Daily Evening Bulletin.

PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1868.

GIBSON PEACOCK. Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

F. L. FETHERSTON. Publisher.

VOLUME XXI.—NO. 244.

(Sundays excepted),
AT THE NEW BULLETIN BUILDING,

607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, EVENING BULLETIN ASSOCIATION.

GIBSON PEACOCK, ERNEST C. WALLACE, L. PETHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIA MSON, CASPER SOUDER, Jr., FRANCIS WELLS.

The Bulletin is served to subscribers in the city at 18. eents per week, payable to the carriers, or \$8 per annum.

W EDDING INVITATIONS AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved or Written. Newcat styles of Wedding
Stationery. Call and look at samples.

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MARRIED.

delphis.

LONG-KILPATRICK.—On the 9th inst., by Rev. H. S.
Rodenbough, Mr. James Long, of Port Kennedy, to Miss
Kate Kilpatrick, of Philadelphia.

BLACKBURNE.—On the morning of the 20th, Sallie M., youngest daughter of Fliasbeth and Thomas Blackburne. Funeral from the residence of her parents, 451 Christian street on Wednesday aftermoon, Jan 22d, at half past 2 o'clock, at which the relatives and friends of the family, also the ladies and gentlemen of the Mendelsson Bociety, are respectfully invited. Services at the Church of the Evargelist, Catharine street, between Seventh and Eighth.

CAMPBELL—Suddenly, on the 19th inst., at 7½ o'clock P. M., John H. Campbell, in the 68th year of his age.

Campbell, Gampbell, in the 68th year of his age.

His relatives and male friends are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, No. 310 North Sixth street, on Thursday next, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Interment at Monument Cemetery.

GOVETT.—On the evening of the 20th inst., Robert A. Govett, in the 71st year of his age.

KINGBTON.—Suddenly, on the 20th instant, Harriet Kingston, in the 78th year of her age.

Her relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, from her late residence 121 Spring street, on Thursday morning, at eleven eclock, without further notice.

RYEASS.—Suddenly, on the evening of the 20th inst., Joseph Wain Hyers, in the 68th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are particularly invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 221 Wainut street, on Friday morning, at 11 o'clock.

Thought, S.—On the evening of the 19th instant, Martha, wife of samul Thomas, in the 70th year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the reddence of her husband, No. 608 North Tenth street, on Fourth-day, the 22d inst. at 2 o'clock. Interment at Fair Hill.

CARD-JANUARY 1, 1888—EYRE & LANDELL, Fourth and Arch, are prepared to suit families with, HGUREHOLD DRY GOOD GOOD FLANNEL 4 AND MUSLINS, GOOD TABLE LINENS AND NAPKINS, GOOD BLACK AND COMPRED SILKS.

JAMES E. MURDOCH, ESQ., The renowned ELOCUTIONIST, has been engaged to

> THIS EVENING CONCERT HALL,

Commencing at 8 o'clock.

Doors open at 7 o'clock.

CORN-EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 21st, 1863.

At the Annual Election held on the 14th inst, the following blockholders were elected Directors of this Bank:
Alexander G. Cattell,
John W. Torrey,
Jingh Craig,
KO ert Ervien,
H. Wilson Gatherwood,
Joseph W. Bullock,
Bamuel T. Canby.

And at a meeting of the Directors held this day, ALEX.
AN DER G. GATT ELL, E. 9q., was unsainmently re-elected President, and JOHN W. TORREY, Eag., Vice President.

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SOUTHWARK NATIONAL BANK

H. P. SCHETKY, Cashler.

SOUTHWARK NATIONAL BAYK.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 20th, 1868.

At an election held on Tuesday, the 14th instant, the following stockholders were elected Directors of this Bank:

Francis P. Steel,
Thomas Sparks.

James Simp-on.

Wm. M. Baird,

Samuel Castner,

And at a meeting of the Directors held this day FRAN.

CIS P. BTEEL, Esq., was unanimously re-elected President, and THOMAS SPARKS, Esq., Vice President, 109

P. LAMB, Gashier.

A GRAND CONCERT OF VOCAL AND INSTRUmental music, under the direction of Professor
Charles A. Mintzer, will be given at the Oxford Presbyterian Chapel, N. F. cor. of Broad and Oxford streets,
TO MORROW (Tuesday: PV BING, Jan. 21st, commencing quarter before 8 o'clock.
Trocceds for the benefit of the 8-bbath School Fund,
Admission 50 cents, children 25 cents. jn20,21-rp.*

Admission 50 cents, children 25 cents. ja30.21-rp.*

OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER.
PRILADELPHIA, January, 1888.

NOTICE.—All City Loans maturing during the year
1828 will be paid on presentation at this office, by order
of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

January Tensor.

January Tensor.

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

NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, WASTE Paper, &c. Bought by E. HUNTER, dei7 2m5 No. 613 Jayne street. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.
Monthly Display THIS EVENIN 7.

TWO NEW BAILBOADS. "Queen Anne's and Kent Hail-nd," and "The Kent County Ruil-

Practical steps towards the speedy construction of these roads are now being taken. The Dela-ware Railroad Company are now about to procure legislation in Maryland to allow them to extend a branch road from Townsend, on the Delaware road, in this county, to Massy's X Roads, in Kent county, Md. From this point the Kent county road is to be built to Kennedyville, and thence to Chestertown, the county seat of Kent. The progress making on this road is, we regret to say, not all we could wish.
From Massy's X Roads the Queen Anne's and

Kent county road is to be built to Millington, in Kent, thence to Sadiersville, in Queen Anne, thence to Cox's Saw Mill, and from there directly thence to Cox's Saw Mill, and from there directly across the county to Centreville, the county town of Queen Annes. The road for this distance has been contracted for by Geo. Stearns and Philip Quigley of this city, and the contract was signed on the fourteenth inst. The road is to be 25 miles long and will cost \$300,000. Mr. Geo. Warner, resident engineer of this road. It is generally in the hands gineer of this road. It is generally in the hands of energetic men, and under contract to respon-sible parties, so we shall confidently look for its speedy completion. Ground will be broken for it at Millington on the 6th of February, at which time the Masonic Lodge, at that place, propose to give a grand celebration in honor of the event.

—Wilmington (Del.) Commercial, 20th.

RAILBOAD ACCIDENT.

Man Killed on the New Jersey Rails From the Newark Advertiser, 20th.]
The train leaving New York, on the New Jersey Railroad, at 11 o'clock this morning, ran over and killed an unknown man, at the place known as the Fish-House, half way between the Hackenas the rish-House, half way between the Hacken-sack and Passalc rivers. The only infor-mation in reference to the deceased is derived from a German who was with him. It seems that the man who was him. It seems that the man who was killed was walking with the latter on the track in this direction. He told his companion (who was on his way to Philadelphia) that he was going to Newark, where he had friends. The unfortunatement of the company man stepped upon the up track just after the down train had passed, and while the track was covered with smoke and steam from the locomotive. He was struck in the back and killed im-

mediately.

He has the appearance of a German between fifty five and sixty years of age, and was dressed in gray pantaloous, brown coat and mittens. No papers were found in his pocket by which he could be identified. Dr. Dodd, the County Physical was called and ordered the removal of the solida, was called and ordered the removal of the body to the dead house of Messrs. Tolles & Vree-land, where it will remain for identification. a hurried prayer. No French man or boy passes

EVENING BULLETIN A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN EU-

MORE ABOUT THE SIGHTS OF PARIS. [Correspondence of the Philadelphia Hvening Bulletin.] Paris, December 11, 1867.—To-morrow, after two months of sight-seeing in this wonderful city without having accomplished more than one tenth of what I desire to do on my return, I leave for new scenes, on as it were, the panorama of the world will roll on, and the vague dreams and longings of childhood will be realized. I will behold the actual characters and characteristics of the old world which the magician Time has marked out for me, and still be compelled to say, "Thy ways, O God, are not man's ways!" My eyes ache, my brain is wearled, and my heart oppressed by the accumulation and multiplicity of towers blackened with the mould of ages, monuments of heroes, whose deeds of glory are read and forgotten, works of art that employed the greatest genius, the labor of years, and on which the precious gems and most costly treasures of the earth's hidden wealth were lavished, all bearing the unmistakable touch of decay. Who can look upon masterpleces descried by their authors, who have gone to the grave with the light faded from the eye that mirrored and reflected on canvas all but the breath alone of the heroes of history, of saints, martyrs, and the embodiment of their own glorious conceptions of beauty and grace, and not cry out God is a Spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth! Take Notre Dame, on which hundreds of workmen have been employed for six months only in restoring the appearance of the front wall, and what do you see? a whitened sepulchre! Within is rottonness and dead men's bones. Leave it there, for it has its mission-a lesson to teach to generations yet unborn-and go to the New Paris on the other side of the Seine, and see life as it is in its homes and assemblies. The houses are all hotels, averaging six stories. All have light colored stone or composition walls, exactly alike, very little ornament, but with as many windows as possible, very large, and containing French plate-glass lights, producing a cheerful effect and an indescribably beautiful one on the wide streets and Boulevards. Madame A. has wealth enough to afford an entire hotel. On the ground floor is, first, the ports cochere, or carriage entrance-a wide alley directly in the middle of the building. On the right side of this alley is the office of the concierge, or door-keeper. She receives all letters and messages for the family, directs visitors to the apartments of Madame, Monsieur, Mademoiselle or les enfants, The opposite door on the left side of the alley admits you to the grande escalier or stairway of marble, white stone or oak, carpeted in the centre, and if of oak, waxed and highly polished commodate one family or six, there is a complete suite of rooms on each landing, and every suite has its separate grand entrance, with its door plates to indicate the use or occupants of the apartment, and a bell-cord by which you announce your presence at the door. Are you an intimate friend? Then Madame's femme de chambre will conduct you at ten o'clock in the morning to Madame's boudoir, where she is taking her cafau lait in dressing gown and slippers. You will be received with "Entréz, ma chere ami, je suis bien contents de vous voir!" and a kiss on both cheeks will further testify to her delight at seeing you. If her list of acquaintances is of the usual length, she tells you of half a dozen receptions she attended the evening before, spending from half to three-quarters of an hour at each, in full evening toilette; or of a delightful evening at the opera or theatre, where she has her box for the season, and receives between the acts both gentlemen and lady friends, Monsieur accompany. ing her or attending his club supper, as he fancies. The box-keepers at all places of amusement are women, and their vigilance secures every lady in the house from intrusion or annoyance. In fact, women are employed in almost every office. They are the pew openers, collect contributions, and light the lamps in both Protestant and Catholic churches, keep the accounts in all the restaurants, and do much of the work that is allotted to men only in America. In one of the cafes on the Bonlevards a French woman, who is a fine art scholar, sketches and paints in water colors and with olls, while she receives the money and gives out checks to the waiters; she has her desk ornamented with flowers, a globe with gold fish in it, and her dress is invariably black silk

lady-like. She is only one of hundreds employed the same manner. We not return to Madame's boudoir, for Mademoiselle has just entered with her bonne. She has been taking a music lesson, and now she will receive, with her mamma, the trades-women of all kinds who bring from the fabriques silks, laces, embroideries, jewels, gloves, bonnets and models of dresses and cloaks for their inspection and orders. At one o'clock they will breakfast. Then Madame drives to the Bois de Boulogne, dressed in her most elegant costume, and Mademoiselle will promenade on the Champs Elysées with her bonne. Should she go alone, or with a young friend even without her mother or bonne, her doom would be sealed. She would be excluded from society! the contrary, Madame can go where she pleases, alone, and society is as indulgent to her as it is unreasonable to Mademoiselle. At the evening reception Madame or her brother will introduce the young lady's gentlemen friends. who will be informed, on the way to her, of her dot or marriage portion. After promenading or dancing with her, she is immediately returned to her mother with thanks, and if the gentleman is pleased sufficiently, he calls the next day to make a proposal to Madame and arrange settlements. The young lady marries for liberty, and certainly is more independent after marriage and appears in public more frequently without Monsleur than with him. Funerals are terribly gloomy and ceremonious. One can judge of the wealth of a Frenchman by the display at a burial. The entrance to the house is draped with black and white cloth or velvet, plain or embroidered with silver. The coffin is placed on a pedestal, draped with black, and lighted with candles, in massive silver candlesticks. The heavy black curtain across the doorway is looped on both sides with silver or silk cord, and the initials of the deceased, embroidered on a square piece, are placed conspicuously over the door. Every man, woman and child, in passing, stops to cross himself, and offer

with jet ornaments, and her manners always

[The following letter has arrived out of its regular order. It was written and should have been received before that dated Cologne, and published yesterday.j

NO. VI.

without uncovering his head and making a solemn acknowledgment of his observance of it. In the church the entire walls, side-altars and all ornaments are covered with black. The pedestal for the coffin is elegantly mounted with silver, and as many candles are burning as can be crowded around it. Even the chairs of the mourners are covered with black, with the monogram of the deceased in white embroidered letters. Thirty priests and immense choirs of chanters officiate at the altars. The family has a master of ceremonies, who stands at the ralling of the altar, and when it is time to kneel he turns, bowing first to one side, then the other, and when the prayer is finished, he signifies it in the same manner. At the conclusion of the Mass, each person present walks past the coffin, pausing beside it an instant while he makes the sign of the cross, and then-goes home. The empty carriages follow the remains to their resting place. Before leaving this subject, I will revert to the solemn but beautiful custom observed in France on All Saints' Day, of visiting and decorating the tombs of the departed. On the first day of November last I joined a small party and drove within three equares of Père la Chaise, the oldest cemetery in Paris. There we were stopped by the mass of people who were slowly moving towards the gates, each one carrying a wreath, cross, or ornament of flowers, some artificial, many natural, and a great number of the beautiful immortelles that, protected from the rains, will last years without fading. The crowd was so great that mounted guards were stationed to prevent any vehicles being driven near enough to create a disturbance. Without the least heaitation, we took our places and moved on with the multitude. In the first place it was a French crowd-that is, the most putient, polite, good-natured, consequently orderly crowd in the world; in the second place they were all on the same mission. Think of it-forty thousand people going together to pay tribute to the memory of their dead! As we ascended the hill on which the cemetery stands, the multitude of people before us, and those pressing on towards us from every street that led to the gate-way, all with eager faces pale with suppressed emotion, would have made a sublime but awful picture could an artist have grasped the subject with Milton's power of idealizing his poetic fancies. We entered the city of the dead. Twenty thousand tombs! laid out in streets; each tomb built in the side of a hill, with shelves ard stone cells for the coffin; the entrance a square stone cell, with iron-grated door; in it a small altar, on which candles are kept burning, and so many wreaths and decorations being on that the inscriptions were completely con-

horrid fascination in this trying scene. We moved on to the chapel of Our Lady, where the altar was draped with crape, and votive offerings of every description, laid by penitents and ficent, sculptured cross, with the Virgin and a dead Christ at the foot. From this scene we went on to the older portion of the cemetery, where we found the tombs of La Fontaine, Molière, Marhal Ney, Béranger, the poet, Sidney Smith, De Balzac, and the superb monument of a banker, M. Aguado. Rachel, Talma, Bellini, and many others of revered memory are entombed in this cemetery, and here still stands the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, so old that the inscriptions can scarcely be deciphered, and yet the reclining figures of the monk and nun, whose romantic history every poet has woven into verse, still appear as perfect in outline and expression as they did a hundred years ago. From the top of the hill we had a grand view of Paris at sunset, and there was a revelation in the scene. Paris was a worderful picture of life. Around usreigned death. Above all, the glorious sky, with its crimson, purple, and

cealed. At every door and in every cell was a

mother, father, brother or sister, with eyes

looking up through scalding tears,

paying for the repose of their dead. There was

the Creator could withdraw, invited us to contemplate the promise of immortality beyond this world. On our way home we stopped at one of the numerous stands near the cemetery, and purchased mementoes of the occasion, in the shape of silver crosses and hearts, with photographic views of the cemetery and chapel on inserted pieces of glass not larger than the head of an ordinary sized pin, but when looked at from the opposite side, they were magnified to the size of picture two inches square. Time has not stood still with me during this writing, and I have but a moment left to say adieu in Paris; au revoir, I trust.at Dresden.

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folds,

BASH STEPS. LXXVII.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.] NEW YEAR AT PARIS. In Siam, I believe, they pray with a windlass. We can now achieve our New Year's calls still more vicarially and mechanically. In our happy

day of progress and social science a visit is made. quite satisfactorily to all the demands of etiquette. without the presence of either visitor or visitee. The recipe is in this wise: You take a valet, either genuine or hired for the day, and garnishing him with a well-stocked card-case of your own, you roll him briskly, in a neat charlot, up and down the Boulevards, and through the region of the American Colony, in the neighborhood of the Russian Church. The well-drilled valet leaves your cards singly, or in pairs, triplets, quadruple, &c., and that is the call. You do not have to catch your hare. The fair "object" of the ceremony has tled irons to her little winged feet, and is deliriously skating in the bois. The "subject" is bending with a grasshopper elbow over a billiard-table near the new opera. And so they see each other. Times have changed since the hearty visits their fathers used to make their mothers on New Year's day. Then the desideratum was the rapid meeting, the hand-grasp, the bright rallying eye, the quick repartee, the sally of new faces and fresh winter air into the parlor sick with perfumes and the steam of punch. Now the belle desires her callers as much as ever, but she desires a different ingredient of them; it is their visiting cards. But two of my calls to day were made in person. I presented myself not as a literary abstraction, a scrap of engraving neatly impressed upon crystalized zinc, but in my incarnation or essence. There is therefore sufficient body in my reminiscences to furnish forth a modest log or diary extract, if you will kindly listen to so personal a thing. In case I shall succeed in developing and pointing the strong contrast I felt between the atmosphere of the two spheres I visited, we may be both the wiser. Both my intrusions were upon celebrated

painters. One a born academic spirit, a son of

a house of mourning or a funeral procession | the house of the pictorial David, a man loaded there was the same air of decression after a with government honors, wise in his generation, cultivated, mercantile, successful. The other a man talloo, a cynical Ishmael of the pallette, a genius half-vain of his isolation and neglect, and withal about the only living firebrand who can keep his flame burning in the measured, educated, chilled and dampened air of the second Empire.

Gérôme—and Conture. Both live in the lofty Montmartre region, and my errand took me across the northern suburbs of Paris. The beggars, who are permitted in the Jour de l'An as well as on the Emperor's Fête to solicit without a license, were out in appalling force, and steadily relieved me of about a pound of coppers I had been amassing for this very occasion. Wherever a street corner was particularly bleak, exposed and crowded, there stood an old woman with a little boy, both singing something very Anacreontic, in a style to disgust you forever with wine, "love, woman, all things." Not a porte-cochère but sheltered some urchin with a marmot, in some cases dismally crying with cold. There were finally to be seen many beggars of the quality usually called dumb, not because they are dumb, but only because they are inarticulate; I refer to the Savoyard's begging dogs, who perform their little master's office just as the valet above described fills his own curacy for the day; or who, as Arthur Helps has classically put it, "accompany Helvetii playing musical instruments, and walk upright, gaining many denarii."

Mounting a handsome staircase encrusted with marbles only too rich and flawless to be above suspicion as to legitimacy, we gainedmyself and two companions—the superb studio from which have issued the "Death of Casar" and the "Almee." I suppose there is hardly such a tasteful atelier in the city-perhaps not in any city. Though not large, it is in perfect proportion, and is upholstered with such a dazzle of Eastern rugs, Damascus arms, Japanese porcelain and all the bric-a-brac of the faultless connoisseur, that it seems the sole place where Lalla Rookh could have been written, or where Arabian Nights could be recited. The door of this kiosk was opened to us by the master, who was already surrounded by a group of disciples and friends, come, with their respects in their mouths, in the first bright hours of the fresh year.

"I am sorry I have not more of my works to show you," politely remarked the painter, "but they have recently taken away a number of my principal compositions."

Two important performances, largely being discussed at. this moment by the few intimates who have seen them, remained upon their easels. These were the "Crucifixion" and the "Death of

The first has excited especial remark, as a new direction taken by a spirit which, with all its important qualities, has not heretofore shown itself religious. The first Christian subject illustrated by Gérôme is that tremendous hour when the sun was darkened, and the hely of holies unveiled, and the dead cast out from their reposethat one interminable hour during which the forgiven thief hung between tortures of earthly judgment and raptures of Paradise. You see the landscape, the sombre hills around Jerusalem, the sky opaque like the sky in Poussin's "Deluge." the crescent moon gaping like a raw wound in the heavens, and, far away, the Temple bathed in white, fatal splendor. The foreground is occupied by the summit of Mount Calvary, hot with light, and crossed by the horrible shadows of the gibbets. The supreme event is not further represented. The three ominous shadows bar the scene, and deeply adumbrate some tragedy too profound to be delineated. Calvary is left alone under its weight of agony. Only the line of Roman soldiery, symmetrically defiling through the hollow that separates them from the city, look back as they march, to laugh and acclaim the Emperor of the Jews.

Here is the great day of history treated, as Doré and others have taught us to see our most cherished ideas treated, picturesquely, dramatically, obliquely. A versicle is cut out from the immortal story, a group or an incident taken from the epopee. An old master would have worked from the centre. His first care would have been to feel, and then express the pain and triumph of the great desolated Face; afterwards would have come the groups, the necessities of picture. But now we see life and time in wings. Our historians are anecdotists; when they are not, they sketch out such vast, superhuman plans of treatment that they die with the work half finished. The spirit has gone still further in art. I remember to have seen, in Story's room in Rome (near his statue of Everett in the attitude of a galvanized frog), the sculptor's comment on the history of Samson. It was a female figure making off with a purse, and looking as the artist imagined Delllah to have looked after her patron had crushed himself, with the temple. I remarked, without intending any flattery, that I thought the sculptor had infused ancient legend with the modern spirit. I believe this is a very recent disposition; indeed, the first instance I think of, in Anglo-Saxon art, being Tennyson's study of Mary after the raising of Lazarus, in "In Memoriam." From an example so exquisitely set, a universe of second-class men have derived the warrant to go and do unlike-

The other picture was, if I may take for a moment the Gerome point of view, almost perfection. Granted that to awaken horror and disgust is a legitimate function of art, that tragedy is to return to the rough days when Shakespeare sends in "Macbeth's head on a pole," that to make the spectator sick and sad, instead of inspired and elevated, is a fitting triumph, and that any shock is allowable for the sake of a keen sensation—then the "Marshal Ney" is a masterpiece.

It is one of Gérôme's "too, too utter" corpses stretched out in the front, so alone and so de tached from the rest of the picture that it is thrown strictly into the company of you, the spectator; while the others, the mutes and audience to the act, are permitted a little comfort, which is denled to you, by clinging together and bolstering each other up. The moment is identically the same as that in the Cæsar, although there is not the mintest artistic resemblance in the two compositions. The ghastly corpse in front, with the wound in the temple studiously made out, is one of those wonders of drawing that only Gerome thinks it worth while to study up. Ney lies so flat, so dead, that his figure recedes in architectural proportions from the eye, recalling to memory Leutze's remark of the Cosar;-"That's no foreshortening, that's perspective!". The troop, orseping off with a guilty stealth miraculously thrown into their military gait, struck mo as the most difficult and able effect in the picture; and arrangement."

murder that is expressed, under less difficult circumstances, in the 'Duel after the Masked

Talking a few minutes with M. Gérôme, he expressed his hope of meeting Monsieur Church-Gentilhowing fort spirituel,"-in Cairo, whither he himself goes in a week for a prolonged oriental tour. It would have enraged some American patrons and amateurs to hear the French professor defining our Western art, as represented by Church and Richards, as a school of promising urchins. I know some folks in New York who would not have relished hearing their Idol of the Andes defined as a "draughteman with good in-

But it was nearing ten, and the courtly painter must soon go and show his cross (I refer to a mundane decoration over his breast) in the reception room of the Tuileries. We paid our compliments, wished bon voyage to the tourist painter, and flocked out, almost together. The day's tale will be continued.

ENFANT PERDU. [Written for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.] THE PAMPHLETEER.

Thersites rakes forgotten dust To prove his grandsire loyal, Who sometimes doubted which to trust,

The rebel side, or royal. To his grand-children no such task; Thersites knows, is fated; His treason never wore a mask.

NEWS BY THE CUBA CABLE. ST. THOMAS.

And never fluctuated!

The Announcement of the Vote Uncaficial - Lavorable Reply to the Capuain of the Dagmar.

Havana, Jan. 20, 1868.—The publication of
the vote at St. Thomas was unofficial, as the authorities refused to give details on the subject.

The Danish Consul at New York has telegraphed to the captain of the corvette Dagmar
that Secretary Seward's reply was satisfectory that Secretary Seward's reply was satisfactory, and that the President of the United States had sent the treaty to the Senate for ratification.

CUBA.

Rumored Departure of an Agent of Santa Anna for New York.

Havana, Jan. 20, 1868.—There are rumors here that a Senor Rafael de Rafuel salled in the steamer More Castle for New York, in connection with an issue of bonds for Santa Anna to enable the latter to prosecute his plans against the Mexican Government in Yucatan. the Mexican Government in Yucatan.

WALRUSSIA.

Condition of the Troops—The Weather.

San Francisco, Jan. 20, 1868.—The report recently published to the effect that much destitution and disease provail among the troops at Alaska is false in every particular. There are only three companies of troops at Alaska, and no deaths or sickness have occurred. The soldiers are confortably honesdeard. are comfortably housed and have plenty of provisions. The weather was quite moderate.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE ARCH.—Last evening Lady Don produced, for the first time, the burlesque of Lalla Rookh, to a well filled house. The piece has not remarkable merit; but it contains very many funny things, and it was well played. Lady Don, as things, and it was well played. Lady Don, as the "Troubadour," was very pleasing. She gave the part with her accustomed sprightliness and vivacity, and sang several songs sweetly. Mrs. Creese, also, played effectively and sang well, and indeed, every member of the company did more than justice to the text of the drama. The best thing of the evening was Mr. Craigs "Rejected Cheber." His make-up was was a tremendous exaggeration of the peculiarities of Edwin Forrest, and upon his first appearance, the audience were so convulsed with laughter as to cause a suspension of the play for several minutes. Mr. Craig, unfortunately, has not sufficient depth of voice to minic the utterance of the "greatest living tragedian," but in every other respect the imitation was perfect. This single personation is well worth seeing, and we prophesy the Lalla Rookh will draw immension prophesy the Lalla Rookh will draw immensely while it remains upon the boards. Lady Don's engagement concludes this week, and play-goors will not have another chance to see her this

THE CHESTNUT .- Mr. John E. Owens appeared at the Chestnut last evening, as 'Caleb Plummer,' in a dramatization of The Cricket on the Hearth. This, as we have said, is one of the most artistic conceptions upon the stage, and of itself stamps Mr. Owens as an actor of great and unusual ability. Miss Orton played "Dot," and did it with her accustomed success. The play will be repeated this evening. THE WALNUT .- Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams

will appear to-night in The Fairy Circle, The Rough Diamond and The Irish Tiger. THE AMERICAN:—A miscellaneous bill is offered

for this evening. MURDOCH.-Mr. James E. Murdoch, the eminent actor, will give a reading of miscellaneous selections at Concert Hall, this evening. The entertainment will begin at 8 o'clock.

Vocal and Instrumental Concret. A grand vocal and Instrumental concert, will be given this evening at the Church of the Redemption, Twenty-second, and Callowhill streets, on the occasion of the opening of the new organ. An attractive programme has been prepared, and a number of eminent artists will participate. ELEVENTH STREET OFERA House. - An entirely

ELEVENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE.—An enumery new burlesque entitled The Arrival of Dickens, will be given this evening. It is filled with laughable situations, local hits, humorous dialogue, and the characters are personated by the most popular members of the company. Lew Simmons will represent Charles Dickens. Mr. J. Carneross will sing several favorite ballads, and there will be singing, dancing, and the usual

PHILADELPHIA OPERA House.—The famous burlesque entitled The Black Book will be given to night at this opera house. It is a humorous adaptation of The Black Crook, and is said to be intensely amusing. It has had a prolonged run in Boston and New York, and has been warmly eulogized by the press of both cities. It is placed upon the stage here in first-rate style, and the cast includes the most accomplished performers in the troupe. There will, be singing, dancing and Ethiopian eccentricities and comicalities.

Signor Blitz.—The Signor has taken Commissioner's Hall, West Philadelphia, for this week only. Those who desire to visit this great magician before his permanent retirement must do so at once.

MR. C. HENRY'S BENEFIT.—To those who have visited Tunison & Co's. Minstrels, it is unnecessary to speak in praise of the gentleman whose name heads this notice; to those who have not we would state. Mr. Henry is the tener of this we would state Mr. heary is the sweetest tenors excellent troupe, and is one of the sweetest tenors we have in the minstrel business. On Thursday night next, the 23d inst., he will receive a benefit, and he has prepared for that occasion a very at-tractive bill, that should crowd the Seventh Street Opera House. The box office is open up to the day for securing seats.

MUNIFICENT GIFT.-Lord Somers has given his MUNIFICENT GIFT.—Lord comers has given his Castle grounds at Relgate, England, to the people of that town. The Surrey Standard says: 'An open space of more than five acres overlying a large part of the town, and almost surrounded by houses, even this preserved, would be of incalculable value; but this will be greatly induced by a luddons and careful sultration. increased by a judicious and careful cultivation

PACTS AND FANCIES.

The Suicidal Cat.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

BY JOHN QUILL. There was a man named Ferguson, He lived on Market street, He had a speckled Thomas Cat, That couldn't well be best; He'd catch more rats and mide and slots

Than forty cats could eat. This cut would come into the room And climb up on a cheer, And there he'd sit and lick hisself And purr so awful queer, That Ferguson would yell at him; But still he'd purr severe.

And then he'd climb the moonlit fence, And loaf around and yowl. And spit, and claw another cat Alongside of the jowl,
And then they both would enake their tale, And jump around and howl.

Oh this here cat of Ferguson's Was fearful then to see; He'd yell precisely like he was In awful agony; You'd think a first-class stomach-ache Had struck some small baby.

And all the mothers in the street, Waked by the porrid din, Would rise right up and search their babes. To find some worryin' pin; And still this vigorous cat would keep A hollerin' like sin.

And as for Mr, Ferguson, Twas more than he could bear, And so he hurled his boot-jack out, Right through the midnight air; But this vociferous Thomas cat, Not one cent did he care,-

For still he yowled and kept his fur A standin' up on end, And his old spine a-doublin' up As far as it would bend, As if his hopes of happiness Did on his lungs depend.

But while a curvin of his spine And waltin' to attack A cat upon the other fence. There came an awful crack; And this here execkled Thomas cat Was busted in the back.

When Ferguson came down next day, There lay his old feline, And not a life was left in him Although he had had nine. "All this here comes," said Ferguson "Of curvin' of his enine." Now all you men whose tender hearts

This painful tale does rack. All of you, white and black : Don't ever go, like this here cat, To gettin' up your back! -Halleck was not a Catholic. -Delaware promises a large peach srop.

—Wheatley has produced the White Fawn at Niblo's, "that thrift may follow fawning!" —It takes two men one hour to wind up the -Gossip marries Lord Lyons to a French —Mr. Tennyson is the subject of some "studies" in the last number of Belgravia.

-James Buchanan will be seventy-seven years The "Amateur Casual" writer has already made \$20,000 by his literary labor.

—It is stated that Bierstadt is to paint a picture of the cruption of Vesuvius. -The first evidence of a woman's interest in a man is her mending his gloves, and the last working him a pair of slippers.

orking him a pair or suppers.

There is a dispute as to how Chleago is to be darkly suggests, "Why not paved. Prentice darkly suggests, pave it with good intentions?" -De Bow says in his Review that matrimonial edvertising was indulged in by the inhabitants of Pompeil.

—An Indian came into Cheyenne the other day who had nine wives in four weeks. He was sup-posed to be on his way to Utah. -The estate of Aaron Burr's widow. Madame Jumel, is again in court. It will probably Jumelt away in the lawyer's hands.

—An English reviewer thinks that in a few years novel-writing will be wholly in the hands -A London critic says "Milton's Eve is no

better than a good housekeeper who knows her place and understands her duite." —The Memphis Avalanche complains that high-way robberies are of nightly occurrence in the very heart of that city.

—Beston is endeavoring to have a large plo-ture gallery, but the prospects of the enterprise are not flattering. The work upon the new bridge at Magaza is at a standatill on account of the weather, but the wooden towers are ready for the atretching of

the wires, which will finally run over fron towers. —The late John Tyler's son, Robert is editing a paper in Alabama, and his daughter helps set type for him. So Bob is trying for stoom and be

decent, it appears.

—The New York Day Book (Democratic authority) calls General Hansock "Mrs. Sarratt's hangman." He was the active officer who had in custody the assassing of the late President. —A Massachusetts paper gives, under the head of "Stale News," a number of old items. No doubt its editor intended it should be "State

News," but the types were wiser than he. It is said that an old picture in Vienna re-presents Adam as smoking a pipe and playing pilliards under a grove of trees in the garden of The pleture can hardly be older than the

—A Canadian paper publishes a letter from a subscriber stating that the exclesiastical authorities had interdicted it, and that he should run the risk of excommunication by receiving it any longer. -By the trenty between Belgium and Austria.

the Empress Carlotta is relieved of her succession and the jointure specified in the marriage contract. It is not stated by what authority this was done.

—A Mississippi paper estimates that 100,000 couples have been married in that State during the past year. As the whole population in 1869 was less than 500,000, this must be regarded as a very large percentage.

John B. Gough's famous spostrophe to water, which he has had the credit of originating, was published at least fifteen years ago in a Southern novel, where the temperance orator found and appropriated it. found and appropriated it.

...The article on Dickens in the Northers Monthly is attributed by a foolish correspondent to Edmund, Kirke, but the writer denies it, and says that, "with all his faults Mr. Gillmore never availed himself of his opportunities as a writer to assail his enemies." The notion of Dickens being an enemy of Kirke is nest, novel, and