

which might be with her now, of a serene and happy home, which might—alas! which might have been—would haunt her everywhere.

While in this state of mind, Lizzie met in Paris an enthusiastic young abbe, her father's friend, and an eloquent advocate of the doctrines and ceremonies of the Romish church. Perceiving the heartache that caused Lizzie's restlessness, the youth warmly painted the peace and repose, the life of easy duties here and sure reward hereafter, which his church had to offer all who could renounce this world.

They journeyed on to Rome, and Mr. Lee wrote letters to several of the abbe's friends. It occurred to him afterwards that this fact might have some connection with succeeding events. One day, all by chance, it seemed, Lizzie encountered a beautiful young nun; a sister of charity, accomplished and fascinating, like (yet how unlike!) herself. The atmosphere of peacefulness and holiness surrounding Sister Agnes seemed to the time to quiet Lizzie's restless heart. They met frequently; the nun showed great kindness in procuring for her new acquaintance all opportunities for observing the ritual of the church. At length Lizzie obtained admission into her convent as a student of music; and the holy, tranquil life of the nun, by its very contrast to all she had ever felt or desired, so fascinated her gaze that she forgot her father and her home in Russia to find his daughter a member of the Romish Church, and resolved never again to leave the seclusion of the nunnery.

"She will forget this new love with the rest," thought the indolent father, and revealing himself in the contemplation of beauty which had failed to satisfy Lizzie, he was only glad of the new diversion she had found. The abbe, who had followed Mr. Lee to Rome, was his unflinching companion and useful guide about the Eternal City; and was at the same time, more weary of lingering amid its wonders, and more at a loss in projecting a plan for some new tour beyond the limits of Italy. Weeks multiplied to months, and months to years, and still the Lees lingered at Rome.

About this time a stranger, attracted by the bustle about its doors, entered one of the public hospitals of Rome, into which they were bearing wounded and dying men; for there had been an insurrection the previous week, and many soldiers had been killed or fearfully mangled. The stranger himself was a soldier, as his interest betrayed, no less than the address uniform which he wore. Walking up and down the wards, a pitying spectator of the tumult and cheerlessness of the place, as this young man took note of the impatient agony of those sufferers who waited for their turn in the scanty supply of medical attendance, the still terror of those who already were suffering surgical operations, the groans of the neglected, the curses of such as felt their misery increased by the carelessness of their bearers, his attention was arrested by the approach of two sisters of charity.

He had striven in vain to quiet the impatience or the apprehensions of those immediately about him, fellow-soldiers as they were; but when these women came, wise only in their kindness, strengthened only by their love, the stranger saw at once how the magnetism of their presence subdued the sufferers, until prayers took the place of curses, and the sleep of exhaustion fell upon faces which had so lately writhed with anguish.

"Why, Agatha, how you tremble!" said Sister Agnes suddenly. "You must not thus be overcome by your own feelings in the presence of suffering. Come, take heart! See that poor creature," she said, pointing to his parched lips, "bring him drink."

And Agatha moved to obey, but the crucifix which she had clasped to her bosom, dropped from her helpless hands, and she would have fallen save for the stranger's help.

"Am I dreaming?" he whispered. "Lizzie Lee!"

"Hush, hush, for heaven's sake! No, it is not my name; I am sister Agatha." Before the stranger could say any more she was hurried away.

But Agatha's dreams that evening were not such as befit a one who on the morrow would take her final vow to renounce the world. She looked at the Virgin's picture, and only thought how human eyes had looked so earnestly into hers; she clasped the golden crucifix, and wished it were a human hand that could clasp back her own. The morrow came on which Lizzie Lee was to kneel before the altar, to have her beautiful, abundant hair cut away and her rich garments removed, and another spirit was about to be buried from the world. And she was buried, but only from its cares and its vanities. No welcome hands of nuns led Sister Agatha into the convent. Lizzie's disquietude was buried away without their assistance; for early the next morning, human eyes came to gaze as earnestly as the pictured eyes of the Virgin had once looked into hers, and she found a hand that could clasp hers back as fondly as once the young nun had clasped her arm.

Lizzie Lee did not become a sister of charity, but returned to Wilmington as Mrs. Brockbridge.

A BLOOMINGTON DENTIST.—The following is copied from a business circular of an Illinois tooth puller at Bloomington:

"Benevolent Institution.—Dr. J. Payne, Dentist, having once more opened an office in Bloomington, will perform all operations on teeth at greatly reduced prices. A beautiful Silver Cup will be presented to the person having the greatest number of teeth extracted—and a splendid Gold Watch will be awarded to the one having the finest set of artificial teeth inserted. —Teeth extracted for \$1 per dozen."

A YANKEE WRITING FROM THE WEST.—A yankee writing from the West to his father, speaks of his great matrimonial facilities, and ends by making the following suggestion:—"Suppose you get our girls some new teeth, and send them out."

The Columbia Spy.

A PENNSYLVANIA INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858.

THE FUNERAL SERMON OF REV. BISHOP WAUGH.—The funeral sermon of Rev. Bishop Waugh, senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will be preached in the M. E. Church of Columbia, by the Pastor, on to-morrow (Sabbath) morning, at 10 o'clock. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—Columbia Bank, Monthly Statement; Borough of Columbia, Statement of Finance; Sprenger & Westhaoffer, New Books; John Felix, For Rent; C. Hollingsworth, Candidate for Constable; Thos. Welsh, Notice; Columbia Public Ground Company, For Rent.

COLUMBIA BANK STATEMENT.—From the Statement of the Columbia Bank, which we publish to-day, it will be seen that that Institution steadily improves in position. It shows an increase in specie, and decrease of \$107,140 00 in notes in circulation, since last month's statement, leaving but \$155,145 00 of Columbia Bank notes now out.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE BOROUGHS.—A Statement of the financial condition of the Borough to which we call attention, shows our indebtedness a light one. We trust that a wise and careful expenditure of the public funds will keep it within a reasonable limit. We advocate necessary improvement, such as the thorough repairs of the streets now in progress, but deprecate any recklessness in incurring a heavy borough debt.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Each successive number of this periodical proves more satisfactorily the existence of a native magazine talent, sufficient, if afforded a worthy field of display, to provide food for the most refined taste of the reading public. Employing the pens of our first writers, and with one second to no American author in talent in the editorial chair, it may fairly claim to be the embodiment of the literary ability of the country, and the ministering medium to the wants of that portion of the community which demands more than a laugh and a picture for its monthly entertainment. The Atlantic started boldly, claiming the first place, and has never bated its pretensions. The magazine is typographically beautiful, and there is harmony between its scintillating and real merit, between type and text. The refinement is not mere outside show, but extends to everything connected with the book. In the present number Dr. Holmes continues his admirable "Anteater of the Breakfast Table," and a short story, one of those admirable, quietly told New England Tales, "Eben Jackson," challenges notice. The monthly is published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, at \$3.00 a year.

PETERSON'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—We have received the March number of this Detector, which increases in popularity as it becomes known as reliable and complete in all its departments. The public owe Peterson a liberal support in return for the excellent Bank Note List they furnish.

ANOTHER MANSION FOR THE HILL.—On Monday afternoon we witnessed another melancholy instance of the gradual desertion of the former fashionable quarter of the town, and the march of improvement (reversing the order of the march of Empire) eastward. A frame tenement which long occupied a site on Front street, and was itself occupied by some eminent citizens in cake, candy, and professional lines, previous to being converted into an office for Grah & Getz, Lumber Merchant—its latest use, was mounted upon wheels, and by the motive agency of mules and clerks, carried bodily to the Hill. The transit was effected with much fuss, and no end of noise, the tug up the hill and across the railroad at Walnut street being an operation calling forth the combined efforts of man and beast.—The establishment stood once or twice before it was fairly got over, and in this particular, as well as in the interest excited in the population of leisure of our town, and the prodigious efforts on the part of the movers, strongly reminded the imaginative spectator of the launch of the Leviathan. The Brand of the enterprise was, of course, John Green, Esq., whose encouraging voice, inspiring and cheering superhuman exertions on the part of his subordinates, reached us in our assembly and drew us irresistibly to the window. "Now dear! All together! and the mass—men, mules, wagons, boys and dogs—move! with a solemn surge for a few feet. 'Hill on! Hill on! Hill on! that middle little dome come loose. Push it in a little further; push it in a little further;—lar! Now dear! All together! and the establishment cleared all obstacles with a rush, rather hurried, we thought, by the whistle of the 'Toga,' which threatened to make sausage meat of the mules, as they stood squarely across the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The men and boys shouted, the dogs assisted with their voices, and amid deafening cheers the cottage disappeared up Walnut street, literally in a blaze of triumph, from the friction of 'de hind wheel,' leaving a broad smoking track as of a fiery tailed dragon. The spectators adjourned to Jacob's and the Colonel's."—Eps!!!

THE MARIETTA MURDERESS.—Mary Jane Sebastian, convicted at the November term of the Court of murder in the first degree, and now confined in the county prison, gave birth to a male child a few days ago. It will be recalled by our readers that she poisoned her husband by administering to him "ratbane" which, she alleges, she was induced by a colored man to give her husband to take and leave her. A motion for a new trial was made by her counsel, Mr. Fisher, on the ground that the testimony did not justify the verdict and that he was put in possession of testimony, after the trial, which left no doubt on his mind of her insanity. The Court had the motion for a new trial under advisement.—Law, Examiner.

SUSQUEHANNA FIRE COMPANY.—At a meeting of the Susquehanna Fire Company, held in the Engine House, Tuesday evening, March 2, 58, A. Caldwell, President of the Company, delivered an address in which he dwelt at some length on the present inactive condition of the company, and earnestly urged that it be immediately declared into service.

On motion resolved, that the company be declared into service, and that the Chief Director proceed immediately to put on the wheels and have the entire apparatus put in working order.—(Extract from the Minutes.) By the above extract it will be seen that the Susquehanna fire company, for some time past out of service, has been declared, by resolution of its members, ready to resume duty. We are glad to record this movement, for we regard this company, when properly equipped, as one of the most efficient in our borough, and have always regretted its action in declaring itself out of service. True, the reasons assigned for this course, want of sufficient hose, and the refusal of the citizens to contribute a fund sufficient to purchase a supply, were calculated to justify a measure of complaint on the part of the company, but we think the course pursued an unwise one, and most willingly publish the new resolution to put the apparatus in working order. The readiness of the members to do good service we never doubted. They can now, reasonably ask assistance of the citizens, and we trust will meet with a response that will put them on their old efficient footing as firemen. The Susquehanna is too important a member of our engine corps to be allowed to lie useless for want of a few sections of hose. One section constitutes their present entire stock, and we think the men have reason in arguing that they are in no position to acquire themselves with credit, or to render a title of their proper service in case of fire. Let their proper request for assistance be heeded in time.

THE STRIKE ON THE PENNSYLVANIA R. R.—On Tuesday morning there was considerable excitement in our borough owing to a reported strike by all the employees on the entire line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.—A stoppage of trains was anticipated, and as the mail train became due some anxiety was expressed as to the chances of an interruption of our communication with Philadelphia, but the arrival of the mail, "on time," put an end to the speculations of the terrorists. By noon it was generally understood that no strike had taken place on the Philadelphia Division, and that the difficulty on the Middle and Eastern Divisions of the road were satisfactorily arranged.

A correspondence from this place, published in the *Indian Daily Times*, of Thursday, reports a meeting of the engineers and firemen, presided over by Oliver H. Paxson, held at the Green (Tree) Hotel, Columbia, at which resolutions of co-operation with the striking operatives of the other Divisions of the Pennsylvania R. R. were adopted. A correspondent in to-day's *Spy* puts another face on the action of the meeting, which would seem to be corroborated by the appearance of an advertisement by the engineers of the Western Division of the P. R. R. in the *Times*, condemning Messrs. Paxson, J. C. Myers, and J. W. Myers, all employees of the Philadelphia Division of the road, and who all performed their duties promptly and regularly, without any motion towards a strike.

We understand that there is no cause of collision between the company and the employees on the Philadelphia Division, and trust that none may occur. From our knowledge of the character of the Superintendent, Mr. Francis, we anticipate no difficulty which cannot be amicably settled without the intervention of the enforcing argument of a strike.

Police Items.

NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW.—On Monday, 1st inst., Henry Spense—mulatto—was arrested by High Constable Derrick, and brought before Davies E. Bruner, Esq., charged with aggravated assault on Dutch John Shultz.—Dutch, Defendant labors under the disadvantage of a "strike" on one of his motors, his running gear refusing to perform full duty, and being partially replaced by a crutch. From testimony it appeared that he had entered the house of Shultz while the latter was at dinner, and demanded to eat. Dutch deeming his food, which had been earned by the sweat of his brow, (he had been weary round through the country begging,) his own, declined feeling Spense at his expense, who thereupon brought down his auxiliary limb with a whack that did for the Dutchman, while John lay helpless the cannibal, Spense, seized and chewed of complainant's fingers. That of which prisoner could say nothing in defense, and was locked up by the "Squire" for the night, and next morning held to bail for future good behavior.

LAW SERVICE.—Before Esquire Bruner, on above day and date, came William Brown, colored, and accused Nat. Smith, also colored, of assault and stabbing. While Constable Hollingsworth, armed with a "cannibal act," sought Nathaniel with a view to his arrest, that blood-stained criminal entered the Justice's office with his accuser, the two being apparently on most friendly terms. The case was opened, and the murderous weapon produced—a small pen-knife with broken blade. Prosecutor exhibited his wound, a gash in the lip, and plausibly argued that "if it hadn't been for de lip, de juggler might 'a' been cut." Though his reasoning was tolerably clear, his articulation was thought rather muddled, and the "Squire" gave the old stereotyped decision which does such admirable duty in Tow Hill cases—cuts both ways—and committed both complainant and defendant.

DESTITUTE TRAVELERS.—Scarce an evening passes without applicants for lodging on the part of straggled travelers. On Tuesday evening Justice Bruner sent six men, at their own request, to the cellar for the night, and next morning they were provided with a breakfast at his office, and sent on their way, thankful for the shelter and food. On Wednesday night two travelers were lodged in the Justice's office, the cellar being occupied by a female, "Mrs. FLOOD AGAIN." These men have walked from the State of Connecticut. The majority of

applicants for shelter are respectable looking mechanics on the tramp between the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, seeking employment as they go.

Mrs. FLOOD AGAIN.—This notorious woman, an account of whose arrest and sentence to thirty days imprisonment we noticed some weeks since, has again fallen into the keeping of the county. Her term of retirement expired on the 25th ult., when she returned to her old harbor in Keating's court, to which Grecian locality she has since acted as leaven, keeping the ordinarily peaceable population in a state of continued ferment and turmoil. (This was contaminating the very fountain of Justice, for does not the "Squire's" office overlook the field of Flood's audacious operations?) On the evening of Wednesday, 3rd inst., Justice Welsh issued a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Mary, and her son Thomas Flood, which was served by Constable Hollingsworth, and the parties arraigned. The magistrate, on his own knowledge of the woman's character and disorderly conduct for the past week, committed her for sixty days at hard labor. The son, a boy of eleven years of age, is a worthy scion of the parent stem. Intoxication has been no rare occurrence with him, and on New Year eve, in a drunken brawl, he used a slung shot on the head of another boy, since which time he has kept out of the way of a warrant issued for his arrest. He was sent below with his mother, as a candidate for the House of Refuge.

Next morning, in company with the Justice, we visited the camp, rather than dwelling, of Mrs. F., and we trust, for the honor of the borough, that not such another scene of destitution exists within its limits. The rooms, four in number, were just as they had been during their week's occupancy by mother and son. The furniture consisted of a one wheelbarrow, a stump of broom, one old shoe, a padlock, a whiplash, piece of a saw, part of a girth, and about a bushel of littered straw. In addition to these articles, there was, when the arrest was made, a pint tin-cup, half-filled with whiskey. One room was about inch deep with saw-dust, and in the open chimney they had managed to keep a blazing wood-fire. No particle of bed-clothing was to be found, and how the unfortunate creatures kept life their bodies through the few cold nights preceding their arrest, is a matter for wonder. The straw would not have afforded a comfortable lair for a dog, and the room in which it was spread was freely ventilated by cracks and cranies. The old lady occupied the premises on the equator sovereignty principle;—having found the house vacant she established herself. The ownership of the property being a matter of pleasing legal uncertainty, there was no one to molest or make her afraid, until Justice Welsh interposed the strong arm of the law.

Application will be made to the borough authorities to have the house closed, or declared a nuisance. While tenants it should certainly be secured from the invasion of disreputable stragglers.

MISADVENTURE.—On Tuesday afternoon a rough and tumble fight took place on the newly broken stone on Locust street, at the corner of Second, between two Germans, Louis Loudenbach and Gottlieb Frick. These men, not being employed by the Street Committee, Constable Hollingsworth arrested them and conveyed them to the presence of Justice Bruner, by whom they were fined and discharged. H. M. Wills going security for one, the other producing the required amount.

For the Columbia Spy.
MR. EDITOR.—I desire to correct a wrong impression prevalent, and drawn, no doubt, from loose and careless statements made by some of the county papers. The public have been led to believe that the late "strike" of the employees of the Penna. R. R. Co. was general in its character, and that the operatives upon the Western and Philadelphia Divisions were equally active in the matter with those from the Eastern and Middle Divisions of the road. This is simply untrue. The facts properly stated are, that a committee from the strikers upon the Middle and Eastern Division, visited this place, called together a meeting, and after organization stated their business. They then proposed resolutions, and perhaps adopted one or more, with neither head nor tail to it, but without the concurrence or assent of any one connected with the Philadelphia Division.—No employee upon this Division has for a moment hesitated in the performance of the duties assigned him. None of the trains or engines employed upon it have been delayed or detained by this movement, nor is it likely that they will be by anything of a similar nature or character. Those of the employees upon this division who were present at the meeting, did propose petitioning the Superintendent of the Road that the "Yard Engineers," at the Depot might be continued, and so far only did they participate in the "strike." No one from the Western Division of the road had lot or part in the strike; nor should the slight connection had with the movement by those of the Philadelphia Division be construed into a collusion or concurrence with it upon their part. For one utterly disclaim all sympathy with strikes, believing as I do, that they are inevitably the source of evil to their originators, and dupes.

MECHANIC.
COLUMBIA, March 4, 1858.

For the Columbia Spy.
MR. SRY. Will you permit an old resident of the North Ward, to suggest the name of Capt. John A. Bucher, of Front street, as a suitable person for Constable? The Captain possesses all the requisite qualifications for a good officer—courage, integrity, correct and gentlemanly deportment, and displays in an eminent degree, that amiability of disposition necessary to render an officer courteous and obliging to the rich and the poor, to the high and low with whom business may associate him.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, March 3, 1858.

Imagine yourself the "correspondent" and your surprise, on some fine morning, to find upon your private desk a sealed envelope directed in a neat feminine hand to P. G. J. Esq., Agent for the *Columbia Spy*, enclosing the following communication, and you will understand the feelings of your correspondent under similar circumstances:—"DEAR SIR.—In behalf of that great paladium of our national liberties, the most powerful agent in our educational system, and the best promoter of a 'healthy moral tone' in our community, to wit, a purely literary and moral hebdomadal press, devoted solely to the circulation of novelettes, essays and sentimental poetry, by which the juvenile mind of the nation may be raised to its true level, and taught to look down with commendable pity on such antiquated dummies as Hannah More, Walter Scott, and Maria Edgeworth; and with becoming contempt on Bulwer Lytton, Charles Dickens, and other coarser scribblers of the day; and also allow me with becoming modesty to add, for the sake of an increasing patronage and influence for the paper in whose service you have the honor to be engaged, be pleased to do us the favor, and your journal the credit, to insert the following, as an editorial advertisement, and draw on us for the usual remuneration—two dozen copies of our paper (the *U. S. Hatter*) for gratuitous distribution among the intellectual citizens of Columbia.

With respect and condensation, your faithful,
P. P. P."

After spending some minutes in a philosophical reverie—or a bachelor's reverie, which is of course the same thing—on sublunary affairs in general, and the "healthy moral tone," strong minded ladies, and feminine modesty in particular, your correspondent gallantly decided to engraft the editorial advertisement in a letter, with the single proviso, and under a solemn compact, that he may be excused from the remuneration—or the penalty, namely, the circulation of four and twenty *Hatters* among the "intellectual citizens" of Columbia.

FRESH VEGETABLES FROM THE GARDEN OF POLLY POTATO-PATCH.
Polly Potato-Patch.

The sun is shining—so is Jim's head, under the influence of Mrs. Allen's sycorax-salutium—primers and spelling-books! how I hate long words.

The genial air fans my cheek; or it would, if I were any where else on heaven's muddy earth but in this three-pair-front dust-hole, sufficed by the smell of printer's ink and engine grease—boilers and piston-rods! how I detest machines of all kinds, which take the bread out of the mouths of God's poor, and grind to pieces all—who fall into them.

The snow is melting, so are not the hearts of the infernal stick-up, snobly, lank-sided, squint-eyed, flint-skinning rich of Philadelphia—dimes and small bills! how I do despise that word "rich."

There goes along the street a poor sewing-girl with a huge bundle for the establishment of some masculine tyrant in the clothing line—scissors and bodkins! how I look down with contempt on all sewing-girls—masculine tyrants I should say.

Here comes one of the unhappy down-trodden of our common humanity crying out for "soap-fat"—beeswax and tallow candles! how I do

The remainder of this charming essay from the pen of the most gifted of American writers, will be found in the *United States Hatter* for Saturday, April 3d, which will be published with usual promptness on next Saturday, March 6th. The same number will contain four chapters of the new original story from the pen of Harry Cornhusk, entitled "MASTER YEASEY GREENHORN, or the Victim of the Frantic Fish Women."

Perhaps the most interesting feature in the style of the "gifted writer" quoted above, is the free use of ejaculations or oaths, which, like the profane language of Mr. Bob Acres in Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," are ingeniously adapted to, or rather drawn from the subject under immediate consideration; so that as the bravery of Mr. Acres has its humble imitators, even in our national councils, the delicate profanity of the gallant Robert has its devotees among our feminine teachers of "healthy morality."

Your readers will perceive that our national literature is making rapid strides, and the *Hatter* in the "rectangular village of Philadelphia," will soon outstrip metropolitan compeers.

Recent news from England informs us that Lord Palmerston's bill for the punishment of refuge assassins, designed particularly to protect the life of the French Emperor, was brought into the house of Commons by a majority of 200 votes, notwithstanding Mr. Roebuck's sarcastic onslaught, and the tremendous indignation of some of the papers.

go to work and earn a decent living and an honorable name. By this action the citizens of Nashville will best promote the happiness of their hero, and save themselves trouble in the future.

The defeat of the army bill in the Senate last week strengthened the general opinion that ultimately a force of volunteers from contiguous states, will be used instead of an increase of the regular army, to proceed to Utah and restrain the fanatical inhabitants in their resistance to the general government, and their acts of violence against the civil authorities.

We would recommend a force of "volunteer" emigrants under the lead of that emigrant-enthusiast, the Hon. Eli Thayer; and advise him to recruit for that purpose among the highly moral inhabitants of "glorious New England," and her precocious daughter—York State, provided he can find in those regions a sufficient number of persons of sane mind, or those who will not be likely on arriving in Utah to be seized with a new species of insanity, and declare for the hierarchy of Young and the joys of polygamy.

The ceremonies and festival attending the inauguration of the Washington Monument at Richmond, Virginia, on the 22d ult., passed off with great eclat, no accident occurring to mar the gaiety and grandeur of the scene. After the oration by Senator Hunter, a large concourse of invited guests and visitors sat down to an elegantly served dinner, prepared in the new Custom House as the place most suitable to accommodate the immense assemblage. In response to the regular toasts, speeches were made by prominent men from all parts of the Union. Some of the speakers, among whom Mr. Yancy, of Alabama, and Mr. Garnett, of Va., particularly distinguished themselves, were rather sectional in the sentiments which they took occasion to utter. But the remarks of Mr. Rives, of Va., Gov. Holly, of Conn., Gov. Bingham, of Mich., and several other gentlemen, were conceived in the best feeling, and uttered in excellent taste. Mr. Edward Everett of course made the great speech of the occasion, and it contained bursts of eloquence which drew forth such long and ardent cheers from the audience, that the abettors or apologists of disunion would find it a hopeless task to maintain, or advance their arguments in such company. Altogether, the occasion was one of unmingled pleasure and admiration to the participants, and if the reality was even as agreeable as its narration in a New York paper, the event may be considered a favorable one, and the beginning of a new era in our national history. Mr. Wise, the Gov. of Va., was unfortunately prevented by serious illness, from joining in the ceremonies.

Items of News.

We have two weeks' later news from California and Central and South America, by the arrival at New York of the steamship Moses Taylor with the Pacific mails and \$1,640,420 in treasure. A violent storm, lasting three days, swept over California, doing great damage. A large amount of land had been finally confirmed to the Catholic church by the old missions being restored to them. Money was scarce in San Francisco, and the receipts of gold from the interior quite limited. The markets were again overstocked with all descriptions of merchandise, except flour. In this commodity some speculation was going on, and prices had advanced to a higher figure than had been demanded since 1855. More than the usual number of murders and affrays had occurred in various parts of the State. At San Diego, Mr. Getman, sheriff of Los Angeles county, had been killed by an insane man named Reed, from Texas. In a subsequent attempt to arrest the murderer a regular battle ensued, which resulted in the killing of the homicide, his body being riddled with balls.

A suicide mania prevailed at San Francisco. No less than thirteen suicides and attempts at self-destruction were perpetrated during the fortnight previous to the sailing of the steamer. A duel had taken place between two French editors, they fought with small swords, and both were wounded. The intelligence from Salt Lake City represents the Mormons as suffering for want of provisions, clothing and dry goods. A party had arrived at the Mohave river in quest of supplies, and with orders to prevent the further emigration of the Saints from San Bernardino. Two companies of artillery had been sent to San Bernardino to protect the inhabitants from any violence from the Mormons.

Public attention is now attracted in Baltimore and other cities to gas-meters, and ever-increasing gas bills. Robert Price, of Brooklyn, in a published communication, asserts that all the meters made in that city for the gas companies are designedly constructed to incite a consumption of about fifteen per cent. of gas greater than the real amount. Some years ago he became interested with a manufacturer of gas-meters, which were made with indexes that truly indicated the amount consumed, but the gas companies would not purchase these; consequently the manufacturer was obliged to give up the business or attach false indexes to his meters. He now works to the order of these companies.

In the matter of the terrible gas explosion in the Methodist Church at Cincinnati, it has been ascertained by a scientific investigation, that the whole catastrophe was caused by a defective service pipe.

J. W. Wolcott, the recusant witness before the Congressional Bribery Investigating Committee, is in jail at Washington, and will be tried in the Criminal Court, under the act of Congress in such cases.

Governor Walker addressed a long letter to the anti-Leocompton Convention, held recently at Indianapolis, Ind., in which he speaks with ultra bitterness against the Buchanan administration and the Leocompton trick.

A Buchanan Democratic meeting has been held in Chicago, Illinois, to organize a bolding Democratic party, and nominate a separate local ticket, in opposition to that of the majority, which is for Douglas.

The annual election for directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company took place on Monday, resulting in the unanimous election of the old board, consisting of Messrs. J. Edgar Thompson, Washington Butcher, William R. Thompson, Josiah Bacon, Thomas Mellon, John Hulme, G. D. Rosengarten, and Wistar Morris.

Municipal elections in Chicago, Rochester and Oswego have just been held. In Chicago the Republican ticket was elected by 1000 majority. In Rochester a Democratic Mayor and opposition majority in the Board of Aldermen were elected. In Oswego a Democratic Mayor, and a tie in the Board of Aldermen, was the result.

The steamboat Eliza Battle has been destroyed by fire on the Tombigbee river, Alabama, with a loss of thirty-nine lives.

A bill has passed the lower house of the Louisiana Legislature, authorizing a company already organized, to import twenty-five hundred free blacks from the coast of Africa, to be indentured not less than fifteen years.

In the House of Delegates of Maryland, on Monday last, a series of resolutions proposing to sustain the course of the national Executive on the Kansas question, were rejected almost unanimously—aye 1, noes 44, the Democrats who introduced them having refused to vote on account of amendments which had been made by their political opponents, who have a majority in the House.

Gen. Walker, and Gen. Hemming are both in New Orleans. The former voluntarily gave bail on Wednesday, in the sum of \$4000 to appear and answer the findings of the Grand Jury, on the fourth Monday in April next.

PORTUGAL.
We have three days later news from Europe, by the arrival at Halifax of the steamship America, from Liverpool. In the English markets cotton was active, with an advance in prices; breadstuffs were depressed and there was an advance in Consols. The barque Leander, of Bath, Me., from Liverpool, on her way to New Orleans, with a cargo of salt, was sunk on the 11th ult., by a collision with the steamship North American, and the second mate, eight seamen, and the captain's wife were drowned, eleven others, besides the captain, being saved by the steamer. In the British House of Commons, Lord Palmerston had moved for leave to bring in his new India bill. It proposes to abolish the Court of Directors, and establish a Council, to be composed mainly of persons who had been in India, or who are acquainted with Indian affairs. The matter was debated at some length without any result. The Bank of England had reduced its rate of discount to three per cent.

Tar Water, as combined with othersimplies, by Dr. Wistar in his celebrated Balsam of Wild Cherry, has a peculiar power over all diseases of the lungs. Many physicians use it in their practice, and generally with marked success.

Good Things by the Antecator.
—Every right thought on every right subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other. As soon as his breath comes back, he very probably begins to expend it in hard words. These are the best evidence a man can have that he has said something it was time to say. Dr. Johnson was disappointed in the effect of one of his pamphlets. "I think I have not been attacked enough for it," he said;—"attack is the reaction; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds?"

—If a fellow attacked my opinions in print would I reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what my friend, the Professor, long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of controversy.

—Don't know what that means? Well, I will tell you. You know, that, if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way.—and the fools know it.

—No, but I often read what they say about other people. There are about a dozen phrases that all come tumbling along together, like the tongs and the shovel, and the poker, and the brush, and the bellows, in one of those domestic avalanches that everybody knows. If you get one, you get the whole lot.

—What are they? Oh, that depends a good deal on latitude and longitude. Epithets follow the isothermal lines pretty accurately. Grouping them in two families, one finds himself a clever, genial, witty, wise, brilliant, sparkling, thoughtful, distinguished, celebrated, illustrious scholar and perfect gentleman, and first writer of the age; or a dull, foolish, wicked, pert, shallow, ignorant, insolent, traitorous, black-hearted outcast, and disgrace to civilization.

—What do I think determines the set of phrases a man gets? Well, I should say a set of influences like these:—1st, Relationships, political, religious, social, domestic. 2d, Oysters, in the form of suppers given to gentlemen connected with criticism. I believe in the school, the college, the clergy; but my sovereign logic for regulating public opinion—which means commonly the opinion of half a dozen of the critical gentry—is the following: *Major proposition.* Oysters are natural. *Minor proposition.* That—(here insert entertainers name) is clever, witty, wise, brilliant,—and the rest. No, it isn't exactly bribery. One man has oysters, and another epithets. It is an exchange of hostilities; one gives a "spread" on linen, the other on paper,—that is all. Don't you think you and I should be apt to do so, if we were in the critical line? I am sure I couldn't resist the softening influences of hospitality. I don't like to dine out, you know,—I dine so well at our own table, (our landlady looked radiant!) and the company is so pleasant, (a rustling movement of satisfaction among the boarders); but if I did partake of a man's salt, with such additions as that article of food requires to make it palatable, I could never abuse him, and if I had to speak of him, I suppose I should hang my set of jingling epithets round him like a