Daily Evening Bulletin.

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor. OUR WHOLE COUNTRY. F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher.

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GIBSON PEACOCK, ERNEST C. WALLACE,
F. L. FETHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIAMSON,
CASPER SOUDER, JR., FRANCIS WELLS.
The BULLETIN is served to subscribers in the city at 18 cents per week, payable to the carriers, or $8 per annum.

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MARRIED.

McCASHEN—GEGAN.—On Tuesday, July 23d, by Rev. Mr. Driscol, Mr. Bernard McCashen to Miss Kate Gegan, all of Cincinnati.

NEWLIN—HEWSON.—In Cincinnati, July 25, by the Rev. W. A. Snively, Captain Charles S. Newlin, U. S. Army, to Miss Agnes Hewson.

DIED.

FAHNESTOCK.—At St. Paul, Minnesota, on Thursday afternoon, the 25th inst., Grace S., wife of George W. Fahnestock.

Due notice of the funeral will be given. **

FALLIGANT.—At the residence of her father, Dr. W. Williamson, on Thursday morning, the 25th instant, Mrs. M. M. Falligant, wife of Dr. L. A. Falligant, of Savannah, Georgia, aged 28 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the Northeast corner of Eleventh and Filbert sts., (this) Monday, July 29th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., without further notice. Interment at Woodland Cemetery.

JESSUP.—At Newport, R. I., on the 13th inst., Tillie N. wife of Alfred D. Jessup, in the 43d year of her age.

Due notice will be given of the funeral, which will take place from the residence of her husband, 1426 Walnut street. tf§

ROBERTS.—At Haddonfield, New Jersey, on Monday, July 29th, Annie Williams, infant daughter of A. Cuthbert and Ellen C. Roberts.

SULLY.—On the morning of the 25th inst., Sarah, wife of Thomas Sully.

WARTMAN.—Drowned, on Saturday, July 27, 1867, Edward M. Wartman, son of Michael and Catharine Wartman, aged 13 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his parents, Ridge Road and Domino Lane, Roxborough, on Tuesday, July 30th, at 1 o'clock, P. M. The funeral to proceed to Laurel Hill Cemetery.

WOMRATH.—On Sunday, 28th instant, George Frederic, infant son of Frederic K. and Mary A. Womrath.

The male friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his grandmother, Mrs. Henrietta W. Womrath, Frankford, on Wednesday, 31st inst., at 8 o'clock, A. M. **

EYRE & LANDELL HAVE THE BEST ARTICLE OF Black Iron Barege, two yards wide; also, the ordinary qualities.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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The Sixth Annual Session of this Academy opens Thursday, September 5th, 1867.

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Col. THEO. HYATT, Pres. P. M. A., Chester, Delaware county, Penna.

jy24-12t rp§

PARDEE SCIENTIFIC COURSE IN LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

The next term commences THURSDAY, September 12th. Candidates for admission may be examined the day before (September 11th), or on TUESDAY, July 30th, the day before the Annual Commencement Exercises.

For circulars, apply to President CATTELL, or to Prof. R. B. YOUNGMAN, Clerk of the Faculty.

EASTON, Penna., July, 1867. jy20-tf§

REPUBLICANS' WARD MEETING.—REPUBLICANS of the Fourteenth Ward are requested to meet at Spring Garden Hall, on MONDAY EVENING, July 29, at 7½ o'clock, to consider the new rules, recommended by the City Committee.

1t* W. B. THOMAS, President.

HOWARD HOSPITAL, NOS. 1518 AND 1520 Lombard Street, Dispensary Department—Medical treatment and medicines furnished gratuitously to the poor.

ABBREVIATED FELICITY.

Adventures of a Victim of a Chicago "Love Bureau"—A Husband of a Night.

We clip the following recital of marriage infelicity attending a Chicago husband from the DeWitt (Iowa) *Observer* of the 24th instant:

"It is a fact not generally known, perhaps, but it is said to be a fact, nevertheless, that there is a sort of 'enterprise' carried on by a set of bawdy characters in Chicago, the ostensible object of which is to tell fortunes, and furnish men and women with life partners for and in consideration of a stipulated sum. This branch of business is carried on under the suggestive title of 'Love Bureau,' and by compliance with directions, and advancing the requisite sum of money, a man may soon be enshrined in the affection of a blushing bride, and have a loving one to lessen his cares, and share his sorrows through life—or, at least, the "Bureau" will promptly furnish the other half, and that should secure to him all the rest. Well, a gentleman of our town became acquainted with this labor-saving and time-shortening process of securing a helpmeet, and being thus minded, he forthwith forwarded fifty dollars, had his fortune told, was informed that at a particular time he was providentially to meet, in the city of Chicago, at a stated place, a woman bearing the description then given, and, we believe, a picture of the would-be bride was also sent. Upon the approach of the time designated, the buoyant gent dropped his tools—for he is an honest, industrious German stone-mason and plasterer of our town—and went thither to the predestined meeting of his blooming frow. Arriving at the place named, he found the woman answering the description in every particular, and but a short time elapsed before all preliminaries were arranged, and they were wrapped in silken cords of love, and spliced in hymeneal pledges. The two being made one, came together to DeWitt, arriving on last Monday night's train, and all went on swimmingly and in good style for a time, but when Friday night came, there came with it a sense of loneliness to poor Hans; but, supposing his wife was being legitimately detained from his side, he retired to his virtuous but lonely couch, and only learned in the morning the true reason of her absence. She had taken the evening train, and gone back to Chicago, probably having an engagement for another spouse about that time, taking a large number of things that she had received here at the hands of her husband, and greatly improved in her dress. Mr. Weis took his sorrows in a truly heroic and philosophic manner, and smoked his pipe and kept about his business, and he hopes to be able to continue at it. We call that abbreviated felicity. He doesn't want any more fortune-tellers' frows. Who does?"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The College, The Market, and The Court; or Woman's relation to Education, Labor and Law;" is the well expressed title of a handsome volume on the subject of woman's rights and wrongs, by Caroline H. Dall, just published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The author has brought together the substance of a series of lectures which she has delivered in Boston, during the last ten years, on the condition of woman. This broad subject, which is constantly engrossing more and more of public consideration, as well as the thoughtful concern of the scholars and the philanthropists of the age, is handled by Mrs. Dall with a vigor of expression, a womanly liberty of speech, a thoroughness of research. She discusses the defects of female education, the degradation of female labor and the difficulties of female legislation in a way that will compel the earnest and serious reflection of all who read her book. The elevation and emancipation of the working-women of America is a grand work of civilization which is yet before us, and every judicious and enlightened effort that is thus made to direct public attention and sympathy towards this work deserves encouragement and success. The volume is beautifully printed, and may be found at J. B. Lippincott & Co.'s store.

G. W. Pitcher has received another volume of Ticknor & Fields' "Diamond Dickens." This volume contains "The Old Curiosity Shop," one of Dickens's most charming stories, and a number of his fugitive pieces, including several of the "detective" sketches for which Dickens is so famous.

Pitcher has also received the first volume of another beautiful edition of Dickens by Ticknor & Fields. It is called the "Charles Dickens' Edition," and has been devised, in consultation with the author, with reference to legibility, durability, beauty and cheapness. It is a handsome and compact 16mo. edition, on fine paper and in beautiful type. The first volume contains "The Pickwick Papers." The work will be complete in thirteen or fourteen volumes. A feature of the edition is the descriptive head-line attached by the author to each paper. It is in many respects the most attractive edition yet issued.

Harper & Brother, New York, have expended a good deal of book-making talent upon the "lost cause," in the shape of "The Partisan Life of Mosby." Mosby's chronicler, John Scott by name, has concocted a biography which combines the romance of Robin Hood, the coarseness of Jonathan Wild and the veracity of Munchausen. Mosby was not hung, as he should have been, and he and his plundering band of guerillas are presented for admiration in a volume as handsome typographically, as it is detestable in every other respect. Some choice rebel poetry is "thrown in extra" in an appendix, and the volume is altogether as unlike the patriotic publications of the Harper Brothers as can be imagined. It is for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have just issued another volume by "Ouida." It is a compilation of the author's magazine articles, not heretofore published in this country. "Randolph Gordon," "How One Fire Lit Another," "The Marquis's Tactics," "Blue and Yellow," "Belles and Blackcock," "The Donkeyshire Militia," are some of the taking titles of the tales in this volume. To those who have become familiar with "Ouida's" style of authorship, it is needless to say that the book is piquant and original throughout, and to those who have not yet made her acquaintance, we can only say that a romance-reader who does not know her dashing productions argues himself unknown.

Ticknor & Fields have published "A Romance of the Republic," by Mrs. L. Maria Child. The story is based upon one of the phases of Southern slavery, under which two refined and beautiful octoroon sisters are condemned to be sold into slavery upon the death of a fond father who has neglected to manumit them during his life. Their adventures in their efforts to escape their impending fate, and their after career form the subject of the story, which one reads with a shuddering thankfulness that that form of human misery, at least, is never more to curse American soil. The story is vividly told and well worth reading. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are continuing their "Green Cloth Edition" of Dickens, which has now reached its sixth volume, containing "Little Dorrit." It is in a handsome octavo form of nearly 400 pp., and is enriched with thirty-eight illustrations from designs by Hablot K. Browne. This edition is perhaps the best of the twenty odd different editions issued by this enterprising house, and is sold at the low price of $1 25 per volume, in handsome green cloth binding.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have published the third volume of their "Globe Edition" of Bulwer, containing "Eugene Aram." Large type, clear paper, compact form and low price, combine to make this a most desirable form of Bulwer's complete works.

Table Rock Blown Down.

[Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Commercial.]

NIAGARA FALLS, July 24.—The far-famed Table Rock, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls, which has excited the admiration of thousands from all parts of the world, and from which multitudes have gazed on this master-piece of Nature's wonders, is no longer in existence. It was at one time an extensive platform, jutting far out over the water below the falls. Portions have been falling for nearly fifty years. In 1818, a mass 160 feet long and 40 feet wide, broke off and fell into the flood below; and ten years later, in 1828, three immense masses fell with a crash that sounded out above the eternal roar of the Falls. Again, a fragment fell in 1829, and in 1850 a huge mass, two hundred feet in length and one hundred feet in thickness. Other portions fell in 1857 and 1863. At one time upwards of fifty persons had been standing upon the rock but a few minutes before one of these portions fell. The only loss sustained, however, was an old hack, from which the horses had been taken but a few moments before.

Owing to the frequent breaking away of portions of the rock, it has of late been regarded as dangerous, and persons have been warned against going on the rock, or underneath it. Visitors have thus been debarred some of the grandest views to be had of the Horse-shoe Fall. The danger is gone, but with it the view of which Charles Dickens wrote:

"It was not till I came on Table rock, and looked on the fall of bright green water, that it came upon me in its full weight and majesty. Then Niagara was forever stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever."

For two weeks past efforts have been made to disengage what remained of the rock, by blasting with powder. Advantage was taken of a deep chasm formed by the weight of the projection, to sink a hole ten or fifteen feet deep, and then insert in the crevices an immense blast of powder. At 6 P. M., to-day, the match was applied, a dark column of smoke and sand arose, and a terrific crash was heard, and the last of this once magnificent rock, still huge in its proportions, and weighing hundreds of tons, rolled in the seething cauldron below.

LATER FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO.

BY TELEGRAPH FROM FLORIDA.

News from Mexico, West Indies and Venezuela.

HAVANA, July 26, VIA PUNTA ROSA, Fla., July 28, 1867.—The Spanish war steamer Ulloa, from Vera Cruz on the 17th, arrived here on the 23d. Among the Mexican refugees on board was General Cuevas. Perez Gomez went to New Orleans.

The Spanish mail steamer Ciudad Condal, hence to Sisal on the 8th, with twenty-eight passengers and fifty-one of a crew, was lost on the 12th. Only three passengers, ten marines and a boatswain have been heard of so far.

MEXICO.

I learn from the refugees that Santa Anna positively continues a prisoner.

Marquez has not been found yet.

All was tranquil throughout the country. The Austrian corvette Elizabeth and French steamer Phlegethon were still at Sacrificios.

Madame Juarez arrived on the 14th at Vera Cruz, and had gone to Mexico.

Many republican refugees are leaving Havana for Vera Cruz by every available conveyance. The steamer Virginia is expected here momentarily from Sisal and Vera Cruz.

CUBA.

The British steamer Redgauntlet, from Mobile on the 13th inst., bound to Rio Janeiro, damaged her machinery on the way and put in here, with one hundred and twelve emigrants.

Despite the royal decree of May last, passports are still required on arrival in Cuba. They must be vised by the Spanish Consul.

The first mate of the American bark Wallace was murdered by three American sailors of color, who will be tried here.

Yellow fever is still prevailing in Havana. There were one hundred and twenty deaths in June out of seven hundred and fifty cases.

The project of a Cuban mint has been again agitated in the Spanish Cortes.

PORTO RICO.

When the late troublous events happened in Porto Rico the simultaneous appearance of an American war steamer created great sensation on the island. Confidence there is entirely shaken, finance and trade are paralyzed, and three hundred establishments have closed owing to their inability to support the new taxation.

VENEZUELA.

The government of Venezuela on the 9th inst. exposed a revolutionary plan instigated by General Mosquera and pretending to restore the Colombian Confederacy. Five thousand men were expected to arrive via Tachera and Avanza into Venezuelan territory. Cargoes of arms were being introduced by the Avanza frontier. Some arrests had been made of former insurrectionists.

Doctor Price with his Southern emigrants had arrived [illegible] Southerners are expected in November.

The mining operations in that State were quite successful. Mr. Austin is expected soon from Cavatal; he goes to the United States for more capital, laborers and mining machinery.

Arrival of the Submarine Cable.

KEY WEST, July 27, VIA PUNTA ROSA AND LAKE CITY, Fla., July 28, 1867.—The steamship Narva, with the cable, arrived yesterday morning off Havana, was boarded by General Smith and officers of the telegraph company, and arrived here this morning.

The Narva will put up machinery at once, and about the 31st inst. will commence work, laying twenty-five miles out, when she will fix a buoy to the cable, then go to Havana and lay the cable to the buoy, when the splice will be made. She will then lay the 'longshore cable connecting Key West with Punta Rosa.

The work will be completed about the 4th of August.

The United States steamer Tahomy and the Spanish war steamer Francisco de Asis, will accompany us.

Murderous Affray in Cincinnati.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial, of July 28.]

About 6 o'clock last evening there occurred at the billiard, and drinking saloon on Longworth street, near Vine, in the Catholic Institute building, first floor, an affray so startling in the deliberateness with which a murderous intent was carried into effect—so full of dramatic terrors—as to distinguish it as one of the most remarkable events of the kind ever placed on record, for this city at least. The parties in the affair, the victim and his probable murderer, H. Norman and A. L. Bamford, are quite well known to our amusement-going citizens as members of Newcomb's Minstrels, now permanently located here, and performing at Wood's Theatre. They are "middle men" in the troupe, the one remarkable as a splendid imitation, in voice, of a soprano, and the other as a first-class tenor balladist.

They came to this country together, from England, and were immediately engaged by Mr. Newcomb as ballad-singers. They were regarded as intimate personal friends, and were such, in fact. They slept together, ate together, drank together, sang together—lived together. About two weeks since, however, a coldness sprang up between them. We learn that it grew out of affairs connected with their business—that Norman assumed a certain degree of superiority over Bamford, accused him of "putting him out" in their duetts, and abused him grossly in words; that Bamford occasionally returned abuse for abuse, and that, on several occasions, they came very near to actual fighting. On various occasions, recently, they have had altercations of this kind in this same saloon, which seems to have been their favorite resort. They met at this place yesterday afternoon, and renewed again their wordy quarrel. Norman accused Bamford of spoiling his song. Bamford strongly denied the charge. Oaths and indecent epithets were exchanged, until Norman arrived at a terrible condition of fury, and used toward Bamford a combination of epithets entirely too blasphemous and indecent to produce in print, and even laid violent hands upon him.

Bamford did not attempt to retaliate immediately; but in the course of a few minutes he slipped out, leaving Norman playing a game of billiards at the table in the southwest corner of the room with one of the bar-keepers, hurried around to the saloon No. 99 West Sixth street, and borrowed of an acquaintance there a small-sized, four-barreled Sharp's pistol, with revolving hammer.

Armed with this weapon, and with a bosom full of revengeful vindictiveness, the fierceness of which can be estimated by the terrible result, Bamford returned to the saloon. The fury that was in his heart burning so fiercely, gleamed out through his eyes as he rushed back to the saloon, walked up to the table, and demanded of Norman an immediate retraction of his abusive language. Norman was leaning over the east end of the billiard table, facing the bar, when the demand was made, and he looked up at Bamford with an earnest, inquiring glance, as if to study his degree of determination; and then he said that he had nothing to take back. Bamford stood facing Norman, with his back to the bar, near the table, and with nearly its length between them. He had said to a friend whom he had met on the street, as he was coming back, that he was about to kill Norman. It seems that he meant what he said. When Norman refused to retract he drew his pistol. A stranger standing in the saloon, hearing the words and seeing the pistol drawn—as did the bar-keeper—walked out and turned the corner, because he knew that blood was about to be shed and did not wish to see it done.

When Bamford drew his pistol he cocked it and aimed at Norman's breast. He took a very deliberate aim as he said:

"Take it back. I'll *give it to you* if you don't take it back by the time I count three—one—two—three!" With the "three" came the sharp report of a pistol, and the small ball went straight into Norman's body above and to the left of the naval. He had refused to retract and he suffered the consequence.

The victim threw up his hands, and with a yell of fright and pain—with the words, "Oh God, I'm killed!" sank back into the arms of the bar-keeper, with a stream of blood spouting from his wound.

Bamford left the room, walked back to the saloon on Sixth street, returned the pistol, proceeded to the Ninth Street Station, and surrendered himself there. Norman was taken by some of his friends into a carriage to the Lock Street Hospital, where the Sisters proceeded to bestow upon him every possible attention.

Dr. Mussey was called in to attend him, and found him bleeding profusely internally. It was not deemed safe to probe the wound. He was still alive at midnight but was suffering intensely, with scarcely any prospect of recovery. It was feared, in fact, that he could not live through the night.

Upon reaching the hospital last evening, Norman made a statement to one of his friends that Bamford shot him, but did not, he believed, intend to kill him, and that he (Norman) thought that Bamford "was not all right in his upper story."

Failure of the Unadilla National Bank.

[Correspondence of the World.]

UNADILLA, N.Y., July 26.—The Unadilla Bank, located at this place, has failed. The liabilities of the bank are probably not less than a quarter of a million of dollars, and some people estimate the amount at over a million. Of the value of the assets nothing positive is known, but it is feared (and I think with some reason) that the unfortunate depositors will not receive ten cents on the dollar. The people of this valley have never before experienced so sad a misfortune as that involved in the failure of this bank. The bankers were by name Clark I. Hayes and Arnold B. Watson, the latter being the President of the concern, and they have been associated in business for many years. The family of which Mr. Hayes is a member is, or has been, one of wealth, and has long been looked upon as one of the most substantial in the country. Mr. Hayes was himself a man everywhere respected and esteemed; he was a county "authority," an extensive owner of blooded stock; "a lord of fat prize oxen and of beef." People were accustomed to look upon his bank as perfectly sound, and it became a sort of savings bank for the toilers of the surrounding country. There is scarcely a farmer or a business man in the border towns of Delaware and Chenango counties, and the lower half of Otsego county, who has not loaned money to this bank. The money of widows and orphans has here been invested; the interest obtained has enabled them to live with comfort, and they have made the bank their sole source of income. In this little town of, perhaps, 1,200 inhabitants, there are not two score of people who do not suffer by the failure. The excitement among all classes of the community may easily be fancied. Some of the scenes in which these poor ruined people have a part, would form the staple of a first-class romance. Old men and old women tottering on the verge of the grave, find the little savings they have depended upon for support, suddenly swallowed up. The bankers are mobbed in their private office, or on the public street, whenever they show their faces, by throngs of excited persons, and are made the subject of the wildest threats. In one instance personal violence has been resorted to by a frantic old woman. The hard-handed farmers who see penury staring them in the face, neglect all other occupations, save that of besieging the doors of the bank, or gathering to discuss, with wild words and vehement gestures, the possibilities of the settlement. One poor old lady has become insane: for forty years she had struggled to save something for old age; her mind was unable to sustain the shock of the news of her misfortune. Nothing else is talked of hereabout. It would be well if the advocates of the National Bank system could look into this lovely valley, upon these honest people so suddenly made paupers.

For the cause of the failure of the Unadilla Bank, was the inevitable tendency to speculation induced on the part of its managers by the temptations of the "National" system. Two years ago, the Unadilla Bank became the "Unadilla National Bank," with a capital of $100,000. Its managers offered to pay an interest of 7 per cent. on all deposits, making loans wherever they could. The people trusted them. With the money thus borrowed the bankers entered into the most absurd speculations. They bought in the Pennsylvania oil regions, after the failure of "petroleum" had become evident to everybody else, large tracts of land. These, practically worthless, constitute part of the assets. The bankers also purchased a great deal of land in the suburbs of Buffalo, under the delusion that this property could be sold at an enormous profit. They invested to the extent of $40,000 in a magnificent scheme for making printing paper upon a new economical principle, of course they failed completely here. They sunk considerable money ($40,000, I am informed) in real estate in Binghamton. Meantime, one of the members of the firm—the member having most cause to lead a sober life—entered into a career of reckless dissipation, under the influence of which he fancied himself rapidly becoming an Astor or a Stewart, and was led to scatter money profusely among his favorites and dissolute companions. The absorbing process was steadily kept up until the whole neighborhood had been sucked dry. Then notes of the bankers were protested; people began to show alarm; startling stories flew about, and at last the inevitable smash came. It is impossible to exaggerate the suffering that this failure has caused and is destined to cause in this once happy community.

It is plain that the managers of this bank have been for a long time aware of its rotten condition; nevertheless, they did not for one hour pretermit the borrowing process. By their conduct they have unquestionably placed them beyond the pale of sympathy. They are denounced here as common swindlers. This may or may not be a harsh judgment; on that point I say nothing. But it cannot be denied that with full knowledge of their insolvency, they have permitted the people here to step blindly into ruin.

Watson, the President of the smashed bank, is connected in an official capacity with the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. It is supposed that the larger portion of the stock of the bank was held by him. It is understood that he has been preparing for the failure by transferring his private property to various persons, and that he has, by divers devices, protected some small stockholders from loss. The knowledge of these things, or suspicion thereof has, of course, made the excitement and indignation among the people far greater than would otherwise have been the case. It is presumed that if Watson has divided his property among his relatives and friends, these participants can be compelled (under the existing bankruptcy act) to disgorge.

A Bit of Paris Gossip.

All Paris has indulged in a huge guffaw at the scandal involving the *moutards*—the fast and tilted young bloods who lead such rapid lives that fortune and reputation melt before their pranks have time to congeal into notoriety—said scandal growing out of the orgie which took place many months ago on the fairy island in the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. The "Ladies of the Lake" were duly present, and it was the demi-monde event of the season, the young bucks having clubbed together to defray all expenses. The revel was high and prolonged. Dresses, diamonds and *diablerie* were the characteristics, and a sea of champagne elevated the spirits of all to the topmost felicity; but, alas! nothing is well till it has ended well. The day of payment came, and the question so often raised as to who is liable for debts contracted by a club was brought unpleasantly forward. The purveyor wished to be paid, and so pitched on a good man. And this is the matter-of-fact way in which *La Patrie* describes the sequel: Yesterday a suit came before the Tribunal of the Seine, brought by M. Boileau, proprietor of the restaurant on the island in the Lake of the Bois de Boulogne, against the Count de Rennepont, to recover the balance of payment for a supper and ball, given in May of last year to a number of the celebrities of the Paris demi-monde, by the Club of the Rue Royal, known as the Cercle des Moutards. The entertainment passed off with great eclat, but the ninety members of the club, who have been so ready to do honor to the representatives of the gay life of Paris, appeared to be less eager to come forward when "the quarter of an hour" mentioned by Rabelais arrived. M. Boileau, after receiving different sums on account of his bill, which amounted to 5,685 francs, was now obliged to summon Count de Rennepont, by whom the fête had been ordered, to recover the balance of 1,885 francs. The Count, in the first place, denied his liability, on the ground that M. Boileau had received orders direct from the club, which was collectively responsible for the debts on account of the entertainment, and he moreover objected that the charges were excessive. An agreement had been made that supper should be served for 180 persons, the 90 members, with an equal number of ladies, at the rate of 25 francs per head. Among other charges included in the bill were—supper for the musicians, boatmen, horn-blowers to announce the arrival of each guest, firework-men, &c., in all 63 persons, at 5f. each; refreshments for waiters, and a sum of 110f. for broken glass. The defendant also objected that a deduction ought to be made for some of the persons invited who had not attended. M. Boileau, however, said that if some of the company had been absent, those present had eaten and drunk for the rest. For example, instead of forty bottles of champagne, which were set down as sufficient, more than a hundred had been consumed. The Court decided that as the Count de Rennepont had given the orders personally, he had rendered himself liable. Moreover, that, considering the circumstances, the charges were not exaggerated, and that payment of money on account was an admission of the debt, and excluded all right to a reduction. Consequently, it ordered Count de Rennepont to pay the sum of 1,885f., and costs. As the count is impecunious, it is easier ordered than executed, but his brother *roués* can pass the hat, or organize a grand pool at baccarat to supply the funds and allay the wrath of Boileau, who vows them all *canaille* for their haggling.

The Late General Meagher—Particulars of His Death.

A private letter from Montana Territory, dated Virginia City, July 6, gives the following account of the death of Gen. Meagher:

"He was at Fort Benton, waiting for the arms the Government sent up. He arrived there on the 1st of July, having ridden thirty miles on horseback in the hot sun that day. He spent the afternoon in conversation and letter-writing, and retired early to his berth on board the steamboat G. A. Thompson. There was no railing on the guards opposite his stateroom door, it having been broken off in some way. About ten o'clock at night he went on the guards. Here, it is supposed he stumbled on a coil of rope, lost his balance, and was precipitated over the side of the boat. The river is greatly swollen and the current, so strong that the best swimmer has no chance in it. It is stated that he called for help, when the deck hands ran with their lights and saw him floating away. There was no boat ready. Everything appears to have been confusion and excitement. I have received a charming letter that he wrote me, late that afternoon (his last on earth), telling me that he hoped to start for home by the last of the week, so that he evidently had no presentiment of his dreadful fate. * * * A gentleman who was in his company for over an hour late in the afternoon, before the accident occurred, has informed me of most of the circumstances of his last hours in this life, as I state them to you. I fear that his remains will never be recovered, though the citizens of Montana are making every effort to find them."

A Virginia City paper adds the following interesting particulars:

"After our forms were closed for the press this morning the passengers by stage from Fort Benton brought the thrilling and very sad news of the untimely death of General Thomas Francis Meagher. He went on board of the steamer G. A. Thompson, lying at the levee, to spend the evening and night of the first inst. He was heard to get up from his couch during the night and go out of his state-room on to the guards. Upon hearing a splashing sound in the water, the passengers rushed out to find that one who had stood foremost among the few truly brilliant men of our country, and he who had taken so prominent a part in the administrative affairs of our Territory, winning all hearts by his nobleness of nature and purpose—had been swept down the terrible torrent, perhaps never again to be recovered even in death. All efforts to recover his body had, up to the leaving of the coach, proved fruitless. This is a bereavement in which not only those near and dear to the deceased will be bowed down with irrepressible grief, but many, very many of his fellow-citizens and his fellow-countrymen throughout the land, will most sincerely mourn. We regret that circumstances prevent our dwelling upon this most lamentable calamity in words which we feel to be due to the occasion—but we must leave this to another time. Our profound and heartfelt sympathies go forth in condolence to that adored wife and noble lady, who, more than all the rest, must suffer the shock of this most sad and unwelcome intelligence."

The authorities and people of Montana have been paying the highest tributes of respect to the memory of their lost fellow-citizen. Governor Green Clay Smith has issued the following proclamation:

HELENA, M. T., July 3, 1867.—*Whereas*, It has pleased Almighty God to take from us by accident our esteemed friend, Secretary (late Acting-Governor), Thomas Francis Meagher, who was drowned at Fort Benton on the night of the 1st inst., by falling from the steamer G. A. Thompson.

Now, therefore, I, Green Clay Smith, Governor of the Territory of Montana, do direct that the headquarters of the military which were established under his direction and authority in the various districts of the Territory be draped in mourning for thirty days.

I further request that the offices of the Federal officers of the Territory be likewise draped in mourning for the same length of time.

It is but due to the memory of our deceased friend and fellow-officer that we should hold him in fond remembrance. He was a man of high social qualities, great urbanity, a high order of intellect, a brave soldier, a true gentleman, and an honor to his Territory and Government. This sad bereavement will be felt by every one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance throughout the Territory and the nation.

GREEN CLAY SMITH,
Governor of Montana Territory.

DEATH OF JUDGE R. B. JONES.—Judge Jones, late Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, charged together with his brother, Dr. Jones, with the murder of C. W. Stauffer, in Natchitoches, last month, died of cholera last Saturday night in this city, having been removed from prison to a private house on account of his illness. His brother died in prison of the same disease a few days before. Both were men of families. The death of two brothers under such circumstances is as painful as it is remarkable.—*N. O. Bee, 24th.*

THE ORDER OF THE DAY—A general order for SOZODONT. In the *teeth of all opposition* it has become the supreme dentifrice of the age.

—The Czar and Sultan distributed so many snuff-boxes that a Paris journal hopes the next presents may be a supply of handkerchiefs.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—The debt of Chicago is about $5,700,000.

—There are four thousand female office-holders in Italy.

—Twelve cases of cholera and four of yellow fever were reported in New Orleans last week.

—The author of *Waverly* is generally called Voltaire Scott in Italy.

—Yesterday was one of our hottest. Mercury ninety-two.

—General Lee has been writing an essay on school discipline. Wonder what his ideas are on the subject of obedience to law.

—A German writer estimates that an acre of good buckwheat will yield fourteen pounds of honey daily.

—Daniel Drew is reported to have made six hundred thousand dollars in Erie speculation last week.

—How does a statue exposed to the rain become diminished in size? It is a statue-wet (statuette).—*Judy.*

—Chignons are now worn, in London, attached to the bonnet or hat. There was a sensation in Hyde Park when the hat and chignon of a lady on horseback blew off.

—The Adventists of Maine are preaching the immediate destruction of the world, and at the same time are erecting houses of worship substantial enough to last a hundred years.

—The coolie trade is brisk at Havana. A physician of a speculative turn of mind bought 30 sick coolies for $1,700, cured them up, and is now realizing $250 each for them.

—The person just returned from a tour through Mammoth Cave, who pronounces it nothing more than a great hole in the ground, is a candidate for the professorship of rhetoric, poetry and the fine arts in a new college.

—The Chattanooga *Union* states that General Grant was expected to arrive at the Lookout Mountain House on the 28th inst. He was also expected at half-a-dozen other places at the same time.

—New York lemonade is described "as a delectable compound of croton, molasses drippings and bruised or decayed lemons," and is dealt out by the gallon daily to crowds of boys and girls at the rate of one, two and three cents per glass.

—Miss Buchanan, once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. Harris, do you really mean to tell me your can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did.

—The Bureau agent for Robertson county, Texas, reports during the last three months that thirty bodies of murdered freedmen have been seen floating down the Brazos river. Within nine consecutive days this month eight freedmen have been murdered in that one county.

—Ball's statue of Edwin Forrest as Coriolanus arrived in Boston from Florence on Monday, in the ship Magnet, and will soon be placed on exhibition. It is of Italian marble, life size, cost about $11,000 in gold, and is said to be one of the greatest achievements of art ever exhibited in this country.

—A young lady of a respectable family was arrested by the police of Pittsburgh a few days ago, disguised as a negress, having blackened her face and neck with oil and charcoal. It seems that she was [illegible] on too intimate terms with her lover, and was expected to surprise [illegible] in disguise.

—"Why do you look so glum and cross, William, whenever I have got you to go out with me to any party or theatre?" asked Isabella. "My love," said William, "there would be no merit in my going, were I not making an awful sacrifice of my own feelings. Permit me the pleasure of showing that I go only to please you, dearest." Isabella was silenced but not convinced.—*Punch.*

—Twenty thousand Swiss women earn a comfortable living by watch-making. They make the movements, and even mostly put them together. A few women are finishers. The *English Woman's Review* says: "Geneva has refused to employ women, and totally lost the watch trade. None of the so-called Geneva watches are made there, but in Neufchatel, where women have always been employed."

—Captain Hughes and thirty-five men, of the Montana volunteers, marched to the Crow camp, a few days ago, to demand the delivery of a horse-thief and his plunder. The Chief surrendered the guilty Indian, who came out armed to the teeth, was lassoed and then hanged in the presence of one hundred and fifty of his tribe. This proves the friendliness of the Crows, as the Chief was able to resist, successfully, the demand made.

—It is mentioned, as an example of the march of religious toleration, that the Mussulman who accompanies the Sultan as chaplain, and who is the second ecclesiastical dignitary in the region of Turkey, paid visits on the 6th instant to the Pope's Nuncio (a prelate) and to the Archbishop of Paris. In olden time the predecessors of these reverend men would have burned the infidel, and the infidel would have slain the Christian dogs.

—Gail Hamilton says, in her new book, "Wool-Gathering:"

"Next in importance to your best clothes are two bottles of Dr. H.'s cholera mixture. When I say that Dr. H. is an Orthodox Congregational clergyman, I need give no further reason for my recommendation; but I can from my own knowledge speak with confidence of the efficacy of his medicine. For nine weeks it traveled with us by field and flood, and not one of the party had the cholera! A bottle of brandy makes an excellent traveling-companion if your principles and habits are good."

—The Pope has a civil list of about 3,500,000f.—£140,000. It is out of this moderate sum that he keeps Papal Nuncios in foreign courts, and pays 22,000 francs (£880) a year to each of the cardinals who reside in Rome. Out of this, too, he keeps up the Vatican, that immense palace which contains not less than 4,000 rooms, and which requires a large staff of domestics. The Pope also pays the Palatine Guard and the Noble Guard; keeps the Pontifical Chapel; pays the *camerieres*, his household, &c. All this is administered with astonishing regularity and economy.

—Among the medal scholars who were graduated from the Lawrence school at South Boston on Monday last, was James W. Fox. He was born in Boston in 1850; but lost his father when an infant, and since then has had hard struggling with his mother, brother and two sisters to get a living. In 1866, through the influence of one of the police officers, he got a place as office boy for a dentist, where he would be employed only mornings and evenings. He at once entered the Lawrence school, being able to read and write but very poorly; but he so applied himself to his studies that in ten weeks after entering he was advanced two classes, and four months subsequently promoted to the first class. In this he remained between nine and ten months, and at his graduation on Monday received, besides the Franklin medal, the first award for declamation. He says it has always been his ambition to go to West Point, and though the chances are overwhelmingly against him, he is determined sooner or later to get there if it is possible.

—'TWAS EVER THUS:

I never reared a young gazelle,
(Because, you see, I never tried):
But, had it known and loved me well,
No doubt the creature would have died.
My rich and aged Uncle John
Has known me long and loves me well,
But still persists in living on—
I would he were a young gazelle!

I never loved a tree or flower;
But if I had, I beg to say,
The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower,
Would soon have withered it away.
I've dearly loved my Uncle John,
From childhood till the present hour,
And yet he will go living on—
I would he were a tree or flower.