this was the residence of the father of Tiberius, who, it is known, had a house on this part of the Palatine, and was accepted by the son after the father's death. These subterraneas passages were doubtless used by the son and his mother for their private interviews. Livia, Tiberius's mother, we know, was taken away from her first husband, Tiberius Claudius Nero, by Augustus, who divorced his first wife, Scribonia, to marry her. Livia bore her first husband two sons, Tiberius and Drusus. She had no children by Augustus, but plotted and worked continually, in the coldest blood, to place Tiberius on the throne.

She made way with the grandsons, one after the other. Claudius called her "Ulysses in petticoats," and she merited his description, for she was as cunning as wicked. But clever as Livia was, she could not have carried out her aim without the aid of Tiberius. Her constant plots must have required frequent private consultations with the son for whose future greatness she was conspiring. These subterranean passages enabled the crafty mother to hold secret communication with Tiberius, and lay and mature those plans which should remove from his path all the obstructions to the Imperial throne.

Last Saturday evening, Mr. Shakespeare Wood, the Secretary of the British Archeological Society of Rome, gave us a very interesting lecture on this very subject. His lecture was made doubly and trebly attractive by the immense amount of information it contained in regard to Roman houses in general, the style of houses built at various periods on the Palatine, and the distinguished men to whom they belonged. The whole subject was treated in a very thorough manner. The maps or ground plans of that part of the Palatine, of the Palace of Tiberius, and the house in question, hung on the wall and served as illustrations to the text. In my short account of the house and the theory entertained as to its owner, I have not been able to give you a bare outline—not the very conclusive proofs—as my limited space does not allow me to do so. Chevalier Rosa, the cartoonist, has spent a private day for the visit of the audience of Mr. Wood's lecture to the Palatine; and last Monday afternoon Mr. Wood showed us through the house, pointed out part of the mysterious passage, and kindly explained each portion.

Over two thousand years ago that beautiful, cunning, wicked woman, whose charming form and manner we all admire in the Pudicitia, lived in this house as a young wife—wife to a better, if not as great a man as Augustus. Tiberius Claudius Nero was one of the few stern, honest republicans of that degenerate day of Rome preceding the advent of the Cæsars. He was a friend and companion in arms of Julius Cæsar; he so faithful was he to the principles he professed and believed that he proposed to the Senate that a resolution be passed giving a reward to those who had slain the tyrant, not from any animosity to Cæsar, but because he thought the conspirators had saved the Republic. And yet in this very house was born his son, who proved to be a worse tyrant than Cæsar, with no one redeeming quality, and under whose rule the republic became entirely extinct.

The *Italie*, of Florence, announced, most audaciously, a day or two ago, that Padre Secchi, the celebrated astronomer of the Roman College, with Padre Ressi, another scientific celebrity, was on the eve of leaving the Society of Jesuits, and coupled their names in such a manner with Padre Passaglia as to lead those who read the paragraph to think these two distinguished Jesuits were about to prove unfaithful to their vows and principles.

Padre Secchi has written a letter to the *Nazione*, of Florence, in his name, and also in the name of Padre Ressi, denying the assertion most positively. The *Italie* also announced on Tuesday that the French Minister, M. de Banneville, had left Rome suddenly for Paris, without giving any notice to the Papal Government. This was also false. It is said, however, that the First Secretary of the French Embassy has gone to Paris, and it is supposed he is the bearer of the Pope's reply to the French Ministry's demand to be allowed to send a representative to the Council. As the Italians say, with a shrug of the shoulders and a pout of the lips, "Chi lo sa?" "Who knows?" But the future knows, and she will soon tell us if we only have patience to wait. It is very hard, however, to wait sometimes; for example, to-day we stand outside that Council wall with a curiosity that is not blamable to know what is taking place within the hall on this eventful occasion. But we shall not have to wait a hundred years to know the true history of the doings of the Council of the Vatican; that is certain. Prudent and secret as the rulers of the Council have tried to be, all their guards and clerks have unfortunately been ineffectual, and almost everything is known, or will be known, *anon* so far. The violent charges, responses and attacks of the clerical journals attached to the two religious parties have disclosed everything. A careful reader of the *Univers Pressés* and *Unità Cattolica* can be pretty well "posted," as we Americans say. The only trouble is—we have to wait for the journals to come from Paris and Turin to us. I do not know that away from Rome these fiery editorials and communications would be so well understood; but, taken in conjunction with what is heard daily from persons in this city, they give us many a key to a closely-locked piece of Council news. It is said, very cleverly, that at the Council of Trent, Pope Pius V. was the constant torment to both parties, but at the Council of the Vatican the daily press performs the tantalizing office of the old Emperor.

A report was circulated yesterday that the Ultramontane clergy of Rome is using all its influence to prevent a performance of a funeral service at Civita Bell for Montanelli, who, as a Roman citizen, is entitled to such a mark of respect to his memory. But I fancy this is an exaggeration; for the *Univers*, Louis Veuillot's paper, which is "more papaline than the Pope," came out in full mourning on the first page the day it announced the death of that great and good man.

The clerical journals of Europe are as demonstrative as our political journals used to be in "old Jackson times." For example, a fortnight since, the *Unità Cattolica* of the 8th, when it announced the distribution of the *Theme* on infallibility, had its journal gaily decked with a rose-colored border as a sign of rejoicing. ABBE BEWWETRA.

—Hahnemann, the founder of the Homeopathic school, was one day consulted by a wealthy English Lord. The doctor listened patiently to the statement of the case that had made to him. He then took a small vial, opened it, and held it under the Lord's nose. "Smell! Well, you are a nobleman, I see," asked, insurprise. "How much do I owe you?" "Thousand francs," was the reply. The Lord immediately pulled out a bank note and held it under the doctor's nose. "Smell! Well, you are paid!"

—Theodore Wachtel, the greatest of German tenors, is now starring it in Glasgow, where he receives £125 for each performance.

[From the Buffalo Express.]

THE FACTS IN THE GREAT LAND-SLIDE CASE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

It was in the early days of Nevada Territory. The mountains are very high and steep about Carson, Eagle and Washoe valleys—very high and very steep, and so when the snow gets to melting off fast in the Spring and the warm surface-earth begins to moisten and soften, the disastrous land-slides commence. You do not know what a land-slide is, unless you have lived in that country and seen the whole side of a mountain taken off some fine morning and deposited down in the valley, leaving a vast, treeless, unsightly scar upon the mountain's front to keep the circumstance fresh in your memory all the years that you may go on living within seventy miles of that place.

General Buncombe was shipped out to Nevada in the invoice of Territorial officers, to be United States Attorney. He considered himself a lawyer of parts, and he very much wanted an opportunity to manifest it—partly for the pure gratification of it and partly because his salary was Territorially meagre (which is a strong expression)—Now the older settlers of a new territory look upon the rest of the world with a calm, nunnalignant contempt as long as it keeps out of the way—when it gets in the way they snub it. Sometimes this latter takes the shape of a practical joke.

One morning Dick Sides rode furiously up to General Buncombe's door in Carson City and rushed into his presence without stopping to tie his horse. He seemed much excited. He told the General that he wanted him to defend a suit for him and would pay him five hundred dollars if he achieved a victory. And then, with violent gestures and a world of profanity, he poured out his griefs. He said it was pretty well known that for some years he had been farming (or ranching, as the more customary term is), in Washoe District, and making a successful thing of it, and furthermore it was known that his ranch was situated just in the edge of the valley, and that Tom Morgan owned a ranch immediately above it on the mountain side. And now the trouble was that one of those land-slides had carried his house and barn and all Morgan's ranch, fences, cabins, cattle, barns and everything down on top of his ranch and exactly covered up every single vestige of his property, to a depth of about six feet. Morgan was in possession and refused to vacate the premises—said he was occupying his own cabin and not interfering with any body else's—and said cabin was standing on the same dirt and same ranch it had always stood on, and would like to see anybody make him vacate.

"And when I reminded him," said Sides, weeping, "that it was on top of my ranch and that he was trespassing, he had the infernal meanness to ask me why didn't I *stay* on my ranch and hold possession when I see him coming! Why didn't I *stay* on it, the blatherskite—and by George, when I heard that racket and looked up that hill it was just like the whole world was a ripping and a tearing down that mountain side—trees going end over end in the air, rocks as big as a house jumping about a thousand feet high and bursting into ten million pieces, cattle literally turned inside out and a-coming head on with their tails hanging out between their teeth—Oh, splinters, and cord-wood, and thunder and lightning, and hail and snow, odds and ends of hay stacks and things, and dust—Oh, my stars and stripes, in name for it—it was just clouds, solid clouds of dust!—and in the midst of all that wrack and destruction came that cussed Morgan on his gallop, a-wondering why I didn't stay and hold possession; likely! I didn't look just one glimpse of that special, General, and I lit out's the country in three jumps exactly.

"But what grinds me is that that Mo-gan lounges on there and won't vacate my ranch—says it's his'n and he's going to keep it—likes it better'n he did mine, I was higher up the hill. Mad! Well, I've been a-madding two days that I couldn't find my way to town—been wandering around in the brush in a starving condition—got anything here to drink, General? But I'm here now, and I'm a-going to law. You hear me?"

Never in all the world, perhaps, were a man's feelings so outraged as were the General's. He said he had never heard of such high-handed conduct in all his life as this Morgan's. And he said there was no use in going to law—Morgan had no shadow of right to remain where he was—nobody in the wide world would uphold him in it, and no lawyers would take his case and no judge listen to it. Sides said that right there was where he was mistaken—everybody in the town sustained Morgan; Hal Brayton, a very smart lawyer, had taken his case; the courts being in vacation, it was to be tried before a referee, and ex-Governor Roop had already been appointed to that office, and would open his court in the largest parlor of the Ormsby House at two that afternoon.

The innocent General was amazed. He said he had suspected before that the people of that Territory were fools, and now he knew it. But he said rest easy, rest easy and collect the witnesses, for the victory was just as certain as if the conflict were already over. Sides wiped away his tears and left.

At two in the afternoon Referee Roop's Court opened, and that remorseless old joker appeared throned among his sheriffs, his witnesses and a "packed" jury, and wearing upon his face a fraudulent solemnity so awe-inspiring that some of 1's fellow-conspirators had misgivings that maybe he had not comprehended, after all, that this was merely a joke. An uneasiness stillness prevailed, for a the slightest noise the Judge uttered sternly the command:

"Order in the court!"

And the Sheriffs promptly echoed, it. Presently the General showed his way through the crowd of spectators, with his arms full of law-books, and on his ears fell an order from the Judge which was the first respectful recognition of his high official dignity that had ever saluted them, and it saturated his whole system with pleasure.

"Way for the United States Attorney!"

The witnesses were called—legislators, high Government officers, ranch men, miners, Indians, Chinamen, negroes. Three-fourths of them were called by the defendant Morgan, but no matter, their testimony invariably went in favor of the plaintiff Sides. Each new witness only added new testimony to the absurdity of a man's claiming to own another man's property because his farm had slid down on top of it. Then the Morgan lawyers made their speeches, and seemed to make singularly weak ones—they did really nothing for the Morgan cause. And, now the General, with a great glow of triumph on his face, got up and made a mighty effort; he pounded the table, he banged the law-books, he shouted, and stormed and bawled; he talked about injury and everybody, poetry, sarcasm, statistics, history, pathos, and blasphemy, and wound up with a grand wo-whoop for free speech, freedom of the press, free schools, the Glorious Bird of America and the principles of universal justice! [Applause.]

When the General sat down, he did it with the comfortable conviction that if there were anything in good strong testimony, a big speech and believing and admiring countenances all around, Mr. Morgan's cake was dough. Ex-Governor Roop Paul his head upon his hand for some minutes, thinking profoundly, and the still audience waited breathlessly for his decision. Then he got up and stood erect, with bended head, and thought again. Then he walked the floor long, deliberate strides, and his chin in his hand, and still the audience waited. At last he returned to his throne and seated himself. The Sheriffs commanded the attention of the Court. Judge Roop cleared his throat and said:

"Gentlemen, I feel the great responsibility that rests upon me this day. This is no ordinary case. On the contrary it is plain that it is the most solemn and awful that ever man was called upon to decide. Gentlemen, I have listened attentively to the evidence, and the weight of it, the overwhelming weight of it is in favor of the plaintiff Sides. I have listened also to the remarks of counsel, with high 'interest—and especially will I commend the masterly and logical logic of the distinguished gentleman who represents the plaintiff. But, gentlemen, let us beware how we allow human testimony, human ingenuity in argument and human ideas of equity to influence us to our undoing at a moment so solemn as this? Gentlemen, it will becomes us, worms as we are, to meddle with the decrees of Heaven. It is plain to me that Heaven, in its inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to move this defendant's ranch for a purpose. We are but creatures, and we must submit. If Heaven has chosen to favor the defendant Morgan in this marked and wonderful manner, and if Heaven, unsatisfied with the position of the Morgan ranch upon the mountain side, has chosen to remove it to a position more eligible and more advantageous for its owner, it ill becomes us, insects as we are, to question the legality of the act. No—Heaven created the ranches and it is Heaven's prerogative to rearrange them, to experiment with them, to shift them around at its pleasure. It is for us to submit, without a murmur. I say you that this thing which has happened is a thing with which the sacrilegious hands and brains and tongues of men must not meddle. Gentlemen, it is the verdict of this court that the plaintiff, Richard Sides, has been deprived of his ranch by the visitation of God! And, from this decision there is no appeal."

Buncombe seized his cargo of law books and plunged out of the court room a raving maniac, almost. He pronounced Roop to be a lunatic, and a fool, an inspired idiot. He all good faith he returned at night and remonstrated with Roop upon his extravagant decision, and implored him to walk the floor and think for an hour, and see if he could not figure out some sort of modification of the verdict. Roop yielded at last and got up to walk. He walked two hour and a half, and at last his face lit up happily and he told Buncombe it had occurred to him that the ranch underneath the new Morgan ranch still belonged to Sides, that his title to the ground itself was just as good as it had ever been, and therefore he was of the opinion that Sides had a right to dig it out from under there and—

The General never waited to hear the end of it. He was always an impatient and irascible man, that way. At the end of two weeks he got it through his understanding that he had been played upon with a joke.

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TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

MR. P. ROQUE is the newly appointed Minister from Greece to the United States.

EDWARD L. JOHNSON was nominated for Mayor of Albany, by the Republicans, yesterday.

GEN. SHERMAN left Washington for Troy last evening, to attend the funeral of General Thomas.

On Sunday last, two young ladies, named Smith and Joes, were drowned at Kasson, Minnesota, while taking a boat ride.

ANOTHER man was killed by the Indians near South Pass, Wyoming Territory, on Tuesday. Twenty-five men have gone in pursuit of the Indians.

A FIRE at Muskegan, Michigan, yesterday morning, destroyed the dry goods store of M. H. Donohue & Co., and damaged other properties. The loss is over $40,000.

THE Postmaster-General has just concluded treaties with Austria and Germany, by which letters may be sent direct to those countries for seven cents, or for ten cents if by way of England.

MAJOR-GENERAL LINDSAY has arrived at Montreal, and assumed command of the troops in Quebec and Ontario. He will command the Red River expedition.

THE remains of General Thomas arrived at Buffalo last night. At every place on the route, demonstrations of respect have been paid to the memory of the illustrious dead.

CHIEF JUSTICE, Howe, of Wyoming Territory, has appointed April 9th for a hearing of charges against the Governor of the Union Pacific Railroad, by creditors of the road in the sum of $100,000.

In the Massachusetts House of Representatives, yesterday, a report was made in favor of the sinking Fund to pay the debt of the State debt in coin, was amended so as to apply to "authorize" interest, instead of "require" the specie payments. The report, authorizing the construction of railroad on Madison avenue, was rejected by 74 to 75, a decrease of 3 votes from last year. The Senate stands 11 Republicans to 10 Democrats, and the House 125 Republicans to 112 Democrats.

ST. LOUIS despatches say the election in that city has resulted in the choice of eleven Republican Aldermen to three Democrats, and one Independent. Of the School Directors, eight are Republican and three Democratic. At St. Joseph the entire Republican ticket was elected. Kansas City and Leavenworth were carried by the Democrats, colored men voting without opposition in those cities.

THE Rhode Island election was held yesterday. The vote was light, and of the present Republican Congressmen, Rhode Island is the house to meet the requirements of the Government, again returns to the Democrats. Rhode Island is the House bill relative to fence viewers and pounds in Philadelphia, the Senate concurred in the House amendment, giving Robert C. Graham $500, to the bill defraying the expenses of A. J. Diamond; also the House bill authorizing the payment of the deficiency of $21,000 to the State Printer. The House bill providing for the distribution of Bates' History of the Pennsylvania Volunteers to members was taken up, and after a long discussion, the senate adjourned. At an evening session the following resolutions were unanimously lopted:

Resolved, That the Executive of the Commonwealth be requested to forward to George Curtin, a former Chief Magistrate of Pennsylvania, a copy of the Senate Resolution of this date, expressive of the sentiments of the Senate of Pennsylvania, in relation to the conduct of the Minister of Great Britain, in the matter of the Alabama Claims.

Resolved, That the Senate of Pennsylvania, in the spirit of the resolution of the Senate of the United States, of the 4th of March, 1869, in relation to the Alabama Claims, "Disclaims any intention to express an opinion on the question of the right of the United States to the payment of the Alabama Claims, or any other claim, which may be the subject of diplomatic negotiation, and that