THE ESCAPE,

A SCENE ON THE RIO DE PLATA.

NOT FOUNDED ON FACT, BUT FACT ITSELF.

BY G. S. RAYMOND.

It was dark—black, pitchy dark; aye, as black as the lowest depths of some grim old feudal dungeon, into which not one single ray of God's glorious sunlight had ever penetrated. It was, too, almost calm—it would have been better had it been entirely so; for the faint unsteady breeze came in fitful puffs from all points of the compass, rendering it almost impossible to prevent the ship from being caught square aback. All the light sails had been securely furled, and the heavy courses were hauled up snug, so that the noble craft lay there under her three topsails, like a giant gladiator stripped for battle. We were midway between the southern edge of the great English Bank, and the shore of the vast sandy bay of San Borombom; upon the bosom of the mighty ocean-like Rio de la Plata. Ever since we had left Buenos Ayres, five days previous, this strange, gloomy, baffling weather had continued and we had not made two hundred miles of progress towards the ocean.

The mate was an excellent and experienced sailor; but this was his first voyage to the River Plata; and when I went on deck at ten o'clock, I found him pacing hurriedly to and fro, and utterly confounded by the unusual appearance of the weather. The night, as I have said, was intensely dark; and there were indistinct murmurings all around us in the gloom, that sounded like the wings of monstrous birds fanning the air in rapid flight. Far away in the southern heard could be heard the low and almost constant bellowing of muttered thunder, while along the whole line of horizon towards the shore of San Borombom, small wiry threads of chain lightning seemed to dart up from the surface of the water, and fetch the thundered warnings of the storm king, upon the black scroll of night in hieroglyphics of living fire.

"I was but a passenger in the ship; but I had been an old cruiser in the River Plata, and I knew that all these appearances were but the heralds of the coming tempest. By my advice, the mizzen topsail was furled, the third reef taken in the fore, and the main topsail yard was settled away upon the cap, the reef tackles hauled out, and two or three men were already in the rigging on their way aloft to reef the sail, when the captain came on deck, and, after a single glance out into the gloom, came the loud hurried orders,—

"Clew up that main topsail! Down out of the rigging, there, everybody, and clap on to the clewlines and buntlines. Let go the sheets, and up with him both sides—up with him my lads—up with him with a will—so!! Belay everything! and now lay aloft there for your lives and roll him up. Up you go, my souls—and be handy—it'll be down here on top of us in five minutes!" And thus encouraged and urged on by their duty, the ready sailors flew up the main rigging, and out on the topsail yard like cats.

"Who's skulking here?" exclaimed the mate, as his eye encountered a dusky figure crouching among the ropes about the main rife-sail; "who's this, I say?" and he dragged the delinquent away from the mast towards the weather main rigging.

"Me sir? boy Diego," replied a deep musical voice, which I recognized in a moment as belonging to a beautiful Brazilian, perhaps sixteen years old, who had joined the ship the day before she sailed, and came aboard in company with the Portugese sailor, to whom he appeared to be particularly attached, and who I had observed, was always the first man aloft when the order was given to make or take in sail.

"Boy Diego!" yelled the excited mate; "well why the devil don't you go aloft and help furl that sail?"

"Nar passo senor peloto," replied the frightened boy—"Eu sou rapaz que serve como moco do navio!"

The poor lad wanted to tell the officer that he had shipped as a boy or ordinary seaman, and he care not go aloft; but in his fright he had forgotten the few words of English which he might have picked up, and so he spoke it in Portuguese.

"Be done with your jaw breaking lingo, and go aloft, or I'll start you with a rope's end."

The boy did not understand the words, but he knew it was a threat of some kind, and dreading its fulfilment, he sprang towards the rigging, and would have gone aloft, or tried to; but I laid my hand upon his arm, and held him back, while I said to the mate,—

"Don't send this boy aloft, sir; I'll go in his place."

"Before he could reply, the captain shouted,—

"Hold on there, Mr. Vibert! don't send that boy up there. If he should fall and be killed, or lost overboard, it would be downright murder."

"O Ceo vos guarde!" (Heaven preserve you,) exclaimed the boy, as he bounded forward, and seizing the captain's hand, eagerly pressed it to his lips.

At that moment a strange lurid glare lit up the Heavens, and every object about the ship was as plainly visible as though it had been noon-day. It was not lightning, but seemed rather to proceed from the murky atmosphere itself, and appeared to roll in from all parts of the compass towards the ship, in undulating waves, like the beautiful coruscations of a brilliant aurora borealis: it was just such a light as one would have imagined to light up the dark recesses of the Russian forests from the midnight flames of burning Moscow.

On the topsail yard the men were straining every nerve to furl the sail. The yard arms were rolled in, and the gaskets half passed, when a rushing noise like the escape of pent-up steam, arrested our attention; and turning our eyes in the direction from which it came, we beheld, not a mile astern of us, the whole surface of the water converted into a mass of boiling, driving foam, by the hoarse breath of the coming tornado. Long spiral wreaths of mists were caught up from the leaping waves, and came driving on, white as the whirling drift from the summits of our New England hills, hurried onward by the winter hurricane.

"Come down! down from aloft there, every soul of yo—in with yo; and down for your lives! Do ye hear? Lor the sail go, and come down!"

This yelled the excited captain; and in came the men off the yard, and down to the deck by the back stays—and the last man had just cleared the rigging, when the hurricane burst upon the ship in all its wild yelling fury. I said the last man had gained the deck—I did not mean that; for there was one who heeded not the captain's warning, and still remained on the yard. That one was Manuel, the noble looking Portuguese sailor, the friend of the boy Diego.

Obstinately he clung to the almost furled sail, after all the others had left yard. Twice the captain screamed to him after the others had reached the deck; but he heeded him not; and he was there alone when the most terrific gust broke in wrath upon the quivering ship.

Then commenced the most desperate struggle I had ever witnessed. The puny arm of man battling with one of nature's mightiest elements. In an instant the bunt of the heavy topsail filled with wind, and bellied out forward of the yard like an inflated balloon; but the darling sailor smothered it in with giant strength, and had almost secured it. Ten sounds more, or the aid of another pair of hands, and the sail would have been saved. But a second blast, wilder and more furious than the first, tore the canvass from his grasp, and the next moment it was rent from the yard by the tremendous power of the gale; and the brave sailor who had so nobly periled his life to save it, was hurled backwards to the deck. Stunned and confused by the slating fragments of the torn sail, he lost his hold, and was precipitated backwards clear off the top, and would doubtless have been killed on the spot had it not been that in his descent he fell across the mizzen stay, which partially broke his fall.

Never, while I live shall I forget that shrill, piercing scream of agony which broke from the lips of the beautiful Brazilian boy, as he rushed forward and hung himself upon the inanimate body of his unfortunate friend.

"Keep her square before it, sir," said the captain to Mr. Vibert; "and here, three or four of you take this brave fellow into the cabin."

The boy clung convulsively to the body, and would only relinquish his grasp about his neck when I assured him he should accompany us to the cabin, and be permitted to remain with his friend.

Upon examination it was found that Manuel had received no serious injury, having been merely stunned by the fall, and it was almost certain that, provided he had not been hurt internally, he would, in the course of a few days, be able to return to his duty. The captain had a bed prepared for him, by turning two of the settees together, and placing a mattress upon them; and, after doing all for the man that was deemed necessary, he spoke kindly to the boy, giving him permission to remain and nurse his friend; and then returned to the deck to look after the safety of the ship.

The boy remained beside the couch till Manuel was fully restored to consciousness; when he conversed with him for a few moments in so low a tone that I could hear nothing that was said after which he left the cabin, but soon after returned with a bundle, which I concluded was a change of clothes, either for himself or friend, and perhaps for both. I took up ebook, and seated myself at the table, with my back towards the settee, I soon became wholly absorbed in the work, and for perhaps an hour I remained entirely unconscious of all that was passing in the cabin. Although I was aroused from my waking dream by the pervert tones of the boy's voice, as he exclaimed,—"Que felicidade!" what happiness!) I turned to look at the boy; and the next instant I sprang from my seat in mute wonder; for, as I live, there beside the couch of the injured Manuel sat the most beautiful woman that mortal eyes ever gazed upon.

"Hist!" whispered the lovely vision; "*elle dormindo.*"

At that moment the captain entered the cabin, and his astonishment at beholding the glorious creature there before him was quite equal to my own. The features were those of the boy Diego, but the form was that of a magnificant woman, clothed in a robe of dark velvet, that, in the richness of its fabric and jewelled belongings might have become an empress.

"In the name of Heaven!" exclaimed the captain "what is this mystery?"

The exclamation aroused the slumbering Manuel, who looked around him for a moment, and then springing to his feet, he grasped the captain's hand and thus addressed him:

"My friend, you were a prisoner once in Bahia. When your consul refused to aid you, and your case was well nigh hopeless, a friend came forward——

Here the Portuguese sailor assumed an expression that was so entirely different from that which he had constantly worn ever since he came aboard the ship, that he looked more like the Manuel of a moment previous than he did like myself. It needed no word of explanation now, and in a moment the captain held the sailor Manuel to his heart, as if he had been his own brother. He was introduced to me by the captain as Capt. Manuel Santa Morquez, late Vicompt of Villa Real and commander of a frigate in the Brazilian navy: and then he made us acquainted with the cause of his being there in the ship in the disguise of a common sailor.

Four months previously, he had been obliged to leave Brazil on account of his having been implicated with the revolutionists at Pernambuco. He had taken the precaution to remove his wealth to the United States, but before going thither himself he was determined to visit Buenos Ayres, as he was engaged to the daughter of the Brazilian minister, who was himself the bitterest enemy he had on earth. The father of his affianced wife forbid him his house, shut up his daughter, and excited the suspicions of the Argentine government against him as a dangerous person. But they finally outwitted the old Brazilian minister, and were privately married, but finding it impossible to get out of the country without passports, and an order being out for his arrest, they finally both donned the blue jackets and taurpaulins, and joined the ship the day before she sailed.

"And now, captain," said Capt. Manuel leading forward his lovely wife; "you have lost the services of this boy, and my own perhaps; but if gold can——"

"There that'll do about the gold, Senor Captain. Do you remember I was a prisoner in Bahia once?"

"I am your debtor ten thousand fold, and if I cannot pay it, I can at least be grateful"

(From the Albany Cultivator.)

Large and Small Potatoes.

I perceive, by recent communications in your paper, that although potatoes have been raised for more than two hundred years, it is still disputed whether large or small ones are most profitable to plant for seed. Being myself in the dark on this point, I concluded to contribute my mite toward the solution of the problem by submitting it to the test of experience.

On the thirtieth of April, 1851, I planted, on one square rod of land, in seventy-two hills, seventy-two small potatoes, from the size of a hickory nut to that of a hen's egg. The seed measured about two quarts and weighed three and a half pounds. To plant an acre in this manner would require ten bushels of seed. On the same day, on a square rod adjoining, I planted seventy-two large potatoes in seventy-two large hills, placing one in each hill, without cutting. The seed measured more than a peck and weighed fifteen pounds.

On the twentieth of August I dug both patches. The product of the small potatoes was five pecks, weighing eighty-four pounds, which would give a yield of two hundred bushels to the acre. The product of the large potatoes was one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, measuring nine pecks, which would give three hundred and eight bushels to the acre. The vines averaged four to each hill, while those of the small potatoes were only three. The vines from the large potatoes grew much faster and larger than the others, but in the size of the potatoes there was no great difference.

When I planted the two patches, I expected the product would be about like. Not being satisfied that so great a difference will always result, I shall try the experiment again next season.

—T. F.

Scro, Michigan, Aug. 23, 1851.

Tomato Figs!—We have seen and tasted, says the Boston Journal, the figs referred to in the following article from Hovey's excellent Horticultural Magazine, and endorse all which he says in their favor. We hope that those who raise abundance of tomatoes will save this receipe and try the experiment, if only on a small scale:

Receipe for Tomato Figs.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes, in order to remove the skin; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup and boil and skim until no scum arises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand, as before; then boil and skim again. After the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

A few apples cut up and boiled in the remainder of this syrup make a very nice sauce.—[Mrs. E. Marsh.

It is only necessary for us to add that the committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society awarded Mrs. Marsh the society's silver medal for excellent specimens exhibited November 29. They were tested by the committee and pronounced to be superior to any they had ever seen. They were put up in small boxes, and to our taste were far better than two-thirds of what are sold in our market for the best Smyrna figs.—Ed. Hort. Magazine.

FEEDING CALVES.—Give them what is natural, viz: sweet milk; and, as they advance, provide them with some additional nourishing food, of rather a solid nature, but not too strong. When properly nursed and well kept, calves get strong before winter, the severity of which they withstand, more especially if descended from stock with plenty of hair. Ill fed calves, on the contrary, suffer severely in winter, and often fall victims to the parsimony of their owners. An idea is entertained by some breeders that if all their cows produce calves they are sure to be rich; but a poor good calf is better than three bad ones. Many animals which would have made good oxen, heifers or cows, are ruined when calves; they may recover, but not when young; so that the early maturity of such animals can never be attained. Every day's neglect is properly feeding calves retards their maturity; while every day's good feeding will tell in the animal's favor. On such a bull-breeding farm as now described, nothing but the best of food must be supplied to the calves, otherwise they will cut a poor figure when exposed for sale.—[Dickens on the Breeding of Live Stock.

AMERICAN SHEEP'S WOOL.—The National Intelligencer says:

We understand that the Hon. Geo. W. Thompson, of Virginia, presented yesterday to Mr. Ewbank, Commissioner of Patents, in the name of Dr. Hanson W. Chapline, specimens of the extraordinary fine wools grown by the latter gentleman in Ohio county, Va. These wools are richly worth examination, as showing the capabilities of our own country and what may be accomplished by attention and judgment to any given pursuit. Col. Samuel Sprigg (the father-in-law of Mr. Chapline,) a gentleman very extensively and favorably known, more than thirty years ago turned his attention to the production of wool, which he and his son-in-law have brought to the most complete perfection, as those samples will indicate. Col. Sprigg was one of those pioneer men in the march of improvement whose introduction of fine breeds of sheep, horses, cattle, hogs, &c., has done so much for the wealth and improvement of the West.

It is rumored that a person from New York who recently went to Panama, has succeeded in obtaining large advances from parties there, on letters of credit, purporting to be issued by New York Banks but which are found to be forged.

A Mrs. M'Ewen, of Chicago, in attempting to rescue her little boy, who had broken through the ice, fell in and perished with him.

Daily Morning Post.

LECKY HARPER.....THOMAS PHILLIPS
Harper & Phillips, Editors & Proprietors.

PITTSBURGH:

SATURDAY MORNING.....MARCH 6, 1852.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

JAMES BUCHANAN,

OF PENNSYLVANIA;

Subject to decision of the Democratic General Convention

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

WILLIAM R. KING,

OF ALABAMA;

Subject to the same decision.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION;

Baltimore, Md., Tuesday, June 1, 1852.

Saturday Morning Post.

We desire every person who desires to peruse an interesting Family paper to look at our weekly of this morning. It is for sale at the counter.

COL. WILLIAM SEARIGHT

It will be seen by reference to our Telegraphic column, that this gentlemen has received the nomination of the Democratic party of this State, for the office of Canal Commissioner. The despatch came so late last night, that we could not comment upon the nomination.

THE TARIFF.

The senior of the Gazette published an article yesterday in which he evinced a degree of condecension towards the Democratic party, that we never considered the honorable gentleman capable of feeling, much less of expressing. We have no hesitation to take the responsibility to thank him in the name of the whole democratic party, for the kind intimation that he is willing to permit us to come to his views of a Tariff, and to support what he thinks is right. There was, however, a drawback to the pleasure that should naturally arise from a perusal of any article that he might write, as it is a well established fact that they are all extremely laughable, but we could not laugh at his last one. He says that our remarks are "balderdash and insult, altogether unworthy of criticism or reply," and goes on to write a half a column about them, which is

"A very good specimen on the whole,
Of the figure of speech called rigmarole."

Just listen to him:

"*We were willing*, (what condescention!) that they should have all the party capital that could be made out of it, if they would only help *us* to restore that system which would again cause the hum of cheerful and well-requited industry to salute our ears. *We appealed to* (How ungracious! we have been not to attend to the appeal of the gentlemen) that party and to its presses in this behalf, and the only response we have yet received is a long article in the *Post* of yesterday, made up of balderdash and insult, altogether unworthy of either criticism or reply."

Now that is "shocking," as old Governor Shultze said, when it was proclaimed that he had "abandoned the errors of the democratic party and embraced those of the whigs." It might be hard for us to endure its censure, did we not remember that the Gazette placed on record some time since the fact that the "embodiment" of the Whig party had committed more murderous assaults upon the Tariff than even it would dare to accuse the *Post* of attempting to perpetrate. It has not the imprudence to say that the democratic party ever "throttled the Tariff," or that it had ever "placed the knife to the throat of Protection;" but of both these sins it has accused HENRY CLAY, the Father of the Tariff, and the man who for the last twenty-five years has been considered sufficiently great by those for whom the Gazette works, to be called the embodiment of all they know and all they think they ought to do.

The Gazette dare not accuse us with being half as bitter against a Tariff, as it has time and again labored to prove the "father of the Whig party" to be, but, because, a few plain facts from us on the question, caused their jadded hobby to limp in an unpleasant manner, they write a line stating that our article is not worthy of reply, and then continue in half a column to convince their readers that it is worthy of reply, and that they don't know what they are writing about; or if they do, to impress upon the public mind, the fact that they believe their readers to be fools, who can be deceived with any trash the Janus faced organ may choose to feed them with.

But, there was a "fact" came to the knowledge of the Gazette, which, if it is a fact, is worthy to be recorded in the columns of a reliable journal, an I we, therefore, copy it. The Gazette says:

"A fact came to our knowledge yesterday, which strikingly sets forth the ruinous effects of our present policy. Several thousands of bushels of wheat have been purchased recently in Clarion county, at *fifty cents per bushel*, and shipped by flat-boat, to this city. Under the tariff of 1842, while all the furnaces were in full blast, the farmers of that region sold all their surplus wheat at their own graneries, at one dollar per bushel, and other grains in proportion. But now most of the furnaces are idle, the busy population that clustered round them is scattered, and the farmers have lost their market. In fact, while the iron business was brisk and prosperous, thousands of barrels of flour were annually shipped from this city to Clarion county, the demand there being much greater than the home supply. This is one simple fact among hundreds of others, which plead powerfully for a change of policy."

Now, the inference that the editor of the Gazette draws from this "fact," is: that because a furnace in Clarion county may suspend operations, the people simultaneously stop eating bread, and that the wheat which they would have devoured in good white loaves, if the furnace had only gone on, had to be shipped in flat boats to Pittsburgh. This is the Gazette's logic, as clear as mud, and no "balderdash" about it.

But persons who take a common sense view of the "fact," may arrive at a different conclusion from that of the astute Gazette, and infer that Clarion county, which ten years since, had to import thousands of barrels of flour from Pittsburgh, has progressed so rapidly in producing the "staff of life," that it has now a large surplus to ship, after supplying home demands. But the Gazette asserts that this evidence of the prosperity of the farmers of Clarion county, "pleads powerfully for a change of policy."—That is, they want them to return to the times of '42, when they had to import their breadstuffs from Pittsburgh, and stop this system of developing the benefits of agricultural industry in that section of the state, as it interferes in a serious manner, with the interests of the speculators, who, in former times, had such a fine chance to skin the people, by importing what they could not produce.

The *Gazette* should persevere in its investigation of this subject, and most especially endeavor to convince the farmers of Clarion that they are "throttling the Tariff" by growing wheat for sale. And if it does not choose to reason with them in its usual style of lucid eloquence, it migh denounce them; inasmuch as the Gazette and its party do not owe any favors to the voters of Clarion. Last fall these very men who have the impudence to grow wheat for sale, gave a big majority against the whigs, notwithstanding Judge Myers and his son, who made *funny* speeches, traversed the State for the purpose of proclaiming their treason to the democratic party, and telling them what dishonest politicians they were before they took a seat on the anxious bench of whiggery.

While our neighbor is laboring to prove that a temporary decline in the manufacture of pig metal has reduced the price of *wheat*, as he imagines, will he inform the public how it happens that the prices of every other aggricultural product has advanced. Our farmers never received a better reward for their labor than at the present time, and it will require more convincing arguments than any the Gazette can give, to make them believe that, because they raise more than they can consume, they are about to be "ruined."

Improvements of the City and Suburbs.

We understand that more improvements will be made during the present season than for many years past. Old landmarks are passing away with the old inhabitants, and new lots, that a few years since were potato patches,—from which the most choice Neshannocks were produced,—are now being prepared for splendid city residences.

But, with all our "spreading out," the rising generation, or the one that has already risen, appear to think that they have not sufficient room within the limits of the Nine Wards of our city, and they desire to extend the area of their freedom to the surrounding country. We understand that the "ball of Empire" has changed its course, and now instead of "rolling to the west," it has taken an eastwardly direction. Many of those who desire to obtain pleasant sites for a country residence, have fixed their eye upon the beautiful tract of country between East Liberty and Wilkinsburgh, and we are free to say, that more lovely spots for a snug country retreat cannot be found west of the mountains. If over the land in the quarter we have designated should come into market, we have no doubt but there will be a struggle among our capitalists to get possession of it.

Kossuth and the Anti-Slavery Society.

We learn from the New York Tribune that the American Anti-Slavery Society has published a pamphlet of over a hundred pages, denouncing Kossuth in the most violent terms, because he would not say, in any of his speeches, whether he was for or against the anti-slavery agitators in the United States. This denunciation will rather help than injure the Hungarian hero; and the very fact of the anti-slavery agitators denouncing the Magyar, will be a small item in his favor all over the country.

The same croaking ravers assailed Father Mathew in a similar manner because he would not prostitute the holy object of his mission to their incendiary. But it did not harm the good Father, or the cause in which he labored. The contempt with which their assaults were treated, was the only recompense they received for their base efforts.

Mr. Buchanan in Maryland.

The State Capital Gazette, a sound and reliable Democratic paper published at Annapolis, Md., has in its issue of Wednesday last, a very able communication in favor of Mr. Buchanan for President. The writer says:

"The people of the South with remarkable unanimity, have fixed their hopes upon this gentleman, [Mr. B.] In the National Convention, which will soon assemble at Baltimore, he will receive, it is believed, the undivided vote of every Southern State with the exception, perhaps, of one own."

And the writer goes on to say that he has very strong hopes that Maryland will cast her vote in the National Convention for Mr. Buchanan.

☞ A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of California, providing *for the restoration of slaves brought into the state, before the adoption of the Constitution.* This would seem to be partial evidence at least, that the "Proviso" was not altogether unnecessary for California. An association has been formed in San Francisco, consisting of several merchants, whose purpose is to obtain an abundant supply of ice from the northwest coast. They have sent to sea the ship Flavius, with proper implements for cutting ice, and for receiving it on board. The Flavius is to visit one or more of the Russian trading ports, not so much to obtain a supply at this advanced season as to construct artificial ponds near the shore, where ice may be readily obtained next season. For this purpose the ship carries the necessary outfit. She will, if possible, obtain a cargo, but the association, with their limited information, are not so confident of success as they are of making arrangements for future supplies. They look for ice from the Arctic regions summer after next, and possibly for a sample cargo as early as July next.

PAYING OFF'S DEBTS AGREEABLY.—Dr. A. H. Wilder, of Springfield, Mass., failed some time since and went to California, leaving his wife and family to earn their daily bread for the time. A few days since, the several creditors of the bankrupt met at the residence of the debtor's wife, in compliance with her invitation, when each found under his plate the amount of his claim. The husband had taken this method of paying his liabilities out of the first of his earnings on the Pacific.

☞ No lady, with conquest unachieved, is armed and equipped, at present, without a *cayenne*. This is an article of dress something like a gentleman's waistcoat, with pockets for change, and also (we quote from a report of Fashion in a London paper,) with watch-pocket, from which the gold or enameled chain passes to the lowest button at the waist, where it attached, and descends, with a multitude of valuable trinkets, suspended on a ring."

THE NEXT ENGLISH ARCTIC SEARCH.—The Lords of the Admiralty having examined into the conduct of Capt. Austin and other officers of the late Arctic expedition, on inculpations by Capt. Penny, that Capt. A. ought to have further prosecuted his examinations on Beechey's island, and have publish a report expressing the highest satisfaction with the conduct of all the officers.

O'Connell's Last Appearance in the House of Commons.

D'Israeli describes this scene in the "Life of Lord George Bentinck:"

"He sat in his usual place—in that generally occupied by the leader of the opposition, and and spoke from the red box, convenient to him from the number of documents to which he had to refer. His appearance was of great debility and his voice was very still. His words indeed only reached those who were immediately around him, and the listeners sitting on the other side of the green table, and listening with that interest and respectful attention which becomes the occasion. It was a strange and touching spectacle to those who remembered the form of colossal energy, and the clear and thrilling tones that had once disturbed and controlled senates. Mr. O'Connell was on his legs for nearly two hours, assisted occasionally in the management of his documents by a faithful aid-de-camp. To the house generally it was a performance of dumb show, a feeble old muttering before a table, but respect for the great parliamentary personage kept all as orderly as if the fortunes of a party hung upon his rhetoric; and although not an accent reached the gallery, means were taken the next morning that the country should not lose the lost, and not the least interesting speeches of one who had so long occupied and agitated the mind of nations.

A Bank Fleeced—"Dog eat Dog."

On Saturday last a man named Blodget, who has lived at Rochester in this county, for two or three years, got $1000 in gold from Mr. Beeson in that place, to carry to Massillon and deposit in the Merchant's Bank; he also got a draft of $300 on the Union Bank, to bring the money to Mr. Burgot, of Rochester. Having drawn the money for the draft, he left with $2200. He was pursued on Sunday, but has not been caught as yet. The villain Blodget leaves a wife and two or three children in Rochester.

The most interesting part of the transaction is, that the $1900 in gold belonged to the Merchant's Bank. Beeson had received $1900 of paper of the Union Bank to draw the gold for the Merchant's Bank. It was this gold that Blodget eloped with. We understand there is quite an interesting warfare going on between these institutions.—*Stark Co. Dem.*

When a man thinks more of gold than he does of his wife, it is time he had run away.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MEMORY.

Soft as rays of sunlight stealing
On the dying day;
Sweet as chimes of low bells pealing
When eve fades away;
Sad as winds at night that moan
Through the heath o'er mountain lone,
Come the thoughts of days now gone
On manhood's memory.

As the sunbeams from the heaven
Hide at eve their light;
As the bells when fades the even
Peal not on the night;
As the night winds cease to sigh
When the rain falls from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days gone by
From age's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning
Forth again shall break,
And the bells give sweet-voiced warning
To the world to wake.
Soon the winds shall freshly breathe
O'er the mountain's purple heath;
But the path is lost in Death—
He hath no memory.

NEWS ITEMS.

It is stated that since the News of Napoleon's *coup d'etat*, the German Hussars of New York city have resolved to retain the sum of $2,300, which had been collected among them for the purpose of being contributed to the Kossuth fund. It is also said the money collected for the same purpose, in the Rev. Mr. Beecher's church, in Brooklyn is likewise held in reserve.

The Spiritual Rappers, who recently settled in Fayette county, Va., are about to publish two newspapers.

Mr. Forrest has carried the divorce case up to the Superior Court of New York. Messrs. Bryant and Lawson are his surieties.

The Pennsylvania legislature has passed a bill to construct a State road from York to Deardorff's Mill, in Adams county.

The Lynchburg and Tennessee railroad has been opened to Little Otter Bridge, a distance of twenty-three miles.

During February, 6,610 immigrants arrived at New York, making 19,219 since January 1st.

The General Assembly of the Constitutional Presbyterian Church meets in Washington in May.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell is delivering a course of medical lectures to ladies in New York.

There are 255 churches in New York, of which 45 have been organized since 1816.

The Virginia House of Delegates have rejected the proposition to tax agricultural productions.

The fees of the American Consul at Havre, for 1851 exceeded $5,000 by a trifle. Many supposed the office yielded considerably more.

Gov. Bigler of Pennsylvania, has vetoed the bill allowing corporations of all kinds to subscribe to the capital stock of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

A grand entertainment was given in honor of Daniel Webster, on Saturday evening, by Mr. Nelson Robinson, in N. York. Most of the notibles of the city were present. On a toast being drank in honor of the guest of the evening, Mr. Webster responded in a short address.

The corporation of San Francisco has imposed a tax of one dollar on every passenger arriving at that port. On its payment the passenger is to receive a certificate which will admit him into the hospital, as a city patient, at any time within six months.

The net profits of the South-Western (Georgia) Railroad, for the last six months, were $49,609 82; at the end of the year they expect to declare a dividend of not less than eight per cent. The road was opened on the 4th of July last, from Savannah to Oglethrope.

Hon. Henry Clay, at the last accounts, was in somewhat better health. He was able to ride out in a carriage in Washington, on Monday.

The receipts for the Washington Monument during the month of February, were $1,069 52.

At Massillon, a young lady "medium" was arrested for causing rappings in church during divine service, but, after a trial of three days, was discharged.

☞ **Sunday Evening Lecture.**—The next of the Series will be delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, on Fifth street, to-morrow evening, 7th instant, at 7 o'clock, by the Rev. W. D. Howard. *Subject*—Temperance. [mar6:1t

☞ **Wanted.**—A few Men, to become Agents for one of the best institutions in America. None not those of strong good references, as to moral character and business capacity, need apply. To such as are possessed of the foregoing requisites, good remuneration will be given. Apply at NO. 39 SMITHFIELD ST., corner of Third and Smithfield. feb27

Concert.

A GRAND CONCERT OF VOCAL MUSIC—Consisting of Choruses, Duetts, and Songs, (some of which have never been performed in this city,) with instrumental accompaniment, will be given under the direction of Mr. PEASE, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Smithfield and Seventh streets, on *TUESDAY*, March 9th, commencing at 7 o'clock, P. M. *Tickets*, 25 cents each—(children half price)—to be had at Mr. H. English & Co's Music Store, 79 Wood street; and at S. Eicher's Shoe Store, 333 Liberty street.

The Piano will be furnished from the Warerooms of H. KLEBER. [mar6:3t

BACON—10 hhds. Shoulders;
10 do Hams;
5 do Sides; Received and for sale by
L. S. WATERMAN & SONS,
mar6 Nos. 61 and 61 Water, and 60 Front st.

BUCKETS AND TUBS—
70 doz. Beaver Buckets;
5 do Tubs, large;
50 Nest Tubs; For sale by
L. S. WATERMAN & SONS.
mar6

CHURNS—30 doz, assorted sizes, (pine cooperage,) for sale by
L. S. WATERMAN & SONS.
mar6

GLASS—380 bxs. assorted sizes, of city and country brands Window Glass, for sale by
L. S. WATERMAN & SONS
mar6

TOBACCO—A large and general assortment of 5s, 8s, and pound lumps, of popular Richmond and Lynchburg brands manufactured Tobacco, received direct from the manufacturers, on consignment and for sale at lowest prices, by
L. S. WATERMAN & SONS.
mar6

TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for the County of Allegheny:

The petition of J. M Crawford, Fourth Ward, City of Allegheny, in the County aforesaid, humbly sheweth, That your petitioner hath provided himself with materials for the accommodation of travelers and others, at his dwelling house in the Ward aforesaid, and prays that your Honors will be pleased to grant him a license to keep a public house of entertainment. And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will pray.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD.

We, the subscribers, citizens of the Ward aforesaid, do certify that the above petitioner is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation and lodging of strangers and travelers, and that said tavern is necessary.

S A Walker, Geo Flaudley, Geo Sloman, Thomas Arnold, J Adams, Wm Sidden, H Lacock, F Owens, John Kelly, E M'Gee, H M'Gee, F Grading. [mar6:3t

(Gazette copy 3 times, and charge Post.)

TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the County of Allegheny:

The petition of Patrick Kirkpatrick, the 34 Ward, Pittsburgh, in the County aforesaid, humbly sheweth, That your petitioner hath provided himself with materials for the accommodation of travelers and others, at his dwelling house in the Ward aforesaid, and prays that your Honors will be pleased to grant him a license to keep a public house of entertainment. And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will pray.

GEORGE KIRKPATRICK.

We, the subscribers, citizens of the Ward aforesaid, do certify that the above petitioner is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation and lodging of strangers and travelers, and that said tavern is necessary.

S J Nolan, J Boston, S M Lyon, M Wallace, M Canon, S Cookerson, T Dunlop, T Shields, G Splane, J Stewart, J Hansell, J Bryar. [mar6:3t

(Gazette copy, and charge Post.)

TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the County of Allegheny:

The petition of Hugh Salle, First Ward, Pittsburgh, in the County aforesaid, humbly sheweth, That your petitioner hath provided himself with materials for the accommodation of travelers and others, at his dwelling house in the Ward aforesaid, and prays that your Honors will be pleased to grant him a license to keep a public house of entertainment. And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will pray. HUGH SALLE.

We, the subscribers, citizens of the Ward aforesaid, do certify that the above petitioner is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation and lodging of strangers and travelers, and that said tavern is necessary.

Jesse Blair, Thomas Rose, Felix Grant, Jas Reese, A Morton, Philip M'Glaughlin, E Prisbee, Henry Martin, H Stafford, James Brinton, John Gracey, Samuel Middleton.—*Chronicle.*

TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the County of Allegheny:

The petition of James S Irvin, of the Township of Robinson, in the county aforesaid, humbly sheweth. That your petitioner hath provided himself with materials for the accomodation of travelers and others, at his dwelling house, in the township aforesaid, and prays that your Honors will be pleased to grant him a license to keep a public house of entertainment. And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will pray.

JAMES S. IRVIN.

We, the subscribers, citizens of the aforesaid township, do certify that the above petitioner is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation and lodging of strangers and travelers, and that said tavern is necessary.

Wm. Ewing, James Neely, Wm Tidball, John Hall, John Nickel, M Hopkinson, Sr., J. A. Ewing, Jos M'Farland, Samuel M'Curdy, Lemuel Cress, R Hall, Hugh Cowan, Sr. [mar6:3t

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CITIZENS' Insurance Company of Pittsburgh.

C. G. HUSSEY, President.
SAMUEL L. MARSHALL, Secretary.
OFFICE, 94 WATER STREET,
Eastern Market and Wood streets.

☞ **Insures Hull and Cargo Risks,** *On the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and tributaries.*

INSURES against Loss or Damage by Fire.
ALSO—Against the Perils of the Sea, and Inland Navigation and Transportation.

DIRECTORS.

C G Hussey,	Wm Larimer, Jr.,
William Bagaley,	Sam'l M. Kier,
Hugh D. King,	William Bingham,
Robert Dunlap, Jr.,	D. Dehaven,
S. Harbaugh,	Francis Sellers,
Edward Heazleton,	J. Schoonmaker,
Walter Bryant,	Samuel Rea.

Isaac M. Pennock. [ja5

STATE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

HARRISBURG, PA.
CAPITAL, 200,000 DOLLARS.

Designed only for the safer classes of property, has an ample capital, and affords superior advantages in point of cheapness, safety and accommodation, to City and Country Merchants and owners of Dwellings and Isolated or Country Property.

A. A. CARRIER, Actuary.
nov12 Branch Office, 54 Smithfield st., Pittsburgh.

Associated Firemen's Insurance Company of the City of Pittsburgh.

W. W. DALLAS, Pres't.—ROBERT FINNEY, Sec'y.

☞ Will insure against FIRE and MARINE RISKS of all kinds.

Office in Monongahela House, Nos. 124 and 126 Water st.

DIRECTORS:

W. W. Dallas,	John Anderson,
H. C. Sawyer,	R. B. Simpson,
Wm. M. Egert,	H. B. Wilkins,
Robert Finney,	Charles Kent,
William Gorman,	William Collingwood,
A. P. Ansburz,	Joseph Kaye,
William D. Wrighter.	[ja9

Mutual Life Insurance.

THE KENTUCKY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
At Covington, Kentucky.

Guaranty Fund $100,000.

☞ Insures lives upon the Mutual plan; at Joint Stock rates of premium, and it is believed, offers the most simple, reasonable, safe and equitable plan yet devised for Mutual Life Insurance.

Pamphlets furnished, information given, and applications received by J. TURBETT, Agent, 127 Wood street.

SAMUEL DILWORTH, Medical Examiner. [ja19

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of Hartford, Conn.

Capital Stock.....$300,000
Assets.....$425,000

☞ Office of the Pittsburgh Agency in the Store Room of M'Cardy & Lacock, No 29