GENERAL GRANT.

The Magnificent Reception at Minister Pierrepont's.

A BRILLIANT GATHERING.

Piquant Descriptions by Kate Field and Olive Logan.

LONDON'S WIT, WORTH AND BEAUTY.

Glimpses of Great Men and Lovely Women.

EX-PREMIER AND EX-PRESIDENT.

Statesmen, Diplomats, Soldiers Peers and Litterateurs.

A PALACE OF FLORA.

A Long List of Distinguished Americans and Europeans.

CORDIAL GREETINGS FROM ALL.

A Career for Ex-Presidents at Last Discovered.

[BY CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

LONDON, June 6, 1877.

Last night the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, United States Minister at the Court of St. James, entertained General Grant and suite at the official residence, Cavendish square, the heart of the Faubourg St. Germain of London. The American embassy is a fine old English mansion of capacious interior and sombre appearance, situated near the gloomy castellated residence of the Duke of Portland, from which Thackeray draws his description of the home of the Marquis of Steyne. Cavendish square is the centre of the homes of the Bentincks and the great earls of the Harcourt family, and was the resting place of the aristocracy when driven from their palatial houses in Soho square by the mob in 1740. In its neighborhood is what Tennyson calls "the long, unlovely street" where young A. H. Hallam lived, for whom he wrote his "In Memoriam." It is now given over to dukes, ministers, noblemen and high class physicians.

A SPLENDID GATHERING.

The mansion of the American Minister was decorated profusely with flowers and bunting and illuminated with glaring lights, under which glittered and flashed, on the breasts of high officials, jewelled stars and orders, war decorations and ribbons, making a dazzling *coup d'œil* as the variegated throng moved through the spacious *salons* and corridors.

NOTABLE ABSENCES.

Lord Beaconsfield sent his regrets on account of illness. The royal family were also absent, because the Court is in mourning for the Queen of the Netherlands, lately deceased.

WHO WERE THERE.

In addition to the foreign ambassadors present your correspondent noted the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Leeds and Bedford, the Marquises of Salisbury and Hertford, the Earls of Derby, Belmore, Longford, Dunraven, Ducie, Caithness and Shaftesbury, with peers and peeresses innumerable.

NOTED SOLDIERS.

There was the famous Lord Airey, Raglan's chief quartermaster in the Crimean campaign; Major General Dighton Macnaghten Probyn, who did such wonderful things in India, and many others of equal note.

JOURNALISTS, POETS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

I also noted Mr. J. H. Puleston, well known in America, and now a member of Parliament; Mr. J. R. Robinson, manager of the *Daily News*, and Mr. Frank H. Hill, the editor, representing a journal so loyal to America during the civil war, and now appropriately paying their respects to the chief of the Union armies. Then there were the poet Browning, the celebrated Professor Huxley and his family and Tom Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days;" Mr. G. W. Smalley, the distinguished correspondent of the New York *Tribune*; Mr. Justin McCarthy, the novelist, and many other representatives of the journalism of England and America.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

The American colonies in Europe were largely represented. Among the multitude your correspondent observed the following:—Mr. J. S. Morgan, Chief Justice Shea, of the Marine Court, New York; General Clinton B. Fisk, Sir Curtis Sampson, Mr. Cryder, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bergholz, Rev. Newman Hall, Mr. Louis J. Jennings, formerly of the New York *Times*, and wife; Mr. Osgood Field, Mr. John G. Meiggs, Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer, Mr. William P. Wright, Mr. Peabody Wetmore, Colonel L. Morton Montgomery, Governor and Mrs. Marcus L. Ward, of New Jersey; the Chevalier Sir Henry Wikoff, Mr. John P. Bigelow, Mr. Cornell Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Ives, Mr. Aloysius Kane, Mr. James McHenry, Ferdinand Rodewald and many others.

THE WEE SMA' HOURS.

It was two o'clock in the morning before the assembly dissolved. The general impression prevails that the reception was the occasion of the most distinguished gathering of Americans and English ever seen in London.

PEN PICTURES BY AMERICAN WOMEN.

That the readers of the HERALD may see this brilliant show of human and artistic beauty with the keen discernment of a woman's eyes I forward you two accounts thereof, each of which is from the pen of an American lady, well known to the artistic and literary guild in both hemispheres. The quick glance to detect, the brain to compare and the ready hand to describe the salient points of such a scene as that of last night are enjoyed by both ladies, and I only regret that in printing them you will be obliged to put one before the other, for the talents of each deserve equal recognition.

KATE FIELD'S DESCRIPTION.

[BY CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

LONDON, June 5, 1877.

The world moves! Whatever England's feelings may be toward America, to General Grant, the head of the conquering American army, she is now in the highest degree friendly. Thus far the journey of the hero of Appomattox has been as triumphant as Sherman's march to the sea. Pro-slavery Liverpool from the top of its cotton bales welcomed, with civic honors, the man who made cotton bales scarce in that port some twelve to fifteen years ago. Manchester burst into enthusiasm over the gallant American soldier, who stopped the whirring and clicking music of her cotton jennies during the same period. When entering the theatre there the performance paused for the moment, the orchestra struck up "Hail Columbia," and the operatives in the gallery, many of whom had gone on short commons during the rebellion, cheered vociferously. So much for the blessed operation in England of that law of change which is the law of Nature.

THE GREAT AMERICAN.

In honoring Grant the English feel that they are honoring the most distinguished citizen of the United States. Thus it comes about that society is preparing to kill the fatted calf in his honor, and several other emblematic abnormally adipose animals besides. The Prince of Wales gives a dinner in his honor on the 21st inst. The Queen returns to Windsor next week from her Highland refuge at Balmoral, and will show the ex-President some royal hospitality.

WHAT GRANT THINKS OF IT.

General Grant is amazed at his popularity and delighted with his welcome. As showing how it has stirred him, I may remark that he has been already driven to speech making. I fancy that he looks forward with no little dread to two years of this sort of thing, particularly for a man who has said that after sixteen years' service he wanted a rest. However that may be, it is so seductive and pleasing just now that he may be pardoned his pleasure, for which of us would not be merry in his place?

A GRAND RECEPTION.

The reception at Minister Pierrepont's this evening has been immensely successful. The Legation in Cavendish square was interiorly decorated with the grandest profusion of flowers, with the grand old American flag over all.

A RUSH OF APPLICANTS.

Since the announcement was made that the Minister would receive the ex-President, Mrs. Pierrepont has been overwhelmed with requests for invitations, and out of her good nature acceded until the number of cards out guaranteed perhaps a greater throng than would ordinarily be comfortable. But after all what is a reception without a crush?

HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW.

Despite the immense crowd, especially of onlookers in Cavendish square, there was not the slightest confusion. Carriages rolled up, occupants moved out and up into the mansion with that absence of surrounding noise and shouting which characterizes your true reception where the *ton* is *bon* and the servants properly drilled. On entering the guests were shown into the cloak rooms, on the ground floor, where wraps were left and a last glance in the mirrors taken. Who, even a philosopher, disdains that last reflective glance? *Certes*, not one within my ken.

THE RECEPTION PARTY.

On ascending to the drawing room floor the guests were announced in the small anteroom where stood Mrs. Pierrepont, General Grant, Colonel Badeau, Mrs. Grant and Mr. Pierrepont in the order given.

Mrs. Pierrepont looked well robed *décolletée* in a dress of cherry and black silk trimmed with embroidery and exquisite white lace.

Mrs. Grant's dress was canary colored, with overdress and high bodice of brown damask silk.

RECEIVING.

The guests when presented shook hands first with Mrs. Pierrepont, who presented them to General Grant and suite. This was made a very pleasant process. Except in rare instances it could not be extended beyond a sentence or two; but then we all know how significant that may be made when on either side is wit, worth or beauty.

TO SOLID COMFORT.

From the reception chamber the guests then passed into the large drawing room whose exquisite decorations pleased the eye, while the galaxy of great and high-placed people gave the mind food for admiration or at least lenient criticism. Thence at a later hour the company proceeded to the supper room downstairs, making merry amid cork-poppings and delicacies until one in the morning.

GLADSTONE AND DERBY.

Among the earliest arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who remained in the anteroom with General Grant until the arrival of Lord Derby, when the ex-Premier moved loftily away. Gladstone looks like Daniel Webster in little, while Earl Derby reminds one of a highly successful city banker. Derby's face beamed radiantly, as though Russia was a myth and the Sublime Porte something good to drink.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Then came John Bright, M. P., silver haired and silver voiced, the first Quaker who held a place in the British Cabinet, and the stanch friend of America. His meeting with Grant was very cordial.

ENGLISH PEERS.

He was followed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Houghton, the poet, whose pleasant smile and genial manner were not unknown to the ex-President, and the Marquis of Ripon, a clever statesman who served many years in the Cabinet and whom every lady calls a thoroughly good fellow.

SCOTCH LORDS AND LADIES.

Among the succeeding myriads I noticed the youthful face of the Marquis of Lorne, the husband of Princess Louise and heir to the dukedom of Argyll. He was accompanied by his sisters. The paternal face of the Earl of Caithness, which is no stranger to America, next appeared from the throng of honorables. On his arm was the Countess, whose bosom was literally ablaze with diamonds.

A VARIORUM OF NOTABLES.

In quick succession came Lord Mayors, past and present, the past ones plain, and the present one colored as the print shops have it. Then stalked in, with many a characteristic bow and salaam, ambassadors in glowing uniforms from all the ends of the earth—from Brazil to Cathay. Now, with that suavity born of complacency to constituents, corrected by the occasional tilts of the forensic arena, come members of Parliament, while, sandwiched between, are the representatives, in coats or trailing garments, of the oldest families of England. I need not say that I do not mean the Browns and Smiths, who may be old, but have had no college of heralds to count all the sprouts of their family trees.

LITERATURE AND MUSIC.

There was Robert Browning, the poet; William Black, the novelist; Edmund Yates, the writer, and Arthur Sullivan, the musician. There were dozens of others whose single entities would inflame the hostess of an ordinary drawing room with pride enough to withstand the boasts of her rivals for six months, but I cannot make my letter a dictionary of authors.

THE AMERICAN COHORT.

Every American resident responded to the Minister's invitation. The Morgans and the Peabodys, Mr. James McHenry, Chevalier Wikoff, Mr. G. W. Smalley, Chief Justice Shea, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, Mr. Newton Crane, Consul at Manchester; Mrs. Fairchild, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and her daughter, Maud; Mr. and Mrs. Ives, Mrs. Hicks and Miss Nannie Schomberg were among the most prominent.

FAULTLESS TOILETS.

The immense majority of the dresses of the ladies were in excellent taste, and none were censurable. The American belles carried away the palm for style and beauty, as they usually do on such occasions.

SAYING FAREWELL.

At half-past twelve Mrs. Pierrepont and General Grant came down stairs and, standing in the lower hall, bade farewell to the parting guests, while Mrs. Grant, Mr. Pierrepont and Colonel Badeau took up position in a separate room, the amiable Secretary of Legation, Mr. William J. Hoppin, hovering over one and all. The children of both nations left the legation with a feeling that the tie between them had been strengthened in the generous hospitality of the American representative and the cordial response of England's best and greatest.

FUTURE MOVEMENTS.

After General Grant has completed his visit to Mr. Pierrepont he will stop with Colonel Badeau, and then proceed to the Continent.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

If General Grant's two years' residence in Europe cements the amity between the Old World and the New he will have served his country to excellent purpose. What is, however, of perhaps greater moment to American statesmen, he will have invented a career for ex-Presidents.

KATE FIELD.

OLIVE LOGAN'S ACCOUNT.

[BY CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

LONDON, June 5, 1877.

What glory our Ulysses shares from England!
Are we not proud we all should share with him?

These, if not exactly Shakespeare's words, express my sentiments and those of all Americans I have met since General Grant came over here. What I want to convey is that we are very proud, and the ghost of the Bard of Avon will forgive me if I have substituted the classic name of our great soldier for that of the big sulky fellow who loafed in his tent while his fellow Greeks were being hammered with "woes unnumbered" by the confederates of lofty Ilion. Shakespeare's curse on him who moved his bones does not, I hope, apply to those who, with laudable intentions, alter his lines. This night, indeed, the American people have had their pride gratified in the most brilliant way at the reception which was tendered to ex-President Grant in the spacious drawing rooms of our Minister at the Court of St. James.

THE SOCIETY DESCRIPTION.

Most people who have dived into contemporary English fiction or who have read the pretty stories told of *levées* and receptions in London or Paris would be able to fill in for themselves the picture of what to-night's reception was like; but then they might set about taking off a little tinsel here and a little grandeur there, and so would minimize the affair until it looked no brighter than one of the thousand and one affairs that take place here during the season. Thus they would do unconscious injustice to a remarkable historical event, and what I have to say is intended to round off the outline that such meagre information as the stately society man vouchsafes to his friends; as, for instance—

"At the Pierreponts' reception to Grant? Ya-as; great crush; everybody was there."

Of course Lady Flora has more to say about it, but then, mingled with a little about the "lion" is so much about Her Ladyship's "set" that it would scarcely repay the trouble of writing it.

"LION" WORSHIP.

I don't wish to get too far away from Minister Pierrepont's, but let me touch upon this noble English *cultus*, the worship of the "lion." Here is society, a *blasé* world of enjoyment. All that money can purchase it has; but the round of all things eatable, drinkable, wearable, visible, audible and tangible which mere money can procure grows wearisome and may be had, too, without ever entering the charmed portals of "society." Hence was the social "lion" invented, and aptly enough his popularity is called "the rage." We have them here season after season of all dimensions, from the right royal monarch of the jungle down to *leonunculi* about as formidable as My Lady's Maltese terrier with the hair clipped close over his body and a comical little tuft left on the end of his saucy tail, while the locks on his neck are left in funny semblance of a mane. In a bad season these diminutive lions, captured out of the Oriental principalities or some of the many preserves of science or travel, answer very well for society to salaam before. When, however, a genuine "lion" comes along, the *leonunculi* are foresworn, and trot up and down the streets and the club steps without anybody to admire or to pat them. Then the hair grows out over their small, neglected bodies, and they become like Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart—little dogs all. In President Grant "society," nay, the State, saw a first class lion, and the smaller leonines of all degrees are, for the moment, put on the shelf. Let us go and see him, then, attended and surrounded by all London's distinguished men and lovely women, the wearers of England's aristocratic and society greatness.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER'S.

Our road is through the quiet of great West End squares and long, silent streets where the rich and the puissant abide in palatial homes. We find ourselves in St. James', and at last the carriage turns into the great quadrangle of Cavendish square, with its railed in patch of verdure in the centre and towering mansions on the four sides. All this is dimly seen now, for the night has wrapped the square in shadows save where ruby gleams of subdued brightness stream through the closely drawn scarlet silk curtains of the grand old mansion wherein dwells Minister Pierrepont.

THE SCENE AT THE DOOR.

There is a line of carriages before the door, each quickly depositing its load of beauty and distinction and driving away. A solid framework has been built over the pavement, supporting an awning. The entire pathway is covered with scarlet carpet. A number of deferential link bearers, wearing scarlet tunics, move about opening carriage doors and turning on the light of bull's-eyes or square old-fashioned lanterns, so that no tiny foot in satin shoon shall make a false step.

THE WISTFUL CROWD.

Beyond in the street, and lining the portal on each side as closely as the special policemen on duty would allow, are massed in groups detachments of England's poor and hungry to get a glimpse of the fairy land wherein abide riches, beauty, high birth and distinction won by sword, pen or pencil. We have as we pass in but a glance, alas! for those in the street, with the officious policemen pushing them back into the shadows beyond; but I can hear one ask an officer, as he recedes:—

"W'ich is 'im?"

"Oo? (gruffly).

"Graunt."

"'E's hin a hour."

JOHN THOMAS.

Wide stood the hospitable doors inside of which, ranged on either side of the hallway, stood statuesquely or bowed obsequiously to welcome and direct the guests, a gorgeous array of footmen in liveries of blue and gold, and showing in silken hose those wondrous padded calves at which jocund Thackeray laughed and whose fair proportions whimsical Leech so often depicted in *Punch*.

THE FLORAL DECORATIONS.

The second glance after entering the doors brings to the eye a beautiful vision of rich colors, and to the sense the perfumes of a thousand flowers. Flowers everywhere! From ground to roof, peeping in clusters of brilliant blooms from amid cool frameworks of rich greens, they glow in the mellow light of the chandeliers like gems, until their fragrance seems a thing almost palpable. Amid the surging crowd of guests, some in gay military or diplomatic uniforms, others in floating billows of lace or warm shining seas of silk one hears on all sides the comment that no such floral display has ever been seen before in a private mansion in London.

"WITH THE COLORS."

From the balcony of the topmost story depend groups of American flags in gay, saucy, bright, new hues of red, white and blue silk. They seem put there as reminders of the great days gone by amid the Southern swamps, when Grant, under his well worn standard, tattered, torn and faded, performed deeds of valor that good men and true remember.

THE RECEPTION CHAMBER.

In the elegant and flower adorned boudoir at the head of the stairs stood Mrs. Pierrepont and General Grant in the order named. Directly behind General Grant was stationed Colonel A. Badeau, who is actually United States Consul General, but who during Grant's stay acts as his aide-de-camp in waiting, permission having been received from the proper authorities to allow him to perform this service near his old commander.

EX-PREMIER AND EX-PRESIDENT.

At the moment of my approach I find the ex-Premier of England, Mr. Gladstone, being presented to the ex-President and warmly pressing his hand and congratulating him, while the stately and even beautiful Mrs. Gladstone, dressed in a delicate costume of blue and white, with a cluster of fine diamonds setting off the long blue plume in her hair, is discoursing with Mrs. Grant.

QUAKER AND FRIEND OF THE UNION.

Scarcely has the ex-Premier passed on when the imposing head of John Bright, Quaker, reformer, liberal leader and outspoken friend of the Union in its dark days, is seen. Crowned with a wealth of snowy hair which surmounts the massive, cheery face, the head of this man of the people would be notable in any gathering, and is doubly so here, as the grand old Quaker shakes hands with the General.

PEERS AND PEERESSES.

Hither comes the usually solemn faced Earl Derby without the weight of the Eastern question on his shoulders; after him the Earl of Shaftesbury, of beneficent doings, and then the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, perhaps the richest peer in England; nay, half the peers and peeresses of the realm.

A WONDERFUL PICTURE.

Oh, but for time and space to tell the tale of the gorgeous pageantry which moves before the eyes, now shifting into brilliant groups, now breaking into spots of color, changing and mingling in charming perplexity, but all dazzling the sense not alone by gorgeous tints or subtle tones, but in the added thought that the men and women who give being to the throng are the essence of the wealth, the beauty and the might of Old England. It is perhaps the most brilliant social episode in the history of the American nation.

"Washington never enjoyed anything like it," said one distinguished American when the Marchioness of Westminister, smiling her sweetest, was talking to Grant, while half a dozen countesses were waiting for a chance to have a word with him.

BEAUTIFUL AMERICANS.

Besides the gathering of the nobility the reception has brought hundreds of Americans, drawn hither from all parts of Europe in the desire to be present at the fête. Beautiful American women are here in great number, among whom none is more admired than Mrs. Hicks, of New York, who is chatting a good deal with Lord William Lennox, to whom, rumor says, she is affianced. Nevertheless, her hearers say she is returning to New York soon.

A PLAIN DRESS COAT.

General Grant is attired in plain evening dress, which is conspicuous in its plainness amid the stars, garters and ribbons worn by many of lesser note; even the Japanese Minister is more gorgeous. As for the Chinese Embassy, no tea chest ever equalled their curious splendor. I hear many regrets that Grant did not wear the uniform, that the English people might see the imposing garb.

MRS. GRANT AND MRS. PIERREPONT.

Mrs. Grant wears a toilet of claret-colored stamped velvet and cream satin, high-necked and with long sleeves.

Mrs. Pierrepont is clad in an elaborate costume of scarlet and black.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Perhaps the most conspicuous person after General Grant is the Lord Mayor of London, rigged out in the odd paraphernalia of his office, with his long cloak and massive gold chain. It is as good as a feast to see this rosy, good-natured potentate gossiping pleasantly with those presented to him, and not seeming a bit proud, though only to be lord for a twelvemonth—a fact one would imagine enough to stiffen him into the seventh heaven of arrogance.

HOW HE MOVES.

He easily makes his way through the crowd, which is so dense that other people have to be motionless; but is he not Lord Mayor—a king sitting where all is money—and High Cockalorum of Temple Bar, through which even the Queen may not pass without his high and mighty permission?

GRANT LOOKS WELL.

Every one remarks how well the General looks. Surrounded by fine specimens of English manhood, through whose sturdy veins courses the bluest blood, the robust form and rosy face of Grant are conspicuous in their healthy appearance. Mr. Gladstone's complexion had the hue of illness when his face was near Grant's, and Mr. Bright's pallor was noticeable.

"He looks like a soldier," said a viscountess by my side to a right honorable with a scarlet ribbon at his neck.

"He is undoubtedly the greatest warrior of his age," was the response.

CALM AND UNRUFFLED.

So flowed the stream of conversation, while he to whom all this honor was paid stood with a bearing as composed and unfluttered as when in "Ole Virginny" the drum tap beat to action, and the boys went marching along.

OLIVE LOGAN.

A VISIT TO HIS DAUGHTER.

[BY CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

LONDON, June 7, 1877.

General Grant will in a few days probably visit his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, near Southampton, in which event the Corporation of Southampton intend to accord him a public reception.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

Miss Effie Germon has been engaged for one of the principal parts in "Waves," at Wallack's.

The benefit of the Church of St. Cecilia, of which Rev. Hugh Flattery is pastor, will take place at the Academy of Music on the 19th inst., and promises to be a great success. General Benjamin F. Butler will lecture. At a meeting of the committee last night at the Brunswick Hotel, ex-Recorder Hackett presiding, $500 worth of tickets were taken in a few minutes.

This evening Miss Ada Dyas will take her first benefit in New York, Mr. Wallack having given the use of his theatre. During three seasons in which she has been the leading lady of his company Miss Dyas has appeared in many standard comedy characters and in a number of new *rôles*, and by her artistic acting has obtained a high position on the metropolitan stage. Many of the best actors have volunteered to assist, and among the attractions are "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," and scenes from "Love's Sacrifice," "The School for Scandal" and "The Lady of Lyons," and the recitation of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," by Miss Jeffreys Lewis.

MURDER OF AN OLD MAN.

DETAILS OF A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

[From the Walla Walla Statesman.]

Sunday last a terrible tragedy occurred that has placed two highly respectable families in mourning. Several weeks since Mr. Philip L. Hawley and his son proposed a trip to the Snake River for the purpose of looking up land. Mr. Lewis Foster asked and obtained leave to accompany the party. Mr. Hawley went with his own team and wagon. While out on the expedition young Foster became dissatisfied from some cause and removed his blankets from the wagon. This passed off and the parties returned home apparently on good terms.

THE HOMICIDE.

Thus matters remained down to Sunday last, about eleven A. M., when Lewis Foster called at Hawley's house and asked to see his (Hawley's) son. The old gentleman was seated in a chair reading, but looked up and answered that his "son was in an adjoining room, dressing, and would be out in a few minutes," and in the meantime he bade Foster to be seated. Foster again repeated the inquiry in relation to young Hawley, and again received the same answer, when almost immediately the sharp report of a pistol was heard. Mr. Hawley's son rushed out of the adjoining room to see his father sink back in the chair dead, and at the same time young Foster passed out of the yard, holding in his hand a pistol. The ball from the pistol entered high up in Mr. Hawley's forehead, and ranging backward and downward caused instant death. The deceased never spoke after being shot, and it was only the fact that two of Mr. Hawley's sons were in the house at the time of the shooting and heard the conversation between their father and young Foster that there was a clue to the circumstances attending the tragedy.

ARREST OF THE MURDERER.

The alarm was at once given and Messrs. Thompson and Justice, deputy sheriff and marshal, were early on the ground. After learning the facts, Marshal Justice repaired to Mr. Foster's house, on Second street, near Stahl's Brewery, and on inquiring was told that young Foster was in his room. The young man at once surrendered, and on examination it was found that he had two pistols, one of them—a revolver—bearing evidence of having recently had a barrel discharged, and then reloaded. Marshal Justice describes the prisoner when arrested as being perfectly cool and collected, and betraying no concern whatever.

OBITUARY.

JEREMIAH D. PEABODY.

Jeremiah Dodge Peabody, who was the latest surviving brother of the world famous philanthropist, George Peabody, of London, England, died last week in Zanesville, Ohio, where he had resided for the last forty-three years of his life. Mr. Peabody was born in South Danvers, now called Peabody, Mass., and was educated at Bradford. He was originally of the well known firm of Peabody, Riggs & Co., with his brother George. He was a very benevolent man, always doing good in an unostentatious way, and was distinguished for purity of character.

JAMES M. WILLETT.

James M. Willett, law partner of Hon. A. P. Laning, died in Buffalo, N. Y., yesterday.