she has flesh. I don't know about the truth of the theory advanced by Major Croft that persons gain health, flesh and strength under confinement. The jail is a very noisy place just now, and I think it would very much disturb her in her present nervous and prostrate condition.

By Mr. Crump—My visit this morning confirmed me that she was growing worse.

By Mr. Cannon—Gradually, progressively worse.

By Commonwealth's Attorney—When questioned concerning her health, she gave indirect answers, altogether foreign.

By Mr. Johnson—Mrs. Kirby, I judge, still thinks that her husband, Mr. Kirby, is alive. She said he had gone to Baltimore, from thence to go to Wilmington. She said that her husband visited her once, and slept in the bed with her; that he went away the next morning. She has no rationality about her mind this morning.

By Commonwealth's Attorney—I should say, from my opinion, that her physical health is gradually giving way; that her continued confinement would end in her death; I believe that a change, under different circumstances, in an asylum for instance, would restore her health, with proper treatment, soothing surroundings, a kind, good motherly matron; I believe she is perfectly irrational, and unconscious of what is going on around her in this court room; as to her bearing towards her children, she notices their presence; I think, on one occasion, she recognized one of them, by saying her child was sick, when nothing in the world was the matter with the child; I never could discern by her countenance that she understood the object of my professional visits to her; don't suppose she had any conception that I was a physician; from what I observed in her condition, I must say, remorse for crime might produce pretty much the same result, but it is a metaphysical question and hard to answer; my test of the condition of her mind was conversation only and actions.

By Mr. Crump—I have seen in her condition indications of remorse; I have found her in bed weeping bitterly, and could not get from her the cause of her weeping; when insanity is the result of remorse, the cause of that remorse generally finds expression in speech. When in her presence, I have always consulted her pulse; never found it accelerated by the efforts I was making to ascertain the *status* of her mind; it would naturally be hastened if she was feigning, assimilating insanity.

Dr. Peterfield Trent examined—I have known Mrs. Kirby for the last eight or ten years; I have attended her family since the begining of the war; I was at the city jail on the first of December, in consultation with Dr. Dove, on the state of Mrs. Kirby's mind. My opinion was that she was a deranged woman. My second visit confirmed me; I concur in the opinion of Dr. Dove, and think she ought to be sent to an insane asylum. Generally Mrs. Kirby's eyes were bright, and her form round and full; the change in her eye, and the expression of her face is very striking.

Cross-examined by Commonwealth's Attorney, but no further facts elicited.

Mrs. Collins examined—I have been staying with Mrs. Kirby in jail day and night; I knew her before she was married; didn't think she was in her right mind in jail; know she is out of her mind; she does so many queer things and says so many queer things; she talks about snakes and mice, and all sorts of creeping things; sometimes she jumps out of bed; she doesn't pay any attention to her children, and when I tell her about them she pushes me away; she says Mr. Kirby is alive, and gone to Baltimore to see Mary Mills; she kept saying, while in jail, that she was boarding with some lady; Mrs. Kirby's youngest child is between three and four months old; poor, wee thing it is—wasting away, too; Mrs. Kirby don't sleep at all; only last night she slept a little, babbling and rambling in her sleep; she eats nothing, only a mouthful or two; never heard her ask for anything to eat, only water to drink; she was up and down in bed and out of bed; for the last week, I have dressed and undressed her; when she was thirsty she made motions with her mouth for water; never asked for water by name; she took castor oil in jail; it acted naturally; I gave the oil myself; if I must tell you, I gave it to move her bowels.

The Commonwealth's Attorney (the witness hesitating in her further answers) suggested that one of the medical gentlemen present make a privy examination of Mrs. Collins, in an ante-room, and Dr. Dove was delegated. The doctor, upon returning into the court-room, explained to the Judge and counsel the nature of the information sought. Old Mrs. Collins was subjected to a vigourous cross-examination by counsel on both sides, and young Miss Collins, a good-looking girl, came upon the stand, corroborating what her mother had testified to, she also having spent a great part of her time in the jail with Mrs. Kirby.

Miss Collins was subsequently examined apart by several physicians.

SOME DOUBTS OF HER INSANITY.

Dr. James Beale examined by the Commonwealth—I saw Mrs. [illegible] in jail once, but did not examine into the condition of her mind thoroughly; she was exceedingly incoherent, but it would be impossible to judge of the true condition of her mind without a series of examinations. As to her general health, I think it is very good; her flesh is about the same as when I used to see her about the Second Market; I bought fish from both herself and husband. When I visited her, I tested her sense of shame by putting my hand in her bosom, and I did think she started to make an effort to throw my hand off; insane people generally lose their sense of shame. Some of the testimony I have heard, is, to my mind, inconsistent with the plea of insanity.

Drs. Trent and Dove were recalled to refresh Dr. Beale's mind on some points of their testimony, and reiterated their statements that the mental and physical condition of Mrs. Kirby was becoming gradually worse, day by day.

Dr. Beale recalled—I don't consider incoherency constitutes mania; neither do I consider that mania is madness; if the type of her mental disease does not change she will be a monomaniack; excessive sudden grief or joy may produce temporary insanity, but rarely permanent; the type of insanity that I perceive in this woman I can only compare to that produced in *delirium tremens*, that is, seeing snakes, mice, &c.; that is, a disturbance of the vision and nerves; would not, as a medical man, give an opinion as to the soundness or unsoundness of Mrs. Kirby's mind; would not suppose that her continued confinement would injure her health.

Dr. Haxall, examined—I visited Mrs. Kirby once at the city jail; she was in bed and springing up saluted me as Mr. Hicks; examined her tongue, pulse; examined her brain through the pupils of her eyes and found them in their normal condition; in regard to answers to my questions she made two very rational ones; once I asked her where her pain was in her body, and she answered, in her side; again I asked her why her head was tied up; she answered that she sometimes had pains in her head; these I considered rational answers. On Tuesday morning last I saw her and considered her general health good; all books say it is not very hard to feign insanity, but I must confess my suspicions have been aroused; I consider the case a very doubtful one; another suspicion in my mind—the books say insanity comes on gradually; from what I have heard it would seem that her mental derangement came on very suddenly; I would not swear that the woman is not insane, but I have my doubts; if she is feigning insanity, she is doing it beautifully. The Doctor related an incident said to have occurred in Paris, where a physician frightened into her senses a feigning lunatick by giving out to the servant that if he returned the next day and found his patient in bed, and not up and dressed, he would heat the poker red hot and score her down the spine. The servants had informed the dissembling woman and the next day found her up, clothed, and in her right mind when the doctor came.

Mr. Crump—Well, Doctor, why did you not threaten the hot poker in this case?

Dr. Haxall was subjected to a vigorous cross-examination by counsel for petitioner, and the range of testimony was gone over at least a dozen times.

Dr. Galliard examined—I visited Mrs. Kirby in company with Dr. Haxall; I went there expecting to see a case of feigned insanity, and I saw nothing irreconcilable to that theory; I think the general health of the woman is as good as a majority of the females in this city; had the case come to my notice, with a previous knowledge of the crime she had committed, I would have suspected a case of *hysteria*. I would like to have the case more thoroughly looked into; I know of no other method than to place the patient into a building under the charge of an expert; again, where we find a witness testifying that the patient slept little or none, and the patient is in good health, apparently there is reason to doubt the veracity of that witness.

"When doctors disagree, who shall decide?" At 1 P.M. the Judge announced that he would rest the case at the point arrived at, and its further consideration was postponed to next Thursday at 12 M. Mrs. Kirby was removed from the court room, uttering her old incoherent expressions, and was returned to the city jail in the carriage that had brought her, attended by her friends.

MAYOR'S COURT—MAYOR DAVID J. SAUNDERS PRESIDING—*Saturday, December 30th.*—The last sitting of the Tycoon's Court, for the year 1865, exhibited a clean record almost, only a few cases, in which alcohol came up behind the accused as an accuser.

The Tycoon of the Unruffled Countenance called A. M. McCourt and gave him a wink, which brought him out of the box, in presentable attitude.

Mr. McCourt, you are charged here with firing a pistol in the street, in violation of city ordinance.

Policeman Charles H. Moore testified to the offence. Saw the accused on last Monday fire off a firearm on Fourth street, between Cary and Canal, and arrested him.

McCourt said he didn't know that it was a violation of ordinance, it being Christmas time; didn't know whether the pistol had ball in it or not; was very sorry, &c.

The Tycoon said the highest fine was $20, but on consideration of the fact that it was Christmas, he would only impose the smallest fine—five dollars, which McCourt paid gladly, and went his way.

John B. Sizer was charged with being drunk and disorderly upon the street, and unable to find his own house; but in consideration of the facts that Mr. Sizer was a respectable man; that it was his first offence, and Christmas week at that, the Tycoon let fall a tear upon the docketed charge, and then more thoroughly blotted it out with his pen. "Mr. Sizer, you're discharged."

John McCoal—same universal charge—drunk. Didn't deny it; wouldn't happen again though before next Christmas. The Tycoon blotted out this entry also. "The Court will discharge you this time, but don't come here again.

J. J. Gillespie, a tall fellow, equipped like an ancient Confederate, in long coat and high boots, was arraigned by Captain Jenkins, of the police, charged with being an escaped prisoner from Castle Thunder, where he had been sent by the military authorities. He was sent to Judge McEntee.

Peter Stagg, out upon bail upon a charge of misdemeanour, in drawing a pistol upon a policeman, and threatening to perforate him, was called—"Peter Stagg! Peter Stagg! Peter Stagg!" and not responding, his recognizance, in the sum of $250, was forfeited. The policeman said his bondsman, a government officer, was reported to have left the city, too; so the forfeiture will be a "water-haul" to the State. So much for "straw bail."

A dog case came last to convulse the Court.—Lewis Miller was charged with "taking" and harbouring the dog, belonging to another man. The "dog," a poor framework of a spotted hound, was produced in Court, with a twine string choking his neck. The hound was the more sensible witness of the half-dozen in Court, came up wagging his tail, and fell back on his haunches in front of the Tycoon of the Unruffled Countenance, thumping his applause upon the floor with his tail.

The original owner of the dog claimed him; recognized him; knew every spot upon him, and could put his hand upon them; owned him from a pup; he was now a pretty considerable sized pup. He christened him "Boz," after Dickens, first *nom de plume*, and he would test his recognition. (Here witness commenced patting "Juba.")—"Here, Boz," "Come here, Boz," (whistling;) poor fellow! come to your master." And Boz, in response, got up, wagged his tail, and went over to his claimant.

The Tycoon, like Solomon of old, in the case of mother *versus* mother and the single babe, having heard the testimony of the two claimants of the dog, and witnessed the recognition wink pass between dog and master, did not, like Solomon, threaten to divide the dog in half quarters, but, with a look of gravity and wisdom that became the case, ordered the bogus claimant of the dog to restore the animal to its rightful first owner or pay a fine of $20, and the Tycoon quoted from the city ordinance on the subject of dogs.

Upon adjournment of Court, and after the Tycoon was gone into his upper chamber, another personal dispute arose in the Court lobby between the dog claimants and their friends—the dog, an unconscious spectator of the scene, the most decorous figure of all, thumping his caudle extremity, or *finis* of narrative, upon the floor. Second claimant of the dog swore that he would neither give up the dog, nor pay the fine; first owner said he would either have the dog or his hide, or take it out of the hide of the bogus claimant. All the down-town reporters became involved, either in admiration of the dog, or in support of the claimants, and when we left the temple of justice, the dog case was still uppermost.

PROVOST COURT.—*Judge McEntee.*—John Davis, coloured, was charged with stealing a ham and sent to the Castle for sixty days.

Frederick Hackett, coloured, charged with throwing filth in the street, was fined five dollars.

Peter Campbell, coloured, was charged with stealing chickens, and sent to the Castle for thirty days.

Scott Robinson, coloured, charged with stealing ale, liquor and cigars, was released by request of his employer.

Albert Johnson, coloured, charged with firing a pistol in the street, was released.

Isham Randolph and James Lewis, coloured, charged with being disorderly at a ball, and threatening to shoot a man, were sent to Castle Thunder for sixty days each.

Vincent Robinson, charged with stealing a trunk was found not guilty and released.

CHIEF OF POLICE ITEMS.—Albert Johnson, negro, was arrested on Saturday, charged with firing a pistol on the street. From him was taken a pistol and a knife.

John Davis, a negro, was charged with stealing a ham of bacon.

Scott Robinson, negro, was arrested, charged with larceny.

Mrs. Goodman was arrested, charged with selling liquor to soldiers.

James H. Palmer and Charlens Owens, negroes, were charged with the theft of candy and fire crackers.

Vincent Robinson, negro, was arrested, charged with having in his possession sundry articles of clothing and a trunk.

Peter Cammel, coloured, was arrested, charged with stealing chickens. He was bailed for his appearance.

Hannah Smith, negress, was charged with the theft of seven chairs from Miss McDonald.

Jim Henry, negro, was locked up, charged with stealing plank off a fence.

Ben Davis, John Brooks, Charles Davis, negroes, were locked up on the charge of stealing coal.

Henry Johnson, negro, was charged with robbing John Penn, negro, of $25 and one pistol, and having no visible means of support.

Samuel Pete, negro, was arrested, charged with stealing property of R. L. Brasbleman to the value of $10.

The above record is *black*, not *white*.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

OUTLAWRY IN RICHMOND.

The Record of Twenty-Four Hours—Attempted Murder of a Woman—Probable Murder of a Policeman in Attempting the Arrest of the Would-be Assassin—Robbery and Attempted Murder on Broad Street—Garroters on the Rampage.

The last twenty-four hours has furnished a record of crime, such as we were wont to think could be furnished only by New York, or Chicago, or St. Louis, or other crime-blown cities North or South. We care not to comment upon the bloody atrocious record, but, unless the citizens rid themselves by some stern effort, some general resolve of the rowdy, rampant element of outlawry and murder that stalks forth at midnight, and unblushingly at midday, then farewell to future peace and commercial prosperity. In the several bloody instances which we blushingly record below, the city police did their duty nobly and fearlessly. At least one of them lies in the agonies of death, if he is not already dead. A second meritorious officer escaped miraculously, and three or more of the outlaws are in, we hope, the relentless grasp of the outraged law.

A WOMAN SHOT AT THE UNITED STATES HOTEL.

At a late hour on Saturday night, the carnival of blood and outlawry was inaugurated at the old United States Hotel, corner of Main and Nineteenth streets, which, since its evacuation by the authorities, has been converted into a brothel of the worst description and the lugest proportions. Women of the lowest *strata* of prostitutes infest it like moral vermin, and rows, and assaults, and cutting and stabbing cases have been of frequent occurrence there.

Saturday night, a notorious desperado and thief, named William Hatch, with half a dozen *aliases*, went to the house above indicated, and got into a dispute with one of the females, named Fanny Bell, and remorselessly shot her with a pistol, the ball entering the fleshy part of one of her thighs, inflicting a bad wound. The desperado escaped, and the wound of the woman was dressed by a physician. We visited the hotel yesterday, but could learn no further particulars, the inmates refusing to give any information, or to divulge anything.

The police were soon in pursuit of Hatch, which pursuit was continued through the night and yesterday, *up to noon*. *Now comes the sequel of the woman-shooting.*

THE DESPERADO ARRESTED—HE SHOOTS A POLICEMAN AND ESCAPES, BUT IS RETAKEN.

About one o'clock, yesterday afternoon, Captain David J. Jackson, of the Chief of Police Headquarters, and reserve man James M. Tyler, who had been despatched in search of Hatch, discovered him lounging on Seventeenth street, at the mouth of Baker's alley, between Main and Cary streets. Policeman Tyler approached him; laid his hand on his shoulder, saying: "I want you," thus effecting his arrest. Hatch drew away, remarking: "You do, do you," and, drawing in an instant a six-shooter, from a holster behind his coat, shot policeman Tyler through the abdomen. He then turned upon Captain Jackson with a hellish expression—"G—d d—n you, I want you"—and fired two more shots, in point blank range. One ball, a heavy slug, passed through Jackson's left arm sleeve, grazing the skin, and the other ball is supposed to have pierced his cape, as it is perforated in half a dozen places, where the folds met. Captain Jackson was not idle, but drawing his pistol, gave Hatch two leaden compliments in return for his. Hatch then sprang off, and ran down the middle of Baker's alley, burst through the door of a house and an adjoining lot, and got into a stable stall, where he covered himself up with hay. Policeman William A. Fordham, bravely following in his tracks, found him here, and with his six-shooter at a present, called on him to surrender or die. The desperado at bay, handed out his pistol to the policeman, but forethought, came out himself, gave himself up, and was handcuffed. On his way to headquarters, he asked about the policeman he had shot; said he regretted shooting Tyler; said it was Captain Jackson he wanted to get a "discharge" for. At headquarters an elegant gold watch and gold chain almost six feet in length, was taken from his person; also, a splendid rose diamond pin—both evidently the proceeds of robbery. He was locked up for an examination before the Mayor this morning, at eleven A. M.

We understood from Captain Jackson, last night, that he recognizes in Hatch a New Orleans rowdy, thief and outlaw, who there went by the name of James Ennis, *alias* Curley, whom he, Captain Jackson, assisted to expel from New Orleans because of his outlawry. This fact explains his regret at shooting Tyler instead of his old enemy, Jackson. As it was the latter made an exceedingly narrow escape. A very serious demonstration was made to kill Hatch, *alias* Ennis, *alias* Curley, anyhow, after his surrender, and but for the interposition of Captain John Poe, Jr., he would probably have been shot. He is indebted to that officer for his miserable, worthless life.

Policeman Tyler, immediately after being shot, fell, and was carried to the dwelling of his father hard by the bloody scene, and Drs. Richardson and Jackson were called to render what surgical aid was in their power. Upon examination they found that the ball had entered the abdomen, about three inches above the navel, and passing through had lodged in the muscles of the left side, above the kidneys. By a slight incision the ball was extracted. It was very uncertain last night whether the ball had cut the intestines or not, but the physicians expressed the probability that the missile had glanced upward in its passage, and that no vital intestine or organ had been touched. Late last night the patient was reported as easy, with Dr. Cullen in attendance upon him. Tyler has been married only about two weeks, and his young wife is absent in the country. She has been sent for.

The shooting, and subsequent pursuit and capture of the outlaw, created much excitement in the vicinity of the First Market, and large throngs of citizens were collected thereabout for several hours thereafter, discussing, we hope, the expediency of a "Vigilance Committee" for Richmond.

ROBBERY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER—A MAN SHOT AND ROBBED IN HIS STORE.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, on Saturday night, two white men, in uniform, entered the little store of Henry Watkins, negro, on Broad street, adjacent to Lumpkin's Jail bridge, and the man being alone, without ceremony demanded his money. One of them took out his pistol, and Watkins refusing to produce his money, the fellow resolved on the alternative—his life—and snapped the pistol twice at Watkins' head, who, taking advantage of the opportunity, raised the window, and halloed "murder!" The robber then fired, and shot him in the left shoulder blade, very near the arm socket. The men then rushed around the counter, and one of them seizing a book containing $257 in greenbacks, lying under a table, made his escape. Watkins, disabled as he was by the shot, grappled with the other robber, and shouting "murder," and "help," at the top of his lungs, soon brought to his aid Captain Jackson, (one of the actors in another tragedy) who arrested the robber, and would-be murderer. He gave his name as A. Johnson, and hails from that repository of thieves, New York. From his person was taken two pistols. His accomplice, with the money, has, so far escaped with the money. Johnson, being a United States soldier, will have a hearing to-day before the Provost Court.

GARROTERS.

Silas McCowan, company C, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, was arrested, charged with knocking down Michael Hunt in the Old Market, and attempting to rob him. He was sent to Castle Thunder, but escaped therefrom through the connivance of one of the guard, James Newman, of the same regiment, who threw down his musket and went off with him. Both were apprehended last evening.

We close here the twenty-four hours of crime, but know not what another twenty-four may bring forth.

SUNDAY—MIDNIGHT.

The condition of Mr. Tyler is slightly improved, and some hopes are now entertained of his recovery. Curley's real name is said to be J. J. Holt.

OBITUARY.—Died at 12 M., midnight last, the year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1865. The same clanging bells that sounded the funeral knell of the dead year cold upon his bier of snow, ceased, as a musician ceases, to change his musick keys and then, with joyous peal, rang in the new year, blithe and gay—

"Rang out the thousand years of wars,
Rang in the thousand years of peace."

Into the grave of the dead year, now numbered with the eternal ages that were, we cast the flower and amaranth and evergreen of pleasant and regretful memories, embalmed and sacred, not to perish, but to remain fresh and fragrant forever.—To-day, in millions of ledgers will be written, by the pen of time, the cabalistick figures, 1866; to-day, old records will be blotted out, new pages turned, and new entries made. It may be, that this morn in Heaven, the Recording Angel of the good and bad deeds of men will open a new great book, and drop the fabled tear upon the arrears of all erring humanity, blotting them out! Our last four years record was written in inky drops of blood, diluted with tears, by a pen of iron. The lines are graven deep upon our hearts, but we look in the young face of 1866, and hope in the future and anticipate the best—that the verdure and flowers of the vernal Spring may erase the cannon ruts of war from our valleys, and cover up the shell-torn Virginian plains with grain and verdure, waving, green and grand. With one tearful drop for the eventful year that has gone hence with "Time's heavy laden wallet at its back," we greet the New Year, and the patrons of the *Examiner*, this morning, with our annual salutation—Happy New Year, and many happy returns.

UNEXPECTED EXPLOSION—CAUTION TO SMALL NEGROES.—About four o'clock yesterday afternoon, a loud explosion was heard, which jarred the windows, and made the nervous and timid fancy that somebody was bombarding Richmond with the well known lamp-post guns. It seems, however, that two coloured boys in the kitchen of the Club House, of which Mr. McGee is the proprietor, at the corner of Seventh and Main streets, had filled an old gun-barrel with powder, to celebrate the approaching New Year. One of them touched off the gun with a coal; it exploded with a loud report, and a fragment of the barrel struck one of the boys over the eye, cutting him badly. Surely it would be a mercy to deprive the negroes of fire-arms, if they only use them to cut their own heads open, and alarm the peaceful citizens at their Sunday dinner.

FLOUR INSPECTIONS.—The inspections of flour at Richmond for the quarter ending December 31st, 1865, were as follows: 2,011 bbls. family flour: 12,687 do. extra superfine: 9,651 do. superfine: 810 do. half bbls.; 175 do. fine; 2,552 middlings; 45 bbls condemned. Mr. C. Burton, the Inspector, represents the flour trade as quite active, and the receipts gratifying.

ARRIVALS.—Mr. D. J. Hill, of Lapland, and Mr. W. W. Old, of Virginia, are stopping at the Spotswood Hotel.

THE POOR OF RICHMOND.—The Relief Committee, appointed for the alleviation of the condition of the poor of the city of Richmond, appointed a meeting at the City Hall on Saturday afternoon, but, in consequence of the inclement weather, few of our citizens assembled at the appointed place, and the meeting, which has for its object the organization of a Relief Association, was postponed until sometime the present week. We hope our citizens who are in a condition to relieve the poor will take the subject into consideration, and at the appointed day come up to the help of the Committee in their noble and laudable efforts to relieve the necessities of the suffering poor of Richmond. Indeed the field is wide, and the Samaritans are as yet very few.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING IN A MUD-HOLE.—Two negroes, proud of their unwonted elevation, were riding along Broad street on Saturday, perched on the top of a loaded wagon. They laughed, showed their teeth, and knew no care, when, in turning a corner, one of them became alarmed and tried to jump. When he was about half way down he caught his friend, who was thrown off his balance, and the two sable brethren fell plump into one of those deep mud puddles which the Street Commissioners so kindly provide for the accommodation of an unappreciating publick. Some poles were brought, and the negroes were rescued; but the depth of the mud-hole has not been ascertained, or it might be placed on the city chart as a warning to navigators.

DROPPED HIS WHISKEY.—Friday evening, a drayman, who evidently had too much whiskey both on his dray and under his waistcoat, dropped a barrel of whiskey from his dray at the corner of Main and Ninth, and drove on without noticing his loss. Several persons shouted after him. Policeman Judge, of the Second Market station, put the barrel upon a vehicle, and deposited it at the upper station house to await an owner.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The *Examiner* has *its own carriers*. Persons wishing to be served with the paper will please leave their names and residence at the Office (corner of Main and Seventh streets) or send them through the Post Office, addressed to Box, 690. They will then be *sure* to get the paper *promptly* and *early*. Remember this!

ARRIVAL OF DR. FERANTINE.—This gentleman, who is private physician to the Emperour Napoleon, and who has gained an European celebrity by his successful treatment of cholera, is now in town and stopping at the Spotswood Hotel.

OUR CITY ADVERTISERS.

[As an advertising medium the EXAMINER has no equal, its large circulation among business men and families, in City and Country, placing it beyond competition.]

We would direct the attention of the reader of to-day's paper to the array of advertisements in another column, to which these notices refer. We do so with the more pleasure because we know our city advertisers are abundantly able to fulfil all they promise, and give good bargains to all who extend to them their patronage. All new advertisements will be awarded a similar prominence and notice upon the day of their first insertion, and an additional notice for every change or substitution of a new advertisement.

The Billiard Temple.—We have the gratification of announcing to the patrons of the manly and invigorating game of billiards that to-night they are to have a temple dedicated to the genius of the "Cue." The proprietors, who are Messrs. Jones & Griswold, having leased the late Canterbury Hall, on Franklin street, have remodeled, or rather replaced the entire interiour, and fitted it up in real regal style for a first class billiard saloon, the largest and best furnished south of New York.—The Temple will be dedicated this evening, when a select company will be assembled to witness the opening game of five hundred upon carom, which will be played by Michael Phelan, of New York, and Pierre Carme, the great French billiard expert. At the conclusion of the game, M. Carme will give an exhibition of his skill in the execution of the "Kiss," "Fly," "Force" and "Masse" shots. The playing will commence at a quarter to eight o'clock. Professional and *amateur* players, and the great publick, are invited.

Adams' Express Company.—E. G. Wescott, Esq., the assistant superintendent of Adams' Express at Richmond, announces elsewhere the facilities presented by this line for the safe and expeditious forwarding of money, valuables and merchandise to any part of the United States, north, south, east, or west. The ramifications of this world-renowned company extend wherever the telegraph flashes, railroads run, or navigable water courses, and the well-known wagons of "Adams' Express" ramble in the streets of every city of the Union.

Business Copartnership.—Messrs. T. B. Hewitt and Charles Richardson unite in a card, announcing that they have entered into a copartnership for the purpose of conducting the painting business in all its branches, to be carried on at the well-known stand of Mr. Hewitt, Wall street, between Main and Franklin streets. Both of the firm are known as excellent mechanicks, and a long experience as painters has given them a lucrative hold upon the publick patronage. We wish them success in their enterprise.

Sale of Fine Liquors, &c.—To-day, at 10 A. M., Mr. F. B. Cook, the auctioneer, will sell at auction, at No. 4 Fourteenth street, under the Exchange Hotel, the choicest lot of imported wines and liquors that has been offered in Richmond for a long time, and dealers should not neglect the rare chance to secure some of it. Many thousand of the finest Havana cigars will be included in the sales. This sale was postponed from Friday last until this day.

Ship Broker and Commission Merchant.—Albert Millspaugh, ship broker and commission merchant, No. 15 East Main street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, is prepared to supply city and country dealers with superiour groceries, either wholesale or retail. He also supplies ship stores at very reasonable rates. Mr. Millspaugh, besides being one of the "City Fathers," is a thorough business gentleman.

Meeting of the "Blues."—A notice from the committee requests those members who were enrolled at the meeting held on the 21st of December, and all others who wish to be enrolled, to attend a meeting to be held at the City Hall to-morrow evening.

Teacher.—A Virginian gentleman, educated at the University of Virginia, desires a situation as teacher. His address is "A. B.," Jarratt's Depot, Sussex county, Virginia.

A Young Lady is addressed by a young man connected with the Express, who came down with her from Gordonsville to Richmond about the 15th of December.

By Telegraph.

SOUTHERN REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS.

Special Message from the President.

DEATH OF HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

WRECK OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

Prospects of Peace Berween Spain and Chili.

CAPTURE OF A SPANISH GUNBOAT.

Outrage By Negro Troops in Georgia.

SOUTHERN REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—It is rumored that President Johnson, at the meeting of Congress, will send in a special message in regard to the admission of members of Congress from the Confederate States. The course of Henry J. Raymond, it appears, has somewhat alarmed the ultra radicals. It is understood that Mr. Raymond has publickly expressed himself as holding that, since the rebellion has ended, and slavery is abolished, the North and South should have equal representative powers in Congress. He argues that the North, under the Constitution, has no right to legislate for the South, unless the South is represented in Congress. He believed that the majority of the Southern members have been legitimately elected, and should be admitted to seats. Mr. Raymond, despite the machinations of the ultra-Stevens party, when Congress gets to work, will be an earnest supporter of President Johnson and the leader of the House.

THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA TO SECRETARY SEWARD.

WASHINGTON, December 31.—The following dispatch was received here yesterday:

MILLEDGEVILLE, December 22.

Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State:

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your telegram of the 10th instant, together with a copy of your communication to His Excellency, James Johnson, Provisional Governour of Georgia. Be pleased to tender to His Excellency, the President, my grateful return for his recognition of the official position in which the people of Georgia have placed me, and assure him of my fixed purpose to observe and obey as well the Constitution of the United States as the Constitution of the State of Georgia. Express to him also my thanks for the offered co-operation of the Government of the United States in effecting the earliest restoration and permanent prosperity and welfare of the State.—Upon its co-operation our people build earnest hopes of a speedy return to the suspended relations with the other States of the Union. I have, sir, the honour to be, very respectfully, your most obedient servant.

C. J. JENKINS, Governour.

LOSS OF A SHIP AT SEA—FORTY LIVES DESTROYED.

WILMINGTON, December 30.—The steamer Constitution, Captain Greenman, from Savannah for New York, left Savannah on the 23d with fifty-four passengers and seven hundred bales cotton, struck on Southern point of Lookout Shoals, on Tuesday, at four A. M., where she remained forty-eight hours, then broke up. The Captain, with twelve of the crew and one passenger, W. P. Levy, of Brooklyn, New York, saved themselves on cotton bales, landing at Cape Lookout Lighthouse, at four P. M. Thursday; thence they proceeded to Morehead city. Forty persons perished. The survivors left Morehead City for New York this evening.

NEW YORK, December 30.—Private advices state but fourteen of the crew saved from the wreck of the steamer Constitution, leaving forty passengers lost. Among the passengers was Mr. J. Fitzgerald, lately attached to the Sacramento *Herald*.

TEMPORARY ABSENCE OF W. SEWARD.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31st.—Under the advice of physicians, the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of State embarked last night on board the United States steamer De Soto for the warmer latitude of the South Atlantick. They expect to be absent two or three weeks. William Hunter, Esq., Chief Clerk in the Department of State, has been appointed acting Secretary of State, during the interval, H. N. Congor, Commissioner of Emigration, has been appointed acting Assistant Secretary.

NEGRO ROBBERS PUNISHED.

WASHINGTON, December 31.—A telegram from Augusta, Georgia, says that on Thursday night a squad of United States coloured troops and discharged coloured soldiers made an assault on the house of a widow lady, residing six miles from Augusta, supposing her to be unprotected. They, however, met an unexpected resistance—three of them mortally wounded and two seriously.

THE SPANISH-CHILIAN WAR.

WASHINGTON, December 31.—The Government has been advised that the representations made to Spain in favour of peace with Chili have so far prevailed that the good offices of France and England have been accepted upon the terms proposed by them and the United States.

LOOKING AFTER THE COTTON AGENTS.

WASHINGTON, December 31.—Assistant Secretary Chandler and Hon. Harvey Watterson, of Tennessee, have been sent on a special mission among the Treasury cotton agents in the Southern States, to investigate many charges of fraud and corruption.

CAPTURE OF A SPANISH GUNBOAT.

NEW YORK, December 31.—An arrival from the south Pacifick states that a Chilian man-of-war had captured a Spanish gunboat. The engagement was brief. There was great rejoicing at the event among the Chilians.

DEATH OF HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

BALTIMORE, December 30.—Hon. Henry Winter Davis, late a Representative in Congress from this city, died this afternoon at half past two o'clock.

DISTURBANCE AT CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 28.—A row occurred here on Christmas day between some drunken negro soldiers and citizens, when a policeman interfered and struck a negro soldier with his club. This the negro resented, using his bayonet. A crowd now gathered, when Mick Carnley, formerly a notorious guerrilla, drew a revolver and fired two shots at the soldiers, who thereupon fired into the crowd. Two white men were seriously wounded and one soldier slightly. Major Bond, agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, promptly quelled the disturbance by sending the soldiers to the fort, but they soon returned to the town again in large force, and the affair threatened to be more serious, but as Carnley had escaped out of the town, the excitement quieted down, and all has been quiet since. No fears are entertained of any further difficulty.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., December 29.—A fire at Groton, R. I., yesterday, destroyed the railroad building and thirty empty cars and six loaded ones. The flames spread rapidly to the steamboat Commonwealth, just arrived from New York, which was heavily loaded with freight and so grounded at the wharf that she could not be moved, and was burnt to the water's edge. Nothing was saved, the flames spreading so rapidly that the men on board barely escaped with their lives. The telegraph office was also destroyed. The loss is estimated at about $1,500,000.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 28.—The overland mail, with New York dates to the 30th November, has arrived. A slight shock of an earthquake was felt at Santa Clara last night.

THE IMPORTATION OF CATTLE PROHIBITED.—In accordance with the recent Act of Congress, passed with a view to the prevention of foreign diseases among cattle in the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular to customs officers and agents of the Government in foreign countries, calling their attention to the fact that the law is still in existence, and that the importation of cattle, sheep and goats, horses, mules and swine is entirely prohibited. Collectors and customs officers will therefore give no permits to land these animals, under any pretext whatever; and are requested to explain the object of this act and regulation to all persons concerned. The penalty for each violation of the law is a fine of $400, and to be disabled for seven years from holding any office under the United States Government.

The Charleston papers announce the clearance of the ship Tamerlane, for Liverpool, with the most valuable cargo exported this year, say two hundred and fifty-four bales Sea Island, and two thousand five hundred and fifty bales Upland cotton.

The cholera still rages at Guadaloupe. It is declining in the eastern part of the Island, but ravages the western. At Antigua a slow fever prevails, fatally, among the negroes.

Colonel Wood, Southern agent in Brazil, has selected a site for a town, together with $8,000,000 acres of Government land, for Southern emigants.

There are vague rumors in Washington that England, France, Spain, Austria and Italy have formed an alliance to keep Maximilian in Mexico.

A merchant of Chicago has just failed for $400,000. The opera house in that city is also alleged to be a failure, and is to be sold.

English troops are on their way to Canada, and a portion of them will be stationed at Ottawa, to protect the Parliament buildings.