FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM ROME.

The Assassination at Leghorn—A Grand Flower Festa, the "Infiorata di Genzano"—The Trip from Rome to Genzano—The Perfect Carpet of Flowers in the Streets—Visit to the Cesarini Palace—Sforzas Past and Present—Arrival of the Pope at Genzano—Appearance of the Peasantry—The Return to Rome.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

ROME, ITALY, June 1.

The telegram will have already told you of the horrible assassination of the Austrian Consul at Leghorn, which has shocked everybody. It is supposed that the Consul was killed by mistake—the blow was intended for his companion, General Crenneville (who escaped with a slight wound), an old and distinguished officer of the Austrian army. General Crenneville occupied Leghorn in 1849, after the siege had been announced, and acted with great severity to the inhabitants. He had been warned of his danger the day before, and was just intending to leave, when this unhappy act was committed. It is terrible to think of a vendetta or vengeance lasting twenty years. It is said that so outrageous an act has not occurred since the murder of Count Rossi at Rome, two and twenty years ago, and the horror felt by all classes and parties for the assassination proves that it must be an exceptional thing. The Florentine Government, it is said, intend to make a common example of the murderers and accomplices.

And now for the Flower Festa, the *Infiorata di Genzano*. We started early in the morning—by half-past 6 o'clock. The sky was a little covered, and a short shower freshened up the vegetation, and the air was cool and fresh after the preceding days. Our drive was not the direct one to Genzano; my friend chose a circuitous one, that he might see some of the villas and rural roads. We went out of the Gate of San Lorenzo, in order to pass between the two parallel walls of gigantic aqueducts which form the Claudian Aqueduct; took Grotto Ferrata on our way to Marino; skirted Grottaferrolle, and reached Albano by 10 o'clock. This drive, you see, must have been very charming, as it took us through some hilly country, and the early morning hours added greatly to its loveliness.

Marino is picturesquely situated on a height above the plain, on the brow of one of the offshoots of Monte Cavo. Formerly the roads to and from the town were very narrow, steep and dangerous, but now there are fine and broad new ones. At the foot of the hill on which Marino sits so gracefully, is the old Latian valley through which runs the "Acqua Ferentina," the source of which is the fountain of the same, into which fountain, you will remember, if you are as familiar with Livy as I happen to be just now: Tarquinius Superbus had Turnus placed under iron gratings and huge stones until he was drowned. It was in this valley the old Latin tribes used to hold their meetings. It is a beautifully wooded glen, and the fine road to Castel Gandolfo leads out of it. The view of Marino, which we saw twice, and then between the leaves, as we descended the Acqua Ferentina, was bewitching. We crossed through a very fine valley between two ridges—a ravishing bit of sylvan loveliness. Some of the old trees, which had become hollow at their centres, are thrown over by the wind, half mantle and stone supports built under them. The grand old trunks rested on the columns, and leaned their branches over the sloping hillside, looking even more graceful and effective than their younger and statelier fellows.

We ascended this beautiful road, and suddenly Lake Albano burst on my sight quite unexpectedly. We stopped the horses on the lip of the crater which forms the basin of the lake, and took a survey of the supposed sites Alba Longa, the country round and the lake itself—which we found to be a crater filled with beautiful, cool, glittering water, that sparkled in the morning sun, instead of seething, burning lava.

Formerly the waters of this lake used to rise and overflow its crater edge, but those grand old earth-borrowers, the Romans, built a subterranean canal, called the Emissarium, in sight of which we afterwards passed. This means that the waters of the lake rise above the proper level under the hill to La Mola, a mile from Albano, whence the waters go to the Tiber by the stream which rises from the Emissarium. This Emissarium is a superb bit of masonry, in some places nine or ten feet high and three or four yards wide.

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and over the lake rose Monte Cavo, the highest of the Alban hills, on which once stood the famous temple of Jove, built by that same cunning old Tarquinius Superbus who played the cruel trick on Turnus, and in which the Latian assemblies of the forty-seven cities of the old Latin Confederation were held. On our right the rich, glowing Campagna reached out to the Mediterranean; the sea shone in the far-off distance like a silver frame to this wide expanse of farm, vineyards and woods. Hillocks of freshly-mown hay lay on the fields; scarlet poppies grew so thickly over their tops, that they made a flood of blood-red wine poured out on the ground; all kinds of vividly-tinted wild flowers peeped and clustered by the side of the hillside; the ferns nodded and waved about, the nightingale sang in the tree branches, and vied with the lark, who soared and drew the beautiful throbbing sky, and even the whole insect world seemed to hold high festa. Groups of peasants in various picturesque costumes passed by, for the whole country round was in grand gala dress, and I could not help repeating—

"In Alba's lake no fisher
Hoists net to catch a finny prey,
On the dark rind of Alba's oaks
The woodman's axe is silent;
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Where my life in the lake,
Through all the Alban villages
No work is done to-day."

We passed round Castel Gandolfo. The summer palace of the Pope, which is there, can be seen on all sides. The Pope went to it on Saturday, to remain until to-day. On Sunday he visited Nemi, and from thence went to Genzano, the Flower Festa, in the afternoon. We reached Albano through a charming road, shaded by ilexes, two miles long, called the "Lower Gallery."

At Albano we breakfasted and had a delicious meal,—who that Horace might well sing of—and after the solid part was removed, the gave us luscious pink strawberries, cold, fresh and fragrant, just plucked from the vines. Clergymen and their attendants occupied the tables in the dining-room, and every one was on the way to Genzano. While we were at breakfast, a Corpus Domini procession came to leave the table and go into the window balcony. The streets were finely decorated; with one-colored carpets, and painted and worked tapestries hung from the windows, and balconies of the houses. The Via Appia Nuova, which runs in a straight line through Albano, had posts placed along its full length at short distances apart, which were trimmed with fresh green branches and made to resemble bushes, and on the summit were torches for the evening illumination. The fronts of the houses were hung with various-colored lanterns, and little glass cups and tapers were arranged to form some sacred device or holy emblem. After breakfast we went into the gardens of the Villa Doria, set under the shade of the trees, listened to the nightingale, who also seemed to be having a festa concert, and talked art gossip. The leader of our little party of three has lived in Rome nearly a quarter of a century, known intimately many of "the great ones gone before—Thorwaldsen and Gibson, Greenough and Crawford—and has a store of entertaining anecdotes. After breakfast, we started off to take a stroll by the ruins of the old Pretorian camp, which, after a long search, we found, and were very rapid for our trouble. Those huge quadrilateral blocks of peperino stone, some 12 feet long, of which the walls and cellar-like arched rooms are formed, are wonderful. We found, in our walks, some door-jambs of a church, which were portions of a beautiful white marble frieze, in which the graceful acanthus leaves, echinus and decorated crockets stood out sharp and clear, showing how conscientious a skill and great taste the sculptor possessed who chiseled them centuries, yes, thousands of years ago for the place which ruded around the church door, and were taken from some heathen temple or Caesar's palace.

Then we returned to the Hotel de Rome, clambered up into the jaunty break, which we found in the courtyard, with the horses in readiness, and the embellishment, standing at the heads of the horses. The phaeton rolled swiftly to Genzano, which I have described in a preceding letter, and the three other fine viaduts which span the ravines between Laricela and Genzano.

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Down the whole length of the street extended the partly worked-up plan of floral decoration. I walked with my companions along the place, and found it about five paces closely; then ascended into the first and second floors of various houses at different points, to see the marvellous effect. From Hans Christian Andersen's and other accounts, I had imagined that the flowers were woven together in some curious way, but I found the manner very different. The ground was first dotted over with fine sifted earth, on which the designs were traced with chalk lines. These designs were of various forms. A carpet extended thirty or forty feet; one was like a medallion carpet; it had a brilliant gold-colored star in the centre on a ground of red, and earth-borrowers, the Romans, built a subterranean canal, called the Emissarium, in sight of which we afterwards passed. This canal carries all the waters that rise above the proper level under the hill to La Mola, a mile from Albano, whence the waters go to the Tiber by the stream which rises from the Emissarium. This Emissarium is a superb bit of masonry, in some places nine or ten feet high and three or four yards wide.

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SUMMER RESORTS.

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ON THE LINE OF
Philadelphia and Reading Railroad
AND BRANCHES.

Mansion House, Mt. Carbon.
Mrs. Caroline Wender, Pottsville P. O., Schuylkill co.
Mrs. M. L. Miller, Tuscarora P. O., Schuylkill county.
Mansion House.
W. F. Smith, Mahanoy City P. O., Schuylkill county.
Mansion House.
Charles Culp, Mount Carmel P. O., Northumberland co.
Mansion House.
E. A. Moss, Reading P. O.
Kalmia House.
Henry Weaver, Reading P. O.
Living Springs Hotel,
Dr. A. Smith, Wernersville P. O., Berks county.
Cold Springs Hotel, Lebanon County.
Wm. Lorch, Fine Grove P. O., Schuylkill county.
Rogersville Sanitary.
F. S. Shaffer, Royertown P. O., Berks county.
Little Springs.
Geo. F. Greider, Little P. O., Lancaster county.
Wilmata Springs.
John Fredrich, Ephrata P. O., Lancaster county.
Peak Mountain Hotel,
Davis Longaker, Freeland P. O., Montgomery county.
Prospect Top Hotel,
Dr. James Palmer, Freeland P. O., Montgomery county.
Mountain View Hotel, Mt. Holly Springs.
Jacob H. Dreisbach, Consultation P. O., Cumberland co.
Rockville House.
Theodore Howell, Shanokin, Northumberland county.
Jel-2m

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
Will open for the reception of Guests
Saturday, June 26th, 1869.
Hassler's Band, under the direction of Mr. Simon Hassler, is engaged for the season.
Persons wishing to engage Rooms will apply to
GEO. HAY, Superintendent,
Atlantic City, N. J.
Or BROWN & WEMYSS,
827 Richmond Street, Philadelphia.
Jel-3m

SURF HOUSE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
WILL BE OPEN FOR GUESTS JUNE 25, 1869.
The plan of the House may be seen and Rooms secured on application at the Office, 1027 Chestnut Street.
TERMS MODERATE.
THOMAS FARLEY, Proprietor.
Civil Genin's Parlor Orchestra has been engaged for the season.
Jel-2m

CONGRESS HALL,
CAPE MAY.
Now Open for Rooms.
Address
J. P. CAKE, Proprietor.
Hassler's Full Band. Jel4-m w s 1m

Opera House Hotel, Paterson, N. J.,
Sixteen miles from New York, on the Erie Railway.
D. M. BERRY informs the Philadelphia public that he has once more resumed the management of the above popular Hotel, in the Falls of the Passaic and the surrounding country, so beautiful for walking or driving, may allure.
jel-2m w 1m GEO. T. GRIDER, Proprietor.

LIGHT HOUSE COTTAGE,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
Conveniently located to good and safe bathing, is now open. Leave cards at S. S. JOSAH WOOTTON, Proprietor.
jel6 1m

DELAWARE HOUSE, CAPE ISLAND,
N. J., is now open for the reception of visitors.
jel7-2m JAMES MCCRAY, Proprietor.

THE BROAD TOP MOUNTAIN HOUSE
Will be opened for the reception of guests June 20th. For terms, &c., address
W. T. PEARSON, Proprietor,
jel8 1m* Broad Top City, Pa.

FURNITURE, &C.

FURNITURE.
I am selling at present, as the exact cost of production, at my Warerooms, No. 1316 Chestnut street, in quality, style and finish, ever offered in this city. My intention is to meet the views of my customers and friends, and to do good work for them.
I say doubts as to the above facts will easily be dispelled by calling at my Warerooms,
1316 CHESTNUT STREET.
JOHN M. GARDNER.
jel6 1m

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS
AND
GENTS' NOVELTIES.
J. W. SCOTT & CO.,
No. 814 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,
Four doors below Continental Hotel.
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PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT
MANUFACTORY.
Orders for these celebrated Shirts supplied promptly on
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
Of late styles in full variety.
WINCHESTER & CO.,
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ELASTIC SPONGE.
Pennsylvania Elastic Sponge Co.,
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ELASTIC SPONGE,
A SUBSTITUTE FOR CURLED HAIR FOR ALL UPHOLSTERY PURPOSES,
CHEAPER THAN HAIR, SUPERIOR TO HAIR.
The Lightest, Softest, and most Elastic and Durable material known for
MATTRESSES, PILLOWS, CARRIAGE AND CHURCH CUSHIONS.
It is warranted not to get lumpy or mat like hair, and from its elasticity it will last much longer than hair.
IT DOES NOT PACK AT ALL!
It always feels fresh (insect life is perfectly healthy and it is free from dust, &c.)
Persons using it are especially invited to examine the Cushion Chairs.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Call and Examine.
jel6 m w 1m[1]

THE NEW ELASTIC-DEXTER WASHING MACHINE—the best made. SQUIRE AINSWORTH, Agent, 507 Market street.

CHEATING FELT—TEN FRAMES of this celebrated Felt for sale by PETER WRIGHT & SONS, 112 Walnut street.

PREVENTION—CURE.

The individuals of mankind is marvelous. Men of great intelligence, in full vigor with abundant resources of country through the last summer months, without taking a single precaution against the disease, fall victims to the ninety-nine chances and drink poisoned water, liquid and solid, in the shape of ice, and die. They drink the fatal mark in the air and feast in the water. No man thinks himself in danger, but suppose one reading very, that they are surrounded by invisible enemies. These we find that whenever any of them are about to become victims, they have fewer country, all make haste to retire him to his cave that takes with him a sufficient quantity of the ZINGARI BITTERS, for example, for the time, so as to be ready to apply this article to himself.

Thousands of people annually secure their lives by taking a mere sixteen ounces with them, leaves when the fever, one ounce of strength, broken down in spirits, and in fact, in short, so that they are nothing but shadows skeleton. In the new countries of the West this has been especially the case. Now that the Southern States on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, and in the great Valley of the Mississippi have become the Northern capital, enterprise and labor, innumerable families will go thither to purchase their homes and enjoy rich harvest rewards in terrible soil. Yet many will reap harvests of sore affliction, disease and death if they fail to use the proper precaution to preserve their health.

Medical science and the experience of centuries have rendered nothing more certain than this, that the juices of herbs properly prepared are the natural defences against malarious poisons.

As a safeguard against epidemic and endemic malaise the ZINGARI BITTERS are unrivaled. Not a single case has yet been discovered that in certainty to prevent disease or efficacy in curing when once established, on in any degree compare with the GREAT ZINGARIAN BITTERS, prepared by the Indian Doctors of the great Egyptian physician.

The ingredients are familiar to Dr. Chequeu, he has used them in his practice in the Valley of the Nile, and has prepared them for many other large part of the world, fever sufferers are used, in his remarks among the form of a tonic, and the medical faculty recommend the medicinal qualities of many plants, but of all these the Zingari Bitters are the most valuable. The fame of this medicine soon crossed the Mediterranean, and the Indian Sea, and the Red Sea, and there he was almost the only remedy for malarious fevers.

A few years ago this medicine was introduced in the American market in the form of the ZINGARI BITTERS, a pleasant and an agreeable Bitter, and in the Southern States, and in the Valley of the Mississippi, it is a gentle stimulant, but not an intoxicant. No one, therefore, need hesitate to administer it to his family, for it is perfectly safe during the season when the danger is imminent.

Its medicinal as a domestic specific cannot be over estimated. It is a powerful remedy in cases of dyspepsia, hysterics, lassitude, nervous headache, and innumerable other complaints, and in fact, it is a perfect, and a sovereign remedy.

The Bitters are especially adapted to soothe and tone the stomach, and every one knows that as long as the stomach is in a healthy condition no disease can find a lodgment in the system. The digestive organs, when diseased, and in a deranged condition, are the most susceptible of food, so that the strengthening and building up of these organs is the most effective means of the body. But if food is not digested, there is no material out of which to build up a healthy tone of the system. The great value of the ZINGARI BITTERS lies just in this fact, that they do not only tone the organs but they actually correct them when deranged.

Chills and fever are the pests of many sections. In Southern climates, where whole towns have been depopulated by this insidious malady, families have been reduced to poverty and want, and the survivors have been impoverished by slow and sure effects of this disease; and the skill of the entire medical faculty has been unsuccessful in a majority, yet no one who has tried this new remedy has been disappointed in its effects, and no one who has been attacked by this disease who used ZINGARI BITTERS is in a single instance, a victim to the disease. Its mild and acknowledge the necessity for stimulants, yet no one who has used it has ever seen the effect happen therefore, the great evil is done in the attempt to cure. Many have tried to cure by stimulants, such as are sold in the public drinking saloons. These liquors, in fact, have made more victims than all malarious influence of the Southern and Western States, and the effect of these liquors, in fact, is to make the system more susceptible to the influence of the malarious poisons, which will lead to fatal results. It is unsafe to trust to stimulants, and the only safe course is to use a stimulant and tonic. There is one provided which may be administered in perfect safety, and with the most beneficial results. It is a tonic, and yet it is not a stimulant and tonic. There is one provided which may be administered in perfect safety, and with the most beneficial results. It is a tonic, and yet it is not a stimulant and tonic. The medicine