Paily Ebening Bulletin.

GIBSON PEACOCK. Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

VOLUME XXIII.-NO. 175.

PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1869.

The vexed question of Ambassadors is under-

stood now to be settled. The representatives

present, but take no part in the deliberations.

Council. The ceremony took place where

the column is to stand, on the Janiculum Hill,

in front of the Church St. Pietro in Mont'orio

Reserved seats were arranged on either side

of the column, enclosure walled in, and car-

neted with rich old tapestries, so beautiful 1

hated to tread on them. Through the kind

courtesy of Mr. Lanciani, the brother-in-law

of Vespignani, we had excellent places di-

rectly in front of the Cardinal and place of

ceremony, and only a few chairs distant from

the Princesses of the Neapolitan Bourbon

family. My chair was on the very edge of the

drive up to the hill. It was the sweetest of all

October afternoons, and the streets and roads

leading up were thronged with carriages and

foot passengers, all hurrying to the sight. Oc-

tober is a gala month in Rome-the month of

the vintage and family feasts-of general holi-

day. When we reached the place and took

our seats, we found we had a good half hour

to enjoy the crowd, the preparations, and

above all the superb landscape which lay be-

neath and around us, swimming in a sea of

rich sunlight. The Janiculum Hill is the key

of Rome. From its summit is the best point

to look on this great city and its divine hori-

But, beautiful as were the Alban hills and

Sabine mountains; delightful as it was to show

how well I had conned the dear lesson of

localities. I soon left off pointing out the dis.

tant towns which lay on the mountain side

and the great buildings of the city which were

spread out beneath our feet as on a map, for

the assemblage around us took up all my atten-

tion. Before us, under a crimson and gold

canopy, hung the fair white corner-stone,

whose burial deep down in the earth we had

come to witness. The opening into which it

was to be lowered was covered with a sort of

table, hung also with crimson and gold, on

which the corner-stone seemed to rest. On

another table was a superb silver seal ; a large

silver inkstand; red sealing-wax; red ribbon; a

handsome candlestick and wax candle; the

leaden box which was to be placed in the

stone: the contents of this box, and the stone

lid which was to cover the aperture hollowed

There were all ranks of great clericals and

out in the corner-stone.

arned men. rovalties an

We started in good season, so as to enjoy the

Janiculum summit.

WEDDING CARDS, INVITATIONS for Parties, &c. New styles. MABON & CO-307 Chostnut street, WEDDING INVITATIONS EN-DEETAVOI In the noweet and best manner. LOUIB DEETA Stationer and Engraver, M32 Chestnut freet. feed to fe20,tf MARRIED.

MCCLURE-PATTERSON.-In Allegheuy, October Sth, by the Rev. A. D. Olark. B.D., assisted by the Rev. J. F. Scovel, Mr. Ale McChne, of Fittsburgh, to Miss H. Agnes Patterson, W Allegheuy.

DIED.

DIED. ALTEMUS.-Suddenly. on the 31st ult., Susannah. Ilawley, daughter of Alfred C. and Mary W. Altemus, aged II weeks.] Duo notico of the funeral will be given. CABMAN.-On Esturday. 30th ult. at the residence of the late George Ord, No. 574 South Front street, Mar-garet Carman. aged Roy years. Her relatives and friends are respectfully invited to nitend her funeral, on Tuesday morning next, at 10 actions.

o'clock. DAVIDSON.-On Saturday, October 39. Sarah. widow of Nathan Davidson, szed 87 years, The fitueral will take place from her late residence Si. M. vorner of Girard and Corintblan avenues, 2, Thesday, November 24, at 2 o'clock P. M. HOYER.-In Harrisburg, October 29th, 1569, Sarah

in Kirkham. This morning, William Kirkham, in

LEECH:-On Friday svening, October 29th, Mr. Wil-Hum F. Leech.

1. Linux, of Constitution, S. C. (1816 OF Final Strains), ged 59 years. MAJOIL -- On Sunday, October 3184, Letitia, wife of sac Masor, in the Sid year of her age. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully yield to attend her funeral, on Wedneday next, at 2 clock, from the residence of her husband, 2103 Delaucy

Clock, from the reminence of arr husband, 2003 Defaulty reat. NEAL.-On the 30th ult., Wm. Neal, Sr., aged 70 years. The relatives and friends of the family, also Harmony odge, No. 52; Columbia H. R. A., No. 91; A. Y. M.; enn Lodge, No. 25; Lo. of O. F., and the sailmakers of is city are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, om his late residence. No. 812 North Fifth street, on 'ednesday afternoon, the 3d inst., at 3 o'clock: WILLIAMS.-On Faturday, Oct. 30th, Mary A., only aughter of James Williams, M. D., in her 18th year. Funeral on Tureday, 2d imat., at 11 o'clock A. M., from lorestilence of her grandfather, F. Glaul, Esg., No. 142 orth Twentieth sirest. To proceed to Woodlands subsets:

WATER PROOFS FOR SUITS. BLACK AND WHITE BEPELLANTS. GOLD AND BLACK REPELLANTS. BROWN AND WHITE REPELLANTS. BROWN AND WHITE REPELLANTS. · JEYBE & LANDELL, Fourth and Arch.

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IN . ALL THE NEWEST **COLORINGS AND MIXTURES**

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE LETTER FROM ROME. The Beligious Frescoes of Orvieto... The

Council Hall in St. Peter's-Laying of the Corner Stone of the Commemorative Column ... Novel and Impressive Ceremonies-The Copt Bishop and The King of Belgium is to present the Pope other Dignitaries---Liszt's Domestic with the carpet for this vast place. It will be Trouble.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin 1 ROME, Oct. 14th, 1869 .- The History of Antichrist, Resurrection, Helland Paradise, are the four principal frescoes of Luca Signorelli in the Capella Nuova of the Orvieto Cathedral. Besides these frescoes there are also decorative pictures in chiar' oscuro, by the ame artist, of the poets Hesiod, Dante and Virgil, with medallions that contain scenes from "Works , and Days", the Æneid and "Divina Commedia."

This great series of frescoes (like those of Fra Angelico on the ceiling and back wall of this chapel) have served as libraries of art to famous painters, whose names are more familiar to the general reader and observer than s that of Luca Signorelli. The pictures of Michael Angelo and Raphael-especially those of the former-seem but as divisions of one great Symphony, of which these at Orvieto are not only the prelude, but the theme. The bold foreshortening of the grand forms in the Fuiminati compartment; in the Antichrist, also in the Resurrection, and the terrible realities in the Inferno, show plainly where the great Florentine studied,-for in these are the very originals of some passages in the famous Sistine Chapel pictures.

In Signorelh's "Paradiso" we can see Raphael's style. The angels are truly Raphaelesque. One Sappho-like figure among the celestial throng is tuning a lute in the most charming preoccupied manner. The beautiful face is bent over the instrument, which rests on her lap'; the fingers grasp it firmly and tune the chords-the action is so strong you almost hear the twang of the strings. You see she is engaged in getting the proper diapason, and entirely detached from the sweet confusion of sounds which the happy multitude about her is making. The grouping in this picture is exquisitely natural and graceful. Lovely angels float down with crowns and garlands for the blessed; others sit aloft with lutes and sing hymns of rejoicing, while the redeemed stand beneath in an ecstasy of happiness as they enter this heaven of divine beauty and harmony.

The most remaikable, however, of these great Signorelli frescoes is the history of Antichrist. The inspired story of the Apocalypse and grand prophecies of Ezekiel take form and shape, and are expressed with wonderful strength and effect. In the background is the court of that Temple, "which is cast out and not measured." There are the two witnesses, Enoch and Elias, "whose bodies shall lie in the streets of the great city." One is beheaded, the other just meeting death, by order of Antichrist. In the foreground is Antichrist again. This time he is preaching, and the Devil is whispering in his ear. In the heavens, far up in the left-hand corner, is the fall of Antichrist and the rain of blood.

spread mortar over the edges with a pretty little gold trowel, which every lady present, I am sure, coveted. After this the corner-stone the largest carpetin the world. Superb velvets and gold decorations are to be sent from all the was lowered sixty feet down into the foundagreat manufactories of Europe as donations, tion-pit of the monument, while the Cardinal and his attendants chanted the suitable service,-and the ceremony was over. After we of France, Austria, Portugal, &c., and a left another heavy stone was lowered down on special plenipotentiary from Spain, are to be top of the corner-stone, in order to guard against rogues interfering with its contents. Yesterday afternoon I saw the laying of the Some of us went and looked down into the pit. corner-stone of the column which is to be The woodwork which has been made around crected in commemoration of the Vatican the sides to keep the earth from caving-in is a beautiful piece of workmanship. Every detail of public labor is done very thoroughly and conscientiously in Rome.

We stood for some time before going to our carriage and gazed at the various notorieties who passed before us, and I must confess the fine autumn toilettes gave us quite as much pleasure as the sight of the famous men. I looked with great interest on Father Secchi, wishing all the while that a certain ravishing. rose-colored hat and pearl-gray robe and casaque, superbly trimmed with real black Chantilly lace, would not leave the stand. Father Secchi, however, carried the day. Shame to my womanhood, the great Jesuit astronomer was the more attractive of the two. Rose-colored hats and bewitching gowns are always in existence, I thought, but Father Seccili might die before I could have another chance of seeing him. He is a small man; has a good shaped head, good skin, a huge month, bold, firm jaw, and the most brilliant eyes that were ever set in a human face. This great astronomer has the reputation of being one of the most learned men living ; he is head. of the Jesuit Roman College, and at the same time commands the esteem and regard of the whole scientific world, 'Catholic, heretic and heatnen.

Liszt was also present. He looks careworn. The late unfortunate domestic trouble with his daughter and her husband, Von Bulow, the celebrated planist, gives Liszt much unhappiness, and the manner in which his best friend, Wagner, the great composer, is entangled in the unhappy matter, adds, of course, to Liszt's distress. I should not allude to the affair if I had not heard to-day that the German journals are ringing with it. Of course, the whole trouble is greatly exaggerated by the public, and when the truth is known, I have no doubt it will turn out to be much less of a scandal than is reported.

ANNE BREWSTER.

THE MISSISSIPPI HORROR Particulars of the Burning of the Steamer

Stonewall.

Horrible Scenes on Board--- The River Full of Drowning People.

employed for all meetings of deliberation and discussion. The north transept hall will be used for the grand public ceremonies of the Council. The architectural work of the transept is completed. I hope to have the pleasure of giving you a report of the appear-ance of the hall from personal view shortly. If y shrinking away over the hills; but there he sat, and looked as if he was made of some cu-rious fluid that was not human, but had as-sumed mortal shape. The leaden box was lowered into the aper-ture made for it in the cornerstone, the stone id placed down upon it, and Cardinal Berardi department—and dümbfounded and frightened by the noise and confusion, as well as blinded by the smoke, they plunged pellmell into the smoke, they plunged pellmell into the waters. Some clung to 'spars, and bits of wood, but found nothing to hold; swami or floated for a short time, and then, benumbed by the icy chilliness of the waves, and blinded by the smoke, they sank to watery graves. Many mules and horses were on board, and with the deck-passengers; and— poor dumb creatures, who could expect them to display more reason than human beings?— they rushed with the people and imped into they rushed with the people and jumped into the water with them, and on them and over them. Some few started and swam ashore, but most of them swam around the boat in circles, drowning men, women and helpless children. One mule jumped into a crowd of people struggling in the water, and by his irantic movements drowned six people.

IN THE CABIN. Before the news reached the cabin, the deck engers were wild with excitement. The first cry was hardly realized, but the second carried too much conviction in the wildness of its notes to be neglected or mistaken, and all rushed for safety, some to cabins and state-rooms, and others aft and on deck. The cabin soon filled with smoke, a blinding, suffocat-"fibr smoke, a smoke that would not be checked, but was the forerunner of more deadly flashes. There were only three lady pas-pengers in the cabin one bolly so of day of sengers in the cabin, one helpless old lady, a mother with two young children, one a baby still in swaddling clothes, and the third lady going to meet her husband, nomshe had long been separated, in a wife. from who from whom she had long been separated, in Lousiana. Out on the boat's edge, what were the cabin passengers to do? They were only about forty in number, but their plight was one of peril. All around them the lurid flames; beneath them the dark waters, welcoming them to anything but hospitable graves. Just under, the frantic deck passengers, the maddened animals rushing to and fro, uncontrolled, uncontrollable-all shrieking, shouting, praying and imploring for life and safety. To jump the distance was fearful, and the leap was certain to be to leap to the grave; to remain was death by burn-ing. Every one was frantic; offi-cers tried in vain to keep the crowd quiet, but the danger was too imminent—the death too certain. The little children clung in vain to the arms of their mothers, the ladies shricked and fainted too late; the men rushed to and fro, and selfish instinct-prevailed, and every one shifted for himself as best he or she could. Had people kept cooler, more would have been saved; but the blind instinct or infatuation of a mob to follow leaders ruled, and the example of the deck passengers was followed by the cabin passengers abové. The flames were approaching them and when so many were jump ing into the water, why should not all? Alas, the water was chilly and cold, and the bar was only a slight one and a strong current ran on either side. Many jumped, struck bottom, and had their feet carried from under them by the swift and treacherous undercurrents; others, blind with frenzy and excitement, rushed to where the crowd was thickest, and umped in among the mules struggling and kicking, and among the stout and hearty laboring men, whose presence of mind had left them, and whose only thought seemed to be that safety was only secured by all jumping together in one vast grand heap, on top, in between, and among each other. Thus a sure death was secured. With everybody by all the question was "touch and go," impulse got the better of judgment and reason, and com-mon sense, that would have rushed for life mon sense, that would have rushed for life preservers and taken doors off from hinges, took a back seat. Men lost hope, and infatu-ation seized every one. The fire was by no means a lingering or a lazy one; the flames neither tarried nor lingered, but spread from bale to bale, from hogshead to hogshead, from huge piles of hay to slumbering sacks of oats, from combustible and easily-excited coal oil to solid aud juicy bacon, from cold and inanimate provisions to human life, that a moment before was buoyant with hope and brimfal of expecta-tion. The flames rolled and crept and licked their way along, now stealthily, now rush-ingly, now with smoke and snap of spark and cinder, and anon bursting forth in lurid flerec-ness. Many were burned and scalded, and ness. Many were burned and scalded, and not a few never reached the deck to make even fruitless efforts for safety. Over the side of the beat the lambent flames ran, down near the engine, over the wheel, over the texas, and away up round the blackened smoke stack. The intense heat burst the pipe, and the explosion only added to the consternation. ONLY ONE SKIFF. There was only one skiff available to take passengers from the burning wreck. It made several trips from the boat to the land. Besides being the means of escape for those on the stage plank, it was used to take Fulton from stage plank, it was used to take Functon from his perilous position. He was the last brought away; after that no one escaped from the boat. It was feared that some, hemmed in by the flames, were burned to death, and runor had it that some met with such a dreadful fate in the cabin. How many but he here the theory of the some met with will never be known. It can only be hoped that they all succeeded in jump-ing into the river and got to shore. The coal oil-fortunately not a large quantity—and the bacon burned very fiercely. The Stonewall was burned to the water's edge in about one hour and a half after the fire was discovered. But long before this there was no living soul in it. The scene was a terrible ond —one never to be forgotten by the survivors. The lamentations, groans and shricks of the dying men and women mingled with the noise of the cracking timbers, and to intensify the horror of the moment, burning spars, fenders and beams fell over into the water where nearly 200 human beings were trying to save themselves from the jaws of death. The Stonewall was burned to the water's edge themselves from the jaws of death. POWERLESS TO HELP. There were numbers of people on the shore who had flocked from the houses in the neighborhood of the Landing, but they were unable to give any assistance except what a few could render with the skift before mentioned. They render with the skift before mentioned. They saw many an thiftertunate passenger taking his last leap, and as some_who_had managed to get hold of a spar or piece of timber drifted from the wreck, they eagerly sought to give a helping hand to some poor fellow as he neared the shore. The people did all they possibly could to mitigate the horrors of the night, and at different points of the river for a mile below assisted persons to get on shore. The number so saved, it is regretted, wis but small.

FACTS AND PANCIES.

From the Overland Monthly for November 3 By scattered rocks and turbid waters duffing, By furrowed glade and dell,

To feverish men thy calm, sweet face apart-Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought, that cannot find expre sion, For ruder speech too fair,

That, like thy petals, trembles in possession And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor, And, leaning on his spade, Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighter To see thy charm displayed;

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises, And for a moment clear, Some sweet home face his foolish thought

surprises And passes in a tear

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village, Of uneventful toll, Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage Above a peaceful soil: 3

One moment only, for the pick, uplifting, Through root and fibre cleaves, And on the muddy current slowly drifting Are swept thy bruised leaves.

And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion, Thy work thou dost fulfill, or on the turbid current of his passion Thy face is shining still !

-Wat Tyler is to be the subject of Mr. G. A. Sala's forthcoming burlesque.

—Cruikshank is one of the workers in the temperance cause in England.

-The favorite authors of Prince Napolesa are Shakespeare and Virgil. -The Emperor will meet the Empress at

Nice on her return from Egypt. -A Detroit hunting party killed 53 buffaloes on the P. R. R.

-Henry Ward Beecher hopes that his **old** age may be an October, prohably because that is the season for fine old ails.

-Richard Wagner said lately that he would ompose no new operas. For which let us give thanks.

-Why were the Duke of Wellington's boots like Abraham's female servants? Because they were hand made 'uns.-Ex.

-A young woman in New Haven has killed herself for the sake of her complexion, taking arsenic

-A "Hymn of Peace," by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, has been performed at the Brussels Festival.

-If Greeley is elected Comptroller of New York State the first signature upon his bond will be that of Jeff. Davis. So says an exchange.

--The Paris Chronique photographs the late. Marquis de Boissy (husband of La Guiccioli), in one line: "A ganin of Paris in a Senator's robes.

-A shower of ants, lasting for about two minutes, is reported from Lausanne, on Lake Geneva. Millions of winged insects fell, covering the streets so that it was impossible to walk without crushing a number.

At Bologna there died, recently, Alice Cenci, who claimed to be the last survivor of the unfortunate Cenci family, celebrated in the drama of Shelly, and the remarkable novel. of Guerrazzi. -The chairman of a Dent meeting, at Jackson, Miss., introduced a colored Democrat, John F. Harris, of Memphis, as an orator, "and a gentleman as far as politics are con-cerned." -The meanest man has been found in Michigan. A laborer was buried by the caving in of a well on his premises, and he objected to any attempt at rescue on account of the expense for a man who was dead. -A Quaker lady recently explained to her domestic that washing day came on every Second Day. The girl left in high dudgeon. She didn't go to be washing every other day. Not she. -Mr. Jones, of Hartford, thought he smelt gna the other night and lighted a match to see ablaze, when a friendly policeman put him out by rolling him in the gutter. There is a manine New Jersey who insists on having his mariage ceremony repeated every year, going through the whole ceremony of new dress for his wife, dinner to his friends, æc. -A Republican Convention for Redwood. county, Minnesota, passed, among others, the following resolution: Resolved, That we brand as sore-headed bolters those Republicans who have this day met in convention at the blacksmith shop. -In a forest tree lately cut down in Wisonsin was found an Indian arrow-head completely inbedded and grown over. It appears, from counting the layers of wood over it, that ninety years have elapsed since the arrow which it tipped was shot at the tree. -A California correspondent, criticising a gory sunset painting, remarks that "the sun is poetically described as lowering exquisitely-tinted drapery around his evening; couch; he never pulls down a blood-red woolen blanket to bld blimad?" to hide himself." -The Russian Emperor has recently become - The result of the period of the second sec -A Cincinnuti religious paper is about to publish a life of John Smith, and explains that it is not that man whose life was saved by Po-cahontas, but that other man, eminent above his compeers for wit and humor, as well as for his power as a preacher, popularly known as "Raccoon" Smith. -Two Americans at Baden-Baden the other -Two Americans at Baden-Baden the other day were dining with a pair of Paris ladies, when a Russiau Prince who, perhaps, wished to pick a quairel, purchased two glorious bouquets and sent them to the ladies, with his compliments. The Americans merely glauced over to his table, bowed cordially, and sent him back by the waiter two Napoleons. He was so much chagrined that he left the room. Bother of the late of -Professor Blot is stirring the hashes of New Jersey's kitchen fires, and founding an order of stewdious fryers on the philosophy of Bakin'. His missionary efforts from the suli-nery reastrum will be forwarded by the prayers of all Christian travelers, for no stranger in Jersey over ate a meal without wishing it ameliorated, and mentally exclaiming, "Blow their cooking "-Ex. -Mr. Bryant, it is reported, and we believe fruthfully, recently thus advised a young newspaper contributor: "My young friend, I observe that yon have used several French expressions in your article. I think if yon, will study the English language, that you will ind it capable of expressing all the ideas you, may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not secall an in-stance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language." their cooking !"-Ex. one in my own language." one in my own language." —The Alta Callfornia describes the discovery by a party of miners, of a magnificent cave, the entrance so small that it barely admitted the passage of a man. After getting in, a large chamber with cellings 50 feet high, hing with stalactites which reflected light from furning torches, was found. So vast was this natural structure, that the explorers, after, graviling, its marble floor for half a mile did not find the end. Another party will leave in a few the end. Another party will leave in a tow days to explore more thoroughly the preas wonder.

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PUNEYVILLE LECTORES.-WM. L. DENNIS, Esq., has the pleasure to announce a course of Four Lectures, entitled "THE PONEY VILLE LECTURES." the first of which will be given on TUERDAY EVENING, November 2d, 1869, at the ARSEMBLY BUILDING (large Hall). Subject-"Dr. Dipps, of Poncyville."

Lecture at 8 o'clock. Tickets can be had at Trampler's Music Store. oc30 tf SCIENTIFIC I ECTURES AT THE FBANKLIN INSTITUTE.-The Winter Course will commence on TUESDAY EVENING, 2d inst., at So'clock, and will include courses on Urganic and Ingrwill commence on TUESDA: Dependent and Inor o'clock, and will include courses on Organic and Inor ranic Chemistry, Hlectricity and Heat, Light and Ma nol St

enanics. nol ŝt DE GEORGE C. NEEDHAM (IRISH Evangelist) will preach every evening this week at Spring Gurden Hall, northwest corner Spring Gar-den and Thirteenth streets, at guarter before 8 o clock. All are invited. It

All are invited. HALL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASBOCIATION, 1':0 OHESTNUT street. The classes for instruction for 1859-70 will be organ-ized the first week in November, in the following branches: Penmanship, by Prof. J. W. Shoemaker; French, Prof. Jean B. Sue; German, Prof. J. M. Habel; Flocution, Prof. Bufus Adams, and Music, Prof. John-Bower.

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-Michel Chasles informs the world that ie has to prosecute a paltry forger for making im believe that Hannah Smith signed herself liss Anne Ascough Newton." llow the anagrani which we formerly gave o drop—"Sign such a name, son! not we!" lenœum.

Whenever Antichrist is represented, the caricatured resemblance to Our Lord is painful. In one corner of this picture, to the extreme left of the foreground, stand two men as spectators. One, dressed in a cloak and cap. looks out on you with a doubting, disusted, discouraged expression. The other, robed in a priest's dress, with cowl and tonsure, points with sad surprise to the groups in the foreground. There avarice, violence, murder and other mortal sins are represented as going on at the very feet-in the actual presence of Antichrist. This sorrowful-looking priest is a portrait of Beato Angelico. The unbelieving, despairing face belongs to the artist who painted the fresco-it is the portrait of Signorelli himself.

The carved and inlaid work of the Choir is finer even than that of the Sienese Cathedral, but so decayed and time-worn that in many places they are replacing parts of it by accurate copies. The Sienese and Orvieto woodworkers and carvers are famous in this day as they were in past ages. The whole church is sadly out of repair, but they are putting it in order, and intend, I believe, to restore it to its former grandeur. The place, however, has a dreary, desolate look inside-as if devotion had left it-quite unlike the warm, cosy, comfortable Sienese Cathedral, which seems made of nooks and corners that are full of the very atmosphere of prayer and thanksgiving. We clambered up a dizzy number of dark little steps which led to the arcaded gallery that runs around the roof edge of the Choir. From its stone arches we looked down on the Choir frescoes. They were painted by Ugolino di Prete da Siena, a contemporary of Simone Memmi. They are said to be full of the expression peculiar to the early Sienese school-enthusiastic sentiment and lyric feeling-but I had no time to study them. From this gallery we groped on up to the roof and

the Paglia and Tiber and the Umbrian Appenines. The afternoon we drove-away from Orvieto I looked wishfully back on the grand old historical city of the Middle Ages. I watched the sun sink behind the hills. It was a glorious sight. The red and amber flood of autumn Italian sunlight bathed a landscape every point of which was like some gorgeously illuminated missal, throbbing with rich-hued memories of that mediaval past whose history is so dear to the art-student. I resolved then and there that Orvieto, like Siena, should be another "Yarrow Revisited." Next spring; when the railway route from Rome to that point is completed, I shall go there again, I trust, and study more closely and leisurely the other frescoed chapters of Bible and gospel history which its great old Cathedral contains; the famous bas-reliefs on the facade, the many beautiful sculptures, and its other art posses sions.

looked over the mountain town, the valleys of

The acoustic question of the Council Half is satisfactorily settled. The report sent in to the Pope was by persons who were ignorant of the facts. Count Vespignani has committed no blunder. The north transept of St Peter's was given to him to prepare in such a manner that it would accommodate a certain number of persons in a certain way. This he has done most satisfactorily. The architect has represented to the Pope that if this hall in the body of the church will be needed for oratory, the vaulted roof will of course have to be covered with a ceiling.-But this seems hardly necessary, as the hall of the Cena-the place over the Atrium in which the Pope celebrates at Easter the Apostles' Suppor-will be | pected him to spread some unseen wings an

assembled there in honor of the occasion. The parchment which contained the account of the ceremony, and which was to be placed in the leaden box, was taken around to the mandis tinguished persons present for their signa tures. The young Grand Duchess of Parma, the Princess of Girgenti, Countess Trapani and Madame Quillinen, wife of the Portuguese Envoy, who were very near us, wrote their names upon it, and their signatures looked fair and bold. Then the parchment-was-handed to the various distinguished men. To our right sat a row of jolly French Monsignores, and beside them was the curious-looking Copt Bishop, whose handsome gipsy face and picturesque costume always attracts my attention. His presence yesterday transported me back to the Richard Cour de Lion days as described in Scott's picturesque tale of the Talisman. He wears a flowing black mantle with large sleeves bordered with gold, and a high black velvet hat, round at the top, and bell-shaped, which has a black satin curtain or cape on the edge of the base. This curtain gathers in the long jet black hair, covers the neck and is tucked into the mantle. His skin is swarthy; the long hair, a little waving, makes a dusky framework to his face, and out of this wierd human darkness, which is totally unlike the Indian or African, there gleam the most curious eyes, wily and vibrating as those of a snake. The parchment was handed to him to sign. Very naturally he began, in the Copt manner, to write from the right side of the paper. The gentleman who had charge of the business exclaimed :

"Oh! no, not there, Monsignore. Here here!" and he pointed to the left of the parch ment.

Not a feature stirred in the Cont's face. He looked quietly at the gentleman and waited until the explanation was made by some one then with languid dignity affixed his sign of witness of the ceremony. I stretched both eyes and neck to see the hieroglyphics which almost expected to find wriggling about on the paper in some weird-serpent-like form; but I was not near enough to distinguish his writing. I noticed that his hands were delicate as a woman's, well-shaped, but even the nails were dark, as we see in the gipsy hand. This little episode caused a good deal of merriment, and his companions, the French Monsignores, laughed heartily, while he looked as imperturbable and indifferent as if he had no even noticed the incident, much less been the principal actor.

The leaden box which was to be placed in the corner-stone, and its other contents, were also shown to the distinguished members of the audience. These contents were, besides the parchment, fifteen pieces of Roman money, five of gold, five of silver, and five of copper a large golden-looking medal of composition (the gilt bronze one was not ready), on which was the monument as it will look when crected, and an inscription of its intention, date, &c. and a silver and brouze medal of St. Peter, which are struck every year. These last had on them Tenerani's Mentana monument. When everything was ready, Cardinal Berardi and his suite came out of the church, in

grand, high canonicals, and the services began. The leaden box and its contents were blessed, the box soldered up, the red ribbon put around it, and the imposing silver seal stamped upon the red wax which fastened the ribbon to the box. Then the corner-stone was blessed, and the aperture sprinkled with holy water. I looked at the Copt when this part of the ceremony took place, as if I ex-

| From the St. Louis Papers of Friday Morning | THE DISASTER.

The warning cry of "fire" was given by one The warning cry of "fire" was given by one of the deck passengers, who ran to the engine-room and shouted to George W. Fulton, the first engineer, who was then on duty. Dark-ness had set in, and the alarm came with a terrible significance. Here the boat was at a point where the river is one and a half miles wide, with much that was combustible on board, and with no means of escape except-what might he obtained by running the veswhat might be obtained by running the ves-sel against the bank. The alarm was given immediately upon the origin of the fire, and it was not unheceded. Fulren rushed out and saw a bale of hay in the air portion of the boat. burning. So small was the fire that it could have been extinguished with one or two buckets of water if they had been at hand, but these were not there. these were not there.

THE SEENE. It beggars description ; words fail—imagina-tion is atfault. Two hundred and eighty souls ushered into eternity. A blazing fire behind them and a death amid icy waters before them. It was about 6.30 in the evening. In the cabin the supper-table was thronged. Some had left the supper-table was thronged. Some had left and were, smoking their evening cigars-others chatting near the stove. Few were on deck, for the night was dark and the air chilly and piercing. Down on the deck a motley crowd of a hundred and fifty emi-grants and working people were gathered. Many had eaten their supper; others were taking their last mouthful, when asimali blaze not layer than your hand hocks out on not larger than your hand broke out on a pile of hay, and a solitary deck hand ran for-ward and cried, "Fire! fire!" From mouth to mouth the soul-stirring cry ran, and in a moment the deck-passengers were palsied with fright and desperate with excitement. Hardly heard in the cabin, the first gry was regarded as a ruse-perhaps a row among the deck-passengers. Some were a little full of liquor-then in a second twinkling came the second cry-a yell-a maddening, deafening yell of "Fire! ire!" that pierced the deck and rang through the ears of the supper eaters not larger than your hand broke out on a

and rang through the east of the supper eaters like a death knell. Now there could be no -mistake...It was no foolishness now. That cry meant life or death, and every one felt it. To the upper deck, to the cabins fore and aft, people ran. Panie, fear and irenzy ruled the hour. There were seventy-live life preservers in the state-rooms, but only one man secured one. There was a yawl, but some of the deck-passengers seized it, and, without oars, indis-criminately piled in and paddled ashore with their hands. From the small blaze on the hay near the boiler deck, the fire spread to the coal oil, and the whole ship was in a blaze. The boat was loaded with bacon and other solidities, and the flames spreading with fear-ful rapidity soon found the solid combustibles, and an intense heat was generated.

ON DECK the scene was most fearful. One hundred and ifty passengers, mostly foreigners-Irish, Italians, Dagos, Germans and Americans-some with their wives and families, all in conboat grounded two hundred yards from the sherq; the ponderous engines thumped and worked in vain. The passengers were ram-pant and wild. Efforts were made to adjust the hose to the donkey engine, but the crowd would not allow it. Some tried to throw out planks and stagings, but the crowd rushed to the edge of the deck, and, in their enger-ness to secure positions, prevented the Inese to secure positions, in their digit-ness to secure positions, prevented the staging from their put out. All shouted, "Get off the staging!" and the man who cried the loudest was the very man who was in the middle of the staging. The poor deck-passengers knew not what to d.o Peddlers with their packs, like the miser at Herculaneum, clung to their last worldly remnants, and found a watery or won a flery grave beside their filthy pelf: Trishmen, with their picks and shovels, going to work South-ern roads, their old clay pipes half filled with tobacco, and their all done up in a red ban-danna, were there; and dark-haired Italians going to the sunny South to expose their wares in amoney-making mart; Dagos, French-emigrants going where their expedience. These people was spoken, were there. These people were the first to see the fire-the first to catch he iright-the most uncontrollable-the most scholar and translator.

THE BURNING OF THE STONEWALL.

A Murder Added to the Horror.

A Murder Added to the Horror. The St. Louis Democrat, in its account of the burning of the Mississippi steamer Stonewall, gives the following: A tolegram from Cairo last evening an-nounced a most revolting termination of a struggle for life, when one victim stabled and killed another, and was soon after drowned himself. A group of men in the water sought nimself. A group of men in the water sought to save themselves by the aid of a floating bale of hay, which was too small to float them all. A savage contest arose for its possession, all struggling to obtain a lodgment upon it, when one more desperate than the rest was roused to demoniae passion, and drawing a knife plunged it into a companiou's body, and the lifeless form rolled over into the current, which was reddened by his blood. The act of floatish impulse was meedily avenued. of fiendish impulse was speedily avenged, for the whole party are believed to have been drowned.

-The Shakespeare Mussum is the title of a new journal, published since October in Leipsle, designed as an "organ for reciprocal promotion in the study and understanding of Shakespeare." It is edited and published by Max Moltke, a well-known Shakespeareau