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PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1867.

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GIBSON PEACOCK. ERNEST C. WALLACE, F.L. FETHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIAMSON, CASPER EOUDER, JR., FRANCIS WELLS. The Bullerin is served to subscribers in the city at 13 cents per week, payable to the carriers, or \$8 per annum.

WEDDING INVITATIONS, ENGRAVED OR Written; new styles of French and English Papers and Envelopes. W. G. PERRY, Stationer, 728 Arch street.

MARRIED. DOYLE-GALLAGHER. At the Cathedral Baltimore, on the 2d instant, by Rev. Thomas Foley, D. D., William J. Boyle, Jr., and Jennie, second daughter of the late M.

J. Royle, Jr., and Jennic, second daughter of the late M. Gallagher.
FIBHER—HAY.—In Johnstown, Pa., on the 2d instant, by the Rev. S. R. Ficher, D. D., assisted by the Rev. R. A. Fink, the Rev. Charles G. Ficher, of Chambersburg, Pa., to Miss Maggie S., youngest daughter of the late Dr. M. Hay, of Johnstown.
THOMAS-PENNYPACKER—On the morning of the 10th inst., at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. Dr. James Pratt Mr. Efflott Thomas and Miss Sallie Penzypacker, all of this city—WILSON—UEBHARD.—On the 10th inst. in the Third Reformed Dutch Church, by the Rev. J. W. Schenek, Mr. Henry C. Wilson to Miss Lizzie Gebhard, daughter of Dr. L. P. Gebhard, all of this city.
YURKES—KILLGORE—On the 2th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. W. Clarton, Joseph P. Yerks to Lizzie, daughter of John Kilgore, Leq., all of this city.

KNOX.-In Houston, Texas, on September 4th, of ellow fever, John L. Knox, son of Robert Knox, of Eric, yellow fever, John L. Knox, son of Robert Knox, of Eric, Ph., aged 57 years.

RING.- At Burlington, N. J., on the 8th inst, son of the late-Joseph R. King, in the 25th year of his age.

His relatives and richeds are invited to attend his functal viathout further notice. To meet at his mother's residence, in Burlington, on Sixthday, the 10th inst, at 11 cele k.A.M.

OTL.-On the 6th inst. Joseph Ott, son of Mary and the late-Jacob Ott, of New Orleans, and 22 years.

His relatives and triends, and those of the family, are respondibly invited to accord his tameral, without turther notice from his bits residence in Haveford township, Indexen county, Im., or Sate-days, 13th inst, at 9 o'clock. Functal services at 8t. Dennis United.

Ca ringer, will leave Mr. Simon Garkend's office, Thirteenth sirver, above Checkunt at so'clock precisely.

LYRE & LANDELL HAVE THE FIRST QUALITY Lyons Velvets for Clocks. Lyons Velvets, 25 inch for Sachs.

LANDELL, FOURTH AND ARCH, KEEP A outment of Cassimeres for Boys' Clother, Caste- for Buriness Buits. PATENTED.-PANTS SCOURED AND STRETCHED from 1105 inches, at MOTTET'S French Steam Dye-

ng and, Scouring. eki-1m. 26 South Ninth street and 721 Race street.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

MCHCE.—CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAIL-road.—The Annual Elects a for Thirteen Director-of the Camden and Atlantic Rai road Company, to perce for the envaing year, will be held at the Company's Olive, Co-per's Point, Camden, N. J., on THURSDAY, the 2th inst, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M. oclu 125;

H. WHITEMAN, Secretary.

BLIND TOMS LAST APPEARANCE FOR THE season, TO-MORROW EVENING, at Horticult yal Hall To hets, to cents. Reserved scats, 75 cents. For code at 1618 Arch street, and PERKINPINE & HIGGINS', & North Fourth street; also, at the Hall. celegitre HOWARD HOSPITAL, NOS. 1518 AND 1530 Lombard street, Dispensary Department—Medical treatment and medicines furnished gratuitously to the

RASH STEPS.

It orrespondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.1 Buckwheat, butter, cheese considered as one of the Fine Arts; long processional Horse Fairs, wherein small and solid cobs would execute subcoats should be inflated with a racy salad-dressing of wine and oil, and milk and honey; petticoated angels dotting the fields, and disclosing under the towering Norman cap the eyes of and orchards, set with sleepy, shady, brooding putting up ardent Cathedrals: these were what I looked for in Normandy and these, with me,

were the reasons for Rouen. I stepped off at the station, with haughty ideas of finding my way everywhere without assistance: I yielded instantly to a seductive, probable, black-hearted street which led nowhere; and I was driven, within ten minutes, to ask counsel of a motherly apron, filled with a mixture of fruit and littens, in the New Market-place.

The apron, applied to for directions, doubled and turned on itself, twisted; plaited and worked itself into a welt: The Cathedral? Well, I had better take the Street of the Glovemakers, which would lead me to the Crosier; here I should be obliged to give myself the pains to turn to the left hand, following the Street of the Carmelites: by tracing which, Monsieur, I could not fail, in some minutes, to touch the Cathedral, unless indeed I inadvertently passed it and fell upon the River: these pears (pursued the apron as an obvious sequel) were the veritable Valentinois, enjoyed a reputation absolutely European, and were vended at the curious sacrifice of twenty scentimes each.

By clinging to this tortuous apron-string, after a somewhat tender passage with the Ariadne who had put it into my hand, I threaded a maze of delightful old streets towards the ancient heart of the town. Everywhere I kept on the lookout for my large oil-cake Normans, and my Evangeline faces in linen cornucopias. I wished to find the counterpart of the sunburnt girl who caught the father of William the Conqueror by the heartriverside. I wished to levy in Normandy a kind of conscription of beauty and buttery wholesomeness, and to carry off in the volume of my brain a whole series of buxom captives and knightly vassals; this was my reasonable demand of the wealthy province of Normandy, and this was what was most had Rouen the assurance to offer me. for my pensive Evangeline, a vast, warm creature. like a cauliflower, filling a shop doorway; twenty times bright-eved grandsire in an enormous cap, or a consumptive young dyer or weaver, or a toddling baby; these were all; these were perpetually put forward to affront me as the flower of the Garden of France. In default of inhabitants, the houses began to

entertain me; remarkable, old, shapeless houses, in opinionated attitudes, and informed sometimes with more than human intelligence; experienced, weather-beaten, set in their ways, and cramped with prejudices older than the printing-press. they looked like rows of counsellors and hisdeaf and blind; one wore its gable a little sideways, like a country rake; one was slated all down the face to the very pavement, like a House in an Iron Mask; every other one was laced all over with protuberant beams, knotty, wilful and tortured, but doing their work of caryatides with honesty, even if they bent under it; and these girders and joists, these tough old sentinels and guards, were frequently defended against the storms with an armor of slate or shingles, covering them, like cuisses and greaves, pyramid which lifts an iron cross four hundred as they strove forward from the plaster and sixty feet nearer to the sun! which tried to imbed them. Some of the houses had a sort of curtain of slating hanging from the caves of the gable and cut in the found myself clean across the Place and amongst

shape of a Gothic arch, so as to suggest a visor half-lowered. In short they peoped and gossiped, like the streets of haunted houses in Dore's drawings; and nobody who has seen many old buildings up and down in Germany or France, can wonder that I found them companionable. On their side, they interested themselves in me. They bent forward to look at me. They piled them-

selves over one another's shoulders and winked with their attic windows. They displayed bits of old carving, Gothic heads, or heraldry. They craned up into towers, with odd, wall-eyed, staircase windows. They squatted down by the gut-ter-side, perfect mines of tittle-tattle. They were the most numan edifices I had yet seen, so I concluded to take my trouble to them, talk to them, and see if they would talk.

"O dark, venerable buildings," I said, blarneyng them, you see, as I walked between their files, "O fatherly roofs and ancestral hearths, made in the times when Ronen was a greater city than Paris: what have you done with your goodmen, your sturdy sons, and daughters of other days? Where are all the stout Norman boys, the staff of fighting France? Where are the simple maids to remember them? What is the end of your stormy traditions, you who may have watched the Conqueror die, or brightened in the flery apotheosis of the Pucelle? Why do your echoes occupy but with the prattle of infancy or the babble of age? and where are the manly limbs and the high civic hearts that should be the pillars of the house?"

They were ready to gossip, and they answered plainly enough, testily enough, ruefully enough. Who are vou." they retorted, "who come down to the French provinces to see Frenchmen? Seek anywhere but under the roofs of Normandy or Brittany or Auvergne for the effective manhood of the age. It is driven far from home, in the hateful manacles of the press-gang. You ask for our sons? Their strength is drying up. they are learning harm, and idling and rusting in many a weary camp on the jealous frontier. They are festering in the Emperor's Casernes, in that circle of bloated barracks which hangs around the Tuileries; and their unnatural leisure goes to unlearning the simple wisdom of the workshop and farm. You idly said you would leyy a conscription of youth and beauty in Rome: understand now the more fatal conscription which has left us what we are, and is hastening our decay. Our pillars are rotting in every city, in every port where an idle and braggart navy flaunts the flag. Go there to seek the men who should be the wardens of our streets, the reapers of our fields. Go to Algeria, where they are dying. Go to Mexico, where they are dead."

I certainly have seen few young men, comparatively, in the provinces; and of these few, still fewer who are hale and strong. For Rouen, a random sailor, straddling up the long street from the wharves, had to figure as well as he could for the stalwart peasant, and an idle officer or two from the Barracks for the city burghers. Finally, to increase my information and lighten the dialogue a little. I began to twit the old homesteads about the girls.

"O, you sly old houses, where are you keeping your daughters, your sunbeams and music, the steps that ought to dance upon your floors? jects for the frieze of some provincial Parthenon: Why is Jeannette not watering her mignonettemen large and plump, like heavy fathers in the box in your dear crooked, old windows? Why Rayel performances, whose quaint barred waist- | can I see no one better than La Thonardiere, glowering over the sills?

"The girls are changed, somehow, since the boys left. Our young women do not marry so often-they go to Paris. They do not often come Evangeline: a long, perfumed georgic of harvests | back; when they do, the Norman cap is left behind. Evangeline died long ago, by the fresh roofs, but rapt into prophecy now and then, and | Delaware. But if you will cross the Seine to the other part of the town, you will find plenty of girls, stooping and coughing, in the factories of St. Sever. But they are not the pretty ones-the pretty ones you left in Paris."

"I fear you are no converts," said I, presently, "to the new religion?"

"Heaven forbid that we should be converts to anything new. What religion?' "The new gospel of Centralization."

"These novel words are nothing to us. Speak plainer," said the old houses: "what is Centrali-

zation: "Centralization," said I, with all the reverence and admiration I felt, "is the text now-a-days of a | to means the natural selection of harmonies. It is

the attraction of Beauty to what is most beautiful-and that is Paris. It is the attraction of rustic masons to what is most masonic-and that is Baron Haussmann, with his new boulevards. It is the attraction of sweet meandering country roads to the model of roads-and that is the Rail road of the Cincture around Paris. It is the attraction of your brave infants to the nurseries of infantry, the new Barracks. Paris, then, is the focus where every ray of Loveliness and Strength and Honor is to meet. France shall empty itself to make Paris its microcosm. And that is Centralization, the religion of the year." "The religion in which we were builded,"

growled the houses, "was more generous. The rough religion of the Lion Heart was no influence clutching and grasping to itself, but something always widening, giving, expanding. It carried strings as she laughed over her washing at the its cross to the Syrian shores; it sent it afterwards, in a frail boat, to the American. We do not change. If you would like to understand our faith, look before you!"

The ancient houses, ranging themselves in firmer and straighter ranks, conducted me between them. They seemed to bow their mossy heads in a sort of humility, crusty but sincere. wheedlingly and pliably refused me; twenty times | Then suddenly turning and opening, the vista gave me the Cathedral.

-A hoary precipice, sheeted to the sky, and fretted all over with crystalline rock-work that did it produce for my martial Norman, a skinny turned out to be imagery. Three great portals. deep and wide, that were living bowers of clustering angels. Gray pinnacles, with the aspiration of adolescence, leaping everywhere to a hundred stars. Florid curves, straining towards one another across the facade, and pointing their hands together at the top, in that union which is the Gothic prayer. Great stones losing their weight, turning into flower-stems, and leaning out from the building to meet over the clock-face and twist their blossoms into a nosegay. Open arcades, all leafy like forest aisles. Bands and companies of gigantic saints, perched like birds torlans. One leaned back, with its rafters a- among the highest sprays, and bearing living kimbe; one leaned sideways; one leaned forward, rocks upon their shoulders and wrists. In the peak of the roof a titanic rose, a crystal flower of every hue, dashing out its painted petals to catch a disc of light, and make you ask if it was a rose or a sun. Over that a grander Gothic arch, and in its shelter a loftier hierarchy of angels. Over that the highest gallery, fretted until the stone seemed ready to be transparent, and the slight areades danced like grasses across the sky. Over that the embroidered shoulders of the central or transept tower, from which springs the dizzy

> Stopping gradually and unconsciously backward to catch the effect in its entirety, I presently

the old houses once more. "Had we prepared | steam together, in order to make the closing of | that the meeting would of course not be compeyou for it?" they whispered eagerly,"Did we lead you up to it? Could you have read it in our

faces?" "Oh, you jocular old Houses," said I, willing to trifle with my admiration, "what is it you really worship here in Normandy, the crucifix in the oratory or the cheese in the buttery? Was not that grand and beautiful South Tower built, in the fifteenth century, out of indulgences to eat butter in Lent?"

"We do not know. That is the tale. But we know the texture of the Norman heart," the houses reminded me, "and we know it is not all butter. When John Le Machon hung his great bell in that very tower, he died of pure emotion that the easting had succeeded. Oh, that the sleek burghers had churned twice the cream, and built a finer fellow to the Butter Tower!"

Penetrating the interior of the Cathedral, I found old Rollo, Duke of Normandy, calmly stretched upon his tomb. The smooth girl-face, framed in the most elaborate ringlets of middleage sculpture, hardly suggested that fierce Norwegian who came into France as its scourge, but melted, "felt his captive's charms," and was finally baptized into Christianity in this Cathedral in 512, constituting himself patron of the land he had been ravaging. Just opposite lay his son, William Longsword. The third famous tomb of the minister was, until 1552, that of Cour-de-Lion, at which date it was rifled by the iconoclast Protestants. Long hidden and forgotten, the statue was believed, up to the present generation, to have been destroyed. In 1838, however, some new excavations discovered the brave crusader. sturdy and patient in his ignoble imprisonment, the English and Norman coronet upon his brows, and the symbol lion crouching at his feet: but this imprisonment is remediless, these stone ears shall be deaf forever, no matter what home-tunes play under the window, no matter what recognizing voices ky, with faithful Blondel, "C'est Richard! e'est inon Roi!"

ENGANT PERIOD.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS. LETTER FROM PARIS.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

Italy, of which I have before intimated the ap-

PARIS, Friday, Sept. 27, 1867.—The crisis in

proach, has come more suddenly than we anticipated. Garibaldi has been arrested at the moment when he was about to cross the Pontifical frontier, and has been conveyed a prisoner to Alessandria by the Italian government. This important news was first announced to us by the Monitour of the 25th inst., which gave it without one word of remark or comment, and has observed a grim silence on the subject ever since. The arrest took place at Asinalunga, a small village in the province of Arezzo, not far from Monte Pulciano, to the northwest of the famous Lake of Thrasymene. Thither had Garibaldi gone from Florence, almost without an attempt to conceal his designs after some stormy interviews with Crispi and others of his political friends in the Chamber. who vainly attempted to dissuade him from his enterprise, and, according to some reports, after similar efforts made in person by the head of the government, Signor Ratazzi himself. And in truth it must be allowed that Garibaldi, with his usual heroic and chivalrous disdain of all subterfuge or dissimulation, placed the above-named Minister in a sufficiently awkward dilemma. For what was Ratazzi, or any one else in his position, to do. or what else eculd he do but what has been done? Here stands France on one side, with the treaty of September in her hand, clamoring for her pound of flesh and even making demonstrations (real or feigned) of a move from Toulon upon Civita Vecchia, unless her demand was complied with. And here on the other side, is that terribly indiscreet old man, Garibaldi, undisguisedly preparing to violate the conditions which Italy has solemnly pledged herself to maintain intact. Why couldn't Garibaldi, you may ask, have carried on his enterprise with decent discretion. and kept himself within the limits of the law until it was too late to attempt lay hold of him? The answer is large portion of the lay preachers of Paris. It that it was not in the open nature of the man so to act. Garibaldi is no plotter; whatever he does must be done openly and above board. He made no secret of his descent upon Sicily, nor of his passage from Messina to Calabria, but simply defied the Neapolitan cruisers to stop him. And so, now, he defied the government to arrest him in the face of public opinion, and in the discharge of what he undoubtedly regards as a last act of sacred duty, and of self-sacrifice and patriotism, imperatively demanded of him. Garibaldi cannot die in peace while a corner of his beloved country still remains in bondage; and he has openly avowed his readiness to fall a martyr to the liberties of Rome, if martyrdom be necessary to strike off her chains. There was no compromising matters with such a man as this. Ratazzi and Garibaldi had duties to perform utterly incompatible with each other, and one or the other of them must of necessity give way. And, indeed, the Italian minister waited until the last extremity before he acted. The French Ultramontane press has long been clamoring fiercely against him for his "connivance," and making the most violent appeals to the religious passions and superstitions of the French people. The Bishop of Orleans published the other day, in one of these journals, a letter of six columns full of the most virulent denunciations of Ratazzi. The Italian Minister seems to have behaved with firmness and dignity under this storm of obloquy, in the difficult position in which he was placed. He is even said to have replied to a threat on the part of France, that she would return to Rome, that if she attempted to do so he would be there before her. But it was, no doubt, his duty to avoid coming to any such extremities, especially when it is considered that any collision between the French and Italian troops would have enlisted the sympathies of the entire French nation in the Papal cause. Moreover, France stood then, as I have said, treaty in hand. It cannot be denied that the condition on which the French quitted Rome was that the Italian Government should guard the Pontifical frontier from attack; and the advantage of getting the French out of the country was not, perhaps, too dear at the price paid for it, seeing it could be accomplished in no other way. Even as I write, a short note appears in the Moniteur congratulating the Italian Government on its scrupulous observance of the treaty of September. In Italy itself the ferment caused by the arrest has been

> nounces his projects. The French Government and the Imperial ommission seem to be bent upon getting up the

but slight, and it is evident that the country at

large acquiesces in the necessity of the measure.

The leading journals, the Opinione and the Na-

zione, both uphold the policy of the Government.

Garibaldi is free to return to Caprora, if he re-

the exhibition go off well, and relieve the dullness which has now long pervaded the Champs de Mars. The presence of the Emperor and Empress of Austria has, no doubt, been already secured. An attempt is now being made to induce Victor Emmanuel to come, and should present events in Italy turn out as the Imperial Government wishes, there will probably not be much difficulty in bring the Re galent huomo to Paris to see his daughter and son-in-law. A pressing invitation is also understood to have been forwarded to Queen Victoria for the same occasion, and with a good chance of success. The Empress will also personally distribute the prizes awarded for the protection of children and apprentices in manufactories.

The accounts of the prospects of the vintage-

throughout France are nearly everywhere the

same, viz.: a limited quantity of wine, but of

very superior quality. In some districts the yield will be two-thirds of an average, in othersas low as one-third. The cold and wet spring checked the productive powers of the vines; but the warm and prolonged autumn has greatly improved the flavor of the grapes. The gathering of the crop will be deferred as long as possible. The Moniteur gives some interesting statistics of the increase of the trade of Portugal with France. Up to 1816 it did not exceed four and a half millions; in 1852 it had risen to eight millions; in 1856 to nineteen, and in 1860 to twenty-four. At present the trade amounts to more than forty-seven millions, of which ten represent the exports of Portugal, and

thirty-seven the imports. Numerous communications are at this moment passing between the Prefect of Paris and Mr. Eastman, U.S. Consul at Bristol, inventor of the system of rails and carriages for streets which goes by his name, and whose models, as I mentioned, attracted so much attention at the Exhibition. I understand that an arrangement is in contemplation for introducing this American system into Paris on a considerable scale.

I think it right to mention as a warning the outrageous treatment of Mrs. Truefield, an American lady, at the Hotel, des Italiens, rue de Choiseul, kept by a man named Lemoine. She engaged a single room there at the price of ten francs a week. Afterwards the following bill was sent in: Two candles, 2 francs; bedroom candle, I franc; a bath, 6 francs; two dinners, 16 francs: four days' room, 40 francs; four days' do., 80 francs, &c., with other extravagant items. On her refusing to pay, the landlord locked her up in her room for two days, and when, afterwards, she succeeded in reaching the street, he followed her out, wrenched her hands from some iron bars to which she clung, and dragged her back by main force into his house. Fortunately she was seen by a French gentleman, who summoned the police and forced his way in. Lemoine was sentenced to the insufficient penalty of a month's imprisonment and 100 francs fine. But it is hoped that all Americans will avoid his house, and warn their friends, especially ladies.

THE PAN-ANGLICAN SYNOD. A Full and Interesting Report of Its Proceedings.

(From the New-York Church Journal.) The Council of Lambeth has finished its business sessions, which continued through Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, until after 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As they sat with none but themselves present (except a stenographic reporter), and as their proceedings were to be regarded as confidential until the session closed, and as a motion was carried at the close that the stenographic report should be written out and laid up in the archives of Lambeth Palace, but not printed (!)—it is simply impossible to give anything like an adequate or full account of the very interesting and important discussions that ave occupied the attention of the Council. hings done are to be published at once in full, ogether with the Synodical Epistle or Pastoral

ctter, signed by all the Bishops present.

The two subjects that caused the greatest disussion were-first, the statement of the standard f true Catholicity, and secondly, the question of Natal. On the former of these points, the proramme of proposed business mentioned only he First Four General Councils. On the first the Bishop of Vermont moved to change the Four to Six, and carnestly superted the

The Bishop of Illinois moved to omit the numcral, making the reference indefinite: and the Bishop of Winchester then proposed to omit the phrase altogether, which was carried. But this conclusion was felt to be too unsatisfactory to The discussions on that day were so onged that they did not get through with the first resolution; and accordingly, on a subsequent day, when passing upon the latter clause of it, the "undisputed General Councils" were all acknowledged; an expression precisely equivalent

The other matter of interest—the Natal question—will have a fair chance. The Archbishop of Canterbury, knowing the unwillingness of many of the English Bishops to venture upon so entirely unprecedented a step as the calling of such a Council, and anxious to forestall as much as possible their objections to so strange a novelty, had intended to keep the subject of Dr. Colenso out entirely. That subject has already so long worried the Church of England, and has eves of many brought about such an inextricable tangle between the Church and the State, that not a few of the English Bishops would have ab-sented themselves entirely if that subject were

known to be on the programme.

The real cause of this sensitiveness is, not any doctrinal sympathy with Colenso, though the few who have that sympathy know well how to turn it to their own advantage, but it is the delicate question of the mutual relations of Church and State, in regard to which all men's minds are State, in regard to which all men's minds are now at work, and there is a very general anticipation that things cannot remain as they are very long. The Colonial Church, however, regarded this as the most important subject to be treated; and a large proportion of them, as well as of the American Bishops, would certainly never have attended at all had they understood that it was to be excluded.

that it was to be excluded. Not finding it in express terms on the programme, they first succeeded, at the preliminary meeting, in making the programme open to amendment, as well as to the introduction of new matter. Then, on three or four of the intervening days, a number of the Colonial Bishops met for consultation. But by conferring with eading English Bishops also, the difficulties of the question were made so apparent that the Bishop of Cape Town was persuaded to accept he appointment of a committee to consider an he whole difficulty from the beginning. the matter came up in this shape in the Council, he made a noble and unflinching speech, uphold-ing as fearlessly as ever the rightcous necessity the course that has been pursued in South

Africa.
The Bishop of Vermont then moved as a substitute preamble and resolution which comes straight up to the mark on the whole Colenso question urging its adoption as the true course. The Bishop of Salisbury supported him with a whole-hearted singleness and boldness, worthy of all honor. Other Bishops took the same ground, and not one word was said by any one against the correctness of the position taken by the Bishop of Vermont. But the Bishop of St. David's rose and stated that the Archbishop had pledged himself to him that the Colenso question should not be acted on in the Conference: and e appealed to "the honor" of the Archbishop to

other this were not so. The Archbishop said that it was so, and that to act indirectly on the question of Dr. Colenso would be the breach of an honorable understandt was intended to convey this understand inglin those words of the invitation which said

tent to make declarations of doctrine; but this phrase was unfortunately too vague to convey the full strength of the "understanding;" for the question in South Africa is not only one of doctrine, but of fact, and canon, and civil law.

trine, but of fact, and canon, and civil law.

After what had been said by the Archbishop, however, it was seen that to push the matter against the engagements of the distinguished prelate who issued the invitations, was not advisable, and the matter dropped, the Bishop of Vermont making a closing speech on the sense of duty which had compelled him to make his motion. But the thing would not rest. On the last day, the Bishop of St. Andrew's earnestly appealed to the Bishop of St. David's to waive his "understanding" with the Archbishop, in order to introduce a declaration on the present status of Dr. Colenso, drawn up by the Bishop of Oxford, to be introduced and acted on. But the Oxford, to be introduced and acted on. But the Bishop of St. David's persisted in maintaining

his ground. It was then produced as a paper signed "by the Bishops assembled at Lambeth." the words "in Conference" being omitted; and it was at once signed by all the American and Colonial Bishops, and we hallow a paperly all the rest, the and, we believe, by all or nearly all the rest, th act being done in the same room and during the continuance of the session.

Several of the more important matters have been referred to committees: and a future meeting of the council as contemplated in the concluding resolution of the programme (which resolution was cordially adopted) is clearly in the minds and hearts of all. As to the debates, further than the meagre details we have given, we can say little except that the Bishops of Oxford, London, St. David's, Cape Town and others, took prominent and influen-tial part in the discussions: and the Bishop of New Zealand in particular, made a speech to-wards the close, which, for outspoken boldness, carnestness, and the powerful expression of deer convictions as to the crisis now drawing near in the Church of England, formed a striking and significant close of a meeting which is the open-ing of a new era in the history of the Communion of the Church of England. At the end the Glorie in Excessis was sung, the assistant Bishop of In-diana leading in the chaunt that is so familiar to us all in the Church of America.

From the final business meeting on Fridaythough it was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon of a laborious and exciting day-the Archbishor and a large number of the Bishops went to St. James's Hall, where a conversatione meeting had been advertised to meet the Bishops at three o'clock, as it was supposed their session would close at two. But after waiting more than two hours there was still a large gathering at the Hall, which welcomed very warmly every Bishop that entered. The Archbishop presided, and in a few happy remarks stated the leading object of the meeting, which was the presentation of an address of welcome to the American, Scottish and Colonial Bishops present, on the part of the S. P. G. The address was read by their able Secretary, the Rev. Mr. Bullock.

The Archbishop then called on the Bishops of Vermont, New Zealand, Cape Town, London, Ontario, Rhode Island, Louisiana, Oxford, and others, who all made brief but appropriate speeches. Specially delightful was the protracted and enthusiastic applause that greeted the noble Bishop of Cape Town—that "Confessor of the Faith," as one of the other speakers called him an applause that seemed at first appearance as if it would never end, and was repeated at every mention of his name, as well as again and again during his speech, in the course of which he re-cognized warmly the steady support he had re-

ceived from the American Bishops.

The Bishop of Oxford, too, in his most happy speech, said that they "had not looked in the faces of their American brethren for nothing:" and he carried all hearts with him in speaking of the boldness of the Archbishop in calling so unprecedented a meeting, and of the power of his patience, gentleness and sweetness in ruling it and bringing it and bringing it to so specessful a termination After the speeches were over, and the Archbishop had given his blessing, some time was devoted to pleasant conversation, the Bishop de scending from the platform and mingling the crowd below. The Archbishop led the way, taking with him the Bishop of Vermont, thus exemplifying the fraternal unity of the Churches of England and America.

The closing religious services were held in St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, the next day, Saturday, September 28. A crowded congregation were in attendance. The Old Hundredth was sung as"pro-There was a surpliced choir, made up of a large number of men and boys. In the pro-cession there were also many priests, chaplains, &c., and about fifty of the bishops. The Arch-bishop presided, and there was full choral service. The sermon, which was admirably appropriate, was preached by the Bishop of Montreal. The

Archbishop acted as celebrant in the Holy Com-munion, and was assisted in the Epistle and Gospel by the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Montreal, and in the administration by the Bishop of Vermont and others.

RECENT MOVEMENTS IN ITALY. The Arrest of Garibaldi.

[Correspondence of the N. V. Tribune.] London, September 28.—Garibaldids the one topic of Europe, and even in London, in England which has few sympathics to spare for Continental liberty, a strange sympathy for the Liberator of Italy grows out of his arrest. You will not find it in the newspapers but before this morning, at least, when there is one astonishing article in the great journal which has derided Garibaldi active that one is one astonishing article in the great journal which has derided Garibaldi. so often that one knows not what to make of cordial words from such a source. Why should selfish England care what happens to Garibaldi? Is there at last a spasm of remorse that she ban-ished him, an invited guest, from her shores at the dictation of the immeasurable scoundrel

whom men call Emperor of the French?
I should scarcely undertake to report from
London English opinions on Garibaldi. The men
who make opinion are out of London. But I receive this morning three notes—one from Sinalunga, two from the prison fortress of Alessandrig—and I gather out of them a few sentences for friends in America. These were written after the arrest. I ought first to quote a letter of the 22d at Arezzo :

"We are here, actually lodged in Syndie's red shirts—some 800.

"None of Garibaldi's personal friends believe in arrest. I do. Crispi assures me that it will take place, since what Ratazzi leaves undone.

From Sinalunga comes a note, dated 24th, 7 A. M.—"I have just telegraphed von. Twenty carbinieri and four companies of 37th Regiment of the Line arrested the General in this eagle's Basso and Del Vecchio, the Secretaries, consigned themselves.'

Next, Wednesday, from the Fortress of Alessandria, written on the back of a half sheet of paper on the obverse of which are thearms of the Kingdom of Italy, and underneath— COMMANDO MILITARE della

FORTEZZA E PROVINCIA DI ALESSANDRIA beneath which again is the signature of my brave correspondent whose name I scarcely know whether to print or not. Many people will guess it without printing.
"I use this scrap on which I have had to write

my name to tell you that I am in the fortress, have seen the General, but am not sure that I can get out; if I do, you will receive a letter by the post after this. But for the Tribune I should share his fate. As it is, I shall try to get out as I have pledged myself.

"He is very angry, and reclaims his American citizenship, seeing, that as a deputy, he is ar-

rested.' Finally, this:

Finally, this:

I send you something more precious than gold. G. has just signed them; he is lying on the sofa, very sad, very stern. I go to Mr. Marsh to see whether he recognizes his American citizenship. I have posted letters to you, with the facts but short. It is now sixty hours that none of us have slept." have slept.

nave siept.
Inclosed were two photographs of Garlbaldi, one taken at Geneva, the latest, and his friends say, much the best ever taken. The head is without the cap almost always worn. The other is a Florence pletting with cap and show! Both is a Florence pleture, with cap and shawl. Both sand miles of have the autograph of Garibaldi, and on the back sale of the trof one is an inscription, also in Garibaldi's hand. W. E. Mail.

PRICE THREE CENTS. I shall commit one more indiscretion, and copy its

To Wendell Phillips, Liberatore degli schiavi neri

G. GARIBALDI. Prisione D'Alessandria,

Prisions D'Alessandria, 25 Settember, 1867.

The letters which should reach you by this post from Alessandria and Florence, may or may not get through. At any rate, you will like to print these personal details, the slight irredents of an hour to be memorable forever in Italian history. News this morning is that Gazibaldi has been sent to Caprera, to be kept there under guard lest he complete the work of literation of which he is the architect. The man who cends him is the man to whom he gave a kingdom. him is the man to whom he gave a kingdom?

Garibaldi on the Right of Insurrectson Florence, Sept. 28, 1867.—A letter written by Garibaldi, dated 24th September, and addressed to the newspapers, while in prison, has been published. He says: "The Romans possess the right of all slaves—namely, to rise in insurrec-tion. It is the duty of the Italians to help them: I hope they will do so, and therefore say, marche on. The whole world looks on you!"

FACTS AND FANCIES.

-California miners are washing out diamonds: -The New York Leader speaks of Myrrha as not a Myrrha-cle of success

—"Philadelphia ice-cream" is one of the signs on the basement of Park Street Church, Boston. A weekly newspaper in Cairo, Egypt, opens with a prayer as a salutatory.

—Quartermaster-General Meigs has been granted a release from his duties for six months. —Lord Brougham has begun his ninetieth year— He still sometimes takes a drive. -Competition has placed the fare from New

York to Albany, 150 miles, at fifty cents. -China has discovered petroleum. Unfortu-

—A Blue-nose pedestrian has run five miles in thirty minutes. —A Connecticut paper wants hair dyes "pro-hibited." -A statue of Charlemagne in bronze is to be

erected in Liege. -- Mendelssohn's Reformation symphony is to be revived in London.

-Ivory ornaments are to be fashionable in Parls this winter. -Leo Hudson is giving her small cattle-show in Springfield—one horse and two calves.

-A man in Boston already wants to pre-empt seventeen seats for Dickens's course of readings. -Prim is living in Geneva.--Ex. They say also that he arrived in New York yesterday. -Queen Maria Christina has left Havre for Pa-

ris and Madrid. -A ker factory is to be established at Elmira, which will make kegs out of solid timber.

-"Vitals baked here," is the horrible announcement placarded in the window of a New York eating-house. -Another family has returned from the Jaffa.

colony to Machias, Maine, well, but thoroughly disgusted with the Holy Land. -That was a goodly cargo which arrived at Omaha the other day. It consisted of three millions of treasure from Montana.

-British soldiers now carry ninety rounds of ammunition as a result of the use of breechloaders.

-The Louisville Democrat asks whether the Connecticut election will connect or cut from the Republicans.

-English papers think the Emperor of Russia-must be insone because of his civilities to the Quaker City tourists.

—Hayti has been trying the Pendleton policy, and does not like it. The paper dollar of that country is worth three cents in silver. -The first prize at the Vic Music was won by a Russian lad of afteen named Brodsky. He is a violinist.

-A-lawsuit in Prussia, which began in the early part of the seventeenth century, has just been settled by compromise, -Prisoners have lately escaped from the Indiana penitentiary through a tunnel sixty feet,

long. A recent decision in Maine declares the informal wills of soldiers in actual service to be valid.

-The State constables have arrested a man for eating apples, under charge of smuggling eider into his stomach.—Boston Post. -In Scotland a potato digger has been invented which greatly facilitates the work. Curiously enough, a machine for the same purpose has just been invented in Maine.

-Peaches are so plenty in some parts of Michigan that thousands of bushels will rot under the trees. They are to be had in endless quantities at from twenty-five to fifty cents a bushel. -The platform of an independent caudidate-

for the Wisconsin assembly, as announced by him is "The Union, woman's rights and the repeal of the dog law." -A train of thirty-one six-mule teams, with

forty-five thousand pounds of wool, arrived at Kansas from Santa Fe, New Mexico, during the latter part of September. —Rev. Phillips Brooks, rector of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, has been called to Grace Church, in New York; salary, \$15,000. He is understoodd to have declined it, and will remain at

Holy Trinity.

-The manufacture of clothing is the most important manufacture in Paris. The material annually consumed costs 120,000,000 francs, and the labor about 450,000,000 francs. There are twenty-six thousand clothing stores in the city. -Apropos of the recent Vanderbilt forgery, a New York letter says: "What an accommodating bank the City Bank is, to be sure. If a man went in there with check trowsers on, I think they'd pay him something, simply from

habit.' The Independent says of John B. Gough that he was fifty years old in August. He signed the pledge October 30th, 1842, in Worcester, Mass. January 3d, 1853, he delivered his first temperance. lecture. His original terms for a lecture were \$5: now he charges \$200. He has already accepted 168 calls for the season of 1867-8, which will produce \$33,600. Mr. Gough has accumulated ahandsome fortune.

The Chinese physicians are very courteous in their manner. Their prescriptions are generally vast compounds; they go on the supposition, very common with other practitioners, that it is best to give several remedles togother, so that one or another of them will hit the case. Sometimes they compound as many as fifty to eighty different ingredients, and stew them together to administer them. They hardly ever prescribe less than fifteen or twenty simple medicines.

-Sir David Brewster recently read a paper be--sir David Brewster recently read a paper before the Dundee Social Science Congress on the "Colors of Soap Bubbles." This is almost as a stuce as the Farmers Club in New York, which discussed, not long since the question, "Where the Flies go to in Winter?" Sir David propounded the yiew that the prismatic colors of soap bubbles were not due to differences in the

pounded the view that the prismatic colors of soap bubbles were not due to differences in the thickness of the film, but to the exudation of a new substance flowing over the film and expanding under the influence of gravitation. The world will breath easier after this.

—Twenty miles, at least, of the Pacific rail—road is to be under a covered way. That road, we predict will be popular for bridal tours. It is one of the great drawbacks of the young bride and groom that so many dreary miles of railroad travel must be endured in such strict propriety. True, there is the excuse of fatigue; but then the True, there is the excuse of fatigue; but then the pallid little bonnet which swings from the hook over the window is a continual advertisement that the lady is a bride, and that she has some other motive than fatigue for resting her head on other motive than fatigue for resting her head on the gentleman's shoulder. And then the hands must be so rigidly proper, or people will smile, and look at each other, and say queer things, Think of twenty miles roofed in, reader—not less than an hour—the Pacific railroad will certainly be popular: If it were roofed in along the whole route, it would be still better; but even the thou-sand miles of prairie will be endured for the eake of the twenty miles of unalloyed delight.— If I. Mai.