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GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.

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MARRIED.
RIGGLES—STEVENS.—In New York, on the 22d of July, by the Rev. F. A. Lawrence, John R. Riggles, of this city, and Miss Elizabeth Stevens, of the City of New York.

DIED.
FADON.—On Tuesday, July 23d, Richard W. Fadon, of Philadelphia, formerly of Cambridge, Eastern Shore of Maryland, in the 73d year of his age.

DECEASED.
LAWRENCE.—On Tuesday, July 23d, at his residence, No. 1010 Locust Street, Philadelphia, John Lawrence, aged 72 years.

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RASH STEPS.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.
I think Florence the haughtiest among cities. I looked down upon it from Fiesole, the original Etruscan town to which it owes its origin. Florence sat below in cloven by the bright Arno. I traced its streets paved with enormous flags adapted to the feet of giants. I speculated over its grim and menacing architecture, constantly massed into squares. The square houses. The square churches. The square steeples. The square square Baptistery, the eight-square Dome. The Palace of the Signory, shaped like a vast, squat, square tower. The Pitti Palace across the river, that last expression of architectural strength, where giants have heaped together rocks that are the measure of five men into a rectangular mountain, angrily flushing in the sun beneath my eyes. Behind the Pitti I could see the Boboli Gardens, the biggest, the gloomiest, the dreariest garden in Europe. I lighted where ancestral trees, that desire to grow in the sophisticated and klunky ways of their kind, are lopped and shorn and made to grow square. Then I recalled one of the squares faces I ever saw in portrait or in life, that of Lorenzo de Medici, the Magnificent, who had for title the astounding one of Duke of Etruria, a title that contemptuously overleaps the whole Roman Empire. And then there passed before me the faces—mostly faces of a particularly square jaw—men whom we more intimately associate with Florence: Dante, Cimabue, Giotto, Savonarola, Michel Angelo, the procession of greatness being straggled enough closed by the painful faces of a suffering woman of our time, Elizabeth Browning, who sleeps outside the Porta Pitti in an inland tomb, which is the perfection of elegance—and squaresness.

Too square, too rigid, one would have said of this "eternity city," that all-sensitive intelligence.

I suppose she would be awake sometimes, in her fitful old chamber in the Casa Guidi, and would start with the penetrating imagination of a poet, some old Florentine family tale. That of Cosimo de' Medici, for example, father of the square-headed and magnificent Lorenzo, and father, according to the popular verdict, of his country. This worthy, among other fatherly amenities, poisoned his daughter, caused the death of her lover, killed his son, who had killed his brother, a second daughter was stabbed by her husband, which caused the death of the mother; these attentions were resumed in the following generation, poison and assassination being hereditary in the race. As you pass through the superb chambers of the Pitti, furnished by these Medici with tables of malachite and cabinets of ivory and hung with Raphael and Titian, this benevolent Cosimo beams upon you from every ceiling in the allegories of Cortina, encouraged by Apollo, congratulated by Hercules, led by Minerva, and finally received by Jupiter and all Olympus in procession when life is over and Elysium begins. Elizabeth has many a time shaken her curly head, in passing with all the world through these rich galleries, at the wicked flatteries of an indifferent painter. Did they color her dreams at night? Did they enter the dreams of Milton when, escaping from the courtly Florentines, he slept one day in the foliage of Vallombrosa? If Italian dreams are made of these splendid scenes and sins, give me a good plain nightmare at home, with premisses and the regulation comforts.

Mrs. Browning, in fact, during the latter years of her painful life, found the essential acidity of Florence too sharp for her, and spent her winters in Rome.

"I used to pick up an enormous box of books in the room for Mrs. Browning to read at Rome," said a good woman who kept a circulating library opposite Casa Guidi.

What kind of books? I asked, curiously.

"French novels, Sir. Perhaps a German poet or so, but almost exclusively Dumas, George Sand, or whatever was new among the Paris romancers."

It was not precisely the ideal I had formed of the her invalid *Toi Scarpino*, that she should lie on her invalid sofa devouring *Comanches* and *Monte Cristo*, we used to hear of her reading. Eschylus would like an annual, in that position. But I have long since learned to unseat my traditions and illusions, however pleasant, in favor of truths accidentally let slip by disinterested witnesses and side-lights on the spot. The same woman, who knew Elizabeth Browning principally as a disciple of Dumas, knew Robert Browning solely as a painter.

And what kind of things did he paint?

"Oh, I can hardly tell you. Very strange when I call *Chios* a *fantasia*. He never hired any of my books."

I should have liked to see some of the fantastical things; but the Brownings will neither of them ever return to the beautiful rooms on the Via Maggio, and the household gods are dispersed; and though I stepped softly through the chamber where the poetess used to lay her fair body to rest, and the study from whose ceiling the freed genius used to smile over the toil of the dramatist, I found the associations all altered, the furniture renewed, and the desk of another man of letters basking in the smile of the dimpled girl. Casa Guidi is all modernized, the front yellow-washed, everything renovated, to the utter loss of that antique air which the poets loved it and between the windows, between "Casa Guidi Windows," the municipality have set a tablet, a loquacious tablet, which, however becoming, is less satisfactory than the simple "E. B. ob. 1861," on her grave. The loquacious tablet delivers, in Italian, the following legend:

"*Here wrote and died*
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING,
who in her woman's heart reconciled the learning of the *Age* and the spirit of the poet, and made with her verse a golden link between Italy and England. *Gravestone of Florence places this inscription, 1861.*"

The Casa lies in the old-fashioned region on the left bank of Arno, just within the city limit of the time of Dante, quite outside of the regions galvanized into an ill-sitting gaiety by the court of Victor Emmanuel. The street is lined on either side by gloomy old palaces, perverted to modern service in the most unsympathetic way. My gossiping Italian has spread her books and photographs in one of the oldest. The Consulate of my country has fastened upon another. And upon the face of a third, a palace built by Bianca Capello before her marriage, an Italian cook has written, in three languages, among the ancient grilles (carabesques in mouchrome French), that she sends dinners out into the city, and that she deals in coal.

But the stones of Florence do not often speak with such unworthy sermons. It is impressive

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

enough to read, on the face of an old house in a gloomy street, that this was the habitation of Galileo, the star-gazer, who sleeps under the nave of Santa Croce. Or, on another, that "in questa Casa degli Alighieri nacque il divino Poeta" (In this house of the Alighieri the divine poet was born). Or, passing a simple mansion on the Via della Perigola, to find that it was behind that plain facade Cellini led his heated life, now rushing up to escape from a street-brawl, now jumping from the table to see how the boys were getting on with the cutting of his Persico out in the garden; the proud Perseus who stands in eternal triumph among the masterpieces that people the Piazza della Signoria.

ENFANT PERDU.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)
PARIS, Friday, July 12, 1867.—One of the most attractive portions of the whole of the Universal Exhibition at this moment is, without doubt, that little group of American erections which now stands in the Park, at a short distance on the right from the Grand Avenue. That part of the grounds has now been got into complete order and neatness, and there are to be seen specimens of an American Western Empire's Home, of an United States Free Common School-house, together with a pretty pavilion in which the celebrated "Red, White and Blue" is now exhibited under the national flag. This grouping together is singularly felicitous, showing as it does the wonderful mastery achieved by Americans over sea and land, and their march at the head of civilization and human progress on either element, combined with the spread of education and of moral, intellectual and religious enlightenment throughout all classes of their population. I have seen nothing, indeed, which exhibits America under a more favorable and tempting aspect to the populations of assembled Europe than this little nook of Yankee-land, which reflects the highest credit upon the American Commission for its arrangement. The whole thing is a little epitome of some of the best elements of the country—agriculture, maritime enterprise, public instruction, intelligence. The locality itself, too, now looks charming; the grass is green and fresh, the shrubs and flowers are grown up and flourishing, the walks in good order, well-watered, and bordered with a neat edging of trellis work. Looking at the School House and Farm House thus pleasantly situated together side by side, one might almost fancy oneself on some border-land of the far West. The Farm House stands on a little plot of grass and shrubbery, looking the picture of neat and homely comfort. Large placards, placed on the outside, tell the passers-by its nationality and designation, and here there are who do not enter and admire it, ask a thousand questions about its uses, appliances and cost, and have deeply impressed by what they have seen and heard. The building itself, as I think I have before mentioned, was forwarded from Chicago, Illinois, by Mr. Lyman Bridges, and adopted by the American Commission as "a structure characteristic of and serving to give some idea of the inner life of their people." An extremely well-written fly-sheet, entitled "The American Cottage," is placed inside for distribution to all visitors, giving them a correct idea of the nature and uses of what they see. In one of the rooms, on a large table and on shelves all round, are found numerous examples of what may be termed the literature of the district, showing what food is offered to the minds of the people. Here visitors see such publications as the "Transactions of the Illinois State Agricultural Society," the "Geological Survey" of the same State; the "Annual Statement of the Trade and Commerce of St. Louis;" the "Wisconsin Agricultural Transactions;" with Love's volume of "Wisconsin in the war of the Rebellion;" and many other interesting publications, all tending to the improvement and enlightenment of the people. In fact, if I may judge both from what I hear and see respecting this portion of the Exhibition, I should say that scarcely anything has ever before brought home so vividly to European minds, and especially to the masses, of the population who now begin to frequent the Champ de Mars, the idea of how much the moral and intellectual condition of the people is cared for both by the local and central authorities in America, and how much their acknowledgment is the one grand aim and object of the whole system of government. It is quite a pleasure, indeed, for an American to walk through this compartment and see what an excellent representative type it offers of certain elements of his country of which he has such good right to be proud. Around the walls are hung maps and plans of the States of Missouri and Illinois, with excellent photographs of the port and city, and of principal public buildings and streets of St. Louis, several of the latter representing the raising of vast blocks of buildings to a higher level, as they are practiced. In the parlour of the *Farm House*, which is furnished, is placed a splendid album, presented by James L. Butler, Commissioner for the State of Missouri, containing a large collection of portraits of well-known Missouri men. A census of the United States and, above all, a Report of the Commissioner of the Central Land Office, translated into French, assist in completing the large stock of information respecting America, thus most efficiently offered to the European eye and mind. Nor can I pass over without mention, in this connection, the highly intelligent young person placed in charge by the American Commission, Mr. Louis D. Combe, an Italian Waldensian by birth, but now a citizen of the United States, and recently a settler and resident about thirty or forty miles west of St. Louis. Mr. Combe is both able and willing to afford every information to visitors, speaking as he does, admirably, French, Italian and English, and am happy to acknowledge his politeness and intelligence, and recall him to the remembrance of his Western friends. I have allowed myself to dwell on this subject until I have filled my paper, but it is, I think, one which offers great interest to American readers, as I am sure it does to European lookers-on.

THE REFORM BILL IN ENGLAND.

The Reform Bill is going through Committee at a slashing pace, and great Radical, Mr. Disraeli, is having it in his own way, in spite of timid Conservatives like Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone. It is probable that the question on Monday will be taken at latest on Monday. Every effort to stop the bill has been of no avail. The Liberals get all they want, and more than they want; but the hard thing is to be done to the bill, and with a Tory Government, you want a Reform Bill, the Conservative Party will not give it to you. You want a Reform Bill, the Conservative Party will not give it to you. You want a Reform Bill, the Conservative Party will not give it to you.

THE SULTAN'S VISIT TO LONDON.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)
LONDON, July 13.—The arrival of the Viceroys of Egypt and London on Saturday evening made a very slight sensation. The railway company made a small display of hunting and engineering in the station. There was a small military escort, and a few Government officials bade welcome to the royal guest. But there was no sovereign to receive him; only a royal carriage in which he was taken through the miscellaneous crowd which gathers so readily in London to Dudley House,

LATER NEWS FROM MEXICO.

SAINT ANNA AGAIN REPORTED SHOT.
MEXICO, July 20.—The French steamer Louisiana, which arrived on the 17th, has brought Mexican news to the 13th inst. from Vera Cruz, announcing, among other important matters, that Gen. Santa Anna had been shot at Sisal, and that the English consuls in Mexico were the heartiest desirers to do the right thing; only they are not in the way of it. They do their best, but things to which they have never given any serious attention.

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REMARKABLE ARRESTS IN ROME.

The Fall Mall Gazette says:—A startling event has followed close on the heel of another, and the result has been a most important arrest, without assigned reason, and in the depth of night, in their apartments in the Quirinal Palace, of the two chief conspirators—Father Gigli, and deputy, Father Caraccioli. Both are of course Dominicans, and to them is entrusted the chief management of the conspiracy. Father Gigli himself is still in his residence, though cut off from holding any intercourse; but his deputy, stripped of his monastic robe, has been carried to the prison belonging to the Holy Office. No explanation has been given of this most astounding occurrence, but it is believed that the charge brought against these high dignitaries implies treasonable connivance in printed attacks on the Pope.

It should be known for the incident will yet be much heard of that both these Dominicans have long been objects of special offence to the Jews ever since a publication of Father Gigli's, in which he had alluded to the Pope with a certain amount of irreverence and replete with incendiary abuse of the Italian government, was stopped by their influence. Every opportunity was then taken to excite the Pope's suspicion against them. Two months ago Father Caraccioli was actually menaced with deprivation as a disaffected revolutionary because he had licensed the publication of a sermon at the end whereof is a string of blessings, and he had passed one called down on Italy and those who rule her.

"This story gives the measure of the secret machinations to which these two ecclesiastics have been exposed for some time. We have reasons for knowing that the extraordinary measures now taken are due to Father Caraccioli's having let pass his revise a publication treating of the proceedings adopted against Cardinal Andrea. It is admitted that the tone of this book is such as to make its contents liable to criticism on the score of impiety and profanity, which adds no doubt to the effect of its arguments, and explains the fury of those who win under its lash. The Pope himself directed the arrest, and it is reported to be excessively wrath. It is difficult to foretell how the incident will end. An arrest of this importance has not happened since many a day."

Mrs. R. Walker's Bloomer dress excites the attention of Paris, where the lady is at present; but another female who carries "Bloomerism" is even a greater object of attention at the Grand Hotel. She is very pretty, and dresses in the height of the fashion—but it is "man" fashion, with the jaunty little hat and the sweet fitting coat, with a rose always in one of its buttons, and tight vest showing a fair development of chest, and light pantaloons, with patent leather boots. This young female, whose dress and proceaus have horrified some of the more staid of her sex at the hotel, is an English girl.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The bank-book of a professional thief was produced in a London court. He had some 2,000 standing in his name. There are 15,786 Quakers in England, and of these a majority of 878 are women. The reason the breakers knock you head over heels at the sea-shore is, because it is summer-salt-sand-bathing. The new sleeping-cars on the Pennsylvania Central are called Palace Cars because they have Pullman's to sleep on. Edwin Forrest is in Boston on a visit to his friends, and is at the Tremont House. Forrest and Oakes is a not combinator. A Kentucky peach-grower has sold his entire crop, as it hangs on the tree, to a house in Cincinnati for \$11,000, or about \$2 75 per tree. A Russian Prince in Paris dressed himself elegantly, put on his yellow kid gloves and committed suicide. The rate shown by the returns of the first six months of the year, the total immigration of the year from Europe is not combinator. A gentleman in Oxford, Me., has built a summer house in the top of a large willow tree, and connected it with the second-story of his house by a ladder.

The London Globe suggests that a peer's political majority be put at the age of thirty, instead of twenty-one, as at present. A direct attack upon the peerage. There is a vast Paris Exposition valued at \$2,800,000. It is made from a single turquoise. During the Sultan's visit, a Turk was there rated still higher. Henry Ward Beecher says that more public men of eminence have started from the business of type-setting than probably from any other occupation. One of the Andover theological professors commends a certain work to the favor of his students, and says it is not combinator. A beautiful consecution of its logical consequences. An Indiana paper tells of a case lately tried in the Circuit Court there, where it was found, after proceedings had begun, that the defendant had been sworn as a juror and was actually sitting on his own case. One of the India Governors, by name Sir Jung Bahadur, was lately to come to England, and could not be restrained until the Viceroy threatened to reduce his salute from 17 to 15 guns. This is the force of gunpowder. An enterprising old man in New York has fitted up a street sprinkler on a small scale, which he drags about the streets on a foot spring, and door-yards and bits of pavement to order, for a pittance. Private gutter-sprinklers might be introduced probably in Philadelphia. In Ohio, a man can vote if the judges of the election decide that he is more white than black. This leaves considerable margin as to the standard, and in Oberlin, it has been fixed at a well-splashed boot. Nearly all the voters are whiter than the standard. King William of Prussia did not quite know what to make of Louis Napoleon when he pointed out the Imperial standard, and, paying exclaimed: "Ah, mon frere! j'ai vu mon Beau-pere." He referred to the Bees'-mark on the banner, but William never could take a joke. A witness in court at Lynn, giving his testimony in a very quick and excited manner, was stopped recently by Judge Newhall, when he replied: "It's the fault of my tongue. I should have made a better lawyer than a shoemaker, I know."

An Ohio paper furnishes the following touching gem of obituary poetry:—"She could not be let alone; ah, no! Like a tiny flower, with fragrance rare, She must be heaved to earth, and there, For my Mother's Heaven, she'll be." William Swinton says of Alex. H. Stephens that in his physique he has just enough of the material to make him subject to the law of gravitation. He weighs just *over* four pounds avoirdupois. It is a comfort to know that there is some law which the ex-rebel Vice President has to recognize. Julesburg, a Pacific Railway town, young as it is, is not without some of the characteristics of old settlements. A correspondent says it has already had several murders and assassinations, and that the law is not combinator. He threw some crumbs in the face of an acquaintance, and the salute was playfully returned with a fist full of bacon grabbed from a public dish. The New York Evening Post is publishing "Mabel's Story," here is the "spiritual medium" in New York stole my wife's new silk umbrella the other day. It had a dog's ear carved in ivory, and was altogether very beautiful. Besides, it was my first gift to my Betty; and both she and I are in great distress about it. Has anybody found it? During the last Congressional campaign in Orange county, General Van Wyck lost a pair of valuable gold spectacles during a temporary stoppage of a train of cars at Otterkill station, in that county, near a bridge over a stream. A few days ago the identical "species" were found in the abdomen of a huge pickerel caught at the place. The fish was probably going to see with them. The college regatta at Worcester terminated with disastrous scenes. One of the hotels was playfully taken possession of by the students, who proceeded to destroy the furniture, doors, windows, crockery, bed-clothing, &c. The proprietor estimates his loss at \$1,500. The civil authorities and citizens seem to have looked on helplessly at the riotous boys, for nothing was done to put a stop to their lawless proceedings. The Soldiers' Business, Messenger and Despatch Company of New York has commenced operations. The company has the power to erect and maintain stands on all the public streets—Broadway excepted—and can use their booths for the purpose of receiving, storing and sending out packages or messages, and may vend at retail newspapers, books, periodicals, stationers' goods, confectionery, fruits and flowers, under certain regulations. The Royal Dramatic College held its annual fête and fancy fair on the 13th and 15th inst., at the Crystal Palace. In addition to the usual display of stalls, which were presided over by the youngest and most attractive of the metropolitan actresses, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul made their first appearance in England since their return from America, in a whimsical entertainment, "Faust in Five Minutes," which was given in an elegant little *salon* especially fitted up for the occasion. A Kansas paper says: "An Indian agent's salary is about \$2,000 a year. He is not combinator in the saving of his salary he manages to retire at the expiration of a four years' term with about \$40,000, and in the meantime supports his family in a style that corresponds with the dignity of an official and representative of the best government the sun ever shone upon." A superintendent who undertakes to say that an agent shall not make \$20,000 out of an income of \$2,000 is apt to get himself into trouble, &c. The original manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's poems and several of his novels and other prose works are about to be sold at auction, by order of the executors of the late Mr. Robert Cadell of Edinburgh. All these manuscripts are said to be remarkable for the extraordinary fluency with which they were written, and the very few corrections or alterations occurring in them; thus affording a proof of Sir Walter Scott's wonderful facility of composition. The manuscripts are said to be in a perfect state of preservation, and uniformly bound in Russia, with uncut edges.

AN OWNED WANTED.

A push-cart is awaiting an owner at the Sixteenth District Police Station, in West Philadelphia.

Paris consues, as butcher's meat, an average of two hundred horses per month. This meat is sold only for what it is, viz., horseflesh. It is eaten consciously, and because it is palatable and nutritious. It takes all the forms of other meats, such as steaks, chops, shanks, cutlets, rumps, ribs and so forth, and is subjected to a smaller variety of culinary treatment.

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