## Baily Evening Bulletin.

GIBSON PEACOCK. Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

F. L. FETHERSTON. Publisher.

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PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1867.

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THE EVENING BULLETIN PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING (Sundays excepted), AT THE NEW BULLETIN BUILDING,

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GIBSON PEACOCK. ERNEST C. WALLACE, ELL FETHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIAMSON, GASPER 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.

MARRIED.

BROCKIE-HOWELL.—On the 18th inst., by the Rev. Alexander Reed, D. D., Widlam Brockie to Anna P., daughter of Joseph K. Howell.

DOUGLASS-STANBERRY.—In Newark, N. J., Sept. 17th, by Rev. J. K. Burr, Mr. Wm. C. Bouglass to Miss H. Elma Stanberry, daughter of R. Stanberry, Esq. DIED.

APROTT.—On Wednesday, the 18th instant, Lizzle, youngest daughter of the late James Arrott of this city. Funeral from her late residence, 18th Poplar street on Saturday, the 21st Inst., at 10 o'clock.

BETECHER.—On the 18th instant, Paul G., infant son of Samuel V. and Elizabeth Beecher, aged 15 months.
Funeral on Saturday morning, 21st inst., at 10 o'clock, from 435 George attect. Funeral on Saturday morning, 21st inst., at 19 o'clock, 1700 435 George atreet.

18 L MNER.—On the 17th Inst., William Clyde, son of John C., and the late Helen S. Blummer, aged 2 years.

Funeral on Friday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from his grandfather's residence, No. 540 North Fifth street.

BULKLEY.—On the evening of the 18th inst., Lizzie F., daughter of J. Henry and Adeline A. Bulkley.

The relatives and friends are affectionately invited to attend the funeral services, at the residence of her parents, No. 1204 Race street, this (Thursday) afternoon, at three o'clock. o'clock. EIM.—At Tipton, Moniteau county, Mo., Sept. 13th, Frailey M. Gleim, aged 51 years, second son of the 1857. Frailey M. Glelin, aged 51 years, second son of the late Colonel C. Glelin.

1RV ING.—Near Chester, on Wednesday, the 18th inst., J. Washington Irving, sen of James and Christlana Irving, in the 24th year of his age.

His relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his parents, near chester, Delaware county, Pa., on Saturday, the 24th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M. To proceed to Chester Rural Gemetery. MCALLA.—On the 18th inst. Ellen M'Calla, daughter of the late Andrew and Ellen M'Calla. The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to the duneral, from her late residence, 513 Pine street, n Friday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.
SOLMS.—In Washington, D. C., Sept. 17th, Joseph P. olina, Hospital Steward. U. S. Army, aged 25 years and 6 counts. MOURNING MOUSSELINES.-LUPIN'S ALL WOOL Paris printed Black and White Mousselines De Laine,

DESSON & SON, Mourning Store, 918 Chestnut street. EYRE & LANDELL, FOURTH AND ARCH, ARE opening for the Full Trade of 1887—Marrot Shawls, ordered goods, Poplins, new colors, and like Plaids, Black Silks, specifor grades.
Plain Silks, of all qualities

PATENTED. -PANTS SCOURED AND STRETCHED from 1 to 5 inches, at MOTTET'S French Strain Dye-

and Scouring. Im\* 52 South Ninth street and 735 Race street. SPECIAL NOTICES.

POSTPONED.

Due notice will be given when the

THE RECEPTION >

RIGHT REV. BISHOP WOOD

. Is nostnamed for the present, on account of his NON-ARRIVAL FROM EUROPE,

RECEPTION AND FESTIVAL

will take place

FRANK McLAUGHLIN,

WM. J. POWER, Secretary. ge19 PHILADELPHIA AND SOUTHERN MAIL
Steamship Company, Office No. 314 South Delaware
Avenue, Philadelphia, September 18, 1867.
We hereby acknowledge the receipt of the following
sums for the Southern Yellow Fever Rellef Fund, which
have been forwarded direct to this office, and collected by
Mesers William C. Harris & Co., No. 125 S. Third street:

A. Whitney & Sons.
James C. Hand & Co.
Jay Cook & Co.
Jay Cook & Co.
James Kent, Santee & Co.
James Kent, Santee & Co.
Jacob Riggel & Co.
Vectorit & Thompson.

Vectorit & Thompson.

25
C. H. Grant.

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WILLIAM L. JAMES. General Agent P. & S. M. S. S. Co. NATATORIUM AND PHYSICAL INSTITUTE,

BROAD, below WALNUT streets. The SWIMMING DEPARTMENT will close SATUR-DAY, the 21st inst. The last Ladies Class will meet at 10 A. M. on that day.

THE INSTITUTION WILL RE-OPEN

FOR THE WINTER SEASON,

WINTER SEASON,
OCTOBER 14TH.
The first class of Young Ladies for Light Gymnastics at 3 P. M. MONDAY, October 14th.
The first class for Boys for General Gymnastics at 4 P.M. TUESDAY, October 15th.
For classee in Parlor Skating, Dancing, &c., &c., see circulars.

For classes in Parlor Skating, Dancing, &c., &c., see circulars.

THE MENDELSSOHN MUSICAL SOCIETY will commence its regular Rehearasts on MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 39, 1867.

At their Hall, N. E. corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets, and will give during the season.

THICE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

Particulars at the business office of the Society, No. 1230.

Chestnut street (Louis Meyer's Music Store).

Officers for the casuing year:

ROBERT MORIGIS, Precident.

A. H. DERRICKSON, Vice President.

JOHN E. McG AULLAY, Vice President.

GEORGE KIMBALL, Secretary,

JEAN LOUIS, Musical Director.

H. G. THUNDER, Planist.

A. R. VANHORN, Tressurer.

JOHN THORNLEY, Chairman of Committee.

HARRY I. STEWART, Librarian.

Sel8 2trp - PARDEE SCIENTIFIC COURSE

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

The next term commences THURSDAY, September 78th. Candidates for admission may be examined the day pefore (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, Clork of the Faculty.

Easton, Penna., July, 1867. jy30-tf5 PHILADELPHIA AND SOLTHERN MAIL Steamship Company, Office No. 314 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1867.

TO THE PUBLIC—We desire to caution the public against making subscriptions for the Southern Yellow Fever Relief Fund to unauthorized persons. Subscriptions should be sent to this office direct, or to WM. C. HARRIB & CO., No. 125 South Third street, the only persons authorized to make collections.

WM. L. JAMES, self-6th.

NORTH PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND GREEN LANE STATION. We are delivering from this place the celebrated HARLEIGH SPRING MOUNTAIN LEHIGH COAL, the hardest and purest mined, at \$7 per ton.

BINES & SHEAFF, office, No. 15 South Seventh street.

A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE STUCK.
holders of the PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO OIL
COMPANY will be held on Monday, September 23d, at the
Office, 32-North Fifth street, at 12 M., to consider the expediency of selling certain of the Company's property,
sel6-3trp\* R. B. ESLER, Secretary.

FAMILIES ABOUT CHANGING THEIR RESIcash price for old newspapers, books, pamphlets, rag, etc.
Wrappers always on hand and for sale by E. HUNTER,
BIS Jayne street. Orders will receive prompt attention,
by mall or otherwise. by mail or otherwise.

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

Hobbs, the old rascal, says an American girl loves with her eyes, an English girl with her arms, a French girl with her lips, and Italian and Spanish with all three. A Boston woman capital lates in three months, a New York woman in two, and a New Orleans woman in one. Cansas scame the fire? Did a rat carry a light partly climacteric and constitutional, and partly candle-end to some oily, priceless canvas? Did a few words from the old folks in the back room.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.) I have just learned the particulars of the burning of Titian's great picture, the "Peter Martyr." It was on the night of the 15th of August. The hour when a leader loses a victory, when a light-house is blotted from the chart, when a sun darkens in the heavens, is but a blank hour for history, for navigation or astronomy. On that unlucky night a patch of blackness took its place in the empyrean among the highest stars. The blot is permanent. These sons of light come no more. you

RASH STEPS.

The future Venice has a beam gone, a color off the palette, a plume from the Lion. Future Sir Joshuas have one text fewer for their discourses. Future Ruskins one criterion less to steady them. Future Turners one graduation lost from the chromatic vernier. The young American of the future, stealing to the western shores with his silent reverence, his beautiful belief in the pastbowing from shrine to shrine with his eyes credulous of miracle, his heart like wax to the seal, and his little fardel of commentaries and annotations and authorities all ready to help him to remember, goes henceforth to one idol broken. In the last century, when all was precedence and voldstick, this was classed as the third picture in existence, ranking after the "Transfiguration" and the "Communion of St. Gerome." They used to like that kind of enumeration. We of to-day have lost the propensity to call up the masters one behind the other to be medalled. To be a masterpiece is always to be first. "Leur solennité, c'est leur ensemble."

My last, but not my first, study of the "Peter Martyr," on the 14th May, I now recall with a kind of awe. I remember the gondola. I remember the bald beggar who held it to the step with a hook when we disembarked. I remember the old black bronze of the Condattiere Colleoni frowning down from his horse in the Place before Santi Giovanni e Paolo. This church, oftener called by its nickname Zani-Polo, is of Italian Gothic, severe for Venice, but still bright, and I recollect the sheets of sunshine poured from its unstained windows upon the crowd of doges, the

"Most potent, grave and reverend signores," ruling from their tombs all around its walls. The temple is a sort of Venetian Pantheon, a museum tilled with the principal ducal mausoleums. It is fortunate that the flames spared those venerable sepulchres, which the Dukes went through so much agitation to win. The fire was confined to a particular chapel, that of the Rosary; but unfortunately the principal art-treasures of the Church were gathered temporarily into this alcove during the restoration of the interior. I recall the scaffolds hiding the walls, and the clamor of the workmen molesting the peace of the dead company of mighty ones. And I remember gladly pushing through it all to a little asylum of peace and repose, in which I knew I should find the great master-work I had so often pored over at home by means of whatever could be had in the way of copy, engraving or photograph. Here was dropped the spark that conquered our greatest Titian.

The 15th August is the great festival of the Assumption, when the Romanist world everywhere honors the apotheosis of the Mother of God. At Rome, in her own special cathedral, the Liberian Basilica, or Great Saint Mary's, the Pope attends to hear high-mass performed by the archpriest, who afterwards blesses the people from the balcony. In Paris, the Imperial Fele coinciding with the day, a celebration takes place unequalled throughout the year; the theatres all perform gratis, fireworks are shown, the Avenue of the Elysées is a chain of lights which touch each other, every shop is closed, and the beggars are allowed to beg from dawn to midnight. On this high day, the masses were sung at Zuni-Polo, in Venice, notwithstanding its encumbered state, and the yespers were concluded, most imprudently, without any attention to extinguishng the lights. Oil lamps, and even the large tapers, were left burning at the altar at the closing of the church for the night.

At five next morning a passer observed smoke issuing from the chapel of the Rosary, and gave notice to the parish priest and wardens. Assistance was only in time to prevent the fire from spreading to the interior of the church. From the chapel door-way the mortified Venetians could at first see their glory, their paragon, their unequaled Tition unharmed, shining and beaming as it had never shone before, and wrapping the color of the conflagration around its own shaft of heavenly and angel-peopled splendor. But it was impossible to penetrate the flames, and directly after the canvas curled, blistering to a cinder. The famous "Peter Martyr" from that moment was a tradition, a legend, a fancy feed-

ing upon engravings and copies. Such was the bad work of this festival night. But was it simply the dumb agency of the festival fires that did it? These are grave and reasonable dcubts, suggesting a degree of shameful Vandalism that would contradict all our age, and which was never believed to linger even in Italy. Why did the fire, instead of spreading from the high altar, take place in a side chapel? Why did it fasten here, sparing the combustible scaffolding in the aisles? Why was the alarm given when it was just possible to spare the church, but not the chapel? Why did the accident occur the day after the meeting of the City Council? On the 14th, an assembly of the Municipality had decided that the art-treasures of the church in question should be removed to the Fine Art Academy; this resolution was in connecwith a plan in operation ever tion since 1858, of removing from time to time the famous works of art from the custody of the churches, where they were deteriorating from smoke and gloom, to the excellent light and protection of the Academy. The angry church has seen taken from her grasp, one by one, the old traditional ornaments that had been her pride and hoast from the dark ages and renaissance. Everybody suffered, from the archbishop who lifted the wafer in front of the famous altar-piece, to the last progeny of the custode who got a halflira for drawing the curtain. In Venice, the confiscation of church property implied in her annexation to the Italian crown has been followed up by this additional blow. An infidel and excommunicated King having laid his hand on the monasteries, here was a proud, meddling city stripping the cathedrals of the jewels. No doubt, whether guilty or not, the priest swung his incense in Zani-Polo on that Assumption-day with a raging heart, while they sung hosannas to Saint Mary. How then

fire the superb carvings, weeping and cursing as he did so? Did one of those thoroughly worthless, curly young men who exhibited the Chapel for me in three or four dislocated languages, and wanted each of them money for telling what I knew before, strike some Infernal match across the pale face of the Martyr? No doubt there will be the amplest investigations to settle these ugly questions. The day has gone by, let us hope, when the oracular favors and confidences of the muse are to be spent as weapons and pledges between state and state, or state and Church. If this deed has been voluntarily done, vengeance should be quick to follow and find Let the brave who stabbed a picture in the night come up and suffer. But that will never bring us our Titian again!

There is the end of the story. I may, however, fill my sheet with a notice of the objects thus lost forever to the world of ideas.

The Titian was a large, upright picture, containing three principal figures of natural size, and a landscape unique in early art. It represented the death of Peter, a Dominican Saint of Verona. The martyr is seen overthrown in the foreground, a dark, herculean assassin stooping over him about to strike, and a second Dominican flying precipitately out of the picture, as it were, as he rushed forward. The painting was pre-eminently in the grand style, the very terror of the coward monk being epical, like the anguish of a demi-god. The grove in which the scene transpired partook of this lofty character, seeming to be the gigantic growth of primeval forests, from the largeness and majesty of the tree-forms; yet these trees, completely represented of natural dimensions within the limits of the picture, could not have been more than ten or twelve feet high. They form the most distinguished instance, at the date, of landscape dramatically rendered being of the greatest assistance in developing the terror of the story. They seemed to bend and toss with horror, like natural objects suddenly stricken with sense and detained as shuddering witnesses on the scene of an awful deed. Through their parted branches, in a storm of supernatural light, angels came down to receive the dying saint, meeting the last enraptured gaze of his eyes. Such was the theme of this great work of art, which stood apart from the mass of Titian's sacred subjects, and showed how Shakespearian he could be in the handling of an imaginative and legendary theme. His other large pictures have usually a more splendid array of colors, and my companion, whose art-judgment is far beyond my own, was at first inclined to be disappointed in the dark and monotonous tone of the world-famous canvas. To Titian, however, who revelled in the rainbow, this monetone was undoubtedly no weakness, but self-repression, analogous to that of Shakespeare in the

This painting was hung, like an enormous shutter, to the wall facing the light. Behind it, of corresponding dimensions, was one of the largest works of his master, Giovanni Bellini, a virgin enthroned, of almost equal dignity in the history of art, but not available for a popular description. round the walls were ten marble reliefs of great delicacy, by Bonazza and others, of the eighteenth century. Among the smaller pictures destroyed were Tintoretto's "Virgin of the Rosary" and one of his most powerful crucifixions, together with the "Sacred (Princely) League of 1570," by his son Dominico. The best of these is thus described by Henri Taine: "Still more vehement is a Crucifixion of Tin-

toret. Here everything stirs and turns over: the poetry of light and shade fills the air with shining and sombre contrasts. A jet of yellowish lustre is thrown crosswise over the naked Christ, who seems a glorified corpse. Above him the heads of the holy women float in a river of resplendent air, and the form of the repentant hief, savage and contorted, embraces the sky with its reddened muscles. In this tempest of troubled, intense day, it seems that the crosses waver, that the victims are about to throw themelves down: to complete the keen emotion and grandiose turnoil, you see in the foreground, across a luminous fume of vapor, a mass of corpses thrown up and reviving."

ENFANT PERDU.

Wendell Phillips and the United States Supreme Court. [From the Anti-Slavery Standard of this week.] Of all the instruments used by the South in old times the Supreme Court was the most evil-intentioned and the most efficient. The people have been bred in such servile reverence for its decisions that whichever party got possession of that weapon was almost sure to conquer. Its Judges, appointed for life and lingering on the bench to xtreme old age-as Sidney Smith said of bishops "with Episcopal pertinacity"—have always represented the opinions of a former generation. This department of the government has always been the last to come into line with the nation as new eras have opened. The South never appealed to arms until it found that this usually formidable weapon had, in 1860, lost its power. The nation swung away from treason like Taney's, and the ship of State moved on "with upright keel." Stung to madness, the South appealed to the ullet—unsuccessfully.

The signs at Washington indicate that Mr.

Johnson means to try to find refuge under the old shelter. He plans evidently to strengthen him-self by putting the army into the hands of his friends as far as possible, but only as a reserve force. The checkmate he intends to call on Conorce. The checkmate he intends to call on Congress is to be, it would seem, some action of the judiciary declaring all the reconstruction legislation unconstitutional. How dangerous and embarrassing a check that would be to the nation's progress every one familiar with the history of the anti-slavery movement will fully appreciate. Whether Mr. Johnson will succeed in obtaining such a decision no one know. His couptaining such a decision no one knows. His counsellors evidently count upon it; we fear with too

good grounds for their trust. Every thoughtful man has anxiously watched that tribunal ever since 1861. Mr. Stevens early saw the danger in that quarter and was only de saw the danger in that quarter and was only de-terred from a vigorous attempt to avert the dan-ger by the fact that the appointing power resting with Mr. Lincoln, it seemed impossible to secure any sufficient change in the character of the ench. The action of most of the judges who owe their appointment to Mr. Lincoln is evidence enough how unwise and dangerous it would have been to put it into his power to saddle us with any more enemies, empowered to balk us as long

as their lives lasted. Mr. Johnson's main object is to confuse public opinion and divide the ranks of the Republican party. No more effectual means could be desired than a decision of the Supreme Court adverse to Congress. Round such a decision would rally all the timid, tired, weak-kneed, half-way, compro-mising and dishonest elements which victory has mising and dishonest elements which victory has lured into the Republican ranks. Landlocked and hampered by such opposition, the reconstruction movement would move very slowly and fitfully forward—the youngest of us, in such circumstances, may reach old age before it will be ended—in any true sense of the word.

What measures the Radical element in Congress will adopt to meet such a contingency time will show. We entreat them to remember how much hangs on their action. The nation will support

show. We entreat them to remember how much hangs on their action. The nation will support them in going, as Franklin said; "to the extreme

linger in his robes till all were gone, and then I verge of their constitutional power" for means to meet such an emergency. Salus populi suprema lex. Wendell Phillips.

> THE ANTIETAM CELEBRATION. The Theoretical and the Practical Programme—The President Insults the Northern Governors—The Diplomatic Corps and Everybody Disgusted with the Ceremonics.

> The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, a Copperhead eheet, thus details the insulting behavior of Mr. Johnson at the Antietam celebration:

> WASHINGTON, Sept. 18 .- The dedication of the National Cemetery at Antietam took place yes-terday. The invitations were low more, and a limited number were district. the most distinguished persons at the Capital, including the President and his Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps. The special train from Washington started at half-past six A. M., reached the Relay House at eight o'clock, and met the train from Baltimore, which contained those who had been invited from that city. After a considerable detention a large train was made up and proceeded onward. Keedysville was reached at twelve o'clock, where there was a large crowd awaiting our arrival. The party, perhaps two hundred in number, left the cars; but just at this moment a heavy shower came up. The carriages provided for the occasion were all crowded together, and there seemed to be no commander, no general director or manager. Some little time clapsed before order could be brought out of chaos, and then it was found that the carriages had all been filled by the crowd with-out reference to cards of invitation. It was found necessary to turn out some of the occupants to make room for the Diplomatic Corps, who had in the meantime. in common with the rest, become thoroughly drenched. It was agranged on the programme, which was very prettily gotten up, that everything was to be carried out in good order; but the truth is, the theoretical programme was one thing, the practical one another. Every one appeared to think that his existence depended on his reaching the cemetery in the shortest pos-sible time. So badly arranged had everything been that I noticed six invited guests in one back,

one of them a foreign minister to the United We reached the cemetery at two o'clock P. M. Here there had been erected a staging with suffi-cient seats to accommodate two hundred people. The rain had ceased and the sun broke out, send-ing up from the ground a vapor which gave every one a steam bath. The seats were covered every one a steam bath. The seats were covered with wet white cloth, and the cloth well pasted with yellow mud. The design was evidently to steam and bake all who had dared to accept a card of invitation. The sun poured into the three sides of the hollow square, and the speaker was the only person whose head was covered. He only had an American flag over him proposed up by four sticks. The flag over him, propped up by four sticks. The Masonic ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the monument took place at a little distance from the speaker's stand, and were witnessed by the President and Mr. McCulloch. Here, too, all appeared to be confusion; the programme was not carried out. The Grand Master was a half hour behind time, and kept everybody waiting. The ceremony was rudely hurried, and the few people who witnessed it returned to the stand to hear the speeches. Ex-Governor Bradford was here introduced to deliver the oration. This was very long, very tedious, and fell rather heavy upon the assembly. The wish almost generally expressed had been that no one should in any way allude to political affairs. It was considered that he had not see that the heavy took the secret and that the political affairs. the hour was.too. sacred, and that the partisan blood, already aroused to over-action, should not show itself in the centre of a cemetery wherein were to be seen in long rows the little mounds of earth which, louder than words, exclaimed "Here sleep our dead heroes." The close of the ovation was, however, unmistakably political. It was adroitly made to hinge upon the occasion, and closed in a long appeal to the assembly to support the Constitution.

The crowd in front of the stand now shouted

loudly for Governor Geary. An attempt was made to continue the programme, but they would not listen to it—"Geary, Geary, Geary," was the cry, interspersed with a few faint calls for President Johnson. An attempt was made to read the poem which had been prepared for the occasion, but with the shouting for Geary it was impossible. Governor Geary was here obliged to take the stand. He quieted the cries by promising the assembly that so soon as the programme had been carried out "not only myself but several of the Governors here present will be glad to address you." The poem was then read—a dull piece of composition. The then read—a dull piece of composition. The author, very wisely, was not present. The poem finished, Mr. Johnson stepped immediately upon the stand. When he spoke of the "brave men on both sides who fell in the flerce struggle of battle" there was a low, deep murmur ran through the crowd. "His speech closed by a strongly accented exclamation: "You shall have my last efforts in vindication of the flag of the republic and of the constitution of your fathers."

constitution of your fathers. Scarcely had Mr. Johnson stepped aside when a benediction was pronounced in a flash, while the crowd were again shouting for Governor Geary. Geary took the stand and commenced speaking The President, followed by his Cabinet, immedi ately descended from the platform and walked-out of the cemetery, leaving Governors Geary, Fenton and others behind. The hot blood renton and others bemind. The horozone to Geary's face as he warmly his speech: "When you come to his speech: "When you come to Pennsylvania we let everybody speak. We want to hear thanks to Almighty God for his preservation and care of the country. We have no gag! We have no programmes for this purpose! We have no gag on our programmes!" The crowd was loud in its applause of this opening. It was evident that Governor Geary had taken the hurried method of the closing of the ceremonies as a deep insult. From the manner in which it took deep insult. From the manner in which it took was already tacitly understood that several of the Governors would make a few remarks after the President had concluded his speech. Governor Fenton then followed in a few words, and the af-

Such has been the great Antietam celebration. Not a man there but was heartly disgusted with the arrangements. The Diplomatic Corps, which were in very full attendance, were throughout the reremony evidently wishing themselves at home.
I have no doubt that any one of them would resign rather than go through the same ordeal again. None of our principal military men who fought at Antictain were on the ground. None of the great names which have conferred glory on the nation were there to do honor to the troops whose courage and intelli-gence gave them victory. Grant was at Wash-ington, Sherman on the Plains, Burnside, whose ardy movements on the left gave us such hot work on the right at Antietam, was also absent. Never mind! the soldier who fell at Antietam had

The Additional Bounty. [Washington Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.] The following particulars in relation to the additional bounty, of which so much has been said lately, are taken from official sources, and may be relied upon as being correct: From January 1st, 1867, up to the 16th of the present month, there have been received and recorded at the Paymaster-General's office 361,639 applications for additional bounty, of which 53,101 remain unreadditional bottley, of which 35,101 feman unre-corded; but these, it is said, will be recorded by the middle of next month. All applications received by the Paymaster-General prior to April 1, 1867, will have been referred and waiting evidence from the Second Auditor's office by the 1st of October. Applications for the additional bounty, in obedience to the requirements of the law, after having been examined and recorded in the Pay Department, have to be referred to the Second Auditor for the military, history of the claim-ants, as it appears on the muster rolls in that office. The Second Auditor has furnished to the Pay Department such returns at the rate of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand per

month; but seventy-six thousand applications are still in the Second Auditor's office awaiting the proper evidence to secure their settlement by Department. The division of reterre claims of the Pay Department, which is intrusted with the settlement of claims for this bounty, has paid them as rapidly as returns have been received from the Second Auditor's office. This division has since the 1st of January, 1867, rejected 7.346 applications, and settled the claims of 87,862 upplicants. Its disbursements from the same date in the payment of these claims amount to \$8.535. 304. This labor has been accomplished at the cost to the Government, including expenses of every character, the pay of officers and clerks, rent of buildings, &c., of eighty-two cents for each claim.

THE YELLOW FEVER.

Frightful Ravages of the Disease in Galveston—The City Becoming Deci-mated—Over Nine Hundred Deaths— Deserted Streets—Closed Stores and General Gloom.

GALVESTON, Sept. 9, 1867 .- The yellow fever which has been raging here since July 1, 1867 (viz.: to 24th July sporadically and epidemically), is decimating our city. Its victims are mostly the unacclimated, the intemperate, and the abandoned. The city resembles one vast hospital. The number of deaths to date since commencement (24th July) reaches nine hundred, mostly Northern and West-

ern people, foreigners, and officers and employes, civil and military, of the United States, bookkeepers and clerks, brought here to die by the hundred from the larger Northern, Western and Eastern cities; members of Northern, Western and foreign firms, and business houses, one-third of which, some with large stocks of goods, are now closed on account of employers and employes having been summoned by "Yellow Jack" to their long and parrow houses in the graveyard. The Jews have suffered most in proportion to their number, many of them succumbing to their noted dread of death after taking the disease. This month, on account of its sudden weather changes and equinoctial storms, will prove the most fatal, from the end of which it will begin to abate until the first black frost in November and December kills the missure and vivember to the company of the com cember kills the miasma and rids us of our fearful visitor.

The type of disease is very malignant. Several of our best physicians, among them Drs. Rowe, Taylor, &c., of the United States army; Drs. Hanna and Gantt, of the Galveston Medical Col-Hanna and Gantt, of the Galveston Medical College faculty, fell victims, and are in their graves. Others of the profession are now down with it. The streets are nearly deserted; business is at a stand; the city wears the aspect of a continuous Sabbath; gloom has settled upon the countenances of many you meet; the churches are deserted; the firing of the United States army and navy signal guns, the ringing of all bells and other noises have been stoned supporteringly. other noises have been stopped authoritatively during the epidemic not to disturb the fever-sick, whom we count by thousands and in every house. Nurses and physicians are worn out and scarce. The suffering is very great, and much of it remains untold—only known to Him who scourges us in His wrath.

First Stages of the Fever in New Or-leans—More Cases than in 1853-Great Northern Population in Need of Suc-cor—The Howard Association.

New Orleans, Sept. 10, 1867.—We have the yellow fever among us. As yet it is of a mild type; a few days since it was proclaimed epidemic; stuce then it has increased rapidly, until the mortality is over fifty daily. Those capable of judging estimate the number of cases in the city at more than we ever had during the fearful epidemic of 1853, yet its mild form makes our mortality list, so far, comparatively low. But with the great mass of unacclimated material in our midst, we are threatened in the next six days with a fearful threatened in the next six days with a fearful scourge. Good nursing is the only thing that scourge. Good nursing is the only thing that successfully combats the disease, and, with our city full of strangers, both Northerners and foreigners, they have only the good Samaritans to look to in case of sickness.

The Howard Association devote their whole time to nursing the unfriended, and in giving Christian burial to the stranger. This association depends on those so disposed for means to carry out their mission. They have commenced with out a cent, and although the New Orleans mer-chants have donated liberally, the magnitude of their field of labor must soon exhaust their re-sources here; and unless assistance comes from abroad we may have "the dead to bury the dead. The residents of New Orleans are not the ones who need this help. It is the large Northern population recently settled here, and strangers who have drifted within our midst. These have only the Howard Association and sister charitable organizations to look to, and they do wha none others can do so well—the experienced nursing night and day so essential in this fever. It is to be hoped that early and prompt action will be taken by the charitably disposed to strengthen the hands of the Howards and other friendly associations here with the money that is requisite for medicines, ice and other necessaries for the sick. They make no discrimination in giving their succor. Let our friends in the North do likewise in this terrible emergency.

FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19 .- Michael Kearney, a boiler-maker by occupation was yesterday arrested by Constable Lyman, and arraigned on a charge of having a guilty knowledge of the recent attempt to murder Thomas Lawler. The evidence against the prisoner was not of a positive character, but the Justice deemed it sufficient to hold him. He was therefore compitted to the hold him. He was therefore committed to the cells, at Astoria, last evening, in default of \$1,000 ball. It is believed that a conspiracy had been entered into to assassinate Lawler, in conse-quence of an old feud which existed between him and some of his neighbors in regard to the pos-session of some real estate.

Mr. Wall, the dramatic agent who was held in

\$600 bail on Monday last, denies that he ever "induced any artist to leave Niblo's Garden, or elsewhere." Of course he has and claims the right to treat with an artist whose engagement has expired. The complaint upon which the arrest was effected was made by Jacob A. Zimmerman, the treasurer of Niblo's Garden, no dif-

merman, the treasurer of Molo's Garden, no difficulty whatever having occurred between the deponent and Mr. Palmer.

The distillery of Samuel Bohem, of Hunter's Point, one of the largest establishments in the United States, and the rectifying establishment of John Devlin, in Concord street, were seized yesterday by Internal Revenue officers on charges

of violating the law.

The examination in the case of Cornelius Van
Syse, Postmaster at Syoseet, L. I., charged with embezzling letters from the mail, was commenced

embezzing letters from the mail, was commenced yesterday and adjourned to Oct. 1.

The New York Academy of Medicine met last evening, adopted resolutions in favor of extending speedy relief to the sufferers at the South, and complimenting the United States army surgeons on their devotion to duty at the places where the epidemic is raging, and appointed a committee to take active measures for sending ald

to the afflicted.
At a meeting of the Fire Commissioners yesterday, Mr. Wilson offered a resolution, which was adopted, that the Committee on Discipline members of this Department, and to take all means practicable to improve the moral tone and increase the intelligence of the Department. The attendance at the Hoboken races yester

day showed this meeting to be in an evident state of collapse, as there were not three hundred persons present. As on the previous day, Col. McDaniels won both events to-day. The hurdle Rich and the selling the McDaniels won both events to-day. The nurder race did not fill. Black Slave won the selling stakes, beating Susie M. second, St. Patrick third, and Oakland, in 2.44%. The two-mile heat race was won with ease by Red Dick, beating his only opponent, Tycoon, in 3.49%, 3.50%.

\_"I am afraid, sir, you are in a settled melan choly." !No, madam, my melaucholy won't actile; it has too much grounds." FACTS AND FANCIES.

-Murdoch is playing in Cincinnati. -Harps are used in London churches.

—Santa Anna, it is thought, will escape with his life, but lose his property. "Beware of divers, and strange doctrines," was the text of an anti-immersionist preacher.

-Fifty-five government employés have died of yellow fever in New Orleans. -Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam please their Irish tenants by visiting their estates once a year.

-The Quakers in England number 13,786. The Quakeresses have 838 majority. -Mrs. Lander is drawing great houses in Boston

A Mr. Stearns committed suicide in Minnesota because he was afraid of being murdered. -There are fifty-six Irish officers in the American navy.

The English Reformers will demand vote by ballot next season. -The London mint coined over thirty-five million pieces last year.

—Juarez wants to model the Mexican Govern-ment upon that of the United States. —A child in Fall River fell into a kettle of to-matoes, spoiled the dish, and scalded itself to

The name of the representative of the Penoh-scot Indians in the next Maine Legislature is Sockabesin Swassian. He will give the clark some trouble if the yeas and nays are called often. -When Mr. Bancroft was presented to the Prussian King, he alluded to the fact that it was Goethe's birthday, which the King had forgot-

—A grave friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always go to bed quarrelling. "And yet," said he, "with all our differences, we never fall

-There is an island in Niagara river where peaches are a certain crop, because the cold is never intense. The rapid flow of the river keeps it from freezing, and the atmosphere is tempered. —The Prince of Wales, who is with his wife at Wiesbaden, is lounging, chatting, gossiping and gambling, like other fast young Benedicts. He is well and enjoys himself.

—M. Sorel, a Frenchman, has invented an clastic building stone which he also makes into billiard balls. If it is so clastic we suppose a build-ing composed of this material would "settle" under a heavy snow-storm.

—"Arthur Sketchley" is a nom de plume. The gentleman who employs it is really named Rose. He is a rose by another name, and his humor is of the fifteen pounds to the square-inch order. It is heavy.

-Miss Sewell, author of "Amy Herbert," has just translated a collection of "Amy Herbert," has just translated a collection of French stories and reviews, which contains four papers by M. Henri Taine on Pope. Tennyson, Thackeray, and upon England and France.

A tender-hearted father, swearing the peace against his three sons thus concluded: "The only one of my children who shows me any real fillal affection is my youngest son Ichabod, for he never strikes me when I'm down."

—A statistician estimates that every married couple may calculate upon 4,194,304 descendants in about five hundred years. Let young people pause and reflect upon the dreadful consequences of metrimony. of matrimony.

—An individual writes to the Independent: "If Andrew Johnson makes an attempt at war against the Republic, let him be tried by a court-

martial, and shot by twelve soldiers, in a hollow square." Rough treatment of a "penniless boy."

—Mrs. Boetig, of Cincinnati, has had a craving for some months to visit the Paris Exposition. She disappeared with her son, a child, last month, and has just been heard from on the way across the Ocean. the Ocean.

-Mr. Moses Beach of the Sun has left the Duncan-Mediterranean party and is on his way home independent of it. The excursionists were greatly disgusted that Miss Maggie Mitchell did not go with them as she expected to do.

—Mr. J. A. Froude, the historian, has returned

to England from Spain, bringing with him a large amount of material for the future yolumes of his History of England, the result of his researches among the Spanish Inquisition and Government. -What have the women to say to this:

'Women were born, so fate declares. To smooth our linen and our cares: And 'tis but just, for by my aroun.
They're very apt to ruille both."

An usher in an English school, seeing one of thick lump in one of his cheeks,

asked "Quid est hoc?" To which the lad, spat-tering out a large piece of chewing tobacco, re-plied, "Hoc est quid," for which repartee the master forgave him.

—Inquisitive little Miss—"Ma, where do poor people go when they die?" Aristocratic Ma—"To heaven, I hope, my dear, the greater portion of them." Inquisitive little Miss—"To heaven, ma! Why where do they get their money from to pay for the pews?" -To learn to read the following so as to make good sense is the mystery:

I thee read see that me.

Love is up will I'll have But that and you have you'll One and down and you if

Ex-Admiral Semmes has been going backward so long that his ideas of things generally are getting rather mixed. He says in a late number of his paper: "We regard the President's impeachment as highly probable, unless the Fall elections put a bridte on the unruly rump." But perhaps it is too much after all to expect a sentaring man to know much about the use of a build. A V. Tribune

-The Milwaukee News tells of a "drummer" in La Crosse, who was trying to sell goods. The merchant with whom he was laboring not approving of his prices, suggested that he could do better in another city, which he named. The travel eling man, becoming offended, replied: "I won't say you lie, but I think you do." In. one second the astonished drummer found himself outside the store, with the excited merchant yelling at him, "I won't say I have given you a black eye, but I think I have."

-A candidate for deacon's orders in England, —A candidate for deacon's orders in England, having been found scarcely qualified, was requested by the bishop to familiarize himself with Butler's Analogy. He promised to do so. As he was departing, the bishop, wishing to call the Analogy to his mind, called out:—"Good by, Mr.——; don't forget the Butler!" "Oh, yes, my lord," replied Mr. —, "I've just given him five shillings!" and, before the astonished prolate could offer any explanation, the omnibus had driven off.

-England has a Daniel Pratt who calls himself "Poet Close." He has recently published a second volume, the character of which may be judged by

the following excerpt:
"'Move on! move on!' the policeman cries, Move on! move on! the ponceman cries, 'Such as you must not sit down here;' Aye, I'll move on,' quoth the poet, with a frown; 'And I'll move you, too, never fear!
I'll make England ring with this shameful thing,
I'ntil you've a breaword for all

Until you're a bye-word for all,
No one insults poet Close and escapes scot free,
He'll make you sing very small! His teeth the poet cranched and in passion fairly danced."

A letter written to his mother by a little boy

who is spending his vacation on the Penobscot bay: "Dear Mother—I am having a splendid time. Last Friday we went out after horsetime. Last Friday we went out after horse-mackerel. We got near to one, when Joe threw the harpoon at him. I struck him near the tail, and off he started, dragging the boat after him. Man never invented anything that could go as fast as we went then. We soon got him near the bow of the boat. We then killed him with a lance. He was nine feet long and five round. I had, my pants washed for six cents when I got back. I read my Bible every night before I go to bed, and every morning when I get up.
"Your affectionate son,