THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HAUTCŒUR.

[CONCLUDED.]

Returned to Paris, Pierro remained for some weeks in a state of the profoundest dejection.—Uncle Paul was quite grieved and heart sore to find the boy so stricken by his disappointment, and, surprised at the long continuance of his despondency, began to think that the ruin of of the noble house of Hautcœur would also prove the ruin of his promising young pupil.—Growing out of patience at last, he endeavored to reason with Pierre, and told him it was preposterous to expend so unreasonable an amount of sympathy upon people who had not been able to manage their own affairs, and who of course could care nothing about him. 'Bah!' cried the old man, 'the house of Hautcœur does not engross all the goodness of the world. Thank Heaven, they were not the only patrons of the arts, or I had starved long ago. Arouse ye, Pierre, and set to work! There are hundreds of connoisseurs and dilettani waiting, impatiently, the advent of a new genius. Arouse ye boy, and be that genius.'

But for the present, Pierre, the sentimental, spiritual lover and dreamer, was heart broken, and had no mind, nor will, nor power to work. At length he fell ill of a violent fever, and lay for months in a most precarious state. His mother came up from the country to nurse and watch over him. Thanks to her constant care, notwithstanding the rudeness with which an unusually delicate and sensitive organization had been assailed, he at length began to mend, and slowly returned to complete existence. By and by, a poor shadow of a youth crept leaning upon his parent's faithful arm, forth from his close chamber into the fresh air.

'Pierre, poor boy, I begin to lose faith in thee!' said Uncle Paul, mournfully one evening, as he sat beside the youth, shortly after the latter had risen from his sick bed. 'I thought at one time that you hadst the soul of a true artist; but I fear, boy, thou wert only inspired by the poor hope of pleasing a patron. And now thou hast found thy patron to be an absolute phantom, all thy thoughts of art leave thee, and thou sickenest almost to the death.'

Pierre's pale cheek flushed: it was not true. He was an artist in his very soul—but what did it matter, now she was gone! He answered not; but tears filled his eyes and trickled down his thin face, for his heart throbbed almost to bursting at the thought of all the grand hopes and ambitions, and the bright, happy enthusiasm lost to him forever.

Uncle Paul, however, knew not the secret of the youth's malady, and continued to reproach him, mostly in a kindly manner, but oftentimes bitterly, for his apathy and waste of time and talent. These kindly scoldings were not without good effect; and the gradual return of health, and the softening influence of time, allayed the poignancy of his sufferings, and Pierre sadly entered the *atelier* again, to recommence work. One day, the bright thought occurred to him, (strange it had not done so before, but such is the waywardness of youthful feeling,) that it was by no means impossible that he might behold the Lady Verienne again some day, even should the house of Hautcœur never be reinstated. The hope took root; and with firm, settled and stern determination, in place of his once buoyant, fantastic fervor, he resumed his art-work.

In two years, the name of Pierre Duverne became well known. He had worked sedulously and successfully. Two of his productions, a couple of figures, 'Despair' and 'Hope,' had been admitted to the Louvre, and had attracted much attention by their poetical beauty and exquisite truth. By the time this young sculptor had attained his twenty-first year, he had accomplished several *coefs-d'œuvres*, had become known, even to a degree of celebrity—was intrusted with commissions of a high and important character—was growing wealthy—and, as is usually the case with fortunate men, was much courted and flattered. With a gay company of careless, high-spirited young artists at his heels, and with this accession of wealth and honor in the hey day of life, Pierre had many strong temptations to a career of *insouciance* and dissipation; but the early sentiments of purity and refinement, so curiously instilled into his nature by his romantic estimation of the house of Hautcœur, interfered to prevent any degeneracy of his description, and kept him to his onward course—a gentleman and an artist.

A new direction was shortly given to all his thoughts by a most unexpected occurrence.—There entered his studio one day a lady and gentleman, who had gained admission by application to Uncle Paul. Pierre happened to be intently occupied at the moment—engaged, indeed, in perfecting a peculiar shade of expression upon a face—and with a slight and vague feeling of irritation at a prospect of interruption, he continued his work. The visitors, ushered in by the proud and reverent Uncle Paul, looked on in silence. Presently, Pierre, with a low sigh of satisfaction at having accomplished an intention, and transferred to enduring stone the conception of the moment, raised his head, turned round, and stood rooted to the spot in amazement and confusion. There stood the Marquis d'Hautcœur and his daughter Verienne. Both were altered since he had seen them years ago, but there was no mistaking them. The marquis had grown gray, and a deep shade of anxiety and thought overspread his once hearty features, the Lady Verienne was a new woman of a fine and elegant presence—her face matured into superlative beauty, and her once golden hair a sunny brown.

'Art thou really the same Pierre Duverne,' said the marquis, holding out his hand to Pierre, and surveying him curiously but respectfully, 'the son of Jean, once a tenant of our own on the estate Hautcœur, whom I remember to have presented me some clever pieces of woodcarving?'

'The same,' said Pierre, much agitated.

'Receive, then, my warmest congratulations, and my best wishes for your future. I mingle sare not with me as they once were,' he continued sadly, 'so I might have given you some more satisfactory testimony of my admiration of your genius and sympathy with your fortunes. As it is, you must take my bare word, young friend. I was anxious to see you, for I have not forgotten the time that is past, and the circumstances that are no more—there is not one of all who were once around me in whom I do not feel an interest; and I am much gratified in being able to see you, and assure you of my respect and regard, though probably these are not much worth to him who has won fame and fortune by the splendid labors of his own hands.'

How beautiful the dignified modesty and frankness of these few words chimed in with Pierre's old dreams! No reverses of fortune could injure the fine spirit of the house of Hautcœur. With much emotion he expressed his heartfelt thanks.

Meanwhile, the Lady Verienne was looking round the studio at Pierre's works and fragments. The artist saw that her cheek glowed and her eyes flashed with delight. It was no wonder, for Pierre had extraordinary power in reaching and touching the heart. The marquis himself inspected with much attention the objects around him. 'Well?' said he to Verienne, significantly glancing round the place, as he took her hand to lead her to the door.

'Beautiful! exquisite!' said she softly, as in reply to his look; 'I could look at them the whole day!'

They had been gone some time before Pierre completely recovered his presence of mind, and then he began to regret that he had not endeavored to discover where they were living. But they were gone now, and he could only trust to the future. With renewed energy, and a certain inspiring of glorious thoughts and hopes, he returned to his work. But the Lady Verienne—did she not seem like a queen in his atelier? and was she not a daughter of a long and proud lineage? while he, rich and famous he might be, was still but a peasant's son. The gulf to be passed was wide and perilous.

'Bravo!' cried Uncle Paul one morning, as he entered the studio; 'the house of Hautcœur will soon be set to right again! There is a grand marriage this morning at St. Roch—the Duc de Varre to Mademoiselle, the daughter of the good old marquis! The duc has an ocean of money, and soon the Chateau d'Hautcœur will open its gates again!'

Without a word, Pierre seized his hat, and rushed from the house. A few minutes brought him to the church of St. Roch, in the Rue Honore. The marriage was just consummated. A large crowd had gathered round the doors. In indescribable agitation, Pierre mingled in the motly group, and awaited the coming forth of the bridal party. A long line of handsome equipages was drawn up before the great door, and thought overspread his once hearty features, which presently was thrown wide open, and a gallant party immediately came forth. '*Voila Pedouset!*'—'*Voila la nouvelle—mariee!*'—'*Voila Pepoux!*' murmured many voices in the throng, as a nobly handsome couple appeared. Thank God!! It was not the Lady Verienne! She walked behind her sister, more lovely than ever, clad in white satin, and wearing roses in her beautiful hair, leaning upon the arm of the venerable marquis.

'What! Pierre Duverne?' The duc stopped suddenly as he was entering his carriage, his newly-wedded wife having just ascended. With one foot resting upon the step, he paused, raised his hat, and extended his hand towards Pierre. The latter approached, grasped the proffered palm, and in a few simple but impressive words, congratulated the bridegroom upon the occasion, and wished him many years of happiness.

'Even in this moment, which at any rate ought to be one of unalloyed delight,' said the Duc de Varre, 'a pang seizes me to think how thou hast been forgotten, glorious Duverne! Thank Heaven for this opportune meeting, for you shall be the lustre of my wedding breakfast.—Our friends have already disposed of their carriage room; but—enter here! for thou shalt sit by the side of me, as Jove said to the poet! I am very proud to know thee, Duverne, as I ought to be, and would fain honor myself by having thee near me.'

Pierre hurriedly endeavored to excuse himself; he was not in fit apparel—he had but just quitted his studio—it would not be becoming; but the duc, who had long been one of Pierre's warmest admirers, and had given him the heartiest encouragement at the commencement of his career, shook his hand with an undeniable grace, told him his protestations were vain, handed him into the carriage, and followed himself. In this fashion was Pierre introduced to the Duchess de Varre, the eldest daughter of the noble house of Hautcœur, and brought into actual social contact with the members of that high-born family, his own finely-toned idea of whose virtues and genius had exercised a talismanic and beautiful influence upon his life, and had mainly contributed to stimulate him to the attainment of his present honorable position.

At the grand wedding-breakfast of the Duc de Varre, he who was there by accident, who was not in bridal array, the son of that peasant Duverne, who still lived in his humble cottage far away in pleasant Normandy—he was the observed of all observers, the lucky stranger, whose acquaintance all were proud to make—who was greeted with epithets of eulogy and congratulation—who sat at the right hand of the venerable Marquis d'Hautcœur, at whose left, all radiant and angelic, was the bright spirit of many a grand dream, of many an artist's rhapsody—the Lady Verienne,

The good duc is worthy to be mated with a daughter of the house of Hautcœur,' thought Pierre. 'One needs but to have done something well, to have exerted one's utmost powers, to secure the honor of his generous friendship. All who come within the pale of this morally august family, seem to be gifted with true nobility of soul!'

When Pierre discovered how, for some years, the marquis had been living in Paris upon limited means, preserved from the wreck of his fortunes—a wreck brought about by a series of untoward occurrences, which had been out of his power to control, and for which he was by no means accountable—living, himself and his two daughters, in strict privacy and humble economy and yet preserving throughout all the profoundest esteem and consideration of every grade of society from the highest aristocracy in France to the humblest *boutiquier* who supplied their wants; Pierre's heart burned to see him restored by his old position of honor and competence.—Thanks to the Duc de Varre, Pierre henceforth enjoyed the friendship, and shortly the intimacy of the marquis, whose family was now limited to himself and Verienne. Meanwhile, save by them, he was but rarely seen abroad, for he was engaged upon a great work. This work by and by was completed; and all the dilettanti of France, and many from abroad, crowded to his studio, to inspect the fruits of his industry.

Four magnificent groups of statuary, of exquisitely beautiful conception and marvellous workmanship, were there—all the work of Pierre's aunt and hand. These, valuable almost beyond price, Pierre presented to the Marquis d'Hautcœur.

"Duverne! Duverne!" exclaimed the marquis with tears in his eyes, "what can I do with these? I have no longer chateau or museum, and these priceless gifts so sharply chide my poor lot, it were a mockery to accept them. I cannot, must not!"

"They are works of some repute," said Pierre, modestly; "the nation will be glad to possess them for some of the palaces of the Louvre.—You must accept them for my sake; but if you cannot keep them, I shall be pleased to see them in some great collection."

A short time, afterwards, a deputation of officers connected with the Louvre, waited upon the marquis, and very cautiously asked some questions respecting the *chefs d'œuvres* of the sculptor Duverne. A negotiation of some delicacy followed, which ended in the purchase of the group for the Louvre at a sum of many thousand francs.

"Well done!" exclaimed the marquis. "Here princely Duverne, are the proceeds of thy wonderful labors!"

"Monsieur," answered Duverne, stepping up to the marquis, and addressing him with impressive emphasis, "if ever these groups of mine are to me a source of pleasure, it will be the pleasure of having done me the honor to accept them; but if I have misapprehended you, I will immediately recall them to my studio, and reduce them to fragments!"

"Recall them, and break them to pieces!" exclaimed the marquis apprehensively, and taken off his guard; "I mean no do that—I mean such misdief, Duverne; they have passed out of thy hands. Having done thy best upon them, thou canst do thy worst, for they are no longer thine."

"I am content!" exclaimed the happy Duverne, and he hurried from the house.

The merits of these groups procured Pierre a cross of the Legion of Honor. Having now obtained a position which would save him from any imputation of presumption, he began earnestly to prosecute his suit with the Lady Verienne; and wooed her as successfully as he had wooed the goddess—Art. In the Chapel of the Chateau Hautcœur, now re-purchased by the aged marquis, and repossessed in something like the olden splendor, the famous artist Duverne espoused the Lady Verienne; and in that chateau he resided, happy and honored, to the end of his days.

So that every young genius might catch some such master-thought as did Pierre Duverne!—"Practical men" may pooh-pooh: but it is not "all nonsense." However, thoughts and sentiments may arise, by whatever singular and apparently far fetched associations they may be prompted, it is a fine thing to find an authentic key-note tuning the mind and to hear its exalted thoughts, fancies, ideas of life, and duty. The grandest attributes of manhood—under the power to entertain a conception of deity, and to worship—is to set the mind upon some fine degree of perfection, upon some idea beyond one's self, and towards that to work truthfully and loyally throughout life.

The Troubles in Honduras.

The New Orleans *True Delta* brings us the letter on which the telegraphic announcement was based, that the British steamer Devastation had, by force of arms, taken possession of the port and town of Truxillo, in the name of the King of the Musquitos. The letter is dated Belize, Honduras, February 24, and alleges that the town was quietly surrendered, under protest, to the demands of the British commander, who only allowed the authorities two hours to deliberate. The writer also adds:

I will also inform you, that the original right to cut mahogany in that part of the country was granted by the State of Honduras to Archibald Montgomery, and during the time which he used the privilege he always acknowledged that right, and paid that State for the trees; entered and cleared his vessels at Truxillo, and in every way complied with the laws and requirements of the State of Honduras. In 1848, Mr. Montgomery sold his entire interest in Honduras to John Carmichael & Co., who established a house there under the firm of Auld, Mather & Co. For a time that house also complied with the laws of Honduras; but finally they made a much better bargain with the "King of Mosquitos," and hoisted his flag, refused to pay Honduras for the mahogany trees, to enter or clear their vessels at Truxillo, and, in a word, entirely repudiated Honduras. These are the true facts of the case."

As the steamer Devastation has since arrived at Port Royal, and made no report of the difficulties at Truxillo, in which she is represented to have taken so prominent a part, we shall have to await further advices before we can ascertain the truth of what the *True Delta*'s correspondent asserts.

☞ The New York *Mirror* sagely remarks: If any Treaty shall be sanctioned while the duty on American books imported into England is 30 per cent., and that on English books imported to the United States is only 10 per cent., giving the British 20 per cent. advantage, quite enough to enable English publishers to monopolize four-fifths of the total book trade—it might be well too, that the people should know what is being concocted in private by the British Minister and American Secretary of State before the measure fully becomes a law.

California Gold.—Private letters from California, the New York Tribune says, speak of the yield of gold as very large, and predict that the shipments in March will be six and a half to seven millions of dollars. One very remarkable and important feature we hear of from several sources by this arrival. The beds of streams which were worked out and entirely abandoned during the first year or two after the discovery of gold in that country, are now being worked over again with equal and in some cases, greater success than originally.

Spurious Note.—A counterfeit purporting to be a one dollar bill on the "Farmers and Merchants' Bank of Baltimore," was detected in Wheeling on Wednesday. It is said to be a close imitation of the genuine, and is simply defective it a portion of the vignette—the hand of the milk maid which is resting on the cow looks more like a paw.

Daily Morning Post.

LACEY HARPER.....THOMAS PHILLIPS

Harper & Phillips, Editors & Proprietors.

PITTSBURGH:

TUESDAY MORNING.....MARCH 22.

☞ No North, no South, no East, no West, under the Constitution; but a sacred maintenance of the Common Bond, and true devotion to the Common Brotherhood.—FRANKLIN PIERCE.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

CANAL COMMISSIONER,
THOMAS H. FORSYTH,
of Philadelphia County.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
EPHRAIM BANKS,
of Mifflin County.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,
J. PORTER BRAWLEY,
of Crawford County.

☞ Messrs. S. M. Pettingill & Co., who are prompt, honest and gentlemanly in their business transactions, are the only authorized agents in the cities of New York and Boston for the *Morning Post*. They are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at our usual rates. Their receipts are regarded as payments. Their offices are at NEW YORK, 122 Nassau street. BOSTON, 40 State street.

☞ FINE JOB PRINTING. ☜

Having recently made large additions of New and Handsome Type to our News and Job Offices, we are now prepared to do PRINTING OF ALL KINDS, in the neatest style, and upon the lowest terms. Every size and variety of Type, from fifty line Pica down to Diamond, will now be found in our extensive Job Office. Give us a call.

AGENT.—Mr. John Woods will act as agent for the Morning Post and *Saturday Post*, at the village of Tunnel, Indiana county.

☞ We are under many obligations to Mr. A. A. Hunnewell, Post Master, at Columbia, Cala., for a package of late California papers.

☞ We are indebted to Judge Banks, Auditor General, for a copy of his Annual Report on Banks and Savings Institutions. Mr. Gilmore has our thanks for a similar favor.

☞ We publish this morning a statement from Mrs. E. J. French, in explanation of an article which appeared in the Gazette some time since, and which was considered grossly slanderous, by her and her friends. We have understood that a prosecution had been commenced, but through the intercession of mutual friends, of high respectability in our community, it was discontinued. Mrs. and Mr. French are, we are informed, highly estimable people, and the obnoxious publication, to which she refers, has not only given deep pain to them, but also to a large circle of friends.

THE CABINET.

The Washington *Union*, pointedly contradicts the rumors which have been put in circulation by a New York paper, respecting "a storm brewing" in the cabinet. That paper remarks that the cabinet of President Pierce is strong in every element of power. It is strong not only in the ability and influence, but in the mutual confidence and esteem, of its individual members, and in the unity of aim and harmony of action with which they pursue their common object—the public good. It is strong, too, in its dependence on the President, the keystone of the arch.—Such is the confidence in his resources of wisdom and of will, that the country entertains no apprehension of feud and inefficiency in the administration while the executive power of the government is in the control of the present Chief Magistrate.

IOWA.

The Iowa Democratic State Convention assembled at the Capitol, Iowa City, on the 24th of February. Wm. Thompson, of Henry County, was president. The following nominations were made:

For Commissioner of the Des Moines River Improvement.—Josiah H. Bonney, of Van Buren County.

For Register of the Des Moines River Improvement.—George Gillaspy, of Wapello County.

For Attorney General.—David C. Cloud, of Masculine County.

The election for Commissioner and Register takes place on the first Monday in April. The election for Attorney General takes place on the first Monday of August.

☞ Judging from the following paragraph, which we find in the Albany Atlas, the people of New York will have a fine time paying for a "small gudgeon in a big basket:"

Where has the Money Gone, and Where is it to go?—The actual and estimated cost of the three uncompleted works is as follows:

Enlargement of Erie Canal	$23,809,922
Genesee Valley Canal	609,816
Black River Canal	3,554,212
	$35,123,950
Add Mr. Varnebilt's estimate to complete	15,000,000
Total cost	$50,123,950

Fifty millions of dollars for the enlargement of a canal which cost originally only seven millions of dollars, and the construction of two canals only two hundred and eight miles less than the Erie Canal!!

Bloody Rencontre.—We learn from the Clarksburg (Va.) *Register*, that a bloody rencontre occurred at West Union, Doddridge county, Virginia, on the 13th ult., between three men engaged upon the railroad. Two men attacked another named Lee, who defended himself with a pen-knife. One of them received seven cuts in different parts of his person, one of which severed the jugular vein, and caused his death in a short time; the other met with a narrow escape, as one of the strokes made by Lee with his knife, cut the skin over the jugular vein of his neck. Lee is in the West Union jail awaiting his trial, which will take place on the 20th of May next.

Illinois Cattle for the World's Fair.—The Chicago *Democratic Press* of the 16th says: We learned yesterday from J. A. Brittenham, Esq., that Illinois is likely to present a specimen of her great staple, Beef, at the World's Fair, that will do honor to our rich and magnificent Prairies. Franklin Harris, Esq., of Champaign county, has one hundred and ten steers, which are regarded by good judges as the finest lot of cattle, for so large a number, ever raised at the west. It is thought their average weight will not be less than twelve hundred pounds. They will show the world what the Prairies of Illinois are capable of producing.

Arrests in Washington.—The Washington Republic states that Michael Sullivan, with an associate named Sludden, from Baltimore, have been arrested in that city charged with an assault upon Mr. Creaser, on Tuesday night. Upon the person of Sullivan was found a slungshot with which it is supposed the blows were inflicted, and on Sludden a well-charged revolver.—They were bound over for their appearance at the criminal court.

☞ The New Orleans Delta says, that a literary friend of the editor, who is "singularly competent for the task," has a work entitled "Cuba in 1853," in a state of considerable forwardness. It will be published not later than October next. The author has been for sometime accumulating facts with regard to this island—historical, financial, and political—and the result of his labors has been, says the Delta, "a mass of information of the highest interest and most reliable character."

We wonder if this is not another Fillibuster project? New Orleans is remarkable for lawless schemes of all kinds.

DEATH OF COL. JOHN J. M'CAHEN.

We regret to hear of the death of Col. John J. M'Cahen, which occurred in Philadelphia, on Saturday morning. He was well known as an active and influential Democrat, and a kind-hearted citizen. Our readers will remember that he was sent as a Commissioner to London to negotiate the Pennsylvania loan.

Petitions Tunnel.—We see it stated in the Baltimore Sun that the tunnel on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which since the opening of the road to Wheeling, has been passed by a series of V's, will be ready for the laying of the rails about the first of this week. Upon its completion, the transportation of heavy tonnage will set in over the road in earnest.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

City of Washington, 18th March, 1853.

Messrs. Harper & Phillips:

After some days' unavoidable delay, I again drop you a few lines, principally to say, that matters and things here are assuming more of a quiet character than they presented a few weeks since; and consequently the city is becoming more dull: but there is much here, at all times, to excite interest; and I now propose to send you a letter daily, relating to such matters as may be presented to my observation, calculated to excite interest in the minds of your readers.

There is nothing that presents itself just now more interesting, than a brief notice of a few of the Representatives of Pennsylvania in the Congress of the United States. I have made the acquaintance of nearly all the Democrats of our delegation, and would speak of them all as very excellent and competent gentlemen; but of those whom I write, I have formed an opinion that perfectly accords with the estimate placed upon them here.

Col. Thomas B. Florence, who represents the first district; and whose post office is Philadelphia; represents Southwark, Moyamensing, &c., and a part of the City. He is an active and energetic member of the House, and is deservedly popular not only among his constituents, but also throughout a very large circle of acquaintances. I have known Col. F. for perhaps five years; and always, whether at home or abroad, have found him to be the same free, off-hand, generous minded gentleman—ready at all times to serve his party or a friend; and prompt in the discharge of his duties, whether public or private. The Colonel is a very handsome man.

Gen. John McNair represents Delaware and Montgomery (the fifth district;) and the people there could not find a better representative, among ten thousand. He is not a speaker; but he is one of those plain, practical, sound, common-sense, honest men, whose life has been passed amid his constituents; and whose children look up to him as a second father. The General has been a preceptor of youth, very successful in his avocation, and makes a useful and influential member. His post office is Norristown.

Galusha A. Grow,—one of the youngest members of the House, and whose post office is Glenwood,—represents the twelfth district: and from his ready faculty of debating, and his capacity for business, has gained a high standing among his fellow-members. He seems to be more of a thinking than a talking man; but can perform his part in any line of action creditably to himself and his State.

James Gamble is one of the fairest specimens of an old-fashioned, modest, unassuming, yet sound thinking and correct acting Pennsylvanian. He represents the thirteenth district; lives at Jersey Shore; and while here, is the room-mate of Mr. Grow. This gentleman is one who will "wear well," because he is straight-forward and honest, and possesses those qualities which must make him an influential member.

James N. McLanahan, whose residence is Chambersburg, is a very accomplished and able representative;—one who has made a favorable impression in this City, as he must do anywhere else. He represents the sixteenth district.

Of Alfred Gilmore, who comes from the twenty-fourth district, it is scarcely worth while for me to say any thing to your readers. He represents a strong Democratic district; and is well known as a gentleman of a high order of talents, very industrious in attending to his duties, and eminently courteous in all his relations. Mr. Gilmore is one of those men who may be looked upon as advancing. He will undoubtedly, (should his life be spared,) occupy a higher position in political life than he now does.

Last in this connection, but not last in the estimation of the public—among our delegation in Congress,—stands J. Glancey Jones, the representative of the sterling, indomitable, uncompromising and unwavering Democracy of old Berks, the citadel of Pennsylvania Democracy. In manners there is no one in or out of Congress, more kind and prepossessing; and he has proven himself to be foremost among his colleagues, as a strong reasoner in favor of the radical doctrine of the Democratic party. His able speeches in Congress on the Tariff, &c., and his constant exertions in our State, during the late Presidential campaign, had a powerful effect in securing for our ticket that overwhelming majority which marked the second of November as an epoch in our State history. I am glad to find that Mr. Jones is properly estimated here, and that all look forward to a bright political future for him. Pennsylvania may well be proud of such a representative as J. Glancey Jones; and in her future history I doubt not that his name will stand high upon its pages.

Of the other gentlemen in Congress, representing the Democracy of Pennsylvania, I am not able to speak definitely, not having had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them.—I believe, however, that, at this moment, Pennsylvania is as well represented in the popular branch in the General Legislature as any State in the Union; and there is no room for quarrelling the assertion, that her position as a member of the Confederacy is as high, and the influence that she exerts upon our affairs as a People as great, as that of any other State.

In my next, I may give you some political items, or disquisitions, or something of that sort.

Yours, truly, L. E

WASHINGTON ITEMS.

A despatch from Washington, March 18th, says:—It appears to be generally understood, this evening, that Mr. Buchanan is certainly decided upon for England, Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, for France, and Mr. Soule, of Louisiana for Spain.

—Mr. De Bow, editor of the Commercial Review, has been appointed Superintendent of the Census Department, vice Kennedy, and took the oath of office on Friday. His appointment gives general satisfaction.

The property of the late Daniel Webster in Washington city, was sold on Friday, by his executors. There was great anxiety to purchase relics of the deceased statesman, and nearly everything of that class brought double its value. An ordinary-looking cane seat chair brought $15, and old common clock $30.

The rejection of Mr. Beale, a democrat, as Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, on Thursday, was the result of a democratic caucus that morning, before which various charges of misconduct were brought against the late incumbent. Besides, he has become quite rich from the office, and could afford to give way. His successor, Col. McNair, has been up for First Assistant Postmaster General, but was induced by democratic Senators to accept this other office, which is considered as worth some $4,000 or $5,000 a year. In every sense, Col. McNair is a highly respectable man. The almost unanimous re-election of the other Senate officers is equally significant against Mr. Beale.

It is said that Senator Douglas is strenuously urging the claims of W. A. Corry, of Ohio, a prominent leader of Young America, to a foreign mission.

Hon. Mr. Ficklin, of Illinois, for the office of Solicitor of the Treasury, is strongly urged.

Hon. Graham N. Fitch is recommended for a place in the Indian Bureau, and the Hon. Mr. Lockhart as Indian Agent.

Judge Hammond, of San Francisco, is probably to carry off the collectorship of that port. The California Delegation recommend him, much to the disappointment of Hon. Mr. Marshall.

Hon. J. L. Robinson will probably be Marshal of Indiana.

Col. Gorman, Dale Owen, and ex-Speaker Davis seek diplomatic and consular appointments.

An inquiring western man asked President Pierce how he liked the air of Washington? He said, "I don't know, for I have not had the opportunity of getting a breath of fresh air. Have not even time to shave;" which was evident by looking at the President's face.

From the Pittsburgh Gazette.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

As a duty to myself, in justice to my family and friends and to the cause of Spiritualism I beg leave to call attention to the following plain statements of facts and thus disabuse the public mind of false and malicious charges made within the last few weeks, and obtaining large circulation with various versions and comments, through the public press, charging me with fraud and deception, and calculated to bring odium upon a great and good cause.

From an early period of my life I have been the subject of impressions, which, until recently I did not understand; but which I now believe were spiritual. Many facts are familiar to those who have known me intimately and abundant testimony can be furnished as to the correctness of these impressions. At an early age I became connected with the Methodist E. Church in which for fourteen years, I have always taken an active part. About one year since I first became aware of the fact that I was a medium for spiritual manifestations and communications.

This phenomena was unpopular with the masses. Mediums were charged by pulpit and press with collusion, imposture and various epithets. I naturally shrank from notoriety, but believing in my soul that these manifestations were from the spirit world, and that God was in this age permitting his ministering spirits to speak to man as they did in the days of the Savior, and believing that it was my duty, (if the Great Spirit so willed it,) to submit to being used as a medium for the good of my fellow creatures, I threw my doors open without charge to friends and acquaintances who sought to judge for themselves of these manifestations. Nor have I ever received one cent for these communications, nor have I ever, as has been asserted, delivered a lecture on the subject. Since that time up to the present a few friends have continued to investigate with me this great subject. Through the instrumentality of two little girls, communications as an humble instrument communications are given. I am magnetised without the agency of any earthly operator, and without volition on my part. Nor do I ever on coming out of this magnetic state or trance have any recollection of anything that has been said or written through me. Very many communications have been received through me during the past year. Most of these are in the hands of those to whom they are given. If in one of these there is a single sentence which the purest mind may not read, or which will show ground for collusion, or which does not teach the holy doctrine of charity, love, peace and good will to man, I unhesitatingly challenge its publication to the world.

As God, whom I reverence and adore, is my judge, I solemnly declare if this be not spiritual, I know not what this is. I was not permitted to read by my own eyes however. My name was heralded to the world, branded with infamy, charged with deception, and destroying the happiness of a family or long Island, and consigning its head, Mr. George Doughty, to a lunatic asylum. My acquaintance in this family commenced some fifteen months since. I was introduced to Mr. Doughty by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Taylor, in this city, where Mr. Doughty and daughter were on a visit. Some months later, I was urged by Mrs. Taylor and other connections, to visit the family on Long Island. I did not wish to go—could not leave my children, or other business in which I was then engaged, and which was at the time yielding me a large profit. They urged me to go—that in going so I would render the family essential service—that Mr. Doughty was a wealthy man; and that peculiarly I should lose nothing, &c., &c.

In April I went in company with the daughter who is implicated in this city up to this time. (One member of the family was suffering with a cutaneous disease (small pox) on my arrival, and of which she died two days subsequently. Some days afterwards Mrs. Doughty was attacked with the same disease, and in rapid succession every member in the family except the servants and myself, were stricken with them almost alone (for neighbors and friends feared to approach) treating and curing them magnetically, as their certificates will show. When I left, a sealed package was handed to me, which I was instructed not to open until I reached home. In the presence of my husband I opened it, and to our surprise of the fact that I was a medium for spiritual manifestations and communications.

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All that I have ever received was by the knowledge and consent of the family, in proof of which, I have in my possession, absolutely evidence—written by the hand of Mr. Doughty, positively testifying that he did not and would not receive. Personally, I am not any better off at this moment than I would have been if I had never met the family. The charges made that on my last visit to New York, in February last, I received large sums from Mr. Doughty is utterly false.—And so far from the city, committing or any attempts to commit suicide after I had seen him, and previous to his returning to his family, I do not believe. I saw him last, on Wednesday, February 9th.—On Saturday the 12th, Mrs. Doughty and her daughter, Mr. Hallock, called on me. Mr. Doughty was not then present. They admitted that they had left him at home, and well.

Mrs. Doughty on this occasion admitted that what I had received I was with her knowledge and consent, and that she was entirely satisfied, and that I had received nothing more than I had deserved. She had no fault to find with me, but on the contrary, loved and esteemed me as ever. I have not heard of any of her family had said or acted otherwise, it was without her knowledge, and she was sorry for it. She and her son in-law knew that I expected to start for home on Monday.—This I can prove. On Wednesday following, viz: the 16th, she wrote me, directed to Pittsburgh, in this she does not speak of any attempt at suicide. Many of the facts contained in these letters and the requests made, I suppress for the sake of the family, and because I do not believe Mrs. Doughty is a party to or has any knowledge of these publications, but am ready to exhibit all should it become necessary to vindicate my character. During my last visit to New York, I saw no evidence of insanity in Mr. Doughty, nor do I believe he is now insane (unless it be on the subject of slavery, and on this subject there are many others equally insane, if insanity it be.)

That spiritualism is chargeable in any degree with causing his mind to most solemnly affirm I do not believe, but that on the contrary, its tendency is to calm and soothe him, and were he in this city, where I could occasionally see him, I should have no fears for his sanity. In conclusion, although I have often been the subject of misconception and misrepresentation, I am conscious of never having willfully or knowingly done a dishonest act, or of intentionally injuring any human being, and that there is no act of my life I fear to have published to a scrutinizing world.

E. J. FRENCH.

City of Pittsburgh,

Before me, an Alderman in and for said city, personally appeared Mrs. Elizabeth J. French, who being duly sworned, saith that the facts set forth in the foregoing statements are just and true, to the best of her knowledge and belief.

E. J. FRENCH.

Sworn and subscribed this 19th day of March, A. D. 1853. N. Brookhagen, Alderman.

Novel Raconteur.—Last night, says the N. O. True Delta of the 15th, the festivities of the late gaokers and nine-pin players of the Saint Charles street was interrupted by a strange noise and hubub immediately in front of Dan Rice's Museum. Glasses, balls and pins were dropped, and the crowd rushed from the *cafes* into the street. There a still larger number of people were already assembled, apparently in great confusion and excitement. Watchmen were seen flying to and fro in all directions, ringing their rattles and whooping their rallying cry, while a hundred threats were shouting variously, "fair play!" "keep back!" "part em!" "no you don't!" "thurra for the man!" "go it, jocko!" etc., etc.

The parties engaged were a big, stalwart Saxon, and a scarcely less stoughnative of Africa—not a negro, but an Orang Outang. It was the same monstrous creature now exhibiting in the Museum, which competes so successfully with the other celebrities in the interest it awakens in the public. It would appear that last evening, about the time specified, it made its escape from the Exhibition, and endeavoring to reach the Levee, where it wished to take a steamer for New York, was confronted by the human champion alluded to. Jocko was brave, and made a desperate resistence. The man squared right and left in regular milling fashion, but the huge monkey gouged, scratched and bit like a dog.—The fight continued for five minutes, the man was bitten terribly, and was about to cry 'enough!' when the police interfered, and the ape was arrested.

Advance in Meats.—Owing to the scarcity of fine beef cattle, sheep, &c., the butchers in St. Louis have advanced the price of meats in the retail markets. The best cuts of beef are now sold at 9 to 10 cts., and mutton at 8 to 10 cts. Sheep are very scarce and as high as 4 to $5 per head has been paid for very fine. The best beef cattle are worth $6 to $6,25 per 100 lbs. net. The demand for California has reduced the number of sheep and cattle all over the western country.

Items of News and Miscellany.

Gen. Bustamente, ex-president of Mexico, whose death we mentioned some time since, directed in his will that his heart should be taken from his body and deposited beside the ashes of Don Augustin Iturbide, which has been done with the consent of the relations of the latter.