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COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1860.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,546.

## PUSBLIHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

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Rates of Advertising.

DR. HOFFER, DENTIST .-- OFFICE, Front Street 4th door 

THOMAS WELSH. TUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.

OFFI:E, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street. In Prompt attention given to all business entfusied it his care. November 28, 1857.

H. M. NORTH; A TTORNEY NO COUNSEER AF WAW. . Columbia. Pn. Hections: promptly made in Lancasterand Yor Columbia, May 4, 1950.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,
ENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above tioning."
Those volume bid Fedows Hall, Columbia, Pa.

Those volumes and the columbia and the colum J. W. FISHER,

Attorney and Counselior at Law, Columbia, Fa. S. Atlee Bockius. D. D. S.

PRACTICES the Operative of grant and Mechan-teal Pepartments of Denti-Optics Locus street, between the Pranklin House and Post Office, Cotombia, Pa May 7 1859

CHEWING TOBACCO.

AT HENRY IFABLER'S Locust street, opposite the A Franklin House, can be had UBA LEAF, CONGRESS, and several other branks of the best Chewing Tobacco, to which the attention of chewers is invited. May 1, 1859.

MPORTED Lubin's, pleo, Grema's Double Extracts, for the handkerchief, at Feb. 10. '59. Opposite Coln. Bridge, Front St BROOMS,--100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale or Retail, at II. PEAHLER'S, Local street.

QINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarboard, for the cure of Cough Colds, Whooping Cough, Group, &c. For still MCCORKLE& DELLIET'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Feilows' Hall October 23, 1448.

Patent Sietii Wash Boilers. THESE well known Millers are kept constantly of hand at HENRY PFAILLERS, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House. Columbia. July 18, 1857.

Oblimbia, July 18, 1897.

(also feet for larger quantity by B. F. APPOLD.
Columbia Dec. 25, 1958.

Charles in Dec. 25, 1958.

1 OBACCO and Segars of the best brands. BRUNER'S.

Ju 19
JUST in store, a fresh lot of Breing & Frontield of colorated Vegetable Cattle Powder, and for sale b R. WILLIAMS. Sept. 17, 1-59. Front street. Co

Soap. 25 Boxes of Duffey Brown Soap on hand and fo sale low at the corner of Third and Union Sts.

Suffer no longer with Corns. A Tith Golden Moriar Drug Store you can procu A lin afficie which is warranted to remove Corns Schours, without pain or soreness.

Fly Paper.

A SUPFRIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruction of Flies. &c. shaw just been received at the Drug Store of R WILLIAMS, Front street.

Harrison's Columbian Ink. WHICH is a superior article, permanently black and not corrosing the pen, can be had man quantity, at the Faunty Medicine Store, and blacke yet is that English Boot Polish. Columbia, June 9, 1859

Columbin. June 9, 1859

On Hand.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Scothing Syrup, which will all greatly facilitate the process of teething by reducing inflammation, allaying pain, plasmodic action, &c., in very short time. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Sept. 17, 1859.

Trons street, Columbin.

REDDING & CO'S Russia Salve! This ex-10 tremely popular remedy for the cure of externa ulments is now for only by the cure of externa epi. 24, 1850

CALT by the Sack or Bushel, and Petatoes of Third and Union streets. [Janu 8 '59]

TRANGIPANNI Extracts and Song; on evertising performent

HARRY GREEN'S,

Feb. 19, '59. Opposite Cota, Bridge, Front St.

## CISTERN PUMPS.

THE subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pum. I and Rams, to which he calls the attention of it public. He as prepared to put them up for use in substantial and enduring manner. H. PFAHLER, December 12.1857. FANCY TOLLET SOAPS.

THE finest insortment of Fancy Toilet Sours, eve offered to Columbians, at ILARRY GREEN'S, Feb 19, '69. Opposite Cola, Bridge, Front St.

OLOGNE WATER by the pint, quart or gallon Glenn's Extracts for the bandkerchief by the bunds or pound, or in any quantity to suit purchaser's Harry Grand's Cole. Bridge, Front St.

Just Received and For Sale. Hole, Ground Pinster: 50 bile Extra Family Floor; 25 bile, No. 1 Lard Oil of best quality Jou bas. Ground Alum Sait, by March 23, 59. No. 1 and 2 Cauni Hasin.

TENKIN'S Celebrated Black and Green Teas. Baker's Cocon and Chocolate, at Corner of This Union streets. [Nov. 20, 158. CRAHAM, on Bond's Boston Crnekers, for

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS.
THE best for Pies, Pudding, &c -- a fresh supply at
H SUYDAM'S
Grocery Store, Corner Frontane Union sts.
Nov. 19 1889.

Seedless Baisins!

A LOT of very choice Seedless Ruisins just receive
8. F. EBERLEIN'S
Nov. 19, '90. Ordery Store, No. 7i, Locust st.

Tarkish Prunes!

POR a first rate stricts of Prance you must go to NOR a first rate article of Prance you must go to S. F. EBERLEIN'S Nov 19, 1869. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust s

JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn.
Gracery Store, corner Front End Union at.
Nov. 26, 2250.

## Selections.

The Mysterfous Sketch.

At the corner of the Rue des Trabans, opposite the chapel of Saint Sebald, in Nuremberg, there stands a little inn, tall and narrow, with notched gables, and dim window panes, and its roof surmounted by a plaster virgin. In this inn I passed the enddest days of my life I had gone to Nuremberg to study the old German masters. but the want of money compelled me to have receurse to painting portraits-and such portraits! Fat gossips, with their cats in their knees, aldermen in perukes, burgomasters in three cornered hats, etc .- all brilliant with othre and vermillion.

From portraits I descended to sketches: then to profiles; at last, even these failed

There is nothing more pitiable than to have constantly at your heels a landlord with thin lips, a screaming voice, and an impudent air, who never loses a chance to eall out: "Are you going to pay me soon, monsieur? Do you know how much your bill amounts to? Oh, no! of course this does not trouble you. Monsieur eats, drinks, and sleeps quictly. The good Lord takes care of the little sparrows. Monsieur only owes two hundred florins and ten kreutzers. A mere trifle; not worth the trouble of men

Those who have never heard this gamu sounding in their ears; can form no idea of the horror of it. The love of art, imagination, the lofty entificainsm for the beautiful -wither at the breath of such a rascal. You become weak and timid; you lose even the sentiment of your personal dignity, and salute at a distance, and fespectfully, the most clownish of burgomasters.

One night, having not a sou in my pocket, and being threated with a prison by the worthy master, Ra p, I sat down on my truckle-bed and gave myself up to reflection. The thought of suicide entered my sirable such an exit from my troubles appeared to my mind. So numerous and convincing were the arguments in its fav r which thronged upon me, that I dared not look upon my razor, lest the irresistible force of logic should compel me to commit bankruptcy by cutting my throat. At length I blew out my candle and threw myself on my bed, with a determination to come to a decision the next day.

My dreams were usually of the abominable Rapp; my one desire, to get money that I might rid myself of his odious presence. But this night a singular revolution took place in my mind. I about an hour I rose, began to trace on paper a rapid sketch in with the door. The old usurer shricked: the Dutch style-something strange, fantastic, quite apart from my habitual concep-

Imagine to yourself a sombre court, inclosed by high dilapidated walls. Those walls, garnished with hooks seven or eight feet from the ground, suggest, at once, a my door, I double-locked it, while the shouts slaughter house. On the left, through a trellis-work of laths, you discern a quartered ox, suspended by strong pulleys from the ceiling; drops of blood trickling from it collect in a gutter obstructed by the refuse of the shambles. The light in the court comes terrupted my labors. It was the click of help me!" cocks, and storied roofs of houses, are relieved against an angle in the sky. At the I have broken the rascal's neck? and are extremity is a shed: beneath it a wood-pile. upon which is a ladder, and scattered around are seen ropes, bundles of straw, a rabbit-hut, and hen-coops, past service.

How did these heterogeneous details ome into my head? I cannot tell. I had no remembrance of any such place, and vet very stroke of the pencil seemed by its very truthfulness an exact copy. Nothing as wa**nt**ing.

But on the right, a corner of the sketch remained bare. I did not know what to put to two men, who seized me by the collar, there; but I was disquieted, agitated, as I while the others rummaged my garret .looked upon it. Suddenly I saw a foot; but "March!" was the next order, and I descen it was in a reverse position, and detached from the ground. Spite of its improbability, like a consumptive in his third stage of ill followed the inspiration, and sketched it. ness. without stopping to account for my fancy. The the leg appeared, and a portion of the dress. At length the whole figure on old woman, haggard, wan, dishevelled, thrown down on the edge of a well, struggling horses resounded under a vault. We had against a strong hand, which grasped her

The crayon fell from my hands. The old ing all the time of something else. I lookwoman -her face contracted by terror, her ed around my cell. It had been newly their cages of poultry and baskets of eggs form bent over the margin of the well, both whitewashed, and there was nothing upon hands grasping the arm of her murderer the walls but a rude sketch of a gibbet, with faces the color of box-wood; the butch terrified me. I dared not look at her. But drawn by my predecessor. The light came the man-the murderer-to whom the arm from an aperture nine or ten feet from the stalls; the peasants, with large felt hats belonged? I could not see him. It was impossible to finish my sketch.

The aweat-drops stood upon my brow.-'I am fatigued," I said. "But little re- self up to despair. I had killed Rapp .-mains to be done. I will complete it to. He had denounced me before dying. I sive gestures, the unexpected attitudes, which morrow;" and, terrified by the vision, I lay should be hung as his murderer. I started betray at a distance the progress of a dispute down again upon the bed, and in five minites slept profoundly.

The next day, as I was about to resume ny work, a knock resounded at my door. what advanced in years, tall, thin, and es arranged in a semicircle, opposite which, dressed in black, appeared upon threshold, on an elevated seat, were two persons, with The whole physicgnomy of the man-his their backs to the light, and their faces in head inclined on his breast. Kis floating closely approximating eyes, his large acquishadow; but as one of them turned to his com- hair like that of Salvator's "Sicambre," line nose, his lofty, broad, and bony brow- panion, I recognized the aquiline profile of concealed his face; and yet, at the first had something severe and imposing. He Van Spreckdal. Beneath then, at a low ta- glance, a thrill ran through my voius: saluted me gravely.

"M. Christian Venius, the artist, he said. his ear with the feather of his quill. "That is my name, sir." He bowed again, adding:

"The Baron Frederic Van Spreckdal." The apparition in my poor garret of this taken possession at the time of my arrest. ich amateur, judge of the criminal court, mpressed me strongly. I threw a glance upon my worm-eaten furniture, tattered drabut Van Spreckdal appeared to pay no at-

tention to these details. "Master Venius." he resumed, "I have But at that moment his eyes were ar-

rested by the unfinished sketch, and he stopped. "Are you the author of this sketch?" he

asked, after a moment's pause. "Yes, sir." "What is the price of it?"

"I do not sell my sketches. It is a de sign for a picture.'' "Ahl" said he, and lifting the paper with his long, yellow fingers, he took an eve glass from his waistcoat pocket, and began

to study it attentively. The silence was so great, that I heard distinctly the plaintive to the jailer: buzzing of a fly caught in a spider's web. "And what will be the dimensions of the picture, Master Venius?" he said, at length,

without looking at me "Three feet by four."

"And the price?" "Fifty duegts."

Van Spreckdal laid the sketch down upon the table, and drawing from his pocket a long purse of green silk, began to slip the rings along. "Fifty ducats," he said, and counting them out; "here they are:"

He rose, caluted me, and departed, while sat stupefied, listoning to the clink of his vory-heated cane upon the staircase.

When I recovered from my stupefaction. sat down to finish my sketch. A few head; and the more I reflected, the more de- I tried again and again. I forced my-elf to himself from the convolutions of my brain. court. draw; but the results were as disc rdent as session of me, like the quastural horror of a figure of Raphael in a Dutch ing of Ten-

> At this moment, Rapp, according to his praiseworthy custom, opened the door with out knocking. His eyes fell upon the pile of ducats, and he shricked:

"Ah! ah! I have caught you, Monsieu painter! You pretended you had no money!" and he extended his crooked fingers with that nervous trembling which the sight of a sky-light, great or small, high or low, not gold always produces in a miser.

The remembrance of al. the insults I had suffered from him, exasperated me. With a single bound, I seized him, and, thrusting | were the two judges. At their feet was the and wrapping myself in an old gray coat, I him over the threshold, flattened his nose "My money! thief! robber! my money!"

ing, "What is the matter?" I opened the door quickly, and with a stroke of the foot sent Master Rapp rolling down the staircase.

"That is the matter," I said; and closing

This adventure had dispirited me, and I her money?" resumed my work with some prospect of success: but an unaccustomed noise soon in arm-, and the tramp of men a cending the staircase. A cold chill ran over me. Can they coming to seize me? There was a

"In the name of the law, open!" I thought of escaping by the window over the roofs; but a vertigo seized me at a mere glance at the dizzy height. Again the spair. summons came.

"Open, or we will break down the door!" I turned the key, and saw the chief of po-

"I arrest you" he said, and made a sign ded the staircase, supported under each arm,

They nut me into a hackney-coach. asked what I had done, but they only exchanged significant smiles. Soon a deer shadow enveloped us: the steps of the entered the prison. The jailer shut me up in a cell as tranquilly as if he had been put-It was a murder that I was sketching! ting a pair of stockings in a drawer, thinkof straw. I sat down upon the straw, with my hands around my kuees, and gave myready pressed my throat.

Again the jailor appeared, and ordered me to follow him. He conducted me through "Come in." I called out; and a man some. long galleries to a sombre hall, with benchble, was seated a olerk, tickling the tip of

"Christian Venius," said Van Spreckdal, ded into my cell. My whole frame tremwhere did you get this sketch?" showing bled.

me my nocturnal work, of which they had "I am the author of it."

There was a long silence. The clerk took down my answer; and as I listened to the peries, and dirty floor, and felt humiliated: scratching of his pen, I wondered what that me. I put my hand into my pocket-my had to'do with the kick I had given to Rapp.

> "You are the author of it?" said Van Spreckdal; "where did you get the subject?" "It is a fancy sketch."

"You have not copied the details anyhere?"

"No, sir; I have imagined them all." "And this woman," pursued the judge, who is murdered on the edge of the well; have you imagined her, also?"

"Undowheedly." "Your have never seen her?" "Never!"

Van Spreckdal rose, as if indignant, ther saating himself, he appeared to consult his colleague in a low voice. Suddenly he said

"lake the prisoner to the carriage. ire going to the Metzerstrasse."

I was placed in a carriage with two po licemen. One of them on the way, offered a pinch of snuff to his comrade. I extended my fingers mechanically to the box .-He drew .t quickly back. The blood mounted into my face, and I turned away my head to concent my emotion.

"It you look out of the window," said the man of the snuff box, "we shall be obliged

to but manacles on you. When the carriage stopped, one of them alighted, while the other held are by the collar; then, seeing his comrade ready to receive me, he pushed are out rudely. We cutered a norrow alley, with broken, irreg strokes from the pencil, and it would be fin- ular pavement. A ellowish moisture stood ished. But these few strokes were out of on the walls, exhaling a fetid odor. I walkmy power. The inspiration was over. The ed in darkness, with two men behind me .mysterious murderer would not disengage Farther on appeared the light of an interior

> As I advanced, a feeling of terror took pos a nightmare. I recoiled instinctively. "Go on!" cried one of the policemen be

> hind me, putting his hand on my shoulder; marchl"

My terror was no longer instructive, when saw before me the court which I had sketched the night before; its walls garnished with hooks, the wood-pile, the ladder, the rabbit-hut, the hen-coop, etc. Not cracked window-pane, not a single detail had been omitted. I was thunderstruck at this strange revelation. Near the well old woman, lying on her back, her long | Gen. Sam Dale, the Mississippi Partizan. gray hair straggling over her form, her face livid, her eyes unnatur illy wide, her tongue till every lodger in the house ran out, ask- between her teeth. It was a horrible the Mississippi Partizan, has recently been spectaclel

"Well!" said Van Spreckdal, in a soleme one, "what have you to sny?" I was silent.

"Do you confess that you threw this woman, Theresa Becker into this well, after "No," I cried, "no; I do not know this

woman. I have never seen her. May God

"Phat is enough," he replied, in a dig voice, and departed with his companion. I was carried back to the prison in a state of profound stupidity. I knew not what to knock at my door, and a rough voice said: think, My conscince, even, began to trouble me. I asked myself if I had not really assassinated the old woman. I passed a wretched night of doubt, bewilderment, de-

With the dawn some of my black thoughts disappeared. I felt more confidence in myself, and, at the same time, a desire to see what was going on in the world without .-Other prisoners before me had climbed to the narrow aperture. They had dug holes in the wall, that they might mount more easily. I climbed there in my turn, and when, stretching my neck forward, I saw the crowd, the life, the movement, tears flowed abundantly down cheeks. I thought no longer of suicide. I experienced the strongest desire to live. They might condemn me to the hardest labor, might attach a caunon ball to my leg, if they would only let me live; to live was to be happy.

The old market opposite my window, with its roof like an extinguisher resting on heavy pillars, offered a fine spectacle. The old woman seated by her basket of vegetables, behind them; the Jews, old clothes dealers, ers, with naked arms, chopping meat at their floor, and the furniture consisted of a heap planted on the nape of the neck, their hands behind their backs, and smoking tranquilly their pipes; then the noise, the tumult of the crowd, the tones of the voice, the expresup, coughing, as if the hempen cravat al. or paint the character of an individual-al this captivated me: and in spite of my sad position I felt happy to be in the world.

While I was looking on, a man passed. with his back bent, bearing an enermous quarter of boef on his shoulders. His arms were naked his elbows in the nir, and his

"It is he!" I exclaimed.

The blood rushed to my heart. I descen-

"It is he?" I stammered, with a half things would go right. choked voice. "Ife is there-there-and I -I am about to die to expiate his crime.-What shall I do? what shall I do?"

A sudden thought from heaven inspired crayons were there. Then, springing to the wall. I began to trace the scene of the murder with almost supernatural energy. No more uncertainty; no more hesitating experiments. I knew the man. I had seen him. I reproduced him before me.

At ten o'clock the jailor appeared in my cell. His owlish stupidity gave place to admiration.

"Is it possible," he cried, standing on the

"Go, seek my judges," I said, pursuing my work with increasing exultation. "They are waiting for you in the criminal

hall," he replied. "I wish to make some revelation," I con tinued, putting the last touch to the myste-

rious personage. In a few minutes the two judges came .-They looked on stupehed. With one hand extended to the picture, and trembling in every limb, I called out:

"There is the assassin!" Van Spreckdal after a moment's silence, asked his name.

"I do not know it." I answered; "but he is there now in the market, in the third stall at the left, chopping meat."

"What do you think of it?" said he, turning toward his colleague.

"Let them find the man," replied the other, in a grave tone.

order. The judges remained standing, look- rarely used a figure of speech; his gestures ing at the picture. I sank down upon the were few and simple, but he spoke with knee. He read it to Col. King and myself. the straw, with my head between my knees, his eyes—they were full of concentrated fire. It was a thundering attack on Mr. Calhoun exhausted with excitement.

The noise of steps beneath the resoundman entered. Van Spreckdal pointed in silence to the picture. He looked at it a mo- tween him and Gen. Jackson. ment, turned pale, then, with a roar which his gaze once more upon the picture, appeared to reflect, then, in a voice, as if speaking to himself, he said:

"Who could have seen me?—at midnight." I was saved!

The Life and Times of Gen. Sam Dalc, issued from the press, under the editorship of Him. J. F. II. Claibourne, of Mississippi. It is a most interesting work, full of start partizan lived.

Below we give his impression of men

there in his day and generation.
"About this time I resolved to visit Washington City, to attend to my claim for a was ready to stand up to whatever he said | The printers at Washington all live in a large amount due me for corn and other supplies, furnished to the troops in the ser- Clay avoided personal collision; they hated statuary, Parisian furniture, sumptuous tavice of the United States at various times, and on the expedition to Fort Dale, in Butler county. On arriving I put up at Brown's hotel, and next day went to the quarters of and imperative; both were fearless of conthe Alabama delegation. The third day-Col. William R. King, of the Senate, brought me word that President Jackson desired to see me. 'Tell Dale,' said he to Col. King. that if I had as little to do as he has, I should have seen him before now.' The General was walking in the lawn in front of his mansion as we approached. He ad vanced and graspel me warmly by the

'No introduction is needed!' said the Col-

'Oh, no,' said the General, shaking my hand again, 'I shall never forget Sam Dale. We walked up into the reception room. and I was introduced to Col Benton and five or six other distinguished men. They were all very civil, and invited me to visit them. They were talking 'Nullification.' the engrossing subject at that period, and the President turning to me, said, 'Gen. Dale if this thing goes on our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open .-Pick it up in the middle or otherwise, and it will run out. I must tie the bag and save the country.' The company now took leave. but when I rose to retire with Col. King. the General detained me, and directed his servant to refuse all visitors until one o'clock. He talked over our campaigns, and then of the business that brought me to Washington. He then said, Sam, you have been true to your country, but you have made one mistake in life; you are now old and solitary, and without a bosom friend or family to comfort you. God called mine away. But all I have achieved-fame. power, overything-I would exchange if she could be restored to me for a moment."

The iron man trembled with emotion, and for some time covered his face with his hands, and tears drapped on his knee. I was deeply affected myself. He took two men, not all of them together, may be com- Comwell two centuries ago. or three turns across the room, and then abruptl. said-Dale, they are trying me savage regarded him as a sort of avenging heaven, I will uphold the laws."

'They shall go right, sir,' he exclaimed

He calmed down after this, and showed being well known. 'These,' said he, 'will Sam, as you and I have often done together; it is the sweetest and best pipe."

When I rose to take leave, he pressed me to accept a room there. 'I can talk to you at night: in the day I am beset.' I declined on the plea of business, but dined with him several times, always-no matter what dignitaries were present-sitting at his right tucky members, dining together one day, hand. He ate very sparingly, only taking a single glass of wine, though his table was paid for by the mess that produced for the magnificent. When we parted for the last occasion, the ugliest man from their respecttime, he said: 'My friend, farewell; we shall | ive States. The evening came, and the comsee each other no more-let us meet in pany assembled, and Georgia presented a heaven.

I could only answer him with tears, for I felt that we should meet no more on earth. The Alabama delegation each invited me to a formal dinner, and introduced me very for a week, was so hopelossly drunk that he generally to the members. Mr. Calhoun was particularly kind. It was from him ment, a happy thought occurred to Albert that I first received the assurance that the nullification trouble would be settled. He drove to the Globe office, and brought Blair was a man of simple manners, very plain in his attire, of the most moral habits, intellectual, something of an enthusiast, and, if personally ambitious, equally ambitious for the glory of his country. His style of speaking was peculiar-fluent, often vehe-Some of the keepers went out to obey the ment, but wholly without ornament: he and looked you through: he was earnest in everything. He found his way very soon gret the dissensions sowed by intriguers be-

When I visited Colonel Benton, at 5 enormous arms, and with one bound was him in a room where he was surrounded by test in the corridor. We heard the panting was teaching them himself. That very day tation, and I was charmed with the beauty re-piration of the butcher, low imprecations, he had presented an elaborate repor to the and the kindness of his fascinating wife. brief words, and the sound of struggling Senate, the result of laborious research, feet. It was over. The man re-entered - and had pronounced a powerful speech-His head was bowed; his eyes blood shot; yet, there he was, with French and Spanish his hands bound behind his back. He fixed grammers, globes, and slate and pencil, ins- as a corpse, rather taciturn, unpretending tructing his children in the rudiments. He employed no teacher. The next morning I was strolling, at sunrise, in the Capitol grounds, when, whom should I see, but the them every morning among the flowers, sir: it teaches them to love God-love God, sir." I was struck with the sentiment, and with the labor this great man performed: and yet and especially his looks, were absolutely large, honest, square-sided, high-shouldered insulting; but it was well known that he bottles, that we rarely see now a-days. or did. It was wonderful how he and Mr. each other mortally at one period; they bles, choice wines! Nothing in the metropspoke very harsh and cutting things in debate: both were proud, ambitious, obstinate sequences, and though habitually irascible and impetuous, perfectly cellected in moments of emergency.

> They differed on almost every point, and er hal his equal in Congress. I would liken him, from what I have heard, to Mr. Pitt. No single speech that consummate orator and statesmen ever made produced the ted oration on the impeachment of Warren compared with the great oration of Mr. with us, they seldem get higher than rot Webster in reply to Mr. Hayne; but for a gut!" series of parliamentary speeches and parlia mentary triumphs, no British orator may be compared with Pitt, and no American with Clay. To a very high order of intellect, they both united a bold temperament, indomitable resolution, the faculty of command-the highest faculty of all. Mr. Webster, with brilliantsenius, with a wit less studied, if not so sparkling as Mr. Sheridan, and with oratorical gifts not surpassed in ancient or modern times, was of a convivial, not of a resolute temperament, and was deficient in nerve and firmness. The want of these was felt throughout his career. and enabled others to succeed when he should have triumphed. As a companion. especially after dinner, he was most delightful: ot other times he was saturnine and repulsive. Mr. Clay was haughty, and only cordial to his friends. Col. Benton was stiff with every one.

of influencing men, no one of those great grandfather, who was a contomporary with pared with Gen. Jackson. The untutored him with fearless confidence, the theories be told in a few letters.

I understood him to be referring to null - of politicians and jurisconsuls fell before Scation again, his mind having evidently his intuitive perceptions; systems and recurred to it, and I expressed the hope that statesmen were extinguished together: no measure and no man survived his opposition and the verdict of mankind awards him prepassionately, shivering his pipe upon the cedence over all. He had faults, but they were lust in the lustre of his character; he was too arbitrary and passionate, and too me his collection of pipes, many of a most apt to embrace the cause of his friends withcostly and curious kind sent to him from out inquiring into its justice. But these every quarter, his propensity for smoking were faults incidental, perhaps, to his frontier life and military training, and to the do to look at. I still smoke my corn-cob. injustice he had experienced from his oppo-

nents. I saw Blair, of the Globe, Amos Kendall, and Col Jos Gales, of the National Intelligencer. Blair had the hardest face I ever inspected. The late Gen. Glasscock, of Augusta, one of the noblest men that ever lived, told me that a mess of Georgia and Kenordered an oyster supper for thirty, to be a fellow, not naturally ugly, but who had the knack of throwing his features all ca one side. Kentucky was in a peck of trou-

ble. Their man, whom they had cooped up could not stand on his legs. At the last mo-G. Haws. He jumped into a back and as an invited guest. Just as he entered. looking his prettiest, Haws sung out, 'Blair. look as Nature made you, and the oysters are

It is hardly necessary to add that Georgia

paid for the oysters. The first time I saw Blair, about 11 o'clock at night, he was writing an editorial on his -what is called a 'slasher' for something that had been said that morning in the Sening arches of the corridor aroused me. The to my heart, and I then and now deeply re- ate. Col. King begged him to soften it.-'No,' said Blair, 'let it tear his insides out.' With all this concealed fire, he was a man of singular mildness of manners. He invichilled us with terror, he struck out his c'clock in the evening. I was conducted to ted me to an elegant dinner at his splendid mansion, crowded with distinguished guests. out of the door. There was a fearful con- his children and their school books. He He entertained liberally and without affec-

> Amos Kendall, of whom I had heard so much, as the champion of the Democracy, I found a little, stooped-up man, cadaverous in manner, but of most wonderful resources

and talent. Col. Joe Gales is a John Bull, they tell me, by birth and in sentiment, and he has Colonel and his little ones. Shaking me by the hearty look of one. But if so, how came the hand, he said, 'These are my pickamin- the Bulls to burn his office during the war? nies, General-my only treasures. I bring The Intelligencer, I well remember, stood up manfully for the country, and often have I and my comrades, in 1813-'14, when hungry and desponding, and besot with dangers, been cheered up by a stray fragment of this he never seemed to be fatigued. He was not paper. Col. Gales shook me cordially by ling incidents, with a running commentary a man of conciliatory manner, and seemed the hand, and invited me to dine with him. on men and things of the day in which the to be always braced for an attack. He spoke Being compelled to decline, he insisted on with a sort of snar!-a protracted sneer up. my taking a drink out of his canteen-the on his face-but with great emphasis and very best old rye I ever tasted. The same things about Washington - such as existed vigor. His manner towards his opponents, evening he sent a dozen to my quarters -

> princely style; spacious dwellings, paintings olis astonished me so much. A printer in the South usually lives in a little box of a house, not big enough for furniture; his pictures and statues are his wife and children; his office is a mere shanty, stuck full of glue and paste, and all sorts of traps; he works in his coat sleeves, with the assisonly agreed cordially on one-both hated tance, sometimes, of a ragged, turbulent, Mr. Calhoun. As an orator, Mr. Clay nev- dare devil of a boy; he toils night and day, often never paid, and half starved, making great men out of small subjects, and eften receives for it abuse and ingratitude: the most generous fellows in the world-ready impression made by Sheridan in his celebra- to give you the half they have, though they seldom get much to give. In Washington, Hastings; no speech of Mr. Clay's may be they drink Port, Madeira, and Old Ryc

> THREE EXTRAORDINARY LIVES .- The dowager Countess of Tardwick, England, but recently deceased, at the age of ninety-five. came of a stock noted for its longevity. Her father, the Scotch Earl of Balcares, was "out in 1715," with Lord Derwentwater and Forster, who, with their forces put down the Stuart insurrection in the Highlands in that year. It seems, at first sight almost impossible that a person who has just quitted the stage of existence could have a parent who partic pated in historical events one hundred and furty-three years ago. The grand-futher of the Dutchess was born in 1649, the year that Charles I, of England, was beheaded. When her grandmother was married, King Charles II gave away the bride. These three lives of one family extend over the long period of two hundred and nine years, which, being in Mr. Calhoun was affable and conciliating, succession, is really extraordinary longevity. and never failed to attract the young. But and bridges over an amount of history that for grace of manner, for the just medium of is truly surprising. It must have sounded dignity and affability, and for the capacity queer to hear the old lady talk about her

men. Matrimonial history is a parrative here; you witness it; but, by the God of deity; the rough backwoodsman followed of many words; but the story of love may