"You don't seem to have common sense or common decency enough to live in this world, so the sooner you are killed off the better," coldly replied Mr. Wiggins. "I shall have the sale and risk the consequences."

And he did according to his word. The red flag, in less than a week, was unfurled from one of the windows of the handsome West End house, and the humbled and disconsolate Wigginses retired to a meaner abode, in a small street, the furniture of which corresponded much better with the condition of a man who could pay only forty cents on the dollar!

Wiggins himself was honest at heart; but the Wigginses in the mass were weak, vain and pretentious. The suddenness with which they fell from an extreme height stunned and blinded them, and it was some time before a new and better life began to vitalize their actions. It did, however, thanks to the resolute conduct of their head!

There is a lesson in the fall of the Wigginses, and a good many lessons in the way they managed to get along after their fall. With the reader's leave we may look in upon them again, at intervals. We think them worth observing.

Pipe and Cigar Smoking, &c.

These are such nuisances to the fresh green creations of bone, muscle, and spirit, called "man" or "woman," before they are previously turned into bacon or ham, that we wonder not that all sorts of subterfuges are resorted to by the *unsmoked*, in order to evade the nuisance of the smoke.

The smoker often so coolly proceeds, when you are shut up in a stage coach or a chamber with him, to turn you into this *ham*, and does it so politely, with, "I beg your pardon," or "hope a cigar don't offend you," that it is difficult to say he dislike it, and impossible to quarrel.

A Frenchman, however, we see by the Paris Patrie, hit upon a device to dodge being smoked, which is original. A party of six took places on the railroad from Havre to Paris, and were put in one compartment. As soon as they started, five of them, according to usage, took from cigar pouches cigars, and began to light a match to kindle them. A young man then took hold of the one who was striking the light, and screamed out, "Heavens! what would you do, Monsieur?" "You see, sir," was the cool reply, "I would light my cigar." "What for? what to do?" he added, in agony, apparently intenser. "Smoke," was the response.—"Oh, don't smoke; please don't smoke," cried the anti-smoker, in increasing agony; "see that sack between my legs—it is powder I am taking contraband to my brother-in-law!" "Diable," said the smoker, "you are a good man for telling us of it," and the *allumette* was extinguished, and the cigars returned to the *pouches*.

The smokers, however, were so indignant at being thus deprived of their cigars, that at the next station they called upon a policeman, and reported the contraband-powder man. The police began to arrest him, and to open his sack, in which were found nothing but *chemisettes*, hadkerchiefs, &c., &c.—The smokers, yet more indignant, reproached him for falsehood. His defence was, "Cigars make me cruelly sick. If I had asked them not to smoke, because of my ill-health, they would have laughed at my effeminacy. My only protection was the powder *ruse*."

Some years since, on the Kanawha, (Va.,) we were participant in a richer scene than this. Twelve of us, a hot summer morning, were put into a big stage coach to start for crossing the mountains. The old coach was reeking with dead tobacco smoke. The sun was pouring down its rays in intense heat. Six cigars were lit, all of bad quality, and one pipe. Every man, as he began, "begged pardon" of his neighbor: "hoped smoke did not offend him;" but yet began, without further palaver, to smoke, and smoke, and smoke. We had not journeyed far before a stench arose, which arrested everybody's attention, and which soon began to be insufferable. "What is it? What's the matter?—Is a skunk about?" were common exclamations. At last, when the curiosity of all was piqued to the utmost, a very quiet man in the corner of the coach said very civilly, "I suppose it's my asafetida; I beg your pardon, gentlemen; I hope it don't offend anybody; I should be very sorry to be disagreeable to anybody." "Asafetida! Asafetida!" exclaimed every other body; and asafetida made everybody sicker and sicker, as everybody thought of asifetida. The quiet, cool, collected, significant, and half laughing manner of the stranger, however, soon developed his intent and meaning; and he explained himself very politely, in saying:

"Gerlemen, I am an Englishman, traveling in your beautiful country. The scenery all around me is bewitching. Your tobacco kills me. I have been suffering intense agonies from nausea riding here with you. I did not complain, for I knew you would think me fastidious. Indeed, I thought I could stand your smoke, if you could stand my asafetida."

"That's too good," exclaimed one, and then another; and the smokers, in the very best of temper, threw away their cigars, and all jogged on then harmoniously together. *New York Express.*

☞A lady asked a child how long it took to build Rome, and was answered a *night*. "How do you make that out?" She replied, "Because mamma told me it was not built in a *day*."

☞One of our exchanges speaks of a "finished scamp." We wish they were all finished.

☞Why is a bank-note like a fish?—Because if you keep it two days it is likely to spoil.

☞"Friends at a pinch"—a pair of tight boots.

☞The world makes us talkers, but solitude makes us thinkers.

☞A hotel-keeper recently asked permission of a newly-married pair to board his grossel.

☞A sheriff's officer is a man who never leaves another in distress.

The Columbia Spy.

A PENNSYLVANIA INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—G. A. Leinau, Guano; Murray, Young, & Co., New Books; Haldeman's, Wall Paper; T. H. Pollock, Lancaster Mercantile College; J. C. Pfahler, For Sale; George Wilford, Justice of the Peace; Nathan W. Greene, Justice of the Peace; H. C. Fondersmith, New Goods; Geo. A. Brooks, Book Bindery; A. Cohn, $20,00 Reward; Smith, Whipper & Co., Dissolution of Co-partnership; A Country Residence for Sale or Rent.

☞We return our thanks to Messrs. Shaeffer, of the Senate, and Roath and Jackman, of the House, for Legislative documents.

THE SPRING TRADE.—With the mild weather follows the reawakening of business at our stores. The spring rush is about commencing, as shown by the advertisements of some of our merchants in to-day's *Spy*.

HALDEMAN'S.—At this establishment, in addition to the already large and beautiful stock of rich goods on hand, and displayed in the windows, a new feature is advertised. Wall Papers in endless variety of style, pattern and quality have been opened, and presuming that the same taste and judgment have been displayed in the selection of this stock as in the other departments of the business, we can safely pronounce it complete. Call at Haldeman's and judge for yourselves.

FONDERSMITH'S.—At Fondersmith's, new Spring Goods, at his accommodating prices, are advertised, and customers are invited to view and purchase the fresh beauties. Fondersmith understands the popular taste and his display is second to none in quality, and his stock is made up of every desirable article in his line. If our merchants generally open with the promptness and energy displayed at this store our business will soon show spring-like briskness. Give Fondersmith a call.

NEW BOOK BINDERY.—We desire to call attention to the advertisement of Mr. George H. Brooks, formerly a citizen of this place, who has commenced the business of Book Binding at Harrisburg, and offers his services to his friends in Columbia. We can cordially recommend George as a thorough-going, clever fellow, and have no doubt that work entrusted to his care will be promptly and efficiently executed.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday night Henderson Dougherty, a citizen of Columbia, conductor on a freight train on the Penna. Railroad, was killed on the road in West Philadelphia. He was walking by his cars, and to avoid a train stepped, as he thought, from the track, instead of which he crossed to that on which the train was approaching, and was knocked down, the cars passing over both legs, cutting them off. He was taken to the Hospital and died shortly afterwards. His remains were brought to Columbia in the Emigrant train on Thursday night.

WASHINGTON HOUSE STATION, P. R. R.—By the persevering energy of Col. Herr, his hotel has been made a station on the Penn'a R. R., and our citizens are thus accommodated with a more central depot than the present one. The trains that leave Black's at 8.30 A. M. and 12.30 and 7.35 P. M., stop at the Washington House to take on passengers, and the same trains stop at the same place on arrival here. The Colonel has built him a neat little four by six crib in one corner of his reading room, over the railing of which and through a mysterious hole in the wall dispenses tickets to passengers. Ladies can now procure their tickets from the hall, with every facility and privacy.

The trains of the Northern Central Railway now run to the old depot, under the *Spy* office, stopping to put down and take up passengers at the station opposite Black's.

SARGENT'S SCHOOL MONTHLY.—The March number of this excellent juvenile magazine has been received, and we only echo the public verdict in pronouncing it the periodical best adapted, mentally and morally, to the wants of our children, among all American publications devoted to the pleasure and instruction of youth. It is pure in its tone and admirably calculated to wean the taste of its young readers from the trashy stuff which so abounds in sensation weeklies. Published by Epes Sargent, 289 Washington st., Boston, Mass. Price $1.00 per year.

BLACKWOOD.—We have received from Leonard, Scott & Co., New York, Blackwood for February. Its contents are—The Condition of Women; What will he do with it—Part IX; People I have never Met; Lord St. Leonards' Handy Book on Property Law; Zanzibar, and Two Months in East Africa—by Capt. Burton; Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions; The Poorbeah Mutiny—No. II; A Familiar Epistle from Mr. John Company to Mr. John Bull.

NORTH AMERICAN MEDICO CHIRURGICAL REVIEW.—This valuable bi-monthly has been received from the publishers, J. B. Lippencott & Co., Philadelphia. To properly notice this work would require a medical knowledge which we do not possess. From the character of the talent employed on its pages, however, we can readily assume that it is of first class character, and ranks high with the profession.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.—This excellent agricultural monthly needs no recommendation at our hands—its merits are known and fully appreciated. We would, however, call attention to the very liberal offer of the publisher, Orange Judd, A. M., to supply subscribers to his periodical with rare seed of grain, vegetables or flowers, gratis, the postage being paid by the recipient.

Reopening of the Slave Trade.

We find among our exchanges the following from the New Orleans *Delta*, accompanied by editorial discussion and denunciation of the scheme. Regarding with all Northerners, and we believe a majority of the more reasonable citizens of our Southern States, the re-opening of the revolting traffic in human beings as one of the heaviest misfortunes that could befall our country, we cannot wonder that the article of the *Delta*, spite of its very disreputable source, should create excitement and call forth earnest opposition on the part of leading journals. We do not intend to discuss the question, but give the article as what we believe to be a prodigious hoax, intended to beguile the anti-slavery press into a waste of powder.—It will doubtless prove a very rich joke to the fire-eaters to draw the fire of the *Tribune* and its co-operators by a bogus cry of wolf, but are there not a sufficient number of subjects of irritating discussion between the two sections of our country without the introduction of another firebrand which, whether real or fictitious, must call forth from the rabid of both parties an amount of angry debate and recrimination certainly not conducive to an increase of good feeling between them?

We copy the *Delta's* magnificent *canard*:

"Some startling and significant facts have come to our knowledge. We have hesitated to disclose them, but after inquiry, examination, and consultation, we are convinced that both duty and policy demand disclosure. The facts, we say, are startling; they are crucial. They will surprise and encourage many in our counting rooms and offices, and many on the plantations and in the towns, but most of all they will astound the Cabinets of Western Europe, and eminently assist to confirm between the genial French people and our own Norman and Hugenot South, an unwritten but hearty, magnanimous and unconquerable league against the allied avarice and envy, cant and rapacity of England, and the Northern States. Although the foiled and furious enemies of our institutions may shake up, uncork, and pour out on our battered brows the foaming vials of their wrath; although the President may be shocked and embarrassed; although the great parties of the country may be disappointed and embrangled, let it go forth that Southerners have taken into their own hands the law, and opened the African slave trade with the South; that Africans are now imported into Mississippi and other seashore States; that in Mississippi there is a market for African slaves, and on plantations in that great and intrepid State negroes recently imported from Africa are at their daily work. The authority on which we make this announcement is indisputable. We even have advices that in Mississippi, Henry Hughes and some of his party now privately urge the labor immigration movement, not to open the supply of Africans, but to legitimate, moralize, regulate, and equalize the supply already opened, and impossible to be closed. We have some further details. Some negroes are disembarked on the Atlantic coast and brought overland to the Mississippi cotton fields, but the Mississippi seacoast's peculiar facilities for landing and secreting cargoes, and the conveniences of Pearl river as channel for distribution, are not overlooked.

"The profits of the Mississippi slave-trade are enormous. We have been so fortunate as to procure from undoubted authority some interesting details. They relate to the operations of the Mississippi slave trade, and are authenticated by operators. It need not be said in the first place that the bark engaged in the traffic to the South must be a fast sailer; for, this is indispensable to the security of the officers and crew, the health of the cargo, and the rapidity of the pecuniary returns. For a trip to the Mississippi coast to Africa and back, there must be a captain, supercargo, three mates, three cooks, steward, and between twenty and thirty first-class seamen. The vessel must be well supplied with extra running and standing rigging, and supernumary spars, ropes, topmasts, and suits of sails.—An assortment of flags of all nations will be particularly desirable, but the most useful is now the French flag, because British cruisers will not verify the colors and take the same liberties as with the United States flag. The fare of the ship's crew must be the very best, and their good will must be carefully conciliated, because during the voyage a mutiny is disastrous; and after the voyage a treacherous or vindictive information is, to say the least, troublesome and expensive. To procure the good will of the men much depends on the mates, over whom the captain ought to keep a strict watch.—For the subsistence of the negroes there must be a plentiful supply of hard bread, corn meal, rice, and an abundance of vinegar, red pepper, pure water, and drugs. In distributing diet, the greatest regularity is to be observed, and the very first symptoms of disease promptly treated. As to the capacity of the superior officer, it may be safely said that a slaver requires in it more courage, talent, honesty, fidelity, skill, and discretion than any other ship in any other trade. Indeed, the captain and supercargo must, between them, act as navigator and naval officer, merchant and physician, diplomatist and magistrate, not to mention the functions of chaplain.

"As to the expenses and profits of the voyage, the latest advices were from the captain of a bark which sailed from one of the Georgia ports. He has quite recently returned, and reports that on account of vigilance of cruisers, negroes had accumulated on the coast, and in a manner glutted the markets, and that in consequence of this the price had fallen to under thirty dollars a head. The payment, however, must be in gold or silver, as the head men will not, as formerly, barter for merchandise.

"We may estimate a cargo to number seven hundred negroes, although many more than that are often carried; but whatever the number, none purchased should be over twenty-five years of age. Seven hundred, at an average cost of thirty dollars a piece, will amount to $21,000, and their price in this country or Cuba will range from $450 to $1,200. But if sold for $300, say, the cargo will net $350,000. Freely allowing, then, $150,000 for the entire expenses of the voyage, and all possible loss, the profits of one round voyage will amount to $200,000.

"Where the profits are so exorbitant, we can well understand why the business has been begun in the South! We can well understand the impossibility of closing the trade now begun, and most of all, we now can understand that the great question is not whether there shall be for the South a supply of African labor, because that is now settled, and the great and absorbing question is whether, according to Hughes' method, the supply shall be so modified as to be legitimate, fair, regular, and equal."

WASHINGTON AND MARYLAND LINE RAILROAD.—At an election held on the 1st inst., the following named gentlemen were elected officers: President—J. B. Haines, Fulton, twp.; Directors—J. J. Eckart, Port Deposit, Md., Joseph Ballance, Fulton, Jeremiah Brown, Jr., Fulton, James McSparran, Fulton, S. W. P. Boyd, Fulton, John Long, Drumore, William Idal, Martic, J. K. Manning, Washington Bor., John A. Sheaff, Lancaster city, Thomas Baumgardner, do., John Black, do., John C. Walton, do.—Jeremiah Brown, Jr., was duly elected Secretary, and Jos. Ballance, Treasurer.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.—This body, which assembled at Harrisburg on Wednesday of last week, adjourned on the succeeding Friday, after having adopted a platform fully endorsing the Lecompton policy of the President, by a vote of 111 ayes to 1 nay—20 members declining to vote. Hon. W. A. Porter, the present incumbent, was nominated with but little opposition for Judge of the Supreme Court, and Westley Frost, of Fayette county, for Canal Commissioner.

Police Items.

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.—On Saturday last a female of doubtful morality, doubtful color, but undoubtedly drunk, was brought before Esquire Welsh, charged with disorderly conduct and general testi- and prostitution. She was disgustingly filthy, and rather uproarious, evincing a decided disinclination to a promenade upon the supporting and protecting arm of Hollingsworth, who only obtained the honor of the lady's company in a social morning call on the 'Squire by a deceptive inducement of whiskey—a "tod" of that beverage being (metaphorically) held up as a reward for good behaviour. She gave her name as Mrs. Mary Burroughs; stated that she was a boarder with Julia Miller, colored, of Tow Hill, and that she was a white woman; her present uncertainty of complexion being superinduced by an artificial stratum of dirt. Julia had turned her out of doors, in default of a sum alleged to be due from Mary for board, seizing and holding the effects—clothing, jewelry, &c.—of the latter as collateral.—Mrs. Burroughs accepted consolation in the insidious shape of corn, and under the mollifying influence of that potent assuager of grief wandered through the streets during the bitter night of Friday. Next morning, her condition becoming known, a good Samaritan gave her shelter and food, and communicated the fact to Justice Welsh; hence the arrest. The prisoner expressed a willingness to go down below, (she referred to Lancaster; not the other place,) and plead hard for a little stimulus. Mary confided to the Justice a portion of her affecting history, and revealed the names of a number of her admirers, black and white. We suppress names out of respect for the feelings of the families of the colored gentlemen implicated. Awaiting the departure of the cars for Lancaster, whither she was banished to labor for the public good, for thirty days, the light one was accommodated in the cellar.

BANISHED THE WARD.—On the same day Bill Brown (figured in last week's police report as dangerously stabbed in the lip,) appeared before Justice Welsh, questioning that Magistrate's authority to incarcerate the fair but frail Burroughs in the borough lock-up. The darkey magnificently offered to pay the costs, and give any amount of security for the woman's good behavior.—The 'Squire's disgust and indignation, which had been with difficulty suppressed during Mrs. B's recital of her miserable life on the Hill, here found a legitimate object for its expression. He drew himself up to his full height, and fixing the black man with a glance, thundered forth a decision unparalleled in legal record:

"Bill, I'll give you thirty minutes to leave the Ward; if you're found above Locust street in half an hour I'll send you down for thirty days." And William left.

'Squire, why didn't you include the South Ward, and fix the borough limits as the boundary of the forbidden territory? We advocate banishment in its most comprehensive form.

☞We call attention to the card of the Lancaster Mercantile College, in another column, which is about to enter upon its second year, surrounded with rapidly growing favor. Its graduates have given evidence of its merits, and its increasing patronage has warranted in fitting up a new Hall, into which it will be removed in a few days.

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL.—A special meeting of the Town Council was held March 8, 1858. Members present, Messrs. Black, Fraley, Murphy, Maxton, Pelan, Pusey, Pfahler and Bletz—President.

The President stated the object of the meeting to be, to elect a Supervisor for the present year, after which the following names were placed in nomination: Jesse Kuerr, Jacob Crosby, David Evans, Sam'l Waites, R. Binkly and A. Goodman. Council then proceeded to an election of Supervisor, which resulted in David Evans receiving a majority of the votes, who was declared duly elected.

Mr. Black moved that the Supervisor be employed for the present year, (Sundays excepted) at $1.25 per day, which was agreed to.

Mr. Fraley moved that a bond be given to F. S. Bletz, Esq., for $400, for orders of the Road Committee cashed by him; bond to be dated March 8, and payable April 1st, 1859, which was agreed to.

Mr. Pusey moved that an order be drawn on the Treasurer for $500 in favor of the Road Committee, which was agreed to.

Mr. Pusey moved that the chairman of each committee be required to make report at every stated meeting, provided he has any thing to report, which was agreed to.

On motion Council adjourned.

Attest, WM. F. LLOYD, Clerk.

A CURIOUS WEDDING.—Says the New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier.—An intesting wedding took place a few days since between a Mr. Hemly B. Melville and Mrs. Sarah K. Seymour. The parties have both been married before, and each have a family of seven children—those of the gentleman comprising six daughters and a son, and those of the lady six sons and a daughter. The sons acted on the occasion as groomsmen to their future father, and the daughters as bridesmaids to their future mother. The fourteen children, dressed alike, according to their sex, entered the church arm in arm, and ranged themselves on either side of their parents, who are both remarkably handsome, and looked superb. The bride is wealthy, and was richly dressed in a pearl colored *moire antique*, with costly laces, and diamond brooch and bracelet.

For the Columbia Spy.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10, 1858.

The last Mesalliance—The Laws on Marriage Contracts—English News—The Refugee Bill—The Queen's reply—City News.

In that most veracious of chronicles "the posthumous papers of the Pickwick Club," it is recorded that on a certain foggy afternoon, the adventurous partners in the highly respectable firm of "Sawyer (or Sawbones according to Mr. Sam Weller's reading) and Co., late Knockemorf, Surgeons and Physicians"—sat on either side of a smoky grate in a little back parlor of their premises, and gloomily discussed the past success of their joint efforts to heal the sick, and repair the damages of the maimed, for the meagre consideration of a genteel professional living; and took counsel of each other upon the propriety of longer maintaining a struggle against adverse fortune and strong competition.

After a pause of some minutes, Mr. Ben Allen, the junior partner in the concern, with a sudden flash of light through his mind, exclaimed to his friends, "I tell you what it is, Bob, you must do the only thing that can be done—possess yourself of Arabella, and her two thousand pound in the funds."

To which Mr. Robert Sawyer made answer, that although having a perfect appreciation of the soundness of his friend's views, and the practical wisdom of his advice, there was one obstacle—probably the only one—to putting his advice into effect, and that was the decided aversion of Arabella herself to the arrangement. "In point of fact, Ben," said he, with a dismal resignation, "your sister never did like me; even from childhood she shunned me, and rejected my boyish mementoes of affection: on one occasion I remember giving her an apple which she declined, upon the ground that I had kept it so long in my pocket it was warm—when you and I, Ben, ate it together by alternate bites."

Under the influence of this affecting reminiscence, Mr. Benjamin Allen, with distorted features and wild gesticulation gave utterance to the following tremendous words, which deserved to be handed down to posterity—and accordingly they have been: "It's my opinion, Bob, that these girls don't know what they do want."

The right worthy order of young lady know nothings, of which Miss Arabella may considered one of the early grand past mistresses, has been perpetuated even to our day, and has increased to a most alarming degree; multitudes of them have immigrated to our country, or sprung up indigenous plants on American soil.

The last case of a young damsel, "beautiful, highly accomplished, amiable," and all that, but who lacked the one thing most useful to her sex, and in sober truth did "not know what she did want"—is related in a village newspaper of a Western State. She was the daughter of a nabob in an Eastern city, and having gone to spend some time with a family of friends in the west, was captivated by the insinuating manners and ardent devotion of an Irish gardener; accordingly she walked off with him one day, and the two were made one for life.—Premising that the the story is true—and the latitude and longitude of the scene is not the very best *prima facie* evidence of its reality—we have a few words to say on the subject, which may be worth the attention of our young lady readers.

It may seem all right and proper to the narrator—or inventor, of this story to treat such a subject in his pert and flippant way, to be served up as a spicy ragout to tickle the palates of his village readers; but to the reflecting and considerate, there is something far from amusing in the wanton sacrifice of a beloved daughter and a tenderly cherished sister; we say sacrifice, because in view of the circumstances of the case it can be considered as nothing else. Leaving out of question the difference of education between the parties, or admitting such a consideration to be a mere fanciful matter, of not the slightest real importance—what should be thought of the surreptitious and fraudulent manner in which this connection was perfected?

A young girl leaves the home of her parents, on a visit to distant friends: she leaves her home in all sincerity for a single purpose, and with the assurance that at no remote period she will return as she left, the dutiful and confiding child of solicitous and affectionate parents. But suddenly she yields to a childish whim, or ephemeral passion, and commits the most important act in a woman's life; and this she does, of course, without receiving or seeking one word of counsel from parent or friend; with infantile eagerness, and silly trust, she surrenders her life's happiness on the persuasion of one who, most probably, has no motive but what is utterly selfish, and seeks no end but what is mean and sordid. It is no palliation of the crime committed by the principal actor in this miserable burlesque on the "holy estate of matrimony," to say that the chief fault is with the parents of the girl. It is true that they acted very imprudently, and judging the result only, with faithless disregard of their parental duties, to permit their child to go away for weeks or months among comparative strangers, beyond the pale of their control, or the advice of any friend. But this is only one of the evil fruits of that juvenile independence so peculiarly American. Children of either sex do pretty much as they please; and what is in reality only a judicious parental control, is often regarded as tyrannical oppression, which if for a moment put into practice, is at the least remonstrance instantly and utterly relaxed.

It is surely not assuming too much to say that parental counsel is absolutely essential to the young and inexperienced woman just about to enter that condition of life which, as it may prove happy or miserable, will determine in all probability the eternal fate of herself and of others yet unborn. As it is certain that parents should have no coercive power to promote a union between unwilling parties, so is it equally true that a young female particularly, should under no circumstances contract a marriage without the consent of her parents or of some persons occupying the place of parents; or if that consent is out of the question, time should be taken to consider the subject well, to weigh objections, to decide with intelligence and without peril.

Whatever may be the fault of the victim in this foolish sacrifice, it will appear trifling when compared with the deliberate wrong perpetrated by the male actor in the scene, who had nothing to lose, and every thing to gain by almost any termination to his speculative venture; and there is little to choose between the sordid thief who steals a child from her natural protectors, and the base villain who inflicts the single other deeper wrong upon a woman's character and happiness.

But perhaps more culpable than any one or all of the actors in such a fraud, are the laws relating to the marriage contract, which recognize as valid and binding the loosest forms, and permit almost any one to witness and ratify the ceremony. The laws in relation to marriage should be framed to protect a woman from fraud, and not to facilitate her ruin under the flimsy guise of securing her "rights:" and perhaps we shall have such laws, when in some sections of our country theft ceases to be regarded as a funny peccadillo, and swindling as a shrewd accomplishment.

The latest news from England announces the defeat of Lord Palmerston's bill for the rendition or punishment of fugitive assassins, doubtless rather from a feeling of national pride, because the suggestion comes from a foreign government, than from any reasonable objection to the bill itself; for it is surely not very violative of "public liberty," to punish men who plan and attempt a murder, whether of prince or peasant.

Victoria has been frequently accused of intellectual weakness: indeed, her defamers sometimes hint at developments of mental aberration. But Her Majesty's reply to the petitions of her American Colonies who ask leave to consolidate their government into one great colonial empire, gives evidence of an intelligent benevolence and political wisdom which if possessed by one of her predecessors, might have put American affairs in a position somewhat different—though hardly superior, to their present condition. Her answer was—and it seems much more like her own than that of her political counsellors—that she "would be ruled in this matter, entirely by the wishes of the Colonies themselves."

Our city affairs present no item of interest this week, except the evidence of approaching fine weather in the genial sunshine which is running the snow into the river, not a whit faster than desirable, after the last fortnight of very bitter weather. PH.

From Europe.

We have news from Europe one week later, by the arrival at New York, on Saturday evening, of the steamship Europa, from Liverpool, with dates to the 20th. The British government was defeated in the House of Commons on the bill to amend the law relating to conspiracy to murder, upon an amendment offered by Milner Gibson, which censures the ministers for not replying to Walewski's despatch, but professes a readiness to amend the laws upon due investigation. The ministers were defeated by 19 majority. Lord Palmerston was granted leave to bring in the bill to alter the government of India, by a large majority. The trial of the directors of the Royal British Bank was in progress. A French refugee, named Bernard, had been arrested in London, charged with being implicated in the late conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon. It was stated that Sardinia and Belgium will both succumb to the French demands. Nothing later from China had been received, but the details of the despatches brought by the last steamer show that Canton was virtually in the possession of the British. A week's later news from India had been received. There is nothing striking in the intelligence, although its general import is favorable to the English. Sir Colin Campbell would soon march on Lucknow. Gen Outram had twice defeated the rebels. The Liverpool cotton market opened unsettled and excited, and advanced considerably. But it subsequently became quiet and firm. On Friday, the 19th, Orleans middling quoted at 7¼d. Breadstuffs are dull and with a declining tendency.—Provisions were also dull. The London money market continues growing easier.—American securities were active, and had slightly advanced. Consols closed at 97½ and 97⅞.

The Poet Bryant at a Bull Fight.

Mr. Bryant, in a late letter from Spain to the New York Evening *Post*, thus describes a bull fight which he attended at Burgos:

"We found the place, which they told us was capable of containing six thousand persons, already full of people, impatiently drumming with their feet, to hint that it was high time for the sport to begin. Nine-tenths or more of them were of the laboring class, and their bright-colored costumes, particularly those of the women, gave the crowd a gay appearance. Many children of various ages were among them, and some of these showily dressed and attended by nurses, were evidently of opulent families. We took our places in the uppermost circle under a narrow sort of roof, which sheltered us from the sun; below us was range after range of seats open to the sky, descending to the central circle, the arena in which the combats were to take place.

"An alguazil, in black, first rode round the arena, proclaiming the regulations of the day. He was followed by a procession of the performers, in their gay dresses; the *picadores*—glittering with gold and silver lace—on horseback, with their broad-brimmed hats and long lances; the *chulos* on foot, with their red cloaks; the *banderilleros*, with their barbed shafts, wrapped in strips of white paper; the *matadores*, with their swords; and lastly, three mules, gaily caparisoned, with strings of little bells on their necks, who were to drag out the slain bulls. Loud shouts rose from the crowd, and then a door was opened, and an enormous bull, jet black, with massive chest and glaring eyes, bounded into the arena. He ran first at the *chulos*, who shook their cloaks at him, but his rage appeared soon to subside. A *picador* put his lance against the animal's forehead, but he shook it off and turned away. The *chulos* again came capering about him and trying to provoke him, but he pursued them only a few steps. Then rose the cry of, '*Ah que es manso! que es manso! codarde! codarde!*' (Ah, how tame he is! how tame he is! a coward! a coward!)

"Finally, the people began to call out for the dogs. '*Los perros! los perros!*' rose from a thousand throats. Three large dogs were brought, which barking loudly, flew at the bull with great fury. He took them one after another on his horns, and threw them up in the air; one of them he caught in his fall, and tossed him again. The dogs tore his ears into strings, but they were soon either disabled or cowed, and only attacked him warily, while he kept them off by presenting to them first one horn and then the other. Then the dogs were withdrawn and the *chulos* tried him again, but he would not chase them far; the *picadores* poked at him with their lances, but he declined to gore their horses. The crowd shouted vigorously, 'Away with him! away with him!' and at length the door by which the bull had entered was set wide open that he might make his retreat. But the bull would not go; he was not minded either to fight or quit the field. 'Kill him! kill him!' exclaimed a thousand throats—and the signal was given, in obedience to which one of the *matadores*—the *primera espada* as the Spaniards call him, just as the Italians say *prima donna*—made his appearance, with a red cloak on his left arm, and a long, glittering, straight sword in his right hand. He shook the cloak at the bull, who made a rush at it, while the *matador* at the same moment attempted to pierce the animal to the heart through the chine. Three times he sought to make the fatal pass; at the third he was successful, burying the blade up to the hilt. A torrent of blood flowed from the creature's mouth; he staggered and fell; a sound of little bells was heard: the three mules, harnessed abreast, came in, and dragged out the lifeless carcass.

"Another bull, of smaller size, but of more savage temper, was then let into the arena. He ran fiercely at the *chulos*, chasing them into the places of shelter built for them beside the barrier, and the crowd shouted, '*Ese muy bravo! ese muy bravo!*' A *picador* touched with his lance the forehead of the animal, who instantly rushed towards him, raised with his horns the horse he rode, and laid him on the ground, ripping open his bowels. I then perceived, with a sort of horror, that the horse had been blindfolded, in order that he might not get out of the way of the bull. The *chulos* came up with their red cloads, and diverted the attention of the bull from his victim, while the *picador*, who had fallen under his horse, was assisted to rise. Four other horses were brought forth blindfolded in this manner, and their lives put between the *picador* and the fury of the bull, and each was killed in its turn, amidst the shouts and applause of the crowd.

"One of the *banderilleros* now came forward, provoked the bull to rush at him, by shaking his cloak before his eyes, and leaping aside, planted one of his barbed shafts with its paper streamers, in each of the animals shoulders. Others followed his example, till the bleeding shoulders of the bull were garnished with five or six *banderillos* on each side. The creature, however, was evidently becoming tired, and the signal was given to finish him; a *matador* came forward and planted a sword in his heart, but he made a violent effort to keep his legs, and even while falling, seemed disposed to rush at the *chulos*.

"I had now seen enough, and left the place amidst the thunders of applause which the creature's fall drew from the crowd. I heard that afterwards three more bulls and six horses were killed, and that an addition had been made to the usual entertainments of the *plaza*, with which the people were not well pleased. A class of combatants appeared, called *pegadores*, who literally took the bull by the horns, allowing him to toss them in the air, and one of them was much hurt by his fall. 'It is a Portuguese innovation,' said my friend Don Pedro, rather innocently, as it seemed to me, 'and is a horrible sight for us Spaniards. We do not like to see a man tossed like a dog.'"

ASSETS OF A NEBRASKA BANK.—The Macomb *Eagle* is some on "wild cats." The editor of that paper has been at great labor and expense in procuring the assets of a Nebraska bank, and thus speaks of it:

We have been to a vast amount of labor and expense in collecting an inventory of the assets of a Nebraska bank. We will not mention the sum we have paid for the information given below, lest it should be considered apocryphal. It will be apparant that it entailed a great expense on us, and had we not been able to use Nemaha in payment, it would have swamped us as flat as that "currency" is. The assets we found; to be as follows:

One wild cat.
Two large wild cats.
Seven young wild cats.
Three fat wild cats.
Two old wild cats.
More wild cats.
Thirteen small wild cats.
Five hungry wild cats.
Skin of wild cat stretched out to dry.
A lot of wild cats.
Nine wild cats tied together.
One wild cat with his head shaved.
Some more wild cats.
Wild cats laying about loose.
Nine very small wild cats tied up in a rag.
One patriarchal wild cat showing his teeth.
Paws of defunct wild cat preserved in whisky.
Scratches of wild cat on brandy cask,
Tails of three wild cats.
Lock of hair of wild cat.
WILD CATS.

☞If a negro be named Smith; does it follow that he should be put down on the census as a blacksmith?

☞A great many drop a *tear* at the door of poverty, when they should drop a *sixpence*.