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GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.
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OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.
PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1867.

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BY THE
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GIBSON PEACOCK, Proprietor.
W. L. FETHERSTON, Editor.
THOS. J. WILLIAMSON,
CASSIUS B. BUCKLEY, JR.,
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DIED.
BAGLEY.—August 11, 1867. German-born, Frederick H. Bagley, in the 64th year of his age. He was a native of New York, and resided at 11th Street, on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.
BLOOM.—On the 11th inst. Louis Charles Bloom, in the 71st year of his age. He was a native of France, and resided at 11th Street, on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.
HARRIS.—On the 11th inst. John Harris, in the 71st year of his age. He was a native of England, and resided at 11th Street, on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.
MORSE.—On the 11th inst. John Morse, in the 71st year of his age. He was a native of England, and resided at 11th Street, on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.
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EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.
LETTER FROM PARIS.
(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)
Paris, Friday, July 26, 1867. In my last letter, having come upon the specimen of Russian ordinary agricultural life with which the present Exhibition supplied us, I was led to draw a striking, but not unfriendly, I trust, or disparaging contrast between it and the superior advantages of the same class in America. But the knowledge of her populations and their habits and ways of life which the Russian Government has so widely and ingeniously thrown open to all the world in the 'Champs de Mars, does not by any means stop at the point of the 'Yeoman or peasant-farmer, whose dwelling and degree of cultivation and intelligence I then endeavored to describe and bring home to your readers. Closely adjoining the Russian *Isba*, in the Park, and again in the gallery of the Palace itself which is devoted to clothing and habiliments, we find illustrations of a class of subjects the Emperor and Empress pause before their eyes. For the equivalent in America, we would seek in vain for any equivalent in America, unless we took it from the native and indigenous inhabitants of the prairie, or of those northern regions which have been just ceded to the government of the United States. The exhibition of 1867 is especially devoted to the matter of national costumes, and a whole treatise might be written with edification and instruction upon this category only of the vast assemblage. Russia, Sweden, Denmark, the East, France herself (where, however, such local distinctions are rapidly disappearing) have culminated each other in producing types of their different provinces and the people who inhabit them. But perhaps none of them have attracted more attention than the strange group which lines the portion of the Russian galleries above mentioned. I saw the Emperor and Empress pause before these figures one day, and look at each other as though they were asking themselves whether they had any such subjects within their dominion, or what they would do with them if they had. And, indeed, the first thought which passes through one's mind is whether the figures represent what is human or not. They reminded me of the sensation which I remember once came across me in the British Channel in very 'dusty' weather, when, after a long voyage, we were off Deal, and at a moment when you could not see further than your hand for a couple of Deal boatmen suddenly emerged, apparently from the water, but in reality from a boat alongside. I believe I thought they were seals which had mistaken their way, so unutterably 'wet' were they and their 'skins,' which were all that was to be seen. It is difficult to say what one might take these inhabitants of Polar Russia for if left to one's own imagination. But fortunately they are 'ticked,' and so save one the trouble of further conjectures. We learn by the cards upon them that they are Oulaches, or Oulaches, of the extreme north of Siberia, on the Obi; and certainly a rage so little emerged in feature and expression from something not human, or one more calculated to enforce the humiliating theory that men at least (if not women) were once monkeys and were tails, I never before beheld. There is a female and her 'brood' of young ones, who (or which) it is impossible to look at without pity, mingled with humiliation. I imagine for their countenances that intelligent human nature could scarcely begin lower down than this. So here, then, may be said to be the starting-point of the great Slavonic race, which now overshadows all Europe. At least the next step to Cossacks and Kurds of the Caucasus takes us at once a long way ahead; though these latter, if I might say so, are without such a set-off as this Ostial race, would look 'wild' enough for anything. Outside, in the Park, we have specimens of the dwellings of two of the nomadic tribes of Russia, but unfortunately no representation of the inhabitants or of their customs. The tents are rude enough for anything. One is conical, and made of the bark of trees, and called an *Ourassa*, and belongs to the tribe of Jakouts. The other, round-shaped and covered with coarse woolen clothes, is called a *Tourta*, and used by the Kirghis. Both are wholly devoid of interest of every kind. But we are greatly indebted to the Russian Government for having placed all these things before us, and made the Russian section the most complete illustration of the Empire in all its imposing vastness and variety of any of the assembled nationalities. We see clearly what Russia has done in doing, and has yet got to do. We see the life and the spirit of the Nevra, and the Ostiac on those of the Obi; and we can trace the progress from the latter to the former, through the stages of Kurd and Cossack and the well-to-do and now fortunately emancipated serf and peasant-farmer. As I have said, here are abundant materials, standing temptingly side by side, for drawing out the comparative course of development and the respective lines of civilization and whose future destiny it seems to be within the supremacy of the two hemispheres between them. At present all is contrast and dissimilarity. Whether the two systems of organization will one day modify and more or less resemble each other, is a question which only a distant future can disclose.

ascend legitimately you must be not one person, but three. No one could go up alone. Chafed by this arbitrary rule, so alighting to my individuality and so inhospitable to the world of single gentlemen, I began to argue—in what language I am sure I do not know—with my stolid opponent. All in vain; he stood placidly himself (a pretty accurate student) in the doorway and exhibited the printed regulations. I tried corruption—take three fees; he was spotless integrity. I tried pathos—I had come far, and was going soon; he was marble. I tried humor—did I resemble a sulcid? he was afraid of receiving me from the top on his head? I appeared to be sending him to sleep. Then I asked him to accompany me himself—he certainly had in him the making of two men. The demand excited him to a stormy and rather alarming vivacity; he cast a glance up the staircase, weighed his protuberant stomach in the purple, drew his wristacross his brow, and asked if the signore wished him to burst himself. I am certain he had never seen the belfry in his life. The ascent, so simple a thing heretofore, began to seem impossible. I raged inwardly, and threw an eye of despair to the tempting distance, where, almost hidden by the buildings, the Maritime Alps interlaced with the Apennines under a purple Italian heaven. It was the decline of a golden day. I should never forgive myself if I failed to watch it from the bending tower.

Under these circumstances it was with more pleasure I greeted two wandering priests who presented themselves than I ever felt in presence of a priest before. Two black forms of priests, crossing the solitary little square which holds the sacred monuments of Old Pisa apart, tranquil and meditative as two Isaac's who had come out into the field at the eventide. Their faces looked amiable under the shade of their broad hats, the brims of which were winking to roll up on three sides like the withering petals of some great black rose; and from the shoulders of each depended that thin and narrow cloak or veil, stretching out as they moved in a pump-handle manner, which I have never seen but on walking priests and on opera villains who leave the scene undulating their mantles handsomely upon them. Presenting myself, I respectfully desired their company to the summit. Their acquiescence, which was kindly, prompt and cordial, might have been extended to my letters, but certainly was not to my words, which were quite incomprehensible to them; for when I followed up my question with a remark equally meant to be in Italian, they observed that they did not speak German, and when I tried them in French they gave me the old familiar *'Non comprenny'*. I next essayed Latin, and was getting terribly bogged in a reminiscence from Virgil, when the man who had said that he did not 'compreny,' observed, in a hearty brogue: 'Now, if you did but speak a heavenly brogue, the little problem in foreign exchange was solved. He was a native of Dublin, twenty-five or twenty-six, studying at the College of St. Thomas of Canterbury in Rome, and now released on a short furlough after the recent commemorative ceremonies at St. Peter's. He had the appropriate pages of his Murray detached from the volume and fluttering in his hand, and was translating them to his companion in a fluent Italian, very different indeed from mine. He was a 'proper' young man to look at, as he bared his head and measured the height of the tower with his dark Irish eyes, and his heavy black hair which hung down, and his heavy black hair which hung down, and his heavy black hair which hung down. His robust figure, forward brow and large passionate lips spoke of the temperament that so seldom strays into the order, and which, when it does, transplants thither its full and unrepressed impulses of dominion and fervor. Soon the steps of the ascent were being counted off immediately before my eyes by the comely and able calves and heels of my new acquaintance, who, good-humoredly urging his comrades in advance, trod *'digny'* the stairs from under his feet with the firmness of a machine. And thus the two hundred numbers uncurred themselves around us, and the eight lofty stories placed themselves successively beneath us, and the giant bells hung at our feet like a cluster of extraordinary flowers as our heads rose into a tide of ambrosial air.

"The water would have been warmer, at least," he said, smiling. "Well, I was born under the Northern rains, and I cannot help thinking it would have been a privilege. I should have liked to have knelt from my boyhood, among the marble of cathedral like this. I should have to have listened to the bells from this strange tower. I should like, when the end comes, to cover me with the Judean earth of the Campo Santo yonder."

Looking over we could see the holy earth, so gorgeously framed in its four-square arcades; a rich shadow was spread upon it; but the four aged cypresses that defined its corners rose to the sunset, and the tips of their lofty cones showed like sombre taper-flames. I quoted the sense of a musical passage in *Les Odeurs de Paris*.

"Oh, people of the Christ!" says Venillot, "oh, babes whom Ho has made!" Oh, cemeteries of Christian fields, where the tombs, covered with sweet herbs and flowers, gather into the shadow of the church-spire! Over these tombs, watered with tears from the oldest time, the living have unceasingly poured out their prayers, while the sacred earth was never touched but with their knees!

"I do not like a Frenchman," interrupted the collegian, heavily enough. "I like him least of all when he is eloquent." I think I should have been wiser to have defended the church before the Parisians, has defended it with a very slender endowment of the Christian spirit, I refrained from saying much for him. But I could not help putting in a good word for Pere Hyacinth, the Paris missionary, whose discourses, full of warmth, refinement and charm, seem to me, as has been said of the writings of Addison, as high as his age could bear.

"I do not like French eloquence," persisted my acquaintance, "there is something naturally windy and false in the Gallic mind that prevents it from achieving any influence acceptable to a Briton."

I did not respond. I am never very fond of seeing the Briton display, in his contented manner, what I think his least hopeful trait—his want of adaptability. The student, perceiving that something was 'not quite right,' changed the subject once more, and began to speak of the mother church with all the filial tenderness of a devotee. He spoke of her antiquity, her splendid past, her venerable symbols, the attractive robe of spirituality she was able to throw over the burdens and toil of ordinary life. His fluent Irish eloquence surprised his companions, who leaned in silence against the iron rail, and regarded us alternately, forgetting the landscape. He spoke of the serious, studious life of his Roman college. He painted for me, with a little tender Jesuitry, that amused and titillated me, the serene existence even a stranger might lead in the cloisters of the monastery. He described his experience at the convent of Monte Casino—between Rome and Naples—and it was like a reminiscence of some young Milton in Italy, or rather like a dreamy passage from *Milton*. Here, in the grandest mosaic, emblematic in Europe, the Roman avants pass the heated term of summer. In a library said to possess forty thousand volumes and a cloud of parchments and manuscripts, there is the material for every kind of study. The Italian poets collate Danes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; historians root out the diplomas of Lombard Kings and the bulls of forgotten Popes; monks from Germany excavate the treasures of medieval music—cantatas and finales and fugues whose faintest echoes have long since died from the lower air. The hospitality is perfect—there is no want of anything, and one is hardly allowed to leave the convent. One day, when I was dining among the brothers in a frescoed refectory; you worship in a church only less sumptuous than St. Peter's; you sleep close to the moon, and with the dawn the clouds, floating upward from far beneath your feet, scatter around you in snowy folds, and unveil the morning panorama of the mountains.

as men, wait for the Lord, who, at length prevailed upon by entreaty, will scatter the darkness of error still disturbances, and, without doubt, restore the reign of justice and of peace. I augur for you the joy of this result, and the abundance of all heavenly graces, in token whereof, I have the pleasure of our paternal good will and kindly affection, we most lovingly impart to all of you, and to the whole of England, our Apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's on the 10th day of July, 1867, of our Pontificate the twenty-second year.

FRANCO.

THE POSITION OF EX-SERVANTS.
To the Editor of the Evening Journal: Sir—My attention has been called to what purports to be a letter written by me—though signed 'Ira E. Harris'—and under the name 'New Orleans'—dated this morning. No such letter has been written by me or by my authority. I have not been in the city of New York since the 15th of July, nor have I seen the *Journal* since that date. I have no knowledge of its contents. The fabrication imputes to me sentiments which I do not entertain. I am earnestly in favor of the publication of a full and true statement of facts and in the opinions it ascribes to me. You will oblige me by the publication of this note.

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