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## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER FROM ROME. The Attempt to Kill Major Lobbia at Florence-More Crime in the Peniusula ...Brigands Captured-Ex-King Francis and the Pope-Cool Weather-A Great Jesuit Festa-Liszt Again-The Coliseum at Night-Scenes of the Festival

--American Visitors to Rome, &c. [Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.] PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME, ITALY, Monday, June 28, 1869.—I mentioned in my last letter, of the 22d of June, the attempted murder at Florence of Major Lobbia, of the Staff Corps, and Member of Parliament. A friend, who has had a letter from Florence lately, tells me that the excitement in the Chamber of Denuties was, the day after Lobbia's attack, very great. The public rushed to the tribunes, and the deputies on both sides of the House were in a high fever.

M. Ferraris, Minister of the Interior, a person who is much esteemed, related the affair, and gave warm praise to Lobbia for moral and physical courage. This tribute did not appease Lobbia's friends, however, nor keep them in check. Two deputies of the Left said Major Lobbia had been watched and followed by strange men for some time, until at last, to baffle his unknown spies, he had slept in the daytime and paid his political visits at night, and to protect himself, carried about him a brace of pistols. Another deputy related that some days before the attack took place, there was a telegram received at Naples announcing the assassination and death of Lobbia, and also of another person, an accuser of the tobacco contract.

Between the old square of St. Maria Novello and San Lorenzo, in Florence, in front of the railway station, where sits the statue of Giovanni delle Bande Nere, is a network of small streets,-a very lonely place, especially at midnight. A Professor Martinati, editor of an opposition paper-the Zenzero-and one of the witnesses before the Committee, lives in one of these streets-Via Amorino. Lobbia had been visiting this political friend of his, and left him a little after midnight. As he turned the corner of the street, he was attacked. He tried to throw off the dagger blow with his arm, but failed. It struck at his heart, but as I mentioned before. a huge pocket-book saved him. Strange to say, this pocket-book contained the papers relating to the tobacco inquiry. The Major fell under the blow, and received also a blow on the head, from which his hat preserved him. By this time he had out his pistols; one unluckily hung fire, but alarmed his assassin, who fled. The wounded but plucky man fired a second shot, but in vain,—the dastardly fellow's heels saved him.

This attempted assassination of Lobbia: Count Ingherami's murder: a Roman emigrant who was stabbed lately at Florence, directly in front of the Cathedral, at 9 o'clock in the evening-are assassinations which have all taken place within a month, and prove how desperate matters must be in the Italian government. We feel as if we were living in the middle ages, when street-fights and stabbings were nothing out of the way in Florence.

Ralderini, the Director of the National Bank in Florence, was the one who treated and concluded the tobacco operation with the Minister of Finance and the foreign capitalists. Of course he must be the leader of wrong-doers, if there has been any corruption. He has commenced an action for slander against his ac-

The great tobacco scandal had its origin in a libel that appeared in a low, common newspaper. Lobbia's accident has set affoat a deal of scandal, and it is now said that the at tack on the Major was meant to intimidate the witnesses. Doctor Zanetti, the venerable Senator and surgeon, who extracted the bal from Garibaldi's ankle after the affair of As promonte, happened luckily that night to be near enough to attend to Major Lobbia. He pronounces the wounds not dangerous—the one on the head the most troublesome and

The robber bands of Ferrigno and Carbone were attacked by the National Guard near Naples, last week, and were worsted. Ferrigno was killed, and some of the brigands were taken prisoners. This reminds me of a story l heard yesterday about Fuoco, who was formerly one of the ex-King of Naples' Forest Guards. Now he is the head of a brigand band, and is called the terrible Fuoco.

Lately the Duke and Duchess of Saxony were captured by his band. Soon after, Fuoco stepped up to the carriage and asked with a bow whom he had the honor of addressing When he heard their names, he handed the coachman a five-franc piece, and told him to drive on. As the carriage left, Fuoco again bowed, and said: "Your Highnesses will be so good as to ex

cuse my men, and carry away a favorable re collection of the poor Neapolitan, Fuoco." The Duke and Duchess sent Fuoco a su perb gold watch and chain, worth four thou

It is said that the coolness which is supposed

to exist between the Court of Rome and the ex-King of Naples was caused by this very Fuoco. The story is this—(I do not vouch for its truth, as it came to me out of the regular channel of news):

King Francis and his Queen have a great regard for their old servitor. Fuoco.and whenever he chose to come to Rome his home has of course, been the Farnese palace. The Italian government complained of this to the Roman authorities. Cardinal Antonelli mentioned it to King Francis, and requested that Fuoco should not receive harbor and protection from the ex-King, as it caused diffi-

The King grew very angry, and went to the Pope to relate his wrongs. To his surprise, the good old Pope, who loves the Neapolitan Bourbons as if they were his own kinsfolk, remained silent, and showed very plainly by his manner that he agreed with Cardinal Anto-

Straightway, according to my informant, the young folks at the Farnese Palace felt so wounded and angry that they resolved to leave Rome, and did so, in the very face of the dis-

approval of the Pope and his Ministers: We hear that the Empress of Austria, who expects the birth of a child in the early winter, has gone to spend some weeks with her sister, the Queen of Naples, who is near Popenhofen, in Bavaria, on the banks of the Starhamberg

PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1869.

We are having a very cool midsummer, although the last two days have been tolerably warm. We have been unable to wear any thin clothing so far, and a friend wrote me last week from Paris that he was wearing winter

In the Giornale di Roma, some days ago, Father Secchi, the celebrated astronomer, published the following account, which may be the cause of this unseasonable weather:

journals, fell on Lake Como last week.

"The sun is at this moment at a period of an unusual prevalence of spots. On the morning of the 7th of June, thirty-three principal ones were counted, dispersed in seven or eight groups. Their number is rapidly approaching a maximum. The whole surface of the sun is covered with them, and they present the appearance of a mass of white flakes on an ashcolored surface."

We are in a state of high festa at Rome. Since I wrote last, we have had one of the great Jesuit fêtes-that of Saint Louis or Aloysius of Gonzaque-which was celebrated, with great pomp and splendor and bad operatic music, at St. Ignatius, the church of the Roman College: also, the fête of St. John the Baptist, 24th of June, when the Pope went to St. John of Lateran, to celebrate mass in grand pontifical style.

But the most curious part of this fête was its Vigil, which was considered in the Middle Ages to be a sort of Walpurgis night. For many years St. John's Eve has not been celebrated at Rome, but it has been revived for three years past. Last Wednesday, the day of the Vigil (23d), an eminent archælogical friend wrote to me to make a rendezvous under the Arch of Titus for the afternoon, from whence we might go together to study in the Palace of the Casars. The note ended with-"Do you know there will be this evening, at midnight, a great popular reunion on the Piazza of St. Giovanni di Laterano? It is a curious thing, well worth seeing, and the custom goes back to the middle ages, when people believed in sorcerers and Lutins."

We were glad to hear of this Lateran frolic, and resolved to go. In the afternoon, however. we drove to the Arch of Titus at the hour appointed, but, like Rosalind, were too punctual. As there were no lovers in the party, the delay was of little consequence; moreover, the spot is one where we love to go and study for hours.

For the hundredth time we examined the various sculptures and looked into the carvings of the Septem Lucernarum—the seven branched candlestick which, as everybody knows, is in one of the bas-reliefs that are on the piers under the Arch. The people of the middle ages called this the Arch of the Seven Candelabra. This bas-relief represents a procession in which are carried the sacred spoils taken by Titus from the Temple of Jerusalem,-the Golden Table, the Silver Trumpets, and the Golden Seven-branched Candlestick.

I had just read in Gregorovius, the popular and learned writer on Rome, that the fantastic figures carved on this candelabrum in the basrelief prove that it cannot be a correct image of the one that was in the Jewish temple. While we were examining it and its curious carvings with our glasses, a strain of wild, beautiful music swept over the air and mingled with the song of the nightingales in the Orto Farnesiana, on the Palatine Hill, which we had just been admiring. We dropped our glasses and Gregor ovius, exclaimed in one breath, "Liszt!" and walked swiftly across the Sacra Via to the path that runs under the great musician's windows.

San Francesco di Romano, in whose conventual buildings Liszt has his apartments, is not far from the Arch—only just across the road. We sat on some blocks of stone, which are near the windows, for some time, and listened.

Imagine thescene, and admit that it was an exceptionable and delightful one. There were the Coliseum, the Palatine Hill and the Sacra Via, with the two arches of Constantine and Titus in plain sight; an invigorating sea breeze blew: the sun shone brilliantly: the sky was of the richest blue; prickly pears and figtrees, pomegranates and cypresses, gave us a rich coloring of blood-red and purple, rose color and dark green. The wild, bewildering music came flooding down from the old Convent windows. Some men working in the Convent cellars were singing in harsh, shrill voices, far enough off, however, to make only a strange, peculiar dissonance, and to ound like cobolds, gnomes and other earth spirits. The nightingales seemed to be intoxicated with the sun, sea breeze and wild Hungarian music; their song grew fuller and richer, and we felt as if we were all ears and

'And took in strains that might create a soul Under the ribs of death."

About half-past eleven that evening we drove up to the Lateran piazza. After we left the Piazza de Sts. Apostoli we found a crowd going in our direction. We drove through the Via Alessandrina into the Forum. As we approached the Coliseum, the grand old ruin stood out glorified in the fair light of the midsummer full moon. The rocky, craggy top lay against the sky, picked out with curious distinctness, and through the lofty arches the stars twinkled. On the opposite side of the Via del Colosseo the pomegranate trees lay under the dark shadow of the Coliseum, but the blood, red blossoms of the delicious fruit threw a rosy haze over the darkness.

The Via San Giovanni was filled with a laughing, singing crowd. In the open doors of houses, on the door sills, were placed dishes of salt, holy water and a broom-for the superstition tells that the witch cannot pass a threshold thus guarded until she counts every wisp of broom; the salt and holy water keep her from finishing, the task, and, preserve the family from bad luck.

Flambeaux were fastened against the walls. Gay booths stood on either side of the road, all the way up to the church; they were ablaze with candles, and stuck full of large and small bunches of flowers—huge heavy-odored magnolias, creamy white, with rich brown-green leaves, pomegranate blossoms, wall flowers and carnations. The air was voluptuously laden with the spicy fragrance of pinks and lavender. Spigelia, as lavender is called, is at its harvest on St. John's Eve, and is one of the charms against the witches. On Tuesday night the flower-venders had it made up into little clubs or mallets, about the size and something the shape of a dumb-bell, the blossoms

turned inward, and the stems forming a covering and sheath.

Men and boys, women and children, ran about with long steins of garlic, the blossom on the top, and this garlic stood in long bunflannels—the clothes he had not had on since dles at each flower stall. We bought each of February. Snow, according to the Italian us a garlic stock, for it was the charmed wand that would protect us against all assaults of the witches, Lutins, Bohemians, sorcerers, Zingari, or whatever other evil demons were supposed to be running about, seen or unseen, in various disguises, on this holy St. John's Eve.

There were brilliant lemonade booths, too. The flower-venders flashed their torches around and over their wares, and cried out "guardo quà, la freschezza"—("look here! these are the freshest flowers.")

At the gaily-illuminated lemonade booths they chanted out "Limonada! Acqua fresca!" and huge blocks of hard snow brought in from the neighboring mountains lay in among the golden lemons. The cigar men screamed out the excellence of their wares, and the streams of light from the torches which the marching, singing crowd carried, shot sharp gleams into many a dark corner and shadow, and looked like veritable, glancing, darting Lutins.

Twelve o'clock midnight struck just as we drove into the back piazza of the church. The fine old Lateran basilica, with its towers; the curious crowd; the mingling of moonlight and heavy shadow; the flashing of the torches, the merry cries of the gay mob, created a strange, weird effect. The Triclinium and its Mosaics at the end of the Scala Santa building, and the ruins of the Claudian Aqueduct, seemed to be enveloped in a mysterious shadowy light. The outlines of the church, the statues on the roof and the old St. John's Gate were wrapped up in moonlight sheen and black night shades, and a weird, hazy depth spread out into interminable dreamy distance over the far-off landscape of Alban Mountains and Appenines.

Groups of persons were gathered together in different parts of the vast piazza, and on the green sward that extends to Santa Croce in Gierusalemme. A witchy light blazed out from these crowds, and wild peals of laughter burst from the people. We drove to the outskirts of several, and stood on the coachman's box so that we might look over

We saw men sweeping the ground with their blazing torches, in order to make the ring wider and playfully force the crowd back. When the ring was formed, several couples dashed in and whirled around in a wild pyrrhic movement, to the rhythmic beat and bell of mandolins. It was a half waltz and half frolic madness—the Roman dance Salta-

As they danced, the crowd pressed in and in. with wild jeers and teazing cries. Then, when the ring grew too small, the torch-bearers again swept the ground with their blazing brands, and with hoots and shouts the men and women jumped back to avoid the flames of the burning pitch and turpen tine.

We drove around until half-past one o'clock. When we left the piazza to return home, the iun was approaching a pretty mad height Several carriages of the Roman nobility were pointed out to us. Among them was a sort of omnibus drag, filled with ladies and gentlemen, which we were told was Prince Aldrobandini's turn-out.

The horses and carriages, men, women and children, were mixed up together. A Roman crowd, when bent on fun, is the best-natured one in the world, and not at all afraid of horses. Carriages are allowed to drive right into the middle of any crowd, and Romans and horses seem to be comrades. All the way into the city, as far as the Piazza Venitia, at the end of the Corso, we met bands of men, women and children, with violins and fifes, playing merrily—all on the road to the witches' frolic of St. John's Eve.

Visitors from the United States are always arriving in Rome, it seems. On Saturday evening Buchanan Read had a handsome little supper party. Besides some of the leading American and foreign artists, Ives, Rosetti, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, &c., there were Monsignor Nardi, Mr. Grant (the banker), Dr. Taussig, Colonel Dunn, of New York, and Mr. Groesbeck, an eminent lawyer of Cincinnati. and his two daughters.

The supper went off gaily. About eleven o'clock, after supper was over and some of the guests had left, a small circle of intimates collected near the large open windows of the drawing-room, which look down into the Piazza. While we were laughing and talking, the man-servant threw open both doors eading to the ante-room, and announced "M. l'Abbé Liszt."

Then came a finale to the evening well worth recording. Buchanan Read recited for the eminent musician his great war-poem, "Sheridan's Ride," the history of which had been already explained to Liszt by Dr. Taussig in German. Liszt listened with close attention, for he understands English very well. After Read finished, Liszt applauded the rhythm and

music of the recitation as much as the poem. Then Liszt went to the piano and played for us some soft, melodious, swimming music, which agreed well with the sight beside himthe large open window through which flooded in the moonlight from ceiling to floor, and from which we could see, as we listened to his mar. vellous music, the broad Piazza below, the Spanish steps, the Trinita de Monte towers and the Virgin Column, and hear the plashing

To-morrow is the greatest fête of all the year It will be St. Peter's day. To-night the city and the dome and church will be illuminated; to-morrow night there will be grand fireworks on the Janiculum Hill. The Pope leaves Rome, a few days after the fites, for Castel Gandolfo, to remain some time. Additional troops are to be sent to garrison the Alban district during the Pone's residence at Castel Gandolfo.

tinkle of the waters in the old Boat Fountain

The report of the quarrel between Cardinal Antonelli and Baron Arnim, Prussian Minister, is not true. They are on the best of terms and each is too good a diplomatist to get into a personal difficulty.

The Royal Academy of Arts, at Berlin, is founding a school for musical practice, in addition to the one it has for musical compo sition. Joachim, the great violinist, has accepted the Directorship of the instrumental part, and Steckhausen is to take charge of the vocal department. ANNE BREWSTER.

FROM THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.

Arrival of the U.S. Steamer Guerriere The U. S. steamer Guerriere, flag-ship of the South Atlantic Squadron, arrived off Sandy Hook last night, after a rapid run from Rio Janeiro, beating the mail-steamer South America, which sailed the same day. A correspondent of the BULLETIN sends us the following memoranda:

The Guerriere, flag-ship of Admiral Davis, went into commission May 20th, 1867; left Boston for Rio, June 28th, 1867; arrived in the Bay of Rio, July 27th, 1867.

Rear-Admiral—Charles H. Davis. Commander—F. M. Ramsey (Fleet Captain), taking the vessel home.

Lieutenant Commanders—C. S. McDougal, A. S. Burker (Fleet), E. T. Woodward.

Lieutenants—G. E. Wingate, and C. H. Rock

Mosters—S. Hubbard, L. E. Chenery. Ensigns—R. M. Lysle, B. McShane, J. G. Talbot.

Calbot.
Surycon—M. Duvall (fleet).
Passed Assistant Surycon—J. Hugg.
Assistant Surycon—L. R. Brown.
Paymaster—R. Washington.
Chief Engineer—C. H. Baker (fleet).
First Assistant Engineer—R. Potts.
Second Assistant Engineers—E. Gay, N. Ross
und L. L. Hannenan and L. L. Hanneman.

Chaplain—G. D. Henderson.

Captain of Marines—P. R. Fendall.

Second Lieutenant of Marines—R. R. Neill.

Boatswain—H. Dickinson.

Gunner—E. Mack. Carpenter—N. Magee.
Sailmaker—J. A. Birdsall.
As Passengers—Richard P. Leary, Charles H.
Pendleton and George M. McClure.

News from Rio.

The Guerriere left the Bay of Rio on the 25th of June at 1.30 P. M., the American mail packet South America leaving the same day and at 10 A. M., for New York city. The Portsmouth and Kansas were in port; the Quinnebag and Wasp were in Montevideo. Mr. Kirk, the new Minister to Uraguay, &c., had arrived in the steamer on the 20th of June. Gen. McMahon. U. S. Minister to Paraguay Gen. McMahon, U. S. Minister to Paraguay, was at Buenos Ayres. Captain Woolsey, for-merly in command of the Guerriere, remains in command of the squadron. Commander F. M. Ramsey, chief of staff, brought the Guerriere to the United States. This officer was married on the 9th of June, 1869, in Buenos Ayres, to one of the sisters of our Minister, Mr. McMahon.

Gottschalk was giving monster concerts at the Opera House Mme. Ristori had arrived, and was to open

At the Alcazar Theatre, Lα Perichole delighted the Brazilians nightly.

The Guerriere brought home about fifty destitute Americans, mostly from Alabama, who

had emigrated to Brazil after the rebellion was put down. They were quartered on the gundeck, and made as comfortable as possible. They were entirely out of conceit of Brazil.

The War in Paraguay.

The Anglo-Brazilian Times, of Bio Janeiro, June 23d, contains the following:
In a despatch dated the 29th of May the Comte d'Eu gives an account of his advance.
Having received 2,000 horses he determined. although there was none as reserve, to advance upon the enemy, and if possible to secure the railway to Paraguary before the Paraguayan spies could warn the enemy. General Mitre also agreed to march, but was unable to start on the day appointed. Accordingly the army, in two corps, set out on the 22d, a column, under General Joao Manuel Menna Barreto, having started two days before by San Lorenzo and Itá to cover the right flank. A force was sent to Patinho Cue to observe

the enemy and prevent him destroying the railway bridge there. On the 23d the First corps reached Itagua, and the Second Patinho Cue. On the 24th a halt had to be made, because of the transpor mules being tired out and of the rations giving out. A force was sent to occupy the Taquaral station and take Patinho Cué in reverse. The enemy, however, burned his camp and with-drew, leaving the bridges and railway unin-jured. General Joao Manoel Menna Barreto's column rejoined the First corps in conse-quence of orders sent to that effect. A force from it had that morning surprised a guard at Yaguaron, taking three and killing three. On the 25th the First corps set out in a heavy rain for Pirayú, a fianking corps marching by the railway. On passing the defile of Guazuvira the plain of Pirayú was entered, on the other side of which the mountains held by Lopez were, and at the base of which a camp was

seen on fire. Colonel Manduca Cypriano's brigade was ordered to cross the Pirayú and make some prisoners; but owing to the difficulties caused by the Pirayú river and its swamps, the enemy got into the wood. However, Colonel Manduca dashed at another camp further off, a Cerro Leon, and succeeded in killing thirty and making twenty prisoners, losing only one killed and one wounded. Meantime the Cerro Leon Railway station and the railway bridge on the Pirayi were secured by troops from the vanguard. Six wagons were got at Cerro Leon, three of which were handed over to the Argentines, General Mitre having sent on the San Martin regiment of cavalry to take place amid the vanguard. A locomotive was also got; but part of its works had been carried off. At Pirayú a boiler and some pieces of another locomotive were also got. The prisoners said the rest had been sent to the mountains some time before.

On the 26th, General Vasco Alves Pereira

was sent with two brigades of cavalry to oc cupy the rest of the railway, which ends a little beyond Paraguary. This was success-fully done and forty prisoners were made. All the prisoners made up to then were in general stout men. They knew nothing of Lopez's po-sitions and intentions, having been a long time away from his main forces. Thirty-two wagons were found at Paraguary, all in good order. The only damage done to the railway was the destruction of a bridge twenty-six feel long, two miles on the near side of Paraguary but this was soon replaced, and the wagons were brought to Pirayú, at which place the Comte d'Eu established his headquarters, it being opposite to Ascurra pass, behind which Lopez was said to be posted. A reconnois-sance was made on the 26th, but little information could be gained in consequence of the

woods.
The Second corps was stationed at Taquara to guard the first passes of the Piraya and to protect a stretch of the railway, while the Argentine army, which reached the plain of Piraya on the 27th, undertook to guard all the positions and roads between Taquaral and Pirayu. The telegraph wires had been removed to the mountains; but as the posts remained the line was re-established by the 29th.

The possession of the railway and the new positions of the allies cut the enemy from making raids between Asuncion and Angos-

The ports of Villeta and Angostura being nearer than Asuncion, orders had been given to land the cattle at those ports and to explore a road by Yaguaron, Ita and Gurambare. Paraguary is forty-two miles from Asuncion and about half way to Villa Rica. The railway proposed between Paraguary and Villa Rica is not constructed.

The accounts given by the American officers who went to Ascurra, throw doubt on the truth of the numerous alleged executions by Lopez, just as the reported wholesale slaughter of 400 prisoners at Lomas Valentines is

partly contradicted by the release of eighty-seven by Colonel Coronado's troop. The Ame-rican officers say they saw Caminos alive and at liberty, and Venancio Lopez, the sister and the mother also existed. Two hundred and thirty-three vagrant Par-

aguayans at Asuncion were arrested on May 18, and sent to Luque to be set to work re-

ceiving pay. The Brazilian troops at Rosario on being re-The Brazilian troops at Rosario on being reinforced by those under the command of Gen.
Camara undertook operations against the
Paraguayans at San Pedro. By the aid of the
squadron the brigade landed in the Jejuy,
seized San Pedro and marched against the.
Paraguayans stationed on the hills of Sargento
Lomas, to the number of 1,200 men, under the
command of Col. Galeano. An engagement
took place on the 30th of May in which the sold took place on the 30th of May, in which it is said the Paraguayans were disastrously routed with a loss of 500 killed and 300 prisoners, together with twelve small field pieces, two flags and some arms and munitions. It is also said 100 non-combatants were taken. No official details of the actions have yet been published. The loss reported by the victors was eighteen killed and eighty wounded.

and eighty wounded.

A column was sent from Pirayu under the command of General João Menna Barreto to march upon Villa Rica and form a junction with the troops of General Portinho. On arriving at the Tebicuary it was found impossible to cross it on account of its high state of water and the entire absence of boats. However, a force of Paraguayans was found posted at Sapucaia, and General Barreto at once proceeded to attack it. A short, but severe right took place, twenty-eight Paraguayans were taken prisoners, and the rest of the garrison were, it is said, killed. About 4,000 non-combatants, gathered from the country lately invaded, were found in the woods, and were sent to Asuncion. No official detailed account vaded, were found in the woods, and were sent to Asuncion. No official detailed account is at hand.

Up to last dates General Menna Barreto had not been able to cross the Tebicuary, and nothing had been heard of General Portinho's brigade, which was supposed to be marching from the upper Parana in the direction of villa Rica and Pirayu.

By a map of the present seat of operations it appears that the highlands which Lopez purposes to defend are fringed on their west by a range of steep mountains, presenting seven or

poses to defend are fringed on their west by a range of steep mountains, presenting seven or eight difficult passes. The widest gap is that of Ascurra, which Lopez has made his head-quarters, and where he is supposed to have about 7,000 men. All the other gaps, difficult of access by nature, are said to have been further closed by a formidable series of abattis. The ground is generally swampy at the base of the range, and a large lagoon exists, of ten miles in length, to the north of Piraya and Taquaral, intervening between the railway and the range. A branch railway, of six miles in length, runs to Cerro Leon, which is an advanced spur of the range, and is about four miles to the south of Ascurra.

Pirayú, the Comte d'Eu's headquarters, lies about seven miles west of Ascurra. Paraguary, near which the constructed railway, ends, is thirteen miles to the southeast of Pirayu. Pirayu is about forty-two miles from Asuncion and thirty-five from the Paraguay at Angostura. Caacupe, Lopez's foundry and arsenal, is about five miles to the northwest of Ascurra. Peribibui, his present capital, is about twelve miles east of Ascurra and lies directly on his line of retreat still further into

directly on his line of retreat still further into the interior. All the range is covered with timber, thereby rendering knowledge of the Paraguayan defences difficult to obtain.

Upon the third Lopez sent in a reply to the Comre d'Eu's response. In it he sent a copy of the note of November 20, 1865, and accused the allies of suborning deserters and forcing the prisoners to fight various him proceed at the prisoners to fight against him, sneered at the small number of Paraguayans the flag had been granted to, said he felt easy as to the reown moon by saying that he knew of what deserters had reported regarding his putting hundreds of his prisoners to death, and would read the Paraprisoners to death, and would read the ring guayan official documents respecting such matters with the greatest interest whenever they might fall into his hands; but, however, did he think himself required to discuss what deserters and prisoners had said of the treatment shown by the allies to their

President Grantat Long Branch. STETSON HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, July 19, 1869.—The long expected event has taken place. The President and suite have arrived and are now domiciled in this establishment where they will remain at least two weeks. At half-past seven A. M. the United States steamer Tallapoosa was signalled to the south-ward, close in shore, and immediately everything became bustle and excitement. approached slowly, and it was eight o'clock before she passed abreast of this house. As she did so two guns were fired, which were replied to by the Stetson shore battery. With a good glass the President was distinctly to be seen standing near the pilot house, sur-rounded by his friends and the officers of the steamer. Handkerchief-waving became the order of the morning, and many uncombed heads, without the chignon, were seen to pro-trude from the numerous hotel windows, in

order to have a look at the passing steamer and her distinguished passengers.

At nine A. M. a special train left the station here for Port Monwouth to meet the party.

Mr. Charles A. Stetson, Jr., and some friends Mr. Charles A. Stetson, Jr., and some friends of the President, and your correspondent, were the only passengers. A rapid run of twenty-eight minutes was made, and as we reached the end of the pier the Tallapoosa was about making fast. Some delay was experienced by reason of low water, but at last a gang plank was got on the wharf over the steamer's bows, and after the haggage had been sent subora and after the baggage had been sent ashore the distinguished party landed, the President, with Mrs. Grant, being the first, followed closely by the rest of the family and suite, Beyond the station hands and those who went down in the train there was no one on the pier. At a quarter past ten A. M. all were aboard the train, and we started, and in thirty minutes were safely at the station here, where several private carriages were in waiting to receive the party, But few persons were at the points we passed, and there was apparently no excitement or anxiety to see the President—less, even, than I expected.

A rapid and pleasant drive brought us to the

hotel, and as we passed the different houses the inmates gathered upon the porches and balconies to witness and welcome the new

On arrival the President and party retired to their apartments, and in a few to their apartments, and in a few minutes everything was as quiet as if nothing unusual had occurred, and no stranger at the Stotson House would have imagined that the President of the United States was within its walls. The party consists of the following persons: President U. S. Grant and wife, Miss Grant, U. S. Grant, Jr., Jessie Grant, G. D. Grant, General Creswell and wife, General Comstock

and wife, and A. E. Borte.

There is no programme laid out for the President during his stay that I know of. A President during his stay that I know of. A ball is to be given him at this house some time this week, and I suppose that other arrangements for his pleasure will be made; but as he comes, I may say, unofficially, he will, I expect, not only do as he pleases, but will avoid as much as possible the display that is anything but pleasant to a person who for a time requires retirement from the cares and work. requires retirement from the cares and worri-ment of official lite. He looks well and is well, considering what he has gone through since his inauguration; but two weeks of sait air and sea-bathing will do him and his

no harm.

After taking some refreshments the President and family went in bathing on the beach.

'In the afternoon the party rode out and was noticed and saluted by the guests at the Branch.
The President intends stopping some time here.
A meeting was held this evening by the

guests of the Stetson House and residents of Long Branch, and it was resolved that a grand ball should be given in honor of the President at the Stetson House on Monday evening next, July 2i — Herald

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

Miss McAsh.

Sweet Miss McAsh has a wealthy papa, And a thoroughbred horse in the row to take air on ;

Her sent in the saddle's perfection—but, ali!
What a balance she'll have, when the old boy with Charon On the Stygian waters is making a splass She is one of ten thousand is sweet Mash.

Sweet Miss McAsh has a chignon immense, And the smallest of waists her maid's efforts

can compass. She is dressed without any regard to expense, And her milliner's bills must a pretty round

sum pass. Face, figure, and fortune for cutting a dash Are the pleasant possessions of sweet Miss-McAsh.

Sweet Miss McAsh, she has suitors galore— Lord This and Lord That and Sir Something: Orr Uther, Of captains a dozen—civilians a score,

And the Hon'rable Blank, who's a Duke's only brother;
And their teeth at each other they all of them. gnash, For each of them's dying for sweet Miss Mg-

Sweet Miss McAsh has a smile for them all— But never an answer for any among them.

And nobody knows where her favor may fall—

And no one would wonder if over she flung. them. In her choice of a husband she will not be She takes everything coolly, does sweet Miss-McAsh.

Sweet Miss McAsh! Oft in secret she sighs
Yet she's young, and she's rich, and she's
fair! It is funny!
But she knows there are some things that

wealth never buys,
That you've less chance of getting, the more

you have money!
"Oh, Riches may ride in a gilded calash,
But Love goes afoot," murmurs sweet Miss:
McAsh! -The Susquehanna is in good rafting order.

—That "notorious Connecticut carpet-bagger," Asa Packer, is in town. -A butting match is one of the features of negro tournament in Tennessee.

-It was cold yesterday at Atlantic City. John Quill telegraphed for his skates. Ice was seen on the bar.

-A Western man advertises his wife, who has left his bed and board "with a gentleman." named Decker." -Why should the Pennsylvania oil counties

be surrounded by water? Because they are -Tom asked an old "ten-per-cent." [what he wanted to accumulate so much money for.
Says he, "you can't take it with you when you die, and if you could it would melt."

—Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? Yes, unquestionably. Is there a word that contains all the consonants?—Yes, alphabet.

—A masquerade ball is announced at the White Sulphur Springs, Va. Among the managers are General Robert E. Lee, General Henry A. Wise, General R. L. Walker and:

other heroes of the late Confederacy.

—A Frenchman, Monsieur Bluin, has adapted to his velocipede a pair of sails, and in a fair wind skims along like a terrestrial nautilus, at a rate exceeding the greatest speed! hitherto attained with the ordinary vehicle propelled by the feet.

-Down on Chloride Flat, says a White —Down on Chloride Flat, says a White Pine paper, there is a miner's cabin built out of chunks of high grade chloride ore, estimated at \$2,000 a ton. The house is 16 feet square, and the rock in its walls, if crushed, would yield about \$75,000. That house is for

—An army lieutenant in Detroit has been making some experiments in torpedoes. He-procured a few very loud ones, with which to scare his juvenile friends on the 4th of July. and on taking his seat rather emphatically in a horse car, off went the torpedoes, and up-went the lieutenant towards the top of the car. No lives lost, but some funds misappro-

—An insane man in White Pigeon recently burned \$1,100 in greenbacks and buried the ashes. He had just received the money for four years' service on a farm, which he had suddenly taken a notion to leave. He explained that he used the money in this singular and unprofitable way "to bear him through purgatory." He had given no indication of insanity before.

—A late number of a popular, illustrated journal has a wood-cut of a young wife knitting a tiny stocking by the side of a cradle in which lies a sleeping infant,—the picture being entitled "Not a Girl of the Period." A lady entitled "Not a Girl of the Period." A lady iriend suggests that this young wife must belong to a very late period, or she wouldn't be finishing off the stocking at the top, as according to her best recollection our grand-mathematical didn't knif that way. mothers didn't knit that way.

—A member of the Connecticut Legislature was told by a fellow member that it was a "good day for the race," "What race?" said the shad-eater. "Human race," said the joker. The shad-eater was so impressed with the self that he tried it on a friend after the following fashion: "It's a good day for the trot." "What trot" asked the other. "The human race," shouted the joker who flettered himself he. houted the joker, who flattered himself he had said a good thing.

—Times are hard in the mining country. Seven business firms in Treasure City were closed out by the sheriff in one day last week. And this in spite of the number and richness of our mines and the necessity of a large population to develop them. Trade in all the towns of the district is exceedingly dull, and the hotal ore doing a geogliff business—smashing. tels are doing a smashing business—smashing up. The largest hotel in Treasure is in this condition, and the one in Shermantown has been closed for some weeks past.

been closed for some weeks past—The "Boston Directory" for 1869 is a volume of one thousand two hundred and seventy-two pages. The whole number of names is eighty-five thousand four hundred and eighty-eight; an increase of five thousand two hundred and thirty-seven over last year. There are eight hundred and sixty-four Smiths, sixty-nine of whom are "John;" of Browns there are seven hundred and sixteen; Whites, three hundred and fifty-five; Greens, one hundred. three hundred and fifty-five; Greens, one hundred and seventy-three.

-Elihu Burritt will have to look out for his Elihn Burritt will have to look out for his laurels. There is a man in the Brocklyn navy-yard who has for many years done the work and drawn the pay of a machinist; who has yet found time during all this while to gratify a yearning thirst for knowledge. It may be surprising, yet it is nevertheless true, that he has mastered the French, German and Italian, the pay would be proved the first of the provided the second control of the provided to the provided the provided that he has mastered the french, German and Italian. has mastered the French, German and Italian tongues, made himself partially acquainted with Hebrew, and obtained a thorough knowledge of botany and geology. He continues to work on from day to day at the navy-yard bench, spending all his nights and noons in study, and husbanding all his earnings to purchase books, of which he has a library of nearly eleven hundred volumes. He is certainly a remarkable man, and has led the life of a recluse and yielded to a seemingly unnatural thirst for knowledge. natural thirst for knowledge.