

Day Evening Bulletin

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1867. F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher. PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE EVENING BULLETIN
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FRANK R. WALLACE, Editor.
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While standing in the columbarium to make a rapid sketch, I was interrupted by Giuletta Akca, offering me a chair by the hand of her mother. Giuletta's fame has hardly extended to the American public. She is famous for nothing that I know of but for having cut an upper tooth at a remarkably early age; but she has an organ, as the music-critics call it, of a wonderful pitch, tension and singing quality—and her dancing, executed in the maternal arms, charms everybody. Her freedom of manner, with strangers of the opposite sex, extends to the verge of indiscretion. Her costume is rather Egyptian, as I understand the Theban fashions from my studies in the mummy-room of the Academy of Sciences; if she were ever to be unwrapped as mummies are unwrapped, in the presence of her sovereign, I fear the braving would turn on his heel with "phib!" before the ceremony was half over. For the Italian lady knows two things—namely, that she is a lady and a nightcap, or a covering as intricate as that of the peep in the centre of a kite-line; and Giuletta, out of respect to Virgil, maybe, had chosen the modest alternative. She could have furnished, from her own person, a moderate sloop-shop. She addressed me at great length, in a language made up of the five vowels, and punctuated with gurgles; at the same time expressing the firmest determination to jump out of her mother's hands a few hundred feet down the beach, and to roll in the bottom of the sea, exposing a perfectly bald baby-head of olive-brown, and remarking that she was "a little Capuchin." You would never have recognized that as a joke, perhaps? This is because you do not comprehend the region and the soil in which I planted it. My celebrated Capuchin joke gaily did burgeon and broadly did grow. The mother, laughing until she nearly laughed Giuletta down the cliff, was obliged to call a brown girl to share the ecstasy, and understand that the baby in his hood had been compared to a papay, rising unsexedly in the Tomb of Virgil, and Miss Giuletta, with a hypocrisy perfectly modern, affected to see it, when she did not at all, and began to cackle like a sewing machine.

WINNEMORE.

JUSTICE VINDICATED.

The Execution To-day

CONDUCT OF THE CONDEMNED.

NO CLERGYMAN AT THE GALLOWS.

Winnemore's Speech at the Scaffold.
HE RE-ASSERTS HIS INNOCENCE.

At nine minutes of eleven o'clock this morning George W. Winnemore was hanged at the County Prison.

Some friends were expressed as to the stolid indifference and unconcern displayed by Winnemore at every stage of the proceedings. He betrayed no emotion when arrested and accused of the murder, and collected before the coroner and while undergoing the trial.

His approaching death, and his visitors left him smugged at the apathy of the man.

By this time he had recovered his composure, and during the remainder of the scene was firm and collected.

DIED.
On Wednesday, the 28th inst., at the Church of the Resurrection in the city of Philadelphia, the Rev. E. L. Everett, rector of the Parish, Joshua Kimball, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. J. G. Kimball, President of Haverford College.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
FARDEE SCIENTIFIC COLLEGE
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.
The next term commences THURSDAY, September 13th. Candidates for admission will be received till the 10th of September. TUESDAY, July 30th, of the Board of the Annual Commencement Exercises.

EASTON, PENNA., July 1867.
THE HOTEL... The Board of Directors of the Hotel... have resolved to sell the Hotel... to the highest bidder...

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.
A SPECIALTY OF TAXES for the year 1867, remaining unpaid after the first day of September... will be added upon all City Taxes...

HOWARD HOSPITAL, NO. 136 AND 138
The Board of Directors of the Howard Hospital... have resolved to sell the Hospital... to the highest bidder...

BASH STEPS.
Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.
Here no sculphure built,
In the laund'ry rock, o'er the blue
Naples bay, for a sweet
Tender Virgin.

From these circumstances it has come to pass that my sketch book contains the flimsiest possible outline of Virgil's tomb, venerated for almost a score of centuries, and a very complete and satisfactory likeness of Giuletta at all.

GENERAL GRANT.
Some friends whom we respect, and a small number of insectivorous newspaper writers who do not care to quarrel with the Tribune for doubting anything, have suggested the right to doubt anybody whose record is not so clear that there can be no mistake. If General Grant put himself under suspicion, the fault was his own. We have no right to doubt him, as we have no right to doubt the President, to whom we have no objection to do so. The President is an important principle involved in this case quite as deeply as is that of Sheridan.

AMUSEMENTS.
CARL SENEZ'S GARDEN CONCERNS.—We desire to call the attention of our readers to the charming little garden concerts given under the auspices of Mr. Carl Senz, at the corner of Juniper and Filbert Streets. These musical entertainments are unique and original in design, and the programme arranged for each performance is invariably of a most attractive character.

The trial was a plain and simple presentation of the facts. Winnemore, a young man of no trade or profession, had, after lounging about during his youth, entered the army, and in the course of the struggle he had enlisted in the regular army, and at the time of the murder had lately returned from the Plains, where he had held the post of sergeant in the 6th Cavalry.

The conversation then turned for a moment on capital punishment, and on the assertion being made by the spectators that the death of a man by a capital punishment should be changed to imprisonment for life, Winnemore said that he would rather be imprisoned for any time than sentenced to a capital punishment, and that he should be glad to accept of the latter if it were his lot.

Yesterday there was no change in Winnemore. He was still the same careless, indifferent and self-reliant. He had not been to the scaffold to receive the visit of a clergyman.

The Sheriff and his jury assembled at ten o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to the County Prison, where the jurors were sworn, the warrant for the execution read, and preparations made to carry the law into effect.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Winnemore was moved from the County Prison to the scaffold, and the execution was carried out.

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Representatives of the Press,
The change of the position of the gallows gave a more extended journey than usual.

Winnemore then in a voice clear at first, but which gradually became husky and tremulous, spoke as follows:
Gentlemen: I am brought here on the scaffold to die, and I expect me to say a few words.

Winnemore concluded his speech by turning to the Sheriff and Mr. Perkins, and made them both a good bye.

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