

# Daily Chronicle

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.

VOLUME XXIII.—NO. 158.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1869.

F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

WEDDING CARDS, INVITATIONS  
For Parties, etc. Now styled by  
WEDDING INVITATIONS EN-  
graved in the newest and best manner, LOUIS  
ALEXANDER and Engraver, 1303 Chestnut  
street.

MARRIED.  
HARLEY-WENDE—On the 6th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. J. Barnett Munn, Councilor Harley, of Philadelphia, to Miss Deane, daughter of John T. Piggott, of Wilmington, Del.

DIED.  
KLETT—On the 11th inst., Frederick Klett, his most relative and friend, respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, 1233 Arch street, on Thursday morning, the 13th instant, at 11 o'clock.

ORITARY.  
CARMICK—Died, in Paris, France, of paralysis, on Sept. 14, 1869, Mrs. Margaret Carmick, widow of the late Major Daniel Carmick, of the Carmick family of Philadelphia, Union States Marine Corps, and mother-in-law of Dr. H. C. Coates of this city.

WATER PROOFS FOR SUITS.  
BLACK AND WHITE REPELLANTS.  
GOLD AND SILVER REPELLANTS.  
BROWN AND WHITE REPELLANTS.  
WATER PROOFS FOR SUITS.  
WATER PROOFS FOR SUITS.  
WATER PROOFS FOR SUITS.

SPECIAL NOTICES.  
NOVELTIES  
IN  
SUILS!

SILK-LINED THROUGHOUT.  
VELVET COLLARED AND LAPELLED.  
RAW EDGED.  
SATIN FRONTS.  
QUILTED LAPELS.  
SILK FACED.  
CORD BOUND.

"OXFORD" SUIT.  
"SUFFOLK PARK" SUIT.  
"PEDESTRIAN" SUIT (for street wear).  
"OPERA" SUIT.  
"BEAT BRUMBLE" SUIT (the noblest).  
"HUNGARIAN" SUIT (for business).  
"HIDING HARBOR" SUIT (for young gentlemen).

All other Newest and Most Fashionable Styles  
AT THE  
Chestnut Street Clothing Establishment.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.  
THE STAR COURSE OF LECTURES.  
TICKETS FOR ANY OF THE LECTURES OF THE  
FIRST SERIES

On Sale This Day (Tuesday), Oct. 12.  
ORDER OF THE LECTURES:  
On Tuesday Evening, October 12, 1869.  
RENEVILLE, MISS F. E. LINCOLN.  
Subject—"WHITTED BELZHEERE."

On Wednesday Evening, October 13, 1869.  
Subject—"THE QUESTION OF CASTE."  
On Thursday Evening, October 14, 1869.  
Subject—"THE SHAM FAMILY AT HOME."

On Friday Evening, October 15, 1869.  
Subject—"GIBBS."  
On Saturday Evening, October 16, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. NEW ORLEANS."

On Sunday Evening, October 17, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."  
On Monday Evening, October 18, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."  
On Tuesday Evening, October 19, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Wednesday Evening, October 20, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."  
On Thursday Evening, October 21, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."  
On Friday Evening, October 22, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Saturday Evening, October 23, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."  
On Sunday Evening, October 24, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Monday Evening, October 25, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."  
On Tuesday Evening, October 26, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Wednesday Evening, October 27, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."  
On Thursday Evening, October 28, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Friday Evening, October 29, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."  
On Saturday Evening, October 30, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Sunday Evening, October 31, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Monday Evening, November 1, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Tuesday Evening, November 2, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Wednesday Evening, November 3, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Thursday Evening, November 4, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Friday Evening, November 5, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Saturday Evening, November 6, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Sunday Evening, November 7, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Monday Evening, November 8, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Tuesday Evening, November 9, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Wednesday Evening, November 10, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Thursday Evening, November 11, 1869.  
Subject—"HON. CHARLES SUMNER."

On Friday Evening, November 12, 1869.  
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On Friday Evening, November 26, 1869.  
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## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

### LETTER FROM ITALY.

#### Railway Journey from Rome to Siena—Scenery and Incidents.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Bulletin.]  
VILLA BARAGOLIA, SIENA, Italy, Sept. 21, 1869.—The railway journey from Rome to this place is one of the most pleasant I know of, especially if made on a fine mid-September day, cool and bright—as was the day I came. It can be done in one day and evening without fatigue. I left Rome a little after 8 o'clock on the morning of the 15th September, and arrived at Siena at 9 1/2 that same evening.

The railway from Rome to Civita Vecchia has been in operation for ten years; from Leghorn to Siena there has also been railway communication, and from Leghorn towards Rome there has likewise been railway passage for a short distance; but about two years ago the entire route from Rome to Leghorn was completed. There is very little difficulty in making the journey, even alone, but it would certainly be more agreeable to ladies if a ticket could be taken all the way through. These unfortunate political troubles in Italy, however, make that impossible. I bought my ticket at Rome for Leghorn; the price was 40 francs—a first-class seat—about \$8 gold; 5 francs for my trunk, which was quite a moderate-sized affair.

We learn to be economical about this luggage business after we have been a little while in Europe. The charges for baggage, as it is called, are enormous. I remember when I arrived in Europe last autumn the expense of my luggage from Naples to Rome was twice the amount of my own ticket—\$10 for myself and \$20 for my trunks and boxes. To be sure I was just from a sea voyage and had boxes of books, trunks of clothing and all the things required for a long stay in Europe. But when you make a journey in Europe it is better to put your belongings into as small a space as possible, if you wish to save your pocket and keep your money to spend on more desirable things than a trunk or hand-box. Italians carry a great amount of luggage into the cars. I went from Frascati to Rome two weeks ago in the first-class car, and had to sit in a most uncomfortable manner with my feet on a large valise trunk, which belonged to an Italian, and which ought to have gone in the baggage-car. It certainly was quite as large as the one for which I was charged 5 francs last Wednesday. While on this subject of traveling expenses, I will give the cost of the whole journey. My ticket from Leghorn to Siena was 16 francs; luggage, 3 francs. Thus the whole journey cost 19 francs—about \$12 gold. This, it must be remembered, was first-class.

The second-class cars are very good, and if I had been with a party I would willingly have taken a seat there; but a woman traveling alone in Europe is forced to spend more money on her journey than a man, for the sake of protection and personal comfort. The journey from Rome to Leghorn is delightful. The railway runs through a province called La Maremma. The sea is in sight a great part of the way; sometimes the road runs close to the shore, and it is a most refreshing view after a summer spent in and near Rome. I enjoyed it greatly. The Mediterranean came dancing in on the beach, tossing up the prettiest little "white sheep" imaginable. The Swiss call these white foam-caps on the waves "petits moutons." The waters which washed up on the coast looked like a broad border of malachite; farther out it deepened into a rich lapis-lazuli hue. I had found Rome the last week rather wearing and oppressive, and Frascati was damp with the heavy September dews, so this railway sweep along the beautiful Mediterranean coast and the fresh sea air were peculiarly delightful and invigorating.

After I left Leghorn the road took me to Pistoia and Empoli, and we journeyed inland towards Florence. At Empoli, where the passengers for Siena leave that train (which goes on to Florence), I changed cars and turned my face southward again to Siena. There was a full moon, the air was fresh and balmy, the country like a garden. The moonlight silvered the thick leaves of the flexes and hoim oaks. Many a lovely description I had read of Italian scenery by moonlight came to my thoughts, and I felt as if I was in some enchanted state of existence—in the *Thouphile Gaudier's* mythical land of Art. Speaking of Gaudier's companions—a Polish lady who traveled from Leghorn to Empoli in the same carriage. As we were alone, we fell very naturally into an agreeable talk. She was from Warsaw, and hearing this made me mention the names of different Polish friends to her. I found she had known Madame Jerichau-Baumann (whose paintings Gaudier admired), and her family when that great artist was in Milan. Baumann. They belonged to a Protestant circle in Warsaw; indeed, my traveling companion was the daughter of a Protestant clergyman. She gave me many interesting accounts of the Baumann family. They were all artists of some kind. One sister, Mile Rose Baumann, was quite celebrated as a singer. She spoke in the highest terms of them, and said they were as highly esteemed for their excellence of character as they were admired for their great gifts.

Mme. Jerichau-Baumann, of whose beautiful pictures I have spoken in my last winter's letters, will spend next winter in Rome, and the ensuing season will probably visit America. The rich coloring, poetical designs and bold, vigorous execution of her great works I am sure will be greatly admired. In her last letter she sent me a pleasant message from Hans Christian Andersen. I was speaking of it to the friend whom I am at present visiting, and she told me a charming story apropos of Andersen. When he visited Rome eight years ago he was the guest of Story, in his apartment at the Palazzo Barberini. Andersen was asked what sort of entertainment would please him best. He replied: "A children's party." So all the juvenile friends of his host and hostess were assembled together. Hans Andersen looked like a great stork in an aviary of pretty little birds, but he soon gathered them around him and interested them deeply in a long strain of delightful fairy tales. The children listened attentively, sometimes looking very sad, sometimes clapping their little hands and scream-

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ing with delight. After a while the doors were thrown open, and Mr. Story appeared, dressed as the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." The children were wild with fun, and they and Andersen pursued the Piper in every direction. My friend who told me the story turned to Browning, who also was present, and said:

"Read them your poem."  
"They would not understand it," answered Browning.  
"They would at least understand something about what they are enjoying," urged my friend.

So the children were summoned, and Robert Browning read them his own poem, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," with great success. It must have been a delightful scene—a crowd of pretty, well-dressed, intelligent children, listening to Hans Andersen and Browning recite their own famous creations, and romping with the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" to the music of the organ. I have wandered far off from Siena, but I have written a little about it, in the centre of pretty grounds; a garden on one side and charming woods on the other. The air is cool and dry. We can walk in the grounds until bed-time without fear of dews and night colds. From a large arched window in the upper hall—the floor on which the family rooms are situated—is a fine view of Siena, its beautiful towers and the surrounding country; as lovely a sight as the eye need wish to rest upon. The horizon has a graceful outline, some new Jerusalem upon it; one part reminds me of our Alban hills. Siena is placed on one of the lofty hills which are in the south of Tuscany. Mrs. Jameson's description of its situation and the surrounding country does not represent it as it looks to me this fair September month. She speaks of the district being barren and talks strangely of "the dreary monotony of the hilly waste which surrounds Siena."

To be sure, Mrs. Jameson visited Siena nearly twenty years ago, and since then great changes have taken place in Southern Italy in regard to agriculture. The old, melancholy, bare solitude of the Roman Campagna is fast disappearing, and certainly the country which surrounds Siena is anything but a barren waste. The landscape, as I look down upon it now, from this huge hall-balcony window—through which a coach and four might drive—is what the Swiss *Vaudsais* call *riante*, laughing and full of verdurous, picturesque beauty. The massive walls of the city and one of its large arched gates stand in full front of my sight, and the beautiful towers for which the city is famous lie against this rich sunny sky of mid-day, and look like the campaniles of some colonial city, some new Jerusalem. Those of the Cathedral, San Domenico, and the one in the Piazza del Campo—the Tower del Mangio—are the most striking. This last tower is very high, and so beautiful in its form that one can well believe how Leonardo da Vinci's admiration for it amounted almost to a love. It is as graceful as a pine tree or a beautiful human form, and 'seems as if, like Topsy, it had not been made, but grew.

ANNE BREWSTER.

## EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

### FRANCE.

#### The Bishop of Orleans to Father Hyacinthe—His Invitation to Retire.

By mail from Europe we have the following text of a letter addressed by Monsiegnr Dupleux to Father Hyacinthe:

ORLEANS, Sept. 26, 1869.—*My Dear Colleague.*—I have the honor to inform you that I have a step which you were about to take I endeavored, as you know, to spare you at any cost what would prove a great fault and misfortune for you, and as we are now in affliction for the Church, I sent off on the instant, and in the night, an old fellow-student and friend of yours to prevent you, if possible, from going to Rome, where a scandal had been consummated, and from this moment you can measure by the grief of all the friends of the Church and the joy of her enemies the extent of the mischief which you have wrought. At present I can do no more than pray to God and conjure you pause on the decision on which you now stand, leaving as it were, in my hands, the fate of your life, and I trust, of your trouble, has not been discerned. You have suffered, I know; but allow me to tell you, Father La Cour and Father de Ravignan had raised themselves to a higher rank in patience and fortitude, through their love of the Church and Jesus Christ. How is it possible for you to be so much more than going to the Church, your mother, by these accusing predictions? And what is it to you to retire to place yourself, as you are invited to do, in the hands of your superiors? But I am willing to hope and believe that this aberration will be only a transient one, and that you will be able to return to this affliction to the Catholic world, as it is a great consolation and a striking example. Go and throw yourself at the feet of the Holy Father. His arms will be open to receive you, and in clasping you to his paternal heart, he will restore to you the peace of your conscience and the honor of your life. Receive from him the words of his blessing, and will never cease to love your soul, his testimonies and these counsels of sincere and religious affection.

FELIX, Bishop of Orleans.

#### Father Hyacinthe's Reply.

To the above letter Father Hyacinthe made the following reply:

PARIS, Sept. 26, 1869.—*Monsiegnr:* I am much touched by the feeling which dictated the letter you addressed to me, and I am most grateful for the prayers you so kindly put up in my behalf, but I cannot accept either your reproaches or your counsels. *What you qualify as a great fault committed I call a great duty accomplished.* Be pleased to accept, *Monsiegnr*, the homage of the respectful sentiments with which I remain, in Jesus Christ and His Church, your very humble and obedient servant.

BROTHER HYACINTHE.

#### French Opinion of the Pope.

The *Gaulois* of Paris says that the Pope is going to write a friendly letter to Father Hyacinthe, to get him back again into the fold. The same paper calls the gallant peer the Baron Hausmann of Catholicism.

#### Views of the Archbishop of Paris—The Pope's Reply.

The Paris Press says that it is denied that Archbishop Darboy, of Paris, who had opened Notre Dame to Father Hyacinthe, was aware of the resolution he had taken before it was made public. The Paris Press had, after telegraphing the first letter of Father Hyacinthe to Rome, an audience with the Emperor, in reference to this matter, and the approaching Council.

#### Bishop Mare's Appeal Against Roman Absolutism.

The new work of Monsiegnr Maret, Bishop of Suva, on the Roman Council, is an appeal for a renovation of doctrines and a broader church system. It is, to speak more accurately, the statement of modern Gallicanism, which accepts the sovereignty but not the absolutism of the Pope, the primacy of the See of Rome, but not the forfeiture of the episcopacy. There is courage in this (says a French paper); there is, however, nothing new in it. The Bishop would also reconcile civil and religious society, and adjust the Council to sanction modern science, and loudly proclaim the immense services it has rendered to the world. He says, however, that religion itself would have no more action or foundation.

#### Fear of an Imperial Coup d'Etat.

Just previous to the sailing of the City of Washington from Europe, M. de Jouvencel, French minister to the Emperor, addressed a letter to Count de Keratry, which he refuses to join, not only in a manifestation, but even in a simple protest, in the event of the non-convocation of the Chamber on the 10th of October. The Emperor's government with a pretext for a new *coup d'etat*, and appears to think that the proposed step would produce no serious results unless supported by the legislative power, which he does not believe possible, and which he would not inconsiderately provoke.

The honor of the letter the Paris Press reports that the Emperor's speech, which M. de Jouvencel appears to us to be at least very much exaggerated. No one, we believe, has any objection to transferring to the streets the Ministry and a portion of the Chamber. The question is not as to whether on the 26th of October the Deputies will appear to force to discuss the proposition, but rather as to whether they should allow to be committed, without raising their voices, what they consider a flagrant violation of Parliamentary rights. Science gives consent.

#### THE FRENCH TRAGEDY.

##### Further Facts—Traupmann's Attitude—Fresh Conjectures.

The English and French papers are still occupied with stories regarding the murder near Paris. The correspondence of the *Star* says that on September 27th the prisoner was conveyed in a closed carriage from Mazas to the Court of Assizes, where he was charged with the murder of King's witness. He was proceeding to the Conciergerie in order to undergo a cross-examination. He was therefore probably prepared for the spectacle presented to him of Gustav Kinck's freshly dug-up corpse. As on the previous occasion, he feigned tears; but he was really startled. M. Desmet, *avocat*, was the counsel for the prisoner; he recognized this body as "Yes, it is Gustav." "You murdered him?" "No; it must have been his father. The wretch—only fancy his name—was pointed out to me by the police. He made a touching appeal to him, addressing him as a man on the verge of eternity, and imploring of him not to persist in denying to the Court the blood and the name of the man during his last hours to reflect that he had at least confessed, and repented of his great sins, and thus might be able to go to heaven." The prisoner, in fact, a mere look-oner. He signed the *procès verbal* with a firm hand. The question arises, does his signature correspond with his appearance? If he had been seen by the police, his answers are in strict conformity with the line of defence he has adopted from the first—namely, that he was merely a look-oner, and that he was not present in fact, a mere look-oner. He signed the *procès verbal* with a firm hand. The question arises, does his signature correspond with his appearance? If he had been seen by the police, his answers are in strict conformity with the line of defence he has adopted from the first—namely, that he was merely a look-oner, and that he was not present in fact, a mere look-oner.

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