THE DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.—PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1867.

Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper.

The Milan correspondence of the Cincinnati *Commercial* makes the following graphic allusions:

Our first morning's visit was to the old convent refectory, containing the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. Of all his works of art this is the greatest, and indeed of all pictures this has been the most fancied, copied and multiplied in all styles, from the having been multiplied in all styles, from the engraving in the family Bible to the full sized copies in oil throughout the world, some of which are its equal. It is doubtful if many see this picture without disappointment not that it is more faded and broken than one might expect to see, or that its composition is less grand, or its masterly expression of character but when one comes to see the original of what has been so familiar life long had in such familiarity, it is not unnatural to expect some superior interest in it, whereas the great interest after all is that such is the picture by the artist's own hand.

Although it has been all painted over, and doubtless the expression of the features changed, they are still striking, that of Christ having a severe dignity, which makes the expression of many copies effeminate or even feminine.

This picture, commenced in 1493, should be now in excellent preservation, but never was there one, from the first, so faded. The great artist employed hasten to finish the work, but in order to suit his material to the length of time he wished to employ, painted it in oil instead of fresco. The surface upon which he painted was, though one of his own devising, an unfortunate one, and broke down off in pieces. Then this refectory received the fumes of the kitchen from the first, which ruined the colors, besides that the extreme dampness for the walls being at times excessively injurious. The latter part of the monastery had been used by the Austrians for military purposes, and though Napoleon, in his rule, decreed that this room should be exempt, it was, notwithstanding, employed for storing hay, and as a cavalry stable! Once the monks cut a door in the wall underneath it, and in so doing, not only cut away the feet of Christ, and others of the Disciples, but caused pieces of the paint to be cracked off from the plaster. Twice the place has been flooded with water, so that, with all its misfortunes, it is now spotted with blotches of white from the plaster, from the coat of paint has fallen.

If the monks had appreciated this work as highly as some modern critics, doubtful relics, much might have been done to save it from destruction. They saw it before them every day as they sat at their meals, until it became, like a piece of old furniture, however good originally, expected to wear out.

Dr. Bellows Visits Kaulbach.

Dr. Bellows, at Munich, is enraptured with Kaulbach, and talks this and that thus:

I had long had the greatest admiration for the genius of Kaulbach, as exhibited in his illustrations of German poetry, mythology and history. To the penetrative intelligence and spirituality which he brings to his art he seemed to add a grace and elegance commonly wanted in it. His great influence and facility have not made him careless, and everything from his pencil is delicate, refined and exquisite, without lacking dignity and force. He seems to possess a most tender appreciation of childhood and womanhood, and no modern artist, in my eyes, throws such grace and elegance about the human figure. It was the meeting an old friend to see the great artist in his studio. His manly form is robust and erect in the floor, where is no sign of sick, gentleness and power in his eyes, ease and grace in his manners, and all softened by twenty years of his presence which can have had few idle hours. He sat, as we entered, before his easel, at work upon the history of the loves of two characters in one of the very old German Minnesingers. The youth and — theme of the picture suggested the power which genius possesses of carrying its one youth with it through every age and fixed. Such is really as young as ever in feeling and in the nature and handling of his subject. He showed us the group of his more recent pictures, and especially one elegant portrait of a Copenhagen merchant, full of power and beauty. He talks with freedom and charming insight about America, which interested him, as it does most Germans, who see but only people capable of looking at countries with reference to the ideas they stand for, and their relation to human progress. He lacks as not to expect a period of art in America until we had gone through with the great and heroic period which gives art its inspiration and its subjects. He thought the last American visit would do some future time be a profile source of artistic ideas and themes; but artistic eras come—they cannot be made.

Nashville Antiquities.

It may not be generally known that the ground on which the city of Nashville now stands was once the site of an ancient and populous town; yet such is supposed to be the fact. Some of the most ancient antiquities of our State are found along the lower course of Stone river (which is a little from Nashville. A wide area of country there is covered thickly with thousands of graves of now forgotten people. But a few days ago several gentlemen made some researches in this region and found the subject fairly rewarded by some striking discoveries. At a place known as Schell's Springs they found a mound of considerable height and perhaps forty feet in diameter, which proved, upon examination, to be nothing less than a vast assemblage of the dead. The graves were found to be made of flat rocks, symmetrically joined together, and then two deep from the base of the ground to 15 apex. Bones were found in a remarkable state of preservation, whether with pottery and shells. Very large ornaments have been dug out in this place, which from shells found only in the Gulf of Mexico. A gentleman of acknowledged skill and authority in antiquarian matters, who conducted the researches made a few days ago, estimated that the remains in that high ground could not have lessons than six or seven hundred years. What is remarkable, no warlike implements are found in this valley, from which it is inferred that they were a peaceable race, and were probably exterminated or driven away by the Indians. In one of the graves was found a beautiful little vase, which had been placed in the hand of the inmate of the tomb at the time of the burial. Upon this little bit of earthenware was the model of a diminutive animal. The care which these people took of their dead shows a high degree of humanity. We learn that other investigations in this section are to be made on Sunday. The field is certainly a rich one for the anti-quarian.

Railway Locomotives in Germany.—An official return gives some curious particulars relative to the manufacture of railway locomotives in Germany. In 1864 the number of locomotives on the German railways was 4,768—274 of which were manufactured abroad; while Germany now not only builds her own locomotives, but sent one thousand last year to other countries, such as Switzerland, Italy, France and Russia. The number of engines now used on the railways of Germany is 5,526, 340 of which have to be replaced every year. The largest of these locomotive factories is that of Borsig, of Berlin, which has built two thousand railway engines since it was first established in 1841. Of the others, the principal are that of Maffei in Bavaria, that of the Austrian railway—one in Vienna, Egerstorff's at Hanover, and that of Henschel at Cassel.

The Cotton Crops.

The present wretched weather and the low price of cotton has cast a deep gloom over our city and its trade, causing a general dullness and inactivity in commercial circles. Many of our best informed and experienced citizens had anticipated a slight check—perhaps a slight falling off in prices—but this is cent heavy and continued decline in cotton is as unexpected as it is most clearly unjustifiable, and for no sound reason. We expected a slight temporary decline when the glowing accounts of the crop prospects which were so industriously circulated here in August reached Liverpool and Manchester. We were well convinced at that time that our planting friends were over-estimating the product of the crop and giving too much prominence to the, at best, but fair prospects which the month of August seemed to indicate. These accounts, highly colored as they were, have been very greatly exaggerated in the interest of speculators and speculators, and consequently, we have produced such a decline in prices as to leave the price to-day unremunerative to the planter.

Indeed, we do not believe that, under the present system, the ruling rates of cotton today are sufficient to pay the cost of production. The expense in the way of taxes, freights, commissions, insurance, storage, &c., will amount to at least 14 or 15 cents per pound. This taken from the present price, say 17 cents for middlings, would leave but 12 or 13 cents net per pound. It is glad this would be but about the old price before the war—say 10 cents per pound. The present crop has been raised at a rate of expense much higher than any ever heretofore made, truthfully remarks the Mobile Register. Provisions have been from 60 to 100 per cent. higher than formerly. Large sums have been expended for guanos and other fertilizers, while the cost of labor has been very great, and would be but about the old price before the war—say 10 cents per pound. The present crop has been raised at a rate of expense much higher than any ever heretofore made, truthfully remarks the Mobile Register. Provisions have been from 60 to 100 per cent. higher than formerly. Large sums have been expended for guanos and other fertilizers, while the cost of labor has been very great, and would be but about the old price before the war—say 10 cents per pound. The present crop. Ten cents in gold will not more than pay the cost of production, unless a very large crop is realized. We have ceased to hope for even a moderate crop. The long continued rains of August and September have caused the late fruit to shed, and thousands of acres have been destroyed by the boll-worm, rot and the caterpillar. We doubt very seriously whether the crop will be half as large, if any, than that of 1866, in fact, so great has been the destruction of cotton from different causes during the last two weeks that we do not believe the crop will be as large as that of last year. The wet weather during the past week has been very unfavorable to cotton picking, while the continued rains and cloudy weather ness will materially injure the staple. All accounts from this section of Alabama are indeed all over the State, are not only unfavorable, but actually disastrous to the cotton prospects. Where it is possible, we believe it to the interest of the planter to hold his cotton. If he sells now he cannot realize actual cost of production, while it is almost certain that when the great cotton points are reliably informed as to the prospects and prospective condition of the cotton crop, the price will reasonably advance.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Mail, Oct. 6.*

Stories About Wild Animals.

Travelers in the East have told some wonderful stories about the ravages committed by the white ant, but the following, from an English magazine, are the latest:

"An old story is largely revivified in India in regard to the voracity of the white ant. A gentleman having charge of a chest of money, left it on the floor, where it was soon attacked by these destructives, who soon annihilated the bottom of the box and bags containing the specie, which fell piece by piece into the hollows of the termites' habitation, and disappeared as fast as the box was placed. Where the coin was demanded it was not to be found, but attacks of the ants were incontestible, and the story got abroad that their teeth were capable of devouring metal. Some years afterwards when the house was undergoing repairs, the whole sum was found several feet deep in the middle of the ant-nest. Waite ants once attacked a British ship of the line, the Albion. She was obliged to put into port in consequence, and had to be broken up.

"These creatures are much relished as food by the natives of the interior of India, as well as by those of Africa. In India, before the migration of the ants, trees have selected in the next opposite to each other, on the leeward side a pot is placed, which has been rubbed with aromatic herbs on the windward side a fire is made, the smoke of which drives the insects into the pot. These captures are then securely fastened in, dried over the fire, and ground into flour, and made into a pastry which is sold to poor people, but, which, if used abundantly, produces dysentery. In Africa, myriads of them fill into the water, when the natives skim off the surface with calabashes, then grill them in iron cauldrons over a large fire, stirring them as they are cooked. The natives eat them by handfuls, without accompaniment or other preparation, and consider them very delicious. They are said to resemble in taste sugared cream, or sweet cinnamon. The Hottentots eat them very greedily when boiled, and grow plump and fat upon the food. They also consume the larger ants, which they call rice, on account of its resemblance to that grain. They cook these in great quantity of water. A large pot will sometimes yield a bushel of the pupa."

A Romance of the "Ring."

The wheat "ring" in Exchange place yesterday afternoon was considerably agitated over the mysterious appearance of one T. H. Pratt, a young man of prepossing appearance, who recently joined the Board of Trade. At the session of the Board yesterday noon he purchased largely of wheat, to the extent of some sixty or seventy-five thousand bushels, mostly on seller's option all the month. Wheat was offered by the seller to put up a margin, as is customary with all time contracts, he expressed himself willing to put up what was required. His assumed willingness to act in accordance with the customs of the business, he then a standing at once, and he found no difficulty in "filling his card," and a couple of brokers whom he had employed, were busy all day long in his interest. In the afternoon a string of "five" cane tapping—gently tapping at his office door but no response came from within. He had stepped out, omitting to leave a card stating when he would return. Brokers and commission merchants searched for him "all around about that quarter; but he was not to be found. The "bears" and sellers plodded back to the "ring," where the options were made at a loss of two and a half to three cents per bushel. Some think that it was a sharp operation to hold up the market on Change, in order that the crowd in the afternoon might afford some of Mr. Pratt's friends an opportunity to sell their "shorts" at a handsome profit. Such was the case, however, whether Mr. Pratt acted with or without the knowledge of his friends, his appearance at the Sherman House last evening he would have been made the subject of a warm ovation.—*Chicago, Tribune, Oct. 8.*

A Bedouin Bride.

I had the honor of "assisting" this morning at the marriage of a Bedouin girl, starting on a little way into the desert, about eight o'clock I saw three Bedouin encampments, and from the most distant there issued a camel, on whose back was a huge tower, formed of palm branches and covered with red cloth. As the camel approached the women left the nearest encampments and mixed shrill cries in welcome to the bride, the men firing muskets in close proximity, which would have proved alarming to most European young ladies. The cradle was lined with Arab carpets, on which reclined a girl dressed in the height of Arab fashion; large silver rings on her legs, silver ornaments on her breast, and her head covered with a large stripped rug of native manufacture. The lovely Fatima—for such I learned was her name—pledged to glance at me as I raised my hat in salutation of the bride; but she appeared to take far greater pleasure in the mischievous her Bedouin followers, who fire about her horses as if it had been a French fortnight. Presently there issued from the gate of Laghouate a train of Arab women, dancing, clapping their hands and making shrill cries as like as human voices possibly could be to the whinny of a mare. Once the camel was stopped, the bride alighted, embraced a few of the women, joined the procession, and, followed by the camel, all proceeded to the mud hut in which Fatima was to share for evermore the love of an Arab with two other ladies. But on their way the Bedouins chased about the procession a full gallop, firing their guns while at top speed; and when the bridal party had passed into the mud mansion, they followed, and I could hear the *feu de joie* repeated. May Fatima be happy! Her price was not high, as she is only cost her lord sixty francs, and there are some young ladies of the desert who cost two hundred francs.—*Life in an Oasis.*

Humor in the Pulpit.—The *Advertiser*, the new Congregationalist organ in Chicago, gives the following from the pulpit in Brooklyn. It says:

"Those who are offended at humor in Henry Ward Beecher, should listen to Spurgeon, both in and out of the pulpit. We have seen the audience in his own church in a dense crowd in the Free Church Assembly Hall, in Edinburgh, and heard him address the Scotch ministers and elders on an effective way of preaching the Gospel, for years then to come. He imitated a brief and varied exercises in meetings for prayer and conference, adding 'I never like to see a man who can pray half an hour, and conclude by asking the Lord to prepare our shortcomings!' That sentence secured many of his hearers of the habit in question, although as we looked into the faces of the audience we saw not a few of grave Scotch elders twisting their features in their efforts to avoid so slight a thing as a smile in a religious meeting. We may as well learn to be natural in religion, and to laugh as heartily when we laugh, well as to weep over those which are mournful. The wise man said, 'There is a time to weep and a time to laugh,' and who shall not say that both do not find their time occasionally in a sermon? Shall we once preached on the folly of idolatry, and drew a picture of the ridiculous conduct of the man who selected a log of wood and made a god out of one part and cooked his dinner with the remainder? We suspect it was one of the most effective of his discourses, even if it excited a smile when delivered. The question of right is not to be decided by the gravity or humor of what is said, but by the motive of the speaker, and the adaptation to a good end of what he says."

Surfeiting War or Catching Thieves.—The Paris papers reveal a new style of theft by which jewelers are losers. The thief enters the shop of a dealer in diamonds and pearls, and asks to see some unset stones. He is well-dressed and wears colored spectacles. The stones are laid before him, spread on paper. Being very near-sighted, as his glasses prove, he is obliged to bring his eyes close to the paper, so that he can place them up with the tip of his tongue, and he keeps them in his mouth until out of the shop. He fears detection, which seldom occurs, he swallows his treasure—hence the phrase and "swallow it raw" given to this class by the thieves' fraternity. One of them was caught the other day. The unsuspicious merchant, put upon his guard, said he had no small stones, but would have a large supply the next day. The gentleman said he waiting, the diamonds were laid out upon paper prepared with an extremely tasteless tipping drug, which when the thief put his tongue to them acted so violently on his sense of taste that he instantly ejected what he had put taken. The policeman appeared and the thief was taken to the cell.

Intelligence to Consumers in Cold China.—"A Workman" writes to the London *Times*: "Thirty years ago, when the tea of old Serves china was at its highest, a few London dealers in old Serves china made large fortunes purchasing white china, and then selling it to be highly decorated, and having them repainted with gilt in this country. It is so apropos to the occasion, being nearly symmetrical and bran new. In cases where the patterns have gotten lost, there is no gaudiness or "dubdubbing" about their attire. All glitter and display are thrown aside, and the chief aspect more like a quakeress in her simple traveling dress of drab or mouse color.

Sometimes the youthful cupids engage in playing at lovers, or affect a flirtation, but it generally ends in a quarrel and a fight. Their joy is betray too much happiness for wit and repartee, and they lose the tender softness and tenderness in their confidential whispers, and such a pride in the possession of each other, that some one of the pair is sure to feel, or generally the case that the bridegroom makes the discovery first, and throws his arm over the lovely ancoff the shoulders of his wife, as much as to say, definitely to the envious, "Whom is this? Who belongs to this? Who have been married many years?" Not know? The great Mr. Smith, the man that arm steals around, first on top of the seat-back and then gradually closer, while the bride sits with her head turned, and looks out as a very unperceiving way. Indeed, it is she who first sees the "cut-back leg" and acts quickly. The narrow gauge seats are preferable to to the broad gauge, and if you sit on the seat facing the engine, it is more so, first that the lady's shoulders are not even—they incline just a little to her partner. A lady traveling in this position a few years ago, her neck gets as limber as a washed paper collar, and her head goes from side to side, independent of her husband, and there it nestles, innocently and confidingly in the region of honor, pure and holy, and for a few times, in spite of all precautions, a tress or two or her golden curls will escape from her earlier years. But it almost seems that there is order and neatness in their very disorder and abandon.

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Fun in Animals.

Fun is confined by no means to man. It is frequently asserted although the lower animals have discovered and named the laughing jackass, the laughing hyena, the laughing hyena, there is but one animal that indulges in "what you might call a laugh," and that is one old fellow, the Dog. The man is laughing a bumabugs but the horse would laugh if he could, for he is not deficient in the sense of the humorous. We have known, in our time, a sly old horse which would slide up to a bystander and put his head on the unsuspecting fellow's hat in a manner which would not soon be forgotten. It was a commonplace with him to do this, and the practical joker could have done it with his sole in a more inadvertent manner.

The dominant idea of the *Mont de Cleo* declares that "a horse is a gentleman;" and this may give rise to the question, Which are the Eclipses and Dobbin, since a horse-laugh has long been regarded as anything but gentlemanly? Dogs are a very jealous race, and for the dog Rover until he obeyed her summons, she was frightened from the house by the "wolf out." Small birds chase each other about in play, but, perhaps, the conduct of the crane may be considered the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the air, bows and scrapes, and shows a somersaults. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short on everything being given up, and a mutual understanding not to injure by his bite, and the orangutang, in wrestling with his adversary, rolls over and over, and makes faints of biting him.

Some animals carry out in their play the sentiment of the poet, "Laughing at trifles, for eats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even the leaves stirred by the slightest wind; they crouch and steal forward, ready for the spring, the body quivering with the excitement of the emotion, they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Kittens are very fond of playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the margin, lived are very fond of playing. There is a story of a name magpie that was seen in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and gravity deposited them in a made to receive a post. After dropping each one, she stood upon it, and strutted proudly, and set out for another. On examining the spot a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie had imprisoned. Dogs are fond of playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the margin, lived are very fond of playing. There is a story of a name magpie that was seen in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and gravity deposited them in a made to receive a post. After dropping each one, she stood upon it, and strutted proudly, and set out for another. On examining the spot a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie had imprisoned. There is fun in animals and birds. Indeed there is.

Beauty of an Oriental Night.

It is impossible for those who never visited the glowing East to form an adequate idea of the exquisite beauty of an Oriental night. The sky—which bends enamored over cluster of graceful palm trees fringing some slow-moving stream, or over a clump of dark, motionless cypresses rising up like Gothic spires—is of a deep blue, and the stars are yellows—is one of the deepest purple, unstained by the faintest film or vapor, unobscured by the least cloud. The air is very image of purity and peace, idealizing the dull earth with its beauty, elevating some into the sphere of soul, and suggesting thoughts and yearnings too tender for human life, and too high for those in human language. Through its transparent depths the eye wanders dreamily upward until it rest itself on the threshold of other worlds. Over the dark mountain ranges, the lovely moon floats in brightness, clothing the landscape with the pale glories of a mild day, while the zodiacal light, far more distinct and brilliant than ever seen in this country, diffuses a mild pyramidal radiance above the horizon, the precursor of the dawn of sunset. Constellations tremulous with excess of brightness sparkle in the heavens, as scattered in the sky, and in the depths, which are a mental inheritance to every civilized man from his earliest years.

There the ship Argo sails over the trackless upper ocean in search of the golden fleece of Colchis; there Perseus, returning from the conquest of the Gorgons, holds in his hand the terrible head of Medusa; there the virgin Andromeda, chained naked to the rock, awaits in agony the approach of the devouring monster; there Orion, with his belt and sword of Berenice hangs suspended as a votive offering to Venus; there the Bear, which was formed by the milk that dropped from Juno's breast, and which, as it fell upon the earth, changed the lilies from a purple to a snowy whiteness, extends across the heavens, like the ghost of a rainbow. Complexions assume them all, far up towards the zenith, old Orion, with his blazing belt, meets the admiring eye, suggestive of gentle memories and kind thoughts of home; while immediately beyond it the seven sisters, the Pleiades.

How to Discover the Newly Married.

The fall season has fairly set in, and we find the matrimonial market buoyant in our city, hundreds are *noise-guided* young men rushing into the holy estate. A more than usual number of wedding tourists are noticed by travelers and conductors on the different railroads.

Of course, it is not on account of being ashamed of each other that they try to disguise their situation, but simply to avoid being criticised and remarked upon by profane strangers. Thus they lay the fond intention in their souls into the "parlor car feeling." But, good gracious, how badly fooled they are. It is one of the easiest things in the world for a sharp-eyed man to tell precisely how many days, or even hours, they have been "spliced." They can some times be detected by the great pains they take to appear either like old married people or perfectly unconcerned. Perhaps, in the steamer, or sit so demurely in the car. In many cases their dress, in particular them. It is so apropos to the occasion, being nearly symmetrical and bran new. In cases where the patterns have gotten lost, there is no gaudiness or "dubdubbing" about their attire. All glitter and display are thrown aside, and the chief aspect more like a quakeress in her simple traveling dress of drab or mouse color.

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The Jerome Park Races.

New York, Oct. 15.—The Jerome Park races commenced this afternoon, the attendance is large, the track is fine condition, and the weather unclouded. The first race was won by Julius, beating Tycoon 2d, and followed by Catherine, Lexington, Kate Hall and Bella, the latter fell and threw her rider heavily. Time, 2.34½.

The eight horses were entered for the Jerome Park handicap. Captain Moore came in first, Enchantress second, but the former was ruled out for foul driving, and the race was given to Enchantress. Time 2.12½.

The New York Money Market.

New York, Oct. 15.—Gold opened this morning at 1 per cent. and closed at 3 per cent. Money is active demand, with skips of increasing stringency. Call loans, 7 percent; for the upper of all collections, as the Howard Association has enough money to carry it through.

A Riot in Maine.

Lewiston, Me., Oct. 15.—The *Journal* of this place learns that a riot took place at Livermore Falls, on Monday, between the Irish and Yankees. The quarrel originated at the Sunday school, Mr. Sunderland, Mr. Sunderland, Mr. Sunderland