CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM ROME.

Celebration of St. Peter's Day—Illuminations in the Evening—The Infallibility Discussion—New Discoveries in Rome—Movements of Americans—Miss Hosmer's Statue of Lincoln.

[Correspondence of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.]

ROME, Italy, June 30th, 1870.—Tuesday afternoon, Vigil of the Feast, the Pope held chapel at St. Peter's. Previous to this service the Cardinal Chamberlain De Angelis, with his official assistants, received in the Hall of Tablets, at the Vatican, the yearly tributes owed by families, corporations and kingdoms to the Holy See. Last year I gave a full account of the ceremony and its meaning in a letter to the BULLETIN; also, of the interesting service in St. Peter's, at the Papal vesters—the blessing of the palium. In the evening St. Peter's church and cupola were illuminated as at Easter. The night was calm, the sky was clear and dark; thus the illumination was extremely brilliant. The wind did not disturb either the silver or gold lights. The first remained in their places, and grew brighter, until the flash of the second threw over the whole stupendous structure, from the summit of the dazzling cross on the ball to the broad façade and vast colonnade extending around the piazza, that brilliant throbbing light which is the object of enthusiastic admiration to Christian and heathen, Protestant and Catholic. Lasted a lady—a Roman—who was in our party, if it was true that the man who lighted the ball and cross received communion and absolution before ascending. She laughed, and said "no." But the man who are to perform the work of illuminating the cupola are shut up all day and watched, to keep them from drinking wine, so that they may not be unfit for the work. This same lady told me an interesting story in relation to the tribute ceremony of the afternoon. Many years ago her father was paying a visit to the present Pope, then Cardinal Mastai, him pleasantly if he could do anything for him.

"Yes, very Holy Father, you may give me a glass of water."

The Pope laughed at the simplicity of the request, and was about ordering a glass of water to be given to the Cavaliere, when this gentleman said:

"No, your Holiness, I mean a glass of Acqua Felice water in my house whenever I wish it." This was of course a good deal of merriment. It resulted in the request being granted, and ever since this gentleman's residence on the Via Rasella has had water from its upper floor to the lowest, and a fountain in the little garden. For the use of it his family still pay, yearly, a tribute which is declared thus: "For the daily use of two ounces of water, a yearly tribute of two pounds of wax."

Yesterday St. Peter's Church was crowded at high mass. The ceremony is the same as at Christmas, and the silver trumpets sound at the elevation as at Easter and Christmas. St. Peter's day is a popular *fête* among the Romans. In the evening the usual fire-works were exhibited on the Pincian. The principal piece was Villa d'Este, near Tivoli, a fine palatial building with terraces, waterfalls, and walls decorated with all manner of ornaments. These were traced in brilliant colored fires, and the curious many-hued atmospheres created by Bengal lights gave an enchanting effect.

After this fine—building was displayed various pyrotechnic wonders were exhibited. The Pincian Hill and the piazza del Popolo are well civilized, Mr. E. W. Hunter, of Philadelphia, Prof. L. H. Gause, of Harrisburg, and Mr. J. L. Paul, of the Department, left Florence yesterday for the school, just three miles west of the Susquehanna, and after a delightful little ride, were warmly greeted by the teachers and pupils on the beautiful green in front of the institution.

The old building wore its old cheerful aspect, and the boys and girls were as bright, if not brighter, than before. It is a fact worthy of note that though in 1869—the first year of a general and comparative examination—the children in every institution were somewhat timorous, fearful of not passing a creditable scrutiny into their various studies, the testimony of the examiners this year compliment the State in that there has been little or no trepidation, and that all have manifested at eagerness to meet their questioners. Note come more bravely to the front in this contest than the pupils at White Hall. Mr. Marple, an old and experienced teacher here, and not at the gate. "Do you remember," were his first words, as he slapped me heartily on the shoulder, "that in the commencement of the last examination, a year ago, I told you we would do fully as well as the Normal School?" Well, sir, wait until this evening, and mark my words if my prediction is not fulfilled!" This was really quite a bantor. But the proof will prove that he had reliable scholars to back him in his bold assertion.

After the exchange of the usual salutations, Mrs. Hutter and Dr. Worthington were soon in the midst of the school, visiting the children's apartments, which were reported in excellent trim.

Mr. Cornforth, believing in prompt action, immediately had the children called into the capacious amphitheatre, and, after vocal music by the children, commenced the work of examination. He didn't set out with a formal speech, appealing to the children "not to be afraid;" they would have laughed at him for his pains, because no boy-bear or cub-cub of a Superintendent or an inspector can frighten our soldiers' orphans now. The exercises were carried through promptly, accurately, and under the fairest judgment and sensibility. A number of people from the surrounding country were present, including several graduates from the institution. Between the recitations progress is a good time to take a stroll around.

The little farm of ten acres is well managed. There are nine thousand cabbage plants out, five thousand beets, two thousand tomato plants, four thousand celery plants, and five acres of potatoes. Four hundred bushels of onions have already been taken out, and the whole yield will be about forty-five bushels. They have had ninety bushels of string beans. There will be, altogether, seventy bushels of cucumbers. All the garden vegetables are raised in abundance. There will be a second crop of green corn on the same patch. There is, indeed, much of agricultural economy here. There are twelve porkers, weighing two hundred pounds apiece, in the pens. Several are butchered in the slaughter-house attached. Everything that is healthfully given the office. There is no stint in variety. Four hundred barrels of flour were used last year, and there was almost a superfluity of canned tomatoes.

A view of the school-roll shows 185 pupils; 106 boys, 79 girls. Last year there were 100. Since then 21 have been discharged on age and 10 by order, while 18 were admitted by transfer and 11 by order. This decrease, as I observed in my former letter, is the direct result of all the schools—indeed, one of the main characteristics, because it is a most important point, indicating that we may now expect a steady reduction of expenses, year by year, finally, the burden, though a solemn duty, will be almost unfelt.

The health of the school has been exceedingly good. There was one death on the first of January last; that of a little girl lost admitted, who had contracted typhoid fever and gangrene before admission. Save in this one instance alone, there has been no sickness whatever, within two years.

The industrial pursuits here are well attended to, contributing to the health and happiness of the pupils. The boys farm, and the girls run most of the household work. The farm has become well known to visitors at Harrisburg for their fine needle, bead, crochet work and knitting. A sight of the many beautiful and elegant fancy articles and practical little utilities is alone worth a trip to the school. The lady visitants are all much pleased with them. Two sewing-machines are kept at work, and all the girls' clothing is made up in the institution.

The following is a list of the teachers and employes of the Institution:

Principal—Captain J. A. Moore.
Steward—Amos Smith.
Male Teachers—N. G. Marple, C. C. Hughes and C. B. Engle.
Female Teachers—Miss Fannie Hess' and Miss Mary Hughes.
Superintendent of Boys—Captain John A. Bell.
Matron—Miss Maggie Atchley.
Assistant Matron—Mrs. Julia Michael.
Superintendent of Sewing—Mrs. Beckie Croyhill.
Sick Nurse—Mrs. Susan Jones.
Cook—Miss Lizzie Shearer.
Superintendent of Dining Room—Miss Jennie Gates.
Superintendent of Wash Room—Mrs. Elizabeth Neell.
Gardener—Philip Daly.
Baker—Lucius C. Wox.
Physician—Dr. C. W. Moore.

Messrs. Moore and Smith are the owners of the property, having purchased it two years ago, when the buildings were decaying, and the reputation of the school had become bad. They deserve marked credit for their share in the improvements, and for the prompt manner in which they repaired all the errors of their predecessor, and made the school once now widely known as among the best. They have stood ready to receive all numerous and unexpected visits for two years, to the general satisfaction. Of all the Soldiers' Orphans' institutions in the State, this one has undoubtedly been visited most by strangers. Situated in close proximity to the Capital, State officials, members of the Legislature, philanthropic individuals, and people of all classes, whose business has taken them to Harrisburg, have made pop visits to White Hall. Having thus accustomed to be put to the ordeal of inspection, its managers could not help but be constantly on the qui vive, and to this may in part be attributed the grand results of which White Hall boasts. After all, I am inclined to think that students are benefited by their near vicinity to a large town or city, whereby they gather freshness of life by day, read the newspapers damp from the press, and take a lively interest in the affairs of the busy world around them; it quickens their wits, sharpens their intellects, and renders them a keener for competition. Talk of "scaring" the boys and girls at White Hall out of it—of their credit and averages in their educational studies!

The great interest, to-day, concerns in the school room. White Hall has wonderfully improved, educationally, since the present proprietors, two years ago, took charge. The teachers, who have been here during the new *régime*, are well selected, and will compare favorably with any in the State. In point of energy and pride in their various branches they are unexcelled. They know just exactly how to instil the same spirit into their pupils. Here there is a constant, an incessant attention paid to high moral and educational culture, and the school. He could not fail to perceive the looks of triumph around him.

Miss Christine Foster, a graduate, read an original essay, expressing much genuine girlish feeling at "saying, perhaps forever, from her youthful companionship."

The scene on the lawn at the farewell-taking was a pleasant, but at the same time an affecting one. The children, grouping around their retiring chief, gave him a hearty farewell, and, if I know them, I guess could but say good-by and God bless you, with a tremor on the lip now and then. The writer, happy to say that Mr. Corry, ex-representative from Lawrence, a favorite in this school, arrived at noon, and was greeted all around by everybody cordially. He seemed to have the most smiles and letting. A sight of the boys and girls parted—the children of the Commonwealth, to go to their pillows and the warm, tender homeward trip on Friday. I will carry with me the impression a "flower-bed, constructed in the shape of a star, made upon my mind. It is in the lawn—in the green lawn in front of White Hall. In it the girls have planted jessamines, heliotropes, mignonettes and roses, all of which are flourishing. The flower-bed is dedicated to General John W. Geary's division in the army during the rebellion and the many dead who fell from its ranks to Gettysburg. L. S.

OUR POTTSVILLE LETTER.

Pottsville's Saturday Night—The County Commissioners—Schuylkill County Civilization—Mineral Discoveries—Wonderful Mineral Springs.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

POTTSVILLE, July 19, 1870.—This state is not yet ended. And that is all I have to say about it, that being about all the satisfaction I can get out of anybody. The warm weather has a bad effect on people's tempers; they seem effect as an oven operating on a loaf of bread—it makes them crusty. For it is warm here—at times. Yesterday, we thought we should be tarred and feathered, and the mercury dropped to 76 deg. in about half an hour. That was the coolest day in early part of the month, so pleasant, and the cool, damp air so grateful to the lungs and choked up with people, that a day spent in unavailing efforts to keep cool, that they all walked out to enjoy it, and, for an hour, Centre street looked like a Sunday afternoon; but about eight o'clock came another shower, which drove the people in-doors again.

Like Saturday night I said; because Saturday night is one of Pottsville's peculiar institutions. Stores of all kinds close at 8 o'clock, and in American style, none pretend to close before 10 or 11 o'clock, while some close just in time to avoid breaking the Sabbath. Then the pavements are filled with pocmenaders, some in quest of Sunday's paper, others in quest of Sunday purchases at once but the most walking up and down to see and be seen. By universal custom, it is servants "night out," and they compose a large portion of the throng; but many are neighbors and friends. The ladies who consider it one of their inalienable rights to promenade Centre street on a Saturday night, and stand up for it right sturdily. At ten o'clock passes, the crowd begins to diminish; it certainly is a very pleasant time. But it is not until after midnight that the bricks cease to echo to footfalls more or less frequent—and the quietude of Sunday, for at that hour the drinking shops close their doors and their frequenters wend their way homeward. A friend suggests

"Homeward! pled their weary way,"

but that is such an atrocious pun I cannot endorse it.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Pottsville is slowly getting under way. It proposes to hold its first regular monthly meeting on Monday evening next. The poor thing has a hard time of it. To adopt the words of Ann Hathaway, it is

"What it's doing and how it fares.
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

Our "representative young men" shun it as their "patron saint" is said to shun holy water. The minister, I hear, has insisted on this subject than on any other. With one or two honorable exceptions, they seem to like it alone severely. And when the handful of faithful souls who are trying to establish the society attempt to do anything, they meet with rebuffs as decided as they are unexpected. A committee was appointed to wait on the surveyor the County Commissioners, and procure from those conservators of public property and public civilization the privilege of preaching to the spirits in prison," and holding religious services within the massive walls of "Fort Wash" on Sunday afternoons.

Of course, the Commissioners replied, with one voice, "Certainly, young gentlemen, certainly. It rejoices our hearts to see your interest in your country, its custodians, and its the spiritual condition of the unfortunates whom the public, through a just regard for its own safety, has seen proper to commit to our charge; until such time as the opportunity shall offer for more convenient and less inward searchings of heart, and the wise counsels of Mr. Ward, assisted by the gracious concurrence of Pottsville's Christians like yourselves, shall have reformed them and made them fit to associate with God, or, young gentleman, and may Heaven speed you in your noble work."

Of course, the Commissioners did nothing of the kind. They simply said they'd be power mind what the Young Men's Christian Association, or any other man, should come fooling around their prisoners, and they'd see the whole establishment—here and where—before they'd allow any of its pious confoolery in any place where they had jurisdiction.

That story don't smack of nineteenth century civilization, I grant you, but it is true; and the Commissioners keep perfectly well that they would please their constituents by such a course. The class which rules this county, and which elected these men to office, would banish free preaching, not only from the prison, but from the pulpit, and establish penal surveillance over the land. It was as strong everywhere as it is here. So is the note increasing, perhaps the less said about it—but there was a queer story which circulated quietly, last winter, to the effect that the men, in a fit of triumph in their party victories, had actually had a blazing stove, and some of our leading citizens, lending an hand for any tractional part of one hundred dollars, and the balance in proportion, to the amount of five hundred dollars; and it shall be circulated in the next edition of the Bible, and the interest thereof are

payable free from all taxes.

Moreover, whenever any loan shall be made by virtue thereof, there shall be deducted from the principal, or otherwise appropriated out of the income of the corporate estates and from the sum arising from the same, sufficient to pay the interest on said certificates; and the further sum of three-tenths of one per centum on the par value of such certificates so issued, shall be appropriated and set apart, and be come and faces to a sinking fund, which fund shall be inviolably sacred to the purposes pledged for the redemption and payment of said certificates.

RESOLUTION TO PUBLISH A LOAN BILL.

Resolved, That the Clerk of Common Council be authorized to publish in two daily newspapers of this city daily for four weeks, the ordinance presented to the Common Council on Thursday, July 7, 1870, entitled "An ordinance to create a loan for a House of Correction," and the Clerk, at the stated meeting of Councils after the expiration of four weeks from the first day of said publication, shall present to this Council one of each of said newspapers for every day in which the same shall have been made.

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