

Daily Evening Bulletin.

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.
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OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

called to the constitutional throne of that country some day, for her brother, the Prince of Asturias, is a youth of very feeble health. If this should ever take place, it would be a happy day for Spain. The Princess has a good natural disposition; every one speaks highly of her, of her plain common sense, kind heart, and reasonable, intelligent nature. Added to these, she had the good fortune in childhood to fall into the hands of a most excellent governess and friend, a woman who can almost be claimed as an American—Madame Calderon de la Barca. Under this lady's wise direction, the young Princess has grown into a quiet, reasonable, straightforward person, a faithful, affectionate wife, and an unobtrusive, intelligent, gentlemanly friend.

The Princess Girgenti sat and gazed silently at the picture also, and her face grew almost stern. I recalled what blood ran in the little lady's veins. Such noble royal women she has had for ancestors! And my memory quickly called up Isabella of Aragon and Mary of Burgundy, Elizabeth of Parma and Maria Theresa. I wondered if she was looking through the painted dust and turmoil on to the throne of her ancestor Charles V., and I wished her cause had such a fiery defender as our Gen. Phil Sheridan.

But notwithstanding all these fine thoughts, I did not omit—let it be mentioned to my credit as a woman—to notice the clothes the Princess had on. She wore a blue silk skirt with three or four small boucles, and a plain bow and sash at the waist, a simple white muslin body, high-necked and long-sleeved; a white thread-lace shawl, and a round hat of white straw, with a blue feather. This was a much prettier toilette than she usually makes. Real royalty of the feminine gender has, as a rule, very poor taste in dress; so far as my observation goes—for the stylish, showy, fashionable Empress of the French, it must be remembered, was not "to the manner born."

After the tragedy comes the farce; after the dinner is served the dessert. I will now tell you how highly diverted the American artist in Rome has been with the following piece of art news, which appeared in the *Chicago Art Journal* for May and June of this year, 1869:

"Mr. Phillips is now engaged on the portrait of General Sheridan, from which he intends to make a grand historical painting illustrating 'Sheridan's Ride,' which *Whittier's fable* (*!*) has made immortal. It might, perhaps, be well to mention that, although several artists have conceived or stolen the idea of painting the same subject, this artist is the first who projected the work, intending to commence it nearly two years since, but being prevented by an unfortunate chain of circumstances from the consummation of his project."

This is very dull. We did not think there was an intelligent American north of Mason and Dixon's Line who was ignorant of the name of the true author of that popular poem, "Sheridan's Ride," or who could contribute to it "Whittier's fable pen"—Whittier above all others!

In October, 1864, I think it was—at any rate it was on the day the news reached Cincinnati of General Sheridan's Ride—Murdoch was breakfasting with Buchanan-Ride, whose guest he was. The poet-painter was then living at Cincinnati. On that evening there was to be a benefit for Murdoch. The distinguished actor said, during breakfast: "Read, you ought to have written me something new for this evening."

Read was looking over a New York paper, which contained an account of Sheridan's Ride. He replied by reading it aloud, and added: "Murdoch, there is the material in this for a poem and picture."

"Bah!" answered the actor, "what's that to me when I have not the poem for to-night?"

"What if you do?" "It is too late to get it up properly."

"Never you mind!" said Read, "You shall have the poem in time to study it for the evening."

Read went to his room; told his wife to send him some hot coffee, and not allow him to be disturbed even if the house should burn down. In a little over an hour he came to Murdoch and read him the poem as it stands. The actor was delighted, and instantly prepared it for his evening reading, while Mrs. Read, whose bold, beautiful handwriting is well-fitted for the purpose, prepared a written copy of the verses, to guard against any tricks the reader's memory might happen to play him.

This story was related that evening by Murdoch at his benefit, and it was published afterwards. The strange paragraph which I have quoted above makes it worth while to repeat the actual facts attendant on the composition of the poem and the first conception of the picture. That night, after the reading—which, by the way, was a great success, for the audience made the author appear on the stage and share the applause—Read said to his wife: "I'll paint the poem."

A short time after, some members of the Philadelphia Union League urged Read to carry out his intention. He received an invitation from General Sheridan, who was then at New Orleans, to pay him a visit. Read went, and occupied a month in getting studies of both horse and rider. This was in October, 1865, I believe. The small original study for the large picture is now in the possession of Mr. Martin, of Brooklyn, New York, who paid Read \$1,000 for it last winter.

A larger size—three feet and a half by four feet and a half—has been on exhibition in Paris this spring, at Bowles Brothers' Banking House. Dr. Holland speaks in the highest terms of it in one of his agreeable letters to the *Springfield Republican*. This one in Paris, which we had described, I think, in a last winter's letter to the *Bulletin*. It belongs to Mr. Dewey, of San Francisco, California, who paid \$2,000 for it. Mr. Dewey's copy of "Sheridan's Ride" has a very interesting feature, which was made in Rome. The arms of the United States are on the top of the frame, the medallion likeness of the poet-painter by Nerli at the base, with the whole poem in red letters on a gold ground, on either side of the medallion.

The life-size picture for the Union League of our city is about ten feet by thirteen. I should judge, Read has been unweariedly conscientious in his labors over it. He has spared neither time nor trouble. Once this spring he was so anxious about the lights and

shadows of the face that he modeled in clay a bust of General Sheridan, which Randolph Rogers and I only needed a little manipulating experience to make complete. The bust is now being put into marble. Read began his artist-life as a sculptor.

The picture is now being rolled and boxed. In a few days it will be forwarded to America. It has been finely chromo-lithographed in Brussels, twenty by twenty-five inches. These chromos will soon be on sale in the United States.

I have entered into detail about this great picture because I felt sure it would be interesting to you and the readers of the *BULLETIN*. The painting is a fine national work of art, and as it will be a possession of our city, and therefore doubly and trebly interesting to our citizens; moreover, I feel, as every one must, a patriotic pride that the author and artist belongs to us, as he is a born Pennsylvanian, and by long residence a Philadelphian.

Mr. Longfellow, when he was sitting for his portrait to Read last winter, said to me: "It was the first time in history a poet had painted a poet." Since the days of Leonardo we have had no instance of a poet being so successful a painter as our Buchanan-Ride.

A few words more about the Chicago paragraph. We have a common conclusion that it is a joke, and that Mr. Phillips is a myth. The very words, "Whittier's fable pen," seem to confirm this opinion, for the selection of this charming, rural, peaceful, Quaker poet as the author of a "blood-and-thunder" war poem gives a fresh point to the story. It is well done, and we congratulate the *Chicago Art Journal*. It recalls to me, however, an anecdote which was told to me some years ago about Whittier and Read. In the winter of '58-'59, Buchanan-Ride had his studios in the Tenth Street building, New York. Whittier went there one day to see Read's picture.

"I am no judge of art," said the Quaker poet, with simple truthfulness. "These seem like very good pictures. But I am a judge of poetry, I think, and I have written some poems that will live as long as the language lasts."

ANNE BREWSTER.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Extraordinary Earthquake and Panic.—The Prediction of Prof. Fiala Almost Fulfilled.

[From the New York Tribune.]

LIMA, Aug. 29.—The correspondent of *THE LITTLE LIVES* writes under the date of the 21st, says: "The prediction of Prof. Fiala, that a tremendous earthquake would befall the inhabitants of this place and its surroundings for many days, but especially the 9th, 10th and 11th of the month, has been fulfilled. At these times the city, which were those upon which Mr. Fiala predicted the first series of shocks would occur, the larger number of the population left the city for greater safety. At the same time, elevated adjacent plains. Nothing, however, occurred on either of these days, and the fears of our citizens being thereby quieted, they returned to their residences on the 12th. On the 19th, however, the people were startled at 10:55 by a terrific shock, which is described as being almost equal in force to the earthquake of 1842, and which at the same time prolonged. Six other inferior shocks followed at short intervals during the night. Upon the first symptoms of earthquake the inhabitants of Lima fled to the mountains, and the city was deserted until the following day. Here the occurrence of these earthquakes is regarded as a confirmation of the theories of Fiala, not only in that he predicted the time, but the place of the earthquake, and the nature of the shocks. At Arequipa, distant about 30 leagues inland from Lima, three most violent earthquakes occurred in the night of the 9th, 10th and 11th, causing extreme terror to the inhabitants, who took refuge in the public squares. These earthquakes were of more than usual violence, and nearly of the same force as those of 1868.

The correspondent of a Lima journal writes this from Arica on the 21st inst.: "We are terribly distressed by the shadow of an earthquake of a sad calamity. Between 10 and 11 o'clock on the night of the 20th we were subjected to a most terrific shock of earthquake, by far the most violent which we have ever experienced. It accompanied by most tremendous and terror-inspiring subterranean rumblings and noises, such as I cannot attempt to describe. The people were all comprehensively terrified. These awful phenomena were accompanied by earthquake upon earthquake, continued through the night, and the next day, and to the present time. All the inhabitants who possessed means have fled from the city for the neighboring valleys, in which to await the result of these extraordinary manifestations of nature." The news of the earthquake was reported by the predictions of Fiala, and pointed more particularly to the probability of the submersion of the city by tidal waves, when the great earthquake of 1868 broke out. The engineer, is expected to take place. Forty shocks occurred within twenty-four hours on the 19th, and the shaking of the earth continued up to the latest date.

A passenger, who came up on the steamer Pacific, gives the following graphic account of the earthquakes, as experienced by him at Arequipa, on the 10th, 11th and 12th inst. "I was engaged at billiards, with a friend, at the hotel, we suddenly heard a most fearful subterranean noise, compared with what the citizens call a rattle of a wheel, and as nothing. Every soul in the building immediately rushed for the street. I stood paralyzed with fear, not knowing what to do, the awful sensation being entirely new to me. The shock followed within four or five seconds, rocking the house to and fro, as if it were a plaything. Notwithstanding the confusion of these few moments—to me the most dreadful I had ever experienced—I observed the balls on the table driven to the cushion on one side, then to the other, then back again to the middle, where they remained nearly stationary, moving only very slightly, from what I supposed to be a vibratory motion consequent upon the first shocks. These could not have had a duration of more than 30 seconds, by which time I had completely recovered my senses to hurry to the street, and make the best of my way to the plaza, or the alameda. Hundreds of people were running in the same direction—men, women, and children. In my flight I had sufficient presence of mind to pick up a little girl of eight or nine years, who had fallen down under the influence of sheer fright. Thus burdened, I had not proceeded the length of our street, when the piteous wailing of a poor woman, prostrate in the street, again arrested my attention. I hurried back to her, and, recognizing hers, intent only upon their own safety. I quickly divined the unhappy situation of the poor creature, and lamented my inability to succor her, but she seemed indifferent to her own fate as compared with the safety of a little child of two years, which clung to her in mute terror, and which she implored me to take to a place of security. I seized it and rushed on in less than a moment. I have taken to tell it, leaving the unfortunate woman, and her unborn babe to their fate—I could not help it—I had no

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LATEST CABLE NEWS
The Report of France Sending a Warning to Prussia Denied.

A New Cable to be Laid from Ireland to Nova Scotia.

LATER BY CUBA CABLE
Tightness in the New York Money Market

By the Atlantic Cable.
PARIS, Sept. 25.—The *Comptant* denies the truth of the report of the *Gazette* that a note had been sent to Prussia, warning her that the annexation of Baden would be a cause for war.

From Cuba.
HAVANA, Sept. 25.—The Havana press, reviewing the situation, concludes that a majority of Cubans are loyal, and cite in proof the solicitude of the Cuban Junta in New York to enable American filibusters to fight the battles of the rebellion—the rebel officers being unable to obtain recruits among the natives.

New York Finances.
NEW YORK, Sept. 25th, 2:20 P.M.—Money is almost impossible to get at any price, and is quoted at 7 per cent. The stock market is dull. The houses reported as having yesterday suspended are still in the same condition, and it is believed will not be able to go on.

The Excitement Quieting Down.
[Special despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]
NEW YORK, September 25th.—The street quotations for gold are 135½/136, although there are no legal transactions. Everything is becoming quiet, and the people are getting over the panic, and it is believed all will be smooth sailing on Monday.

Bids Accepted.
[Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]
NEW YORK, September 25.—The Government has accepted bids for the purchase of \$150,000 in bonds at rates ranging from 116.17 to 118.07.

Terrible Accident.
A Carriage with Four Ladies—One Instantly Killed and One Fatally Injured.
[Special Despatch to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]
NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—A most melancholy accident occurred on the morning of the Niagara river, in the vicinity of the Falls, at about noon to-day. A party consisting of one gentleman and four ladies, all of them in the carriage, stopped over here on their way home from Buffalo, and after viewing the sights on this side crossed over on the Canada side. While the carriage was crossing the curve opposite the precipice in front of the Clifton House the horses became unmanageable, and as it was evident they would not be able to get over the precipice, and Mr. Tillaght, the Providence gentleman, jumped off the seat and escaped with slight injury; the horses and carriage together fell over the precipice about a distance of fifty feet. Mrs. Mahala Smith, one of the party, was horribly mangled and instantly killed, and Mrs. Hannah Smith, who was sitting next to her, was so dangerously injured that she cannot possibly recover. Mrs. Tillaght and a Mrs. Fisher were badly bruised, but their wounds are not dangerous, and they will, it is believed, be forwarded to Rhode Island to-morrow, and the injured parties will be cared for at the Spencer House, on the American side. The accident happened while the carriage was being held on the body of a man who committed suicide at the same place a day or two previous. The sad event has cast a gloom of sorrow over all the tourists at the Falls. There are no reports from the Niagara, and there is, of course, corresponding indignation. An inquest will be held to-morrow.

The Sabine Mutiny Hoax.
An Authoritative Denial.
[From the Newport News, Sept. 23.]
The story of the mutiny on board the United States frigate Sabine has at last received an authoritative denial from an officer of that vessel. The late Lieutenant-Commander Ryan received letters from her husband on Monday, written after the arrival of the Sabine at Lisbon, in one of which he says: "There has been a most ridiculous canard published about us in a Paris paper, which I suppose has, ere this, been telegraphed home, something about the discovery of a conspiracy to blow up the ship, and the hanging of seven men. I cannot imagine. Nothing has occurred to give it the slightest foundation."
Previous falsehoods about the Sabine have also been received in this city, in which he says that the Navy Department has never had any information concerning the affair from an official source, and he, in common with all the officers at Washington, has disbelieved the story from the beginning.

Spain.
Her Domestic and Foreign Shipping.
The New York Times has the following dispatch in relation to Spain, a correspondent writes: "I think there is a current error upon which you fall in supposing that Spain is nothing to lose by war with us."

"In 1853 her shipping with foreign and colonial countries amounted to about 500,000 tons, and employed about 30,000 sailors, besides her coasting trade. For a nation so much in want of productive industry that the railroads have no freight trains, nothing can be more valuable than her shipping." "Content relative to