child and myself to forgive him. And when *Dom. Consul* shook his head, and asked whether he would live and die on the truth of this confession, he answered, "Yes!" and straightway fell on his side to the earth and gave up the ghost.

Meanwhile time hung heavy with the people on the mountain, who had come from Coserow, from Zitze, from Gnitze, &c., to see my child burnt, and they all came running down the hill in long rows like geese, one after the other, to see what had happened. And among them was my ploughman, Claus Neels. When the worthy fellow saw and heard what had befallen us, he began to weep aloud for joy; and straightway he too told what he had heard the Sheriff say to old Lizzie in the garden, and how he had promised her a pig in the room of her own little pig, which she had herself bewitched to death in order to bring my child into evil repute. *summa:* All that I have noted above, and which till *datum* he had kept to himself for fear of the question. Hereat all the people marvelled, and greatly bewailed her misfortunes; and many came, among them old Paasch, and would have kissed my daughter her hands and feet, as also mine own, and praised us now as much as they had before reviled us. But thus it ever is with the people. Wherefore my departed father used to say:

"The people's hate is death.
Their love a choking breath."

My dear gossip ceased not from fondling my child, holding her in his lap, and weeping over her like a father (for I could not have wept more myself than he wept). Howbeit she herself wept not, but begged the young lord to send one of his horsemen to her faithful old maid-servant at Pudgla, to tell her what had befallen us, which he straightway did to please her. But the worshipful court (for *Dom. Camerarius* and the *scriba* had now plucked up a heart, and had come down from the cloud) was not yet satisfied, and *Dom. Consul* began to tell the young lord about the bewitched bridge, which none other save my daughter could have bewitched. Hereto the young lord gave answer that this was indeed a strange thing, inasmuch as his own horse had also broken a leg thereon, whereupon he had taken the Sheriff his horse, which he saw tied up at the mill; but he did not think that this could be laid to the charge of the maiden, but that it came about by natural means, as he had half discovered already, although he had not time to search the matter thoroughly. Wherefore he besought the worshipful court and all the people, together with my child herself, to return back thither, where, with God's help, he would clear her from this suspicion also, and prove her perfect innocence before them all.

Thereunto the worshipful court agreed; and the young lord, having given the Sheriff his gray charger to my ploughman to carry the corps, which had been laid across the horse's neck, to Coserow, the young lord got into the cart by us, but did not seat himself beside my child, but backward by my dear gossip; moreover, he bade one of his people drive us instead of the old coachman, and thus we turned back in God his name. *Custos Benzenix*, who, with the children, had run in among the vetches by the wayside (my defunct *Custos* would not have done so, he had more courage), went on before again with the young folks, and by command of his reverence the pastor led the Ambrosian *Te Deum*, which deeply moved us all, more especially my child, insomuch that her book was wetted with her tears, and she at length laid down and said, at the same time giving her hand to the young lord, "How can I thank God and you for that which you have done for me this day." Whereupon the young lord answered, saying, "I have greater cause to thank God than yourself, sweet maid, seeing that you have suffered in your dungeon unjustly, but I justly, inasmuch as by my thoughtlessness I brought this misery on you.—Believe me that this morning when, in my dungeon-keep, I first heard the sound of the death-bell, I thought to have died; and when it tolled for the third time, I should have gone distraught in my grief, had not the Almighty God at that moment taken the life of my strange father, so that your innocent life should be saved by me. Wherefore I vowed a new vow, and what soever beside may be needful, to the blessed house of God; for naught more bitter could have befallen me on earth than your death, sweet maid, and naught more sweet than your life!"

But at these words my child only wept and sighed; and when he looked on her, she cast down her eyes and trembled, so that I straightway perceived that my sorrows was not yet come to an end, but that another barrel of tears was just tapped for me, and so indeed it was. Moreover, the ass of a *Custos*, having finished the *Te Deum* before we were come to the bridge, straightway struck up the next following hymn, which was a funeral one, "The body let us now inter." (God be praised that no harm has come of it till *datum*). My beloved gossip rated him him not a little, and threatened him that for his stupidity he should not get the money for the shoes which he had promised him out of the Churchchest. But my child bestowed him a pair of shoes at her own charges, seeing that peradventure a funeral-hymn was better for her than a song of gladness.

And when this vexed the young lord, and he said, "How now, sweet maid, you know not how enough to thank God and me for your rescue, and yet you speak thus?"* She answered, smiling sadly, that she had only, spoken thus to comfort the poor Custos. But I straightway saw that she was in earnest, for that she felt that although she escaped one fire, she already burned in another.

Meanwhile we were come to the bridge again, and all the folks stood still, and gazed open-mouthed, when the young lord jumped down from the cart, and after stabbing his horse, which still lay kicking on the bridge, went on his knees and felt here and there with his hand. At length he called to the worshipful court to draw near, for that he had found out the witchcraft. But none save *Dom. Consul* and a few fellows out of the crowd, among whom was old Paasch, would follow him; *item*, my dear gossip and myself, and the young lord showed us a lump of tallow about the size of a large walnut, which lay on the ground, and wherewith the whole bridge had been smeared, so that it looked quite white, but which all the folks in their fright had taken for flour out of the mill; *item*, with some other *materia*, which stunk like fitchock's dung, but what it was we could not find out. Soon after a fellow found another bit of tallow, and showed it to the people whereupon I cried, "Aha! none hath done this but that ungodly miller's man, in revenge for the stripes which the Sheriff gave him for reviling my child." Whereupon I told what he had done, and *Dom. Consul*, who also had heard thereof, straightway sent for the miller.

He, however, did as though he knew naught of the matter, and only said that his man had left his service about an hour ago. But a young lass, the miller's servant, said that that morning, before day-break, when she had got up to let out the cattle, she had seen the man scouring the bridge. But that she had given it no further heed, and had gone to sleep for another hour; and she pretended to know no more than the miller whither the rascal was gone. When the young lord heard this news he got up into the cart, and began to address the people, seeking to persuade the people no longer to believe in witchcraft, now that they had seen what it really was. When I heard this, I was horror-stricken, (as was but right) in my conscience, as a priest, and I got upon the cart wheel, and whispered into his ear, for God his sake, to leave this *materia*, seeing that if the people no longer feared the devil, neither would they fear the Lord God.*

The dear young lord forthwith did as I would have him, and only asked the people whether they now held my child to be perfectly innocent! and when they had answered, yes! he begged them to go quietly home, and to thank God that he had saved innocent blood. That he, too, would now return home, and that he hoped that none would molest me and my child if he let us return to Coserow alone. Hereupon he turned hastily towards her, took her hand and said: "Farewell, sweet maid, I trust that I shall soon clear your honor before the world, but do you thank God themselves, not me." As then did the like to me and to my dear gossip, whereupon he jumped down from the cart, and went and sat beside *Dom. Consul* in his coach. The latter also spake a few words to the people, and likewise begged my child and me to forgive him (and I must say to his honor, that the tears ran down his cheeks the while), but he was so hurried by the young lord that he brake short his discourse, and drove off over the little bridge, without so much as looking back. Only *Dom. Consul* looked round once, and called out to me, that in his hurry he had forgotten to tell the executioner that no one was to be burned to-day: I was therefore to send to the church warden of Usedom and the town-council, to say to him name: the which I did. And the bloodhound was still on the mountain, albeit he had long since heard what had befallen; and when the bailiff gave him the orders of the worshipful court, he began to curse so fearfully that it might have awakened the dead; moreover he plucked off his cap, and trampled it under foot, so that any one might have guessed what he felt.

But to return to ourselves, my child sat as still and as white as a pillar of salt, after the young lord had left her so suddenly and unawares, but she was somewhat comforted when the Old maidservant came running with her coats tucked up to her knees, and carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand. We heard her afar off, as the mill had stopped, blubbering for joy, and she fell at least three times on the bridge, but at last she got over safe and kissed now mine and now my child her hands and feet; begging us only not to turn her away, but to keep her until her life's end; the which we promised to do. She had to climb up behind where the impudent constable had sat, seeing that my dear gossip would not leave me until I should be back in mine own manse. And as the young lord his servant had got up behind the coach, old Paasch drove us home, and all the folks who had waited till *datum*, and sat the cart, praising and pitying as men, ran beside the cart, and reviled us. Scarce, however had we passed through Usekritze, when we again heard cries of "Here comes the young lord, here comes the young lord!" so that my child started up for joy, and became as red as a rose, but some of the folks ran into the buckwheat, by the road, again, thinking it was another ghost. It was, however, in truth, the young lord who galloped up on a black horse, calling out as he drew near us, "Notwithstanding the haste I am in, sweet maid, I must return and give you safe conduct home, seeing that I have just heard that the filthy people reviled you by the way, and I know not whether you are yet safe." Hereupon he urged old Paasch to mend his pace, and as his kicking and trampling did not even make the horses trot, the young lord struck the saddle-horse from time to time with the flat of his sword, so that we soon reached the village and the manse. Howbeit, when I prayed him to dismount awhile, he would not, but excused himself, saying that he must ride through Usedom and Pudgla, to Anclam, but charged old Paasch, who was our bailiff, to watch over my child as the apple of his eye, and should anything unusual happen, he was straightway to inform the town-clerk at Pudgla or *Dom. Consul* at Usedom thereof, and when Paasch had promised to do this, he waved his hand to us and galloped off as fast as he could.

But before he got round the corner by Pagel his house, he turned back for the third time: and when we wondered thereat he said we must forgive him, seeing his thoughts wandered to day.

That I had formerly told him that I still had my patent of nobility, the which he begged me to lend him for a time. Hereupon I answered that I must first seek for it, and that he had best dismount the while. But he would not, and again excused himself, saying that he had no time. He therefore stayed without the door, until I brought him the patent, whereupon he thanked me and said, "Do not wonder hereat, you will soon see what my purpose is." Whereupon he struck his spurs into his horse's sides and did not come back again.

(To be continued.)

PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED BY WHITE & CO.

PITTSBURGH.

TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1851.

County Convention.

THE COMMITTEE of the Alleghenny Whig and Anti-masonic County Convention, will meet at the New Court House, on Saturday, April 26th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. to fix on the time for holding a County Convention to nominate officers for the fall elections.

ap22cd JOSIAH KING, Chairman.

COUNTY MEETING.

☞ The Citizens of Allegheny County, who are in favor of the nomination of JOHN. WINFIELD SCOTT, as a candidate for the next Presidency of the United States, are requested to assemble in County Meeting, in the Court House, in the City of Pittsburgh, on Tuesday, the 22d day of April inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M.

apd6twdw3t [Signed by 500 names.]

First Page—Continuation of the Amber Witch. Letter from Junius. N. Y. Correspondence, Commercial news, &c.

Fourth Page.—Poetry, &c.

Third Page—Home Matters, and Telegraphic news.

THE SCOTT MEETING.—To-day, at eleven o'clock, A. M., the friends of Gen. WINFIELD SCOTT are to meet at the Court House, to express their preference for him as the next Whig candidate for the Presidency. We have no doubt the meeting will be large and enthusiastic.

The Scott feeling is spreading every where, and is bearing down all opposition. He is this day, the choice of ninety-nine hundredths of the Whigs of Pennsylvania, and of an overwhelming majority of the Whigs of the Free States of the Union. The press teems with indications of the public sentiment. The Boston Atlas, in referring to the enthusiastic welcome with which the people of Cincinnati and Pittsburgh have lately greeted Gen. Scott, on his way to the West, says:

The receptions of Gen. Scott at Cincinnati and Pittsburgh are but the dawning of the morning.—We are yet to see, and that within the next twelve months, its meridian splendor. Enthroned in the affections of the people, they will bear him upward and onward, as the waters bore the Ark of Noah.

The Claremont (N. H.) Eagle, also, in noticing the wide spread and growing popularity of the proposed nomination of General Scott for the Presidency, holds this spirited language:

But a signal for a more perfect union of the Whigs to carry out the great beneficial and patriotic objects of the party, will be the nomination of the gallant Scott for the Presidency. Under the banner of such a leader the Whigs will march forward to certain victory. The old Whig fires will be re-kindled, and will burn brightly upon every mountain top and in every valley? Petty animosities and jealousies will be buried, and the Whigs again stand forth a united and victorious party. Does any one doubt the fulfilment of such a prophecy? Then little does he know of the warm sympathies and ardent attachments glowing in the hearts of the American people toward the great Chieftain. The out-gushings of public feeling can no longer be restrained, and we already hear the crackling of the fires on the distant prairies of the West, at the capitol of the old Key-stone State, and gradually, but powerfully, it is sweeping along the Atlantic coast, carrying dismay into the ranks of the pie-bald politicians and sham-patriots, but electrifying with joy the true friends of the country. Efforts may be made by corrupt partizan leaders and disunionists to stop or turn aside the current of public feeling, but the attempt will signally fail—the people have willed that General Winfield Scott shall be our next President.—The people's will is our will—let their will be done.*

FINE REAL ESTATE IN MASSILLON.—We refer our readers to the advertisement of DWIGHT JARVIS, Esq., who offers for sale some very desirable property in Massillon, which is soon to be connected with this city by the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad. There is no doubt that there are opportunities for advantageous investments in that flourishing town, and our capitalists who are seeking investments of this kind, would do well to pay Massillon a visit, before it is opened up to every body by its Railroad facilities, when it is likely there will be fewer chances.

ANNUAL REPORTS.

The Twenty Third Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the House of Refuge" is before us. During the past year 145 inmates were received; viz., 103 boys and 42 girls. And during the same period 29 were discharged; 19 boys and 10 girls. An enlargement of the building is contemplated.

"The Annual report of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for 1850" is also on our table. The Institution appears to flourish. The legacy of twenty thousand dollars bequeathed to the Institution by teh late Frederick Kohne Esq., has been paid by Mrs. Kohne, and other bequests and donations are acknowledged. During the year fifty four pupils have been admitted, fourteen have left, and three have died. The whole number connected with the institution at the close of the report was 134; 72 males and 62 females.

A PRACTICAL NON-RESISTANT.—Mrs. Abby Folsom, having been again ejected from Tremont Temple last evening, and placed on the sidewalk by those who dragged her forth, she remained for several hours afterwards in the exact position in which she was left by her persecutors, "as a testimony against them." At length, between 11 and 12 o'clock, after non-complying with the repeated requests to go home by the Watch, some of the officers consulted her safety and comfort by removing her to the watch-house—a proceeding much against the old lady's will, and subjecting those who thus befriended her to the same anathemas which she so fearlessly launches upon the devoted heads of all who interfere with her liberty of action.—*Boston Transcript.*"

Whoever wishes to become a martyr can be gratified without much difficulty, and no doubt if this Mrs. Folsom should catch a cold from this exposure, and die in consequence, she would charge her death upon the people who turned her out. But this is a practical age in which every reasonable being is supposed to be able to take care of himself, and therefore little pity will be bestowed upon those who wish bring all their actions to conform with their abstract theories, without regard to circumstances. We do not know what partical sect lays claim to Mrs. Folsoms labors in the cause of reform, but certainly whichever one it is had better cast her off as quickly as possible, or she will bring the whole body into contempt. People who wish to mould the world into a better form must take the raw material as they find it, and hammer away until they make it better. As any one can row a boat down stream, so any one might improve the world if all were prepared to receive the truth. If the mass of ultra reformers would condescend to glance at this side of the subject they would soon see the necessity of depending more upon argument and hard work, and less upon hallooing and denunciation.

"TOM MACQUEY, and his three Maiden Aunts." This is the title of a new publication, by H. Long & Brother, of New York. It is said, by the London papers, to be a work of rare fun, drollery, wit and pathos.

* May be a profound truth.

FANEUIL HALL CLOSED AGAINST MR. WEBSTER.

The fact of the closing of Faneuil Hall, Boston, against Hon. Daniel Webster, has been announced by the Telegraph. The refusal to grant the use of the Hall, on the part of the authorities, has caused great excitement in that city, and created no little astonishment throughout the country.

The circumstances, as we glean them from the Boston papers, are substantially as follows. A large number of the most respectable citizens of Boston, sent a written petition to the Mayor and Aldermen, asking "the use of Faneuil Hall, on the 17th of April, 1851, for the purpose of a public reception of the Hon. Daniel Webster, and to consult upon the public good." The petition was acted upon in secret session, and when the doors were opened, the following action on the petition was reported:

"Upon the petition of George G. Smith, and others, for the use of Faneuil Hall for a public meeting on the 19th inst.—

Resolved, That in view of the recent action of this board upon other similar applications, and of the present excited state of the public mind, it is inexpedient to grant the use of the Hall for the purpose asked for."

The vote on the adoption of the resolution stood as follows: Yeas—Aldermen, Briggs, Clark, Grant, Kimball, and Monroe—5. Nays—Aldermen Holbrook, Rogers, and Smith—3. It was not necessary for the Mayor to vote, but it was understood that he declared himself strongly against the resolution.

The next afternoon, in consequence of the general excitement occasioned by this, the mayor and aldermen met again in secret session, and a proposal was made to rescind the order. The discussion which arose upon it was very animated, but it resulted in a refusal of the board to reconsider their vote. After two hours debate, the question was taken, and it appeared that there were for reconsidering the resolve—the Mayor, Ald. Holbrook, Rogers, and Smith—4.

Against reconsidering—Ald. Briggs, Clark, Grant, and Monroe—4. The vote being a tie, the original resolution was not rescinded. Mr. Moses Kimball was present, but would not vote.

At a meeting of the Common Council, held on the evening of the 17th, resolutions were offered, and passed unanimously, censuring the Aldermen for refusing Faneuil Hall to Daniel Webster, and saying it would have given the Members of the Council the highest pleasure to have heard him in Faneuil Hall, in support of Law, Order, the Constitution, and the Union.

In consequence of the proceedings of the Board of Aldermen, Mr. Webster has declined speaking altogether at present. His letter is as follows:

MARSHFIELD, April 15th, 1851.

GENTLEMEN—I duly received your letter of the 11th of this month, and had fully made up my mind to comply with your invitation: for although I have entertained no purpose of discussing further at present the political questions which have agitated the country, yet I could not deny myself the pleasure of meeting you and your fellow citizens for mutual congratulation upon our escape, so far, from dangers which one year ago so seriously threatened the very existence of our national institutions; and upon the prospect of an early return, in all parts of the country, of feelings of good will and reciprocal regard.

But the newspapers of this afternoon inform me that the Board of Aldermen have refused your request for the use of Faneuil Hall. I care nothing for this personally, except that it deprives me of the gratification of seeing you, although if I supposed that the general voice of the people of Boston approved this proceeding, I should, I confess, cause me the deepest regret.

The resolution denying me the Hall has been adopted, if I mistake not by the same board which has practically refused to join with the other branch of the city government in offering the hospitalities of the city to the Kossuth guests.

Gentlemen—For nearly thirty years I have been in the service of the country by the choice of the people of Boston, and the appointment of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

My public conduct through the whole of that long period is not unknown, and I cheerfully leave it to the judgement of the country now and hereafter.

Since the commencement of March last year, I have done something and hazarded much, to uphold the constitution of the United States, and to maintain interests of the most vital importance to the citizens of Boston, and I shall do and hazard more, whenever in my judgement it becomes necessary that more be done or more be hazarded. I shall perform with unflinching perseverance to the end my duty to my whole country, nor do I in the slightest degree fear the result.

Folly and fanaticism may have their hour. They not only affect the minds of individuals, but they may also seize on public bodies of greater or a less dignity; but their reign is confined to be short—even where for the moment it seems most triumphant.

We of Massachusetts are not doomed to a course of political conduct such as would reproach our ancestors, destroy our own prosperity, and expose us to the derision of the civilized world.

No such future is before us, far otherwise. Patriotism, the union of good men, fidelity to the constitution in all its provisions, and that intelligence which has hitherto enabled the people of this state to deserve and to appreciate their own political blessings, as well as what is due to their own history and character, will bring them back to their accustomed feelings of love of country, and of respect and veneration for its institutions. I am, &c.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The *Boston Courier*, in closing its account of these extraordinary proceedings, says:

The public are entirely at a loss to understand this most extraordinary behaviour of the four aldermen who have thus disappointed the general expectation, and placed themselves in opposition to the wishes of a vast majority of the inhabitants of this city. We leave the matter without any further comment.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN ALBANY.

The capital of New York was the scene of the most intense excitement last week. The most strenuous efforts have been making all winter to pass an act appropriating ten millions of dollars for the enlargement of the Erie Canal. This is a Whig measure, and is bitterly resisted by the opposition. On Wednesday last it became evident that the bill would carry, and in order to prevent it, twelve Democratic Senators vacated their seats, thus leaving the Senate without the presence of the number of members which the constitution requires for the passage of appropriation bills. What took place on the next day, the 17th, is told in the following extracts:

ALBANY, April 17th.

The Senate met at 9 o'clock this morning, and the Erie Canal Enlargement Bill coming up, Mr. Skinner moved a postponement indefinitely. Mr. Beekman moved until 4 P. M. Motion lost by 4 to 16.

Mr. Mann stated that the minority desired to remain during the rest of the session, to help pass the bill, but if the motion failed, he must bear the responsibility. The motion was lost by 4 to 16.

Mr. Mann then said:

Mr. President,—I now transmit to you, as presiding officer, the resignation of myself and eleven other Democratic Senators. Only Messrs. Brandreth, Carroll and Crook of the Democrats, remaining.

Mr. Crook moved a call of the Senate.

The sergeant-at-arms was dispatched, and all having been found, the call was suspended, and a recess was taken till 12 M.

At twelve o'clock the Senate convened, when Mr. Caroll offered a resolution to lay the Canal bills on the table until the appropriation and other bills of importance were disposed of. This was rejected.

A long discussion ensued upon various propositions, which were all rejected, when another question was taken on the bill, which again failed.

Mr. Babcock then offered a preamble, declaring that in consequence of the resignation and absence of a large number of Senators, the Senate could not transact its legislative duties, and offered resolution requesting the Governor to call an extra session of the Legislature, and also to adjourn *sine die*.

The resolution was adopted, and transmitted to the Assembly. A committee was appointed to wait on the Governor and inform him that the Senate were ready to adjourn.

The resolution was passed in the House, and a committee appointed to wait upon the Governor, informing him that the House was ready to adjourn, and inquiring whether he had any further communications to make. To both committees the Governor replied that he had no further communication to make. Both Houses then adjourned *sine die*.

One hundred guns were fired this afternoon, in front of the Capitol, by the democrats, as a rejoicing over the defeat of the Canal Bill. They are in high spirits, and many of their distinguished leaders from several parts of the State are here.

A mass meeting of the democrats will be held at the capitol to-morrow evening, to start public and party opinion upon the question of the Canal bill. The speakers will be Horatio Seymour, Jno Van Buren, Henry B. Stanton, Chas A. Mann and others.

Mr. Hatch, a democratic member of the House, resigned to-day previous to the adjournment.—He stated that an arrangement was made with Senator Stone which had been violated by that Senator's resignation. Consequently he resigned, with a desire to submit the differences between them to the people of Oswego and Madison counties.

This sudden adjournment defeated the regular appropriation bills, and a vast amount of other important business. The whole question will be referred to the people next fall, and from the other agitating questions at issue, it promises to be one of the most exciting campaigns ever seen in the State.

The "*Despatch*" came out yesterday, in a handsome new dress, and is of course quite improved in its appearance. We believe it is now the only Morning Penny paper published in the city.

A correspondent complains of our Reporter's sympathy for James Robinson, who pleaded guilty to stealing a coat, and has been sentenced one year to the Penitentiary. He says:

"When Robinson was arrested at mid-day in Mr Garrard's entry, he was well clad, having on a good over coat, good cloth pants and boots as good as new. He then stated he had just arrived in the city that morning from Baltimore, that not being the case, as one of our officers had noticed him with another young man about our streets several days before, and when he was arrested, his companion stood a short distance off, watching the result of his adventure in Mr. Garrard's house.

PANAMA RAILROAD.—The *New York Journal of Commerce* publishes extracts of a letter from John L. Stephens, Esq., President of the Panama Railroad Company. It appears that there are not less than nine hundred men now at work upon the road, and that there is a prospect of completing it from Navy Bay to Gorgona, twenty six miles, by the 1st of July next. When this is done, the distance between the two oceans can be accomplished in one day. Moreover, the dangers and toils of Chagres river will be avoided. For several miles from the Atlantic depot the rails are already laid. This depot is situated on Manzanilla island, in Navy Bay, which is connected with the causeway built for the purpose. The cars will receive passengers and freight directly from the wharf, to which vessels drawing twenty feet water will soon be able to come up. On the whole, the Company's works are moving forward with great efficiency and success. It will be an era in the annals of travel, when the Isthmus can be traversed with comparative ease and comfort in one day. The distance from Gorgona to Panama is twenty miles. At present there is but little sickness among the workmen.

The President of the United States, after a careful examination of the evidence taken by the Commissioner in the matter of the charges preferred against Mr. Collector Lewis and Mr. Surveyor Norris, of the Port of Philadelphia, has found that those charges are not sustained by the proof against either officer, and has dismissed them accordingly. It is known that the Secretary of the Treasury had previously given all the papers a full and satisfactory examination, and that he concurs entirely in the decision of the President.

THE GREAT EASTERN STORM.

MINOT LIGHT HOUSE DESTROYED.

Our New England exchanges are filled with the particulars of the tremendous storm which raged along the Atlantic coast, from the Capes of Delaware eastward, on last Wednesday. The loss of property has been immense, and many persons have perished. The sea rose to a great height, and caused much damage to shipping, warehouses, railroads, ect. The Minott Light House, a description of which we published some time since, was carried away. This deplorable event is believed to have occurred about 12 o'clock on Wednesday night. The last time that the light was seen standing, was about 5 o'clock on Tuesday. No light appeared on Wednesday night. Mr. Bennett, the keeper of the light, was absent in the city, having been ordered by Collector Greely to purchase a new boat. He embarked to return on Tuesday afternoon, but the high sea prevented him doing so. At about four o'clock on Wednesday morning Mr. Bennett was on the beach, and discovered, strewed all around, fragments of the building. Parts of the residence room and of the latern itself, were seen on the beach, and also portions of the bedding, Mr. Bennett's clothing, &c. One of Bennett's Life Boys came on shore, having the appearance of having been used by one of the unfortunate men who were in the Light House. He had lashed it to his back, but the waves probably washed him out of it. The names of the Assistant Keepers were Joseph Wilson, an Englishman, aged 20 and Joseph Antone, a Portuguese, aged 25.—They both must have perished.

The whole height of the building was 75 feet. It was built on piles sunk five feet in the rock, the diameter of which was eight inches at the top, and 4½ at the top. On these piles were nine iron pillars sustaining the keeper's house, the floor of which was 60 feet from the foundation. The breath of the base of the structure was 25 feet: the keeper's room measured from out to out, 14 feet.

It is but a few weeks since, when the public mind was much excited in relation to the safety of this structure, that the engineer under whose direction the Light House was built, in a long communication, published in the Advertiser, demonstrated, on scientific principles, that the building was perfectly safe! The communication contained a most ungenerous sneer at the fears which had been expressed by Mr. Bennett.

The Government sea wall, on Deer Island, has been swept away, and eight lives have been lost.

The water made a complete breach over the Island. About ten o'clock on Wednesday morning a boat was seen in the breakers on the back side of the Island. It contained eight men, and as it was impossible for them to land, the boat was undoubtedly swamped with all on board.

The schooner Mayflower, for Portsmouth, with molasses, at anchor off Deer Island, Wednesday, dragged her anchors, and has probably gone ashore somewhere. The fate of the crew is unknown.

The shore of Deer Island is covered with spars of vessels, other wrecked stuff, wood, &c., &c.

Three buildings were carried to sea from Deer Island, one of which was the school house; the children in which had a narrow escape. The water covered nearly the entire island.

Upon a small island opposite George's called Pleasant Beach, a family named Baker had a narrow escape. Their house was swept into the ocean.

The ship Plymouth Rock, from Liverpool, with over 400 emigrant passengers, is in the Boston Road; also the ship Wm. H. Jarvis, with about 200 passengers.

Schooner Native, Capt. Goodwin, from Argyle, N. S., arrived up at 12, Thursday. She had been in the bay for two days and two nights, beating about, and is a complete wreck, with loss of bulwarks, rigging, sails, &c. &c. She had six passengers, three of whom were females, who had a narrow escape for their lives. Saw large quantities of wreck stuff in the Bay. Capt. G. reports about a dozen vessels rode out the gale off Spectacle Island.

Brig Esther, Capt. Fabens, from Cayenne, bound to Salem, went ashore during the gale; near Truro, Cape Cod. Her masts were cut away; vessel high up on the beach; cargo will be saved.

Schooner Frolic went ashore at Commercial Point, and broke completely up. Three other vessels are ashore near this place.

The steamers for Eastern ports did not leave on Tuesday evening as usual.

The Eastern railroad continues impassable.—From Newburyport an expressman arrived via the Maine route. He reported considerable portions of the track gone near Hampton. The track between Salem and Beverly is also badly damaged, and also at Lynn.

The Old Colony road is very badly damaged. The track is gone to Neponset, and the bridge and draw over the Neponset River has been swept off. The Dorchester and Milton Branch is not seriously injured. The Maine road was in good running order.

Two schooners are reported to have gone ashore on Spectacle Island. A schooner is also reported ashore on Thompson's Island.

The brig Elizabeth, of Portland, from Matanzas, with a cargo of molasses, went ashore at Mansfield, in the late storm, and all on board perished, with the exception of one of the crew who got on shore on a spar with a broken thigh.

A brig laden with salt, supposed to be the Welland, from Cadiz, was lost near the same places. Her crew were saved.

A schooner from Thomaston, with lime, caught fire and burned near the same place. Her crew were also saved.

The damage in Boston Harbor is very great. Half of the sea wall around Dew Island is gone. The damage on George Island amounts to $5000. At Long Island the waves nearly cut a passage through. The destruction all along the coast is very great.

Market Street Store for Rent.

FOR RENT.—The Store, 118 Market street, the second door from the corner of Market and Liberty street. Possession given the 1st of April next. Inquire of

DAVID GREER,

ap22 2nd Fronts st.

JENNY LIND.—The Queen of Song, is to visit our city this week. Our readers may form some idea of the treat in store for them by the full owing editorial remarks from the Cincinnati Gazette, the views of which accord with our own sentiments, for we too have had the pleasure of hearing her in the most difficult Operatic parts, as well as in the Herdsmans Song. In artistic pieces she astonishes—in her native songs, she thrills electrifies, charms, and carries away the audience in a rapturous whirl of enthousiasm:

THE MUSICAL TRIUMPH AND THE MUSICAL MANIA—JENNY LIND.

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young," COLLINS

When Music was young, it is said the Parisians
—To hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell."

We have now some strong illustrations of that idea. Jenny Lind is not an inspirer of the passions but she is an inspirer of a certain species of enthusiasm and of nervous mania, which is seen but once or twice in a life time. It is a species of excitement which Musical Prodigies more frequently create than any other, though they sometimes occur from very dissimilar causes. Madam Catalani in the height of her power created the same sort of excitement, though we never heard that it was usual in those days to pay so high for it. That feature of the present time, however, is rather due to the extraordinary prosperity of the people now, than any excess of enthusiasm. Madame Malibran, we believe, was equally the *rage* at one time in London. The great English singer, Incledon, (who gave celebrity to "Black-eyed Susan,") was equally renowned.

To illustrate the *power* of the VOICE to charm, or to excite the mind, we might take examples of oratory also. It is vain to say, that great orators owe their celebrity to the sentiments, or arguments which they utter. They owe in these days, it is true, their solid renown mostly to what is *written*; but, in popular assemblies this is not so. It is sufficient to cite, the remark of Demosthenes, that *delivery* was the great feature of the eloquent orator. It is the voice of Jenny Lind, the *power* of it, and neither sentiment, nor her own sympathies with it, which draw multitudes together, and excite the raptures of the hearer. Her second concert on Wednesday evening exhibited the full extent of her powers and the *rage* (absolute mania) during the day to hear was so great, that tickets were sold at (even for *her* concerts) enormous prices, and the house presented one of the most brilliant and attentive assemblies, which this country has seen. As the eye wandered over that vast congregation, in the parquette was seen an ocean of upturned faces. Above them rose circle after circle of rising heads and expectant faces, all hushed in the spell of the prodigy. Perhaps the most striking thing during the evening was the brilliant array of well dressed people. We have never seen its equal. In the whole congregation, there were hardly any exceptions (on either extreme) to the general propriety, neatness, and often elegance of dress. This too is a matter of no small importance in an assembly where people meet for refined pleasures.

The Orchestra was (we thought) decidedly better on Wednesday than on Monday. The pieces were more popular. The admirable overture of "Fra Diavolo" was recovered, and perfined a second time with great eclat. The soft notes of Burke's violin, and the pure tones of the finest trumpet were almost as enchanting as Jenny.—Such performers as Burke, occupy in instrumental music a position almost equal to the Nightingale herself.

Jenny Lind appeared in a much more brilliant gay dress than on Monday, and in that respect appeared to less advantage—for nothing could be more unpretending than her simple, unaffected dress, in her first appearance. Her artless *manner* however, was the same, and we soon forgot the embroidery of her dress. The *effect* of her voice was the same as before. Those who come to see or hear a *miracle* are uniformly disappointed at first. They expect more than can ever exist—This is specially the case in the Italian Operatic parts, where she is only the first among *artists*—but did not seem so, in her operatic performances is not her forte. Still she is above all others in them.

After these came the wonders of the evening—the Flute Trio and the Herdsman's (or Echo) Song. When she had closed the Flute Trio, there was a universal cry of surprise and surprise—of wonder—a startling conviction, that she was the real Queen of Song—the very being—that throng of expectants had come to hear. In the echoes of the Flute, there was an apparent ventriloquism; at any rate, a greater power of imitation than seemed possible to the human voice.

The next Song was "Take this Lute," an English Song, sung with greater power, but not containing in itself so much variety, as some others.—Finally, came the Herdsman's (or Echo) Song—In this she still excelled, if it was possible, utterly and entirely indescribable, and those who have not heard it will never know what it is till they do.—The vast *power* exhibited by her voice—the *variety* of *modulations*—the inimitable *echoes*—all conspired to give the piece an extraordinary and surprising effect.

She call'd on Echo through all her Song,
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,

In one word, the Song, though not written for such an object, was the realization of the idea of Hope, described by Collins.

The audience, of course, was carried away, and the people seemed unwilling to cease from applause. We have spoken of the concert on Wednesday as a Musical Triumph, and such it was. It was an extraordinary affair in all aspects; and we note it as such without either criticism or comment, in regard to mere musical art or social influence. One thing we would say—that the young should mark and remember how much natural gifts may be cultivated; for Jenny Lind's voice, powerful and sweet as it is naturally, has obviously been greatly cultivated. It is not so much art she has acquired as it is education in Music. It is extraordinary, for example, considered as mere education, what perfect command and memory she has of each note, inflection, and shade of tone. Those she has acquired, and when connected with the wonderful gifts God has bestowed upon her, make her what she is, a Musical Prodigy. We are no wonder-mongers, and are perfectly aware that Jenny Lind is no miracle; but have not been able to separate ourselves from the popular feeling; nor can we (if we would) deny that she has unequalled power, and her music unequalled charms! She came with renown, and she has achieved a triumph.

☞ LIVER COMPLAINT.—The only remedy ever offered to the public, which has never failed of working a cure when directions are followed, is Taylor's Liver Pill. It has now been several years before the public, and has been introduced in all sections of the Union. Where it has been used, it has had the most triumphant success, and has actually driven out of use all other medicines. It has been tried under all the different phases of Hepatitis, and has been found equally efficacious in all.

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Petroleum!

SMALLTOWN, Huntingdon co., Pa., March 4, '51.

S. M. KIER—Dear Sir, Your Petroleum is working wonders in this vicinity; therefore we would thank you to send us two dozen by the Pennsylvania Railroad. We are entirely out, and it is being inquired for almost every day

Yours, respectfully, JOHN LONG & CO.

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