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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM ROME.

Liszt, the Pianist---Visit to his Residence ---Description of the Apartment and its Furniture---Liszt's Manners and Conversation---His Playing of a Fantasia on Themes from Chopin.

[Correspondence of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.]

ROME, ITALY, June 8.

The church of San Francesco Romana, added to its classical site, its possessions of the tombs of a holy Roman Patrician saint, and of a great Umbrian painter, Gentile da Fabriano, has another attraction, which will make it hereafter a classical spot to the musical student: A great musical poet—Liszt, the inspired rhapsodist of the piano, at the very point of perfection in that instrument—lives under the roof of the Olivetan buildings, which are at the back of the church of San Francesco Romana.

Last winter, in January, the day before Liszt left Rome for Weimar, a friend introduced me to the great musician, who courteously expressed a hope that we might meet again this spring, after his return from Weimar.

During the winter I have formed the acquaintance of a young priest, who is the intimate friend and pupil of Liszt—Don Zefirino Falcioni. This young gentleman lives with his mother and her brother, an old priest, in a charming little house on the Palatine hill. There he was born, on the very ground of the Palace of the Cæsars. His uncle—a beneficiaire of St. Maria Maggiore—has charge of the small, interesting old church, St. Sebastiana al Monte Palatino, which the Prince Barberini is now repairing. This church; the adjoining garden; the house, with its occupants and accessories; the entrance-hall down stairs, whose walls are hung with prints of old musical composers; the young musical priest's room above, with its library of quaint old books, busts and portraits of great musicians; piano, holding a laurel-crowned bust of his idol, friend and master, Liszt,—all make up a spot full of romance. Fifty novels might be thought of there, and the picturesque-looking young musical priest might be the hero of a hundred romances. My imagination always flies off on voyages of discovery in the region of fiction whenever I go there.

Through Don Zefirino, as we call him, I received, a fortnight since, an invitation from Liszt to call upon him, and last Friday afternoon I went with Don Zefirino, accompanied by a lady friend. We found some gentlemen in the salon. Liszt received us most cordially, and, after a pleasant little talk, said to me, in a low voice:

"If you can wait until after these gentlemen leave, I will play for you."

During their visit I had time to examine the celebrated musician and his surroundings. Liszt is known to be singularly free from all luxurious tastes. His reception room is a large, spacious one. The floor is covered with a simple drugget. On the day I was there the large table, which stands in the first corner, had on it a plain white cover, some pamphlets and well-used books, and a paper-weight or two of simple fashion. In the other corner near the large, full grand Chickering piano, was a statuette of the Blessed Virgin; beside this was a small table, with papers, photographs and two small busts—one of Wagner, the other of the young King of Bavaria, who jilted his pretty young cousin. The only thing on the plainly papered walls was a map of the seven hills of Rome. The other furniture consisted of chairs and two sofas, covered with common brocatelle, and the curtains to the windows were of the simplest white muslin. But the view from these windows made amends for all shortcomings in the way of upholstery. The Sacra Via passes under them; the Arch of Titus and Palatine Hill lie in front, and by leaning a little out there can be seen to the left the ever graceful profile of the Colosseum against the tender, throbbing blue or the beautiful Roman sky.

Liszt, too, must be described while we are waiting for his visitors to leave. He is fifty-seven—for, like kings and queens, his birth is registered, and there can be no evasion—but he does not look so old by ten years. The Abbé's costume is very becoming to him, for he has a well-shaped leg and foot. The shoes had on them gold buckles, but the rest of the dress was very plain,—black silk stockings, knee-breeches fastened at the knee with three black buttons, and a long black coat, made something like a woman's *polonaise*—the orthodox Abbé dress.

Liszt's hair is thick and long, as in his pictures, but streaked with grey. The expression of the face is benignant and dignified, and his eyes are a bright keen grey. The wild, melancholy look, and defiant expression of the mouth and long, firm jaw, which can be seen in early pictures of this remarkable man, have disappeared entirely, if they ever existed. He is called homely by a great many; but when I admire a gifted person I never think of good or bad looks; to me such faces are always just the ones that ought to belong to their owners. "It must be admitted," said a friend to me, "that Liszt has six huge warts on his face."

Yes, I remember noticing them—a superb one on the forehead, just above the nose—and I thought when I looked at them how well they agreed with his face; they added to the individuality. But, after all, in the expression of Liszt's face lies the charm; it is kind, courteous, gentle and yet dignified. He is accused of being haughty and conceited. I saw nothing of it. I did notice a high air of poetic exaltation—a happy, free, independent expression, which was extremely attractive.

Liszt's manners are easy, quiet and genial, and he converses freely in French, German and Italian; English he speaks slowly, but well. After his visitors left, he rubbed his hands and said gayly:

"Now we will have the music while it is fresh."

But just as he said this the door opened, a new visitor entered who had to be attended to, and we waited another ten or fifteen minutes. During that time I noticed his hands. They are slender, the fingers long and thin, well-kept, good-shaped nails; but the thumb was the wonder. We have been amusing ourselves over Desbarolles' "*Mystères de la Main*," this winter, and we carried on a *sotto voce* conversation over these marvellous thumbs. They are the longest I ever saw, and reach up to the first joint of the fore finger. "The thumb is the whole of life," all old chiromantists have said, and Liszt's certainly seems to be one proof at least of this. We examined as well as we could his other fingers, balanced them with these thumbs, and used all our superficial knowledge. The result was that of most fortune-tellers who know the fate they prophesy. Liszt's fingers are finely formed; they express idealism and poetry, susceptibility, analytic order; they are smooth and flexible, which implies inspiration, fact and egotism; but every quality is balanced and controlled by these long thumbs; powerful will speaks in the first joint, and logic in the second, and these, united to the fine fingers and firm hand, according to Desbarolles, give activity, power of execution, and lead on to fortune.

The second visitor left and Liszt said, as he took a seat at the piano:

"Since you are interested in Chopin, I will give you something of his."

To see Liszt playing is as fine as to hear him. His mobile face expresses every varying emotion and feeling in the music. He seemed one with his instrument. I forgot to examine how he made his wonderful trill, which is more like the nightingale note than any other piano trill I ever heard; and when he ended one and passed on to the other musical passages, I thought of

—— "her poet-soul she flingeth
Over pain to victory;"

the music went with the same keen sweep as the bird note does. I could not analyse or note any way or manner of his playing while I listened, except this: his perfect stillness, his quiet pose. That firm hand, long, supple, smooth fingers and powerful thumbs drew out the music, as if it had been harmonious breath, and the face was lofty, smiling, gentle, serious, just as the music came. I was not surprised as I had expected to be—not overpowered; but his music made me perfectly happy, it seemed to be full and satisfactory.

"What did he play?" I have been asked very often since. If he had not told me I should not have known. Two or three gleams of some of the Chopin Etudes peeped out here and there, but flitted off just as my memory tried to seize on them. After awhile a mystic confusion began, and a mazourka glided swiftly by. It was a beautiful shadowy dramatic fantasia, and sometimes Liszt looked just as he does in the popular picture which almost every American music-loving girl has hanging over her piano—"*Matinée with Liszt*"—in which Czerny, Berlioz and Ernst are listening to this king of pianists.

"But what did he play?" my friends repeat. "Three etudes and a mazourka of Chopin, arranged by myself as a fantasia," was Liszt's reply, when asked.

I thanked him after he was through, and we took our leave. He accompanied our little party through his ante-room to the head of the stairs, shaking us by the hand cordially many times, and repeating his courteous invitation to come again to see him, and so ended my

"*Matinée bei Liszt.*"

ANNE BREWSTER.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

Official Letters from Rome.

[From the Catholic Mirror.]

The Archbishop of Baltimore, having addressed letters of inquiry to the proper authorities in Rome in regard to certain points interesting to the Bishops of these States who propose to attend the approaching General Council of the Vatican, has been favored with replies, extracts from which, containing all that is of practical importance, are here subjoined, chiefly for the information of those Rt. Rev. Prelates of the Province who expressed to him an interest in the subject and asked his opinion. It may be added, that from a private letter received from what is regarded as a reliable source in Rome, it is probable that each Archbishop and Bishop will be allowed to bring or appoint one theologian to the Council, whose name will appear on the Conciliary Record. So soon as official intelligence of this or of any other important matter connected with the Great Council will be received, it will be promptly published for the information of those concerned.

1. In reply to the inquiry whether *all* the Bishops are bound to assist at the Œcumenical Council, Cardinal Barnabo, in a letter dated April 30, 1869, answers:

"It is certain and not to be doubted, as appears from the Bull of Convocation itself, that every Bishop is bound to be present, or where he cannot, to appoint an ecclesiastic to represent him, explaining at the same time the legitimate motives which prevent his personal attendance. In cases in which particular circumstances will not permit a Bishop to absent himself from his diocese, the Holy Father has expressed himself as not averse to granting a dispensation. It is, however, necessary that the Bishop should make special application for dispensation to His Holiness himself."

2. In another letter of May 3d the Cardinal thus responds to certain queries in regard to the style and material of the ecclesiastical *costume* ordered, in a special circular, to be worn by the Bishops attending the Council—the explanation comes from the Monsignore Prefetto delle Ceremonie Pontificie:

"In the first place, it should be noted that in the brief instruction transmitted to the Bishop, no mention was made on purpose (*industriosamente*) of the *quality* (material) of the said vestments or costume, but only of the *form*, quoting the corresponding paragraphs of the Roman Ceremonial (of Bishops). It is true that in said paragraphs there is question also of the quality, but nothing is said in the instruction on the subject for the reason that, according to the prevailing usage, silk is excluded on the day of consecration. However, it should be remarked that, according to the usage observed in Rome, all wear woolen in the winter on account of the cold; and that the Soutano, Manteletta and Mozetta ought always to be of the same material—that is, if of silk, all of silk, and *vice versa*; and that, moreover, in regard to the Cappa, Bishops in every season use woolen, adding over it furs of ermine in winter."

THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

The Gilmore Testimonials---Letter from Mr. Julius Eichberg.

A Boston paper says:

Among the numerous letters Mr. Gilmore has received is the following from Mr. Eichberg:

BOSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, BOSTON, June 24, 1869.—*P. S. Gilmore, Esq.*—DEAR SIR: Allow me to sincerely congratulate you on the eminent success that crowned the "National Peace Jubilee," originated by you. As one of its conductors, and as a member of the Music Committee, I had a full opportunity to appreciate the tireless energy, the entire unselfishness of him to whose efforts Boston is indebted for the long-to-be-remembered week ending with the 19th of June. Allow me to add, with my best wishes for the success of your approaching testimonial, that I shall be most happy to aid it by any and all means in my power. I remain, with great respect,

Yours, very obedient,
JULIUS EICHBERG,
Director Boston Conservatory.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

VISTA DRIVE.

The Commissioners have not much reason to complain that their Park is neglected. Since Herr Schwartzmann and his three hundred men terminated their feat of grading six difficult miles in sixty days, nearly every horse in the city has been over them. The Drive is at this moment Philadelphia's Via Sacra. Our inhabitants have religiously pranced up it, tooled it with their wheels, struggled through its deep sandy places, and paused to stare obediently from its plateaus, until it is like the way of the world. Some collisions have occurred in the abrupt angles, and some jams in the narrow paths. But the good-nature of the public has not been perceptibly interrupted, and the general verdict pronounces the Park a success. The inconvenient features of the Drive are such as will be less perceived when the bifurcation of future roads shall divert a part of the throng from their present Indian file along it. The correction of almost any of its disadvantages would have involved a greater evil. The Procrustean policy of cutting it everywhere to an equal width would have sacrificed some of the finest trees, whose perfections a whole century has been incessantly preparing for our enjoyment. To have overcome the abrupt turns would have meant the grading of elevations crowned with other botanical masterpieces, and yielding the most admirable prospects. These natural charms have been prepared too elaborately, by a succession of curious events, to be lightly thrown away.

In the first place, every one knows the curious natural process by which the Schuylkill River, along its course of 120 miles, is first poisoned, and then antidoted and cleansed by the chemical composition of the beds through which it flows, apparently express for the purpose of giving drink to the denizens of our goodly city. The beauties of hill and woodland which were irrigated by its purified wave attracted early the notice of citizens fatigued with the closeness and noise of the town. The site of the present Park was dotted with the residences of rich voluptuaries. But when the thirst of the growing city demanded a more adequate water-supply than that gathered at Centre Square, and the river was obstructed with a dam to feed the new reservoirs at Fairmount, a distressing result was noticed by the Epicureans upon its banks. That section of the stream changed character from a current to a lake; the water gave forth unwholesome exhalations, and the health of the neighboring families was thought to be affected. A sort of panic ensued, and the fine mansions above Fairmount were gradually deserted and became almost unsalable. The danger was probably at all times much exaggerated; and when a little pleasure-steamer began to paddle up and down the Schuylkill, the regular agitation of the water was found quite sufficient to obviate the deleterious effects. The river-banks, however, remained cheap; the dog was no longer mad, but he had got his bad name, and his fancy value was gone. From this history it results that our Park could be bought.

The pretty villas and fine old stabling accommodations of former aristocrats were afterwards degraded to uses vile, and some of them remain deserted and in interesting ruin among the ancestral trees. The latter have been attending quietly to their own business, and growing in beauty year by year. The solitude, the damps, the neglect, were congenial to their improvement, and they enlarged their leafy shadows every Spring, and sowed their acorns and chestnuts every Fall, to prepare ready to our hands the most magnificent park foliage in the New World; foliage amid which the venerable trees of Boston Common would show but as an incident, and the trim avenues of Central Park but as borders; foliage that fitly rivals the legendary woodland of Windsor, with its undesired accompaniment of Herne's ghost; or the forest of Fontainebleau, with its own Black Huntsman; or the dark Roman gardens;

"Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers"

at Florence; or whatever has been done in any country by the art of man to emphasize and deepen the expression of nature. The efforts of former planters, or the relics of the forest primeval, cover the graceful slopes with verdant yet venerable beauty. The Eaglesfield Grove, dipping down to Mantua Run; the picturesque remains of the Penn Mansion Avenue, with its scattered trunks of twenty feet about, and its columnar skeletons of pine trees, embraced by clinging vines; the cluster of "Hercules' Club," in Angelica Valley; the group of immense chestnuts at the northern border of Landsdowne Ledge, and the curious ring of twenty-five shoots around the burnt-out shell, ten feet across, of a parent tree; the symmetrical oaks of Druid Way; and numbers of isolated forest giants that captivate the eye of the tree-lover at every turn of this glorious road; these stately decorations, which no money could supply to the present generation and century, have been curiously set, trimmed, irrigated, saved, and then cheapened, in order that we might have a ready-made Versailles the instant that we paid the price.

The scenery that is developed by such points of view as that from the head of Sweet Briar Vale, or that from Landsdowne Concourse, is properly to be called Lake Scenery. The river, to be sure, is crossed by bridges, which give interest to the prospect; but its broad, calm, dimpled character, its capricious headlands and wooded slopes, its early termination in either direction, and the absence of a current, suggest the windings of some land-locked lake in an elevated hill-country. From a higher standpoint, however, the river-flow of the Schuylkill is manifest; from the brow of George's Hill, where they are excavating the great reservoir, we see the lustrous stream traveling southward, to meet its broad confluent the Delaware, whose waters shine in the distance beneath the Jersey woods. The whole city with its roofs and chimneys, the dome of its Cathedral, the spires of its many churches, lies between—the city of happiest homes, of most generous charities.

Quite recently a plain, good, quiet pair—a sister and a brother who dwelt upon, and who dearly loved the Schuylkill banks, unostentatiously gave their wealthy acres away to the people—the acres that include this lofty belvidere. The gift came almost in silence, with the rarest modesty. The other day the brother stood upon the upland he had renounced, and in a low voice recited to a few auditors the history of the spot, as existing in the memory of an old resident. His mind went back to the days when few homes were built between that spot and the steeple of the State-house, and when floating bridges were the only communication, until his family felled their forests to lay the beams of a more permanent viaduct. His thoughts played among the scenes he had watched from that hill, and all the prospect meant to him. Then he turned his back upon the summit, which will be the pedestal of his gentle fame, and went silently down the valley away from his possessions forever. A better deed, done in a more exquisite simplicity, is not written in the annals of any city. Until the statue of our Man of Ross shall rise, in its quaint old-fashioned garb and its attitude of blessing over the toilers of the great city, we ought to construct that effigy in our hearts; and never watch our sunset shadows streaming towards the town without some kind of a blessing in our hearts for so silently lavish a giver.

CUBA.

Expected Rising in the West---A Bloody Masquerade.

HAVANA, June 21.—Affairs in the interior are worse than ever for the Government, and you will soon hear of a rising in the Western district. The landing of an expedition is expected to open operations in that quarter. The Volunteer Secret Committee has established its conditions for the admission of Caballera. I may quote them in my next. We had a grand parade yesterday afternoon, attended by the Acting Captain-General, Felipe Ginoves Espinar, and Rafael Clerija. Also a masquerade ball at the Louvre, which ended by "vivas" and "mueras a Espana" and "vivas" and "mueras a Cespedes," with several killed and wounded and further arrests.

Venezuela About to Recognize Cuban Belligerency.

Not long after Cespedes raised the standard of revolt he communicated with all the South American Republics. It was a long time before the news could reach Venezuela; but when it did the Congress of the Republic took action, and named a Commission to look into the matter and report. The Commission addressed to the Congress the following:

Citizens, Senators and Deputies:—The Commission charged with looking into the political affairs of Cuba and Puerto Rico, after such an investigation as the matter seemed to require, has come to the conclusion that Venezuela, remembering her historical and political antecedents, can with propriety recognize the Cubans and Porto Ricans as having the unlimited right to insurrection; to conquer their independence and liberty, and to be treated and regarded as belligerents. But, inasmuch as we are satisfied that this is not a question within the competency of Congress, the Commission deems it proper to forward this communication to the National Executive, to the end that when the proper time shall be deemed to have arrived he can proceed in conformity with that which is prescribed by the National Constitution, and in accordance with the public law of nations.

CARACAS, May 7, 1869.

Signed by Luis Levil de Goda, Miguel Aristeguita, and others.

The Power of the Rebellion Confessed.

The *Prensa* of Havana, in a recent article, frankly owns that great dangers are now hanging over the Island of Cuba. On account of its accustomed boldness, more importance is due to its statements than to those of any other journal in Cuba. "We have never," it says, "made light of the danger; never have we underrated the enemy which has so many resources, and such large sympathies among the democratic radicals, both in Europe and America. An immense quantity of funds is held at the disposition of our enemies. Many Spaniards would not believe this, notwithstanding we labored to convince them, but late events have settled that question. To send out so many expeditions, to maintain so many agents in Cuba, in the metropolis, and abroad, must, of necessity, cost a great deal of money. When the insurrection commenced the *Prensa* gave out assurances of this fact, but nobody believed us." * * * "This view was further strengthened when we found out that these same men were not paying their store bills, neither the iron merchants, nor the grocery keepers, and that they were hypothecating their city property and collecting in advance the price of their crops. The thing was quite clear that these men had money which they might use in conspiracy against the Government; and there were a few who begin to think as we did. Well, eight months have rolled by, and the great expenditures continue being made by our enemies; much money has been extracted from the secret societies of Europe, and likewise from mercantile associations, the latter being interested in destroying our sugar-producing capacity.

Railway Consolidation.

[From the Chicago Republican of June 25th.]

The consolidation of two connecting lines into one great through route to New York and Philadelphia was realized and made complete by the vote of the stock and bondholders of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad Company, at Pittsburgh, yesterday, which was unanimous for the ratification of the lease of their road to the Pennsylvania Central for 999 years. We shall make considerable local and national history before the year 2868 brings the expiration of these articles of agreement. Our then citizens will know more than we now do regarding matters that are now disturbing the peace of mind of our St. Louis neighbors in contemplating the growth of Chicago. The Park questions will have long been settled, and possibly the Lake front matter will have got out of the courts. Meanwhile the parties of the first part in this lease will be in the enjoyment of steady and solid returns on their investment. For the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago does not go into these nuptials a dowerless bride, but had attained front rank in standing and business among Western roads. This union achieves the first through line from Chicago to the seaboard, just as this route offered long ago the first through palace cars to tide water at New York and Philadelphia. The name and style of the leased portion will be the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago division of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company. The line bears the imperishable feather in its cap—sixty-nine miles the shortest route to New York. As the work of building the great Chicago passenger house is devolved upon the Pennsylvania folks, we shall be glad to see them up this way, and open our columns for their calls for contractors' bids. The West Side needs amazingly to have these depot questions settled; and now that the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago has married for life, it is time to build the homestead and settle down. It has not as yet transpired what line the Pennsylvania will make its connection west from Chicago, but as there are several marriageable girls and several suitors in the market, there are some further railroad marriages shortly to be announced.

GETTYSBURG.

Preparations for the Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* writes from Gettysburg of the Soldiers' National Monument:

The monument now approaching completion and to be dedicated on the 1st of July is the most imposing memento of the Civil War anywhere in the country, and will not be finished at a cost of less than $50,000, although the original estimate was but $25,000. It is from designs by J. G. Batterson, of Hartford, Connecticut, who also furnished the clay models of the statuary, which were worked out in marble at Rome by Randolph Rogers. The superstructure is sixty feet high, consisting of a massive pedestal, twenty-five feet square at the base, and the die and cap crowned with a three-quarter globe, on which stands a colossal statue of the Genius of Liberty, holding in her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, and clasping with the left a sheathed sword. Projecting from the angles of the pedestal are four buttresses, supporting the same number of allegorical statues, representing War, History, Peace and Plenty. War is personified by an American soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to History the story of the battle the monument commemorates, while History, with stylus and tablet, is chiseled as recording the achievements of the field. Peace is symbolized by a statue of the American mechanic, with the accessories of a cog-wheel, hammer and chisel, while Plenty is represented by a female figure, with a sheaf of wheat and fruits, as emblematic of peace and abundance as the soldier's crowning triumph. The buttresses on which these statues—which are all colossal—are seated, have the sides ornamented with bas-reliefs in unison with the idea embodied in the statue. The upper die and cap of the monument are circular, and on the die is a circlet of bronze stars made up of one for each State having dead in the cemetery. The cornice and plinth above the main die of the pedestal are octagonal and heavily moulded, and on the plinth rests an octagonal moulded base, bearing upon its face the national arms in high relief. The panel of the main die, on the west side, between the statues, has engraved on it:

GETTYSBURG,
July 1, 2, 3,
1863.

While the corresponding panel on the opposite side has the following from Lincoln's dedicatory address: "It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."—Lincoln, Nov. 19, 1863.

The monument itself is executed in granite and the five statues in marble, so that when completed it will have the same general effect as the cemetery in which it stands. But it is not yet finished, nor will it be by Thursday next, for Peace and Plenty have not yet arrived from Italy, and of the materials now on the ground only the pedestal with the buttresses and the statues of War and History have been put in place. Mr. Wills, however, is sanguine that, except the two non-arrived statues, all will be finished in time for the final ceremonies, and, as he is giving his personal attention to the work, there is reason to believe that he will not be disappointed. It is impossible, of course, to indulge in any minute criticism of the monument in its present unfinished state, but it can be said that in the expression of eager recital thrown into the face of War, and in the absorbed listening aspect and attitude of History, the sculptor has commendably worked out the idea of the designer. It is lamentable, however, that the marble of both these statues has been badly disfigured during the passage across the ocean, in consequence of gross carelessness of package and stowage, and, unsightly as they now appear, it is feared that some of the stains can never be wholly eradicated.

THE DEDICATORY CEREMONY.

The last of the series of solemn public ceremonies connected with the establishment of the Soldiers' National Cemetery is to take place on Thursday next, the 1st of July. The Committee of Arrangements, consisting of David Wills, R. H. McCurdy, W. Y. Selleck, Ben Deford and Edward M. Dubois, have concluded all the preliminaries necessary to the success of this last pageant. The programme of the day includes the opening remarks and prayer by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; the unveiling of the monument by Major-General George G. Meade; the oration on the progress of civil liberty in the United States during the last ten years, by Senator Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, an original poem by Bayard Taylor, and the closing prayer by Rev. S. S. Schmucker, of Gettysburg. Many distinguished gentlemen have signified their intention of being present, among whom are Senator Fenton, of New York; Governor Jewell, of Connecticut; Ex-Governor Ward, of New Jersey; Governor Crapo, of Michigan; General Humphreys, Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, and others, but Mr. Wills has not received any notice to expect the presence of the President of the United States and other members of the National Government, all of whom have been invited.

The visiting military organizations to take part in the ceremonies will be the Utica (N.Y.) Zouaves, the Lancaster (Penna.) Fencibles, the Harrisburg (Penna.) City Zouaves, the Chambersburg (Penna.) Housrem Zouaves, the York (Penna.) Zeikel Guards, and the two military companies of Adams county, Penna. General Meade has suggested the possibility of the presence of a part of the militia of Philadelphia, under General Prevost, but there is nothing certain in the matter, and the organizations mentioned, together with the Baltimore National Musical Association, are all that are sure to be present, but they will be reinforced in the procession by local lodges of Freemasons, Odd Fellows and other bodies.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Supplies for the Cuban Insurgents.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 14th says: There appears to be no doubt that at least one vessel equipped with warlike stores for the insurgents in Cuba was allowed to escape from New York. The American Government stopped the Quaker City, but only after strong re-enforcements for the Rebels had safely departed from the port. Of course they will compensate Spain for the consequences of this negligence? A correspondent of a New York paper sailed with the expedition, "ostensibly for Jamaica." Seeing that the vessel had on board arms for 5,000 men and ten pieces of artillery, the authorities must have wondered what was her business at Jamaica. In future, when the exertions of the government to stop the Quaker City are boasted of, it would be well to explain the escape of the vessels, loaded with arms, which scarcely took the trouble to conceal their real destination.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 14 says: The Americans are accused of seeking to convert their recently-purchased subjects in Alaska to Protestantism. A Russian priest, named Kovriguin, who had been sent to Sitka for the purpose of maintaining the orthodox church there, writes to his countrymen that the cathedral had been closed by an order of the commander of the American troops, and that all the natives who intended to observe Lent had been arrested. It would be interesting to learn how the American clergy proceed in their work of conversion, as the natives know not a single word of English, while the clergymen, in all probability, know no other language.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

Negro Eligibility to Office in Georgia.

The Macon *Telegraph*, a leading Democratic paper in Georgia, frankly concedes that, by the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the State, negroes are just as eligible to all civil offices as whites. In concluding an article upon the subject, it says:

"No well-informed man can have a doubt that the Federal Government is determined to reseat the negroes in the Legislature at all hazards, and that all our opposition will be futile. The refusal of the Legislature to respect this decision of the Supreme Court will only bring about a legislative purgation by bayonets; but we should care less for that than to see the Legislature assume an indefensible and untenable position, against an authoritative though unsatisfactory exposition of the law; or adopt any temporary expedients which would be practically unavailing against the dominant despotism. In the midst of all our troubles let us preserve respect for law. Let us arm ourselves with patience and look forward in hope to better days."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Lotta is playing the *Marchioness* in Detroit.

—The Georgia harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

—John E. Owens has returned from his California and Utah tour.

—Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield were admitted to the Iowa bar on the same day last week.

—Lord Byron's tragedy of *Manfred* has been performed this month in London.

—A Georgia paper is called the *Air-Line Eagle*.

—The old stone mill at Newport, Rhode Island, made famous by Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor," is to have a fence to protect it.

—Tennyson has nearly completed a new volume of poems. He has been engaged on the work since last October.

—A tablet and bronze medallion have been affixed to the house in Hamburg where Mendelssohn was born.

—Bismarck says that he always intrusts difficult commissions to men with spirited and ambitious wives.

—The Toledo clerks have organized a society for assisting unfortunate or afflicted members of their guild.

—An ambitious San Franciscan is making 1,000 cigars of the finest Havana tobacco, each one tipped with gold, and all a present for our smoking President.

—A deacon of a church in Kalamazoo, Michigan, has given an edifice to the society on condition that it shall be free, and that there shall be congregational singing.

—The Belgian chemists, who invented a process of making Flemish butter out of beef tallow, now manufacture champagne at a shilling a bottle.

—A Frenchman has obtained possession of some of ex-Queen Isabella's letters to her favorites, and is to have them printed in fac simile for sale.

—Verdi, Ricci and Petrella have contributed the greater portion of the Rossini monumental mass. Mercadante declined to co-operate, pleading his advanced age.

—Madame Parepa-Rosa is going to St. Catherine's, Canada, to take the mineral waters there, and will rest all summer, so as to be able to enter fresh on the season of English opera in the fall.

—A request has been presented by the ladies of St. Petersburg to the authorities, soliciting permission to found an establishment for the publication of literary works written by women.

—A novel style of head-dress in Paris is a garland of tulips worn upon the head, so arranged that the heat of the room causes the tulips gradually to unfold, displaying diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. The expense is trifling!

—A rejected lover, at Germantown, Tennessee, who had spoken disrespectfully of the cold one, in public, was ordered by a favored suitor to call upon the young lady and make an apology. He did so last Friday night, and she accepted the apology with a raw-hide, which she drew from the folds of her dress.

—Speaking of important new books, the *Bookseller* says: "We are looking forward with much interest to John Forster's biography of Walter Savage Landor, now on the eve of publication. It is a comfort to think that the life of the grand old poet, whose last years were spent in half-voluntary and half-forced exile, should have fallen into such entirely competent hands."

—An English paper says: "Mr. Swinburne is at work on his 'Tristram and Yseult,' which, when finished, is intended by its author to exhibit the poetic capabilities of the subject to Mr. Matthew Arnold, who treated it in a volume of his early poems." If Mr. Swinburne's poem is half as fine as Matthew Arnold's "Tristram and Yseult," it will be altogether the best thing that Mr. Swinburne ever wrote.

—Mr. C. was in the habit of asking children to repeat the text on their return from church, to prove that they had paid attention. On the Sabbath the text was, "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go into my vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee?" Charlie came home, and was asked to repeat the text. He hesitated a moment, and then, as if it had just come to him after much thought, he said, "What are you standing round here doing nothing for? Go into my barn-yard and go to work, and I'll make it all right with you."

—The *Ledger's* advertising columns furnish the following:

"STRAYED—A roan goat, with a streak down its back about 2½ years old."

AMUSEMENTS.

—At the Arch Street Theatre, on Saturday night, the pantomime *Humpty-Dumpty* was produced, to an audience which was surprisingly large, considering the warmth of the weather. The piece is some degrees funnier than such things generally are, and we should think that a man who could smile at an ordinary pantomime might get up a series of hearty laughs at this one. Mr. Tony Denier is a capital clown, with a most expressive countenance, and a nice sense of humor. Together with the unhappy Pantaloon, who is made the butt of all the severe practical jokes, the Clown appears to have an india-rubber elasticity; and so, although the Pantaloon and all the common people are knocked about in a distressing and painful manner, they seem to enjoy it and to feel no hurt. Mr. Leslie is an agile Harlequin, and Mlle. Auriol is as pretty a Columbine as we can expect to have during the warm weather. The ballet, also, is very good, the costumes of the dancers being admirably contrived for comfort during what the reporters call "the heated term." If we might make any suggestion it would be that the long prologue should be omitted. Miss Yates, doubtless, is quite a Rachel in some departments of histrionism, but as the preliminary characters in *Humpty-Dumpty*, she cannot be regarded as a complete success.