

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1870.

Editorial Correspondence.

SOUTHERN HOTEL,
ST. LOUIS, Aug. 7, 1870.

A trip over the Indianapolis, Terre Haute and Vandalia road, to St. Louis, is really a delightful one. The road passes through one of the most beautiful regions of Illinois, and enables the traveler to see the richness and greatness of the Prairie State to an advantage. It is wonderful how smooth and complete this entire line of the road is. In riding over it, one would suppose it to be an old and long established road. It seems "as level as a floor," and we could see no difference in the entire route from Terre Haute to St. Louis, than between Indianapolis and Terre Haute. The perfect manner in which the road is built is, perhaps, unparalleled in the history of roads anywhere. Every bridge is a most substantial one, every culvert a secure one, and the whole thing, from end to end, is most complete in every particular. The running stock is of the best models, and the passenger cars so elegant and well fashioned, that a few hours spent in them, are really hours of pleasure and rest, rather than discomfort and weariness. Not only is everything connected with the building and furnishing of the road the most complete, but the men who run it are all familiar with the business, and attentive and gentlemanly in their deportment. How there could be more accommodating and courteous conductors than Messrs. Knolton and Elliott, we are at a loss to know. Their greatest desire seems to be to make those under their charge as comfortable as possible. They are pleasant and affable to every one, and punctiliously attentive to their official duties. Take this road all in all, we have never traveled over a better one, or one more skillfully managed.

We arrived here in a little over six hours after leaving Terre Haute. The "Southern" is the Hotel of this city. The old Planter's is older than it was ten years ago. There are few hotels out of New York better kept than the Southern, and few charge higher prices. They charge at the top of the list, but their bill of fare is good. We had not been in St. Louis before since our return from the Missouri campaign, under Gen. Fremont. Our last recollection, therefore, of the city was its extreme dullness. Then there was not one steamboat lying at the wharf, and grass was growing all over it. No persons thronged the streets, but men in uniform and shoulder-straps. Almost every other house was closed. Outside of the military, nothing was doing. Now the wharf is lined with splendid boats, and is crowded with wagons and men, all as busy as bees. The streets are alive with business, and every house is open and full of customers. Nine years, and what a change!

Having a little leisure, we looked through the city somewhat. There are but few fine houses in it. Fourth street, which is the principal business street, is not as well built as Wabash street in Terre Haute, and there are no private residences better than some on Sixth street. We visited the Mercantile Library. It is in decay. Looks dilapidated, is hung around with third rate pictures. There is not one picture from one of our first Artists. In a country, where the best landscapes that have ever been painted by the pencil are produced, not one has a place in this collection. Most of the pieces are copies from European Artists, and many of them bad ones at that, or if correct, the originals were not worth being copied. There are several pieces of statuary in the Library. A Daniel Webster, two thirds grown, and as stiff as though he had just been put in a straight jacket. Two pieces by Miss Hossner, which are very passable, and several bronzes, make up the collection in this department. There is a statuette of antique bronze, with both arms and one foot broken off, but in other respects a splendid thing. As there was nothing said about it in the catalogue, we went to the clerk, and asked him to tell us where it came from, and its history. His reply was entirely satisfactory. Looking in the direction of the statuette, he said, "Now you've got me. I don't know anything about it." Then looking at the catalogue he pointed out the description of a full-grown Venice, and referring our attention to it, said, "Here it is." We said, "No, this is not it; we mean the small one the o." "Well," said he, "I suppose they are both the same, for they look alike." We expressed ourself entirely satisfied—that the fellow thought the statuette was the child of the big Venice.

The only pieces of art in which there is considerable merit, which we have seen in the city, are two pieces illustrative of some of Mosby's raids on Federal army trains. While the subject is not worthy the artist's pencil, still he has made a very spirited painting of them.

R. N. H.

The latest literary sensation is the reported discovery of a letter from Edgar A. Poe, found among the papers of Mahlon Dickerson, in an old barn in New Jersey, in which Poe made the confession that he did not write "The Raven," but that it was written by Samuel Fennick, of New York, and sent to him for polishing and to secure its publication through his literary connection and influence; that Fennick soon died, and Poe published the poem as his own. We were not dare to dispute the genuineness of the pretended letter, because Poe was probably capable of such an infamy—even that of lying to slander himself. But he did leave it stated in writing that poem of "The Raven" was not his composition, but that he stole it from somebody else. We think he lied about it—that is all. He never could even swear the paternity of his literary offspring upon any other man.

A GOTTINGEN German letter says that ladies there are surprised at a man's position in America, and quite shocked at the modern idea of woman's *status*. That a gentleman should give up to a lady his seat in a crowded house or parlour is an astonishment to them; they never heard of such a thing in Germany. Wives carry garments and packages for their husbands and not husbands for their wives.

A LADY who wished some stuffing from a duck, which a gentleman was carving at a public table, requested him to transfer from the deceased fowl to her plate some of its artificial intestines.

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

Murder of an Entire Family at Baradero—The Assassins Not Arrested.

The following account of a fearful tragedy comes to us in a recent issue of the *Buenos Ayres Standard*:

"The city was star fed yesterday morning by the announcement of a fearful murder that has been committed at Baradero, in this province. The victims consist of the husband, wife and two young children. In the hurried details to hand only the slightest motive can be discerned for this awful crime, and up to the present no trace of the perpetrators has been found.

This Baradero murder exceeds in atrocity any of the numerous crimes that for some time past have shocked society in this country, and fully equals in mystery and horror the worst abominations of moral depravity that have frequently been committed in the crowded centers of Europe and the States. It is unnecessary to remind the Government that some extraordinary effort on its part for the apprehension and punishment of the doers of this frightful deed is imperatively called for. Should the Baradero assassins go undetected and unpunished, the consequences will be most serious, as the rural population will become convinced that murder through private revenge or other motive, may at any time be their portion. Abroad, the effect will be still worse; for the eyes of Europe have been attracted toward us to date by the frequency of an impunity for assassination among us; and this will be said to have been done.

We are happy to notice that the Justice of Peace and local authorities have done whatever lay in their power toward tracking the criminals, the former of once offering a reward of \$10,000 for their apprehension. The following are the only particulars of the crime as yet known, and are contained in a letter addressed by a lady to a friend in town, and which was published yesterday morning by the *Tribune*. We translate it verbatim:

BARADECO, May 15, 1870.

MY DEAR—: I write you this in a dreadful state of mind. The Panitia tragedy has been reproduced in this partido. Last night Don Fidel Diaz and all his family were assassinated. I have given you the account in a letter of the picture. I will give you the details that have reached me. The Diaz family comprised four persons, the husband, an excellent man, still young, being only thirty-two years of age, and much liked by every one who knew him; the wife twenty-five, nee Camana, her family being rich proprietors in this partido. The latter in a few days would have been a mother. A child of seven years and another of three made up the household. The family occupied a good position; the enjoyments and necessities of high society were unknown to them. They lived happy and contented. The husband's estate, their home is tenanted by five corpses. Every one of them had their throats cut, and, in addition, the body of the husband exhibits no fewer than eighteen dagger thrusts, and that of the poor wife four. The assassins are not yet known, but they are believed to be persons who we are intimate with the domestic affairs of the family, which probably induced them to kill the little boy, so that their names might not transpire. They broke open two boxes containing a sum of money and took what were contained. The motive for the crime is supposed to have been the acquisition of money, for it was known that Diaz had lately sold a flock of sheep; but the murderers were disappointed, as the money had not been paid over and a "spare" for it was found in a desk. The crime must have been committed shortly after sundown, for all the victims were dressed—even the children—and it was apparent that they had not supper, for the country people hereabouts sup at 6, and are in bed at 7 o'clock. The wife's sister, who live three squares off, say that a little after 7, when the house was quiet, at the sister's insistence, breaking violently, and thinking that she had been taken in labor, went out with the intention of going to her, but they were afraid to go alone, and their brother had not returned from the town. If they went they would also have been killed. An infant child of their sister's, only a year old, was saved through being sent with them, as it had been sent to them to be out of the way during the mother's confinement. Diaz could not defend himself, for he had broke one of his legs four months ago, and was on crutches, and his right arm was in a sling. He was not able to keep up with the family, but a boy, who went every morning to let out sheep, was astonished on going as usual the following day to find nobody about. On entering the horrible picture met his gaze, and he rushed out terrified to give the alarm. The impression produced by the deed is terrible. The shops remained shut till yesterday evening at sundown, and many families have come into the town panic stricken. I give you these details in order to show the necessity of executing the punishment of condemned men within the country, where there are no police who will otherwise be at the mercy of the murderers. It will not be difficult to catch the criminals, for they took away a waistcoat with gold buttons belonging to Diaz, and the little boy's boots, which they tore from his feet. The father, mother, and eldest child were murdered on the threshold of the first room, which is filled with blood. The assassins placed the bodies lying on their faces, for there is a superstition among the peasantry, that if a murdered corpse be left on its back, the assassin will be discovered. The little boy was evidently dead, but they caught him at the door leading into the next room and dispatched him. Such are the details of this fearful crime, and it is the duty of our colleagues to keep it before the public and the authorities day by day until the perpetrators are hunted down.

The New York *Evening Post* says: "Crude petroleum is not only useful for painting buildings, but it is the best preservative for all manner of farm implements, wood or iron. As soon as it becomes dry, any tool may be handled without the least annoyance. For priming when other paint is to be used, petroleum is not only the cheapest, but the best material to be found. We have between three and four hundred sashes in use. A portion of these were painted two years ago with Prince's Mineral Paint and linseed oil. This is now nearly gone that it has been necessary to oil the sashes to keep them from decaying."

"The others were painted with petroleum when new, and afterwards received one coat of the same paint, which was now fresh and solid as when it was first put on. This oil costs from 25 cents to 30 cents per gallon, and the only precaution necessary in its use is to have no fire about it until it has been spread for a few hours, long enough for the most volatile and inflammable parts to have evaporated."

Penarroyal for Fleas.

The oil of penarroyal will drive these insects off but a cheaper method, where the herd flourishes, is to throw your dogs and cats into a decoction of it once a week. Mow the herd and scatter it in beds of pigs once a month. I have seen this done for many years in succession. Where the herd cannot be got the oil may be procured. In this case, saturating strings with it, and tie them around the necks and ears of the ears of hogs, which you can do while they are feeding, without touching them.

By repeating this application every 12 or 15 days, the fleas will flee from your quadrupeds, to their relief and improvement, and your relief and comfort in the house. Strings saturated with the oil of penarroyal, and tied around the necks and tails of horses, will drive off lice; the strings should be saturated once a day.

Scientific American.

INDIANA NEWS.

The debt of Harrison county is \$32,000. A man named Joseph Riley was shot in Evansville on Saturday night by a rough, Colonel W. C. Wilson, of LaFayette, has sold his elegant residence to John R. Coffroth for \$14,000.

Leonidas Napoleon Brown, of Jay county, has exonerated himself to avoid three cases of prospective prosecution for poisoning.

On Saturday last, three valuable cows belonging to the poor farm of V. G. Cook, were devoured by a sudden and violent storm.

Henry Ward Beecher, the distinguished preacher, and Jonathan Green, the celebrated reformed gambler, were born and raised at Lawrenceburg, this State.

A sixteen year old youth, in Martin county, made a successful attempt to "shuffle off this mortal coil," last Monday, because his father slapped him for sitting up all night with his enamored, aged twelve.

The grave of Governor Jennings, the first governor of Indiana, is on William F. Ferrell's farm near Charleston, Clark county, and it is suggested that his last resting place should be adorned with a fitting monument to his worth.

Miss Amy Cathcart, Lagrange county, was chased by a mad bull, a few days ago, but succeeded in leaping over a high fence, thus escaping the monster. Not content with this, she immediately procured a gun and brought it to the Taurine Majesty to the ground at the first shot.

It is stated that a "v" is drawn from Leavenworth, on the Ohio, to Mitchell, and then following the line of the New Albany & Chicago Railroad to the northern part of Montgomery county, and then turning west to Danville, Ill., will take in all the coal lands in the State.

Miss Hetty Moore, of Marshall county, has been coining an insolent fellow named Snow for reporting malicious stories about her younger sister. Having no father or brother to defend the good name of the young lady, Miss Hetty took the matter in her own hands, and made the miscreant howl.

Mrs. Jabez Ellison, DeKalb county, thrashed Mr. Jabez Ellison last Monday night, so severely that medical aid was required to preserve his valuable life. Jabez brought this chastisement upon himself by spitting on some fritters that his amiable spouse was preparing for his supper.

On last Tuesday night, about eleven o'clock, John Appel, of Madison, was attacked on the corner of High and Main streets, and terribly beaten by some persons unknown. He was found insensible by some persons passing by, and carried home. Sat day morning he was still unconscious and insensible.

Forty-four hogsheads of strips and 389 bundles of carriage spokes, each bundle containing thirty, were shipped East, Friday, by the Jeffersonville Railroad, and its connections, from New Albany. The carriage spokes are from Tell City, and consigned to a carriage factory at Rochester, New York.

There is a woman in the Evansville lockup, under sentence for drunkenness, who converses equally well in French, English, and Italian; is said to have an elaborate education, yet she is now so degraded that she spends most of her time in confinement for drunkenness. So says the *Journal* of that city.

A ditch, three-quarters of a mile long, has been dug beside the track of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad from the old mineral spring near Jeffersonville, to the depot near the Ohio river. In this ditch pipes are to be laid to convey the chalybeate water to the depot for the use of locomotives and passenger cars. This water, in hygienic qualities, is fully equal to that of Saratoga.

B. E. McCabe, of Columbus, a young gentleman of wealth, went to New York on business, some three weeks since. Letters were received from him by his friends announcing that he would start back on July 28th, since which time nothing has been heard of him. A dispatch from the hotel where he stopped states that he left there on the 28th for home. As he had a large sum of money with him, it is feared that he has been foully dealt with.

Mr. Frank Knox, a druggist at Morgantown, committed suicide at his residence at Morgantown, last Friday night. For a number of years past Mr. Knox has been suffering from consumption, the disease finally incapacitating him from business pursuits. On several occasions lately he expressed a determination to rid himself by suicide of a life which he considered burdensome to himself and family, a determination he put into execution Friday night, by taking three ounces of laudanum, from the effects of which he died Saturday morning.

From the San Francisco Bulletin. A Chinaman on the China Question.

At a meeting of a society called the Liberal Club, in New York, on the 13th inst., the subject of coolie labor and Chinese immigration was discussed pro and con. Finally, after a strong anti-Chinese speech had been delivered, Ah King, a Chinese doctor settled in New York, rose and said:

"I have left China eight years ago, but now I here. I live in China—it is no such thing. They don't eat rat or mice. They do eat dog, but I see Englishman eat dog, too. I have been all over the world, in Constantinople, Rome, Paris, Peru, Panama; except California I never been. I just go to see the nation. I see any nation, ladies—China, Turkey, France, Spain, America, every nation ladies—but I have not seen Chinawomen not so bad as I see American and English ladies."

This curious speech was received with roars of laughter.

AMONG our European mail news will be found a statement, from a French source charging Prussia with reviving the use of that most barbarous of all known missiles—the explosive ball. It may be remembered that the Convention held last at St. Petersburg, for the purpose of taking measures to alleviate the horrors of war, the Governments of both France and Prussia gave their adhesion to a resolution whereby the use of explosive balls was expressly disallowed in warfare. But it appears that the Grand Duchy of Baden refused to sign this article of the Convention, and its soldiers, being now in the field with Prussia, and in possession of the missiles in question, have been compelled to resort in their wars to their old methods of warfare. The garrison of Baden and Prussia is therefore, in a fair way to be largely increased. This statement is also repeated by the correspondent of the *Independence Belf*, and Prussia certainly owes it to the civilized world to see that an invention so purely diabolical as the explosive ball should not, by any fault of hers, be brought to swell the horrors of war.

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Scientific American.

FOSTER BROTHERS.

WHY IS IT?

That through this dull season of the year, when other Dry Goods' Stores are empty, and their Clerks down stairs asleep,

WHY IS IT?

WE ASK, THAT

FOSTER BROTHERS'

GREAT NEW YORK CITY STORE

IS AS CROWDED AS EVER?

WHY IS IT?

That in spite of all the misrepresentations of High-priced Merchants, and their combined attempts to prejudice the public against us, why is it that people still come through all the dust and heat, for more than fifty miles around, to trade at our store? It is

BECAUSE

WE HAVE WRITTEN UPON OUR BANNERS,

DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES!

CHEAP GOODS AND NO DULL TRADE!

IT IS BECAUSE WE ARE FULFILLING OUR PROMISE TO SELL

Goods as Low in Terre Haute as in N. Y. City

RETAIL DRY GOODS.

TUELL, RIPLEY & DEMING'S

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ROTUND'S

BLACK AND WHITE.

We have probably the Largest and Best Assortment of these Goods in the State, and we will

CLOSE OUT THE ENTIRE STOCK

AT

HALF PRICE!

TUELL,

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AND

DEMING,

Corner Main and Fifth Sts.

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We fear NO Opposition.

We sell only GOOD Goods.