PROUD MUSIC OF THE SEA STORM.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

(Extracts.)

Proud music of the sea-storm!
Must that express so free, so free whistling across the prairies?
Strong hum of forest tree-tops! wind of the mountains!
Personified dim shapes! you hidden orchestras!
You serenades of phantoms, with instruments of air,
Blending with Nature's rhythms, all the tongues of nations;
You chords left us by vast composers! you choruses!
You formless, free, religious dances! you from the church!
You undertone of rippling waters, rivers, pouring incessant,
You sounds from distant guns, with galloping cavalry!
Echoes of camps, with all the different bugle-calls!
Trooping tumultuous, filling the midnight late, bending me powerless,
Entering my lonesome slumber-chamber—why have you stirred me?

* * *

Ah, from a little child,
Thou learn'st, Soul, how to me all sounds became music:
My mother's voice, in lullaby or hymn;
(The voice—O tender voices—memory's loving treasure;)
Last miracle of all—O dearest mother's, sister's voice!
The rain, the growing corn, the breeze among the leaves, O Earth, your
The measure's sea-wave beating on the sand,
The twittering bird, the hawk's sharp scream,
The whole town's noise at night, as flying low, migrating north or south,
The psalm in the country church, or mid the clustering trees,
The fiddler in the tavern—the glee, the long-strung auliar-song,
The lowing cattle, bleating sheep—the crowing cock at dawn.

* * *

Now airs antique and mediæval fill me!
I see and hear old harpers with their harps, so Welsh festivals;
I see the minstrels, and their lays of love,
I hear the minstrels, gleeman, troubadours, of the feudal ages.

* * *

Above, below, the songs of current lands;
The German airs of friendship, wine and love,
The plaintive Irish ballads, merry jigs and dances
—English warbles,
Chansons of France, Scotch tunes—and over all,
Italia's peerless compositions.
I accept the challenge, with paler on her face, yet lurid passion,
Italia's fervent, brandishing the dagger in her hand.

* * *

I see poor crazed Lucia's eyes' unnatural gleam;
Her hair down her back falls loose and disordered;
Her mouth open, wailing the bridal garden,
Amid perfumes of night-roses, waiting her lover, his bride by the hand,
Hears the funeral call, the death-pledge of the horn.
To crossing swords, and gray hairs bared to heaven,
The clear, electric bass and baritone of the world,
The trombone does—Liberté forever!
From Spanish chestnut trees' dense shade,
By old and new played castanets, a wailing song,
Song of lost love—the torch of youth and life quenched in despair,
Song of the dying swan—Fernando's heart is breaking!
Awaking from her woes at last, retrieve'd Amina sings;
Copious as stars, and glad as morning light, the strains of her joy.

* * *

Mighty maestros!
And you, sweet singers of old lands—Soprani! Tenori!
To you a new bard, carolling free in the west,
Obeisant, rends his love.
Such let me then, O Soul!
Call senses, shows and objects lead to thee,
But now it seems to me, sound leads over all the rest.
I hear the annual singing of the children in St. Paul's Cathedral;
Or, under the high roof of some colossal hall, the symphonies, oratorios of Beethoven, Handel, or Haydn,
The *Creation* is billows of godhead, laves me.
Give me to hold all sounds (I, madly struggling, cry)
Fill me with all the voices of the universe,
Endow me with their throbbings—Nature's also,
The tempests, shaves, winds—operas and chants
—marches and dances,
Utter—pour in—for I would take them all,

* * *

Then I woke softly,
And gently, emerging, gathering wholly the music of my dream,
And questioning all those reminiscences—the tempest on the sea,
And all the operas of soprano and tenors,
And those rapt oriental dances, of religious fervor,
And the sweet varied instruments, and the diapasons of organs,
And all the artless plaints of love, and grief, and death,
I said to my silent, curious Soul, out of the bed of the slumber-chamber,
Come, O soul, leave footed the clew I sought so long,
Let us go forth refresh'd amid the day,
Cheerfully taking life, walking the world, the streets,
Nourish'd henceforth by our celestial dream.
And I said, moreover,
Haply, what thou hast heard, O Soul, was not the sound of earth,
Nor dream of stormy waves, nor sea-winds howling and whistling wires, nor human songs,
Nor vocalism of sun-bright Italy,
Nor German union majestic—under vast concourse of voices—nor layers of harmonies,
Nor strains of battlefields and victories—
Sound of marching soldiers,
Nor flutes, nor harps, nor the different bugle-calls of camps;
But, to a new rhythmic tuned for thee,
Hymns, vigorly waited for, high, air, uncaught, unwritten,
Which, let us go forth in the bold day, and write.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

A Little Dinner in an Hour.

It fell out on a day in this last autumn that I had to go down from London to a place of seaside resort, on an hour's business, accompanied by my esteemed friend Bullfinch. Let the place of seaside resort be, for the nonce, called Nameleston.

I had been loitering about Paris in very hot weather, pleasantly breakfasting in the open air in the garden of the Palais Royal or the Tuileries, lounging in the open air in the Champs Elysées, pleasantly taking my cigar and lemonade in the open air on the Italian Boulevard towards the end of such hours each night. Bullfinch—an excellent man of business—had summoned me back across the Channel, to transact this said hour's business at Nameleston, and thus it fell out that Bullfinch and I were in a railway carriage together on our way to Nameleston, each with his return ticket in his waistcoat pocket.

Says Bullfinch: "I have a proposal to make. Let us dine at the Temeraire.

I asked Bullfinch, but he recommended the Temeraire? Inasmuch as I had not been round on the books of the Temeraire for many year.

Bullfinch declined to accept the responsibility of recommending the Temeraire, but on the whole was rather sanguine about it. He "seemed to remember," Bullfinch said, that he had dined well there. A plain dinner, but good. Certainly not like a Parisian dinner (here Bullfinch obviously became the prey of want of confidence), but of of its kind very fair.

I appealed to Bullfinch's intimate knowledge of my wants and asked him to decide whether I was totally ready to be pleased with any dinner, or—for the matter of taste—with anything that was put before me, or really what it claimed to be. Bullfinch dinning me the honor to respond in the affirmative, I agreed to ship myself on an Able Trenchorman on board the Temeraire.

"Now, your plan shall be this, says Bullfinch, with his forefinger at his nose. "As soon as we get to Nameleston, we'll drive straight to the Temeraire, and order a little dinner in an hour. And as we shall not have more than enough time in which to dispose of it comfortably, we'll do you up to giving the house the best opportunities of serving it out and quickly by dining in the order-room."

What had to say, certainly, Bullfinch (who is by nature of a hopeful constitution) then began to babble of green geese. But I checked him in that Falstaffian vein, urging considerations of time and cookery.

In due sequence of events we drove up to the Temeraire and alighted. A youth in livery received us on the doormat. "Lunch well," said Bullfinch, confidentially. And then, aloud, "Cl.-fine room!"

The youth in livery (now perceived to be mouldy) conducted us to the desired haven, and was enjoined by Bullfinch to order a waiter at once, as we wished to order a little dinner in an hour. Then Bullfinch and I waited for the waiter until, I was on the point of inviting to wait in some unknown and invisible sphere of action, we rang for the waiter, which ring produced the waiter, who announced himself as not the waiter who ought to wait upon us, and who didn't wait a moment longer.

So Bullfinch approached the coffee-room door, and melodiously pitching his voice into a bar where two young ladies were keeping the books of the Temeraire, apologetically explained that we wished to order a little dinner in an hour, and that we were desirous from the execution of our mission to place by consignment to solitude.

Thereupon one of the young ladies rang a bell, which rang produced the waiter, who announced himself as not the waiter who ought to wait upon us, and who didn't wait a moment longer.

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"We wish," said Bullfinch, much decided, "to order a little dinner in an hour. What can we have?"

"What would you like to have gentlemen?"

Bullfinch, with extreme mournfulness of speech and action, and with a fortorn old fly-blown bill of fare in his hand which the waiter had given him, and which was a sort of general manuscript Index to any Cookery-Book you please, moved the previous question.

We could have mock-turtle soup, a sole, curry and roast duck. Agreed. As this lasting by this wind, or. Practically in an hour.

I had been feigning to look out of this window but I had been taking note of the crumbs on all the tables, the dirty table-cloths, the stuffy, musty, airless atmosphere, the dark leavings every where about, the deep gloom of the waiter who ought to wait upon us, and the stomach-ache with which I had left the waiter at a distant table in a corner was too evidently affected by the combined action of all this alarming circumstance that this traveler had *dined*. We hurriedly debated whether, without infringement of good breeding, we could ask him to disclose it he had partaken of mock-turtle, soup, or curry. Bullfinch decided that the thing could not be politely done, and that we had set our own consciences on a rack, and that we were in the hazard of the die.

I hold phrenology, within certain limits, to be true; I am much of the same mind as to the subtler expressions of the hand; I hold whiskered off our cravats and coats; but finding ourselves in the presence of an evil spirit, and no blame but two crumpled towels newly damp from the countenances of two somebody elses; we put on our cravats and coats and fled unwashed to the coffee room.

There, the waiter who ought to wait upon us, had set forth our knives and forks and glasses on the cloth, whose dirty acquaintance we had already had the pleasure of making, and whom we were pleased to recognize by the familiar expression of its stains. And now there occurred the truly astonishing phenomenon that the waiter who ought not to wait upon us swooped down upon us, clutched our coat lappels, and vanished with the same.

Bullfinch, with distracted eyes, was following him unconsonable figure "out at the portal," like the Ghost in Hamlet, when the waiter who ought to wait upon us jostled against us, and vanished by a bottom.

"Waiter!" said a severe diner, lately lighted, pursuing his bill fiercely through his eye-glass.

The waiter put down our tureen on a remote side table, and went to see what was amiss in this new direction.

"This is not right, you know, waiter. Look here. Here's yesterday's sherry, one and eightpence, and here we are again, two shillings. And what does Sixpence mean?"

So far from knowing what sixpence meant, the waiter protested that he didn't know what sixpence was, either. He wiped the perspiration from his clammy brow, and said it was impossible to do it—no particularizing—unless and the kitchen was so far off.

"Take the bill to the bar, and get it altered," said Mr. Indignation Cocker, so to call him.

The waiter took it, looked intensely at it, didn't seem to like the idea of taking it to the bar, and, suddenly, with a new light upon the case, that perhaps sixpence meant six pence.

"I tell you again," said Mr. Indignation Cocker, "there's yesterday's sherry—can't you see it?—one and eightpence, and here we are two shillings. What do you make of one and eightpence and two shillings?"

Totally unable to make anything of one and eightpence and two shillings, the waiter went out to try if anybody else could; merely casting back upon the company, in his retreat, the acknowledgment of his pathetic entreaties to know what sixpence was. After a pause, during which Mr. Indignation Cocker read a newspaper, and coughed defiant coughs, Bullfinch rose and rang the bell twice, when the waiter responded and brought it; dropping Mr. Indignation Cocker's altered bill on the Indignation Cocker's table as he came along.

"It's quite impossible to do it, gentlemen, mumured the waiter; "and the kitchen is so far off."

"Well. You don't keep the house; it's not your fault, we suppose. Bring some sherry."

"Waiter!" from Mr. Indignation Cocker, with a new and burning sense of injury upon him.

The waiter, arrested on his way to our sherry, stopped short, and came back to see what was wrong now.

"Will you look here? This is worse than before. Do you understand? Here's yesterday's sherry one and eightpence, and there we are again two shillings. And what the devil does Nineteence mean?"

This new portent utterly confounded the waiter. He wrung his napkin and mutely appealed to the ceiling.

"Waiter, fetch that sherry," says Bullfinch in open wrath and revolt.

"I want to know," persisted Mr. Indignation Cocker, "the meaning of Nineteence. I want to know the meaning of sherry one and eightpence yesterday, and of here we are again two shillings. Send somebody."

The distracted waiter got out of the room under pretext of sending somebody, and by that means got our wine. But the landlord appeared with our decanter, Mr. Indignation Cocker descended on him again.

"Waiter!"

"You will have the goodness to attend to our dinner, waiter," says Bullfinch, sternly.

"I am very sorry, but it is quite impossible to do it, gentlemen," pleaded the waiter, "and the kitchen—"

"Waiter!" said Mr. Indignation Cocker.

"Is," resumed the waiter, "so far off that—"

"Waiter!" persisted Mr. Indignation Cocker, "send somebody."

We were not without our fears that the waiter rushed out to bang himself, and we were much relieved by his fetching somebody.

Somebody, in flowing shirts and with no waist,—who very soon settled Mr. Indignation Cocker's business.

"Oh!" said Mr. Cocker, with his fire surprisingly quenched by this apposition. "I wish to know what I have to do in this house, if it appears to me that there's a little mistake here. Let me show you. I tendered you sherry one and eightpence, and here we are again two shillings. And how do you explain Nineperence?"

However, it was explained in tones too soft to be overheard, Mr. Cocker was heard to say nothing more than "Ah-h! Indeed! Thank you! Yes," and shortly afterwards went out, a sadder man.

The lonely traveler with the stomach-ache had all this time suffered severely; drawing up a little now and then, and sipping a little more and water with grated ginger in it. When we tasted our (very) mock turtle soup, and were instantly seized with symptoms of some disorder simulating apoplexy, and occasioned by the surcharge of the soup, we felt for the time, poisonous combinations, and, (say) twenty-five per cent. of miscellaneous kitchen stuff rolled into balls, we were inclined to trace the disorder to that source. On the other hand, there was a silent anguish upon him too strongly resembling the result established within ourselves by the sherry, to be discarded from alarmed consideration. Again: we observed him, with terror, to be much overcome by our sole's being dired in a temporary retreat close to him, while the waiter went out (as we conceived) to see his friends. And when the curry made its appearance he suddenly retired to his chamber.

For us, in the uncatable part of this little dinner (we continuingly dined from the undrinkable) we paid only seven shillings sixpence each. And Bullfinch and I agreed unanimously, that if we had been disappointed, ill-cooked, nasty little dinner could be got for the money anywhere else under the sun. With that comfort to our backs, we turned them on the dear old Temeraire, the charging-horse in the stable (to speak Sixon idiot-like) to gang nae mair to the flabby Temeraire.—*Every Saturday.*

A Reminiscence of Maximilian.

Putnam's Magazine for February says:

"Prince Salm Salm's work, 'Queretaro,' contains some curious particulars concerning the last days of the unfortunate Prince Agnes, 'or Maximilian's escape. The whole blame of the failure is thrown upon the Austrian Princesses and Belgian Princes in Mexico. The Princess—who continues her own journal to her husband's work—says 'None of these gentlemen (the European Ministers) had the slightest belief that the Mexicans would dare to execute the Emperor, even if he should be condemned. Penetrated with the full as consciousness of their own disloyalty they forgot that the republican Mexicans did not understand their importance. They that are to be excused if they, in their ignorance, were more amused than moved to reverence by the important and pompous airs of these gentlemen. As I am an American, the European views and ideas were new, foreign to me, I understood the feelings of the Mexicans much better than they did. They—they were full of the idea that the Mexican government would not dare to commit an action, which would be condemned and perhaps avenged, by all European powers, I had the complete conviction that Juarez would not dare venture to take the slightest notice thereof; that the death of the Emperor was a thing determined, and that nothing but flight could save him.'

A WICKED FRAUD.

Perpetrated on Mark Twain.

It is seldom pleasant to tell on one's self, but sometimes it is a sort of relief, and a way to make a sad confession. I wish to unburden my mind, now, and yet I almost believe that I am moved to do it more because I long to bring censure upon another man than because I desire to pour balm upon my wounded heart. (I don't know what balm is but I believe it is the correct expression to use in this connection—perhaps I mispronounce it, it may remember that I lectured in Norwalk lately for the young gentlemen of the Clay-onian Society. I did a bad day's work. During the afternoon of that day, I was talking with one of the young gentlemen of the Society. I mean that I had an uncle, who, from some cause or other, seemed to have grown permanently cross of late, and I said, in the course of his eyes, this young man spoke—

"Oh, if I could only see him laugh once more! Oh, if I could only see him weep!"

I was touched. I never could withstand distress. I said:

"Bring him to my lecture. I'll start him for you."

"Oh, if you *could* but do it! If you could but do it, all our family would bless you forevermore—for he is very dear to us. Oh, my benefactor, *can* you make him laugh? Can you make him weep? Can you make him parched and

I was profoundly moved. I said:

"My son, bring the old party around. I have got some jokes in that lecture that will make him laugh like a loon, and I'll tell him—and if they miss fire I have some others that'll make him cry or kill him, one or the other."

Then the young man blessed me, and wept on my neck a little, and went off to his coral tail, and went after his uncle. He placed him in full view, in the front row of the benches, that night, and I began on him. I tried him with mild jokes; then with severe ones; then with those that I thought would kill him with good cases; I fired old jokes into him, and peppered him fore and aft with red hot ones; I mixed them up to my worst, and assulted him right and left, in front and behind; I funned and sweated, and charged and routed, till I was hoarse and sick, and frantic and furious—but I never moved him one mite! never moved him so much as a hear! Never a ghost of a smile, and never a suspicion of moisture! I was astounded. I closed the lecture at last with one despairing shriek—with one wild burst of humor—and I fled to my room and locked myself in and left him. I never phased him! Then I sat down bewildered and exhausted.

The President of the Society came up and bathed my head with cold water, and said:

"What made you carry on so toward the last?"

I said: "I was trying to make that confounded old fool laugh, in the second row."

And he said: "Well you were wasting your time, because he is dead and deaf and as blind as a badger.

Now was that any way for that old man's nephew to impose on a stranger and an orphan like me? I simply ask you, as a man, and a brother, if that was any way for him to do?

MARK TWAIN.

—*Newark Press.*

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TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

THE Institute of Oxford are anxiously awaiting a challenge from Harvard.

THE Queen has consented to be of the Constituent Corteo of Spain have commenced.

GENERAL LOGOXSKY had an interview with General Grant in Washington yesterday.

REVENUE Johnson and Lord Stanley have signed a treaty for the settlement of Alabama claims.

CONGRESS will send five lady delegates to the Equal suffrage Convention, to assemble at Washington.

The Madrid journals are hostile to the Duke of Aosta as a candidate for the vacant throne of Spain.

The report in the journals of Vienna that Bismarck had demanded the removal of Von Beust was without foundation in fact.

A BILL is before the Louisiana Legislature to abolish the municipal government of New Orleans, and appoint a provisional one in its place.

The Missouri Legislature has asked Congress to transfer the Indian Bureau to the War Department, and has voted thanks to Gens. Sheridan and Custer.

Dr. Simmons, formerly of Cincinnati, was shot and killed by Dudd Fisher, near Water Valley, Tennessee, on Monday evening, the 11th. The assassin made his escape.

A note received from Ireland in the Missouri (?) State Senate to authorize the construction of a monument to Father Mathew, was tabled by a vote of 19 to 17.

INSPECTOR JAMES LEONARD, of the New York Metropolitan Police, died suddenly on Friday afternoon, at his residence. He had been on duty at police headquarters in the morning, in good health.

News of a tragedy in Monroe, Green county, Wisconsin, on Tuesday night, is reported to have shot and killed Pat Crosty, who seduced her two years ago and has been living with her in Illinois, and was insulting her when she fired at him. She is under arrest.

A NOTICE in George Wood's brush-handle shop, at Sheboygan, Wis., of a sudden explosion of the boiler was thrown into Winans & Brother's tin-shop, 600 feet distant, killing Benjamin H. Winans, Jr., aged 17, and Jacob Fox and John Bergen, N. J., is boatman, and seriously wounding Henry Miller and Jacob Fox.

ANOTHER frightful explosion of "non-explosive burning fluid" occurred in Lebanon Tuesday night, by which a young lady, Miss Kate Rupert, was terribly burned, and her father, in trying to save her, by tying a small child on stairs at her mother's chamber door, was so severely burned that the clothes off her body and setting fire to the house. Strange to relate, the small child was not burned.

Advices received at Washington from the Virginia Committee and Congressmen, it has been agreed to prepare a new bill for the admission of Virginia, and for adoption of the State Constitution, with the amendments adopted by the Convention; the bill will probably follow, including all, or nearly all the conditions, which Senator Sumner and Mr. Schofield are understood to approve this plan.

It is reported that the Jesuit Order in Mexico may be made a compromise with the other companies, and is to retire from the combination. The Jesuits have very recently made to their $3,000,000 of stock by the Adams Company to the Mexican Union Railroad Company, the latter to surrender the former routes given up by the Adams Express Company, and a new combination was made.

An official copy of the so-called Emancipation proclamation issued by the revolutionary General Cepeda, has been received by the Havana. It does not, as reported, abolish slavery at once, but emancipates the slaves to give them their freedom, and leave the ultimate decision to the people, who, at their pleasure, may decide upon immediate emancipation, and that the indemnification of those owners who are favorable to the revolutionary cause, and who will unite in part with their property. The General's principal object in sending the proclamation, appears to be the utilization of the services of the slaves as a military element.

Foreign Congress—Third Session.

CLOSE OF YESTERDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

SENATE.—Mr. Stewart, from the Judiciary Committee, reported the following constitutional amendment, and asked to have the resolution discharged from the further consideration of the petitions and memorials praying for it:

Article 15. The right of citizens of the United States to vote and hold office shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

A bill was passed relieving the disabilities of Wm. H. Beck, of Kentucky, by a vote of 37 to 12.

Mr. Sherman offered a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish a statement of the amount paid the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for transportation of troops and supplies each year from 1861 to 1865 inclusive, embracing a period before the date of the incorporation from Washington to Relay House, and the rates of transportation.

Mr. Cameron moved to amend by requiring information of the amount paid the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company above that paid other companies for similar services.

Mr. Sherman accepted the inquiry to the amount paid the Northern Central Railroad Co.

Mr. Cameron accepted the amendment.

Mr. Yates introduced a bill to enable the people of Colorado to form a State Government. Referred to the Committee on Territories.

The Senate then resumed the bill of Mr. Sherman's resolution went over under the rule, and the Senate resumed the consideration of the bill for the relief of Sue Murphy, of Decatur, Alabama.

After considerable debate, on motion of Mr. Brown, the bill was recommitted to the Committee on Claims.

The following bills were reported from the Judiciary Committee, and ordered to be on the mendation that they be indefinitely postponed:

Bill to extend the jurisdiction of the circuit courts from the District to the Circuit Courts of the United States, and to repeal the provisions of the Constitution abolishing slavery, &c.; and to prohibit the exercise of judicative franchise, and resolutions proposing Constitutional amendments prohibiting and universal suffrage, &c. Also, House joint resolution providing that no officer or agent of the Interior Department shall practice or prosecute claims before it until two years after his time of service expires.

Adjourned till Monday next.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

CLOSE OF YESTERDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

SENATE.—The following bill was called up by Mr. Connell, was passed, and was sent to the House for concurrence:

Whereas, On the 15th day of October A. D. 1868, an election was held in the city of the Philadelphia for a person to act as a Receiver of Taxes of said city, at which election votes were for were Richard Peltz, the present incumbent, and John R. Mellor, the contestant, and the latter is believed to have received a larger number of legal votes polled than the former, and the proper certificate of election was given to the said John M. Mellor; and whereas, the said Richard Peltz has been duly sworn to the faithful discharge of his duties, and performs the duties of receiver aforesaid, and the interest of the public and the taxpaying community would be prejudiced by any change in the officials of said office at this particular time, and would cause great loss to Philadelphia: therefore

Be it enacted, That during the said contest now pending in the Common Pleas between Peltz and Mellor, the said Peltz shall continue to act as Receiver of Taxes, and take, receive, and collect all taxes and public assessments due, owing, and payable to Philadelphia, which has heretofore been paid to the Receiver of Taxes of said city. That the said Peltz shall have the power of control of the Department of Receiver of Taxes of Philadelphia, under and in pursuance of the several acts of Assembly relating thereto, until such time as the said contest shall finally shall determined. Provided, that the said Peltz shall pay over to the Receiver who has been appointed in pursuance of the act of Assembly of April 15th, 1867, relative to conducting the sales of tax commissioner, moneys and profits which may or may arise by reason of his continuance in office as aforesaid.

On the vote to suspend the rules for final passage the ayes were 18 Republicans to 4 Democrats, the remaining Democrats being present.

Adjourned until Tuesday morning.

HOUSE.—The formula of drawing the members of the committee to try the contested election case of the Judgeship of Philadelphia occupied two hours, and required the close attention of both Speakers, all the clerks, and the attendance of all the members of the Legislature. The following committee was chosen: Senators Stinson, Taylor, McIlvaine and Brown (Northumberland); Representatives Ames, Clark, Stevens, Miller, Mercur, Nicholson, Peters, Robb and Place (three Democrats and ten Republicans).

Adjourned until Monday evening, 8 P. M.

Advices from Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 15.—Mazatlan advices to January 7 have been received. Great discontent prevailed against Juarez's government, and an open rebellion is soon anticipated.

General Corona departed for Acapulco on January 2, on the way for the City of Mexico, on leave of absence. It is reported that General Corona has only prevented an open rupture. The leader of the movement against the government is not yet unknown, although the name of Don Placido Vega has been mentioned in connection with well known aspirations for the republic of the Occidental Pacific Coast, including Lower California, Sonora, Chihuahua, Durango, Sinaloa, Lower Sonora, Jalisco, Colima, Tepic, and eliminating protection from the United States.

General Martinez's name is also mentioned in connection with the movement. Great excitement in the country by the next steamer. Advices received at Mazatlan from Guaymas state that the rising of Gonzales Ortega to force his claims to the Presidency, is universally expected. Corona and Canales are his supporters. The death of Juarez is hourly expected. Gonzales Ortega to take this step. The general government is exhibiting great energy to bring Canto to trial. General Eologia Parra has been appointed Governor of Sonora, vice Pesqueira, left the service of Corona. All persons who aided Maximilian are expected to present themselves before the district court.

San Francisco, Jan. 15.—The commissioners appointed by Governor Haight to examine the loss of citizens by the French invasion, present claims amounting to $250,000, which have been forwarded to the city of Mexico.

The Chinese question is agitating among the clergy in regard to the new mills law, which excepts no class of persons from its effect. Two cases of real arrests have been made, and fines extracted from citizens.

The Bishop of Leon was brought before the Prefect of Guanajuato, charged with the stoning of the Church property by the State authorities, and was released on bail.

The Legislature of Jalisco has authorized the Governor to expel from the country all foreign priests, who may be found guilty of disturbing the peace, or even those for instruction and benevolent purposes.

The Jesuits are committing horrible outrages in Sonora, and the national guard had to march against them to fight them.

Everything is paralyzed in Lower California, and the Indians are only marked sufficiently to retain the title.

The Eastern Question.

PARIS, Jan. 15.—Intelligence from the Eastern question meets again to-day. It is generally believed in this country that Rizo Rangabe, the on credible authority that Rizo Rangabe, the Greek Minister, has received from his government a dispatch to the effect that Greece is resolved to reject the decisions of the conference, and that the Greek and Turkish ultimatum are supported by that body. All the indications are that Greece is bent on the war, and that Turkey is ready for the conflict, is preparing to retire to Nauplia.

All the Greeks throughout Russia have assented a demand upon Greece that, for the preservation of the Greek nationality, she should make objections to the conference as at present constituted. The Greeks throughout the Turkish Empire will also contribute to the demand.

Advices received from Hampton Roads to noon yesterday, from New York for Norfolk; rise of off and proceeded.

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