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(HISON PFACOCK. ASPER SOUDER, JE., EL. FETHERSTON. THOR. J. WILLIAMSON, FRANCIS WELLS.

The Bulletin is erved to subscriber in the city at 15 cents per week, psyable to the carriers, or \$3 per annum.

# AMERICAN

## LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Of Philadelphia,

S. E. Corner Fourth and Walnut Sts.

This Institution has no superior in the United

INVITATIONS FOR WEDDINGS, PARTIES, &C., executed in a superior manner, by DREKA, 1033 CHESTNUT STREET. fexa-us

DIED. GILBERT.—On the evening of the 28th inst. David Gilbert, M. D., aged 55 years and I day.

The relatives and itends of the family are invited to attend the inneral services, at his late residence, 731 Arch street, to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

FINTARD.—On the 27th inst., James II. Fintard, a native of Niemes, France, in the 54th year of his age.

The melt friends of the family, and the members of the Prench Benevolent Sectety, are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, 22 Locust.

SHOCKTON—At Memphis, Teanessee, on the 18th inst., William M. Stockton, Esq. Civil Engineer, son of the late Governor Stockton, of the State of Delaware, in the 54th year of his age.

COLGATE & CO.'S

Aromatic Vegetable Soap, combined
with Glyceriue, is recommended for
Ludies and Infants.

PLACE LIAMA LACE POINTS, \$7 TO \$100,
WHITE LLAMA SHAWLS,
WHITE SHEFLIAND DO.
WHITE BAREGE DO.
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO THE PUBLIC.

## The Philadelphia LOCAL EXPRESS COMPANY

WILL OPEN A

BRANCH OFFICE

On Saturday, August 1st, 1868,

NEW BULLETIN BUILDING,

No. 607 Chestnut Street.

(FIRST FLOOR, BACK.) PARDEE SCIENTIFIC COURSE

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

The next term commences on THURSDAY, September 0. Candidates for admission may be examined the day before (September 9), or on TUESDAY, July 23, the day For circulars, apply to President CATTELL, or to
Professor R. B. YOUNGMAN,
Clerk of the Faculty.
Easton, Pa., July, 1868. pefore the Annual Commencement.

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OFFICE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COM OFFICE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COM PANY

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 12th, 1868.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—In pursuance of resolutions adopted by the Board of Directors at a Stated Directors of this Company that they will have the privilege of subscribing, either directly or by substitution, under guch rules as may be prescribed therefor, for Twenty, five Fer Cent. of additional Stock at Par.in proportion to their respective interests as they stand registered on the books of the Company, May 30th, 1868.

Holders of less than four Shares will be entitled to subscribe for a full share, and those holding more Shares than a multiple of four Shares will be entitled to an additional Share.

Subscriptions to the new Stock will be subscribing the standard of the Stock will be subscribed to the subscribing standard of the subscribing subscribing standard of the subscribe subscribing standard of the subscribe subscribe subscribe subscr

December, 1868. 3d. Twenty five Per Cent. on or before the 15th day of June, 1863.

4th. Twenty-five Per Cent. on or before the 15th day of Becember, 1863, or if Stockholders should prefer, the whole amount may be paid up at once, or any remaining instalments may be paid up in full at the time of the payment of the second or third instalment, and each instalment paid up thall be entitled to a pro rata dividend that may be declared on full shares. THOMAS T. FIRTH, Treasurer.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD COMPANY, OFFICE NO. 227 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

The Company of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, due April 1, 1870;—
The Company ofter to exchange any of these bonds of the Judges of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, due April 1, 1870;—
The Company ofter to exchange any of these bonds of the Judges of the Philadelphia at part for a new mortgage bond of equal amount, bearing 7 per cent, interest, clear of United States and State taxes, taxing 25 years to run.
The bonds not surrendered on or before the 1st of October next, will be paid at maturity, in accordance with their tenor. The State of Treasurer. LIFE INSURANCE.—THE HAND-IN-HAND Mutual Life Insurance Company where to obtain a number of good Agents to canvass for Life Insurance. The well qualified men very favorable terms will be allowed. Apply at No. 112 South Fourth street. jy24f m w-6t rp\*

HOWARD HOSPITAL NOS. 1518 AND 1520
Lombard street, Dispensary Department, Medical
treatmen tand imedicines furnished gratuitously to the

NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, WASTE paper, &c., bought by E. HUNTER, apper firp No. 613 Jayne street.

The Washington Star says:—"An examination of the Treasury records shows that a large amount of securities are never returned for re-

demption, and—that a still larger amount are not presented until long overdue. Of the one-year five per cent. temporary loan certificates issued out years ago over one million dollars are yet outstanding, and it is believed that the larger part of this will never be heard from. Of the seven-thirty notes payable in August, 1867, \$657,550 have never been presented, though more than eighteen months over due. Of those due June 30, 1868, there are yet out \$2,944, 200. The time having elapsed, these two classes of seven-June 30, 1868, there are yet out \$2,944, 200. The time having elapsed, these two classes of seventhirties are not exchangeable for five-twenties, are redeemable in currency, and are no longer of the last issue of seventhirties, due July 15th, the time has been extended to August 1st. So, if not presented for conversion this week, over ten million dollars of these yet outstanding will be redeemable in currency.

An English engineer, if we are to believe the Siccle, has just laid before the Emperor the plans for a monster raft, to be placed on three steamers, each supplied (I translate literally) with an engine of 1,000 horse power. This raft would convey trains in all seasons from Calais to Dover in an investibly diest space of time and at fabruin an incredibly chart space of time, and at fabu-lously diminished fares.

—The dramatic critic of the London Times, Mr. John Oxenford, has a salary of one thousand

THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

Letter from John Quill. NO II.

Perch Fishing in the Surf.A Tough Yarn-The Appeldore Reveille-The Mount Desert Disaster—The Skipper Called John-Cod Fishing-Cruelty to

Dumb Animals...A Tribute to Nep-

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin APPELDORE ISLAND, July 25, 1868.—The visitor to these islands who has an unreliable stomach that is susceptible to sea-sickness, finds it advisable to confine his piscatorial operations to the immediate vicinity of the shore. Here, with very little effort, he can have such luck as would secure for him at home a Waltonian reputation, although the inhabitants hereof are apt to think very poorly of the usual results.

The islands are of volcanic formation, evidenty, and their edges are ragged with wild masses of granite rocks, which the flerce unceasing action of the sea has worn away so that on every side there are miniature bays; long alleys up which the water rushes and retreats with the regularity of clock work; precipices seamed and gashed by volcanic heat, and the after action of the surf for centuries; short stretches of pebbly beach, and snug little coves, wherein a fleet of tiny boats might ride at anchor in the wildest storm. Along these shores, close in upon the rocks, sea perch can be caught by millions, and the timid angler need do nothing more than climb over a few immense boulders, and seating himself upon a protuding rock, use his rod and line to better advantage than ever before in his life. The perch are from ten to fifteen inches long, of a dark brown color, and will weigh from half a pound to a pound and a half. The best plan, however, is to fish from a boat, and for this purpose we pressed into service the immortal "Uncle Billy," who is the bold navigator of one of the most ancient, unseaworthy, ricketty, semi-decayed, dilapidated and generally insecure old row-boats that ever floated upon the bounding billows. With this craft, and an anchor composed of a stone affixed to the thinnest twine I ever saw off of a sewing-spool, Uncle Billy would paddle to within a few feet of the spot where the surf breaks upon the rocks, and after heaving his anchor, would prepare for

William is a character in his way. He was born and bred—if bred at all—among these islands and although his ideas are original and brilliant enough, his experience of this wide world is extremely limited. Of course, we furnished him with a great deal of information, and whenever anything of a surprising character was comprehended by his venerable intellect, his eves would open wide for a minute or two, and he would slowly ejaculate.

"Waal now! I j-ust want to kneow!" While he was cracking the clams with his teethand dragging the miserable shell fish from its skeleton preparatory to baiting the hooks, I regaled him with the story of a fishing exploit in

which I once figured. "Uncle Billy, talking about fishing, would you believe it, that once down at Cape May, I had a bite and pulled up to find a perch on the line. Before I got him more than half out of the water, a mackerel jumped up and swallowed him. pulled on the mackerel, and before I gave him second jerk a codfish took him at a gulp. I thought I had the cod certain, but a sturgeon swallowed him, and I hadn't more than got his gills above the surface before a shark ate him at a bite, and a whale did try to swallow the shark, but I was too quick for him and got the whole mess safe in the boat."

Uncle Billy bit a clam shell in half, replaced his uid and gently drawled:

Waal now! I i-net want to kneow!" But he believed it and seemed almost ashamed o let me catch perch after such an experience. Close by the side of us was a sheer wall of rock which rose up out of the sea rugged and bare, excepting where the sea-weed had clung to the crevices. Against this the heavy surf rolled with a thundering noise, and the waves with wonderful tenacity seemed to hug it close and creep up its face until the long swell receded, and the water came pouring down in thousands of miniature cascades of surpassing gracefulness and beauty, dashing the spray all over us. But it was a glorious place for fishing. No sooner were the lines overboard than there were vigorous, hungry bites, and in an instant the shining fish were floundering about in the boat, and Uncle Billy had a fresh clam between his teeth ready for the hook. We counted our spoils by the dozen, and when we tired, it was worth more than the sport of angling, to lean over the side of the boat on the way home, and gaze away down into the transparent depths of the ocean, and see, fathoms below us, the curiously shaped sea-weed tangled in rich luxurious growth, like the rank foliage of a jungle, and to see lying there supinely, monstrous lobsters, vividly green in the emerald water, great lazy crabs, purple and gold elly-fish, and to watch the brown-backed perch and scarlet bream darting away from the plash o the oars. To a man who had fished only in the muddy sea off the Jersey coast, this clear, pellucid water and its myriad forms of animal and regetable life, was a marvel, and it has not lost ts strange attractiveness by our familiarity with it.

But perch fishing is not considered sport here To the islander, cod and mackerel are the only fish worth taking, so we determined to undertake an expedition in search of the former.

It is best to start early in the morning, and as they are somewhat primitive here, not to say romantic, it need not seem surprising that the jolly landlord wakes his guests with numerous prolonged and melancholy blasts upon a bugle You turn over three or four times in bed, have a nightmare in which you think you are being serenaded by a band of demons who are vainly trying to play a combination of the Dead March from Saul and Le Sabre de mon Pere, then you dream you are at the opera, and the orchestra has been smitten with sudden madness, and at last, just as a bald headed maniac is trying to blow out your brains with the trombone, you wake to reality and try to induce the landlord to play the

balance of the score in minim rests. On the morning in question, we proceeded to an early breakfast, at which we were attended by British gentleman who says his name is 'Enery." Henry is effective and prompt, but his mental vision is not clear, or when I sent him out for raspberries he would not have come ack and said:

"We 'aven't hany raspberries sir, but we 'ave some very nice cold 'am."

Ham, however, is a very poor fruit to substitute for raspherries, so we left the table and proceeded to the boat.

**EUROPEAN AFFAIRS** 

and commanded by a skipper whose name is John. Into the "Kelpie" then, clamber Fitz Smith, O'Jones and myself. It is a bright and beautiful morning, and the wind is blowing stiffly from the northwest, so that the skipper's heart gladdens with the thought of reaching the fishing ground expeditiously. John we find to be an expert sailor. He is an old mackerel fisherman, and strangely enough, while he is relating his experience, he tells us that he was present at Mount Desert last year, when that boat went down which carried with it Rev. Mr. Chase and his wife, and their friends. His was the yacht that ran down to give them assistance, but, alas! it was too late. But one person was found; drawn into the vortex of the sinking boat, all the rest had gone down into the shuddering depths never to rise again. The sea was ninety fathoms deep there, and though patient, earnest and intelligent effort was made for many days to find the lost ones, and bring at least that little consolation to the bereaved and afflicted friends at home, it was in vain. There will never be any resurrection for them until the Lord "shall call His own again from the deep of the sea." John says the accident was entirely attributable to the inexperience of the poor youth who managed the boat. He did not reef his sails to meet the heavy gale and in attempting to put about, he turned in the wrong direction, and the boat sank as if it had been a stone.

This is a little schooner rigged yacht, manned

Hoisting his sails, and filling a huge basket with clams for bait, the skipper heads his little craft for the channel between Star Island and the light-house, and in a few moments we are in the open sea, bowling along over the crests of the waves at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The sea is very heavy, and the tiny shell of a boat is tossed about as if it were a mere atom: and an atom it seems, with all its precious freight in that wild commotion of the mighty waters. The landsmen begin to get a little nervous; Fitz Smith thinks "perhaps we might have some luck in near shore." Mr. O'Jones says he isn't sfraid, but he asks the skipper just for the sake of keeping up the conversation"whether a boat of that size was ever upset around here?' in case an emergency of that kind should ever occur in future years, Mr. Fitz Smith wants to know "what is the best thing to do always when a boat capsizes?" O' Jones says that he never 'cared much for deep sea fishing anyhow, and suppose we just turn back and try our hand at perch," The skipper named John only smiles serenely and says there is no danger, while the little craft dashes bravely on from wave to wave, as if it were everyday fun for her, and she didn't care how heavily the white caps break against

Ten miles out, and the islands have nearly dis-

appeared. The light-house can be descried dimly in the distance, and the tops of the Gosport houses. Off to our right lies the island schooner "Pilgrim." The skipper is cooking breakfast on her, while the landamen are hauling in the cod so fast that we grow impatient to begin the sport. Skipper John takes soundings, and the lead touches bottom at thirty fathems. Over goes the anchor, and the cable whirls off the coil with tremendous rapidity. By this time the sea has subsided into a long, heavy swell. At one instant we are on the crest of an enormous wave. and can look down from our supreme height upon the Pilgrim's deck. At the next we are in the trough of the sea, and the schooner's topmasts alone are visible. The lines are baited, three or four clams being on each hook, and they are tossed over. Down sinks the lead until nearly two hundred feet of line reels off, then the lead a lifted a short distance from the bottom, and nearly instantly a bite is felt, a sharp pull and I bave him. O' Jones' hooks one at the same time. We straddle the thwart, place our feet against the boat's side, and prepare for a long, strong, and an all-by-yourself pull. Two hundred feet of line are to be hauled in, and all the time I can feel the great fish tugging and jerking and struggling at the other end. Presently the heavy line comes over the side, and in one minute the skipper catches hold of the prey, and a monetrous cod lies sprawling and gasping on the planks. Mine is a monster nearly four feet long, and weighing thirty or forty pounds. O'Jones has one nearly as large, and before he can land him Fitz Smith is in an agony of excitement, hauling away with might and main upon another enormous fellow. The skipper is kept busy bringing them over the side. He does it in a cruel style. His thumb goes in one eyeball and his finger in the other, and in comes the fish Let not any member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ever go fishing with the remorseless Skipper John. The bites come thick and fast, and in a short time thirty of he largest codfish I have ever seen lie in the boat. It has become warm work by this timeour arms are tired with constant hauling in, and our hands are gashed with the running lines.

The excitement is somewhat less, too, and the lazy swell of the sea begins to tell on the fishermen. Fitz Smith thinks he will not fish any more. "He is tired, and that confounded coffee don't agree with him. He will just lie down a minute or two." He lies down with his head over the bows, and up comes coffee, breakfast and all, a morning offering to old Neptune. Mr. O'Jones informs me confidentially that his bile has been troubling him for some time past, and he thinks an attack is coming on now. He wants it to be "distinctly understood, however by all hands, that he is not sea-sick. Not at all. only his bile-" and over goes the head of O'Jones and up comes his matitutinal meal. The skipper smiles a calm smile, and winks know. ngly. He thinks it is time to go home, so the anchor is dragged up, the sails set, and off we go, deriving comfort on the way from seeing the Pilgrim's passengers lying prone upon the deck

in all stages of sca-sickness. That was a gallant and memorable day's sport. There is not such fishing anywhere upon the Atantic coast, at least at watering places, and if the pleasant and genial proprietors of the Apple dore House would only pay a little, just a little more attention to their cuisine. I could heartily recommend the Isles of Shoals to everyone who is in search of pure air and healthful and noble JOHN QUILL.

—Berryer's son is a scapegrace, who forged the name of his illustrious father under thousands of promissory notes, which he sold to Shvlocks at one-tenth and one-fifteenth of their face. father has redeemed nearly all them, and as soon as one of them has been paid, he prosecutes the usurer for buying them at less than their value. At least twenty of the scoundrels have already the holders of the remainder of the forged paper have resolved to keep it until old Berryer, who is worth several million of francs, is dead. Berryer has never once objected to paying the notes on account of their being forgeries

LETTER PHOM PARIS.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.] PARIS, Friday, July 17th, 1868.—A newspaper, called the Nord, which enjoyed a certain reputation some ten years back as a supposed organ of the Russian Government, but is now entirely dependent on its own exertions-or inventions-has just endeavored to amuse the public at this dull season by telling them what the Emperor thinks about his own assassination! Of course, the Emperor's sentiments on this interesting subject are given ipsissimis verbis, in the very words of the imperial spokesman, and as they were delivered, "in the presence of a numerous circle!" The Emperor Napoleon, it appears—who deserves the epithet of Napoleon the Silent almost as well as his Dutch prototype, William, of famous memory-has suddenly become quite communicative and un-reticent on the most delicate subjects and entertains his visitors at Fontainebleau by telling them "what he sup-poses would happen if he was kilt!" I think I know something of the sort of conversation which goes on in public at the Palace; and I think, also, I see the astonishment expressed on the faces of the bystanders were the Emperor himself, to broach such a topic as the above, or still more, were it to be broached by any one clse. However, let us see what the Emperor (according to the Nord) has to say on the point: He begins, as usual, with the assertion that the "grandeur and prosperity of France" are his only occupation. He adds, in the same Napoleonic language, that "Providence is evidently his friend. Need it be said that he assures France that her

only chance is to "stick to his dynasty?" Or that his "mission" will certainly be accomplished? They may kill me, says Napoleon; nay they may kill all my immediate family; but the nation would still seek out some distant grandnephew, as the Servians have sought out Prince Milan, to uphold the standard of the Empire. And then the Emperor (still according to the Nord) rising to a climax, exclaims to his astonished listeners: "The party which imbues its hand in blood never profits by the crime!" It is a pity that Marshals St. Arnault and Magnan, with de Morny and others, were not still living to hear the latter sentiment. But it must have appeared un peu fort even to General Fleury, if he happened to be standing by at the moment when t is supposed to have been uttered! But enough of this nonsense, and of the Nord and its "imaginary conversations." Fortunately no one thinks any longer about the assassination of the Emperor, and least of all perhaps the Emperor himself. But he is a fatalist, and has some strange ideas about the rising, waning and setting of his "star." The coming year, too, is full of strange predictions, and is said to be big with portents by somnambulists, spiritists and all who profess to read the future. announcement of the Æcumenic Council of Rome, with the strange and mysterious power and inspirations which such an Assembly arrogates to itself, is regarded by superstitions minds as the culminating point of the wonders which are to mark the year of grace 1869. I have seen the strangest, nay, I will confess, even the most startling combination of figures, dates and circumstances respecting the course of future events, volved by

Perhaps the Emperor, who did not disdain the hallucinations of a Hume, may have been indulging in his fatalistic vein on such points, and have dropped out a word or two, which may have served the Nord, or its informants, to hang a peg

There has been published recently at Paris a journal of a new form called La Lanterne. It s in the shape of a little book, with a very dis tinguishable red cover; and the contents, when you open it, are precisely those of a newspaper, cut up into pages and following, consecutively, with the advertisements at When La Lanterne appeared. it made a profession of "Bonapartism" in so disguised a form of keen satire, that in several foreign journals, the French correspondence of the London Times for instance, the inaugural was published as though it had been serious! But the cleverest thing is on the outside red cover of La Lanterne. The latter words are inscribed in capitals, and from the letters L and N is suspended the lantern, which gives its title to the new organ of such dubious principles. The question is certainly not solved by the above title page: for, query—Does the hieroglyphic signify "Louis Napoleon, the lamp of France," or 'Louis Napoleon à la lanterne!" The Procureur General has never ventured to ask for the decision of the Sixth Chamber of Correctional Police on the point, and the Lanterne itself, if appealed to as to which solution was the true one, would probably tell you that you might "take your choice! '

The recent death of M. Viennot has made ome commotion in the literary world, in which his various productions both in prose and verse, especially his fables, had given him a conspicuous place. Although ninety-one years old, he was engaged upon two tragedies at the time of his decease, and was looking forward to the production of one of them next winter. A greener old age has rarely been accorded to a maker of books. Lord Lyndhurst is his only modern rival in intellectual longivity. In his youth, M. Viennot was a soldier, and was twice made prisoner by the English. On one occasion, his life was saved by a manuscript tragedy buttoned under his uniform, which stopped the course of a bullet. He!was a member of the Academy and had been a peer under Louis Philippe. A curious compound of wit and absurdity, he was always laughing at others or being laughed at himself. It is said that he used to bore the King so much with interminable tête-à-têtes, that his good-natured Majesty begged the protection of the Queen. Accordingly, the latter would do her best to entertain the formidable talker when he went to the palace, until at last he expressed an apprehension that the royal lady, despite her years, was becoming more fond of him than his loyalty relished. This was repeated to the old couple at the Tuileries, whom it greatly amused; and the King declared he would sacrifice himself for the future to preserve the honor o his wife. When a member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1833, Viennot voted for the laws of repression after the April émeute, and in doing so said, with exquisite frankness, that he "wished for the repose of his country because on it depended his own!"-a confession which might be

epeated-by a good many patriots of every epoch. As it is always well to do a charitable act, I should like to inform your readers that in Galignani's Messenger an advertisement has been repeatedly inserted of a French witlow lady, of

agreeable aspect and unmentioned age, who wishes to marry a gentleman that knows the world, or a retired trader not more than fortyfive, with an income of about 20,000 dollars in gold. In return, she will bring him "the title of Count, a chateau, ar ' a patrimonial landed inheritance." This ought cortainly to be a temptation in a country, where retired traders with ample pockets are not rais, and where the title of Count sounds bigger than it does here, where Counts are countless. So many American damsels are taking to themselves noble partner in Europe, that citizens of the other sex may well be permitted to follow their example. "In this connection," it may be mentioned that Miss Adelina Patti will positively become the Marquise de Caux before the end of the month.

#### GERMANY.

Austrian Politics—The Queen of Eng-land's Visit. The Memorial Diplomatique, of Paris, remarks: The German journals have for some time been much preoccupied with the shooting match which is to take place at Vienna at the end of the month. A general expectation prevail that the occurrence will not pass over withou some political manifestations of a character more or less hostile to Prussia. The Austrian Government, however desirons its may be Government, however desirous it may be to avoid everything of a nature to give umbrage to a neighboring Power, has had to declare that it could not possibly prevent the projected meeting without violating the interior laws of the CisLeithan countries and without injury to the commercial interests of the capital, which necessarily expects to degree a profit from the meeting commercial interests of the capital, which necessarily expects to derive a profit from the meeting. The most singular point is that this institution is of Prussian origin, as the Schwerin Ministry conceived the idea of it in 1859 and organized it at that paried in companion with the forcest and the content of the conten

ceived the idea of it in 1859 and organized it at that period in connection with the famous association of the National Verein.

A letter from Gotha, dated the 11th of July, says: The Prince Royal of Prussia arrived here to-day on his way to the Château of Reinhardsbrunn, known for its romantic situation in the midst of the forest of Thuringia. The Princess, with her lafent abildent of the forest of the forest of Thuringia. with her infant children, has already been installed there a week. The Queen of England, who was at first expected to pay a visit to the castle, will not do so; she will, on the contrary, arrive during the first week of next month at her daughter's, the Princess Alice of Hesse. Her Majesty will afterwards stay at Rosenau, near Coburg. Since the death of Prince Albert she has always retained an affection for this residence.

#### SPAIN.

The Captain-General to the Troops. Count Cheste, the Captain-General of Madrid, has addressed a most extraordinary order of the day to the troops under his command. Its ob-

ject is to point out the dangers of military insur-rections—one of the most cogent arguments he uses being that these military rebellions "don't pay," viz.:

No more pronunciamentos, comrades!—no more shame nor dishonor, and let the bitterness of past disappointments serve as an explation for past error. After so many years what remains of all the promises so lavishly made—what remains of all the flattering hopes held out to you? Nothing. The leaders themselves, who had apparently turned their crime to good account have not hear able to extent the server.

had apparently turned their crime to good account, have not been able to enjoy its fruits in peace. Generals, officers and soldiers! let your unswerving fidelity become henceforth the powerful link that shall bind up forever the dislocated machinery of the State—the bulwark of the holy religion of our fathers, the firm support of our beloved throne cemented by your blood at the toot of the cradle of Isabella II., the unerring instrument of legality and justice. May Spain, in her hour of trial, find under the protection of your strong but obedient bayonets the peace she seeks. strong but obedient bayonets the peace she seeks, the quiet she requires, and the prosperity which awaits her. What greater satisfaction can well-born hearts expect? What greater honor crown

"The CAPTAIN-GENERAL, CONDE DE CHESTE."

This novel document, being given without any explanation and without date, it is difficult to say whether it was issued before or after the banishment of the generals. The tone corrobo-rates the impression that M. Gonzalez Bravo may be trying his hand at "saving society."

## RUSSIA.

Connection of the Baltic with the Black Sea.

The long-expected project of connecting by means of a direct railway the ports of the Black Sea with the Baltic, so important to the development of Russian commerce and industry, will soon be an accomplished fact. It is stated that the general director of railways, the Chavalier de Openheim, has obtained from the Roumanian Government, upon very favorable terms, the concession to extend the Lemberg-Czernowitz

cession to extend the Lemberg-Czernowitz and Suczawa line from the latter place to Jassy; and the line from Odessa to Kischeneff being already under construction, it may be safely assumed that the connection with Odessa will soon follow, thus completing the connection be-tween the Baltic and Black Sea. This new line, which will soon be completed, was originally commenced under the auspices of the Roumanian Government; and there is no doubt that the traffic of the Lemberg-Czernowitz Railway, especially after the opening of the Jassy line, which will be connected with the Odessa line, will soon show surprising good results, independently of the State guarantees. A concession has been granted to construct a railway between St. Petersburg and a port on the Baltic, as also a line connecting Rybinsk with the Nicolai Railway.

Foreign Items.

By the mail that arrived in New York last night we have the following items of Foreign

ews: The Pall Mall Gazette commenting upon Gen. F. P. Blair's first letter, says in reference to its author's allusion to the restoration of the fi-nances after that of the Constitution: "This is taking up a bold position, but its weak point lies in the fact that the people have thus far over and over again pronounced against it. Whether the temptation of saving money by acting unfairly toward the national creditors will induce the control of the contro them to change their decision remains to be seen, but at present there is no indication of such a conversion. European observers will continue to believe that they will reject any proposition of hich dishonesty is the principal recommenda-

In the action for damages brought by the United States against M. Armand, the Fronch ship builder employed by the Confederate authorities to build certain blockade ranners, the Imperial Advocate summed up his speech by calling the Court to reject the claim made by the U States. The Court decided upon postponing

States. The Court decided upon postponing judgment for a fortnight.

Prince Napoleon recently received on board his yacht a deputation of Poles, and after thanking them for their address, expressed his sympathy with their sufferings in the tangible form of a

with their sufferings in the tangible form of a hundred thousand francs.

The Madrid telegrams at length condescend to notice the events which everybody out of Spain has been talking of the last ten days. Here is the latest despatch: "Previous to their exile, the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier had refused to comply with the order of the Spanish Government, on the ground that an Infanta of Spain could only receive orders direct from the Sovergion. Oneen isabella thereupon signed the decree eign. Queen isabella thereupon signed the decree exiling them from Spain. After this step had been taken the Generals belonging to the Liberal Union Party were also all exiled without exemp-tion. The Police continue to take measures both in Madrid and the Provinces, for the expulsion of all superior officers suspected of adherence to the Liberal Union or the Progressist Party." A later despatch states that the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier had resolved to temain at Cin-tra, in Portugal.

#### FACTS AND FANCIES. Campaign Song.

—The correspondent of the New York Timer with the Pacific Railroad Editorial Excursion, sends a letter from Omaha, in which he inserts the following song by Mr. Francis Wells, of this paper. It was composed upon the route, and was sung with hearty enthusiasm by the whole party:

From old Atlantic's rocky shore To soft Pacific's coast, Comes up the chorus e'er and o'er From Grant's unconquered host, Beneath the flag that waved so long In victory, where he led, \gain goes forth the gallant throng While Grant goes at the head.

Firm! firm! steady! where our chieftain towers; Let Seymour bear the "Stars and Bare," The "Stars and Stripes" are ours.

The same old fight we fought of yore, When Grant our victories won, We fight at North and South once more, Till freedom's work is done.

For Seymour's "friends," whom once he taught. In eighteen sixty-three,
Once more unto the ballot brought.

To break down liberty,
Firm! firm! steady, &c.

While Grant and Colfax lead our line,
Let Blair and Seymour shout,
Though rebels North and South combine,
The Court of the Combine, Their forces we will rout.
"I cannot be your candidate," Said Seymour—what he meant
Was—what he did not state: I can—
Not be your President.
Firm! firm! steady, &c.

-The place for red currents-the Red Sea--A North Carolina negro "prophet" foretelle -The hust and of Harriet Prescott Spafford as-

ires to be Consul-General to Hayana. —Miss Braddon is coming to this country, it issaid.

-New rendering by Grant-"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all Seymour." —Henry Ward Beecher's son has been admit-ted to the Freshman Class of Yale College. —An IIrehman going into Kerr's China Hall the other day, asked for an egg-stand to lay on the table—a real case of a bull in a china-shop.

—Voorbees is on record as calling General Blair "the Prince of Blackguards," and he knows, for he is in that line himself. -It is said that London contains fully ten housand persons who support themselves entire-

ly by their pen. —The English people are as anxious to have Miss-Rye carry away their surplus women as the Cana— lians are to get them.

—It is said that Fitz-Hugh Ludlow's painful story "The Household Angel," in Harper's Bazar, is founded on facts.

—The names of Dickens's children are Mary, Kate, Charles, Walter Landor, Francis Geoffrey, Alfred Tennyson, Sidney Smith, Henry Fielding. and Edward Lytton Bulwer.

and Edward Lytton Bulwer.

Farmers in Minnesota carry tubs and water
pails into their fields to contain the potato bugs
which they pick off as they would so many berries. In some instances the bug crop is larger,
than the ordinary yield of potatoes.

than the ordinary yield of potatoes.

—Here is a good riddle:
Lovely I was, and loving, and belov'd,
Yet'me and mine a tragic fate befel:
Howheit, in Shakespeare's pages it has proved
To be allied to Comedy as well:
But now my name if you would have me tell,
Let this be answer for the answer sought!—
Already it is told you, though a spell
Holds me incog., and this be telling nought.
But he must be a very Pranting for love who

But he must be a very Pyramus for love who will discover the name of Thisbe in this tangle of words.

-Rossini's joke on Offenbach is to play one of the latter's operas through with two fingers. The wiser course would be not to play them at

—The Independence Belge has the following:
"A curious story is in circulation about the Bey
of Tunis. This potentate, it is said, not being
able to pay the indemnity claimed by France, was
informed that the Kasanader had forty millions of savings concealed in a cistern, and that in consequence of that discovery his Highness was in a position to give France six millions, six to Italy, six to Prussia, as much to England," &c. The money gave him opportune as-cistern-ce.

-Within the present year General Sheridan, whose opinion of Grant is certainly well worth having, wrote as follows to a friend:
"It is, perhaps, needless for me to tell you how "It is, perhaps, needless for me to tell you how light my heart is on account of the glorious record in front of which Gen. Grant now stands before the country. The country now begins to appreciate that his was the only hand which patted me on the shoulder and gave me encouragement, when I, almost alone, stuck up my little battle-flag at New Orleans to assist a second. time in saving the country and preserving the record of our seldiers. Had Grant, Sherman, and myself, and others, gone over to the enemy, much darkness would have come upon the land.

Two solutions were necessary for the settlement: of the rebellion. The first was to take away from it its military strength. That was done at Appomattex. The second, to take away its political strength. That will be done next November. It will be a short campaign, but as decisive as Appomattox."

-A critic in Putnam's Monthly is severe on Ristori: "So far as art is concerned, it is our duty to say that Marie Antoinette and the White Fawn. are on precisely the same plane. The one appeals to the tiger in our blood, and the other to the ape and goat that lurk in us. And the evil that is in this play is one that is in man; others in Ristori's list. She chooses subjects that admit this mode of treatment, and she forces it into those to which it does not naturally belong. Nothing can be more repulsive to the sense of art that the last act in her Elizabeth. It is untrue to martine. It is untrue to history. It is a scene at ture. It is untrue to history. It is a scene at which the delicate mind revolts. But it is about a scene which need not have been so presented. Dalaroche, in his noble picture, has make it deeply affecting in its grandeur. As we read the story in history, it stirs the heart with awful pity. But it was perfectly possible to see Ristor.

-One of the recent excursion party from Chicago to the Rocky Mountains writes as Sollows to the Journal of that city: A few more excursions of this sort into the barren regions of the Western Plains will entirely disabuse the Tublics mind in regard to that country and its products." The much talked of cities of the Plains are evidences rather of barbarity than of civilization of a six is imply impossible that tion, and as it is simply impossible that they can ever become self-sustaining, it is only a question of time as to their status or existence. Lea no farmer be tempted into the emigration to the sterile plains of the Far West. Let no mechanic be tempted to try his fortune, in a region where the supply of artisans is already in excess, of the demand. Let no fortune-hunter be lured to the gold mines by Manchausen stories relative thereto. The test atony is decisive on this point—there is nothing to be made at mining except with costly machinery, and apparatus requiring a fortune to procure. The products of the country are Indians, antelope, deer, elk. prairie dogs, wolves, buffalo and parches grass. Fall these the crop is very poor, except in the nater of prairie dogs, which jump out of of time as to their status or existence. Leano

grass. fall these the crop is very moor, except in the natter of prairie dogs, which jump out of their burrow and bark at the trains, parched grass and antelope. There is not a buffalo between the Rocky Mountains and the North Platte, the settlers say, very few wolves and comparitively few Indians. Not an Indian was seen by our party after leaving Nor.h Platte, beyond which the "home of the red man" has penetrated nearly four hundred railes.