VOLUME XXII.—NO. 256.

EVENING BULLETIN.

PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1869.

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

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING,

FEOFELITORS,
GIBSON PEACOCK. CASPER BOUDER, JR.
F. E. FETHERSTON, THUS, J. WILLIAMSON,
FRANCHS WELLS
The BULLETIN is served to subcribers in the city at 18 sents per week, payable to the carriers, or 88 per annum. PEOPEIETOES,

FAME INSURANCE COMPANY. 406 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 18, 1869. This Company, incorporated in 1856, and doing a Fire urance business exclusively, to enable it to accept a targe amount of business constantly declined for want of adequate capital, will, in accordance with a supplement

CAPITAL STOCK FROM \$100,000, ITS PRESENT AMOUNT. To \$200,000.

IN SHARES OF PIPTY BOLLARS BAOS,

CHARLES BICHARDSON.

WILLIAMS I. BLANCHAUD, SECRETARY.

SOLICITORS

ALL LIPE COMPANIES an organization they can confidently recommo

fc8 m w f 13to 22 North F1FFH Street WEDDING CARDS, INVITATIONS FOR PAR ties, Sc. New styles. MASON & CO., suffit, Scr. Chestnut street,

W EDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN THE Newest and best manner, L/UIS DREKA, dia-toner and Engraver, 1623 Chestnut street. feb 20.4f

21 STOUT.—On the 5th instant. Charles A. Stout, voungest n of Julia and the late Charles Stout, in the 32d year of

M AGNIFICENT BLACK DRESS SILKS.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

TUNNEL.

Specifications and information as to the work in detail
may be obtained on application at the Engineer's Office.

J. B. MOORHEAD, President.

THUR? DAY EVENING, February 25th.
Subject.—"RATIONAL AMUSEMENT."
The sale of Ticksts will be announced next week.
f(8 m w s 3tr)4

anger, instruments or caustics, by W. A. MoCANDLESS M. D., 1926 Spring Garden street. References to over one thousand of the best citizens of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Dr. McCANDLESS gives her attention to all female patients.

THIRD ANNIVEESARY OF THE "HOME FOR Little Wanderers," at the Academy of Music, on FRIDAY EVENING, February 12, 1269. Addresses by Rev. Drs. Willitts, kewton and others. Singing by the Little Wanderers, under the direction of J. E. Gould, Ed.

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

-An acquaintance of ours, an incessant fluteplayer, who is fond of fine words, but has had a somewhat imperfect education, wil talk about his Tootle ary Genius! -Ex.

and for which Subscription Books are now open at this By order of the Board of Directors.

WILLIAM H. RHAWN,

New England Mutual STROUD & MARSTUN, General Agenta.

PLATT.—On February 7th, 1869, Fannie D., wife of W. Harry Flatt. and daugnter of Joseph D. and Cornella Mrnby, aged 24 years
Fubera irom the residence of her parents, on Wednesday, Februar; 16th, 1869, at 10 A. M. Interment at Wood-layda

eon of Julia and the late charies of the family, also members the relatives and friends of the family, also members of Apoilo Lodge, 286, L. O. of O. F. and Washington Lodge, No & of the Urder of Good Fellows are respectfully invited to attend his funeral from the residence of his brother in law, Wm. J. Thomason, No. 1623 Coates as need on wednesday next, at 3 o'clock. To proceed to Mornat Pasce.

American Academy of Music. JAMES E. MURDOCH Will Read, under the auspices of The Mercantile Library Company,

THIS EVENING, February 8, 1869, at 8 o'clock. lickets For Sale at TRUMPLER'S Music Store, No. 935 Parquet Reserved heats.
Parquet Circle heserved Beats.
Balcony meserved Beats.
Family Circle Reserved Beats.
168-5urp

TO RAILROAD CONTRACTORS

Proposals will be received at MAUCH CHUNK, Pa. ontil February the 17th, 1969, for the GRADUATION and MABONRY of the NESQUEHONING VALLEY RAIL ROAD, including the approaches of NESQUEHONING

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

CONCERT HALL. DE CORDOVA'S SECOND LEGICED
ON THURSDAY EVENING, Feb. 11,
MRS. GRUNDY.

Doors open at 7. Lecture at 8. fe3 ffrp

PHILADEDPHIA ELECTROPATHIC INSTIDRS. GAILOWAY and BULLEN, the teachers of the
great discovery in the application of Electricity for the
speedy and permanent cure of acute and chronic discases, will instruct another class in this science and practice. The course will commence on MUNDAY EVEN.

Budents of either sex can become members of the class
by making application at the Institution during the day
or evening.

by making application at the Institution during the day or evening.

N. B.—We still guarantee to well-qualified Medical Electricians incrative positions.

Prof. C. H. BOLLES, the Discoverer, will locate them. Prof. C. H. BOLLES, the Discoverer, will locate them. We are constantly receiving calls for our students from various parts of the country.

PUBLIC TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The Monthly Temperance Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held at their Hall, 1310 Chestnut street, TO-MORHOW (Tuesday) EVENING at 8 o'clock.

Addressed by Rev. PETER STRYKER, D. D.

Question for Discussion: "Is it wise at the present day to make the Temperance question a political issuer" Music under the direction of Frof. E. M. Bruce.

The public are invited.

115

The public are invited.

The public are invited.

AN ALL DAY PRAYER MEETING.

AN Union Prayer Meeting will be held on Thursday, Fob. II, in the First Presbyterian Church, Washington Equare. from 9 o'clock A. M. to 9 P. M. for a revival of God's work to the Church.

The meeting will be o'nducted by various Clergymen of all Evangelical denominations. Come and spend the day.

PILES OR HEMORRHOIDAL TUMORS, INternal or external-blind, bleeding and itching-positively, perfectly and permanently cured, without pain.

Doors open at ball-past 6. Exercises commence at half-past 7. 'ickets, 50 cents; to be had at the door and at the fiome, 823 Shippen street. [ee-strp]
PHILADELPHIA ORTHOP EDIC HOSPITAL No. 15 South Ninth street.—Cireb-foot, Hip and Spingl Diseases, and Bodily Deformities treated Apply daily at 18 o'clock.

—In Switzerland one who kills another is liable for the debts of the murdered man. This suggests to some one an alteration of an old motto to—"Sweet it is to die for one's tailor."

the thigh, and a one-armed man in the shoulder. —A physician in Lexington, Ky., has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$600 for dealing faro. Having no money, he was sent to the penitentiary to work it out at fifty cents a day.

CRIME.

THE COOLIE TRAGEDY. Seizure of an American Vessel in the Pacific—Further Particulars, The following letter from Japan contains additional particulars of the Coolie muthy, a brief account of which we published some time ago: since writing my last letter I am enabled to give you a few interesting items, among them the mystery, which I will endeavor to clucidate, in reference to the mutiny on board the ship Cayolti, and which but recently arrived at Hakodadi. Through the indefatigable energy of Commander Earl English, of the United States Navy, and at present in command—of the Iroquois, the rights of this matter have at length been satisfactorily settled. It seems she was engaged in the Coolie trade, and in October, 1867, 341 Chinamen were taken on board of the Providenza, another Goolie ship, then at Macao; were carried to Callao, and from that place transforred to the Cayolti, who cleared from that port about the middle of January for some port on the Southern coast of Poru. To better keep the Coolies under restraint, and to keep them from mutiny, they were placed in the main hold of the thip, their tood being passed below, daily, to a Chinese cook, who had been detailed for this special purpose. Intense diasstisfaction seemed to pervade amongst these cooks. special purpose. Intense disastisfaction seemed to pervade amongst these quasi slaves, and on the morning of the third day out they rose on mass at a preconsted they rose en masse at a preconcerted signal given by their ringleaders, who seemed to be of the better order of this much abused people, and in less time than it takes me to relate the affair manner. on paper, they had full possession of the ship, though not before bloody work had been done and murder had usurped the place of reason. The mate was cut down at the outset by a pole-axe in the hands of a brawny coolie, whilst attempting to use a revolver that he held in his hand, but from some cause paknown the instrument has from some cause unknown the instrument hung fire, and being sore pressed by the vilians about him he turned and fied, ranning aft and throwing himself into the sea. The record-mate, mortally wounded, sought refuge in the cabin, but others of the rebels pursuing nim he jumped through the cabin window, and with what remaining strength they still possessed, continued to swim round the vessel in the desperation of despair, trusting to the mercy of the yelling fiends aboard to be saved. This was not to be. A boat was lowered, and several Chinamet, Armed with axes and knives, went after them cutting and staboling at them as they swarp and pleaded for mercy, until the waves closed above their poor wounded bodies, and they sauk to rise no more. The rest of the crew by this time had retreated to the forecastic, but after a short siege were overpowered, tied by the hands and feet, and then bound to the starboard anchor, which was let go shortly after, and with its living freight of a knives. from some cause unknown the instrument hang

starboard anchor, which was let go shortly after, and, with its living freight of shricking humanity, went to the coral bottom of the Pacific. By went to the coral bottom of the Pacific. By strevous exeruous on the part of the cook (Coo'le), who appears to have been a ring leader of the emeute, the captain's life was spared, provided he would undertake to navigate the vessel to the coast of China. Eight Chinamen were killed in the fight, and during the voyage to China five fell from aloft, and were almostinstantly killed. When about three months out after the mutiny, they came to an island surrounded by ice, whose people were drawn in sleds by dogs, and whose people were drawn in sleds by dogs, and whose coverings were furs of wild animals, in all probability an island on the coast of Kamschakka. ability an island—on the coast of Kamschakka. Then, during a very severe gale, they lost their colly remaining anchor, and the captain, accompanied by the Coolie cook, having gone achors for the purpose of purchashug provisions, having failed to return again, the ship was put before the wind, and they eventually came to Welcome Bay, on the northern coast of Japan. Here they got two Jupanese pilots, who took the vessel into liskodadi, and the ship, coming into port withliskodadi, and the ship, coming into port withby the proper authorities, and: no papers belong found, she was taken possession of by the Japanese. The coolies are at present in prison, and the matter still awaits the scalen of the United States. The crew were nearly all Spanish, and when the vessel left Callao the Captain of the Dolores Ugarte swore that she had aboard \$15,000 in specie. Was immediately boarded

Tragedy in Wilmington, Del. Attempted suicide.

The Wilmington Commercial of Saturday says

Night before last, an affair, almost traule in its results, came off in one of the largest restaurants of this city. The story, as it comes to ue, is as follows: The junior member of one of our most prosperous down-town firms had become very much dissipated, leading to much trouble in a business point of view between him and his partner,

resulting in misery to the young mans was children.

On the first of January he reformed and promised his wife not to drink again. His appetite was atronger than his resolution, however, and he fell. Recently his dissipation rendered his withdrawal from the firm to which he belonged necessary, and on the evening of the day of the dissolution, he wont home, bid his wife good-by, kiesed his children, and went down town to a restaurant, where, in company with a number of resulting in misery to the young man's wife and restaurant, where, in company with a number of companions, he called for drinks. He ordered and one of his friends happened to notice that he poured something from a phial into the glass, and fearing the liquid might be poison, he glass, and learing the liquid might be poison, he prevented him from taking it, and also secured the phial. The latter was found to contain strychine, and the ale was also strongly impregnated with this deadly polson. A moment more, and the desperate man would have been beyond human aid.

human aid.

His friends, who had been on the hunt of him, (bis wife, alarmed at his conduct in bidding her good-bye, having started them,) now with much ifficulty irduced him to go home, where, we be-

More Cabinet Guesses. A Washington paper contains the following conjectures as to the material of Grant's cabinet:
Last evening political circles were very much excited over what seemed to be well authorized rumors among well informed politicians in regard to the probable complexion of General Grant's cabinet. It is said that Chief-Justice Chase wil resign his position and become our Minister to England: and that Wm. M. Evarts, the present distinguished Attorney-General, will be produced Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court.

That Senator Morton, of Indiana, will be made Screetary of the Treasury; Hamilton Fish, of New York, Secretary of Wary John Lathrop Motley, of Massachusetts, Secretary of State; Admiral Porter Secretary of the Navy; Senator Nye, of Novada, Secretary of the Interior; John W. Forney, of Pennsylvania, Postmaster-General; and William E. Chandler, Attorney-General. There can no longer be any doubt but what Elihu B. Washbarne, cf Illinois, will be our Minister to France." The paper adds that the above impressions were entertained by many at Secretary Seward's grand reception and diplomatic dinner last at the

General Samore, of Manager, is in favor of supplying the Indians with guns, on the ground that their bows and arrows are more deadly in their hands than firearms. The effective distance o which an arrow can be thrown is about eighty to which an arrow can be inrown is about eighty yards. An expert warrior, drawing three at a time, can discharge them so rapidly that he will have the third arrow in the air before the first reaches its destination. At the Phil. Kearney passacre, eighty-two men and officers were silled in less than one hour, and only two were

—Some South Carolinians wanted to stop a social dance to which they had not been invited, so they shot the fiddler in the abdomen, a lady in

We were lately present at an odd kind of rehearsal, or day light representation, on the part of the talented company from the Arch street boards; the same set of honest gentlemen, that is to say, whom Mrs. Drew cajoled for two weeks into the belief that she is a charming little Greek boy, and that her name is Cesario. In other words, that same circle of happy knights who were just now lending such a gleam of wit and grace to Shakespeare's evergreen play of "Twelfth Night"

The representation was given in the afternoon, The reenes, as well as the flats, were under the direction of a celebrity, no less a man than-than whom? Why, the Old Man of the Sea, the original Ancient Mariner himself; the sea-scapistea-serpent, don't you twig?—the Mer-man or Moran; he who was born in Somerville Valley at the bottom of the ocean, and who cannot mix his paints with any vehicle but cod-liver, by means of which he makes oil-color water-color, over scres of breakers. It was he who condescended to set the stage, in his own studio, and to take charge of the scenery, which he would spell seanery. Then, coming forward from the coulisses, (which were decorated with various views of the Mediterranean from the coast of Illyria,) we had the gallant company who have given us such pleasure in their evening Twelfth Night games. There were Sir Toby, acted with such unction by Mr. Mackay; Robert Craig, the only Andrew Aguecheek; the grand, abused Don Quixotte named Malvolio, in the stockings of Barton Hill; and the rest. The elder Bishop conducted the music, in a fashion we could wish to have imitated at one or two of our theatres; that is to say, he planted his up right person in an orchestra chair, and maintained, by the space of two hours, such a rigid silence as we have never known to be matched by mortal man; what a lesson for leaders! We cannot enumerate all the per-

formers; we made about a dozen. The role of Viela was taken, with a shrinking modesty, a timid poetry that has seldom been approached, by Mr. Edward Moran himself. He dressed the part in gaiters, a close jacket, and a

meerschaum or sea-foam pipe. This was the order of the thing. Viola, or Moran, suffusing his palette with a green and ellow melancholy, placed a chair before his asel, and sat there like patience on a monument emiling at grief, and contemplating a stretcher covered with bare twilled canvass.

"What's that?" said somebody. "A blang, my ford," eaid Viola.

Moran then proceeded with his part. His lumb-show was impressive. He took up and exhibited to the company a paint-brush which appeared to have been violently pinched in a door; it had length and breadth, but no thickness. With this sharp instrument, as with a butter-knife, he eccoped up a frightful piece of the yellow part of his melancholy. "What's that," said somebody again; some-

oody was always asking what's that. "That's cadmium," said Viola. "Cadmium!" said Malcolio with energy; "the very tint I want! you shall see it to-night, gentlemen; you shall commend it on my stockings. I'll be strange, stout, in cadmium stockings,

even with the swiftness of putting on." "Don't!" said Sir And "Pourquey, my dear knight?" spoke up

Маскау. "Oh," said Craig, simply, "cadmium was the rock on which I split. My last painting was spoiled with a firmament of cadmium; it hung ver my landscape like flax on a distaff. But go n, fair artist, with your painting; I pray you ring your hand again to the buttery bar." "I am not fair," said the artist; "nor you

rither;" and he began to sing: "My name was Ned Moran, as I sailed." The brush, by this time, had warmed to its task. It had worked up and down, and backward and forward, doubling on itselt with a slapping felicity, till a kind of horse-shoe of the cadmium was formed on the upper part of the anvas; the great laps of paint were seen in relief upon the surface. Then the desperate instrument went plump into a mass of ultramarine This color, planted on the upper corner, began to sally out upon the yellow with straggling blue lightnings of a fearful energy. Then the frantic brush went to the other extreme, took a tremendous header, and came up covered with white. The white was landed pat in the centre or focus of the horse-shoe, and then developed into the yellow on every side. The aggressive yellow wouldn't be covered, but poured down and showed fight, like a boarding-school boy truggling for the covers on a winter night. Upon this white kicked up, leaving terrific rags and disjecta membra around the scene, and finally darted up among the blue; then the blue warmed up, and swarmed down, invading the dazzling centre of white, and trying to make something like a black eye there. Then the yellow danced about in a fury boxing with the blue on one side, throwing laseos around the white on another, and at last raging round and round the

horizon at large in a kind of war-dance. "I like to see Moran's canvas in action," said

"Yes, it's a lively article when it's stripped to the buff," agreed Mackay, alluding to the predominant color; "but did you ever see such a brush? it was born under the star of a galllard." "I see what it is at now; it's painting a sky," eried Craig, much elated with the discovery.

Then he added with conviction, "It has danced up o heaven in a coranto." In fact, by violently squeezing one eye, and plastering the other with the palm of the handand backing gradually against the stove, anybody could make out a kind of a sky. It was flery. transcendental, Turnerish; it had blue corners, a white bull's-eye, and a catharine-wheel of clouds sputtering over masses of purple and green.

Sir Andrew pointed it out to his boon-companion Sir Toby. Sir Toby contemplated it dubiously. "It you or I had used those colors," said the former, "the critics would say there were as many lies in the sheet as would lie in the bed of Ware in England."

By about this time a suspicion may have crept over the reader of the kind of game our Arch friends were playing.

In fact, the virtuous Sir Toby, and the warlike-Sir Andrew, and the stately Malvolio, and all the others, including the silent chorus of Mr Bishop, were simply having one of their painting lessons in the privacy of their friend's atelier. Craig and Mackay, it seems, began it, some time

since. Then, when Moran had manipulated and utterly subdued them to what they worked in, "like the dyer's hand," they took the part of tame elephant, and worked nearly all the company in, one by one.

Moran's way was logical. For his first lesson

TWELVE KNIGHTS; OR, WHAT IS IT! | he set his palette with the three primary colors, | and crumbling stones seemed real enough, yet and painted a picture with them before his class. You think it cannot be done-go up to the Arch come night and just ask the company.

The disciples watched the painting in silence, never lifting a finger, only keeping up such a /veillade of chaff and wit that it was hard for the master to attend to his work; he managed, however, to turn out a surprising picture with his red and blue and yellow. The comedians bore it off, and returned in a week, each with his copy. At the second meeting Moran added vermilion to the Indian red, and produced an effect so much the richer; and so on, reading the lesson of some new color at each sitting. He did not bother his acolytes with much drawing; for he meant that his way should be a royal as well as a logical one. Each happy student is now able to paint a

landscape as gay and loud as a paroquet. Fatigued with his pyrotechnics, the artist threw up his part of Viola for a while, and there was an interlude in the fashion of a walk-round.

Each callow artist now made directly for his copy and stood in front of it with infinite satisfaction. The copies were set side by side, in an innocent sort of Exhibition. Barton Hill stretched with an air of relief as he rose from his chair and seized his study, a sunset, red, melancholy and sublime. "This does make some obstruction in the blood," said he, elongating his Adonis face into a yawn, "but what of that, if it please the eye of

Craig has expanded his powers over an elaborate view of river and vale, full of light and air and freedom. There were passages of follage that excelled in tone the model by his master.

Mackay had produced a thicket of foliage, with every leaf made out and accounted for separately. He had minced his colors as conscientiously as a Scotchman minces a haggis. The tints had sunk in a little, but for intelligence and command of hand the picture evidently bore the palm.

It was pleasant to see how the artists reveled in the new world they had found. Barton Hill gazed into the crimson depths of his sunset like a gentlemanly Columbus appropriating the West Indies. Mackay, who is dry and singularly modest in manner, could hardly be brought to look at his own work, but was ready to joke with any one, no matter what might be the allusion, co that it did not bear upon himself or his deings. This gentleman, whom we know as one of the most admirable "old men" on the boards, leaves his theatrical existence more completely at a distance, in society, than any one we know. The lines of his face, and the plodding step of age are replaced by elasticity; the rich burr in his voice, now uncluously important, now trembling and harsh, gives way to an accent cultivated and controlled; the expressive and mobile visage is made as smooth and quiet and commonplace as a Quaker's, only now and then the tongue of lightning will whip out from the mask of wood, with some ready and stinging jest. As for Craig, the most tameless and volatile of embodied epirits, his impatience of that slight body which imprisons his essence was continually manifested. Craig roves, with the caprice of a bee in a conervatory, from chair to chair; yet the only use he makes of one is to hang his leg over the back; he sips the sweets of one cigar after another, and there is nothing more expressive about those sharp and sarcastic lips than the way they

wreathe around and criticise a taper habana. After a short interval all went to work again; Moran with his pencil, the rest with their eyes. The much-enduring shovel-shaped brush came up, after a mixed brown study among the sienna and mummy and burnt-umber-came up the color or half-and-half. It drove straight at the white centre of the canvas, and viciously worked about there. When it came away there was a squarish silhouette lifted darkly against the fireworks. Gradually this figure of architecture attracted to its base a foundation of rocks, turf, &c.; for it is the prerogative of painted castles, as of castles-inthe-air, is to be built hanging, and let the foundation, if there is any, account for itself afterwards. In less time than it takes to describe, a dark, Radeliffe sort of a donjon-keep, approached by a rude and gloomy causeway of rocks, nodded

into the sky. The quick eye of Craig detected an hiatus in the midst of the edifice; an opening of rectangular shape, through which you saw the thread of the canvas. This became for a while the focus of the jests.

It was generally supposed to be the window of the ticket-office. One venturous spirit suggested the window of the soul.

"You will understand it in a minute," said the artist; "my window is only waiting for the glazing."
Mackay, however, observing, at an opportune moment, that a squarish rock was tumbling from

the end of the brush into a lonely part of the margin, insisted that the whole picture was a paraphrase of the fire at Caldwell's, and that a bit of the cornice had just fallen into the gutter. "No, no," said Craig, "that is the ocean, not a

gutter, and the brown thing is a rock in the craile of the deep."

This theory gave general satisfaction. The painting rapidly grew beneath the eye; every second gave it consistency and meaning; a dark, sea-laved promontory, glossy with seaweed, seemed to support the ruined wall of a castle, which it lifted shield-like against the flaming sun It was one of Moran's rapid, melodramatic, narrative pieces of effect. What was strange, the bold black relief of the foreground had a harmonizing effect on the flagrant sky-it tamed it, threw it back into subjection, and gave it a

breadth and hale it had lacked before. -It looks surprisingly mellow now, we observed, to the grave, silent and archepiscopal Bishop, when the younger men had gone, and the sudden creation of the painter's fancy remained lone upon the easel. The comedians had vanished together, without much noise, as the sun was sinking, as if the gathering veils of twilight, in the remote and lofty studio, were oppressive to their merry and glancing existence. The talent that can beat its gauzy wings through the caprices of "Twelfth Night" ought, you would think, to shrivel and die in the dusk; it would seem an existence of either the noon-light or the footlights. "It will look mellower through the bottom of this glass," replied the musician. He was filling

a wineglass with a cloudy white wine. "This is my own '68," explained the singer. "It is from my vineyard on the Brandywine; it can build a castle in Spain faster than even our friend

Moran." The still, filmy wine passed from under the hard of the musician into our veins and hearts Twilight was dying in the warm and quiet room all tapestried with maritime sketches and fancies In the centre, instead of a light, the dream-castle hung sgainst the painted heavens. The mosses

they were the hasty creation of an artist's faucy, dipping their unreal shadows into a painted ocean where the blank cloth had been an hour or two before. The brush of a sleeve would melt them into embryos again.

By a sudden inspiration, the artist who had hitherto seemed so superior in his quiet self-communing, had come out with a draught of his pet beverage to baptize the picture. The glasses clinked, and the castle was named Otranto.

Then, passing to the open piano, Bishop gave with the deepest feeling and purest intonation, Moore's "Songs of the Olden Time." Is there anything more touching, more impres-

sive, than a fine tenor at the time when it begins to age a little,—the time when refinement and self-possession, rather than weakness, have be gun to discipline its energy, and temper its fire? The tenor who has been the darling of the stage who has divided the bouquets with with the coprano, acquires in his riper years another sor of empire, and bathes the heart with tears where he used to command the applauding voices of the parquet.

The accompaniment bubbled like a fountain from his soft white fingers. The voice that traced the melody of Moore was pure, low, thrilled with meaning, full of the essence of song Rich and suave, it floated over the just-developed painting, as if it could cement and harmonize those still-liquid stones and floating banks into some actuality of poetry and imagination. It seemed to give to the cold edifice of paint some new breath, to bathe it with the final afflatus, and lift it from among the accessories of the studio into the more precious reality of dreams.

When we see the painting again we will report if the effect has been permanent.

AUTUSEMENTS.

Edmund Yates's comedy, Tame Cats, will be produced this evening at the Arch Street Theatre. Mr. Yates is well known to readers as one of the most successful and popular novellists of the day. His ventures in dramatic literature have been few, but his ability is quite equal to the production of a first rate play. We give below a brief synepsis of the plot. We may premise that the phrase "Tame Gate" is a cant term applied to people who sponge upon their friends, and abuse their hospitality by meddling with their affairs and making mischles in their families. English society has more such people than we have.

Mr Waverbam, (Mr. Everly) a young married man in busines in the city of London, has, some years betere, come into the possession of a comfortable property and a charming country residence by the law of next of kin, his uncle, the legatee of an eccentric old maiden sunt, having perished in the wilds of Australia. Being of a hospitable temper and generous disposition, he has attracted around him a set of parasites (the Tame Cate of the play) who, not content with living in unxury from his bounty, are endeavoring to destroy his domestic peace, and for their own benefit tempt him into ruinous speculations. Through the machinations of these creatures Waverham is made to believe that his wife (Miss Price) is unfaitful to him, and that Charles Hampton (Mr James) a fine young fellow who is in love with his (Waverham's) ward. Annie Temple (h r. Creece) is the villain who robbed him of his happiness and of his honor. Irritated by losses in business, principally caused by Mortimer Wedgewood, whem he thinks his friend, and his supposed domestic troubles, Waverham upbraids his wife with his ruin, and is on the point of abandoning her fraver, when he finds that Wedgewood, to whom he turns for help, is a villain. He then diccover that Mr. Tweedle (Mr. Hemple), an old gentleman he had been entertaining for some time at his house, is his uncle who was reported by his uncle who refuses to take back the property and only asks

nirst-late opixion of nimeen; and Ellis (Miss Davenport), a lady's maid.

The evening's entertainment will conclude with Mr. Craig's Barbe Bleue. We perceive that Twelfth Night is announced for a matinée performance on Saturday, and that Much Ado About Nothing is promised in the early future. This looks well for that revival of popular interest in the best class of dramatic literature for which the respectable and decent press have striven to lorg.

to lorg.

-At the Walnut, this evening, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams begin an engagement, which will, of course, be successful. The play for the opening night will be The Fatry Circle; or Con O'Carolan's Dream. This will be followed by The Customs of the Country. The Williamses have in rehearsal at the Walnut a play by John Brougham, entitled The Emerald Ring. This orams had immense success in New York, running one hundred and seventy-seven nights,

-The American announces several attractions, smong them Gurr, the amphibious man.

smoog them Gurr, the amphibious man.

-The Galton Opera Company will appear at the Chestout this evening in the operetta "66" To-morrow night The Marriags by Lanterns. On Wednesday the Chinese burlesque Ching-Chow-Hi. It is rumored that Miss Susan Galion intends to produce Faust shortly. We hope it will not be attempted, for while Miss Susan would doubtless make a very charming "Margnerite," the members of her company would be certain to fail in the other parts lamentably and ludictously. We have had the opera so well song and well acted here by first rate artists, that Mr. White as "Mephistopheles." Mr. Whiffin as "Faust," and Mr. Dunn as "Valentine," wou'd be simply unendarable. Miss Galton must either stick to burlesque, or organize a new company.

ize a new company. . —Mr. James E. Murdoch, the tragedian, will give select readings from popular and classical authors at the Academy of Music this evening, under the aus-tices of the Mercantile Library Company.

The second grand concert of the Philharmoni Society will be given on Saturday evening next, at the Academy of Music. Mr. Carl Wolfrehn, Mr. Rudolph Hennig, and other artists will appear, together with monster orchestra under the direction of Prof. W. G Dietrich. The following programme has been prepared:
Scotch Symphony (A Minor, op. 56),
Grand Orchestra
Overture—"Der Freischutz," Grand Orchestre

Overture—"Der Freischutz," Grand Orchestra. Von Webst
Concerto—Plano (E Flat Major). Beethoven
Mr. Carl Wolfsehn—Orchestral Accomp niment.
Concerto Violoncello (A Minor). Goitermann
Mr. Rudolph Hennig—Orchestral Accompaniment.
Overture—"Franca Juges". Berlioz
A preliminary public rehearsal will be given in Horcicultural Hall, on Friday afternoon, at 3% Octook.
Tickets can be procured at the office of the Society,
No. 1162 Chestnut street, and at the principal music
stores.

—The Sentz-Hassler matinee of Saturday was immensely crowded, and the orchestral part of the performance was good. The Mozart symphony in G minor was much enjoyed. Messrs Sentz and Hassformance was good. The Mozart symphony in G minor was much enjoyed. Messrs Sentz and Hassler, however, are presuming on their popularity and the good nature of their audience in introducing half-taught or ill-taught singers and solo-p'ayers at their concerts; and notwithstanding a palpable chaquewas present on Saturday to appland these, the dissutisfaction of the more intelligent portion of the audience was plainly expressed. Next Saturday to Japher symphony is to be produced, and other great works are in preparation for future concerts.

On Wednesday afternoon next, at Horticultural Hall, the regular mathée of the Germania Orchestra will be given with the following attractive programme:

The auditors' chairs are made of laurel wood; the scat is twenty three inches wide and measurity cushioned, and the either can tilt himself backward or forward as he likes, by means of a movable back. Under each seat is a receptace being summarily converted into a spittoon or a

PACTS AND FANCIES.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

-Tame Cate will be found very properly under the head of a-mews-ments.

The King of Saxony is at work on a poetless translation of "Hamlet." — Tame Cats was made perfect in rehearsal at the Arch by patience and pussy-verance.

Three Boston philosophers were observed bathing in the Charles river last week. -Yutes's Tame Cats will be given litter-ally at the Arch to-night. —The growing wheat crop in Virginia is said to precent a luxurious appearance.

-When the play is over at the Arch to-night, the audience will 'scat! ter. —In order to produce Tame Cats properly, every member of the company must be talou-ted.

-Tame Cats ought to be a purr-manent suc--If the Tame Cats get their backs up, it will be an Arch-treat affair.

—The Arch Street Tame Cals represent, we suppose, the mews of comedy. -Yates is a story writer, and Tame Case consine the substance of several tails.

-Lotta, Mr. F. S. Chautrau, Josie Orton and two versions of Barbe Bleue, are the present attractions at New Orleans theatres.

-With Tame Cats at the Arch Street, Mr. Hemphill ought to run an opposition and get up a cat-er-Waul-nut street. —The dog tax in Massachusetts is productive. In Hampden county it yields \$5,000 more than the damage the dogs do the sheep.

-Dodworth might also give us an orchestral errangement of "Old Aun-T-abby at Tame Cats to-night.

—As an accompaniment to Tame Cats to-night, night we not suggest to Mr. Dodworth the air, 'Hast thou no feline'?'

—During the performance at the Arch to-night it would be appropriate if Mr. Craig would sing —The Lancaster Express steals from this paper an article entitled Wilkins on Velocipedes, without crediting it to the Bullerin, or giving

the author's name. The cause of Weston's being behind is said to be the necessity of stopping to rub his ears these frosty mornings. The extent of surface to

be gone over consumes a great deal of time.

—Charles Astor Bristed and William Young are engaged in translating Victor Hugo's new novel, "By Order of the King," which will appear in the new weekly paper to be published by the Appletons. Appletons. -At a medical examination a young aspirant

or a physician's diploma was asked, "When for a physician's diploma was asked, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you propose and are rejected," was the reply that greeted the amazed questioner.

The proposed Congressional excursion of last fall is announced to take place next spring. The object is to show the vast country watered by the Ohio and the Mississippi, and the necessity for leves—and other improvements.

That old Lamartine, despite his weakness, is still normar in Paris is proved by the fact that atill popular in Parie, is proved by the fact that during the first four days after his return to his villa in Passy, upward of fifteen hundred persons

left their cards at his house.

The proprietor of a traveling menageric in North Prussia could not take enough money to feed his animals and was obliged to kill them merely for the skins. Natural history must surely be at a discount in those regions. The Moniteur d'Algerie states that on the morning of the 4th of January, All-ben-Koulder, condemned to death in October last for having murdered and eaten six persons in less than a month, was put to death by shooting, in the plain near Blidah.

- No posthumous novel by Engène Sue has been discovered. Several little sketches, written when the afterwards famous novelist was nineteen years of age, were found, and an unscrupulous publisher tried to force a sale by giving them an importance which their merits did not

-Robert Mitchell, the son of an American, and for some time past assistant editor of the Paris Constitutionnel, has been diamissed from the staff of that paper, in consequence of a scandalous transaction at the Imperial Club where he and some of his friends are said to have cheated a Russian in a game of cards for very high stakes. - Miss Kellogg, it seems, has not a vory high appreciation of Cleveland musical talent. The Plaindealer says that while the audience was tiring itself out in an excessive encore, she exclaimed in the dressing-room: "Whatshall I sing; oness I'll give 'em 'Sweet Home: they can't ap-

guess I'il give 'em 'Sweet Home;' they can't appreciate anything higher." --President White, of the Cornell University.

N. Y., is a small man and very youthful in appearance. While riding out the other day, with a student of the University, the cutter broke down, and two passing countrymen came to his aid. Having put things into some order, one of the men said to his student, "Let the other boy hitch up!" meaning the little President.

"Sounwhiteing" is not of the institute of the control of th

hitch up!" meaning the little President.

—"Squaw-kissing" is one of the institutions of New Year's day about Fort Benton. The Indian and half-breed women go about and insist upon kissing every one of the opposite sex whom they meet. Biding from the keen-scented squaws is impossible, and the readlest way of getting through the ceremony is to take it manfully. The custom was introduced by the early French. The custom was introduced by the early French settlers. -The Turkish ladies at Constantinople are

The Tarkish ladies at Constantinopie are becoming more and more civilized in their dress. Although they still wear the uncouth, shapeless outer closk and close white veil when in the street, they have the European dress often under the cloak, and make the veil of such thin and transparent gauze as to show to the utmost advantage the features they pretend to conceal. vantage the features they pretend to conceal.

—Ratazzi is getting very impatient at Victor Emmanuel's delay in placing him again at the head of his Cabinet. In a conversation which he recently had with a French journalist, he boddly replied to a question regarding the King's policy on a certain point, "Bah! His Majesty has no policy at all; he cares nothing for politics, and is more anxious for a smile from the Countoss Mirafiori (his morganatic wife) than for the destinies of Italy." Ratazzi, however, added immediately: "Roslin! (the Countoss Minafiori) is a good woman, though; and I do not blame the King so much that he likes her so well." Ratazzi's own wife has written a new novel, entitled "If I were Queen!" This title has given rise to a great many witticisms at the expense of that eccentric lady. An illustrated humerous paper even publishes an engraving representing Madame Ratazzi with a crown on her head, and surrounded by a crowd of male odal-intents.

head, and surrounded by a crowd of male odaliques, to one of whom she throws her handker-chief. The caricature is headed with the words, "It I were Queen!" Madame Ratazzi is going to sue the publisher of the paper for this impertinent joke.

inent joke.

The "captive missionary," Mr. Stern, a converted Jew, who was kept so long in captivity in Abyssinia, tells the story in a volume of four hundred pages. At one interview Theodore shouted to his people to kill Mr. Stern. "In the twinkle of an eye," he says, "I was stripped, on the ground, and insensible. Stunned, unconscious and almost lifeless, with the blood oozing out of scores of gashes, I was drugged into the camp, not as my guards were commanded, to bird me in fetters, but as they thought—and I heard it from their lips—to bury me." The constant mixture of missionary phraseology with ordinary secular terms has some times a curious effect. Thus the headings of one of the chapters run in this wise: "My Baggage Ransacked—Redeeming Love an Unfailing Comfort—Joseph's Forebodings—Fidelity of Servants—Thrilling News—Bright Anticipation—Misplaced Confidence—Vain Conjectures—Seizure of my Property—Photographic Lore—Brutality of my Juliers—Crippling Fotters—An Ever-present Saviour—Frugal Diel." Vallers—Crippling Fetters—An Ever-present Saviour—Frugal Diet."