GIBSON PEACOCK. Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1868. -TRIPLE SHEET.

Baily Chening Bulletin.

PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS.

VOLUME XXII.-NO. 210.

First Mortgage Thirty-Year OBLIGATIONS GOLD

OF THE

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILBOAD CO.,

Sceured by an absolute first lien upon the most desirable portion of the

Great National Pacific R.R. Line.

DEAR SIR : This great enterprise is approaching completion with a rapidity that astonishes. the world. Less than 400 miles remain to be built to connect the Central Pacific Railroad with the Atlantic lines. The greater part of the interval is now graded, and it is reasonably expected that the THROUGH CONNECTION BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK WILL BE COMPLETED BY JULY NEXT.

The western portion of the Line, known as the CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD, besides having the largest settlement, the richest mines, the most valuable lands along its route, is also built and completed as a first-class Railroad in all respects, being constructed directly by the Compauy themselves, without the intervention of contractors, and in such a manner as to insure future stability, economy of operation, and the permanent value of the property.

The report of the Special Commission of Experts, recently appointed by the President to ex. amine the railroad and telegraph lines of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, telegraphed to the Secretary of the Interior, Dec. 3, is full and specific, and concludes as follows :

"Heavy trains of rails, tics and fuel are running safely to the extreme end of the road, four hundred and forty-five (445) miles from Bacramenio. The road is being constructed in good faith, in a substantial manner, without stint of labor, materials or equipment, and is worthy of its character as a great national work."

By the aid of the General Government, and valuable grants from California sources, the Company have already met the bulk of their expendisorre, and have sufficient cash resources to enable them to finish their work with the utmost vigor. The iron, and a liberal equipment for the five hundred miles now about completed, as well as the material needful for two hundred and fifty miles additional, are all bought, paid for, and at hand for use. The speedy completion of their entire line, and its success as a grand business enterprise, are no longer matters of hopefal promise, but are placed beyond all ordinary contingencies.

The business of the road, although in its infancy only, is without precedent. THE GROSS EARNINGS FROM JULY 1 TO DEC. 1 WERE UPWARD OF \$1,400,000 in GOLD, OF WHICH ABOUT ONE MILLION WAS NET PROFIT. This result was from local commercial business only, at a time when the Company felt compelled to employ their available equipment, to a large extent, in transporting the vast amount of supplies required to subsist twelve thousand men along a line of more than five hundred mues, the material required for extending the track THREE HUNDRED MILES during the period. to the temporary neglect of the enormous freighting business seeking transit over the Road. At a late date there were no less than seventy nine locomotives running on the road, eighty more on the way, and over twelve hundred cars, to which the Company are constantly making large additions, so that by the time the immense tide of THROUGH TRAVEL AND FREIGHT ACROSS THE AMEBICAN CONTINENT shal be ADDED TO THE NATURAL AND EX-PANDING LOCAL BUSINESS, and the energles of the Company, with their immense facilitles, can be devoted to the regular traffic, THEIR EARNINGS WILL BE ON AN UNEXAMPLED SCALE, and their Securities be ranked AMONG THE MOST POPULAR IN THE WORLD.

AMONG THE TREES. BY WILLIAM CULLEN BEYANT. Oh ye who love to overhang the springs. And stand by rubning waters, yo whose boughs Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play, Whe pile with follage the great hills, and rear A paradise upon the lonely plain. Trees of the forest and the open field ! Have ye no sense of heing? Does the air, The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass

In guehes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves, All unenjoyed? When on your Winter-sleep The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of

(From Putnam's Magazine for January.)

The sum shines warm, have ye no dreams of Spring? And, when the glorious spring-time comes at last, Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds, And iragrant blooms, and melody of birds To which your young leaves shive? Do ye strive And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not? Feel ye no glory in your strength when he, The exhausted Blueterer, files beyond the hills, And leaves you stronger yet?. Or have ye not A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves, Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughe? Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud And rents you, fall unfelt? Do there not ran Strange shudderings through your fibres when the axe. Is raised against you, and the shining blade

Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs, Your summits waver and ye fail to earth? Know ye no sadness when the hurricane Has ewept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil, The mightiest with their circles of strong roots, and blog the sub-slaper bla sets? And plied the ruin all along his path?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind. In the green veins of these fair growths of earth, There dwells a nature that receives delight From all the gentle processes of life, And ebrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint May be the sense of pleasure and of pain, As in our dreams; but, haply, real still.

Our sorrows touch you not. We watch beside The beds of those who languish or who die, And minister in sadness, while our hearts Offer perpetual prayer for life and case, and health to the beloved sufferers. But ye, while anxious fear and fainting hope Are in our chambers, ye rejoice without. The functual goes forth; a silent train

Moves slowly from the desolate home; our hearts Are breaking as we lay away the loved Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest, Their little cells within the burlal-place. Ye have no part in this distress: for still The February sunshine steeps your boughs And tints the buds and swells the leaves within: While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch, Tells you that Spring is near. The wind of May Is sweet with breath of orcharde, in whose bonghs The bees and every insect of the air Make a perpetual murmur of delight, And by whose flowers the humming-bird hangs

poised in air, and draws their sweets and daris away. The linden, in the fervors of July, Hums with a louder concert. When the wind Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime, as when some master-hand exulting sweeps The keys of some great organ, ye give forthj The music of the woodland depths, a hymn Of gladness and of thanks. The hermel-thrush Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring. The faithful robin, from the wayside clm, Carola all day to cheer his sitting mate. And when the Autumn comes, the kings of earth,

In all their majorty, are not arrayed As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side, Ard spotting the smooth vales with red and gold. While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye fling-Your nuts to earth, and the brick squirrel comes To gather them, and barks with childish glee, And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive The cheerfulness of nature, till in time The constant misery which rings the heart Belents, and we rejoice with you again, And glory in your beauty; till once more We look with pleasure on your vanished leave That gaily glance in sunshine, and can hear, Delighted, the soft answer which your boughs Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

seen, crouching on the proscentum of the bas done. My ticket gave me admittance to Opers, absorbed in the score, seeking a seat on a line with the grand altar. In out the best, dreaming the beantiful. Thus died Beethoven, Mozart, and the others; thus die all of the best diverembroidered fautauits propared for the English and Italian ambassadors. Mis-THE DEATH OF ROSSINI EXTRACTS FROM PARIS PAPERS great men-in the breach.

A Frenchman's Funeral Oration

Some Criticisms and Anecdotes

A FRENCH FUNERAL OBATION ON BOSSINL When Rossini's remains arrived at the vault at Père la Chaise, orations were pronounced by various persons as follows: by Camille Doucet on behalf of the Arts of France; by Ambroise Thomas, on behalf of the Institute; by M. de Saint Georges, on behalf of the Society of Dramatio Amateurs and Composers; by M. Perrin, on behalf of the Opera: by Baron Taylor, as a personal irlend, and by M. Gevaert, on behalf of the Conservatory. The best of these funeral speeches that we have seen, is the one we translate below. by M. Perrin, representing the Grand Opera : SPEECH OF M. PEBRIN.

"Gentlemen : It may be said of the illustrious man whom we have just brought to his last home that immortality preceded death. The last dedl cation of the most famous names is superfluous here, for he who sleeps in this coffin has been satiated with glory and renown. Among the diverse lives of great artists there has been none. more surprising. His adolescence was like a spontaneous development of marvellous gifts. His youth, in its very joy, scattered works by turns charming or sublime. At the age of manhood, when others begin their career, he willingly finished his, crowning it with that imperishable master-piece-William Tell.

"Does it not seem as if the very name Rossini was itself a definition of the divine word Genius? Between Tancredi and William Tell scarcely sixteen years had elapsed. In that time thirty scores came from that marvelous brain. What idea⁶ cast on the carrent of that river of art whose waters roll renewed unceasingly, but into which none poured streams more abundant and more pure. What exalted passion, what charmed intellects ! How many hearts have been moved by those accents which sound at once in all the theatres of the world, which cross the seas, which enchant every people, which make all understand and speak the same language-the fraternal and sacred idiom of music.

"But all at once the eagle stops in full flight. On the highest point of his career, the artist breaks his lyre. He is silent and he wishes to be silent. Neither demands, promises nor prayers could make him yield. He sealed with his own hands the doors of the temple of his genius. No one could make him re-open them. Let us not try to find out the secret of this silence. Was it laziness or disdain ? Or was it the supreme law of his brilliant destiny ? The fountain of his inspiration was not dried up. It gushed forth at times brilliantly. Witness the admirable Stabat, and that sublime mass, which he would only have performed once and before an andience chosen by himself. But the author of Moses and William Tell had bid a last and inexerable farewell to the stage.

"History shows us monarchs, tired of great ness, voluntarily laying down the sceptre, and, like simple citizens, looking on at the great events they have brought about. Thus this monarch of art lived in retirement, supported by a devoted affection, surrounded by a little circle of friends, and contemplating with a look calm,

" Do not suppose that I wish to judge Rossin; and Meyerbeer. I shall not try to place one above the other, or to disparage one for the benefit of the other. Let us leave their works in peace. I

shall speak of them only as of two men, of their life and their death. I never had the honor to be presented to either. I admired the genius of Rossini, and I was enthusiastic about Meyerbear. How was it that in seeing them on the Boulevard I felt in presence of Meyerbeer an admiration and respect for the man that Rossinl never inspired in mel * * *

"The Italian, with his ridiculous wig, his smirk and the supreme beatitude of his face, extinguished in me every artistic instinct. For me he was not sufficiently possessed by that creative fever, which ought not to leave an artist but with his last breath. I saw in his obstinate silence, the huge pride of a man of genius scorning the generation which dared to adore another God beside him. He was waiting, according to his own

rash phrase, till the Jews, Meyerbeer and Halévy, would finish what he disdainfully called their Sabbat. Posterity had begun for Rossini in his life, and this walking apotheosis had the effect of irritating ma horribly. When I saw him moving about the Boulevard, without fever, without passion, separated from all that sustains and makes vibrate an artist soul, all my being revolted against him whom flatterers called 'the sublime idler.'

"Then when I saw Meyerbeer pass-him whom fauatical and unjust criticism scorned, whilst bowing down before the silence of Rossiniwhen I met this inveterate worker, this indefatigable thinker-also a great artist, but passion. ate for his art to the death-rattle-I felt a profound respect for the indomitable toller. To me. their writings apart, this was the true artist, restless, excited, in a word living. Even through his blue spectacles, the light of his eyes shone, you could hear his heart and across the pavement. That was beat a soul; the other was only a bedy. Contact with Meyerbeer warmed you. The sight of Rossini gave you a cold shiver. He was no longer a living man of our life, of our passions, our aspirations. He was, in some sort, the mortal remains of a man of genius moving about the street.

"Therefore it is that the death of Meyerbeer produced so great emotion, whilst the end of Ressini was for the artistic world but a piece of sensational news. Snatched away from life in the midst of its strife, as artists die, their last breath is for their art, and when they disappear, there is a thrill through all the veins of the mul titude.

"Meyerbeer died the heroic death of a soldier on the battle-field. Rossini, with all his genius, departed like a proud old pensioner, in a tobacco whop.'

rounded by the immediate friends of the family, as well as by Chevaller Nigra, Baron Cerbuti Tamburini, Duprez, Delle Sedie, Gustave Dore and his brother, Ambroise Thomas, &c. The service of the dead then commenced, the sound of the organ having gradually died away in a melody of ex-quisite softness. Chevalier Nigra, in his full offi-cial costume, followed by the Italian Consul, then proceeded to take his seat next to Lord Lyons. The coffin was placed beneath the catafaique, and the musical homage of the greatest artistes Europe could produce, may be said then to have burst forth from the gallery in front of the grand organ, responded to by the voices and harps of Among the crowd following the remains of Rossini was a white-haired old man, decorated with the order of Isabella, who wept bitterly This was M. Piermarini, one of the oldest friends of the deceased, formerly director of the Madrid Contervatory, now teacher of singing in Paries organ, responded to by the voices and harps of the conservatoire and Grand Opera, stationed In his parlor Rossini's portrait hangs beside Mosart's, and under the latter were written in Rosin the right hand gallery over the grand altar-these latter under the personal superistendence of the veteran chief, Auber. The "stabat" of the sini's own hand, these lines: "I am happy, dear Piermarini, to offer you this portrait of Mozart. Take off your hat to him as I do, for he is the mighty dead, executed by Tamburini, Gardoni, G. ROSSINI. Nillson and Black; the duo of the "Stabat" by Mme. Alboni and the Marquise de Caux; the "Pro Peccata," by Faure; the "Lacry-mosa," from Vozart's Requiem; Perco-lese's "Stabat," by Nilsson, the "rie Jesu," quailleon and Blu master of masters! Signir d'Ancona, who represented the Italian Commission at Rossini's juneral, made a speech in broken French, for which he apologized. In tuor, by the great maestro, sung by Krauss, Grassi, Nicolini and Agnesi; concluding by the Praver in Molse, the solos by Alboni, Patti, Nilsson, Black, Gardoni, Tamburini and Faure, composed the the course of it he sketched the last French campaign in Italy, and finished by saying: "You gave us union, we give you Rossini. Our two magnificent musical tribute of respect and sormagnificent musical tribute of respect and sor-row, to which we listened with feelings of pro-found sympathy and admiration. My pen is powerless to convey to you even a faint concep-tion of this musical performance. I can only comment on what struck the audience most for-cibly. Alboni had not been heard in years; when her magnificent voice in perfect miscan with the nations are sisters !" Among the marks of respect paid to Rossini in Paris on the day of his funeral was a placard on the closed windows of a music publisher on the Bonlevard, with the words: "Fermi à la Menoire de Rossini!" her magnificent voice, in perfect unison with the clear ringing tones of Patti, poured forth its rick melody on our ears, we were literally entranced and breathless with astonishment and rapture. The fast note sang, there was an instant's pause, and I almost feared that the andience would have audi-Among the crowd about the church of La Trinito at Rossini's funeral, were boys crying, "Have a biography of Mossien Rossini, and his last words on his death-bed!" These words are said to have been: "He who wrote the Stabat bly expressed its appreciation of this matchless performance. Fauro was grand in the "Pro Pechad faith!" This confession, with the biography and a portrait, was sold for ten centimes (two cents). It was spitefully said that of the crowd in the church at Rossifii's obsequies, as many came for the appearance of Albani as for the departure of Rossini.

for the hoghest and thanks anothestation. In taking the hour, I presented myself at 10 o'clock at the church doors, which were only opened at 11; but early as it was, I found a dense throng as-sembled around each of the four entrances of the new Church of La Triaité, and some hundred of new Churche-ville and a strong body of the mounted Garde de Parls on duty. Let me at once, however, do justice to the patience and creditable demeanour of the populace yesterday. You heard no jokes, there was no ride pushing, no You heard no jokes; there was no rude pushing, no vulgar merriment, dense as was the crowd; all seemed penetrated by one common feeling of sorrow. A great man had passed away, and Paris deplored his loss. La Trinité, freah from the hands of architect and artist, is one of the new churches of this capital, and from its struc-ture was well adapted for the ceremony of yes-terday, inasmuch as its splendor consisted not in silver-fringed velvet, draperles and painted es-cutcheons, but in the glorious music which was to be the appropriate homage of the most glited artistes of the age to the illustrious massive. For this reason, as well as at his own express deartistes of the age to the illustrious massive. For this reason, as well as at his own express de-sire, the church was utterly undraped by mourning hangings, which would have muffled the sound of voices; there-fore, curtains of velvet outside the church doors, and a catafaique, around which burned wax tapers, in the centro, were the only preparations for the ceremony of the day; the extreme simplicity of which as far as outward extreme simplicity of which, as far as outward ornament is concerned, was touching and most impressive. The doors were opened at 11 Within a quarter of an hour, the whole body, of the church was filled with men; the side chapels and gallerles with ladies, uniformly attired in mourning. To record the names of those who responded to the invitation of Mmc. Rossini would be simply repeating the nomenclature of the great men of the day, whose names are already inscribed on the bluzing roll of fame. A group of scademicians, wearing their uniforms embroidered with the green bay leaves; Sonators in blue and gold; the deputations from the Italian cities; that of the Gens des Lettres, Paul de Mus-set at its head; that of the musical compo.ers, set at its head; that of the musical compo.ers, with M. Pougin (Anber was with the Conserva-toire in the right-hand gallery); that of dramatic authors, led by M. de St. Georges, to whose talent we owe Martha, &c., etult quanti. I was politely asked by the bedeau to allow Marshal Valiant to pass, and immediately following him I recognized Prince Poniatowsky, the composer of "Pierre de Medici," and Edmund About. At 11.45 our Ambassador, Lord Lyons, in his official uniform of scarlet and gold, wearing several 11.45 our Ambassador, Lord Lyone, in ins omeran uniform of scarlet and gold, wearing several stars, and a broad light blue ribbon across his breast, took his fauteuil ou the grand altar, and next to that reserved for the Italian Ambassador and the Consul. The Nuncio had an arm-chair close to the altar. Pre-cleely at 12 the first notes of the Requiem in Jomello's mass pealed from the great organ, soft and low, gradually swelling till a volume of sub

and low, gradually swelling this volume is and dued harmony filled the vast encients. To convey an idea of the impressive character of this over-ture is impossible—the dense andience listened motionlesse, and not a stir could be observed till motionlesse, and not a stir could be observed till motionlesse, and not a stir could be observed till

the velvet draperies being drawn open we saw the coffin being carried into the church, sur-rounded by the immediato friends of the family,

"Wood-side and Sea-side, illustrated by per and pencil." Published by D. Appleton & Co., for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. illustrated by forty-five fine wood engravings, and clamped together arbitrarily by a title more remarkable for oddity than for appropriateness: such is the book. Twenty-six of the designs are by Birket Foster; and as this artist scems now to have almost abandoned drawing on wood to make water-colors for the chromo-publishers, the dwin-

dling chances to secure his matchless vignettes will be seized by the public. As for the selections they include a few exquisite treasures hardly accessible to the modern eye because so profoundly immereed in old Elegant Extracts; of these are, Milton's "Song: on May Morning," and his imitator Collins's "Ode to Evening."-Beau mont and Fletcher's "To Pan," and "Shepherds als and Maidens Fair," and Herrick's ... Blossoms," belong also to the class; Cowper's 'Dog and the Water-Lily" is also preserved, though it fits but loosely into the title of the book. Of American poets, Bryant is best ropresented; Pce is absolutely gone by, but the edim tor is careful of Edith May and Stoddard. The index is bad-though that is a small matter when a handful of generally-famillar poems is all that is concerned-but there was no necessity for absolutely omitting from the list of contents Collins's Ode above mentioned, and Bryant's "There Sits a Lovely Malden," from Uhland; nor, we hope, for the annoying blunder which indexes Shelley's invocation "To Night"-as "To-Night!" By adding that the type is antique, and that a very little of it is imprinted on the centre of large pages the color of fossil ivory, that the engravings have the desired British look, and that the boards are square, beveled, covered with red imitation-Turkey, carved, and gilt-we' ballave we define the style of book sufficiently to bait

the holiday purchaser at whom it is manoauvred.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK,

[Handy Volume Series.] Happy Thoughts. By F. C. Burnand. Pamphlet, 12me, pp. 313. Boston, Roberts Bros.; for sale by Duffield Ash-Price 75 cents.

mead. Frice /5 cents. Miss Lily's Voyage Round the World. From the French, by Miss J. M. Luyster; 48 illustra-tions by Frolich. Boston. Roberts Brothers. For sale by D. Ashmead.

For sale by D. Annuea. Religion and the Reign of Terror. Travelated by Rev. John P. Lacroix, A. M., from the French of Edmond de Pressense. 12mo, pp. 416. Carl-ton & Lapaban. This book, with the next. five from the same publishers, is on sale at the five from the same publishers, is on sale at the Methodist Rooms, No. 1018 Arch street. The Parables of our Lord Explained and ap-plied. By Rev. Francis Bourdillon, M. A. 12mo., pp. 327. Carlton & Langhan. The Garden of Serrows: or, the Ministry of De Ber Lohn Attingen 19 no. 200

Tears. By Rey. John Atkinson. 12 mo, pp. 203. Carlton & Lanahan. Carlton & Lananan. Harry Lane, and other Stories in Rhyme. 12mo, pp. 140, Illustrated. Carlton & Lanahan. From Seventeen to Thirty. By T. Binnoy. 12mo,

From Seventeen to Thirty. By T. Blancy. 18mo, pp. 184. Carlton & Lanahan.
Ronald's Reason; or, the Little Cripple. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Pamphlet! with Illusirationa.
Carlton & Lanahan.
Tricotrin., By "Onida," author of "Under Two Plage," & C. 12mo, pp. 676, with steel-plate por-rait. J. B. Lippincott & Co.
Motalban; a Novel. 12mo, pp. 411. Published by Carleton, for sale by Peterson.
The Christmas Font: a Story for Young Folks. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. Published by Carleton. for sale by Peterson.
The Wickedest Woman in New York. Illus-trate. Famphlet. Published by Carleton, for sale by Peterson.

sale by Peterson. [Crarles Dickens Edition.] Uncommercial With Right Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., for sale by Turner, Bros. & Co., late G. W. Pitcher's, No. 808 Chestnut street. Seekers After God. By the Rev. F. W. Farrar. Seekers After God. By the Kev. F. W. Tarrar, M. A., F. R. S. 12mo. pp. 326, illustrated.
Published in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and in London by Macmillan & Co.
The American Juror; being a Guide for Jury-, men throughout the United States. Containing Rules for testing the credibility of witnesses and weighing and estimating evidence, together with a system of forensic reasoning for jurors. By H. B. Wilson. 12mo, pp. 287. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co. Lippincott & Co. Shakcapeare's Sonnets, with Commentaries by Thomas D.Budd. Pamphlet. Philadelphia, John Campbell. [Knickerbocker Edition of Irving.] Mahomet and his Successors. By Washington Irving. In two volumes, Vol. II. Published by G. P. Putnam & Son; Philadelphia Agent, J. K. Simon, 29 South Sixth street. Seeds and Sheaves; or, Words of Scripture; Seeds and Sheaves; or, Words of Scripture; their History and Fruits. By A. C. Thompson, D. D., suthor of "The Better Land," "Lyra Cœlestis," &c. 12mo, pp. 313. Boston, Gould & Lincoln. For sale by Smith, English & Co. Eleanor's Lessons, By Miss Sarah G. Connell. 12mo, pp. 232, Philadelphia, Skelly & Co. Lily's Looking Glasses. By Mrs. E. C. Boyd. 16mo, pp. 102. Phila. Skelly & Co. [Starry Flag Series.] Down the River. By Oliver Optic. 12mo, pp. 303. Illustrated. Bos-ton, Lee & Shepard. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros.

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PHILADELPHIA

Ye have no history. I cannot know Who, when the hilleide trees were hewn away, Haply two centuries since; bade spare this oak, Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms, Low-bent and long, the fount that from his

roots Slips through a bed of cresses towards the bay. I know not who, but thank him that he left The tree to flourish where the acorn feil. And join these later days to that far time While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow n the dim woods, and the white woodman first Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil And strewed the wheat. An unremembered

Broods, like a presence, 'mid the long gray boughs

Of this old tree, which has outlived so long The flitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain Who planted on the slope this lofty group Of ancient pear-trees that with spring time burst

Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar Where the quick lightning scored its trank, ye still

till It feels the breath of Spring, and every May is white with blossoms. Who'tt-was that laid their infant roots in earth, and tenderly Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain, Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe This annual festival of bees, these songs Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts Of joy from children gathering up the fruit shaken in August from the willing boughs.

Ye that my hands have planted or have spared, Beside the way, or in the orchard ground,

Or in the open meadow, ye whose boughs With every summer spread a wider shade, Whose herd in coming years shall lie at rest Beneath your noontide shelter? Who shall pluck Your ripened fruit?. Who, grave, as was the

wont

Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind Of my smooth beeches some beloved name? Idly I ask; yet may the eyes that look. Upon you, in your later, nobler growth, Look also on a nobler sige than ours; An age when, in the eternal strife between Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win A grander mastery: when kings no more Shall summon millions from the plough to learn

The trade of elaughter, and of populous realm Make camps of war; when in our younger land The hand of rufflan Violence, that now Is insolently raised to smite, shall fall Unnerved before the calm rebuke of law, And Fraud: his sly confederate.shrink. in shame Back to his covert, and forego his prey. [Translated for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BY BARON BRISSE.

The recipe of beef boiled a l'Odette is very old; according to tradition, she who invented and gave her name to it, was as graceful as the

recipe is good. Beef Boiled à l'Odette.-Stew over the some chopped musbrioms with a lump of but-ter; stir in flour, moisten with soup stock and water, season with an onion stuck with cloves; let it simmer; and afterwards boiled beef cut in thin slices, being careful that all are covered by the sauce; let it boil, then thicken with yolks of ergs, acidulated with vinegar or lemon juce; turn it out; surround it with toast and serve.—Petit Journal.

Ir is stated that the New Dominion delegates now in England, on a mission with reference to the incorporation of the Northwest Territory, will return to Canada on account of the Ministerial changes, and make another trip to Eagland after the next session of the Dominion Parlia ment.

indifferent and somewhat satirical, those of his contemporaries who kept up the struggle. He haw the patient labor of years accomplished in his own works. He followed their ascending progress with his own eyes. He saw them rising day by day, and reaching the loftiest heights of the serene region where the pure master-pieces

shine. "The pride of the French stage will be that i gave the highest expansion to the genius of Ros-sini. Moses finished and William Tell wholly written for our first lyric stage, form the key stone of an admirable structure. It is the pride of France thus to attract to herself all fames, to absorb them in her bosom, and to increase them by making them in turn national and French. Like his illustrious predecessors, Rossini paid this tribute to France. He wished to acknowledge it and show his love for his new country. While he left his property to the little city of his birth, he ordered that his body should restamong us, in this French soil, in this Paris which crowds around his bier, and whose pious assemblage gives him to-day right royal funeral honors.

"Really, in seeing thus disappear the men who have raised the glory of the musical art so high, there is a feeling of deep anxiety as well as of great sadness. And yet, at this very tomb, it is permitted that we should not despair. It is the highest glory of these great men that they open the road of the future. By the light which they project, new talents can walk, new generations advance. Rossini sleeps, but his work awakes. May it be an encouragement and a model for all. Art dies not with this immortal master. There can be no night in a sky which his genius has peopled with such luminous stars."

ROSSINI AND MAYERBERS.

The Paris Figaro, in an editorial on Rossini's funeral, signed "Albert Wolff," says some things about the great master of a different tone from that of most of the Paris journalists. A few passages are worth translating, in which there is a comparison with another great composer, who died a few years ago in Paris-Meyerbeer. Here are the extracts :

"Rossini assisted at his own apotheosis. While living he wished to know the joys of immortality. We have been so used to bowing before his bust, thinking of the great master who was no more of this world, that the news of his death seemed to us at first like a bitter mystification. The living must not be disturbed in their worship for the dead. If Mozart were to come back to be buried again in La Trinité, we should go certainly ; not to weep, but as we go to the Conservatory on a concert day, to hear the music.

"It must be declared with a savage sincerity, that the grief of survivors is measured by the void that the departed leaves behind him. When a great artist falls in the fullness of his genius, the multitude is struck to the heart. It says to itself that with him who is gone are gone unknown delights, and that the coffin that encloses the body has gone also swallowed up works that were to come. When Meyerbeer died, at the moment when, with the ardor of youth, he was having his Africaine rehearsed at the Opera, there was profound sorrow among all those who, trusting in the old master's energy, thought with emotion of the works that his brain, always active, might yet. have brought forth. The Northern Railway carried off with his body part of our own intelligence. Meyerbeer was one of ourselves; he lived among us; he worked for us; we witnessed his daily struggles. His last thought was for his work. A few days before, he wa

poser-interesting Scenes in the Paris Streets. The Last Honors to the Great Com-

[Correspondence of the London Morning Star.] PARIS, Sunday, Nov. 22.—France is fast losing all her great men. An epidemic seems to reign over celebrity, and for those who fear death it is a comfort to be among the humble and unknown. My letters of late have recorded but deaths, and, if we are to believe reports, many other such oc currences will, ero this year is burled, be regis tered in your paper. Mortality, as I heard it ex-pressed by a humoristic friend, is now more fleet-ing than the fashions of a coat. Who can say that a great man's spirit may not cast off its gar-ment of flesh before the gloss has departed from his new walstceat? Who could have guessed that month of November would have plunged

Paris, nay, Europe itself, into mourning? Yesterday the whole of Paris, I may say, without exaggeration, was preoccupied by the mourn-ful event of the day, Rossini's funeral. On no public occasion since the return of the troops public occasion since the return of the thoops from Italy, in 1859, have I witnessed so tremen-dons a mass of people as that which congre-gated in the Rue de la Chausee d'Antin and along the Boulevards, clustering on the gilded balconies, at the windows on the the gliden barconies, at the windows, on the roofs, on the lampadaires, on every fragment of half-demolished houses, in the ca/e_s —in fact on and in every spot where a view could be ob-tained of the simple bier which contained the re-mains of the great musical genius of the nine-there is a state of the simple bier which contained the remains of the great musical genius of the ninc-teenth century. Thousands of the working classes, quiet and orderly, thronged the street, many amongst them humming airs from "Guillaume Tell" and the "Barbiere de Seville." Il était des nôtres—"he was one of us"—I heard uttered by a blouse, and with a certain pride. And so he was; the mighty genius we deplore was the child of a strolling player, who in his most sanguine moments could player, who, in his most sanguine moments, could scarcely have foreseen that his son would one day be escorted to the grave by the Ambassador of Italy, humbly walking by the side of his coffin, accompanied by the representative of an Empe-ror, and by deputations from all the academies of Europe, as well as by the population of its most important capital.

Yet so it was, and a more splendid recognition of genius was never witnessed than that displayed yesterday by the French people. The King of Italy had, you are aware, petitioned for the honor of interring the remains of his great compariot at Pesaro, his native city. This was refused; he therefore ordered his ambassador to represent him, and desired that a funeral service of the most magnificent scale should be celebrated, the products to be added to the national subscription for the monument to be erected at Santa Crace, which, as you are aware, is the Pantheon of Italy. The King could do no more. Now I must ndcavor to give you an account of what Paris from being present as high as £2 and £3.

catis," but the Swedish Nightingale's execution of Pergolese's "Stabat" was the only event which excited a similar fremissement throughout the audience. "There were tears in her voice," remarked a "fanatico per la musica," sested near me; and he was right, and tears were in many an eye, and deep emotion manifested on many a counte-nance, as this fair child of the North interpreted nance, as this fair child of the North Interpreted with the most exquisite delicacy of feeling and musical science the glorious expression of grief composed by Pergolese. As I leaned against the railed gallery, and surveyed the immense congregation which filled La Trinité I could not help being deeply impressions by the effect so evidently produced on the countenances of the listeners, and the more deeply inasmuch as the audience was composed of the most experi-enced musical critics in the world. But while I thus write of the single voices, let me not omit the surprising beauty of the choraces, accompa-ied by the hears of the opera chorastes. This hied by the harps of the opera choristes. This was a triumph of musical science, and inepressibly beautiful. But to describe sound and its effect is simply impossible. I give it up, and proceed to relate my impression of the aspect of Paris, as it struck me on quitting the church. The Place de la Trinité was kept clear by the Garde de Place de la Trinite was kept clear by the Garde de Paris; and this was but a necessary pre-caution to insure space. The procession on leaving the church was opened by two companies of the Fifty-first Reg-ment, with its band, which played the march in "Semiramide" slowly and softly. A muorning arche antennia the clearth proceed the simple coach containing the clergy, preceded the simple bler drawn by a single pair of horses, on which hay the coffin, literally covered with wreaths of fresh violets from Brescia, white lines and white roses from Nice, pansies and camelias from his native Pesaro-esome tied with silver and some with gold ribbon-all arrived by trains from dis-tant localities; the cordons held by the Italian ambaseador and Baron Cerruit, the Italian Consul, on one side, and by Camille Doucet, Superin-tendent-General des Theatres, and Anber on the tendent-General des Theatres, and Ander on the other. I see in the evening papers several others mentioned—I write but of these f saw; and a very long and cold walk his Excellency must have had to Pere la Chaise, for it was freezing all day yesterday, and so dense was the crowd that the procession was constantly stopped. He wore a greatecat over his uniform. The numbers who preferred walking to followthe crowd may the processing way boundary stopped. He wore a greatened walking to follow-ing in their carriages were so great that when the corbiliard entered the Boulevards, the mourning and private carriages had not yet quit-ted the Place de la Trinité. For the speeches I must refer you to the evening papers. M. d'Ancona, who led the Italian deputation, re-calling the campaign of Italy, and what his country-owed to France, terminating his oration with these words: "You have given us unity, we have given you Rossini. Our nations are sis-ters." Camille Doucet spoke next, in the name of the fine arts of France; Ambrolse Thomas, in of the fine arts of France; Ambroise Thomas, in the name of the Institute; M. de St. Georgo's, for the Society of Dramatic Authors; M. Perrin, for the Opera, and Baron Taylor and M. Gevaert, for the Concervatore. I have heard to day of tickets having been sold by persons prevented

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Haffelfinger. A Practical Introduction to Latin Composition.

A Practical Introduction to Latin Composition. For Schools and Colleges. By Albert Harkness, Ph. D., of Brown University. 12mo, pp. 306. Published by D. Appleton & Co., for sale by Clax-ton, Remara & Haffelfinger. Silver Threads. By Harrict B. McKeever, au-thor of "Edith's Ministry," &c. 12mo, pp. 376. Illustrated, Published by Claxton, Remsen ds Haffelfinger. Publiched Breziver. Sloan's Architectural

PERIODICALS RECEIVED .- Sloan's Architectural PERIODICALS RECEIVED.—Sloan's Architectural. Review and Builder's Journal for December, from the publishers, Cluxton, Remeen & Haffeldinger. – Young Folks' News, published by Alfred Mar-tien, 21 South Seventh street. No. 1.—The At-lantic Monthly and Our Young Folks, for January. —Once a Month, No. 1, for January. Published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia.—Lippin-cot's Magazine, for January.—De Bow's Review, for December 7. B Broadway. New York. for December. 78 Broadway, New York.

PREPARATIONS have been made in Nashville to take a body of militia down the Decatur Railroad, in the event of any further outrages in that section.

Gov. TAFT, of Montana, sent his annual mestiov. TAFT, of MORIANS, sent his annual mes-sege to the Legislature of that Territory on the 9th. He recommends legislation to essist the mining interests, and to excourage European emigration, as a counterpolse to that from Object China.

In the United States Supreme Court yesterday. In the United States Supreme Court gesterday, Judge Black seked to be heard on the question as to whether the act of Congress, repealing the act of February 5, 1865, deprived the Court of Juris-diction in the McArdle cast. The Court docided to hear argument on the question on the first Friday of February next.