Daily Evening Bulletin.

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor. OUR WHOLE COUNTRY. F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher.

VOLUME XXI.—NO. 99. PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1867. PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE EVENING BULLETIN
PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING
(Sundays excepted),
AT THE NEW BULLETIN BUILDING,
607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,
BY THE
EVENING BULLETIN ASSOCIATION.
PROPRIETORS.
GIBSON PEACOCK, ERNEST C. WALLACE,
F.L. FETHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIAMSON,
CASPER SOUDER, JR., FRANCIS WELLS.

The BULLETIN is served to subscribers in the city at 18 cents per week, payable to the carriers, or $8 per annum.

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MARRIED.

FARR—HENDRICKSON.—On Wednesday evening, July 31, by the Rev. James B. Kennedy, at the residence of the bride, Mr. L. A. Farr, of New York, to Miss Rachel L. Hendrickson, of Trenton, N. J.

DIED.

BANFORD.—On the 1st instant, Louisa, daughter of Robert and Catharine Banford, aged 4 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her parents, No. 2009 Ridge avenue, on to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Interment at Odd Fellows' Cemetery.

FAHNESTOCK.—At St. Paul, Minnesota, on Thursday July 25th, Grace S. Ensey, wife of George W. Fahnestock.

Her funeral will take place from her late residence, No. 1714 Race street, on Saturday afternoon, 3d instant, at 3 o'clock.

JESSUP.—At Newport, R. I., on the 13th ult., Tillie N. wife of Alfred D. Jessup.

The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her husband, No. 1426 Walnut street, on Friday, the 2d instant, at 4 o'clock, P. M. 1t

MATTHIAS.—On the 31st ult., Mr. Wm. M. Matthias, in the 62th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, No. 1845 North Sixth street, above Montgomery, this (Friday) afternoon, at 4 o'clock, without further notice. To proceed to Mount Peace Cemetery.

VEAZY.—July 7th, at her residence in Cecil county, Mrs. Mary W. Veazy, relict of the late Governor Thomas W. Veazy, in the 78th year of her age.

EYRE & LANDELL HAVE THE BEST ARTICLE OF Black Iron Barege, two yards wide; also, the ordinary qualities.

EYRE & LANDELL Have reduced all the Summer Silks and Spring Dress Goods.

ATLEE & CONNARD, Paper Manufacturers, 44 N. Fifth street, Manufacture to order the finest grades of Book; also, second quality Book and Newspapers, at short notice. my22-3m§

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY.

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The Sixth Annual Session of this Academy opens Thursday, September 5th, 1867.

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For Circulars apply to James H. Orne, Esq., 626 Chestnut street, Philadelphia; T. B. Peterson, Esq., 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia; or to

Col. THEO. HYATT, Pres. P. M. A.,
Chester, Delaware county, Penna.
jy24-12t rp§

PARDEE SCIENTIFIC COURSE
IN
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

The next term commences THURSDAY, September 12th. Candidates for admission may be examined the day before (September 11th), or on TUESDAY, July 30th, the day before the Annual Commencement Exercises.

For circulars, apply to President CATTELL, or to
Prof. R. B. YOUNGMAN,
Clerk of the Faculty.
EASTON, Penna., July, 1867. jy29-tf§

TO THE EDITOR EVENING BULLETIN: Sir: Among the candidates for Sheriff I notice the name of GEN. CHARLES M. PREVOST, and having known him for years previous to the late war, and having served for a long time under his command, I warmly recommend him to the support of all the members of the Republican party as well as to our citizens and soldiers at large.

As Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of General Frank Patterson, he was at Yorktown; with General Hooker's division at the battle of Williamsburg (which division bore the brunt of the battle, and General C. M. Prevost was handsomely mentioned in the various reports); he also was at Seven Pines Peach Orchard, Glen Dale and Malvern Hill.

He commanded the "Corn Exchange Regiment" at Antietam, Shepherdstown and Chancellorsville, and being unable to remain in active service, on account of the severe wound received at Shepherdstown (from which his surgeon informs me he is still a very great sufferer), he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and was in command of the Depot Camp at Harrisburg; after, of the camp of rebel prisoners at Elmira, and, after that, of the Depot Camp at Springfield, Illinois. For gallant conduct on the field, he was brevetted Brigadier-General. A thorough soldier, courteous gentleman, with rare business qualities, with his name at the head of our ticket the victory is sure.

1t§ OLD SOLDIER.

TO THE REPUBLICAN CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA.—Agreeably to the Supplementary Rules recently adopted by the City Executive Committee of the Republican party for the government of the Delegate Election to be held on the 27th of August, the Republican Election Officers and the Division Executive Committee of the various Election Divisions throughout the City will sit at the regular places of holding elections (or at such places as may be designated by the Registering officers), on the evenings of the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th of August, between the hours of 4 and 8 o'clock, to prepare a Registry of the Republican voters of each Election Division.

No person shall be allowed to vote at the ensuing Delegate Election unless his name appears duly registered in the enrollment book of said Division.

By order of the Republican City Executive Committee,
WILLIAM R. LEEDS, President.
JOHN L. HILL, JOSEPH S. ALLEN, } Secretaries. au2-3t§

NOTICE.—THE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL Wards of the St. Mary's Hospital, cor. Frankford road and Palmer street, are now open for the reception of patients. All cases of accident received gratuitously, if presented within 24 hours after the reception of the injury. The Sisters of St. Francis give their personal attendance to the sick. Apply for admission either at the Hospital, or Mother Agnese, Convent of St. Francis, Reed street, above Fifth. au2-12t rp§

SIXTH WARD UNION REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION.—A meeting will be held THIS (Friday) EVENING, at 8 o'clock, at Leech's Hotel, Cherry street. By order of Wm. H. Barnes, President.
1t* JOHN G. BUTLER, Secretary.

ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY CAUTIONED against negotiating Mortgage Bonds of 1877, Nos. 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, for Five Hundred Dollars each, on the Susquehanna Steam Lumber and Lath Mills and Drying Company, the same having been stolen. 1t*

HOWARD HOSPITAL, NOS. 1518 AND 1520 Lombard Street, Dispensary Department.—Medical treatment and medicines furnished gratuitously to the poor.

ESTATE OF ANNA G. MERREFIELD, DECEASED.—Letters Testamentary under the will of ANNA G., widow of JOHN G. MERREFIELD, deceased, late of No. 550 North Fifth street, have been granted to the undersigned, by the Register of Wills for the city of Philadelphia. All persons indebted to the Estate will please make payment, and those having claims against her, present them to ISRAEL H. JOHNSON, Sole Executor, No. 119 Market street, second story. jy20-s,6t*

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION HAVING BEEN granted to the subscriber upon the Estate of JOHN WINTERBOTTOM, deceased, all persons indebted to the same will make payment, and those having claims will present them to WM. S. WINTERBOTTOM,
jy2-tu,6t* 607 Cherry street.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY UPON THE ESTATE of MARTHA BROWN, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate will make payment, and those having claims will present them to LEWIS T. BROWN, Executor,
jy24-w6t* No. 526 Marshall street.

ESTATE OF JOHN L. GODDARD, DECEASED.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of JOHN L. GODDARD, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same to present them without delay to
HENRY M. DECHERT, Executor,
jy24-w,6t* No. 209 South Fifth street.

RASH STEPS.

XLV.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

After Florence, which seemed to me so very stony and terrific an old burgh, Pisa came like a breath of balm. Some suffusion from a gay and pleasant past, something aromatic, and old, and tender and sweet, crept out from its delicate marble towers and sanctuaries, as spices steal out from the lid of an alabaster box. The traditions of Florence are of a mordant tooth-and-nail struggle for supremacy. Pisa, though it had plenty of fighting, was liberalized by its commerce, and even in the prosecution of its eastern wars imported an oriental luxury, a perfume of Bysant, which throve well by the swelling Arno. Pisa, almost a sea-port, was cosmopolizing, and tossing its life up into airy flowers, while Florence, back among the hills, was crystallizing into cubes. In 1063, as a compliment to the Virgin for a Saracen conquest, the Pisans began their Duomo; and then commenced that era of glory and success which has left us the little group of ecclesiastical monuments which are the effective portion of the town. "The inhabitants," says Vasari, speaking of the twelfth century, "being at the height of their grandeur and their advancement, masters of Sardinia, of Corsica and of the islet of Elba, and their town being full of high and powerful citizens, carried home from the most distant countries infinite trophies and spoils."

The quaintest sort of medieval luxury, the brightest side of the dark ages, is implied in the didactic paintings which enrich the walls of the Campo Santo. These pictures, which in an unlettered age took the place of a missionary literature, represent the acme of mundane refinement of the period—with, of course, a very pitiless ascetic moral alongside. Knights and ladies are idling in a bower of fruit-trees; the dames caress their lap-dogs, the long-gowned dandies fondle their hawks; the women's robes are masses of embroidery, the gentlemen's are of lustrous white, with borders or fringes. It is an hour of poetry and exaltation; beating time with their hands, unconsciously inclining their heads, they submit to the enchantment of the music, for two of their number are performing a duet. He, sedate and careful, draws out a long note that sinks his bow to the very end; she, leaning enervated over her harp, is so lost in the passion of the strain that she can hardly finger the cords. Meantime Death—a herculean woman-figure with a cloud of white hair and a storm of wings—rushes across the scene, passing unnoticed the group of beggars who invoke her from the depth of their weary hearts, to mow down these happy worldlings like the summer flowers among which they sit. Or, in a fresco close by, a melancholy queen, hunting in the forest with the king and court, leans her pale cheek on her hand and forgets the hunt: for she has come upon three dead monarchs, royally rotting in the solitude; while an invidious old hermit has sprung up, all prepared, and unrolls a sermon as long as his body. Such were the comments of the religious painter, Orcagna, in the fourteenth century, on the oriental voluptuousness which Pisa nurtured in her high day.

To place yourself in contact, however, with all this charming antiquity you have the whole modern city to traverse. You trundle along the Strada del Borgo, the highway of a vulgar modern Italian town, with a petty and sordid commerce transacting in the shadow of the awnings or arcades. All this disposed of, you alight in a little sacred corner at the northwest, where, in the marble of its four chief monuments, the true Pisa rests like a queen in a superb sarcophagus. You are alone with the Campo Santo, the Baptistery, the Duomo, and the Leaning Campanile.

I have not met, in Italy, so sharp a contrast of taste in neighboring cities. In Florence the architecture is all flat, and the ornament consists of a marquetry of colored stones; the resulting wall thus stands on its guard, collected, even, grudging, chilly, without a spray of Gothic leafage anywhere to curl out and strike the light. Giotto seems almost afraid of the wiry-twisted pillars which bind the stages of his Campanile together, and relies for the bulk of his effect upon the contrast of his tinted marbles, which lie jealously edge to edge, and flatten themselves from the scythe of time. But the Pisan architect, employing the white Carrara marble, loved to tease it and play with it, to curl it and toss it and arch it into the sun, to see how it would shine, and then to plunge in his hand and scoop out niches for the shadow to live in. The oriental spirit, which loves a bauble, seems to have struck right across Italy from Venice to Pisa. The shining domes of the Venetian Cathedral, bubbling out of the sea one over the other, are imaged again in the deep semi-circles which clamber to the sky, arch over arch, in the Pisa Duomo. In both cases, when the artist could light upon a rich bit of old marble, he utilized it, whatever it was. In Venice, the church-builder was glad enough of the Alexandrian horses, and the relief of Ceres and Proserpine to decorate his façade; and the masons of the Pisa Baptistery set up with equal glee their antique Corinthian capitals, and the pretty pagan tablet of Meleager among his comrades and dogs. Both displayed the pleasant Byzantine childishness that will purchase beauty at any indebtedness—the spirit of the infant that sticks his little shrine all over with gewgaws, of the magpie who cradles her young in a couch bright with stolen silver and glass. When a civilization begins in this way, the gentle taste for loveliness is a secure possession, and it only remains for artists to study and refine. That was the mission of Nicolo, the Pisan, the father of modern sculpture. His pulpit in this Baptistery, of so old a date as 1260, and one of the most important monuments of medieval art, amazed me by its finish and modern spirit. This artist used to ponder away long days among the sculptured Roman tombs of which Italy is so full; and out of the decadence of Greek art he evolved the renaissance which was to include Ghiberti and Michel Angelo. He forms the point where the antique and medieval meet. One or two of the figures relieved on this pulpit might have come at once from a Greek monument. The happiest spirit of the East is preserved in these sacred haunts. The Campo Santo is a lovely and bright inclosure, surrounded with rich foliated arcades, decorated with all sorts of antique and eastern spoils, where the knights who battled with the Saracen sleep peacefully under the Syrian earth, and wild flowers and slender cypresses grow from their breasts. Only the frescoes are morbid—the architect was hopeful and gay. On the metal doors of the Duomo John of Bologna has strewn every weed he could find in the woods, every flower of the garden, till the portals look like a screen of bloom, in which the birds of Heaven might come to nestle beside the birds of bronze. When they were lifting up the bell-tower the earth on one side sank, and the shaft began to lean like an over-fruitful tree. Was the architect frightened? Not a whit. Nature is adopting my work, he said. I will work on harmoniously with nature. And he threw up his aerial arches again, range over range, preserving the leaning grace that nature had suggested to him, and only shortening or heightening the pillars to get the courses level; and arrived at the most exquisite thing in its way in Europe.

So Pisa is pathetic, touching with the tranquil pensiveness that belongs to our unreturning past, but not sad. ENFANT PERDU.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

PARIS, Friday, July 19th, 1867.—The Universal Exhibition has never looked so well as it does at the present moment, when the climax of its fame may be said to be already past. Certainly, none of our late royal and imperial visitors will have seen the Champ de Mars and all that stands upon it to such an advantage as the crowd of humbler travelers who are now pouring in upon us. This might be predicted as likely to be the case from the first; for it was evident that a long time must elapse before the finishing touches could be given which would impart a look of order and elegance to the management both inside and outside; while in the Park itself it was in vain to hope for any great developments in the stunted and backward foliage of the transplanted trees and shrubs before the season was well advanced. Now, however, the evidences at once of finish and of growth are apparent all around, and many portions of the grounds are scarcely recognizable, compared with what they were even a month ago. The summer has so far been cool and showery, and favorable to the growth of vegetation, and the change has in consequence been very rapid. Many of the groups and buildings which only the other day still stood bare and bleak-looking, now look quite coquettish, embowered in their little groves of trees and shrubs, or surrounded by bright green grass and flowers. I remarked lately upon the neat and inviting appearance of the American Farm and School-house, and their adjuncts. The same remark applies even more strongly to the adjacent group of Turkish and Egyptian buildings, which stood in what might only recently have been called a labyrinth of muddy and rubbishy lanes. Now the gardener has been abroad to some purpose, and everything is changed. Neat grass borders have been laid down, from which such pretty erections as the Mosque and the Pavilion of the Viceroy rise with very pleasing effect. Quite a mass of flowers now surround the latter building, which is now open to the public, and is extremely rich and beautiful inside. It is a sort of Greek Cross in form, with a lofty dome in the centre, one arm of which forms the entrance and vestibule, while to the right and left are large divans, richly furnished, with circular terminations, the fourth arm being occupied with beautiful specimens of carved wood-work. The whole conveys a very good idea of a rich Eastern interior or royal Pavilion. A comparison with the French Imperial Pavilion shows strikingly the contrast between the tastes and civilization of the East and West. But the fastidious neatness of the French gardener, and the banishment of all slovenliness, are quite a novel feature in connection with the last, and may afford a wholesome lesson perhaps to the Viceroy's subjects. Amidst such pleasant paths, one is now tempted to stroll on very agreeably, and I shall therefore continue to do so for the information of your readers. Close by the above, you light upon the prettiest little Italian garden in the world, quite a secluded nook, blossoming with flowers, and provided, at one end, with a charming Venetian summer house, and at the other with a café, where you find the most delicious Neapolitan ices. A basin and bubbling fountain in the centre complete the picture. In the distance the eye catches massive blocks of white Carrara marble, upon which have been appropriately placed some exquisite statuettes in *terra cotta*. The fine gate-way of the same material, by André Boni of Milan, deserves well our attention. The panels represent such subjects as Victor Emmanuel, in the thick of the fight, as usual; Italy, full of hope; Rome, full of mourning; Cavour, reading the proclamation of "King of Italy;" Napoleon, planning the Italian campaign. The idea is evidently taken from the celebrated gates of Ghiberti, at Florence, and the work is a truly national one, and beautifully executed. Just facing this pretty Italian section of the Park is the long machine gallery of the United States. But we will merely look in for one moment *en passant*, just to see the magnificent locomotive from Grant's works, Paterson, N. J., blazing like gold, and now wearing its new decoration of the Gold Medal in its button-hole. As usual, there was a crowd of male admirers around it, just as female curiosity was equally numerous and busy in the adjoining department of the sewing machines. *Chacon à son goût!* Close by is the shed in which Russia displays her carriages, and a very creditable display it is. In this, as well as in her horses, Russia has astonished the world. There is a traveling carriage, marked at the incredible sum of 1,900 francs (?), and which, at such a price, is the greatest wonder at the Exposition. It consists of a berlini centre, with rumble and head behind, and driving seat for two in front, and is fitted up with every possible convenience for a whole family *en voyage*. Of course, railroads have rendered such a vehicle useless in most countries. But it is admirable of its kind, and well deserves the silver medal which has been accorded to it. It is built with immense strength, yet does not look heavy or cumbersome, and would travel, I should think, with three horses. Considering the fabulous price, one does not wonder to see it marked as "sold", even in these railway times.

PACIFIC RAILWAY.—The Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, has reached the end of the two hundred and thirty-fourth mile of the track, from which point the men were driven by the Indians some weeks since. There is now a large force at work. There has been some delay by cholera among the men, but they are now in better health and working well.

WHITE WITNESSES.—The mouth of the man who purifies his teeth with SOZODONT is a witness box, and every time he opens it two rows of gleaming witnesses testify to its beautifying properties.

COPPER ORE is said to have been found in Salisbury township, Lycoming county. The vein is reported to be two and a half feet thick.

U. P. SUVOONG, a native Chinese student in the Kenyon (Ohio) College, has carried off the prize for the greatest proficiency among the Seniors in the Greek Testament.

THE TENNESSEE ELECTION.

COMPLETE SUCCESS OF THE RADICALS.

BROWNLOW CARRIES EVERY COUNTY.

All the Congressmen Radicals.

[Correspondence of the New York Herald.]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., August 1, 1867, 7 o'clock, P. M.—The polls have closed upon one of the most peaceable elections ever held in this city, and no reports have been received as yet which indicate trouble elsewhere, though it is difficult to conceive that the election has passed off in the interior wholly without disturbance. In Nashville there was a general suspension of business, and people kept their houses; so that the streets, except in the immediate vicinity of the polls, were almost as deserted and quiet as on Sunday. There was no intoxication and no disorder. A few arrests were made for violation of the ordinance as to carrying concealed weapons, and a couple of colored men were apprehended for attempting the democratic strategy of voting more than once. Even the disfranchised were as a general thing, in good humor, and seemed to make a jest of the greater privileges of the negro. Nor was this good order due to martial effect, for General Duncan had disposed the military most unobtrusively. A few cavalrymen were picketed in the rear of the City Hall, a detachment of infantry had stacked arms at the Capitol, and a horseman quietly watched each poll from a distance; otherwise the military were out of sight.

The great feature of the election was, of course, the exercise of the franchise for the first time in any place by the African race of the South. It would have been a curious scene anywhere to have witnessed streams of black voters at the polls. It was remarkably so in Tennessee. It seemed like a closing tableau to the great drama just enacted by the nation—its apotheosis of the terrible struggle which set free a whole people; 1867 was curiously contrasted with 1860. White and black, master and slave, freeman and freedman, side by side, to-day in Tennessee exercised the privileges of a common citizenship.

The newly made voters were up bright and early this morning. They thronged the streets in quest of the polls long before they were opened. When the balloting commenced they formed in long lines, and in an incessant stream poured in their tickets until their whole vote was received. They were so prompt and steady at this work that nearly the whole negro vote was polled by two o'clock. The whites generally deferring voting until the afternoon, the colored citizens had the polls almost entirely to themselves during the forenoon. A few Caucasians forced themselves into the rigid Ethiopian tide, and were borne along to the ballot-box; but their numbers were few and far between. Singularly enough, many of the negroes were electioneering for the Conservative candidates, and perhaps from one-tenth to one-eighth of the whole colored vote was cast against the Radical ticket. Some of the partisans of the Conservative side were roguishly palming off anti-radical ballots on their unsuspecting colored brethren who did not enjoy the advantages of a common school education, and who, consequently, voted contrary to their real intention. But few were deceived in this manner, however.

It is still a fact that an important element of the Conservative vote was contributed by the newly enfranchised colored citizens. Their Radical brethren were not intolerant of this freedom of opinion. They merely expressed their estimate of their degraded fellow-Ethiopians, who could vote any other than a "Rad" ticket, by a look of supreme contempt, but offered no violence. No child was more pleased with a toy than the negro with the ballot. Stoically patient, he broiled for hours in the hot sun, awaiting his turn, each face radiant with delight, and each hand nervously clutching the ballot of the freedman. The race was represented by all the ages of manhood, from the sprucest city boy to the venerable white-haired field hand, who was barely able to hobble to the polls, and who seemed as if about to deposit his ballot for the first and last time of his life; and all shades were present, from the unmitigated blackness of the Congo to the fair whiteness of the Octoroon, who might lay claim to be wholly Caucasian.

The challengers of the Conservatives acted impartially in their duties. They did not seem to manifest any improper desire to impede the voting. Where they knew the voter to be qualified they even assisted him to a prompt deposit of his ballot. When it was necessary to question the voter, the well known ignorance of the African as to dates and time was illustrated—all were over twenty-one years of age, according to what they were told by their parents and relatives; but not one in a dozen could name his birthday.

The registration list of colored voters is also remarkable for the long array of distinguished names. The best families of Tennessee, the most renowned statesmen and soldiers of the Union since its incipiency, and even the glorious cognomens of the Roman history, bid fair to be perpetuated, in name at least, among the future citizens of Tennessee.

In its remarkable quiet under the circumstances, and in the circumstances themselves, the election to-day dates an epoch in the political history of the country.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., August 1st, 1867.—I am in receipt of information from all the principal towns of Middle Tennessee. There was not the slightest disturbance during the day. All was as quiet as in Nashville.

The returns from the different sections of the State come in slowly. Every county in Middle and East Tennessee, so far as heard from, has gone Radical. Brownlow probably carries every county in the State, except two in West Tennessee, and they are doubtful. Middle Tennessee gives him a majority of at least 15,000, Nashville city gives him 3,300 and Davidson county over 4,000.

The Radical Congressmen are elected beyond a doubt. Mason, who ran in the Nashville district as an independent Radical on the confiscation platform, received only a few votes.

The Radical candidates for Congress lead Brownlow in nearly every district.

Of the Legislature twenty out of twenty-three Radicals are elected for the Upper House, and all but ten of the eighty-three representatives in the Lower House.

The returns in thus far (midnight), indicate a majority in the State for Brownlow of 25,000, which will probably be increased to 30,000.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., August 1, 1867, 12 o'clock, Midnight.—The State, municipal and federal arrangements to prevent any riotous proceedings, were so well perfected, and the disposition of influential people for fair-play so well pronounced, that the election to-day passed off amid a quiet unusual for this city. Not the least disturbance was manifested, not even the faintest of cheers at any of the polls disturbed the intensity of effort that from 9 o'clock until 4 characterized both parties. The challenging was close, and party expedient was much resorted to by Radicals and Conservatives to increase their strength. The victory is with the former. The colored men have given Brownlow a new lease of office, if not of life. The Radicals are triumphant in this city and suburbs. There were polled 6,238 votes, of which Brownlow received 4,838, making his majority more than two thousand. In the county precincts the Conservatives have a majority of 113. The official returns will reduce Brownlow's majority in this county to fifteen hundred.

From other counties in West Tennessee returns are very meagre. Haywood goes Radical, Brownsville, the county seat, giving Brownlow 653 majority. Madison county gives 300 Conservative majority; Jackson, the county seat, gives Etheridge a majority of 124. Hardeman also has gone Conservative; Bolivar, the county seat, gives Etheridge 152 majority. Fayette county is strongly Conservative; no returns have been received. Henry county gives a small Conservative majority. The polls were open in but one precinct.

Abel and Coleman, Conservative candidates in this city for the Legislature, are defeated by Ryder and Hamilton, Radicals. Leftwich, the Conservative candidate for Congress, is probably elected by a very small majority.

Gen. Thomas supervised the distribution in this city of eleven companies of troops, under the immediate command of Lieut.-Col. Townsend, 25th Infantry. The General has been well received, and was to-day tendered a public dinner by leading citizens. Three hundred special policemen were sworn in for duty, and, with one hundred and fifty metropolitans, were placed in squads of twenty in the vicinity of the polls. But few arrests were made, and these were negroes for carrying concealed weapons.

The negroes from the suburbs were marched in columns, supplied with Brownlow tickets, and under command of yellow experts, who controlled them until their votes were deposited.

The election in all the towns of West Tennessee passed off quietly.

KNOXVILLE, Tennessee, August 1st, 1867, 10 o'clock P. M.—The election for Governor, Congressmen and members of the Legislature was held to-day. Mutual conciliations had been previously agreed to by each party to prevent the ring bringing about a partisan collision or political difficulty. The result is that to-day's election has been one of the quietest and most orderly ever held in this city.

The colored vote was cast almost entirely in what is known in this city as East Knoxville. From ten o'clock until the polls closed at four the voting place assigned to the colored voters was crowded. It is said that many colored females clad themselves in male attire and deposited their franchise for the Radical candidates. Of course, this is scurrilous, so far as your correspondent, who was a stranger to the faces voting, can testify. It is also said by the sorehead copperheads that minor colored youths and other colored persons, totally ineligible to vote under the late franchise law and the constitution of the State, cast their votes for the Radical candidates. This is also regarded as scurrilous by Governor Brownlow's friends.

The following is the result as far as heard from: East Knoxville, 567 for Brownlow; Etheridge, none. Brownlow's majority in the city is 645. In the county Brownlow carries every precinct heard from. The Radical ticket in this county is conceded elected by a large majority.

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., August 1, 1867, 11.30 o'clock P. M.—The election passed off quietly here to-day. At this precinct 856 votes were given for the Radical and 128 for the Conservative ticket. Four adjoining precincts give 400 votes for the Radical and 100 for the Conservative ticket. The remaining precincts will give 900 votes, which will, perhaps, be equally divided.

The colored vote has been cast at four or five out of twenty precincts, and almost entirely for Brownlow, whose colored vote in the county will be 1,900 and white vote 500.

Brownlow's militia are here. They kept away from the polls, and the disfranchised whites also. The usual white vote of the county is 3,000.

Why the Cholera Rages in Kansas.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* who has lived in Kansas, and signs his name to his communication, writes very tersely and piquantly about the causes of the cholera now raging in Kansas. He says:

"Take the people of Kansas, from the centre to her eastern border, from the Kansas river to the Indian territories, there is but one in ten who knows anything about pure air, exercise, or—more yet—clean cool water applied externally or internally.

"The prairies are thronged with cattle, the ravines and bluffs with 'varmints' that die and die and die, and whose only sepulchre is the buzzard's maw. Last August, in a growing and industrious 'city,' some creature, hidden from view by rank grasses, died in a 'college park,' where students passed several times each day from the college to their boarding-house, and the only notice taken of the foul presence was to turn the head and hold the breath when passing through the strata of stench emanating from the carcass. Mired cattle die on the bottoms within sight and smell of human beings, who close the house-doors on that side and leave the creature to make a feast for the buzzards. Several hens were killed by some 'varmint' and left in the back-yard, where they decayed, emitting such an effluvia that I could not go into the kitchen, and nine men passed by them every day and every hour, waiting for some bird of prey to clear away the offal. Everywhere in your walks or drives you come across bleached bones or half-decayed carcasses, whose torn flesh shows that clawed or toothed scavengers have been at work. Such things breeds cholera.

"What does the Kansan eat? Beef done to a crisp, tough and tasteless as sole leather; half-cooked mutton, rolled in a heavy, sweet paste; corned meats, fried and buried in fat; soggy wheat biscuits, neither warm nor cold, at every meal, or indigestible corn-pone, which is half grease; pie crust made with tallow and filled with unseasoned pork; no fruit nor vegetables—the first because not easily got, the last because these people do not like them. Beans are abominable to them; potatoes are pestiferous. They will eat nothing that cannot be compounded with poorly made sorghum molasses. They deluge themselves with black, bitter coffee, or a reddish fluid which looks like a weak dye, and tastes like nothing else under the sun, and which is called tea. The food of these prairie men is monstrous, as Victor Hugo would say, 'impossible.' Now this breeds cholera.

"They take enough of such exercise as can be got racing horses, but, as far as pedestrianism is concerned, he who 'travels' a mile or two is thought to be very strong in the legs or very weak in the head. They neither play base-ball or croquet, dance nor skate; they do not hoe their corn; they reap and mow with a machine; they sow wheat and pick blackberries on horseback; they go hunting and fishing in 'buggies;' they sit on logs and crack hickory nuts.

"The reason for their neglect of water is not that there is none in the State, but that there is none in the family. So long as there is a spring or 'crick' within a quarter of a mile, these men who go to a day's work at ten o'clock see no use in digging a well. The women who have a dozen men to clothe and feed, and all the cows and pigs to look after, have no time to go often for a pail of water, and if they had, it would still be easier to suffer thirst than to 'pack' water over the shadeless prairie beneath a fiery July sun or upon a floor of glare December ice. As for the men, they won't do 'women's work,' and usually find the means of allaying their thirst nearer home. Thus it comes that people wash neither themselves nor their clothes very often, and for the same reason clothes often leave the wash-tub browner than when they went in, from contact with their dirtier garments soaking in, a little mess of water.' It is no mystery that the cholera is in Kansas. More people die there of bilious diarrhoea or bowel complaints than all other diseases put together. E. E. BREWSTER."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—A hard drinker objects to putting water in his whisky, because it dampens his spirits.

The Menken has put Dumas *pere* up to writing an American novel. Interesting *père!*

—It is said that A. J. is going to Tennessee to return the "Moses" gold watch to the colored people of Nashville.

—The question of the day is: Is All Right dead or alive? If he is dead, what have become of his funer-all rites?

—There is a good deal of flirtation at all the summer resorts, but the Sulphur Springs are the best for matches. *'Tiser* says that.

—A wholesale house in Boston advertises: "Wanted—women to sell on commission." And this in Boston! Cool, if not slightly Coolie.

—Captain Simpson, of the British navy, has had to pay £100 and costs for flogging a delicate boy who was found on board his ship.

—There is a chap of our acquaintance who always serenades his lady-love in Come an' meet her. (C. M.)

—The dog trade in New York has become so lively that the price has fallen to twenty-five cents per dog. They are sold by the pound. (Overlooked by the Boston *Post*.)

—Some rascal tried to blow up a Theatre in Exeter, England, by turning on all the gas and lighting one burner. He then became an Exit-er himself. (Missed by the *Post*.)

—People will have to stop talking about the "teaming West" when the Pacific R. R. is finished. The teams will be superseded by the trains.

—The Boston papers are showing the wear and tear on their wits. There is not a quotable joke or pun now, in a hundred of their most violent efforts. *Post* and *'Tiser* take notice.

—Dr. Bellows thinks that all Louis Napoleon's portraits flatter him. Dr. Bellows is blowing. After reading Abbott's pen-portraits of Nap., we can imagine none flatter.

—The Queen has nominated the Prince of Wales to be a Knight of the Order of the Thistle. He has been making a donkey of himself for some time past.

—Among the advertised letters at Fall River is one to the "proprietor of the best hotel in the city," and the Postmaster is boarding round a week with each to decide to whom it belongs.

—A despatch went over the cable yesterday, extending a "call" to Rev. Dr. Hall, of Dublin, to the charge of the First Presbyterian Church, New York. The cable has thus been subjected to a very strong haul.

—The Ironton *Register* says: Cornwall's glory has departed. The United States are no longer dependent upon the old world for their saucepans; for, in Southern Missouri there is tin enough to supply her kitchen for a million years.

—What a man writes of his life is his autobiography. What he should write is his ought-to-biography. (That's a *'Tiser* joke. Why couldn't he have said that what he should *not* write is an naughty-biography.?)

—George Alfred Townsend writes a letter to the Boston *Post*, from the White Mountains, on the 24th of July, and another from the Antietam battle-ground to the *Tribune*, on the 25th. But then G. A. T. was always an enterprising correspondent.

—The London *Review* says of Walt Whitman's poems that "a careful perusal of these productions has convinced us that the vague impression we have now and then encountered, that Walt Whitman is a kind of learned pig, is far from correct."

—General McClellan has finally made up his mind to come home in November, and also to support General Grant for President. So says a correspondent. One of the statements is as probable as the other. When *will* people understand that the General must not be hurried?

—A Virginia songstress, under the title of "*Sic Semper Tyrannis,*" thus culminates in a late southern paper:

"They humble Virginia! Just as well may they try
To sully the stars of Heaven's battlements high!
When they crumble to nothing VIRGINIA shall shine
Eternal, immutable, glorious, divine!"

The idea of "Heaven's battlements crumbling to nothing" before the eternal indestructibility of the "Old Dominion," is the most powerful specimen of "Old Virginny neber tire" the world has yet seen.

—In a recent debate in Parliament Mr. Disraeli had said that Mr. Lowe wanted by his plan to introduce "crochety men." "What is a crochety man?" said Mr. Lowe. "I suppose it is a man who holds the same opinions this year as he did last." The House felt the home-thrust, and whig and tory joined in one loud and long burst of uproarious cheering.

—The Runic inscriptions lately discovered at Great Falls on the Potomac, are likely to revolutionize our histories, if people will only believe them. Thus, America was discovered in 875 A. D. by the Irish, which people certainly should not be called foreigners any more. Nantucket was discovered in 994 and called Vineland. The first Yankee was born at Martha's Vineyard in 1007. His name was Snorri Thorfinnson.

—A Cork paper has the following, in a letter concerning the Cork workhouse: "One of the doctors of the Cork workhouse told me, in very many cases, they are obliged to put two in a bed in the hospitals, and many of those infected with the itch and other contedious diseases, are placed in the same bed with those not infected with these *contedious* maladies." This is as good as the spelling of Captain Costigan's brogue by Thackeray in "Pendennis."

—A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* states that near Monterey there are frogs weighing twenty-five pounds, and their croaking can be heard six miles. The same veracious authority avers that they are used in place of fog bells, and cost nothing to keep in repair. The story is not very remarkable. Any frogs will weigh twenty-five pounds if you get enough of them, and they may be heard six miles easily if you will drive that far on a hot night.

—"M. Leopold de Meyer, the pianist, was called upon to play before Abdul Aziz. In order that no injury might be done to the beautiful mosaic floor, the piano was placed on the backs of five Turks; then when M. de Meyer desired to sit down, he was told that no one was permitted to be seated in the presence of the Sultan. Finally this difficulty was got over, and the professor was accommodated with a chair. The Sultan expressed himself as highly delighted with the performance, and then asked the pianist to dance." The story is told from Paris, but it is ever so much older than the Exposition.

—The French wits are still making fun of the profusion of decorations which the royal visitors left behind them. In *Charivari* Cham has a picture of a stout matron, who has appropriated half her husband's orders on the plea that as he had rather a weak chest, the doctor was afraid it would do him harm to carry all the jewels himself. Another sketch shows a man starting back in astonishment as he suddenly comes on a friend in the street, with his breast glittering with decorations. "Ah, you see," explains the friend, "I live just opposite the Elysée"—the palace where the Czar and the Sultan had their quarters.

—A museum, which will be of great interest, is forming at the Springfield arsenal. It will contain an almost endless variety of guns, American and foreign, federal and rebel, muzzle and breech-loading. A valuable feature will be specimens of the scores of breech-loaders which were presented to the commission for examining such arms, which met in Springfield some time ago; also photographs of every part of each. Of course, war relics will comprise a prominent part of the collection. Blood-stained guns and swords from many a battle-field will be found there, with a large number of specimens of rebel guns, swords and pike manufacture.