THE MARYLAND NEWS SHEET.

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TERMS

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BALTIMORE.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1861.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE MARYLAND NEWS SHEET will be issued daily from the office formerly occupied by the *Daily Exchange* and will be, as its name implies, simply a "News Sheet." It will furnish the latest intelligence as derived from the despatches of the Associated Press, by which it will be supplied in common with the New York journals; from its exchanges, and from such reliable private sources of information as it may be able to command. Expressing itself no opinions, it will devote its editorial columns to such extracts from other journals as may be deemed of interest to the public.

WAR AND OTHER NEWS.

Our special correspondence from Missouri affords interesting particulars of the fight at Lexington. Price's loss is here stated (and we have confidence in the impartiality and accuracy of our informant) at 42 killed and 32 wounded—the Federal loss at 172 killed, 237 wounded and 4,000 prisoners.

Gen. Price is said to have captured 4,000 stand of arms, 2,400 pistols, 1,200 sabres, 1,000 saddles and bridles, 870 horses, 7 pieces of cannon, 2 mortars and 4 howitzers. Money, amounting to $900,000, besides a large quantity of clothing, stores, and munitions, is said to have fallen into the hands of General Price. At Lexington there are said to be 30,000 State troops. A curious feature of the seige was the rolling and piling of hemp bales, and the capture of free negroes who took part in the fight.

General Martin Green has, it appears, seized the steamer Sunshine, with a Federal Guard, and Confederate prisoners, and a freight of blankets, arms, &c., and crossed the Missouri at Glasgow. Gen. Green has also positively denied that his troops have ever fired upon a train or bridge.

General Price's men are described as charging on Federal bayonets with shot guns, with six-inch knives fastened to the muzzles.

General Fremont is reported to be sending large reinforcements to Jefferson City, since the capture of Lexington; and it is asserted, on Federal authority, that General Prentiss and his command have been captured in Northern Missouri. Where McCulloch or Hardee is, no one knows.

From Romney we learn that near that place, on the 24th, a smart fight occurred. We cannot state the result with confidence—both sides claiming the advantage.

The occupation of Mason's, Munson's, Edsall's and Upton's heights seems not to excite enthusiasm among the Federal force. No Confederate troops or guns were found at those points, and their movement is regarded as a purely strategic one. The Washington *Star* declares that an attack from Beauregard is considered imminent.

The position of the Federal army is about the same as yesterday, there being no material change. The Confederates were throwing up fresh earthworks a mile and a half to the left of Falls Church, on an eminence commanding that village.

HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE.—Miss Western continues to attract large audiences to Holliday Street. Last nigh she appeared as the *French Spy*, a character peculiarly adapted to exhibit her powers as an actress.

THE MUSEUM.—Last night the tenor singer, Thos. Frazier, appeared at this place of amusement, and sang several songs in his best vein. The entire entertainment is excellent.

THE CONTINENTAL.—The manager is succeeding well in his efforts to make this place of amusement attractive, and this week offers a series of novelties which cannot but please its patrons.

Correspondence of the News Sheet.

From a private letter—dated, Wyoming, Pa., Sept. 27th—we learn that the most sunken and destructive flood in the West Branch of the Surquehanna since 1847. From the heavy rains of the 26th and 27th the river commenced rising, and by 10 o'clock P. M. it had reached sixteen feet.—It has about cleaned out the channel. There has passed below Williamsport about 50,000,000 feet of lumber in the log.

The boom holds some 20,000,000 feet, but the river is still rising and great fears are entertained. There is no communication with Lock Haven, but it is thought that the boom must have failed, and the loss is very severe.

From Paris Corr. N. Y. Tribune.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US IN FRANCE.

"You ask 'What do they think of us in France?' What I have already written is hardly more my own than common French opinion. Had you asked me a few months ago, I should have answered that the general, almost universal French sympathy was with the North. French folks then believed that the moral right, and the power and will to enforce it, were on the the side of the North. They then believed that the contest was to be a contest between Freedom and Slavery, and their sympathies and confidence in the result were with us.—Without preferring a charge of fickleness, for which there is no sound foundation against French public opinion, I must tell you that it tends toward, that it has already undergone, a considerable change.—And for this we have no one to blame, or credit, but ourselves. I think I can show some of the causes of it. But I should preface what I have to say on that head by remarking that I have speaking acquaintance, let alone intimate personal relations, with but an infinitesimal proportion of the 37,000,000 extant French folk; only in the last ten years, and specially within the last four months, I have read with some attention the newspapers, higher periodicals, and pamphlets in French print, so far as they relate to American affairs. I should also prefatorily state my absolute, calm conviction, resulting from conscientious observation, that if there could be to-day a mass meeting of the wisest and best Frenchmen, where a vote of sympathy and opinion on American affairs could be taken, that the cause of the United States would receive a large affirmative vote. But wise and good Frenchmen, I need not say, are like wise and good English or American men, in a minority. This is enough for preface.

"The United States Government has not declared itself against Slavery; hence a diminution of our moral sympathizers. It has declined to carry on the war as a war, that is, to do its utmost to withdraw from the enemy and to bring on to its own side four millions of Africans whom it might have made, if not its allies, the most dangerous and distracting enemies of the insurgents, but who remain their efficient auxiliaries; hence the surprise verging toward contempt of French military men and statesmen. The support, mind that I do not presume to say real, infirmity of purpose and flabbiness of administration of our Government, compared with the practically earnest, firm, energetic action of the South, has had its natural influence on French mind—not very familiar and still less impressed with subtle or sound interpretations of the U. S. Constitution. But, perhaps, more efficient and certainly more natural in its effects upon the opinions of the high and low vulgar, is the fact that in the only two rencontres between Northern and Southern troops which Europeans dignify with the title of battles, the Northern troops have been beaten. And all the Northern editors, satisfactory as they may be to home subscribers, do not essentially qualify their significance to foreign observers.

"Mind still, I am not defending the views of the latter. I am simply stating them. If the statement is disagreeable, don't mind it, of course; it is true, though. Our Minister here in Paris does his duty to the best of his ability, a gratifying contrast to his lazy sacred predecessor, and perfectly 'sound on the goose' and on the subdued American Eagle. His social influence, like that of most North Americans, is *nil*. The same may be said of the Southern Commissioners *per se*, but they have the advantage, apart from personal activity, of doing *per alium*. American-French Creoles, speaking the French language intelligibly, entering into French society by virtue of their manners, wealth and parentage, are seriously influencing it, and through it outside public opinion. They have done much to confirm and *exploit* an already sufficiently prevalent French notion (with its sequent natural French sympathy) that the secession States are mainly peopled by the descendants of the French and Spanish, by the Latin races, whose opposition to the North assimilates itself to the secular hostility of France to Anglo-Saxon England. * * *

"I have never breakfasted with the Emperor, nor with one of his ministerial clerks—not even with one of his or of their footmen or valets. But if that had been my habit, I should not be by one single item of the slightest importance better posted in respect of his Majesty's purposes in our affairs. In view of his notoriously close way of doing business, nothing, it seems to me, should seem to you so devoid of rational base as the imaginative hypotheses of American journalists respecting his material interference, with or without English conjunction, in our domestic quarrel. When I say nothing, I should except the purely sensation hypothesis of the American journals, that Prince Napoleon is in any, however indirect sort, his diplomatic agent in America. I should insult your common sense and your last ten years' reading of current French general and Napoleonic particular history by enlarging on this theme."

The reported discovery of a very ancient copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew, turns out to be a literary forgery. The manuscript was written by Dr. Simonidies, a Greek, who has been engaged in similar cheats before.

THE FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

The New York *Tribune* inaugurates the opening of the fall fashions with the following very readable article, evidently from the pen of a woman clever and observant.

From a long Summer slumber has the world of New York, after a few premonitory yawns, at last fairly awakened to its life of Autumn gaiety and its sense of Autumn's needs

Lazy modes reveille to its faithful army is uttered in thunder tones, and crinolinedom, well nigh distraught with all the horrors of war and rumors of war, has arisen happy, to be mustered en masse into the ranks of that tyrant against whose edicts there is no appeal.

For "society" there exists no sentiment in Autumn; for it there breathes no sighing whisper of "wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere;" no resonant required for the dying year can reach its ear as it moves along the brilliant Broadway pave or gathers in the reopened temples of dramatic art. Autumn's proverbial sadness is ignored; or, rather mockingly, the bier where lies its pallid corpse is hung with gorgeous drapings of purple and gold, amber and deep crimson, the hues of royalty, the cloud-tints of the season's sunset.

A few chilly morning and evening breezes from our old ocean's bosom, and faint hints of coming frosts upon the mountains, have destroyed watering-place enthusiasm, and homeward the march of Gothamites takes its way, the tide of being strongly surges in upon the beach of Broadway.

There is an observable sociability in the post meridian promenades of this Fall, for we miss the laughing eyes and sun-kissed faces of our Southern sisters from our midst, and in their stead we can only note the modest shyness of Northern country cousins on shopping thoughts intent. These regard with open-eyed wonder our city's festive gaiety, which war superficially seems to have rather increased than diminished. Truly, at present millinery eclipses military display.

The Fall "openings," with whose appointed Thursday the Fast day somewhat interfered, disclosed to expectant eyes more than their usual myriad of fantastic creations. It is to the selection of this crowning point of her attire that a woman's mind first addresses itself; the remainder of her costume she makes subservient to its demands, well knowing that,

"Of all the charms dear woman wears,
Of all her many traps and snares
For real effect, there's nought compares
With a truly pretty bonnet."

This year's importations are full of fresh surprises and abrupt combinations. In size they are much larger, with a flaunting width of brim most convenient for the stowing away of that *melange* of flowers and laces ordained by fashion. The fronts are somewhat pointed and depressed, a la Marie Stuart, than which nothing can be more becoming or piquant. One regrets, however, to see this mode carried to the extent of squareness, and the further adoption of a disfiguring and unmeaning frame of one-hued flowers instead of the graceful cornets or bewitching posies, capable of a jaunty disposal amid masses of mist-like blonde. Black enters most noticeably in the fashioning of head gear, added to every conceivable shade of bright colors—the aim appears to be to arrest attention by the most striking contrasts, and outvie in brilliancy the most gorgeous tints of our autumnal woods.—Feathers will be extensively employed as adornments for these dazzling compositions; leaves, presenting a polished steel surface, are novel and in favor; lace, except in floating barbes or upon evening hats, is slighted, while field-blossoms, cornblooms, and a mixture of "fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass" ornament many of the most stylish Autumn bonnets.

The ribbons in use are mostly in plain, solid colors, but of admirable quality. Lace veils in bewildering variety are offered to the selection of taste as an adjunct to the hat. During the dog-days the assumption of floating white lace *voilettes* was well-nigh universal; they are, however, hazardous. Only a lady, assured in the possession of high-bred beauty and unimpeachable freshness of complexion, may safely employ them as aids to both. Those of mixed black and white are not open to this objection; they heighten beauty or mellow imperfections, bestowing an Undine-ish mist to the features they shade. Veils are also to be obtained to match hat trimmings, some of black, with tiny purple dots, and white edges, being both ladylike and stylish. As a curiosity and a cobweb-like dainty, may be instanced the veils of Fayal lace, an article but lately imported, and still scarce in this country. They are netted from the fibres of the century aloe, are fine as a thought, and of fairy-like fragility in appearance.

In dress goods the most commendable feature is the ascendancy of plain colors over all the seductive possibilities of stripes, plaids, and intricacies of vines or flowers. We owe this to the indispensability of lavish trimmings and to the prevalence of gored skirts, for which large-patterned goods would be wholly inappropriate. In heavy silks, cloths, poplins, reps, or ottoman cloths for winter promenade dress, we observe some new and most desirable shades. The rich, dark browns are widely chosen by ladies of taste, and they serve as an admirable back-ground for the relieffs afforded by contrasting trimmings. Black predominates more than even in walking costume, lightened by quillings, flouncings, or puffings of French blue, maize, green, Solferino, *marguerite* or *ponceau*, the latter an exquisite shade of scarlet. For thick materials the gored skirt is universal, and its style of adornment legion; heavy black pipings define the seams, also broad plaitings, or double puckings; one wide flounce, or clusters of ruffles in waves follow the edge, while velvet bands of superlative richness and extreme breadth will form a style peculiarly *distingue* as the season deepens. We have suggestions of cloth walking dresses to be luxuriantly laden with furs, but that seems Siberian in consideration, while the Indian summer is yet in anticipation.

Plain coat sleeves invariably accompany the Paritan slimness of gored skirts, but they are agreeably diversified by monstrous puffs, which loudly demand the old-fashioned pillows of down used a generation or two ago to support their voluminous "leg of mutton" arm coverings.

The narrow, graduated, puffed sleeve of Mary of Scotland is extremely becoming to light and elegant figures, and is picturesque almost to affectation; the full open sleeve, which we owe to Anne Boleyn's desire to hide the sixth finger, which deformed her hand, still continues to be subjected to *la modes* modifications. The reign of floating, Sultana-like sleeve drapery is over for the time; even in evening attire, to which it was mostly devoted, it has been superseded by the quaint puffs of every variety. Parisian modistes, it would appear, have well nigh overtasked their brains in low compositions of toilettes; certainly some startling styles suggest insanity upon the part of their originators; they are madness made manifest; feverish vagaries becoming visible; and delirious dreams expressing themselves in countless gores and mazes of trimmings which sweep by us in the noontide's glare, or glisten in the gas-lights of Fifth avenuedom.

Amid the multitude, however, there are to be found characteristic hints from which every lady can select something appertaining to her own individuality. When this is disregarded, dress becomes indeed a matter of no moment, the extreme losing all significance as a symbol of the internal. One must not forget the universally added cape, which is so important a feature of walking costume, giving to it a sort of military and uniform character. These must yield their empire as the first days of Winter demand thick out-of-door wraps, and frost suggests furs.

For home wear, we have the charming plain silks which lie in rainbow-like heaps upon importers' counters; others, with dark grounds, are prettily relieved by small medallions of Solferino, crimson, or gold, or sprinkled with bright pompadour posies. Beside these, there has been a revival of changeable or shot silks, those translucent combinations so characteristic of highly sensitive nervous organizations, which should never be worn by stolid, unimpressible persons, but consecrated to the noble army of feminine martyrs to "nerves." One of these new old styles which seized upon attention was of a peculiar sea-green tint blended with a rosy gray; a silvery, scaly shimmer seemed to dissolve the hues, and the *toute ensemble* suggested the morning sun's rays glancing upon a dying dolphin's back, which, in its last agonies, displays these marvelously prismatic shades. Another gleamed in.

"A glory of gold and blue,
Whose changing wave like the sheen of a blade."

These silks are susceptible of most telling decorations by an admixture of the two colors formed in double *bouillonees*.

Evening dresses, whether for simple "at home" toilettes or for festive gatherings, exhibit a tendency toward the fantastic, and are as full of capricious conceits as costumes for a fancy ball. A few seasons ago, *tres decollete* robes, with floating sleeve drapery, predominated; then to trifles of bodices, lace-surmounted, were allowed suspicions of sleeves; shortly, sleeves were abolished, except so far as a narrow shoulder-strap, with frills of lace, shadowed an intention, and at present the sleeve is wholly done away with. The peasant-like corsage is finished with rucherings, or as often merely consists of a small pointed *ceinture*.

The end gained is that of tasteful modesty and picturesqueness of style—the necessary high-throated spencer being fashioned of exquisite lace, insertings, or *tulle*, with dainty puffings, and relieved by rich and entirely charming novelty of effect. To ladies deficient in *embonpoint*, it spares the exposure La Mode until lately most imperatively commanded as the penalty of full dress. Constructed of costly laces, these spencers are admissible joined to the most superb moires or costly velvets. For misses, fine *tulle* or tarletane dresses are made with waist and sleeves of the same, puffed and trimmed to match the skirt, and are worn with velvet *ceintures*, or sashes, fringed or embroidered.

These are a return to good taste and propriety of youthful beauty a virginal simplicity most refreshing in contrast to the thick satins and unyielding brocades, in whose folds too many unwieldy-fond mammas have thought fit to robe the slender forms of *debutantes* in society. Except for matrons of stately style the stiff pretentiousness of heavy silks, moire antique and velvets should be tabooed for evening wear. For dancing, gossamer robes are the only ones suitable.

There was something of fitness in stiff, crackling brocades as they rustled in the courtly minuet of yore, which dignified dames in pomp of powdered hair walked with regal reserve, led by cavaliers who bowed before them with prim obeisance, but for the giddy present-day polkas, the fierce German, the tarantula-like galop, one needs drapery light as the floating film of a sea-nymph's garb. Therefore let our Republican *demoiselles* relinquish moires and stand-alone taffetas to their chaperones, until the age of diamond *parures*, point lace and cashmeir shawls may be claimed by them. Youth, health and beauty need only their own priceless jewels, and they are more precious than any that glitter 'neath the plate-glass of Dall & Black, or Tiffany's show-cases.

Apropos of jewels, the latest novelty in the way of head ornament is to be found in the jeweled insects whose outspread wings flutter above flowers, or are used combined with velvet *bandeaux* or airy feathers. Flowers, also fashioned of gold filagree work, studded with jewels, are formed into brilliant wreaths; but these last are too costly except for the millionaires of our Republican Court. As a harmonious completion to the flimsy transparent *toilettes de soir*, every one at once admits the supremacy of flowers. These are worn in coronals, usually with a large rose or other *prononce* flower resting starlike above the forehead. Long ribbons, carelessly confining these *guirlandes*, are youthful and becoming.

A caprice of La Mode exhibits itself in a recent rage for peacock feathers as head-dresses, their mingled hues of green and gold producing a decided novelty of effect. Were it not for their inevitable association with fly-brushes, to the fashion might be accorded a sentimental sanction.

But those transatlantic dames who indulge in the flaunting bird's plumage dazzle one's gaze from their too close inspection by the assumption, in full toilette, of broad gold collars, instead of the dainty fairy craft of costly Point d'Alengon, or the first work of *dentelle de Bruxelles*. These ornaments are the *ne plus ultra* of folly's or fashion's freaks, and cannot fail of being received with favor in our country. Tiffany has the honor of first introducing them to American notice. They are wonders of handicraft, and are wrought in flat links, or open chain work, pliable enough to follow the curves of the snowy throat they caress, and are clasped with rare algrettes of diamonds or other jewels tastefully disposed. The lace which is thus deposed may be discovered arranged in foam-like ap nys upon the rounded edges of my lady's rich silk fan. Amid courtly trifles, there comes to us one full of significance, at this season especially: the *aumonere*, or alms-bag. It is a revival of a fashion appertaining to the Middle Ages, when each lady of the castle, with her own fair hands, distributed *largesse* to her dependents. At the French Court they are carried, made of silver or gold, fastened to the belt with ornamental chains; but far less pretentious and tasteful a pouch of velvet or morocco, beaded, braided, or otherwise ornamented, and depending by cords, will be found a convenient alms bag from which to draw those "mites" which may return laden with blessing "after many days."

Fashion, always fickle, this season proves herself faithful to the proverb, "*On revient toujours a nos premiers amours*"—that is on the matter of shawls. Let her fancy stray as it will after the allurements of mantles and cloaks, basques, and odd wraps, true at last she settles with tried affection upon the shawl, which, worn gracefully and handsome in itself, is of all outside garments the most comfortable, stylish, and becoming. American women, year by year, yield more and more to their fascination, to which foreigners are always subject, and many a leader of ton is now laying the foundation of a set of shawl to be handed down as heirlooms in the rising families of Republican aristocracy, growing more precious, as do but too few of this world's possessions, with the years that overshadow their mystic dyes. She were indeed lacking sensibility who could not truly confess a covetous admiration as she beholds outspread before her gaze some of these wonders of Eastern looms, rich in their riotous redundance of intricate borderings.—One puts the value of a modest homestead about one's shoulders as these foreign tressures fall in statuesque folds; but their wide spreading palm leaves, their oriental arabesques, speak a language to the fancy that is worth more than the ignoble handful of gold given for one's shawl, which is a spell also, and bears within those folds many a perfumed whisper of the far away.

Who shall declare dress trivial when, in its very excess, it obliges even unrecognizant natures to bear about with them such well-nigh fabulous wonders of handicraft that they may utter their own idyls to the soulfull by-passer? Any one who cannot *feel* lace as a sentiment full of delicate imagery and poetic significance, or recognize in India shawls the symbol of an exuberant, stilling, tropical weight of splendor, a regal wealth of lavishly expressed beauty, does not deserve to possess either.

However, for those to whom camel's hair or Persian striped shawls are impracticabilities, it is necessary to state that the long basques will still continue to be worn, but with military capes; as utility wraps they are to be recommended.

Some handsome shawls of cloth and heavy silk will be in vogue, trimmed with deep fur or lace, with bugle beadings, and furnished with hoods or capes to suit. Velvet is almost out of use, except in some few regal garments edged with costly furs. As for the furs themselves, they will undergo but slight changes in shape; sables are always fashionable and beautiful, as all costly articles grow to be to feminine vision; the small collars of fur introduced last winter are extremely pretty; made of ermine, with the small muff, they afford a dressy addition to a dark winter costume, and are particularly well adapted to young ladies. To be *bien gantee et bien chaussee* is a first toilette requirement of a French woman who understands the value of dress as an art. The high Congress boots, so much in favor, have yielded somewhat to the jauntybuttoned boot, with their clattering patter of saucy heels; Jeffers displays a fine article of this sort, made of heavy beaver-cloth, lined with deep crimson silk, slightly wadded and daintily quilted, which afford an exact response to the requirement of warmth and beauty. The high Balmorals have a sturdy, mountaineer expression, which speaks of roadside climbings rather than the smooth sunny sidewalks of our paved avenues. Carriage boots of fur-trimmed velvet whisper of gay winter gatherings and the chill of January overcome; skating boots summon visions of the Central Park ice pond, and from them spring like magic the fancifully attired form of a gracefully gliding skatress. Dancing *pantonfles* are manufactured and imported in bewildering variety: soft rosy nests of satin lace adorned; azarline blue enrought with pearls, and white with golden tags shining amid the most puzzling French intricacies of pullings and rosettes.

Modest, tasteful black satin slippers, with quaint high heels and sparkling *marguisette* or gold ornaments, are the acme of style and ton. French ladies, be it known, but seldom employ colored shoes, except for fancy dress or toilette slippers, black satin being the "only wear" for usual evening dress or even dancing costume, but to the changing caprices of American damsels every hue is consecrated.

In gloves, those with two buttons are *en regle*, and they are imported so extensively that every shade of dress may be suitably matched. One no longer beholds the abomination of inharmonious contrasts "intermediate distance" between the wrist and the agreeably contrast, may and must be found, and these, worked in colors or black, having the wrist defined by narrow *volants* of pinked kid, appear as if made to order to suit any possible robe and its garniture. An effort is being made to introduce bright flame-colored gloves in promenade costume, but it will be restricted, we opine, to the fast few to whom red silk hose would appear practicable.

One of the slanders perpetrated upon our nation is that the gloves manufactured for the American trade are obliged to be numbered at least half a size below the true French or English standard. They never that no American lady will confess to the possession of a hand requiring beyond a six-and-a-half, so that the glove makers good-naturedly favored their delusion, French interest and American vanity effecting at once an ingenious and amusing compromise.

Lest in this season of national distress the foregoing record may appear frivolous and ill timed, let us, in conclusion, beg to impress upon the minds of the world of womankind the fact that to dress well does not necessarily imply to dress expensively, for with the present cheapness of every article of a lady's wear, the most refined tastes may be gratified at comparatively trifling cost, while, with the magic aid of sewing-machines and the guide of Demorest's unrivaled charts and patterns, every lady of ingenuity may be her own modiste. To those who are lifted beyond the influence of monetary crises we would say, "be lavish in casting abroad the wealth intrusted to your keeping, and at the outset of an inevitably hard winter resolve that all luxuries shall be productive of benefit to the needy artizans and workmen of our metropolis."

Truly could some of the ennuied, listless loungers of Upper-Tendon cast aside their daily donothingness, and, by risking fatigue or the possible shock of over-sensitiveness of nerve, allow themselves an inspection of manufactories whence their necessary or luxurious articles of apparel issue, they would be unconsciously roused from thoughtlessness, and their energy quickened.

The sense of strong life lying *perdu* beneath that oil upon the waters—Society—whereon their barks float, life stripped of gew-gaws, lusty, laboring, sentient, suffering life, would awaken new impulses, open to them a new vein of thought to many who now only know the *couleur de rose* horizon with which gold has bounded existence for them.

NOMINATIONS IN HARFORD COUNTY.—The Peace Party of Harford county have nominated the following gentlemen on their county ticket:

House of Delegates—H. D. Fernandis, Wm. B. Stephenson, Dr. Joshua Wilson.

Judge of Orphans' Court—John P. Dallam.

For County Commissioner—James A. Fulton, N. H. Nelson, Daniel Martin, C. C. House, John F. Galbreath.

Sheriff—William Young.

County Surveyor—John Clark.

BURIAL OF THE LAST VICTIM OF THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE DISASTER.—The funeral of Miss Zela Gale, the last of the four sisters who met with their death from the effects of the injuries they received at the Continental Theatre on the night of the 14th of this month, during the performance of the spectacle of the "Tempest," took place yesterday afternoon, from the residence of Mr. William Wheatley, Ninth street, above Vine.

Before the hour announced for the funeral to take place, the neighborhood was thronged with a large concourse of people—mostly females—a great number of whom besieged the steps of the house and eagerly sought to obtain admission.

As on the former occasions, at the hour named, the doors were opened, and those who were desirous of obtaining a glimpse of all that remained mortal of the unfortunate girl were permitted to enter in small groups, and after viewing the body pass out through the rear entrance of the house.

The corpse was dressed with garlands and wreaths. The Rev. Mr. Durburrow, of the Church of the Evangelist, performed the funeral ceremonies according to the Episcopal rites. The body was then conveyed by pallbearers to the hearse.—The carriage containing Mr. Wheatley, his wife and Mrs. Gale, followed, with a train of carriages in the rear. The body was committed to the grave by the side of her other sisters, at the Mount Moriah Cemetery.—*Philadelphia Ledger, Sept. 30.*

The genius of adoptiveness is displayed in various degrees by different nations or races, and in a paper read lately before the Royal Society of Great Britain, Mr. J. Crawford drew the following interesting contrast between the European and all other people of the globe, with respect to the trait above named. He said "the races of Asia, and it afforded incontestible evidence of inexpansiveness and inaptitude, had borrowed little from Europe. There were only two notable exceptions, firearms and tobacco, but they rejected the printing press, and rarely used the mariner's compass. The European races, on the contrary, had borrowed freely from every country that had anything good to give.—From Asia the list of our adoption was large, including cotton and silk and their manufacture, paper, distillation, sugar, tea, coffee, spices and opium, besides that valuable acquisition, the domestic fowl. To America we owed the potatoe, maize, the chinchona, tobacco, the turkey, and to Asia and America all our most valuable dyes.—From Africa we had palm oil, the gallini and the ass. But none of the races of these countries had adopted from us."

The Courrier Des Etats' Unis states that the Emperor Napoleon has recently made an investment in real estate in Rome. The purchase embraces that portion of Mount Palestine comprised by the Garden Farnese, and includes the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. This famous "corner lot" was until lately the property of the King of Naples.

STATEMENT OF TH MURDERER OF MAJOR EWIN.

Lannahan, the murderer of Major Arnold Lewis, soon after he committed the deed, made the following statement;

"I was born in Ireland, in the county of Tipperary; I am twenty-three years old; have a mother and seven brothers; no father or sisters living. My mother lives with two of my brothers, near Syracuse, N. Y.; the names are Patrick and David. My other brothers are named Michael, who is at work in Danville, Pa.; Thomas, at Scranton, Luzerne county, Pa.; William, near Pittsburg, Pa., in Brownstown, Allegheny county; Richard, who is in the 5th United States Artillery, battery A, stationed at Washington; James, who lives in England, and is a mine My brother Patrick, and the youngest one, Paul, are with my mother at Syracuse. As I have aid, I have helped to support my mother from my wages, while at work at the rolling mills and while in the army.

I had no motive for shooting the Major. I blame the Captain of my company (Fitzgerald) more than I do the Major. The Captain reported to the Major that I had been in two fights that day, and was always disorderly. I had but one trouble that day. It was with one of my comrades. He gave me some talk, and I kicked him. This was after I had paid fifty cents for a canteen of whiskey at a brick house just above the Union House, in Rockville. The whiskey made me mad. The Major ordered me to be tied to a wagon. After I found that I was tied, I know noting more than getting myself loose, grasping a musket from a comrade, loading it from my own catouch box, and firing it at the Major. I had noting against him. I never knew him before he ordered me to be tied. The whiskey made me mad. Am more sorry for him than I am for myself. (Here the prisoner wept profusely.) I know my fate, and am ready and deserve to receive it; but I should like to see my brother Richard before I die. I have nothing to send to my mother. She wrote to me five weeks ago, and said she wanted me at home. I am not in the habit of getting intoxicated very much. Liquor has the effect of making me crazy. The fifty cents I paid for the whiskey has cost me my own life and that of another, whom life I hold more than my own. A comrade and my brother Thomas will tell all I have to say. Fathr Doherty has been here. He came from Rockville.

Lannahan has been at work in an iron rolling mill in Scranton, Pa. He enlisted in the Eighth Pennsylvania three months regiment. He re-enlisted.

GREAT FIRES IN LONDON.—If London were not so immense a city, traversed by a river, and checkered by wide thoroughfares, the conviction would be forced upon us that it is fated to be consumed by fire, so extensive and so frequent are the burnings. The ruins of Jotton's wharf were still smouldering, when, on the opposite bank, adjoining Saint Magnus, at the base of the monument designed to commemorate the fire of 1666, a like fatality threw Lower Thames street into consternation, and all the district of immense shops which extends from London Bridge to the Tower Bridge, deep buildings six stories high, warehouses of tea, sugar and other foreign product, situate at Numbers 125 and 126 Lower Thames street, near London Bridge, were reduced to ashes. Near the monument are hotels, at which travelers arriving by the steamers lodge. As soon as the alarm of danger in this vicinity was announced, the guests fled helter-skelter, carpet-bag in hand, causing the most frightful confusion in that crowded quarter. The firemen came from all points of the city, and very soon the floating engine of Southwark Bridge was in motion. From four o'clock till ten, the firemen exerted themselves to subdue the fire, which burst over the shops in immense flames. But even when the fire was mastered, the ravages were fearful. Numbers 125 and 126 Lower Thames street were destroyed. The Puddick restaurant was seriously damaged, as well as Keeling & Hunt's fruit store, in King's Head Court. Mrs. Puddick's house in Lower Thames street, and the book store of Mr. Knott on Fish Street Hill, were much injured. But the police succeeded in restraining the crowd, and arresting accident.

While Lower Thames street was burning, an even more terrible fire ravaged Oak Lane, Limehouse. Three times in twelve years have these buildings been consumed. The fire began at two o'clock in the morning, at a trunk maker's. The great quantity of wood accumulated in the yard and saw-rooms abundantly fed the flames, which soon seized the adjoining building, and all the efforts of the firemen, with their numerous running engines and the stationary steam engine at Rotherhithe, seemed ineffectual. The ground gained such headway that the blaze could be seen from all parts of the metropolis. The Thames, in which the flames were reflected, glowed as a river of liquid gold, and the forest of masts seemed on fire. All the church steeples were so brightly illuminated that the policemen at remote points could not clearly discern in what district the fire was.

THE BOURBON BROTHERS.—The *Italia* publishes two Bourbonist proclamations printed at Rome. The first is addressed by "The Neapolitans to the Sicilians," and starts from the rather questionable axiom that "the Neapolitans and Sicilians have always lived together as brothers," which may be true if the writer thereby means that brothers sometimes hate each other most cordially.

"We had," the document continues, "a series of sovereigns who always had our welfare in view, and raised our country to such a degree of prosperity and riches, as to leave us nothing to envy other nations for; a powerful navy which carried our commerce to the farthest shores; a frank and open policy which never flinched before the Powers that wanted to make might conquer right," &c.

For all these boons, so long concealed from the eyes of a benighted world, the writer's word must be taken; he nevertheless argues therefrom that both Sicilians and Neapolitans must rise in order to chase the enemy and reinstate Francis II. on the throne. This document, dated Naples, August 22, is signed, "The Committee of Naples, O. S. Q. G. D.," probably the initials of the emphatic "Ordine Sovrano" proclamation. It begins with the following "Sicilians! Neapolitans! Ever always beat in unison, we have always had the same wishes, the same ardent sighs," &c.—a startling assertion to those who are well versed in Neapolitan and Sicilian history. The same style is continued throughout, the present government being called "a cruel tyranny," which "loads the country with chains in the name of liberty." This is dated Palermo, 25th ult., and is signed, "The Filial Committee of Sicily, N. G. L. S. C."

A WONDERFUL DOG.—At Aldershott camp there is a large spaniel belonging to a sergeant in the Royal Artillery, who has been taught by his master, during tedious days of camp life, to perform tricks that are almost marvelous. The dog is perfect in his drill, marching slow, quick, and at the double, in obedience to the word of command. After he had been put through his paces, his master called him up and asked his opinion of the various regiments on the ground. "Were the Plungers the best corps?" No sign of approval. "Were the 42d foot?" Silence on the part of the dog. After going over half a dozen names, the master asked, exactly in the same tone as that in which he had put the previous questions, the dog's opinion of the Royal Artillery. He instantly broke out into joyous barking, jumping about and rolling. The sergeant then called for three cheers for the King of Prussia—no sounds; three cheers for the King of Naples—a low growl; three cheers for the Emperor of Austria—silence again; three cheers for the Queen of England—such a volley of resounding barks that echoed again!

A STRANGE LAW.—A law against obtaining husbands under false pretences, passed by the English Parliament in 1770, enacts—That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree—whether virgins, maids or widows, who shall impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's male subjects by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and the marriage under such circumstances, upon conviction of the offending party, shall be null and void.

MARRIED.

At the Parsonage, on the 26th ultimo, by Rev. F. D. Owen, GEORGE W. PIERCE, of Baltimore, to Mrs. ELIZABETH S. BOND, of Washington.

On the 25th ultimo, by Rev. Mr. Harmond, JISAC KIRKWOOD, of Baltimore, to Miss MADORA W. ARNOLD, of Anne Arundel county.

DIED.

At Homeland, Baltimore county, on Sunday night, 29th September, MARY, wife of David M. Perine, in the 65th year of her age.

On Wednesday, September 25th, 1861, JAMES GEORGE, youngest son of James and Isabella Duncan, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 29th ultimo, ANN LONG, wife of Michael Long, in the 74th year of her age. May she rest in peace.

HEALTH OFFICE, Baltimore, Sept. 30, 1861.

Report of Deaths in the City of Baltimore, for the week ending Monday morning.

Apoplexy 1; cancer 1; childbed 1; cholera morbus 1; colic 1; convulsions in head 3; drowned 3; dysentery 2; erysipelas 1; catarrhal fever 2; intermittent fever 1; scarlet fever 2; inflammation of bowels 1; inflammation of brain 4; old age 4; unknown infantile 6; whooping cough 2—total 31.

Under 1 year, 15; between 1 and 2, 7; between 2 and 5, 8; between 5 and 10, 8; between 10 and 15, 6; between 15 and 20, 6; between 20 and 30, 7; between 30 and 40, 11; between 40 and 50, 8; between 50 and 60, 1; between 60 and 70, 6; between 70 and 80, 4; between 80 and 90, 1; between 90 and 100, 1; above 100, 0. Still-births 3.

Males 41, females 33. Of which number 17 were colored persons—15 free; 1 slave. By order,

CHAS. H. BRADFORD, Commissioner of Health

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