

Daily Evening Bulletin

GIBSON PRAGCOCK, Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher.

VOLUME XX,---NO. 38.

PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1866.

DOUBLE SHEET, THREE CENTS.

EVENING BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING.

(Sundays excepted.)

THE NEW BULLETIN BUILDING,
607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

"Evening Bulletin Association,"
PROPRIETORS,
GIBSON PRAGCOCK, ERNEST G. WALLACE,
F. L. FETHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIAMSON,
GASPER SOUBBE, JR., FRANCOIS WELLS.

The Bulletin is served to subscribers in this city at 10 cents per week, payable to the carrier; in the city at 12 cents per week.

MARRIED.

SAYLOR-COLE.—At Panama, Pa., May 17th, 1866, by Rev. H. R. G. Taylor, M. D., M. A. Alice S., daughter of George W. Cole.

DIED.

KETH.—On Sunday, the 20th instant, Washington Keth, in the 63rd year of his age.
Her male friends and those of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., at 10 o'clock, from her late residence, No. 144 Spruce street.

KINGSTON.—On the 19th inst., J. A. E., wife of the late H. Kingston, died in the 70th year of her age. The funeral will be held on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., at 10 o'clock, from her late residence, No. 144 Spruce street.

MARRIED.

WILLIAMS.—At Philadelphia, Pa., May 17th, 1866, by Rev. H. R. G. Taylor, M. D., M. A. Alice S., daughter of George W. Cole.

DIED.

KETH.—On Sunday, the 20th instant, Washington Keth, in the 63rd year of his age.
Her male friends and those of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., at 10 o'clock, from her late residence, No. 144 Spruce street.

GREAT CONFLAGRATION IN NEW YORK.

Total Destruction of the Academy of Music.

BURNING OF THE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Destruction on Third Avenue, 14th and 15th Streets.

TERRIBLE SCENES.

LOSS OF LIFE.

Statements of Sufferers.

From To-day's N. Y. World.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock last night a fire was discovered burning under the parquette of the Academy of Music. The smoke first noticed on the north side of the building, near the Irving place entrance. An alarm was at once given, and promptly responded to by the Fire Department.

The fire spread rapidly, and the flames gained so rapidly that the firemen were driven from the interior of the Academy, and it is feared that several of the firemen were unable to extricate their lives, and were buried under the ruins. The flames then spread so rapidly that in a few moments the whole of the interior was a mass of roaring, seething flames. The brick heave blowing at the time caused the fire to burn more furiously, and it was found that it would be impossible to save the building.

The restaurant of John F. Lyng, No. 6 Irving place, also took fire, as did all the dwelling houses on East Fifteenth street, and the contents were almost entirely destroyed.

The free chapel of Grace Church, a beautiful building on the south side of Fourteenth street, was on fire several times, but by application of copious streams of water, it was hoped the building would be saved.

The Hippo-theatrum, on the south side of Fourteenth street, was in great danger. All the live stock were removed, their frightened antics causing great amusement to the assembled crowd.

The piano factory of Worcester & Co., on the northeast corner of Fourteenth street and Third Avenue, was also on fire, and it is feared that the building will be destroyed.

The missing firemen are Foreman David Waters, of Engine Company No. 5, and the Fireman William L. Morris, No. 13. They were both on the stage with the pipe of the engine, when the great rush of flames surprised them, and they were unable to make their escape, and it is therefore feared they were killed by the flames.

The fire spread to the eastward, and the streets which pealed with their musical laughter, as they jaunted, gaily towards their homes, were hushed into silence. Hence the remark—"There's nothing strange about it."

On the corner of Seventeenth street and Irving place, however, something is occurring which certainly strikes as "strange" such strangers as may happen to be passing that point—for they stop and gaze and make inquiries. Half a dozen men are working rapidly about something that puffs and hisses, and sprays, but seems intent on making as little noise as possible. This is a dry portion of the wood-work of the building, and the flames which are here are burning as brightly as elsewhere.

haunt the regions of saloons of gin and vice ready to pounce upon the drunken prey.

The people in all the vicinity were on horse-top contemplating the scene, and everywhere the busy freedom tolled on. This morning a mass of ruling courts the eye, where so recently caressed the goddess of song. No efforts could save the doomed structure.

The wardrobe belonging to the stockholders of the building, and valued at \$100,000, was destroyed, as was that also of Mr. Grant's company, valued at \$25,000. A great portion of the pianos in pictures and in the building at the time and was totally destroyed.

People residing in the neighborhood came from their beds, men, women, and even children, carrying out the night, as usual on such occasions, everybody wanted to get within the lines, but the police were out in ample force and succeeded in keeping the people from the scene of the fire.

The scene at 11 o'clock was one of thrilling magnitude. The entire block encompassed by the flames, and the fire, on Fifteenth street, and Third Avenue, seemed to be one mass of flame, and indeed every building standing in this block was at that time on fire.

The fire department were also slow in getting to work, otherwise it might have been different. The fire spread so rapidly that it was found to be impossible to save the building.

The fire spread to the eastward, and the streets which pealed with their musical laughter, as they jaunted, gaily towards their homes, were hushed into silence. Hence the remark—"There's nothing strange about it."

On the corner of Seventeenth street and Irving place, however, something is occurring which certainly strikes as "strange" such strangers as may happen to be passing that point—for they stop and gaze and make inquiries.

The fire spread to the eastward, and the streets which pealed with their musical laughter, as they jaunted, gaily towards their homes, were hushed into silence. Hence the remark—"There's nothing strange about it."

THE BATTLE AT CALLAO.

How the Spanish Vessels were Disabled--The Five and a Half Inch Iron Plating of the Numancia Penetrated--The Rifled Shots of the Peruvian Batteries got Entirely Through the Berenguela--The Villa de Madrid Towed out of Danger Disabled--Peruvian Battery Blown Up and the Secretary of War Killed--The City of Callao Not Damaged, &c.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Herald writes from Panama, May 13th, the following account of the Callao bombardment:

The day broke with every promise of a favorable opportunity for the Spaniards; the fog of the day previous had cleared away, and although the horizon was not well defined, on account of haze, still there was nothing to prevent an engagement on the part of the weather. At eleven A. M. signal was made from the Numancia, flagship, to get under way. Soon after the six frigates, with steam up and topmasts and lower yards, tripped their anchors and formed line of battle in two columns of attack.

The column engaged the northern forts consisted of the Villa de Madrid, Almazan and Berenguela, the latter leading the column. The signal was long to be remembered by those who enjoyed the view from a safe distance, as the northern column moved into action heading to the southward and westward, while the southern column headed to the eastward and southward. The guns began to talk, and the action commenced the Villa de Madrid made a signal, evidently asking assistance; the little Venecia went in and towed her out of the fire, and as she came in plain view it was evident that her motive power had failed, evidently asking assistance; her crew issued in clouds from every part of the vessel.

The next ship to retire was the Berenguela. She moved slowly about twenty minutes after the Villa de Madrid. The ship had been receiving a heavy fire from batteries 8, 9, and 10, and a cross-fire from the batteries 11 and 12. The Berenguela was completely gutted, and nothing remains but the walls and chimneys, some of them in a condition to tumble at any moment.

The fire department were also slow in getting to work, otherwise it might have been different. The fire spread so rapidly that it was found to be impossible to save the building.

The fire spread to the eastward, and the streets which pealed with their musical laughter, as they jaunted, gaily towards their homes, were hushed into silence. Hence the remark—"There's nothing strange about it."

On the corner of Seventeenth street and Irving place, however, something is occurring which certainly strikes as "strange" such strangers as may happen to be passing that point—for they stop and gaze and make inquiries.

The fire spread to the eastward, and the streets which pealed with their musical laughter, as they jaunted, gaily towards their homes, were hushed into silence. Hence the remark—"There's nothing strange about it."

sailed, was that the Peruvians had lost sixty killed and about one hundred and seventy wounded.

The Spanish Losses--Nunee Wounded.

Nothing is known as to the loss on board the Spanish fleet, but, bared as their ships were, the number of casualties must necessarily be very heavy. Admiral Nuziez is reported to have received no less than eight wounds and contusions; one in the head, pronounced to be mortal; another on his forehead, which he is unable to see, and indeed it was evident that they wished to conceal as far as possible the number of men that had been placed forth. The condition of the ships. By the shot that disabled the steampipe of the Villa de Madrid, eighteen men were killed and twenty-one wounded; so, taking the mischief done by one projectile, we may be safe in judging the Spanish loss as far in excess of that of the Peruvians.

Doctor Peck, of the Vanderbilt, when he went aboard the Villa de Madrid, counted eight shot holes in her sides. This was doing well considering the time she was under fire. The Blanca was struck over forty times, and the Almazan and Berenguela suffered almost as much. The Resolution was hit very often--possibly as many times as the others. The Numancia carried away well, being iron clad; but one eight-inch rifled projectile from battery No. 5, pierced her five and a half inch iron plating and went partly through the wooden backing. She was brought so as to receive the fire at an angle; hence her plating caused the shot to glance. The Venecia was injured.

Up to the latest moment the Peruvians were so much astonished at themselves as not to realize how much they had accomplished. They had stood to their guns like heroes, they never flinched or showed signs of fear, and when the battle was over, and the enemy had gone like a whipped cur with his tail between his legs, they quietly and coolly refreshed the inner man, and then went to work to repair the few damages that had been sustained. By twelve o'clock all was ready for another attack, and so the morning of the 13th was a thorough success, better than the day before, before the fight began.

Of course the fire of the ships was directed against the batteries, to silence them, before paying attention to the destruction of the city; but not being able to accomplish but the smallest portion of the former aim they gave up the latter as not only useless, but impossible. It was a case somewhat similar to sour grapes. Even if their fire had been directed against the city it would have done but little damage. The solid shot would have made a hole, and that is all, which would soon have been made good as new.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A liquor seller in this city was called on Saturday by a bootmaker who enlisted for and drank successively three half pints of clear whiskey, without any visible effect upon his health or nerves. Long practice in carrying bricks on his head accounts for the phenomenon.

It is stated that during the last part of his stay in London, Mr. Fenby was accustomed to receive about two hundred begging letters daily. Of course he kept a secretary to open them. It is not stated that he kept a treasurer to answer them.

Our correspondent, "G. R. S." wishes to know whether the attempt to establish a party of "Doo-Littles" does not emanate from the same source as that of the "Knob-Nobles." We reply, emphatically, no. The "Doo-Little" party is the brainwork of the same person who is the brains of the "Knob-Nobles" party.

Rachel's sister Sarah has lost all her hopes from the beds she is cultivating in Normandy, bay, and now proposes to acclimatize the American bivalve. All her efforts in that direction will not return her Rachel. A handsome reward will be paid for the detection of that jock.

Ex-U. S. Senator George F. Fugh and lady, of Ohio, were confined at St. Xavier's, Cincinnati, recently. The capacity of the church is increased by the addition of another bivalve. All her efforts in that direction will not return her Rachel. A handsome reward will be paid for the detection of that jock.

Admiral Wilkes has bought a big plantation in North Carolina. He will be ready to board Slidell and Mason again, if they should be in want of lodgings.

Winners at billiards are always polite enough to say "Thank you!"

The two most opposite women we know of at present are Ann D. Johnson and Ann D. Johnson.

A matron in the neighborhood of Corry proposes to call her infant son Petroleum. She assigns as her excuse for this, that whenever she spans him she "stirkes ile."

They have a cheerful practice now on the railroad to New York. As soon as the train starts, a boy comes through the cars and asks if you want your life insurance policy.

Hard to please--The editor of the Muscatine Journal declares his dislikes as follows: "There are three things in this world which we particularly hate. First, Andy Johnson's policy of reconstructing the Union; second, the Congressional plan of ditto; and third, the postal currency of the United States of America."

There is a man in Cincinnati taxed on an income of \$30,000, who, eleven years ago, exhibited a monkey in the streets for a living.

There is a man in Cincinnati taxed on an income of \$30,000, who, eleven years ago, exhibited a monkey in the streets for a living.

There is a man in Cincinnati taxed on an income of \$30,000, who, eleven years ago, exhibited a monkey in the streets for a living.

There is a man in Cincinnati taxed on an income of \$30,000, who, eleven years ago, exhibited a monkey in the streets for a living.

There is a man in Cincinnati taxed on an income of \$30,000, who, eleven years ago, exhibited a monkey in the streets for a living.

There is a man in Cincinnati taxed on an income of \$30,000, who, eleven years ago, exhibited a monkey in the streets for a living.