Daily Evening Bulletin.

GIBSON PEACOCK. Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

F. L. FETHERSTON. Publisher.

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THE EVENING BULLETIN (Sundays excepted),
AT THE NEW BULLETIN BUILDING, 607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, EVENING BULLETIN ASSOCIATION. EVENING BULLETIN ASSOCIATION.

GIBSON PEACOCK.

FL. FETHERSTON.

THOS. J. WILLIAMSON.

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NYITATIONS FOR WEDDINGS, PARTIES, &C., executed in a superfor manner, by DREKA, 1023 CHEST NUT STREET. 1620-018

MARRIED. BAXTER-ECKY.-On the 5th instant, by the Rev. R. Beser Newton, Dr. H. F. Baxter to Mary H. Ecky. No.

DI NGAN.—At Wilmington, Delaware on Wednesday atternoon, the 5th instant, John A. Doncan, aged 53 years. The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence No 610 French street, on Saturday atternoon next, the 8th instant, at 4 o'clock, without further notice.

street, on Saturday afternoon next, the 5th instant, at 4 o'clock, without further notice.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE CLASS of 1859. Department of Arta, University of Pennsylveria, held august 5, 1868, the following resolutions were adopted:

Class records the death of their late companion. JOHN M. RICE M.D. while in the discharge of his professional duty in the project of his country. His affectionate disposition, his genial manners, and his unwearied diligence in the prosecution of his studies, endeared him to his class mates, and gave promise of high attainments and wide usefulness in his chosen walk o' life. We cherish his memory with pleasing emotions, and as one upright in his character, and exemplary in his devotion to the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow-man.

Resolved, That we offer to his afflicted relatives our sincerest condolence, and pray that God, on whom our brother's faith reposed, may minister to them abundant consolations in this their time of need.

Resolved. That a committee, composed of the officers of the meeting and Mr. L. Cleemann, be appointed to communicate to the relatives of Mr. Rice these resolutions, and to publish the same in the daily papers. itho daily papers.
R. CLEEMANN, President,
EDW. P. CAPP,
L. CLEEMANN.

BLACK LLAMA LACE POINTS, \$7 TO \$100, WHITE LLAMA SHAWLS, WHITE SHETLAND DO, WHITE BAREGR DO, WHITE BAREGR TO, WHITE BAREGR TO, WHITE KAPE MARETZ.
EYRE & LANDELL, Fourth and Arch sts. 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.)

33 29 tfrp\$ PARDEE SCIENTIFIC COURSE

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

The next term commences on THUESDAY, Septembe Candidates for admission may be examined the day vactore (September 9), or on TUESDAY, July 23, the day Defore the Annual Commencement.
 For circulars, apply to President CATTELL, or to Professor R. B. YOUNGMAN.

EASTON, Pa., July, 1868. PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD COMPANY, OFFICE NO. 227 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

OTREET.

PHILADELPHIA, May 27, 1258.

NOTICE to the holders of bonds of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, due April I, 1870:—
The Company ofter to exchange any of these bonds of \$\frac{3}{6}\$L000 each at any time before the let day of October next, at par, for a new mortgage bond of equal amount, bearing 7 per cent. Interest, clear of United States and State taxes, having 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 tonor. my29+t octi 8. BRADFURD, Treasurer.

NOTICE.

Application will be made to the Chief Commissioner of Highways, at his office. Fifth street below Chestnut, on MONDAY, August 10th, 1883, at 12-o'clock, M., for Contracts to pave the following streets in the Twenty-seventh Ward, viz.: Walnut streets, between Woodlands street and Fortieth street; Thirty-sixth street, between Woodlands street and Market street; and Thirty-fourth street, between Chestnut street and Woodlands street.

Parties interested desiring to attend can do so at that time and place.

CUNNINGHAM & MINICHOL. CUNNINGHAM & M'NICHOL.

A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE TUG BOAT owners and Captains Association will be held at Hope Hose House, Pine street above Second, on SATURDAY next, the 8th inst., at 8 P. M. Important business on hand. Let there be full meeting.

By order of the officers.

au6 3t* LAFAYETTE MARKLE, Sec. & Treas.

HOWARD HOSPITAL, NOS. 1518 AND 1520
Lombard street, Dispensary Department,—Medical
frestmen and imedicines furnished gratuitously to the NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, WASTE paper, &c., bought by E. HUNTER, No. 613 Jayne street.

THE COURTS.

QUARTER SESSIONS-Judge Brewster .- In the QUARTER SESSIONS—Judge Brewsfer.—In the case of Rafner and Richie, charged with assault and battery, the former was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of \$20 and costs.

Wm. H. Moore and Thomas Hubert were charged with stealing a mule. Moore pleaded guilty, and Hubert was convicted.

Lizzle Burns was acquitted of a charge of larceny, the prosecutrix falling to identify the money which was the subject of the larceny. Hannah Ruff was charged with keeping a dis-orderly house at Manayunk. It was alleged that the house has for weeks been a nuisance to the neighbors, parties getting drunk on the premises, and making a disturbance day and night. The defence denied that there had ever been

more than one "spreek at the house.

The case was not concluded.

Track-laying on the Union Pacific is a science, and we, pundits of the Far East, stood on that embankment, only about a thousand miles this

AN EDITORIAL EXCURSION.

We halted, perched on the summit of the Laramie Mountains, or Black Hills, as they seem to be indiscriminately called. A breathing spell, and then we go launching down the opposite slope, reaching soon the more sterile region, which will become wilder and more barren until we again cross the Platte at Benton. At 2 P. M.

Laramie consists of a huge railroad hotel, not

yet finished, and several streets of frame and

canvas houses. Population, 1,500. Here the Union Pacific is building more fine shops, to take care of the construction and repair of the rolling stock of the Mountain Division. There are some stores and a post-office; many places of equivocal refreshment and amusement; and one of the oldest inhabitants assured us that there had not been a fight in the town for more than half an hour! A man had been killed the day before, and there was some talk of hang. ing his murderer that night, if we would like to stay and see it, but, upon the whole, Laramie was considered rather dull. There are about six men in town who have wives and children. The few women that we see in the streets are not inviting in appearance, or extreme in the modesty of their demeanor. The quietness of the place was explained by the fact that the gamblers, thieves, and their female associates, had just "swarmed," and gone off to the new terminus of the road, at Benton. This makes it pleasanter for those who remain, and also safer. When there is a free fight in Laramie everybody shoots, and the wrong person is invariably hit. Just outside of the town, lay a Mormon train. Seven hundred poor souls, who had come on shead of us from Omaha, looking very travelworn, and generally used up. Men, women and children, all ages, from the cradle to the grave. They were getting ready for their long wagonride across the plains to Salt Lake, for Laramie is, as yet, the end of their railroad journey, They had come from England and Walce. Poor souls! They looked as if la maladie du pays was already spreading among them. How many of them will find their hopes realized, under the do-

minion of Brigham Young? We take supper on our train at Laramie, and after dark some of the more adventurous of the party explore the elegant evening amusements of this frontier town. Some of them don't. Then at ten o'clock, while the sounds of revelry are just becoming fast and furious, our iron horse tools us out of town, and we are off for another night ride to the end of the road.

Laramie does not make much of a picture on paper, and yet Laramie is going to settle down ato a sedate and thriving rallroad town, and that at no very distant day. Whatever the West does, it does quickly.

We are again riding away through the night. and have about 130 miles before us to reach the North Platte where it winds around, to the road, four hundred miles from where we first crossed it. We are all tolerably quiet at night. In our car but one man snored, and he was a Democrat The scene in the morning was always picturesque. There was always plenty of water, but only one wash-stand at each end of the car. Half a dozen Eastern editors, in various stages of dishabille, waiting their turn. Nobody was expected to be long about it. Five minutes betokened effeminacy. Eight minutes was a reckless disregard for fellow-beings that sometimes threatened difficulties. It was rather remarkable how clean the party managed to keep. Page's shirt bosom was the admiration and envy of the party for days.

Not that we were never dirty. That would be putting altogether too fine a point on it. There were periods of the journey when our mothers would have sternly refused to recognize us, but that was only occasionally.

On Thursday morning, early, we crossed the Platte again, 691 miles from Omaha. Close on the bank is a pretty camp, a new military post, named Fort Steele. Just beyond is Benton. Benton was two or three weeks old, and had nearly a thousand inhabitants. It was-it may be quite different now-a canvas town, the tents decorated with signboards, which had already done duty in Chevenne. Julesburg and Laramie. Most of them indicated that the business was Saloon. The Bentonites,-it was an hour after sunrise-came lounging down to take a stare at our train, and a few inquiries were made for Gen. Grant, who was floating round the country somewhere. As a general rule, the Bentonian is distinguished by an elongated protuberance over the right hip which indicates fire-arms. No one was killed while we lay at Benton, nor had been since the day before, when a sub-contractor had playfully murdered one of the railroad hands, for asking him for some money.

Personally we explored Benton very slightly It was not attractive. But it was not without its interest to some of the excursionists. Clarke found a shoemaker there, with whom he had "a most interesting conversation," and who offered to make him a pair of boots for \$20 00. And Bliss bought five lead pencils there for fifty cents receiving a counterfeit note in change for his dollar. Being a modest man and distant from home he did not like to tell the shop-keeper that he had cheated him, so he mildly remarked that he believed he would take five more pencils while he was about it, and so got rid of the dubious currency. There is no particular reason why Benton should last over a month or so, and we doub

if it gets down on the next maps. We were soon off from Benton to the end of the track. It was a beautiful morning, and presently we all doffed our hats respectfully to the Seven Hundred Mile post on the U. P. R. R. Ten miles further, and we are brought to a halt by the construction and boarding trains at the end of the road. We are there!

It is a lively and deeply interesting scene. The country is wild and barren, the surface of the ground covered with a stunted attempt at grass, and small stones, among which everybody. after awhile, went hunting for agates, with various degrees of success. Just there the track ran on an embankment twenty feet high. The advanced limit of the rail is occupied by a train of long box cars, with hammocks swung under them, beds spread on top of them, bunks built within them, in which the sturdy, broadshouldered pioneers of the great iron highway sleep at night, and take their meals. behind this train come loads of ties and rails and spikes, &c., which are being thundered off upon the roadside to be ready for the track-layers. The road is graded a hundred miles in advance. The ties are laid roughly in place, then adjusted, gauged and levelled. Then the track is laid.

hurrying corps of sturdy operatives with a mingled feeling of amusement, curiosity and pro-

found respect. On they came. A light car, drawn by a single horse, gallops up to the front with its load of rails. Two men selze the end of a rail and start forward, the rest of the gang taking hold by twos, until it is clear of the car They come forward at a run. At the word of command the rail is dropped in its place, right side up with care, while the same process goes on at the other side of the car. Less than thirty seconds to a rail for each gang, and so four rails go down to the minute! Quick work, you say, but the fellows on the U. P. are tremendously in earnest. The moment the car is empty it is tipped over on the side of the track to let the next loaded car pass it, and then it is tipped back again, and it is a sight to see it go flying back for another load, propelled by a horse at full gallop at the end of sixty or eighty feet of rope, ridden by a young Jehu, who drives furiously. Close behind the first gang come the gaugers, spikers and bolters, and a lively time they make of it. It is a grand Anvil Chorus that those sturdy sledges are playing across the plains. It is in triple time, three strokes to a spike. There are ten spikes to a rail, four hundred rails to a mile, eighteen hundred miles to San Francisco. That's the sum, what is the quotient?

swung-twenty-one million times are they to come down with their sharp punctuation, before the great work of modern America is complete! On they go. Fifteen minutes from the moment that the rail is dropped upon the track, it is adjusted, spiked, bolted to its predecessor with the "fish-plate," (there are no "chairs" used,) and ready for the advancing train. It was worth the dust, the heat, the cinders, the hurrying ride, day and night, the fatigue and the exposure, to see with one's own eyes this second grand "March to the Sea." man, with his victorious legions, sweeping from Atlanta to Savannah, was a spectacle less glorious than this army of mon, marching on foot from Omaha to Sacramento, subduing unknown wildernesses, scaling unknown mountains, surmounting untried obstacles, and binding across the broad breast of America the iron emblem of modern progress and civilization. All honor, not only to the brains that have conceived, but to the indomitable wills, the brave hearts and the brawny muscles that are actually achieving the

Twenty-one million times are those sledges to be

We spend two or three hours at the end of the track, during which nearly a mile of road is built, and then turn our faces Eastward once more. Returning to the fascinating town of Benton, we lie there for several hours, awaiting a special train which comes up in due time, bringing Vice President Durant, heart, brain and life of this great enterprise, and divers other officials, on a trip over the road. A bottle of Médoc is punished by the new arrivals, and at about 6 P. M. it is Thursday, July 23d—we are fairly off on our homeward trip. Our train has the right of way, and we are to go through the whole 700 miles, kiting. And we did. Friday morning finds us breakfasting at Cheyenne, Rollins House. The thoughtful Frost has telegraphed for a first-rate reakfast, and we feast sumptuously delicacies of the Cheyenne season, including broiled antelope, which is delicious.

Cheyenne is pronounced, Shy-Ann. We are an hour in Chevenne, and then off again, making big time all the while. An early tea at North Platte, and a hasty survey of the Company's fine shops; a half-hour halt across the long bridge of the Platte River, and a bath for those disposed to tempt the shallow but rushing current; and off again for Omaha.

That night, Wadsworth, conductor, spread himself. He determined to show that the Union Pacific was a road that could be traveled over, and he traveled. Running by telegraph, dodging construction and freight trains, replacing melted brasses in his boxes, he went it, all night, kicking up a dust that reduced the train to a condition not easily described, and putting us into Omaha on Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, having broken down three engines, run 56 miles one bour, 48 miles another, and 34 miles every hour for seven hundred miles! Anybody who wants a better proof of a well-built road must inquire at some other office. Wadsworth is an immense conductor, and deserves well of his country.

We make but a brief halt at Omaha. We breakfast and then recross that delightful mud-solution, the Missouri, and resume the Chicago and North Western. At Council Bluffs we bid goodbye to Frost. Frost, so full of information, so attentive, so obliging, so wide-awake to the interests of the Union Pacific and the comforts of Eastern editors. We all hope to see Frost again. We are a day ahead of our time, and have stolen a march on Pullman, but he meets us with the Omaha" and her Great Organ, at Boone, toward evening. We are now running for Chicago as hard as we can pelt, only kill a single cow. Probably if it had not been Sunday morning, we might have killed more. The Pullman Organ comes in play, and a wonderful variety of talent for sacred music is developed in the company, until, soon after noon, we reach Chicago, and are glad enough for the hospitable welcome that awaits us at the Tremont. We have run 2,000 miles since Tuesday morning, almost without stopping, and we are more than ready for a rest.

A Novel Invention.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Times gives the following account of a new invention:
You recollect Edgar Poe's catalepsy coffin, with inside cushions for comfort, and springs for the moment of waking. The idea was very elementary and perhaps practical. But a Frenchman has beaten it all to pieces. He calls his invention a "Respiratory-Advertising Apparatus for precipitate inhumations." You can see the mechanism of the thing from where you are. "You can breathe while notifying the outside world that you are resurrected." What naïveté! By this invention the buried individual puts himselt in communication with the living by means of a tube fixed over the mouth with a funnelof a tube fixed over the mouth with a funnel-shaped mouth-piece, the other end projecting from the earth or stone above. "If the indi-vidual," to quote the prospectus, "finds himself uneasy in his position (!) he has only to demand the attention of the guardians of the cemetery which he can easily do, and his case will be at-

tended to at once."
So that if this ingenious invention comes into general use, the people who select the cometeries as a place of resort, must not be surprised hereafter at hearing queer sounds from time to time proceeding from the earth around them. We can imagine the surprised promenader exclaiming to a guardian: "What! you allow people to play the irombone here?" and the guardian replying; "That's no trombone. It's the old fellow of receivery down there, the generality to the of yesterday—down there—the seventh to the left—who demands a change of base!"

The inventor thinks no family ought to be without one of his tubes. The charming man!

Pretty soon he will pretend that children cry for NO. XXVII.

A Day on the Roman Campagna... The Seven Hills of the Eternal City... Brigands and their Deeds-The Suburban Romans-Beggars-A Sulphureous Lake.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. London, July 10,1868.—A beautiful, clear mornning in Rome is something to be enjoyed more than one can tell, particularly if an excursion is to be made to any of the villas outside the city, where the palm trees, waving on the Seven Hills, seem to beckon invitingly to the ready traveler. On one of those mornings in February, when the air was odorous with violets and camellias of every hue, and the sweet lilles of the valley were bending their tiny cups filled with sparkling dew drops, I rose at 7 o'clock, an hour considered barbarous in Rome, for none but servants either rise or breakfast before nine o'clock. But I had an engagement. Dressing hastily and swallowing a cup of cafe-au-lait my ears were immediately after charmed with the sound of hundreds of tiny bells, and looking from the window, I saw a vettura or barouche with a pair of horses covered with bells, feathers, gay ribands and flowers, the vetturino or driver with a pointed hat and Roman livery. Two friends in the carriage, a pair of spirits who thoroughly enjoyed the novelty and charm of their situation and to whose companionship I consigned myself without the least dread of vexatious complainings or ill-temper should any unioreseen occurrence disarrange our

plans for the day's excursion. We were bound for Tivoli, eighteen miles from Rome, across the Campagna, into the very hannts of brigands, against whom we refused to take warning. I believe ours was the only single carriage that had gone over the same ground for months After listening to frightful stories of murder, robbery, and of prisoners having their cars cut off and sent to their friends, with messages that their heads would soon follow if a ransom was not immediately sent them, and after repeated unavailing attempts to make several parties who had agreed to go together decide upon a day, we determined to venture alone; and by the time we set out we rather wished for an encounter with Fra Diavolo's grandson, if only to see if he really resembled Habelmann. "Murray," the inevitable compagnon-de-voyage, says "a hurried excursion to Tivoli will scarcely be satisfactory. Our experience, the traveler's best guide after all, tells to the contrary. Those who have crossed the Campagna can readily recall its appearance on an early morning when the cypress and acacia trees are in full foliage. The old ruins of ancient grandeur and architectural perfection are covered with dark poisonous vines that bear beautiful but treacherous white blossoms; the sterile wastes where herdsmen burrow into cells and caves for protection from the damp, fatal airs at night and the blistering sun by day; the immense plain of verdure over which great herds of sheep, goats, oxen and black hogs roam and teed, followed by shepherds in the veritable picturesque costume our statuettes and paintings representpointed hat, graceful mantle, Roman sandals complete but alas, so soiled, and often ragged, that the charm is only half realized. Their posturings, however, are always the same. Whether "under a hay-stack fast asleep," on the brow of a hill. leaning against a rock or lazily resting on the back of a donkey, a Roman shepherd is always a picture, his pose graceful and easy, a natural model that no nation can mistake. usual occupation of these shepherds is knitting! With two and four steel needles they knit all sorts of useful articles for home use, almost always walking, pausing only to gaze at the American who dashes by, waking up old Rome to the fact that while she slumbers new nations

are rising in the West, growing daily in strength and confidence. As we flew along the hard Roman highway, the bells ringing merrily on our spirited horses, calling out from huts, ruins and old repaired towers, hosts of fleet-footed beggars, who kept pace with our carriage wheels till ou: dread of accident to them forced us to throw the merro baioccho they would run two miles to secure; low hills on either side crowned with castles and vineyards, that peculiar shade of purple mist hovering around the distant Apenpines, blending with the rosy morning light as the sun climbed up in the heavens; blue, oh such blue sky over our heads!—we laid back on the easy springy seats and traced in the changing arch of heaven groupings of spirits with faces as bright and lovely as the glorious inimitable painting on the ceiling of the Rospigliosi Palace, Guido's "Aurora!" A strong smell of sulphur suddenly changed my visions, and reminded me more of Milton's "Paradise Lost." or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment"in the Sistine chapel at the Vatican. We stood on a bridge under which ran a stream of milky, foaming water, nine feet long and two miles long, the outlet of the lakes of La Solfatara, emptying the sulphurous waters into the Tiverone.

Drawing the vettura on the side of the road we climded the fences and ran over the stony ground to the curious lake or lago di Tartari, where a strange spectacle presented itself. Every object around its white crusted banks was petrified; branches of trees, vegetables, acorps, little baskets that children had deposited to have turned to stone, hoping "to call in a few days and get them;" and we turned away with a grim recollection of Lot's wife, almost afraid to look back as we hurried to our carriage, lest we should make an addition to the interesting petrifications for future travelers to regard as "rather curious"! Remembering that we had much to see, and eighteen miles to drive back, and that the gates of Rome would be closed at nine o'clock punctually, we hurried over the ground to the ancient Tiber once a powerful rival of Rome, where we were to see temples that were founded and dedicated to heathen gods before the Son of God came into the world to bring light and life—where darkness and Death had reigned for centuries. Up the hills, through miles of continuous olive groves, with Albani, a town nestling in the Appenines on the right, the castles and villas of the Sabines perched on the top of conical mountains on the left, with steep sides that must have proved a protection in themselves from the attacks of neighboring barbarous tribes; past the villa Hadriana, which we visited afterwards; on to the villa d'Este, built in 1549, for the son of the Duke of Ferrara. It belongs to the present Duke of Modena, successor of that family. Entering by the gate that leads to the Cardinal's residence, we had our usua fortune of seeing him leave Jesnit College and receive sevegood messengers, who delivered their comral

munications on bended knees, after reverently

kissing his hand. He received our foreign pro-

side of sunset, and backed westward before that | A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN | testant inclination of the head with a gracious acknowledgment, raising his cap from his head after our own fashion. Descending flight after flight of stone steps cut in the natural rock, and enclosed in a square tower, we at last reached the lower terrace, and could hardly believe our senses as the full effect of this ancient Roman villa burst upon our view.

Seven terraces there in back ground, two on each side, laid out in flower beds and groves, with clipped hedges on the labyrinthine walks, statuary of ancient designs, Roman temples, arbors, cascades, leaping from basin to basin, forming a lovely vista a quarter of a mile in length, grottos, oracles, where cypresses were trained as sentinels to keep out all sacrileigou sounds and intrusive glances, while miniature lake and islands with fleets of iron and wooden ships, preserved wonderfully well, though rusted and worm-eaten with age, still showed how Roman children were trained for war in their very sports and recreation. Standing on a solid rock, formed into an ornamental balcony for ladies, we looked over the Campagna, there, eighteen miles away, distinctly saw the dome of St. Peter's glistening in the sunshine, while a blue line in the horizon behind it marked the borders of the sea, eight hundred and thirty feet below us. So much for the c'ear atmosphere of Italy. Visiting the Casino, we admired the beautiful and curious frescoes on its stone walls, and then hastened to mount the donkeys, that impatiently wagged their long ears, at the gate leading through the narrow streets of the town. A le bonne neuve! on the one appropriated to my use was the crimson velvet saddle used by the princesses and other royal visitors to Tivoli from all parts of the world. As we mounted, our donkeys' heads and our own hats were decorated with mountain flowers by black-eyed, barefooted. hatless boys, who received our coppers with the air of "merchant princes," making their locks of hair serve as hat rims for the occasion. One who ran beside me as we literally waded through mud up the hilly, filthy streets, informed me he could speak English. As he had given me a clear story in French of his education at the French college enabling him to speak French as well as Italian. his native language, I replied in English his boast, "Oh, do let me hear you talk in English! What can you say?" He stared blankly for a momentthen said, "Ver fine view, nice donkey!" I laughed to myself at the "very fine view" of dirty, ragged women and children crowded against the walls of dingy houses, as we passed, so narrow were the streets, and tried to induce the boy to talk more English, but he said "he could not remember any more." Soon we entered the vard of the hotel, where, on a cliff overhanging the caves of Neptune, stood the Temple of Vesta. where Horace and Virgil, Augustus and Mecenas rested, and sung their soul music to the gods. while the cataract of living waters leaped into the grottos of the syrens over three hundred feet below them. We will finish this trip in our

ART ITEMS. There are many reasons why hanging commit-Philadelphia have not always been composed of Solomons. Men of prominence shrink from serving on them because they involve a great deal of hard work, a great deal of delicate personal arbitration among rival artists, and a never-fail ing avalanche of blame when the work is done and the public see it. A more thankless umpireship among a more sensitive class cannot be found. The British Academicians have their own national way, however, of riding rough-shod over a delicate question, placing their own in terests well, and devil take the hindmost. The French committee is a pattern of organization and justice. After choosing something like four thousand from the chaos of works of art submitted, they arrange this selected gallery as well as they can, and then prepare themselves to consider communications and complaints. A recess of a week takes place in the middle of the exhibition, during which the Salon is re-hung, inadvertencies rectified, works of merit for which room had not been found brought into prominence, complaints attended to, and objects that had had their share of incense displaced. The recent exhibition of the Royal Academy in London has been examined by a Frenchman the latter accustomed to the almost faultiess impartiality of his own machinery at the Palais de l'Industrie. No wonder he finds it the most deplorable thing in the world as regard, organization and arrangement. If French artists could visit it, the sight of those pictures, heaped together without logic or taste, from floor to ceiling, in a series of small, ill-lighted rooms, would cure them forever of ineffective criticism respecting the Palais de l'Industrie, which is a perfect museum in comparison with the hole in Trafalgar square. He will say nothing of the arrogance of the English Academicians. According to the precept that charity begins at home, their first care is to secure for themselves the best places-"after them the deluge." As to foreign artists, they are banished to the background, pushed into dark corners, where the eye of a visitor scarcely ever falls upon their works.

The London Herald agrees with the French critic, as to the malpractice, and says: "Academies, no doubt, ought to be favorable to the prosperity of art. It was certainly the intention. But practice has been against the theory, and human nature has stood opposed to the intention. Do what you will, an academy will always degenerate into a more or less respectable form of trades union, in which the administra tive rulers have a much stronger interest against giving fair play to their mechanics than the me-chanics are supposed to have in giving fair play to the public. Under this desire of upholding professional respectability liberties are surrendered on one side and rights confiscated on the other. As the humble artists are to unite in a system of high prices as against the public, the Royal Academicians naturally unite to uphold a régime of exclusive eminence for themselves; and could we reach the penetralia of any governing council of these close corporations, we should find that the analogies of every vicious resource used at Sheffleid or Manchester have been at one time or another in full play against the uprise of all the class of promising but insubordinate candidates for academical honors.

But, friend Herald, the admirable French system proceeds from an Academy! -Among the gifts to a newly-married pair at a

town in New Jersey the other evening, was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the ing sendment:
"This trifling gift accept from me,
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,

In storms the other end. -General Blair tried hard to get a college edu cation, but the fates were against him. He was expelled from Yale and Princeton, and left the University of North Carolina to escape a similar

4:00 O'Clock.

BY TELEGRAPH.

LATEST CABLE NEWS. Arrival of Jeff. Davis at Liverpool.

Spain in a State of Disquiet.

LATER FROM WASHINGTON-

Peace Commission

Preparations for a General Council.

Gen. Meade in his New Department.

LATEST FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

THE PANAMA REBELLION.

Prospects of an Amicable Solution:

By the Atlantic Cable. LIVERPOOL, Aug. 6 .- Jeff Davis arrived here by

steamer last night. Paris, Aug. 6.—Despatches received from various parts of Spain represent the whole coun-

try in a state of disquiet, and the utmost efforts of the Government are required to prevent out-

Con. Mendo's new Command. [Special Despatch to the Phila, Evening Bulletin,] Washington, Aug. 6 .- Gen. Meade was at Charleston yesterday, and assumed command of the North and South Carolina Department, which was formally turned over by General Canby. He will at once proceed to complete the discharge of all persons employed in civil duties. and to concentrate the troops at a few principal

The Indian Peace Commission. (Special Despatch to the Phila. Evening Bulletin.)
WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—Information has been eceived here that General Sherman will at once convene the Indian Peace Commission authorized by the recent act of Congress, and confer with the various tribes, with a view to the prevention of further disturbances.

From Central and South America. New York, Aug 6th .- Panama advices of the 8th ult. state that no collision had yet occurred. between the Government troops and the revolutionists. Preparations were active on both sides, though there was a prospect of an amicable arrangement of difficulties. An accident on the Panama railroad had de-

toined the passengers from New York by the Ocean Queen a day and a half. The American brig, M. Muller sunk in Caleta,

Yanes, on June 14th. The Captain and crew were saved by the pilot boat Theodore and taken to Coquimbo. The United States frigate Kearsarge has been heard from in Magellan's Straits. on her way to Coquimbo. General Grant's Movements.

pecial Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. Washington, August 6.—A telegram was reeived here from General Grant to-day. He is at St. Louis, and does not indicate when he will re-

The New York Quarantine.

New York, August 6.-There are one or two cases of yellow fever on the Ocean Queen, at quarantine. The brig Haviland, from Havana, and one death from yellow fever on the voyage.

George Houseman Thomas, an artist who was orner houseman Thomas, an artist who was formerly known in this country, died at Boulogne on the 21st of July. He was born in London on the 7th of December, 1824, studied engraving in Paris, and in 1845 accepted an engagement to come to New York and Illustrate a newspaper. While there he made designs for the bank notes of saveral States. Percentage for bank notes of several States. Remaining in New York two years he went to Italy, and was in Rome during the siege of that city by the French. Many of his sketches of the siege appeared in the Illustrated London News at the time, and on his return to England in 1849 he painted a picture of "Garibaldi at the Slege of painted a picture of "Garibaldi at the Siege of Rome," which was exhibited at the Royal Rome," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy. His drawings in the *Illustrated News* Academy. His drawings in the Illustrated News attracted the attention of Queen Victoria, and he received a commission from Her Majesty to paint "The Queen giving the Medals to the Crimean Heroes," exhibited at the Academy. Until very recently much of his time had been taken up by designs for books, and ill health (from which he suffered for many years) prevented him from giving his time entirely topainting. painting.

THEATRES, Etc.

THE WALNUT. - The Black Crook will be given at the Walnut this evening in superb style.

THE AMERICAN.—A miscellaneous performance will be given at the American this evening, with dancing by a first rate ballet troupe.

THE WHITE FAWN .- Messrs. Sinn & Co. have determined to continue their proprietorship of the Chestnut, and on Monday, the 17th of Au-gust, Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer will produce, under their auspices, the celebrated spectacular ballet The White Fawn. This piece, upon its first production at Niblo's, in New York, actually cost \$100,000, and the proprietors have brought it here entire. We are to have the same magnificent scenery, the same marvellously beautiful transformations, the same marvellously beautiful transformations, the same ballet troupe, and the same cast. The famous ballet troupe, and the same cast. The famous ball-room scene will be given nightly, with all the marching and dancing incident to the first representations of the piece. The ballet will be led by the celebrated Bonfanti, acrompanied by Solhke, and Westmayle, and the whole Viennese and Parisian ballet troupe. Miss Fanny Stockton, Miss Josle Orton and Miss Lily Eldridge are in the cast, and will interpret the beautiful music incident to the piece. Mr. Dolly Davenport will assume the leading character. Of course the piece will have immense popularity here, and a long run.

-Mr. Bergh, the friend and protector of dumb animals in New York, thinks the slaughter of animals and the devouring of their flesh account for the largest share of the moral and physical diseases which affect mankind.

—"Joe, my dear," said a fond wife to her husband, who was a railroad engineer, "do fix up a little, you look so slovenly. Only think, what an awful memory it would be for me if you should not howed as lookings." should get blowed up looking so."

—Says the Boston Post with fine sarcasm: The anonymous writer who informs us where one of our feet is can ascertain the position of the other foot by presenting his person before us.