

Daily Evening Bulletin

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

F. L. FEFHERSTON, Publisher.

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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1867.

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THE EVENING BULLETIN

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING
AT THE NEW BULLETIN BUILDING,
607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
BY THE
EVENING BULLETIN ASSOCIATION.
GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.
FRANCIS W. WEAVER, Business Manager.
FRANCIS WEAVER, Proprietor.
FOR PRESENTS—FINE POCKET WALLET AND
P. M. W. WEAVER, Stationer, Bookseller, and
Office and Stationery, 78 Arch Street.
PATTERSON—GEORGE—On the 12th inst., by Rev.
Geo. H. Brinsford, Albert J. Patterson to Miss Anne L.
George, all of this city.

DIED.

ARTEGAN—On Thursday the 12th inst. Elizabeth,
wife of John P. Artega, in the 62nd year of her age.
The friends of the family are invited to a funeral
service at 10 o'clock on Saturday, the 14th inst., at
St. Luke's Church, Germantown, at 4 o'clock on Sunday,
the 15th inst., at 10 o'clock on Monday, the 16th inst.,
at the residence of the deceased, 23rd and Locust
streets, at 10 o'clock on Tuesday, the 17th inst., at
St. Paul's Church, on Locust Street.
BENTLEY—On the 12th inst., John Bentley, of
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

LADIES' FAIR—A FAIR FOR THE SALE OF
Presbyterian Church will be held in the
building, N. E. corner Nineteenth and Green streets, com-
mencing on Monday, December 16th, at 10 o'clock P. M.,
and continuing during the week.
Children, 10 cents; adults, 25 cents; 50 cents
Children, 10 cents; adults, 25 cents.

THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL BANK.
The Annual Election of Directors of this Bank will
be held at the Banking House on TUESDAY, the 14th inst.,
at 10 o'clock A. M., and a meeting of the Board of Directors
will be held on WEDNESDAY, the 15th inst., at 10 o'clock
A. M., and on THURSDAY, the 16th inst., at 10 o'clock
A. M.

NOTICE—THE DELAWARE AND HARTMAN
Canal will be closed for navigation on the 20th
inst., unless sooner stopped by law.

JOHN O. STEVENS,
Engineer and Superintendent.

REDUCTION IN PRICE OF STEAK & CO'S
CORNED MEAT. BROS. Pianos, at 12 o'clock P. M.,
at 12 o'clock P. M.

HOWARD HOSPITAL, NOS. 135 AND 136
Lombard Street, Diuinity Department. Medical
treatment and medicines furnished gratuitously to the
poor.

SKATING PARKS.
ON THE
WEST PHILADELPHIA PARK.
THIRTY-FIVE HOURS PER WEEK. BROS. Pianos, at 12 o'clock P. M.,
at 12 o'clock P. M.

AMUSEMENTS.
See Sixth Page for Additional Amusements.

ITALIAN CHOICE SEATS FOR EVERY NIGHT.
NEWSSTAND, CONTINENTAL HOTEL. del.13

A WOMAN'S TRAVELS IN EUROPE.
No. III.

Napoleon III.—The Review in Honor
of the Emperor of Austria. (Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

PARIS, November 27, 1867.—Garibaldi is a pris-
oner. The Pope is ill. Is the Vatican to be the
Musée de Rome? and Paris the seat of the Papal
empire? Napoleon is lavishing heart, brain and
stand-point on this magnificent city. Take any
pursue and you see before you broad av-
enues, whose promenade, trees, fountains, stat-
ues, historical monuments and rows of elegant
and palatial residences are kept in perfect order;
and from the principal observatories you see laid
out the grandest city in the world. The newspapers
clamor about extravagance, oppression, outrages,
cliques of citizens. Still the vigilance continues,
the work progresses, the Frenchman is in a per-
petual ecstasy of delight over his native city and
Napoleon?—Is he working for the glory of
France? Is he building a monument for his own
name? or does he work for the Church, and the
people a high altar where the Pope shall cele-
brate in the future masses for the repose of Na-
poleon? His bust in marbled bronze, his por-
trait in oil and crayon, his figures in tapestry;
quadrillions, pedestrian and reclining statues,
equestrian and basso relievo, meet the eye
at every turn, and all say it is great, he is hand-
some, he is liberal—what is he working for?

I saw him at the Bois de Boulogne on the day
the Emperor of Austria reviewed the French
troops. What a scene! Through the grand
avenues of the Bois, on the banks of its lakes
and rivulets, skirting the borders of the immense
racing park, and crowded into the tribunes, were
the youth, fashion and wealth of Parisian society.
Forty thousand troops in bright uniforms, in-
fantry, cavalry and artillery, running, danc-
ing, promading, flirting with the vivandieres,
and enjoying themselves as only French
soldiers can on a gala-day. Suddenly a cry
of "L'Empereur!" changes the scene with
magic quickness. The guards of the Em-
peror step up to the tribunes, the flying car-
riages of Her Majesty and suite follow, and in a
moment Eugene, the pride of the French women,
is bowing her acknowledgments to the acclam-
ing multitude. The field! It baffles descrip-
tion. In solid squares stand the troops, horse and
cannon, the waving plumes, flashing bayonets
and impatient neighing of the excited
horses, the only proof that the
whole vast scene is real and not a
picture of the imagination. Amidst the roar of
cannon, the roll of drums, and the shouts of the
troops, the two Emperors enter with their at-
tendants and guards. What a contrast! They
advance to the tribunes, salute the Emperor, and
then begin their gallop round the field. Now the
field glasses are in requisition, for it is impos-
sible to follow them with the naked eye. A proud
day for Napoleon! When the young Emperor of
Austria entered Paris, from the depot out on the
Boulevards, out the Champs Elysees, to the pal-
ace gates, two unbroken lines of French troops
stood with arms pressed, so that literally miles
of bayonets separated him from the specta-
tore, and he was to move before him, and well do
they know how well earned is his reputation as
a soldier.

The Emperors reach the tribunes, take their
positions facing the Emperor, without dismount-
ing, and the whole army passes in review be-
tween the Emperors and the tribunes. The white
uniform of the Austrian Emperor and his two
brothers the archdukes, with their red sashes and
green plumes, was extremely bright, and fresh
looking, and very appropriate for the youth-
ful and martial warriors. Napoleon seemed dis-
pressed and anxious and his efforts went to ap-
pear to enjoy the day could be plainly seen. Such
marching, riding and maneuvering, was never
surpassed. Sir Walter Scott would have im-
mortalized the event. The review over at 10
o'clock, the Emperor retires to St. Cloud, and
Napoleon escorts his guest to the Palace of the
Elysees, and troops and people are, until eight
o'clock, slowly working their way home,
moving on foot, horse and in carriages in such
numbers that it could be compared to nothing
but the assembling of nations at the judgment
call.

It will give an idea of the width of the Avenue
des Champs Elysees to state that there were nine
lines of carriages in continuous strings, with
guards between to prevent disorder. On the next
evening it was announced that the two Emperors
would attend the Opera Comique. The streets
through which they passed were brilliantly illu-
minated, flags of both nations draping the bal-
conies, the entrance to the theatre covered with
green velvet drapery, ornamented with golden
bees. Inside the house was crowded, the royal
box elegantly draped with crimson velvet, and
all the company on the stage in new cos-
tumes. Gall-Marie surpassed herself in "Mignon,"
and the Emperors were forced to come forward
in the box and acknowledge the Vivas that rang
through the house. So ends all I saw of an Em-
peror's visit to an Emperor.

Some one went into a printing-mill in an
Ohio town, the other day, and placed his hand
upon a set of knives revolving so rapidly that
they appeared to be at rest. He then put his
hand in his pocket, but a workman seeing the
action asked him if he was hurt, when our in-
cognito friend discovered for the first time that
he had lost several fingers.—Ed. Of course
everybody will believe that.

The editor of the Bay St. Louis Gazette writes
a chain of high mountains in the north of that
city to keep off the cold winds. Can't some-
body accommodate him?

RASH STEPS.

LXIX.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

THE GUILLOTINE AT PARIS.
I will not waste time in vain apologies for so
low an act as attending an execution. Perhaps I
wanted material for a tale. Perhaps I had a
commission from our Legation to examine the
machinery of justice in France. Perhaps I was
an emotion-drunkard, seeking sensation in its
purest alcoholic form. What is more to the
purpose is that I really did join with that motley
party of friends who had agreed to go. This
was on Monday last, the twenty-third November.
"Ah, I have the feeling already!" said one of
us over his black coffee, with a slight delicious
shiver, in the restaurant where we had our ren-
dezvous. We were about a dozen, all Parisian
except myself.

"Feeling!" exclaimed another, more experi-
enced. "There is no feeling whatever. I com-
prehend the subject, for I have assisted at three.
Look, you are walked in with a compact crowd.
It is twilight, the point of day. The throng is
whispering; babies are scolding upon the should-
ers of their papas. You hear the cry of the
peripatetics, 'Who will have cigars and a light?'
Fine champagne at a sou the glass!" Then some-
body tells you that it is over, and you go away.
The criminal is not upon the platform six seconds,
unless he resists. The executioner is a patient
trooper, who has always made the guillotine a
passionate study, and who has accepted his office
from benevolent motives. This man moves, and
the blade falls, the criminal's head shoots into
the smaller oval basket, while the other basket
receives the trunk. A few minutes after, the
guillotine is skillfully taken to pieces, and the
ordinary sweeping-women of the municipal ser-
vice have absorbed the blood before congeala-
tion. "That is all!"

About one in the morning we turned out in
force, and hid towards the Place de la Foye
Stones, as the common people term the Place
de la Roquette. The names come from the five
blocks set in the pavement, and serving in ap-
pearance as supports to the instrument, and ap-
plies to a front widening of the Rue de la Ro-
quette in front of the New Biotre. This prison,
all the model prisons of Paris, is the most ad-
mirable, the most systematic, and the most
frightful. Your stay there is sure to be short,
you are treated with refined humanity, and you
die only to be exiled or to die. In the
finished classifying French system each jail or
dépôt has a separate and a distinct population.
The great thorough of petty criminals are com-
mitted to the New Force. Females, to St. Lazare.
The Clichy, devoted entirely to debtors, has recently
been humanely closed. The old Condegarie, in
the Palace of Justice, receives state criminals;
here lay the poor young Poles who drew on the
Czar, in a sinister dignity, counting the hours
before his trial by the tribune, and the same
clock that had throbbled the ears of the
wretched Marie Antoinette. The Penitentiary,
or House of Correctional Education, receives a
continually increasing family of young offenders.
While immediately opposite rise the fatal walls
that only inclose for the galley-slave or for the
subject of the guillotine. The convict Avinain,
whose doom conversed, as he is an ex-transport
from Cayenne.

The history of this wretch is a fresh comment
upon the utility of police surveillance, the fatal
consequences of which are so vividly depicted in
"Les Misérables." Avinain was a butcher who
decoyed certain hay-and-feed vendors to his
premises, killed them for their money, and car-
ried their bodies piece-meal to the Seine. His
crimes were committed with calm precision, as
if he had despatched his last victim out of
compassion. I "dugged had hurt himself in our
quartre and I found an intelligent-looking man, who
bore his sixtly-eight years with a certain distinc-
tion, and who apparently contained material
worth putting to some other use than execu-
tion, and which under a better system of public
correction might have been trained into good
citizenship. But under the grim French policy,
a man, from the moment of his apprehen-
sion for a crime, is the enemy of the
State. With us, he is innocent until
proved guilty. In France he is guilty until
proved innocent. Then, from the moment of
conviction, however light the crime, the law
turns its myriad eyes, so benevolent to the rest
of the world, upon his future existence intimi-
dally and with prejudice. Avinain liked to talk
during his imprisonment of the sufferings of the
convicts of Cayenne, and in his more animated
moments would inveigh against the surveillance,
that worst of penalties, which closes to the once-
condemned every honest door, and sets all the
ranks of society like a wall against the face of
the young delinquent from the hour of his first
liberation.

We walked towards the prison in two files,
and I talked to my neighbor, a young Parisian
of position and intelligence.
"How did you know the day of execution?" I
have seen no announcement."
"The day is never announced; but one has only
to count three days after the refusal of the pris-
oner's appeal in cassation. A fatal was con-
demned the twenty-sixth of October—the next
day he signed his appeal, and was ended with
10 o'clock, the Emperor retires to St. Cloud, and
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The editor of the Bay St. Louis Gazette writes
a chain of high mountains in the north of that
city to keep off the cold winds. Can't some-
body accommodate him?

There will be no execution to-night. You have
deceived yourselves."

"But, Monsieur le Sergeant—"
"I am in a position to know better than you."
"I affirm there will be no execution to-night,"
said a gentleman in citizen's dress, who spoke
with an unmistakable accent of authority, and
who happened to have the arm of the sergeant.
"I am apprised that it will not take place to-
night. Beyond that I know no more than you-
selves. But I counsel you to separate definitely,
and in time to leave the ground." "Circulate,
circulate," was the energetic refrain of a third
person, also in polished bourgeois costume, and
who spoke with a similarly authentic sound.

Under significant influence, it was not
unusual that our first impulse was to place a
liberal distance between ourselves and the spot
which had been the aim and butt of all our
schemes. I paired off with the young man to
whom I had last spoken. Two more of our
company followed just behind. The rest were
moving about centrifugally across the throng.
"Are we to believe them?" I asked, with a
stranger's provocation.

"Believe them!" responded my friend, in a
tone of strong disgust. "We are neither to be-
lieve nor disbelieve. I only say that I know
nothing. The instructions of the sergeants, and
of the officers in plain clothes, simply are, dis-
perse the crowd. That is exactly what they would
say in any case. They wish to empty the street,
and to dissolve our band."

"There now," he added, with increased displeas-
ure, "we are followed!"
Castling my eye carefully backward through
the deserted street, into which we had retired, I
detected a tall officer keeping up with us at a
moderate distance. Directly there broke from
behind that detective another person, who came
forward with a hurried salutation, so as gradually
to join upon us. As he passed we regarded him
sidelong, and saw a tall, active man, in a laboring
dress and blouse, rather more knock-kneed than
is usual with legs of such a length, and with his
shoulders elaborately lunched about his ears.
Walking straight up to our quartette, he took
the wall of us, and immediately and distinctly
came tipsy, so as to shoulder each of us in
succession. We defeated the spy easily by
holding our tongues, and walking so slowly as
to leave him at a distance, and soon
turned. At the next corner, two more sergeants
gravelly talking to two more blondes and laboring
costumes exactly like the first. From this time
we were handed from hand to hand of the
myriad-armed Justice of France. Every pers-
pective was closed by the figure of an erect pol-
ice-man, the pointed hood of his overcoat drawn
over his head, and giving him in the brilliant
starlight the silhouette of one of the black peni-
tents I used to meet in Rome. Accidental sol-
diers from the Garde de Paris prepatitiated them-
selves diagonally across us from time to time.
More historical scenes we from time to time
met us at absurdly short intervals. Every
corner, and most of the doorways, harbored an
alert and silent figure, and wherever a troop of
galping butchers was seen, there followed
with their whetted axes, the chorus of "Circulez!"
and the footsteps of the knock-knee in the blouse.

There is a glimpse of the espionage we were
talking about!
As we were not answerable for any offence, we
took this very number. We had not collected to
the forbidden number of twenty, and we were
impeding the passage of the streets. We
therefore amused ourselves by drawing our
attentive satellites into all sorts of objection-
able places, now moving with energy towards the
closed and opaque gate of the cemetery, and now
frankly turning, meeting our pursuers, and con-
centrating again upon the prison door. To an
American; this effect of a meddlesome and pail-
lanimous law was entertaining. The trouble and
anxiety of the government was so disproportion-
ed to our own innocence.

The little girl saved herself by jumping from
the blind end of the wagon.
Mrs. Caseman's home was about one mile
east of the scene of the accident. They were
formed, but do not know how much truth there
is in the report, that the train was running at a
speed of from 25 to 30 miles per hour, and that
the engine was blown out of the rails at the
crossing. This may all be a mistake.
This is now the second serious accident which
has occurred at crossings here within the past
few months, and we hope they may teach people to
be more careful in future.

DISASTERS.

EXPLOSION OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO R.R.

Two Men Instantly Killed—One of
Them Blown a Distance of Four
Hundred Yards.
The Wheeling Intelligence of Wednesday gives
the following particulars of the explosion near
the city of Baltimore on the previous day, a
brief account of which appeared in our columns
by telegraph.
Yesterday morning, about ten o'clock, engine
No. 195, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, ex-
ploded her boiler at Glover's Gap, some forty or
fifty miles out of the city. On Monday afternoon
this locomotive had taken a train out as far as that
point, and had been turned about preparatory to
returning. The train was under charge of Mr.
Delany, conductor, and the engine of Mr.
Hobbs, fireman. At seven o'clock on Monday
evening the engine was run on a side
track to await the passing of the mail
and freight train going east from
the city, and at eight o'clock A. M. Shortly after getting off the main track
the fireman covered up the fire, and went back
to the caboose in the rear, leaving the engineer
and conductor on the engine. That is the last
known of their whereabouts while living. It is
supposed they fell asleep, having several hours
before they were to start upon the return trip.
Nothing unusual was seen or heard around the
engine until about the hour of one on Tuesday
morning, then a fearful report was heard, wak-
ing all persons in the immediate vicinity. Going
to the engine, it was found that the middle
ring of the boiler had been torn into shreds.
Immediate search was made for the missing
men, and at a distance of four hundred yards
the body of the fireman was found, and at a
point, and had been turned about preparatory to
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engine until about the hour of one on Tuesday
morning, then a fearful report was heard, wak-
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to the engine, it was found that the middle
ring of the boiler had been torn into shreds.
Immediate search was made for the missing
men, and at a distance of four hundred yards
the body of the fireman was found, and at a
point, and had been turned about preparatory to
returning. The train was under charge of Mr.
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