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THE BULLETIN. TERMS OF THE DAILY BULLETIN: (Subscription.) One year by carrier, in advance, \$5.00

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DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET. For Treasurer and Collector, WILLIAM MARTIN.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET. For Surveyor, JOHN P. HELY.

THE RADICAL PAYMASTER in Washington whose defalcations are the latest discovery in that line, has a tender parent, who paid the \$20,000 steal for his errand son, and bought concealment of his family's disgrace.

SAYS A LATE NEW YORK DISPATCH: "The last issue of a certain weekly pictorial paper published in this city contains a large cut representing H. H. Sweney and Connolly, in convict dress and heavily manacled. The police, by direction of Mayor Hall, seized the whole edition."

AND NOW WE are on the eve of the discovery of another fraud, even one in which Senator Morton of Indiana, is implicated. It seems that when this shining light of radicalism presented claims to the treasury department for the use of boats in the federal service, the claims were paid and Governor Morton's receipts taken for payment in full. So far, so good. But how will it be explained to a patient people that the claims were again presented and again honored? Senator Morton is a poor orphan and has no father to step forward and settle his difficulties with the government as the father of the most recently discovered defaultering paymaster did. Just now, there appears no escape for the honored senator but to make a clean breast of the whole matter.

THE MURDER OF GENERAL CLANTON in Knoxville, Tenn., by Col. Nelson of that city, is another fearful example of the evils of intemperance, a phrase which, though it has become trite by use, is sometimes, as in the present case, pregnant with meaning. The sin of drunkenness goes on all around us—men continue day after day the indulgence of an appetite for the intoxicating draught, and no harm is done except the constant sorrow which is felt, but nearly always hidden, by the poor victims around the hearthstone. Their trouble is real and tangible, although pride and self-interest and pitying love and other motives compel concealment. But occasionally community is startled by the commission of a deep and deadly crime, and behold, on looking for the cause, the demon of strong drink reveals itself, a very devil of deceit. Under the semblance of good fellowship and pleasant companionship, it creeps into the brain and sparkles in the eye and quivers on the lips, and when it has enveloped its victim and made him its own, it transforms him into an agent for the destruction of his fellow-man.

the dreadful example does not induce men to shun the cause. It exerts a transitory influence, perhaps, but it is only transitory. The effects of the terrible deed cease to be remembered, but the pleasures of wine always surround those ready to be tempted. This is a truth startlingly demonstrated to society by the occurrence of such unprovoked murders as General Clanton by Col. Nelson. And since it is so, the question arises: if a deed which carries with it such fearful consequences is committed while the perpetrator is under the influence of strong drink, should the crime go unpunished on that account? Heretofore it has been the inclination of society to regard the drunken slayer of his kind with a feeling of pity. But the sentiment is giving way to one of more considerate justice to the murdered victim. When it has been proven that a man is insane, he is secured from doing harm to his friends and the public, and the community that would fail to do this would justly merit the censure of the world. If it is shown that a man commits a deadly murder while in an irresponsible condition by his own fault, by what course of reasoning can it be shown that he should not only go whipped of justice, but that he should also be regarded with sympathy and treated with tender consideration? Whether the assassin is a New York rough, as in the case of Foster, or a southern gentleman as in the case of Col. Nelson, the deed is the same, and calls for the same punishment. Drunken ruffianism which leads to murder should not be tortured into an excuse for the crime. The kindness which regards with leniency the living assassin is deliberate cruelty to the murdered dead. Under its influence the forms of law become a dead letter; while it inflicts no punishment for past offenses, it interposes no check to the future commission of similar crimes.

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SHORT NOTES.

Dayton, Ohio, is trying its luck on an illustrated family and fashion paper. For the last few weeks, the Memphis papers have been singularly free from their usual load lines of "Horrible Murders."

A lady visitor at Vassar college has discovered that one of the drawbacks to access in that institution is a superfluity of white kid gloves, gold bracelets and earrings of the latest style, and a lack of flannel petticoats, warm dresses and thick shoes—in fact that the girls shiver in fashionable dress while they try to master the principles of a practical and scientific education.

The mutual admiration society of Titon and Woodhull is mutual no longer—it has become a tris by the accession of Senator Carpenter of Wisconsin, who guests in this wise in a letter to Titon: "I admire your independence of thought and the brilliancy of your genius. I love you for the utter recklessness of consequences with which you adhere to what you believe to be just, and the valor with which you defend the irrefragable conclusions of right reasoning."

The census of 1860 shows that the deaths from consumption are twice as frequent in Minnesota as they are in Georgia. While the dryness of the temperature is favorable to a state of general healthfulness, it appears that the extreme and constant cold of its winters is fatal to consumptives who have passed the first stages. "In short, there seems to be no sovereign balm for consumption in Minnesota. The Young Men's Christian Association of St. Paul has found it necessary to take in charge the burial of the unfortunates, invalids that flock there in the vain hope of a climate cure."

Polino, of the Chicago Times, travelling with the late railroad excursionists, of whom Gen. Grant was one, thus does up the chief magistrate of the nation: "The second day out, there came into the forward cars a short, thick set man with shoulders a trifle rounded, and encased in an unpretending suit of brown. He wore a silk hat, up to which he had pushed himself until his further passage had been stopped by his ears. His beard was full, somewhat long and sandy; his lower jaw broad; his features above not massive and regular, his eyes blue, partly closed and rather pleasant in expression. His face was unlined and his complexion was somewhat feeble and his attitude such as if he feared to trust himself far from anything to which he could cling with his hands."

As he came into the car with his weak step, uncertain posture—as if he were liable to tumble—a shadowy smile touched his lips, and his blue eyes lighted with a good-natured gleam, with his hat driven well down over his eyes, and his hands clinging to the railing, if the cars were to stop for the world like some semi-idiotic old bummer just issuing from a corner grocery with his key full, and his expression one of good-natured deprecation of his appearance and his condition.

The prevalence of devastating fires in so many of the towns on the Pacific Slope is causing general alarm. The long summer-dry unit they become almost as inflammable as tinder. In the mining districts where water is generally scarce and the fire departments feeble and defective, the liability to conflagration is very great. Some towns have been meeting to devise measures to check the ravages of fire.

CURRENT NEWS. Smallpox is increasing in Brooklyn. Reinforcements have been sent to Utah. Several malignant cases of diphtheria are reported at Springfield, Ill.

It is nearly certain that the ambassador from France to Washington will be M. de Touqueville, nephew of the famous author of that name. Ole Bull continues seriously ill in Maine, and his friends fear that he may not recover, owing to his age and his recently impaired constitution.

Mrs. Celia Barleigh, widow of the late Wm. H. Barleigh, will be ordained to the work of the ministry in the United Church of Christ, on the 15th inst. at 10 o'clock. The devil is said to have made his appearance in Greenville, Ind., in full costume, horns, hoofs, and all, yet he seems to be recognized as a familiar acquaintance.

The Paris Commune, during their short reign, burned the guillotine; but Henderson, the chief executioner for Paris, has been commissioned to make another—this time of iron.

The Messrs. Darwin, sons of the famous English naturalist, have lately made their tour of California and Yosemite, and, after a short visit in the Atlantic States, will return to England. A man named Isaac Smith, who had just returned from a visit to Natchez, died in Cincinnati of yellow fever on Saturday. Owing to prompt sanitary measures, there is no fear of the disease spreading.

The New Albany Standard says: "Two will fight in New Albany, Ind., not Metropolitan, when two women walk into a fashionable saloon in the central part of the city and order drinks for a couple?"

During the thunder storm which burst over Paris on Monday evening, September 6th, says the Journal de Paris, "the electric fluid struck the newly arrived elephant in the Jardin des Plantes, and killed it instantaneously."

The Freshmen (classic) class of Yale College, at the coming session, will contain about one hundred and fifty students, and in the scientific department over sixty students. Some sixty applicants have been made for admission to the theological school of Yale.

The New York Academy of Medicine has adopted resolutions taking ground with Judge Bedford in support of an amendment of the statute making abortion manslaughter in the first degree. The Grand Jury of Brooklyn has ordered the arrest of one Dr. J. Davis for abortion.

Professor Wilber was carried up to the height of a mile, while clinging to the ropes of his balloon, in Paoli, Ind., when he got his hold and came whirling to the ground. He was crushed to an indistinguishable mass. The Professor's young wife and little daughter witnessed the terrible affair.

The cheerful parishioners of Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, Mass., made him a present of a cemetery lot the other day. The presentation speeches were very affecting. The spokesman of the donors said he hoped their beloved pastor would find the gift a useful one, and the pastor tearfully thanked them, and probably would if he stayed in that region much longer.

At a meeting of Cubans in New York Sunday night, to make preparations for the celebration of Cuban independence on October 10, it was resolved to make the event as imposing as possible, and to this effect an appeal was issued to all Cubans in the United States to contribute liberally for the celebration. A gentleman who has arrived in New York from Havana contradicts all the previous reports of the quelling of the insurrection, the arrival of Spanish troops, etc. He says there is no thought of surrender among the Cubans.

THE MONT GENIS TUNNEL. OPENING CEREMONIES—GRAND BANQUET. A TRIP THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

At 6:30 o'clock this morning, the first train carrying the commission appointed to inspect the Mont Genis tunnel, to meet the French commission, left the station of Turin. The train consisted of about twenty carriages. Among the company were Signor Visconti Venosta, Signor De Vincenzi, the minister of public works; Signor Nello, who had just arrived from the bedside of a son who is dangerously ill; Signor Castagnoli, the Italian engineer, the president of the chamber of deputies, a large number of senators and deputies, and the mayors of the principal Italian cities. All the guests were in evening dress. All along the line and at the intermediate stations, crowds of peasants from the neighboring villages, with hands playing the royal air, greeted the train. At 10:30 the train entered the tunnel at Bardonecchia amid enthusiastic cheering. The tunnel was traversed in twenty-one minutes precisely. All the carriages kept the windows open, there being no smoke at all. The train arrived at Modane at 11, and there found M. Lofrauc, M. de Serres, and the members of the French commission. M. de Renuat is expected this evening. At the station, the ministers entered into conversation. The French minister and Chevalier Nigra then got into the royal carriages. The engines were decorated with Italian and French flags, and the train left Modane at 12. At Bardonecchia, the train carried 900 other guests who had come from Turin. We all marched in procession to an immense pavilion, where a banquet took place. The pavilion, 400 metres long, was elegantly decorated with flags and other ornaments. The banquet was served in the best style, and was worthy of all praise. It was, in fact, splendid.

The first train left Bardonecchia for Turin at 6 o'clock. At all the stations along the line the country people, with lighted torches, cheered lustily, bands playing and flags waving. On the Italian and French ministers arriving at the station at Turin, they were loudly cheered by the immense crowds which had collected. The railway station was splendidly illuminated, and there were representatives of Italy and France shaking hands before the tunnel. The whole city is illuminated with much taste and splendor.

A TRIP THROUGH THE TUNNEL. Correspondence of the London Times. I confess I felt some compunction about the struggle myself, as it is the Alps, before the great dark thoroughfare cut through the heart of the great mountain chain had been hallowed, as it were, by the opening ceremony. I had made up my mind to get over the Col de Prejus or the Col de la Borne, from Modane to Bardonecchia, in my own old way, and had ordered mules for that purpose. But, alas! my mules, I have been my last Alpine journey. They were, however, not even mules to be found at Modane, and my companions were not equal to a seven-hour's walk up and down hill, so nothing was left but a seat in the Fell railway omnibus, a detestable and discreditable concern, in which, as our experience on the St. Michel to Modane had proved, when they were not to be used, the "paradise of Europe." The transition is generally from gloom to glare, from night chill to morning warmth. "The very horses and other cattle," as it has often been observed, "feeling the general change, and they usually cheer up and frisk and gambol, and testifying by their neighing, whinnying, bellowing, and whinnying, which they hail in the prospect of the fair region before them, the reward of the toils they endured in the long, weary ascent on the other side." The ascent is almost everywhere rapid, abrupt, precipitous. Life grows around you at every downward stride; at the altitude where stunted vegetation only marks the line between the French, Swiss, or Austrian side, the chestnut and the walnut, in all their luxuriance, fill the Italian glen. The fir-tree shades the humblest cottage almost up to the mountain crest, and where the brown and sere surface of the soil at this advanced season strikes you as an unaccounted barrenness you may see on a narrow approach that the effect is produced by the public of the small patches of field, alternated with the small patches of vineyard, cultivated by the hardy mountaineers on crags and cliffs, where one would almost fancy the very goat would fear to venture.

But, after all, you cannot avoid your descent into the valley, and the Italian side of our purpose is coming all the way from London to this place was to know how one could manage to accomplish the journey without seeing the mountains we had to cross, and that was done in as simple a way as one might get from the Charming Cross to the Temple station of the London underground railway. When we were all ready, Valvassor gave the signal, some one called out "Partenza," the engine's shrill whistle, and away we rolled with the most beautiful success; Regaldi chatting away in his warm, sloping manner; at first passing the glow-worm-like lanterns of men still at work late in dark deep silence, till after thirty minutes we emerged into daylight at the opposite entrance. At half past one, half an hour before we were in France. We were now on Italian ground. Our carriage was last in the line, and as the engine worked backward we were close to it. Both our windows were wide open and we had not the least imaginable inconvenience from smoke or steam. There was no perceptible difference between the two sides and the outside air, and one of my companions slumbered through nearly the whole distance. The fact that the engine was in our rear was certainly in our favor, but the unanimous evidence of all who had come through in the morning went far to establish that no unpleasant sensation, and the difference of temperature could only be detected by Valvassor's glass, which marked a few degrees of additional warmth in the tunnel. The highest degree attained in to-day's journey has been 18 degrees centigrade. Gratton's glass is a previous trip one or two degrees more triumphant success than has in every respect crowned this great work could hardly have been anticipated by its most sanguine well-wishers. Our pace throughout the crossing seemed fairly rapid and even, and the time employed, both in the up and down journey of 17 miles and eight English miles, was precisely 55 minutes, but the average time allowed to the trains when the line shall be in full operation is calculated at 20 minutes.

RELICS OF ANTIQUITY. THE IDOL FOUND IN BARTOW COUNTY. [From Atlanta, Ga., Plantation, Sept. 10th.] It is only within the last few days that we have had an opportunity of seeing the idol recently plowed up near the farm of Colonel Lewis Tullin, in Bartow county, as we are informed, this idol was found near the residence of the late Mr. Tullin.

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exhibition in the rooms of the Young Men's Library Association, in this county. The idol is fifteen inches tall and weighs thirty three and a half pounds. It is cut out of a soft talc rock, color of black on the outside. It is designed to represent a female deity. It is in a sitting posture—the legs drawn down under the body—the arms broken off.

Some years since a similar idol was found on Col. Tullin's place, near the same locality. That was smaller than the one recently found, being only twelve inches in height. It is thus described by Colonel Jones, in his work on "the Monumental Remains of Georgia." "It (the idol) consists of a human figure on a sitting posture; the knees drawn up, almost upon a level with the chin; the hands resting on either knee. Retreating chin and forehead—full head of hair, gathered into a knot behind, face unpaired, eyes angular."

The description of the features given by Colonel Jones agrees well for the recently found idol. The posture of the knees and arms differ. These idols are evidently not of Indian origin. The Cherokee did not worship idols, but the Great Spirit. The features are not Indian. The Indians could give no account of the mound, near which these idols were found. They, evidently, are the Mound Builders, an extinct race of men who preceded the Indians in their occupation of this country.

The fact of two of these idols having been found near the same locality, and near the base of the large mound, on Col. Tullin's place, indicates that a thorough exploration of that mound, might throw much light on an obscure portion of human history.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. With its gummy attendants, low spirits, dejected mien, loss of memory, and threatened impotence and sterility, it is a terrible scourge. It is cured by Dr. F. M. Stockfleth's Nervous Debility. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

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