BATHING IN THE EAST.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

[CONCLUDED.]

I envy those old Greek bathers, into whose hands were delivered Pericles, and Alcibiades, and the perfect models of Phidias. They had daily before their eyes the highest types of beauty which the world has ever produced; for of all things that are beautiful, the human body is the crown. Now, since the delusion of artists has been overthrown, and we know that Grecian Art is but the simple reflex of Nature—that the old masterpieces of sculpture were no miraculous embodiments of a *beau ideal*, but copies of living forms—we must admit that in no other age of the world has the physical Man been so perfectly developed. The nearest approach I have ever seen to the symmetry of ancient sculpture was among the Arab tribes of Ethiopia. Our Saxon race can supply the athlete, but not the Apollo.

Oriental life is too, full of repose, and the Ottoman race has become too degenerate through indulgence, to exhibit many striking specimens of physical beauty. The face is generally fine, but the body is apt to be lank, and with imperfect muscular development. The best forms I saw in the baths were those of laborers, who, with a good deal of rugged strength, showed some grace and harmony of proportion. It may be received as a general rule, that the physical development of the European is superior to that of the Oriental, with the exception of the Circassians and Georgians, whose beauty well entitles them to the distinction of giving their name to our race.

So far as female beauty is concerned, the Circassian women have no superiors. They have preserved in their mountain home the purity of the Grecian models, and still display the perfect physical loveliness, whose type has descended to us in the Venus de Medici. The Frank, who is addicted to wandering about the streets of Oriental cities, can hardly fail to be favored with a sight of the faces of these beauties. More than once it has happened to me, in meeting a veiled lady sailing along in her balloon-like trousers, that she has allowed the veil to drop by a skillful accident, as she passed and has startled me with the vision of her beauty, recalling the line of the Persian poet—

"Astonishment! is this the dawn of the glorious sun, or is it the full moon?"

The Circassian face is a pure oval; the forehead is low and fair, "as an excellent thing in woman," and the skin of an ivory whiteness, except the faint pink of the cheeks, and the rich roseate stain of the lips. The hair is dark, glossy and luxuriant, exquisitely outlined on the temples; the eyebrows slightly arched and drawn with a delicate pencil; while lashes like "rays of darkness," shade the large dark, humid orbs below them. The alabaster of the face, so pure as scarcely to show the blue branching of the veins on the temples, is lighted by those superb eyes—

"Shining eyes, like antique jewels set in Parian statue stone,"

whose wells are so dark and deep, that you are cheated into the belief that a glorious soul looks out of them.

Once, by an unforseen accident, I beheld the Circassian form in its most beautiful development. I was on board an Austrian steamer in the harbor of Smyrna, when the harem of a Turkish pasha came out in a boat to embark for Alexandria. The sea was rather rough, and nearly all the officers of the steamer were ashore. There were six veiled and twadilled women, with a black eunuch as guard, in the boat which lay tossing for some time at the foot of the gangway ladder, before the frightened passengers could summon courage to step out. At last the youngest of them—a Circassian girl of not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age—ventured upon the ladder, clasping the hand-rail with one hand, while with the other she held together the folds of her cumbrous ferajé. I was standing in the gangway, watching her, when a slight lurch of the steamer caused her to loose her hold of the garment, which fastened at the neck, was blown back from the shoulders, leaving her body screened but by a single robe of light gauzy silk. Through this, the marble whiteness of her skin, the roundness, the glorious symmetry of her form, flashed upon me, as a vision of Aphrodite, seen

"Through leagues of shimmering water, like a star."

It was but a momentary glimpse; yet that moment convinced me that forms of Phidian perfections are still nurtured in the vales of Caucasus.

The necessary disguise of dress hides from us much of the beauty and dignity of Humanity. I have seen men who appeared heroic in the freedom of nakedness, shrink almost into absolute vulgarity when clothed. The soul not only sits at the windows of the eyes, and hangs upon the gateway of the lips; she speaks as well in the intricate, yet harmonious lines of the body, and in the ever varying play of the limbs. Look at the torso of Ilioneus, the son of Niobe, and see what an agony of terror and supplication cries out from that headless and limbless trunk. Look at capitata Laocoon, and his knotted muscles will still express the same dreadful suffering and resistance. None knew this better than the ancient sculptors, and hence it was that we find many of their statues of distinguished men wholly or partly undraped. Such a view of art would be considered transcendental now-a-days, when our dress, our costume, and our modes of speech, either ignore the existence of our bodies, or treat them with little of that reverence which is their due.

But, while we have been thinking these thoughts, the attendant has been waiting to give us the final plunge in the seething tank. Again, we slide down to the eyes in the fluid heat, which wraps us closely about until we tingle with exquisite hot shiverings. Now comes the graceful boy, with clean, cool, lavendered napkins, which he folds around our waist, and wraps softly about the head. The patterns are put upon our feet, and the brown arms steady us gently through the sweating-room and ante-chamber into the outer hall, where we mount into our couch. We sink gently upon the cool linen, and the boy covers us with a perfumed sheet. Then, kneeling beside the couch, he presses the foldings of the sheet around us, that it may absorb the lingering moisture and the limpid perspiration shed by the departing heat. As fast as the linen becomes damp, he replaces it with fresh, pressing the folds about us as tenderly as a mother arranges the drapery of her sleeping babe—for we, though of the stature of a man, are now infantile in our helpless happiness. Then he takes our passive hand, and warms its palm by the soft friction of his own; after which, moving to the end of the couch, he takes our feet upon his lap, and repeats the friction upon their soles, until the blood comes back to the surface of the body with a misty glow, like that which steeps the clouds of a summer afternoon.

We have but one more process to undergo, and the attendant already stands at the head of our couch. This is the course of passive gymnastics, which excites so much alarm and resistance in the ignorant Franks. It is only resistance that is dangerous, completely neutralizing the enjoyment of the process. Give yourself with a blind submission into the arms of the brown Fate, and he will lead you to new chambers of delight. He lifts us to a sitting posture, places himself behind us, and folds his arms around his body, alternately tightening and relaxing his clasp, as if to test the elasticity of the ribs. Then seizing one arm, he draws it across the opposite shoulder, until the joint cracks like a percussion cap. The shoulder-blade, the elbows, the wrists, and the finger-joints are all made to fire off their muffled volleys; and, then, placing one knee between our shoulders, and clasping both hands upon our forehead, he draws our head back until we feel a great snap of the vertebral column. Now he descends to the hip joints, knees, ancles, and feet, forcing each and all to discharge a *salve de joie*. The slight languor left from the bath is gone and airy, delicate exhilaration, befitting the winged Mercury, takes its place.

The boy kneeling, presents us with a *finjan* of foamy coffee, followed by a glass of sherbet cooled with the snows of Lebanon. He presently returns with a nargbileh, which we smoke by the effortless inhalation of the lungs. Thus we lie in perfect repose, soothed by the fragrant weed, and idly watching the Orientals, who are undressing for the bath, or reposing like ourselves. Through the arched entrance we see a picture of the bazaars; a shadowy painting of merchant seated amid their silks and spices, dotted here and there with golden drops and splashes of sunshine, which have trickled through the roof. The scene paints itself upon our eyes, yet awakes no slightest stir of thought. The brain is a becalmed sea, without a ripple on its shores. Mind and body are drowned in delicious rest, and we no longer remember what we are. We only know that there is an existence somewhere in the air, and that wherever it is, and whatever it may be, it is happy.

More and more dim grows the picture. The colors fade and blend into each other, and finally merge into a bed of rosy clouds, flooded with the radiance of some unseen sun. Gentler than "tired eye-lids upon tired eyes," sleep lies upon our senses:—a half-conscious sleep, wherein we know that we behold light and inhale fragrance. As gently the clouds dissipate into air, and we are born again into the world. The moments are few and yet so our gaze wanders at random. We have cast off one gem of Damascus. But as we go homewards, we may certainly look down to see whether there's really anything upon the earth, wondering, perhaps, that we should be content to do so, when it would be so easy to soar above the housetops.

Daily Morning Post.

PITTSBURGH:

MONDAY MORNING::::::::::::::DECEMBER 4.

MORNING POST JOB OFFICE.

We would call the attention of MERCHANTS AND BUSINESS MEN to the fact that we have just received from Philadelphia a number of fonts of new Job Type, and are now prepared to fill orders for Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Paper Books, Posters, and Programmes for exhibitions. All orders will be promptly filled.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's message, according to a telegraphic despatch received from Washington on Saturday night, was forwarded to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville by a special messenger, who started that morning. It is doubtless in town therefore at the present time, under seal, in the hands of Postmaster Anderson.

Both Houses of Congress meet at 12 o'clock to-day, and as all the officers hold over, there will be nothing to prevent an immediate organization. We may consequently expect the reading to commence between one and two, P. M., when the Postmaster here will immediately deliver it to the press.

If nothing untoward happens, our readers can get a copy of the *Post* extra, containing that very interesting document, early in the afternoon. It will be of more than usual interest, as the events now transpiring, and which have transpired in the Old World, render this country the "observer of all eyes."

The message, it is said, will make about a page of the *Post*.

SEBASTOPOL AND GUILFORD COURT HOUSE.

A great deal of virtuous indignation has been expressed by the British press against the Russian artillery, on firing indiscriminately on friend and foe during the disastrous charge of the British light cavalry at Balaklava. The following is from the London *Times* on the subject:

"With courage too great almost for credence, they [the British cavalry] under [and Cardigan] were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them. After there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their comrades engaged with the troopers, and they had ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin."

We will not attempt a defence of so barbarous an act, but merely remark that its parallel occurred at the battle of Guilford Court House, fought between the Americans under Greene, and the British under Cornwallis, March 17th, 1781. At a late period in the action, when Col. Howard, with Gunby's Maryland regiment, and Col. Washington with his cavalry, successfully charged the British Guards, and thereby threatened the overthrow of his entire army, Lord Cornwallis, without hesitation, caused an indiscriminate fire of artillery alike upon friend and foe, which alone saved him. In support of this fact, we have sample testimony from more than one witness of good standing. Lieut. Col. Henry Lee, in his "Memories of the War," vol. 1, note, page 253, says:

"Cornwallis, seeing the ill consitence of one battalion of the guards, repaired in person to direct the measures for the recovery of the lost ground. Well, by the admission of his own friends, he was placed in extreme danger. It was upon this occasion that he ordered his artillery to open through their guards to stop Washington and Howard. Brigadier O'Hara was retreated, by exclaiming that the fire would destroy themselves. Yes, replied Cornwallis (and this was the occasion on which he must endure to attract unpending destruction.)"

This terrible expedient was successful, insomuch as the Americans were obliged to retire; but not until one half of the Guards were destroyed.

DR. C. M. FITCH.—Those of our readers who design consulting Dr. Fitch before he leaves our city, we would advise to lose as little time as possible, as the crowds now pressing on him will not leave until chance for an interview to those who delay consulting him until the last week of his appointment. It is certainly to be desired that Dr. Fitch would prolong his stay among us, as there will be many disappointed if he should leave as early as he designs. We shall take occasion, in a few days, to refer to several cases in which the beneficial effects of Dr. Fitch's treatment have been most strikingly exemplified, but have not space at present. We have heard of one lady whom the Doctor has in four weeks almost or quite relieved of a cough of five years' standing; and of a gentleman who had been confined to his bed for some weeks with a serious affection of his lungs; who was given up by his physician to die of Consumption; but who, under Dr. Fitch's treatment, has so far recovered as to attend to his business. Such results should be known; and their effect is seen in the crowds who are thronging Dr. Fitch's rooms.

IMPORTANT DECISION OF THE INDIANA SUPREME COURT.—By a recent decision of Judge Perkins, of the Indiana Supreme Court, it was decided that simply taxing the Stock of a railroad is not sufficient under the assessment law, but that the entire line of the road, its cost of construction, rolling stock and buildings, are fair objects for taxation. All the railroad companies in Indiana, with the exception of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati, and the Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan, are affected by this decision. The aggregate amount of revenue which will accrue to the State, as the effect of this decision will be from $50,000 to $100,000. The decision was given in a suit brought by Hon. John Dunn, Auditor of State, against John W. Hamilton, Auditor of Marion County for failing to tax the Peru & Indianapolis Railroad Company, to the amount of its true valuation.

NOMINATION OF HENRY A. WISE.—A despatch was received from Washington on Saturday night which says: "News was received here to-night of the nomination of the Wise democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia." This, if it means anything, means that Mr. Wise has received the nomination, as he was the candidate himself of the Wise party. It is stated the convention was a very turbulent one. Mr. W. is dead against the Know Nothings, having recently written a letter of eight columns against the principles of that party. We shall see what we shall see.

POWDER WASTED.—The Know Nothings of Philadelphia on Thursday fired a salute of one thousand guns, in honor of their recent victory in that State. A steamboat was chartered for the purpose, which plied up and down the Delaware river, in front of the city. Very fortunately for the ears of the Quakers, a high wind prevailed, which carried the noise over to the Jersey coast, so that the Philadelphians were not aware of it at all until informed by some vigilant reporter next day.

☞ A son of Mr. B. F. Latshaw, printer, of this city, about ten years old, wandered from his home last Monday and has not since been heard from. It is very probable he has been carried off on some of the down river steamboats, or on the Railroad cars. Any information concerning him may be addressed to this office. Cleveland, Wheeling and Cincinnati papers will please notice the above.

It was stated in Boston on Friday, that the Stark Bank, at Benn ngton, Vermont, which suspended last Monday, may ultimately redeem its bills, the directors being held in bonds to the State to insure that result. The bills are selling for 50 cents on the dollar. There are current reports that the bank has lost largely in Ohio. The Oskosh Bank, Wisconsin, have failed to redeem their bills, and closed their doors.

The last report of the United States Treasurer shows a balance in the Treasury of $26,500,000. There is no danger of Uncle Sam suspending.

"Observer," the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, announces, as though it were a fixed fact, that Mr. Buchanan will return to this country in the Spring.

Dr. Thompson, who was charged with having first seduced and then poisoned a Miss Pharr, at Covington, Va., was acquitted by the jury, after being out two hours.

In all the districts in Massachusetts where there was a failure to choose members of the legislature at the general election, Know Nothings have since been chosen by large majorities.

At a meeting of the St. Andrews' Society of Philadelphia, Morton McMichael, Esq., gave as a toast: "The Scottish Regiment in the Crimea." This was the 93d Highlanders, that disdained to form in square when charged by the Russian cavalry.

Rev. Theodore Parker, in a discourse delivered in Boston, on Thanksgiving day, said he had received many honors during his lifetime, but his arraignment on Wednesday for siding in the escape of Anthony Burns, was the highest honor he had yet received from his fellow-men.

Mr William B. Astor's annual income is stated to be $1,200,000, or more than $300 per day.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

We would like to have the authority for this statement before believing it. A few years ago Mr. Astor was stated to be worth $7 000,000. It would have to increase rapidly, therefore, for any such income to be derived therefrom.

An old gentleman, named J. L. Norton, of immense wealth, a resident of New York, disappeared very mysteriously on Thursday, from his residence in Pearl street. He was living there with a relative, to whom, it seems, he had lately willed a large portion of his real estate. Suspicions were afloat that there had been foul play. It afterwards turned out he had been accidentally killed on one of the city railroads, and, by mistake, buried in the Potter's Field. An ex-policeman inherits the principal part of his fortune.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Letter from Washington.

The Leading Topics of the Forthcoming Presidential Message, and the Probable Conclusion and Doings of the next Congress—Bills Likely to be Passed—French Spoliation and Texas Creditors Bills.

WASHINGTON, November 29, 1854.

The President's Message is not yet fully written, and there may be a chance of its being forwarded to the northern cities, to be delivered in time for its publication on the same day it is sent to Congress; but this I think rather doubtful.

I have already given you the principal topics of the message, which, recapitulated, are chiefly these:

Peaceable relations with all the world.

Adherence to our rights, and to the Monroe doctrine.

No apprehension of a rupture, either with France, England or Spain; yet rigid adherence to every principle avowed in the previous message of General Pierce, and to his inaugural.

Recommendations for increasing the army and navy.

Additional steamships and fortifications.

A revision of the tariff, if time should admit.

No *ex parte* legislation.

Recommendation of fire proof buildings for State, Navy and War Departments.

Civilization and civil government for the Indians.

Substitution of provisions and clothing for money.

Equalization of pension. Prevention of frauds.

Recommendation to amend Cobb's Land Grant bill.

An extension of the commission to settle private land claims in California.

A Boundary Commission to settle the limits of Washington territory.

Settlement with the British Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Companies.

Extension of the usefulness of the Patent Office.

Establishment of a Law Department of the Government, under the superintendence of the Attorney-General.

Regulation of the fees of Marshals and Clerks of United, District and Circuit Courts.

I believe the tariff will not be touched, though there are those who still persist in *ex parte* legislation for coal and iron, to encourage the building of railroads. In the present state of the money market, and with the large amount of outstanding railroad debts legislation would not add to the credit of the railroad companies, but it would seriously interfere with the already sufficiently depressed iron business. The probability, therefore, is that nothing will be done in the premises.

The Homestead bill will probably fall between the two Houses. The bill, as carried down to the House from the Senate, will be considerably amended in the House, and the Senate will not recede, and no compromise on conference will be able to agree. The land graduation, with restrictions in favor of actual settlers, as recommended in the forthcoming message, will undoubtedly pass both Houses. OBSERVER.

The French Sharpshooters.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* publishes the following letter, written by a Zouave before Sebastopol:

MY DEAR FATHER: I have been leading of late the life of a poacher. I am every day on the look out for a Russian—being attached to a company of *francs tireurs*, or riflemen. Our duty is to fire at the Russian artillerymen, and to protect our own, who have no reason to be dissatisfied with us on this point. I cannot say the same of the Russians, who appear to suffer greatly from our rifles. To give you an idea of our mode of acting, we set out at two o'clock in the morning, fully accoutred, with a supply of ammunition and biscuit. On our arrival in the trenches we are provided with sacks, a shovel and a pickaxe. At a given signal we jump over the parapets with the agility of stags, and take refuge in some sheltered spot under the forts, where we dig a kind of rabbit hole to hide in. We place our bags as a protection on the side facing the enemy, and we then set to work. We remain in this sort of tomb the entire day; we leave it at dark, often exposed to a shower of grape shot. You will naturally ask, dear father, what we have to do all that time. I can assure you that we have plenty to do. We load and fire in rapid succession, and every shot tells on a Russian artillerymen. The other day two officers were standing on a piece of timber placed on the top of a tower opposite my station for the purpose of having a view of our works. With two shots I brought down those gentlemen, and at the same moment the batteries let fly a discharge of balls, shells, and grape-shot, which fortunately passed over my head."

PUT HIM TO BED.—The Buffalo *Democracy* tells the following good one about a "smart child" in that town:

A little shaver of our acquaintance, who boasts some nine or ten years of experience, while looking, the other evening at a kitten with its tail between its teeth, turned to his brother and remarked—"Gan., that is a provident kitten; he makes both ends meet!" He was at once put upon a diet of "Say's Political Economy."

"FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS," &c.—A *woolly horse* trick was played off a few days since, on the good people of Kentucky. A *would be* Barnum advertised for exhibition, a man nineteen feet seven inches high, to be seen for one week only, as the wonder was *en route* for Europe. The youth was nineteen feet seven inches high, but, unfortunately, fourteen feet of the attitude was made by a step ladder. The dodge exhibited so much impudence, that long before nightfall the exhibition had become the most successful show that ever visited the land of hoe-cakes and tobacco.

☞ Admiral Price, of the British Navy, who was accidentally killed during the recent attack of the allies on Petropolowski, one of the Russian ports on the Pacific, was, during the war of 1812, commander of the Volcano bomb in the expedition to Baltimore, and bombardment of Fort McHenry, and of Fort Plaquemine, on the Mississippi, and engaged the American privateer Saucy Jack. He also commanded a division of boats in Mobile bay, at the capture of transports, &c., and bore the flag of truce announcing the peace.

AMUSING.—Under this head an exchange tells the following: "A cat, belonging to a widow lady in Ohio, lately sat upon a half dozen of duck's eggs, and continued her attentions until the eggs were hatched; and there is now a fine brood of six young ones, half duck and half a cat, having duck heads and duck tails; but what is more wonderful, they *mew and quack alternately.*"

LATER DAYS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

ARRIVAL OF THE STAR OF THE WEST.

$750,000 in Specie, and the Mails of the 9th November.

The steamship Star of the West, Captain Turner, arrived at New York at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon from Punta Arenas. She arrived out at Punta Arenas on the morning of the 23d ult, and left same evening at six o'clock, with two hundred and sixty passengers and seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in specie on freight to C. Morgan. Steamer Cortes, connecting, arrived at San Juan del Sud on Monday evening, 20th ult., having left San Francisco on the 9th; also, steamship Surprise, Capt. Wakeman, from New York, called there same day for coals, en route for San Francisco—crew all well.

The Accessory Transit Company have added another new steamer of four hundred tons burthen for the lake called the "San Carlos," which arrived on the morning of the 16th, in the charge of Captain Thomas Minero, and has already made the passage in the very short space of ten days, in perfect order, and has already proceeded up the river to take her post for Lake Nicaragua. The Star of the West called at Key West for coals and left on the morning of the 27th, and arrived this day at 10 o'clock, A. M., eight days and sixteen hours from Punta Arenas.

She brought $737,258 in gold, consigned to different firms, and among other passengers, Senator Weller and lady, and Hon J. A. Dougall. The *Placer Times* of November 2d says M. Latham left for the East several weeks previously, and that Senator Gwin would take his departure in the next Nicaragua steamer, so as to be in his seat the second week of the session.

At an election held in San Francisco on the 8th of November, to elect a City Comptroller in place of Meiggs, who run off Mr. Sherman received a majority of 1,042 votes over Mr. Haight. There was no regular nominees in the field. Mr. Sherman is understood to have been the nominee of the Know Nothings. The vote out was very small.

The allied fleet that was repulsed at Petropaulowski was still lying in the harbor of San Francisco at the sailing of the steamer. The United States steamers Susquehanna and Mississippi were expected to arrive hourly.

A duel was fought on the 8th of November, between Col. J. D. Woodliff and Achilles Kewen, about ten miles from Oakland. About one hundred and fifty persons were assembled as spectators of the encounter. The parties fought with Mississippi rifles, at forty paces—placed back to back, and to wheel and fire. At the first discharge Colonel Woodliff fell, shot through the heart, and died instantaneously. He was shot through and through, and was dead almost as soon as he touched the earth. Mr Kewen was unhurt.

Markets without material change.

[From the New York Herald.]

The Financial Negotiations of J. Watson Webb in London.

MORELEY'S HOTEL, LONDON, Nov 10, '54.—I presume you will be apprised in the ordinary course of your correspondence, of the unhappy failure of Gen. James Watson Webb, ex Minister to Vienna, in his attempt to carry out his Guyandotte Land scheme. The General has passed a greater part of this year in London, mixing, as he has told us outsiders, with the highest aristocracy of the capital on terms of the most intimacy, and recently at one of Mr Peabody's dinners, at which Lord Palmerston, Mr Disraeli, and other distinguished statesmen were present, announced the final success of his negotiations, at which announcement, he having vanquished the London Times in single combat, he was much elated. Unfortunately, however, the Guyandotte Company, which it was supposed would rival the Pacific Mail Company, was at the last moment, Parker Vein Company, was at the last moment, [illegible] The General's high [illegible] and his many connections have rushed to his rescue, and the Earl of Ellesmere, Lord Ashtown, Sir Henry Barkly, Sir James Duke, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Sir Drummond Stuart, and others of the English nobility.

But on the eve of executing the papers, they have gentlemen discovered that there is more than $200,000 of excessive commission of no less than $200,000 for his services, and as these figures rather startled them, they concluded to have a little more delicacy. As it was rather late in the evening, the secretary, Mr. Webb, however produced such a step might be, they persuaded their lawyer, Freshfield, to draw over a draw in the documents, and he has decided that for the security of the British subscribers, an act of the legislature of the State of Virginia is necessary. The General who thus [illegible] $50,000 which would have enabled him to equip a fleet of [illegible] to run the United States blockade, and last night he came to me in little balance to negotiate a loan of [illegible] ready trade, and [illegible] Mr. Webb's hopes which [illegible] treatment from any good living. He is to challenge Lord Ellesmere first, and [illegible] the fight to come off next week.

You may depend upon receiving full and particular accounts from VIATOR

POLITICAL BITTERNESS.—Parson Eaton of Harpswell, Maine, whose three companies had long white wig and black buckram, indignantly impressed our readers memory, was one of those stern old revolutionary sons, who preached politics, as well as religion, on the day, and he preached politics, too, for in one of his public performances, during the strife between Adams and Jefferson, he said:

"O, Lord, thou hast commanded us to pray for our enemies—and let us begin with Thomas Jefferson."

A BROAD HINT.—A sprucely young man, lately joining his intended, conversation at the turn out, said "he wished he was a fiddle to maintain all the factory girls for six months. He would do it, to prevent their returning to the mills." His fair one, who had been a silent listener in his patriotic speech, replied, with a sigh, "and I wish you were able to maintain one of them."

☞ **Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills.**—This great medicine has supplanted all others for the cure of diseases of the Liver. Its effects are so salutary and speedy, at the same time so perfectly safe, that it is not surprising it should supersede all others. Indeed, when practiced in a regulated physician of ordinary attainments, who has had a great deal of country practice, and who has spent years in the study of formidable and common, and who had spent years in discovering the ingredients and proportioning their quantities, these Pills are peculiarly adapted to cure all the diseases of the Liver, and never fail to alleviate the most obstinate cases of that terrible complaint. They have justly become celebrated; and the researches of Dr M'Lane have placed his name among the benefactors of mankind. No one having the symptoms of this formidable complaint, should be without these invaluable Pills. Have you a pain in the side, under the edge of the ribs, which increases with pressure—unable to lie with comfort on the left side—with occasional, sometimes constant, pain under the shoulder blade, frequently extending to the top of the shoulder? Have you a dull, heavy pain upon the top of the head? Have you a bitter taste in the mouth, with a coating upon the tongue? Are you troubled with costiveness? Are you troubled with sick headache? Are you troubled with loss of appetite? Are you troubled with a dull, heavy, languid feeling? Are you troubled with a dull, heavy, languid feeling? Are you troubled with a dull, heavy, languid feeling