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THE EVENING BULLETIN. AT THE NEW BULLETIN BUILDING, 607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,

EVENING BULLETIN ASSOCIATION. GIBSON PEACOCK TROPRIETORS, CASPER SOUDER, JR. F. L. FETHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIAMSON, FRANCIS WELLS.

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MEDDING INVITATIONS ENpreved in the newest and best manner. LOUIS
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street.

MARRIED. HAMILTON-MATLACK.—On the 10th inst., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D., Dr. William C. Hamilton and Miss Emma B. Matlack.

DIED.

BUZBY.—On the evening of the 16th inst., Mary, wifo of Albert G. Buzby, age! 24 years.

The funeral services will take place at the residence of her husband, 1007 Summer street, on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock P. M.

CLARK.—At West Chester, Pa., on the 16th instant, Lambert Clark, in the 72d year of his age.

The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, No. 50 West Gay street, on Wednesday, 19th inst., at 10 o'clock. Services at the Presbyterian Church.

HOOD.—On the 18th inst., after a short illness, George Hood, in the 57th year of his age.

The relatives and male friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, 1029 Ellsworth street, on Thursday, 20th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M. 55 Lincoln, in the 57th year of his age.

Tharelatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 228 Callowhill street, on Thursday morning, 20th instant, at 11 o'clock.

LLOYD.—On the 14th of Fifth month, after a short illness, Elizabeth, widow of Isaac Lloyd, of this city, aged 57 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully

Payears.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, from her late residence, No. 365 Union street, on Fifth-day afternoon, 20th instat 2 o'clock. Interment at Vriends' Western Ground. **
NAGLEE.—In this city, May 18th, Marie Antoinetto Ringgold, wife of Gen. Henry M. Naglee, of California. Notice will be given of the funeral in the morning papers.

DARK LAWNS AND LIGHT ORGAN-

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC MRS. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE "AS-YOU LIKE IT"

For the Benefit of the MERCANTILE LIBRARY COMPANY. WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 26th, at 8 o'clock.

TWO DOLLAMS.
the Sale of Tickets and Reserved Seats will commenc trumpler's Music Store,226 Chestnut street, on Thure, the 20th inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M. my18-tl 26 rp

NOTICE—THE ANNUAL MEET Paring of the Stockholders of the GERMANTOW Will be held a fice of the Company, corner Sixth and Diamon-fice of the Company, corner Sixth and Diamon-fice, on WeDNESDAY, June 21, 1899, at 4 o'clock Paring which time and place an election will be held for Triagurer and five (5) Managers (one of whom shall be President), to serve for the ensuing year.

MylS-tu the 7t. Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 18, 1889. The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Philadelphia and Boston Mining Company (of Michigan will be hid at their office, No. 423 Walnut street, of FRIPAY, the 4th day of June, at 12 o'clock, for the election of Directors and the transaction of other business myl8 tu th a tje4]

J. S. McMULLIN, Secretary. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.—THE
Stated Monthly Meeting of the Institute will be
heid on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 19th inst., at 8
o'clock. Members and others having new inventions or
specimens of manufactures to exhibit will please sen
them to the Hall. No. 16 South Seventh street, before
o clock P. M. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE:-THE

o clock P. M.
A paper on the "Theory and Practice of Slido Valves,"
will be read by Thomas Adams, Esq., Civ. Eng.
Amendments to the By-Laws of the Institute will be
acted on.
myl8 2t

Actuary. My 18 21

Actuary.

HOME FOR DESTITUTE COLORED CHILDREN.—Annual meeting of the Corporation will be held at the Home, Maylandville, on
Second-day afternoon, 5th mo. 31st, 1899, at 4 o'clock.
An election for officers, managers and trustees to be held.
ISRAEL H. JOHNSON.

My 18, 22, 24, 298

Secretary of Trustees.

my 18, 22, 24, 298 Secretary of Trustees,

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
COMPANY, TREASURER SDEPARTMENT.
PHILADELPHIA, May 156, 1889.
NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—The books are now open for subscription and payment of the new stock of this Company.

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and 1620 Lombard street, Dispensary Department.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Dedication. BY EDWIN ROSSITER JOHNSON.

If that indeed were fact which seems A pleasant universal fiction, That's daily born of youthful dreams, Nor dies of daily contradiction—

That every mortal has a mate,
And counterparts go blindly groping,
To find, perchance, through fogs of fate,
The end of all their weary hoping—

I'd say: Whatever I have done To manhood's earnest work befitting, Be consecrate to her alone Who waits for me, though all unwitting;

Who puts the signs of pain away, Lest grief too soon her cheek should fur-

row; Who beats temptation back to-day, That I may see some glad to-morrow; Who dare not pluck a flower that grows
Beyond the path God spreads before her,
Nor ever think of passing those
That bloom beside it to adore her;

Who strives to add a cubit yet By faith unto her moral stature— Dear soul !—lest I should feel regret At finding less than mine her nature;

Whose hands train many a trailing yine That mine had rudely left to perish, And all its tendrils defly twine

In folds that failing years shall cherish; Whose steps will mark life's tune alway,
Though mine have stumbled, failed and
blundered.
Whose spirit walks with mine to-day,

However far our feet are sundered.

—Lippincott's Magazine for June.

AMUSEM ENTS.

IRISH DRAMA AT THE WALNUT. —Mr. Henry Watkins and Mrs. Rose Watkins, two now aspirants for public favor, appeared at the Walnut Street Theatre in an original drama entitled Trodden down, or Under Ties Flass. The play is a good one of its kind. Some fault might, perhaps, be found with the its kind. Some fault might, perhaps, be found with the kind; but it is quite impossible to deny that the class of cramas to which it belongs is very popular with large numbers of theatre goers. The foundation is primitive Feulanism, as it existed in 98. The party who is "trodden down" is an Irish rebel who is pursued in the regular, old inshioned style by the merciless myrmidons of libitish tevanity. He exchaps the heatig and depresent British tyranny. He escapes in a heroic and dangerous tashion, sails for America, returns, is recognized, im-prisoned; but saved from death by his American citizenship. During the play this Hibernian hero atters a vast number of patriotic continents expressive of the Irish love of liberty, the Irish prowess in war's magnificently stern array, the superlative excellence of Ireland as welling place and the perfect willingness of every Celt to die for the honor of his native land. There is an undercurrent of a plot, in which two aristocrats, one of them's villain, of course, intrigue for the possession of a fair lady's hand. The story is not boldly original, but it is exceedingly interesting and it is told very eleverly of The language is good, and the dramatist
—Mr. Warkins—has displayed admirable skill in hand-ling his material, for the play proceeds, easily and naturally, and the very striking climaxes are reached with out violence to the sense. The play may, we think, take very high rank among dramas written upon the same theme. Mr. Watkins is an excellent actor in the patriot frish-line of parts. He displayed a good deal of comic latent, and some tragic power hi the scatimental and pa-thetic passages. Mrs. Watkins is equally good, and her attractiveness is heightened by her management of a dreferate contralto voice. She sang a number of very beautiful Irish songs expressively and well. In view of no reason why these two persons should not win popularity and wealth. Mr. Watkins is a better actor than Barney Williams, who presents the same Irishman at all times, in tragedy and farce, and Mrs. Watkins has a much finer voice than Mrs .- Williams. Toodden Dow will be repeated this evening. ENGLISH OPERA.

-Kreutzer's Grand Opera. A Nisht in Grenada, was presented for the first time in English in this city, at the Academy of Music, last evening, by the Richings Opera Company. The performance was satisfactory. Miss Edith Abell appeared as "Gabrielle," and sang the somewhat difficult music in a creditable manner. It is pleasing to be able to compliment this young lady upon her rapid improvement as a lyric artist. Her voice has gained in strength and flexibility since her last engagement in this city, and the begins to display considerable histrionic power. The personation last night was one of the best given by her during the present season. Mr. Campbel appeared as "The Hunter." and sang splendidly. Mr. Bernard sustained the part of "Gomez" cleverly, while Mr. H. Peakes, Mr. Arnold and Mr. Seguin appeared respectively as "Ambrosio," "Pedro" and "Vasco." This evening Il Trovatore will be given. On Wednesday, Mr. Zimmerman, the popular business manager of the con pany, will have a benefit in Faust. Mr. Zimmerman is a very worthy gentleman who deserves the compliment and profit of a full house, and as the performance promies to be worthy of the splendid music of the opera, we hope he may not be disappointed.

-At the Theatre Comique this evening, Miss Susar Galton will appear in the comic opera Punchinello. The company at this theatre has been improved by the addition of several excellent artists. On Friday night Mr. Thos. Whiffin will have a benefit, when the Ching-Chore-Hi and Jeanette's Wedding will be per

—At Concert Hall this evening, Dr. James McClintock will deliver the second of his course of Physiological lectures, etc. -At the Arch, last evening, Rosedale was played in

splendid style to a crowded house. The compliment to Mr. Barton Hill must have been as gratifying to him as the comfortable balance in the box office. Rosedale will or repeated this evening.

Ou Thursday night Mr. L. L. James, of the Arch

Street Theatre company, will have a benefit, when Rob-ertson's charming play of Caste will be produced in splen-did style. Mr. James is a good actor, and he ought to have a crowded house. -Mr. Robert Craig, of the Arch Street Theatre, ha prepared an attractive bill for his benefit, on Friday

evening next. He will produce an original burlesque, entitled Le Gladiateur, in which he will imitate Mr. Forrest. He will play "Toodles," and appear in two other pieces: The Spitier and The Pretty Horsebreaker. —Mrs. Frank Mordaunt, an excellent actress, will have a complimentary benefit in the Academy of Music, on Saturday afternoon, the 29th instant. The Arch Street Company will appear, and there will be a number of othe artists besides. An excellent programme is being pro

-J. B. Lent's New York Circus will be open every at ternoon and evening this week with a first-class performance by the excellent company. This will be last week, and the only opportunity to enjoy this really good entertainment.

-The Chestnut Street Rink, at Twenty-third and Chestnut streets, will be opened this evening for veloci-pede riding for experts, and, for those who wish to mas--The annual exhibition of paintings is now open in

the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. —A miscellaneous performance of an attractive charac-ter is announced for this evening at the American Theatre. There will be ballet dancing by accomplished artists, Ethiopian delineations, and a multitude of things not to be found at any other place of amusement. —The Elise Holt English Burlesque Company will appear at the Chestnut again this evening in the burlesque Lucretia Borgia, La Grande Doctresse. It is announce

that a new extravaganza will be produced shortly.

-A lady of rural aspect entered a shop in —A lady of rural aspect entered a shop in Eric, Pa., the other day, and asked to see some "mournin' stuft." The clerk, thinking to expedite the sale, inquired in what manner the deceased was related to her. "Why," she replied, "fact is, there ain't nobody dead as I knows on, but the doctor says my old man can't live more'n a week or so at furthest, an' bein' as 'twas market day, and I was in town, I thought I had better be gettin' the funeral fixins, and make 'em up, 'cause it's a real bother to get 'em made when there's dead folks in the house, an' I hate to borrow." house, an' I hate to borrow."

PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, MAY 18, 1869.

view of Rome from the Capitol. The Statues Below. The Palace of the (wsars. Excursion to Frascati. Albano to Gensano---The Ancient Aqueducts--Back to Rome...An Excursion to Tivoli -The Falls, Grottoes, &c .--- Mozier's "Allegro"....Mme. Jerichau.

LETTER FROM ROME.

(Correspondence of the Phila, Evening Bulletin, I Rome, Piazza di Spagna, April 27, 1869.-'Now, like Hippolyte Flandrin, we shall have time to talk, face to face, with Raphael and Phidias," I said, last Monday morning.

Society goes away, but still Rome runs on the fountains pour out their sparkling floods; the galleries and libraries stand with open hospitable doors; the grand old Ruins and beautiful Campagna grow greener

Most lazily making pictures maware, The true Italian fashion;"

and time is more closely occupied even than in the winter, when gay, prosperous Americans make our nights pass merrily with their ravishing dinner parties and brilliant re-

On Monday I went to the Capitol, mounted up to the tower, with map in hand, and in one hour knew more of Rome and its surroundings, both far and near, than I could have learned from months of walking and driving. The panorama is very fine. The eye ranges from Monte Cavo, the highest point at the southeast, along the Alban hills, across the Plains of Hannibal, over the Sabine mountains, to the extreme northeast, where classical Soracte stands, between the Sabine and old Etruscan lands. Then comes the volcanic group around Lake Bracciano, and a wooded peak of the Appenines, with the valley of the

After this is taken in, the various points of the City and its Seven Hills attract attention: and one of the most striking, to my eyes, is the grand Pauline Fountain on the Janiculum. The rich flow of the water that comes from Lake Bracciano through the Acqua Paolo can be seen plainly from the Capitol tower, pouring down through the niches made by the six red granite Ionic columns of the fagade-a congregation of mountain minstrels forever issuing forth from that temple front, who go on to Rome as Plautus did, and first gladden the eyes with their fresh dancing beauty, then turn diligently to the city flour mills to earn the daily bread.

After this survey of the City of the Cresars and the City of the Popes, I took a passing glance at the statues before I left the Capitol. I cannot talk long with Raphael and Phidias; my food of that kind must be taken in small mouthfuls; so no hope of a catologue, in this passing notice, of the Capitoline Museum. As I passed through the Court, I looked a few moments on the fragments of statues lying about-of the Colossus who has left his feet, his fingers, and his head there-at the dark marble Kings that seem as if they had wandered away from Vathek's Hall of Eblis; went on up the stairs to the dying Gladiator, the Praxiteles Faun, and a few other untiring lavorites-the Venus of the Capitol, the greatest one of all; then said 1 had had enough and as a "dolce" to the substantial, I finished the day by taking a ramble through the Palace of the Cæsars-Orti Farnesiani. I loitered through the walks, plucked flowers, mounted up to the northeast extremity of the garden! where I found a party listening to a gentleman -a friend of mine-who was telling the names and histories of every point, distant and close at hand. I fell into the audience for a little while, then dropped out and took up my idling, and my companion and I said how nice it would be to spend a day at these gardens with a dinner hamper, and the power to pick up and throw down at will this torturing, fascinating web of memory and imagination, history and ruins, speculations and theories, without mindng anyone's dictum, and with all the broad margin accorded to illogical, unreasoning vomen. To tell the truth, I was unfit for any teady work or thinking. The Pope's fetes had been so exhausting in every way, that I was in bad humor not only with the dying-out rockets of society, but with books and galleries. One of our party was worn down with hard work in the studio; three months' labor from "seven to seven" made him "babble of green fields" and tudies from nature for foregrounds; and the third one, who thinks for all, and makes all things comfortable for brain-workers-our sine qua mon-proposed a three days' idling; not to stay away from home, but to go every day to some new point, and return at night to our own comfortable rooms and home rest. So Tuesday morning, bright and early, the carriage was stocked with everything that could be needed for our comfort, even to the "Sine Qua Non's" pretty little Maltese dog, which is as white as a snow-flake. We drove down through the crowded streets that run at the bases of the Pincian, Vimina! and Quirinal, past the Coliseum, to the northeast boundary of the Cælian, and out of St. John of Lateran gate. Our first stopping place was the Osteria del Pigno, where we took breakfast; then decided on Frascati, and had a delicious drive over the Campagna to that

own on the Tusculum hills. How often the Campagna has been de scribed, praised, abused and painted! And yet so inexhaustible are its attractions that i seems ever new. Its green undulations; the picturesque shepherds; the herds of goats and cattle with long horns, standing on the brows of the little eminences, sharp and clear as if hiseled; the old farm houses with their Midlle Age towers, the tombs turned into shepherd's huts; the

"Tiber winding dim And the long stretch of ancient aqueducts Striding like caravans," the green hills and slopes; the superb frame work of mountains, and the vaporous, indis tinct band of the sea, make it for me one of the

most ravishing spots in the world. At Frascati we dined in a queer little os teria, outside the gates of the town. Our servant opened the carriage-hamper and dis played sundry good things in the shape of cold chicken, canned oysters, sandwiches and fresh tarts, and cakes from Nazzari; the osteria man gave us a preface in the shape of delicious macaroni, and we had a merry meal.

After dinner we visited the town, Cardinal Pentini's old palace and quaint gardens, and the Cathedral, where we talked over the mural monument that a predecessor of Cardinal Pentini in the diocese had erected to his brother. This predecessor was no less a person than Cardinal York, and the brother was

Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender. Then we went back to the carriage and returned to Rome, promising ourselves Tuscu lum and the Villas on another day.

The next morning, at 5 o'clock, our man went to the Portico of Octavia and bought a fine fresh shad, which we took out to Tavolotto, on the Campagna, to be broiled for our breakfast. Any artist who lived in Rome some years back will remember Tavolotto, and Guiseppe, the model, who used to keep it. Guiseppe is gone, but the osteria is still there. It is a solitary place, clean, but bare. There are nice eating rooms up in a second floor, with windows looking all over the Campagna; and a thatched shed, with tables, its back turned to the roadside, and the view of the grand old aqueducts in front. This shed we chose for our breakfast-room. While our man, Vincenzo, broiled the shad, we clambered down and up the ravine back of the osteria, and walked over to the detached groups of the Claudian Aqueducts, which stand on the hill in solemn. mysterious beauty, draped with clambering vines. We stood under their broad shadows looked at the huge stones, and I noticed with some little surprise the great size of these aqueducts, which never shows until youstand under them and see their majesty and grandeur. The vast archways made gigantic frames for a sky and a distance that only God can create. Buttercups—a wilderness of flowers bloomed around our feet, and all those small woodland blossoms

"Of fairy gardens planted in the night And nurtured by the moon."

I was aroused from my poetic bewilderment y a summons to breakfast and shad, and was ather rudely jostled into the present by the attack of two fierce shepherd dogs; one Cerberus stood in the bottom of the ravine, the other on its summit; of course, feminine shricks and hoarse shepherd's calls filled the air with discordant sounds, while "Sine Qua Non" stood on the safe side of the ravine, hugging her Maltese mite, and nearly losing all

consciousness of my difficulties in the selfish certainty that her little beast was spared that one strife, at least, of doggish experience. But in a few moments I was released, and the delicious broiled shad quite restored the equilibrium of my nerves.

The plan of the day was to drive straight through Albano to Gensano, where we were to dine. Between Albano and Ariccia is a deep gorge and this is spanned by a superb bridge, or viaduct, built by the present Pope. Its gigantic stone arcades stride boldly over the deep ravine; it is considered one of the most remarkable works of modern times, and the view from the approach to it is very fine. The bottom of the gorge lies two hundred feet below, and through it passes the old road to Naples. Around us spread the rich undulating Campagna; its tender spring green was made almost liquid by the trans-parency of the air and the brilliancy of the sun's rays. It seems impossible to be lieve that this lovely stretch of land can be filled with mal'aria, it is so luxuriant and full of life. Here and there could be seen the grave, dark outline of aqueducts, in the distance, like a long train of cars on a railway; tombs, farmhouse towers, groves of trees, fields of young grain, whose various shades of green melted into each other, and long stretches of verdure reached out to the vapory mountains and the dazzling boundary of the sea. The bright cupola of the sky hung over all, and the lark soared up into its warm heights and poured out a song of rapture.

At Gensano we dined; then walked to Lake Nemi, "Diana's Mirror," as the ancients called it. There it lay-the beautiful little crystal surface-in its crater basin, as pretty and tranquil as a lady's dressing-glass that reflects nothing but laces and satins, jewels and sweet young faces. We looked in at a Capuchin church; walked up a straight, steep road bordered by a thick laurel hedge, in which were cut window-like openings looking out on the Campagna, to a hill called Monte Palco, where we found a still more beautiful version of the Campagna—mountains and sea, villages, grain fields and aqueducts; the rich warm air and the lark song. Then we returned to Gensano and the carriage, and drove back to Rome. The sun set and the night came on before we reached the city walls; but the moon, being near its full, gave us another beauty: As we drew near the city, the fine fagade of St. John of Lateran looked grander even than it does in

the daylight. The position is the finest in Rome. It is always a little solitary, and at the night hour we approached it, the solemn stillness of the roads and piazza added to its grandeur. The assemblage of statues standing on the roof stood sharply cut against the clear moon-lighted sky. The high columns of the façade, the deep shadows in the niches and balconies of the atrium, and the solid mass of buildings behind this noble front-the Church, the old Basilica Museum and Baptistery-gave it an imposing appearance that was both majestic and triumphal.

The next day we went to Tivoli. Our 11 o'clock breakfast was at Hadrian's Villa, up in the Nymphæum; a man was despatched to Tivoli on horseback to order trout for dinner; and after our morning meal, we walked leisurely over the wonderful ruins, talked of imaginary poems and marvellous romances, such as can never be written and lived—two hours of exquisite existence. After that our carriage carried us up a beautiful ascending road, through olive groves, to Tivoli,

While dinner was preparing we explored the Falls. I saw grottoes of Neptune and the Sirens; cascatelles and tunnels, with bewildering currents rushing madly through them; galleries under the Falls, slippery, zig-zag roads, and rocky stairs; ceilings and arches cut by the unseen chisels of the Naiads into curious forms that suggested every architectural design, and under them dashed hither and thither thundering masses of water that seemed too busy with some vast work to know or care what humanity did with them. With all these sights to bewilder me came also a crowd of flowers, some I had known at home. and some with classic name and fame fascinating forms and ivies, and petrifactions. I could not resist them, and thus perilled my neck and tested my guide's patience more than once to gather them; so when I mounted the donkey to go to the Villa d'Este, my hands and pockets, were filled to over flowing with my spoils. Here they are, the beautiful things, now beside me; some in

vases and some planted in huge wire-baskets that sway in the rich noon-day air which flows in at our windows—recalling to me how lovely they and the fast-flitting rainbows looked on the waters and narrow rocky paths of romantic Tivoli.

At the Villa d'Este we found a sixteenthcentury chateau, with numerous terraces and fantastical waterfalls; these latter were all playing in full glory in honor of some princely visitors, the Torlonias, who passed out as we entered. There were also clipped hedges and formal vistas, but superb ilexes, cypresses and fragrant bays, and a view over the Campagna from one of the upper terraces that was ravishing. After seeing all these beauties we trotted down to the Sibyl's Temple, where we enjoyed trout and a delicious dinner; then followed the drive back through the olive grove and the moonlighted Campagna, the San Lorenzo campanile and cemetery walls, the city gate, the silent streets, and home.

So ended our three days' idling; "Sine Qua Non's" aim is reached; the brain-workers are in better condition; books and galleries have resumed their power, and the studies from nature for foregrounds have been accomplished and are now being used with fine effect. In the next letter I will give you some Roman news. Mozier, whose "Prodigal Son" I described in my last letter, has finished the model of his "Allegro," the companion to his beautiful "Penseroso." It is a charming conception of Milton's

"Goddess, fair and free, In Heaven yelep'd Euphrosyne."

A beautiful girl, standing with poised feet, one hand on the hip, the other on the cheek, holding a rich, full garland of every flower that stands as emblem of mirth and jollity. This garland will tell well in marble, for it is carefully and beautifully modelled. The face of "Euphrosyne" is "buxom, blithe and debonair," and will make a fine contrast to the "rapt soul

sculptor. This week the model is going from the life of clay into the death of plaster, to prepare for the resurrection of marble, as Thorwaldsen used to repeat after the fine saying of some

held in holy passion, and looks commercing

with the skies," of the"Penseroso" by the same

grand old ancient. Speaking of Thorwaldsen reminds me of Madame Jerichau, of whom I have spoken in a preceding letter, the famous artist-wife of Thorwaldsen's successor at Copenhagen, the Danish sculptor, Jerichau.

I have just had a letter from her. She has arrived at her Danish home, and gives a charming description of her reception, her family and friends. She says:

"Hans Christian Andersen came day before resterday, and read me four of his new stories in MSS. I told him of the kindness I had received in Rome from Americans, and how I oved your great nation." Miss Cushman has ordered one of Mme

Jerichau's finest works, the 'Danish Girls

ANNE BREWSTER.

SUMNER'S SPEECH.

Singing in Church."

The Excitement in England---It Still Increases---Very Deep Feeling Expressed.

The London correspondent of the New York

The London correspondent of the New York Tribunesays:
The irritation caused by Mr. Sumner's speech goes on increasing instead of diminishing, as I hoped it might after a little reflection. I have already described it as extending through all-classes, turning old friendship into ill-will, and uniting those who were for us and those who were against us, in one common purpose of resistance to the demands supposed to be made by Mr. Sumner. With a good deal of reluctance, and with some qualifications, I said we had few friends left, if approval or eventoleration of Mr. Sumner's speech was to be the condition of friendship. With a good deal more reluctance, but without any qualification, I say to-day that so far as I know we have not, in that sense, a single friend in Enghave not, in that sense, a single friend in Eng-land. Of course I do not mean that men long conspicuous for their sympathy with us have on a sudden become enemies, or that they re-cant anything they ever said on our side. But they dissent wholly from Mr. Sumner's statement of the American claims and griev-ances. They find fault with the tone of the speech, and the extent of his demands. In more than one particular they are misled, or some of them are, by the misrepresentations of the London papers, all of which make Mr. Sumner say some things which he clearly does not say. Comment on the speech continues daily, in the press and everywhere else, and while there is a difference in the degree

of resentment expressed in different quarters, the agreement of opinion is practically unanimous. England will fight rather than vield to the claims made or indicated in this speech. She will fight rather than even negotiate on any such basis. If Mr. Motley's instructions cover anything like the ground taken by Mr. Sumner, he will be met by a point blank refusal to consider his propoby a point blank refusal to consider his propo-sals. At this moment I doubt whether any pro-posals whatever would be listened to. If popu-lar feeling counts for anything in the Foreign office, they would be simply scouted. Of course, I don't mean that Mr. Motley is likely to be received with incivility. The most furious would greet him with politeness enough, but all parties will resist with equal resolution an attempt to enter upon any negoresolution an attempt to enter upon any nego-tiation which does not disayow, in fact if not in terms, Mr. Sumner's authority to speak for

GERMANY.

You Bismarck and You Beust---An Un-pleasant Revelation.

Von Bismarck and Von Beust.-An Unpleasant Revelation.

We have already noticed the publication in an Austrian paper of Count Bismarck's despatch to Count Goltz, dated July 20, 1866. There can be no doubt that the revelation of a document in which the Prussian Chancellor declared that King William insisted upon large amexations of German territory, and cared comparatively nothing for a Confederation, must have caused great annoyanced at Berlin. The Paris Liberte says that Count Bismarck is thoroughly exasperatee, and has demanded explanations of Count Beust. But it appears that this despatch is not all; a worse revelation is to come. The Lajenpost of Gratz says that the Austrian Chancellor has now in his possession documents dating far back beyond the war of 1866, and proving that Prussia contemplated an alliance with Italy against Austria at the time when King William met the Funderor Francis Joseph at Gastein, shook him by the hand and called him brother. How did the Austrian get these papers? It is said that the telegraph wires were "milked" to get the July despatch, but this process could not have been applied before the war, otherwise Austria would have been on her guard.

-Joe Jefferson Rip"Van Winkles"at Boston -Mrs. Scott-Siddons is playing in Washing-

CUBAN REVOLUTION.

Glorious News from the Cuban Camp Direct.

Splendid Victory of the Patriots at Las Tunas---The Spaniards Routed in Front of Trinidad --- Trinidad in the Hands of the Cubans---Telling Blows for Freedom.

TRINIDAD, April 21.—Gen. Cavada ordered part of his troops to approach Trinidad, without, however, attempting to take possession of

out, however, attempting to take possession of the place.

Citizen Villamil, with 1,600 men and eight mules, which appeared to be loaded, marched in sight of Trinidad. It was attacked at 11 o'clock A. M. by the Spanish troops, which came out from Trinidad for that purpose, but were routed. The Spaniards fied, leaving twenty dead, thirty wounded, and twenty-five Remington rifles behind. The patriots lost twenty-four men in killed and wounded, one Adjutant among the number. Villamil then received orders from Gen. Cavada to move to Palmarejo, where he arrived without finding a single Spanish soldier on the road.

On the same day, and near Trinidad, arms in great quantity were, landed, to the cries of "Long live Cuba free," and "Long live Gen. Cespedes."

Cespedes."
On the 15th Gen. Francisco Aguilera attacked a convoy four leagues from Las Tunas that was being conducted to the garrison in that town. After having lost the convoy, the retreating columns were attacked by the light cavalry and infantry of Aguilera, and before they arrived in the city they lost one-tenth of their entire force. But they rallied in Las Tunas, and, leaving 200 men to guard the city, sallied forth in quest of the patriot forces. These, more astute than their opponents, disappeared and attacked the city by the opposite side from which the Spanish troops had left, and, after a vigorous defence, forced the garrison to surrender, taking 150 prisoners—all that were left after the battle. The patriots had twenty killed in this engagement.

Aguilera immediately took possession of the city, and found some artillery, among the rest two fine field pieces, with which he armed two fortifications which were immediately erected. On his arrival he was reinforced by 250 men that the Spaniards had held there in confinement.

On the 17th the Spanish troops that had gone

confinement.
On the 17th the Spanish troops that had gone out to meet them presented themselves before the city, but were soon put to flight by the artillery of the Cubans.—N. Y. Sun.

ANOTHER BAILROAD HOMICIDE.

Serious Accident on the Eric Railway— One Man Killed and Several Injured— Reckless Conduct of an Engineer. BINGHAMTON, May 14.—Another of those episodes, which so frequently enliven the operations of the Eric Railway, occurred this morning near Belvidere Station. The Cincinnati train No. 8 arrived at Olean about 1 A.M.,

nati train No. 8 arrived at Olean about I A. M., and there received a despatch that "an oil train was off the track and smashed at Belvidere, and to lay over and wait at Friendship Station, four miles west of the accident, till it was cleared away." We remained at Friendship till 8.30 A. M., when the engineer received a despatch to "proceed cautiously to Belvidere if the track is clear." We started, and proceeded at a fearful rate—over 40 miles an hour. On turning a gentle curve 13 miles west of Belvidere we saw a freight train on the track (a single one) near Belvidere. When near the freight train the whistle blew to break up, and in less one) near Belvidere. When near the freight train the whistle blew to break up, and in less than 10 or 12 seconds there was a terrible smash up of course. The freight train proved to be an empty one standing on the track waiting for the oil train to move away. Our engine went through it like so many chicken coops, drove them into each other, and ground some of them like kindling wood. Our engine coops, drove them into each other, and ground some of them like kindling wood. Our engine was smashed; the fireman was killed when jumping. The conductor and the engineer also jumped the train. The conductor sprained his ankle, and was slightly bruised, but the engineer was seriously hurt, and had to be taken on a litter to the sleeping-car. There were others slightly bruised; one gentleman had his shoulder dislocated. Dr. Payne, of Philadelphia, together with the ladies on board, did all they could to aid and relieve the injured. The poor fireman (Gardiner) died within ten minutes, and was brought to his home at Hornellsville. There were two gentlemen on the pingine, who also jumped, and escaped with a few cuts and bruises. About 1 P. M. we got started, and were brought by the Cleveland train, which came along just after our smashup, to Hornellsville, where we got dinner and another engine. up, to Hornellsville, where we got dinner and

another engine.

These are the facts, and are patent to every These are the facts, and are patent to every one on the train. Such reckless running and outrage on the lives of travelers has seldom been equaled. Some thought the engineer under the influence of liquor, as they had seen him drink at Friendship Station. Had the freight train been loaded, our train must have gone to pieces and many lives been sacrificed. Are such things to continue?—Tribune.

THE COAL MINERS' STRIKE.

The Coolest Humbur of the Day--How to Advance the Price of Coal. [From the Mahanoy (Pa.) Gazette, May 15.]

The miners of the anthracite coal region had, as it was supposed, formed a perfect, compact union, and it was agreed among them that they would in all of the regions suspend operations for at least two weeks and longer if it should be deemed necessary. The matter was entirely in the hands of the men; the onerators had nothing to do with it, and the operators had nothing to do with it, and for the first time in the history of the trade there was a reasonable prospect that the supply would be regulated so as not to overstock the market, and the business and prices ply would be regulated so as not to overstock the market, and the business and prices kept steady. The fact of the proposed suspension was promulgated, and dealers abroad acted accordingly and laid in large stocks. Then, at the eleventh hour, the Hyde Park miners in the employ of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Company, who are members of the Miners' Luion. pany, who are members of the Miners' Union. pany, who are members of the Miners' Union, voted unanimously not to suspend. The action, to say the least, is not only unfair to their fellow workmen, but will have the effect to destroy the usefulness to the miners of the association in which they professed to feel an interest. If all the regions still go on working, this action will result disastrously to the Hyde Park miners; for the market will become chiffied with coal, and they will have to submit rlifted with coal, and they will have to submit gliffed with coal, and they will have to submit to a reduction of wages or, stop; while, if only the miners of this region suspend, the Luzerno men will be benefited at the expense of their fellow workmen of Schuylkill. In either aspect of the case we do not envy the position in which the Luzerne miners have placed them-relyes. It is mean, contemptible, dishonor-able.

Now, the whole effect of this course, unless reconsidered, and at once, will be bad on the trade for the balance or the season. It will not be long before the condition of the trade will compel the operators to stop, or reduce wages to a point which will be severely felt by the miners. In short, it will unsettle confidence, depress general business and make things in connection with the trade much worse them if the trade much worse than if a suspension had never been agreed upon.

-Bayard Taylor writes American letters for a Moscow paper. -Tomahawk says it is not the Maynooth but.

the American Grant that is likely to give England real trouble.