

Parent of a Truant Husband.

For the last four years there has resided in this city, with occasional intervals, one "Dr. Askenazi, Hungarian physician"—a small man, of ill favored, yet strongly marked Jewish countenance—speaking English and several other European languages very brokenly, claiming to have been a surgeon in the Hungarian patriot army in 1848, and to have come to this country with Kosuth, but by his venacular betraying that he was originally either from Poland or Southern Russia. His mode of life was in the highest degree parsimonious—occupying generally a small, cheap room, which answered as well for office as dormitory and kitchen, in which he prepared his own meals. Among his intimates, who were very few, he passed as a man of great learning, and by those with whom he practiced as a physician or surgeon he was regarded as a man of great professional skill.

"Dr. Askenazi, Hungarian," was thus getting along smoothly and prosperously, until some ten days ago, when his dream of repose was very materially interrupted by the arrival of a lady in this city, who claimed to be his lawful, wedded spouse—who made upon him, in that character, certain weighty claims, and preferred against him certain weighty charges, the effect of which have been to place the little "Doctor" in limbo from that day to this. The lady having proved the identity of her man, sought a legal adviser, in which she made substantially the following statement:

Some twenty years ago, then a lass of fifteen summers—the favorite of her parents, living in the village of Kreena, (Krasnoy) Russia, near the borders of Poland—a Jewess—she made the acquaintance of a young man—poor but distinguished for his learning and piety, named Ashbur Selzlar. He had been educated for a rabbi, and had so greatly won the esteem and confidence of the chief rabbi of the place that he was frequently entrusted with the administration of the (Jewish) law in his (the chief rabbi's) absence. Her parents and all parties assenting she was married to the learned young rabbi.

On her marriage, her parents gave them a marriage portion of about \$1,000, on which they lived about a year at Kreena, when the young rabbi suddenly disappeared and was gone some three years before she ascertained his whereabouts. Finally, she heard of him at Danzic, in Prussia, whither she followed him, found him, and returned with him to Serai, in Poland. Here they lived together another year, during which a child was born to them. When the child was some three months old, they went on a visit to her mother at Kreena—remained there a few weeks, then started back for Serai. Arriving at the border, the rabbi, it appeared, had provided a passport only for himself, and intimating to an officer that the lady was none of his, and had no passport, he was conveyed across the stream, while she was left behind. This was the last she had seen of her loving spouse until she met him ten days ago in Ottawa.

But she was unwilling to give him up so. Arming herself with funds and the necessary papers, she started in pursuit. She found traces of him in various places throughout Europe, but was never able to fix his locality until, after some three years, she learned that he had been at Jerusalem—had there married a second wife—had in a year left her—had thence been wandering over Europe, assuming the character of a "Jerusalemite," begging funds for the destitute children of Israel at Jerusalem; that in this way he had accumulated considerable money; that a brother of his second wife had pursued him, found him in Germany, and got a Jewish writing of divorce from him, returned with it to Jerusalem and found it defective, followed him to London, where he got another writing that was in due form. Then all traces of him disappeared until some two years ago, when she learned that he had deposited some money with a banker in Hanover, with orders to forward it whither he should direct by letter. The banker finally got a letter directing him to send the money to a banker named Israel, in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Thither she followed, and there was informed that the money had been sent to Selzlar, in care of Dr. Askenazi at Ottawa, and here, by accident, met Dr. A. in the street, whom she at once recognized as her truant lord. The Doctor made a feeble effort to identify, but soon veered in, and showed a disposition to come to terms.

Her demands were reasonable enough. She asked was a divorce and some \$1,500 in money to enable her to return to her parents. The first the Doctor was willing enough to accede to, but being a great miser, utterly scouts the latter proposition, to evade which he tried earnestly to persuade her to live with him again. This she peremptorily declines, but commences a proceeding in our Circuit Court for divorce and alimony, and for fear her "rabbi" may take leave of her again, she has locked him up on a writ of *ex ceat*.

The Doctor is known to have some eight or ten thousand dollars in gold in his possession, and could easily discharge the lady's moderate demands, but is so miserly that he may linger a long while in jail before he will do it. The lady is not unhandsome, apparently very intelligent, and evidently brim full of grit.—Ottawa (Ill.) Free Trader.

The following from the National Era, is the very best review of the President's Message which we have yet seen. It is an improvement, in fact, on the Message itself.—The President's Message is long, and not at all interesting, but everybody should read it. He misrepresents the history of Kansas, bullies Spain, and takes possession of portions of Mexico convenient for the use of our Southern brethren, and comes out for a revision of the Tariff, the adoption of specific duties, and incidental protection.

MALICIOUS.—We learn by the Advertiser that Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, has actually been elected Captain of a military company in that town. Truly rich it has been said, this world is divided into three general classes, viz: Saints, Sinners, and the Beecher Family. Go it Captain Beecher.—Wellsville Free Press.

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. Cobb, Editor & Proprietor.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA. Thursday Morning, Dec. 23, 1858.

All Business and other Communications must be addressed to the Editor to insure attention.

We cannot publish anonymous communications.

See advertisement of Messrs. Guernsey & Swan, dealers in breadstuffs at Tioga Village.

We are requested to state that all subscriptions to the Cosmopolitan Art Association Enterprise must be handed in to I. D. Richards, Esq., previous to the 28th inst.

We are requested to correct an error in the report of the Committee on Field Crops, published in these columns last week. Mr. Wm. Francis has an award for best 100 bushels of Turneps. They were the product of 3/4 of an acre instead of one acre.

We receive, regularly, the Philadelphia Daily Bulletin, at once the most ably conducted and best Independent Newspaper published in that city. To every one desiring a Philadelphia daily, we must heartily commend it.

Reader, we have enjoyed an obstinate cold in the head during four days. Our 'na' and 'ma' take audible form as 'ba' and 'da.' We have not been enabled to do anything as it should have been done, and have forgotten half-a-score of matters which we promised to notice. Absolve us.

TAKE NOTICE—that all subscribers in the December Club of The Weekly Tribune, who have not paid their dollar, are requested to do so without delay. If any delay payment beyond Saturday of the current week they will cause us needless trouble and expense. Call at The Agitator Office.

COL. EMERY'S LECTURE.—The Court House being occupied last Thursday evening, Col. Emery did not lecture as advertised. He will lecture Thursday evening, Jan. 6, in the Court House. He has selected an interesting theme and is competent to handle it creditably. Let the attendance be universal and in so much testify that our people will aid to sustain the Association.

We shall have to postpone the balance of our share of the controversy with our wide-awake neighbor of the Lockhaven Watchman, until it can be resumed at the feast to which he so kindly invites us. How soon we may be able to avail ourselves of his hospitality it is just now impossible to say. He is aware that the vegetarian never requires dinner to be waited on his account; so it matters not whether we drop in a month, or a year hence, with or without warning, since there is to be no slaughtering of fatted calves, no ruthless beheading of dunghill tenants, no stuffing of obese turkeys. Here is our Brother Dunham.

Today (Tuesday) is the winter solstice, and a gloomy, cheerless anniversary it promises to be. A day whose dawn was so near akin to the shades of night that chancelier dozed in doubt until near sunrise. If dawn there was, it was so curtailed by mist that the mortal eye perceived its coming, none drew inspiration from its rosy tints. Blest is he, or she who can coax up a feeling of gratitude on such a morning; still more blest is that mortal whose vision can pierce the sullen clouds and revel in the blue sky beyond.

But winter is not altogether unlovely. It may not vie with June, first-born of Summer and Queen of the Months. But its sabbler sky is the canvas upon which Memory limns the ever-ebbing glories of the June that has been, while fancy projects the glowing June that is to be, out of which Hope is born to gladden the high and the low. True, its merciless rigors pinch the destitute; but our very comforts serve to remind us that these shiverer dying embers and long for that crust which is sweeter than honey in the mouth of the famished. The spectacle of Want in the midst of almost universal Plenty teaches a solemn lesson. It teaches that, in the procession of what seem to be life's Accidents, the highest in the scale of competence to-day, may covet the crust of hard-faceted Want in a not far distant day. Then let all share their abundance with those that hunger and invite the approach of that death which reigns in the silent city—the last City of Refuge. So make the earth to resound with Thanksgivings.

It May Be.

It may be that all the great interests of the Republic require the thorough defeat and subjugation of the unscrupulous party now in power; we think those interests do require it. It may be that our form of Government has undergone a radical change, practically, yet by insensible degrees, so that, by the means of political machinery, one man may defeat the will of the people with as much facility and despatch as a telegraph operator can send ten words from Boston to New Orleans; but we have some doubts about it. It may be that the citizens of this Republic do not receive a tithe of the benefits they might have, were the Government administered in the benign and liberal spirit which actuated its immortal framers—were it honestly and fairly administered, say; were no forced constructions of the organic law in vogue and were all men in power patriots; we doubt not so much. It may be that demoralization, corruption, venality and the multiforms assumed by wrong, so universally prevalent as they are to-day, demand prompt treatment; we think so. It may be that no one can hope for permanent advantage from the present condition of things—that they tend to the inevitable destruction of the morals of the people, and through this, to the destruction of the government itself; we make no doubt of that.

And it may be that the powers of Government are rapidly being centralized, the governing power being withdrawn from the hands of the people and lodged in the hands of ambitious and unscrupulous men; that the ballot-box is no longer pure, but the depositary of bribes; these things have become so notorious as to pass among intelligent men without denial. The Philadelphia Daily News has recently discovered these loose screws, notwithstanding he cited its attention to them two years ago and have done the like many times, since. The News has a remedy, too, a remedy fresh from the mortar of a notorious political quack. The Republic is sick—very sick. Dr. Sanderson proceeds to feel the patient's pulse, to examine the tongue and fauces. He makes up his diagnosis and proceeds to compound a specific, warranted to kill or cure. The patient is suffering from torpidity of the liver, if Dr. Sanderson may be believed. He prescribes calomel. There is a lack of vitality in the extremities. He prescribes calomel. He discovers an enlargement of the spleen and holds up his two hands in astonishment as he discovers a foreign irritant, of

a dark color, deeply imbedded in its substance. He denominates this foreign irritant "Nigger." He comprehends that the patient's illness is due to the presence of a "nigger in the spleen." Of course he sets about removing the irritant? No such a thing. On the contrary, he declares that the proper course of treatment requires that the presence of the "nigger" in the spleen shall be studiously ignored. It has no business to be there, says he with a sinister shake of the head, but the better way to destroy its malign influence is to cover it up, and there leave it to smother in the heart of the economy.

We do not think very many people will agree with Dr. Sanderson in his proposed system of medication for enlargement of the spleen. The better plan is to remove the irritant and thus give the economy a chance to regain its normal condition. The cause of disease must not be ignored in either diagnosis or medication. Let us examine into the case! The Negro occupies a place in the politics of the country, not by any election or choice of his own. He was forced into the position he now holds, by the class of selfish, timeserving politicians, of whom Millard Fillmore is chief, as Buchanan, Douglas and Sanderson are retainers. Take up the President's Message and what do you find? Why, two or three columns of argument touching the Negro. Take up the reports of proceedings in Congress, and what do you find? Why, that the first days of the session abound in half-fledged schemes to keep the Negro prominently before the people, and on the part of the party in power, too. What is the inference? Unmistakably, that the Oligarchs will not permit the Negro to be abstracted from the concrete body politic! Henceforth, until the final triumph of Freedom, the Negro is to be the leading question before the people and in high places. The power that endowed him with a first place in the politics of the Republic, keeps and will keep him there. It is the height of folly to propose a union of those opposed to Mr. Buchanan, for operation in 1860, on a platform which shall ignore the Slavery question—that chiefest cause of national indispotion. It is not alone folly, but it is proposing after the Almighty has dispersed. Republicans have no option. They must meet the questions forced upon them by the ruling power, or perish, as an organization. True, a philosopher of the Sanderson school, might sit quietly down in his burning house, studiously ignoring the presence of conflagration; but the conflagration would rage on, despite his philosophy, until both dwelling and its philosophic owner should be consumed to ashes.

No, Dr. Sanderson; there must be no union in 1860 at the sacrifice of principle. Mark it, most ruinously conservative sir: There will be no opportunity to ignore the Negro in that campaign. The Republic is in flames. Slavery is the fire. When you quench the flames Slavery will be found underneath the ruin. Until the flames be extinguished there can be no two opinions touching the duty of right-minded men. The hatred of Slavery cherished by the masses of the North is no childish outburst of feeling, but deep, uncompromising and ineradicable. It is the involuntary revolt of cultivated natures at the unnatural proposition of statesmen to purchase power at the fearful cost of a nation's demoralization. It will abate, then, when the Democratic party gives over its base attempt to reduce, or rather to degrade the Territories into hot-beds of Slavery, and not till then.

As to the best policy of the Republican party in 1860 we have little to say that we have not said. Briefly, let the Convention adopt the Philadelphia Platform with such additions as the events of the intervening time may require. Our choice of standard bearers for that campaign will be concerned in more generally than some people will think probable. With JOHN C. FREMONT and DAVID WILMOT to head the column, victory can be gained if gained it may be in 1860. Those men are platforms in themselves. Their names are now household words. They are tried and true—worth a battalion of your meowing, pinking conservatives. Give us these men to lead in 1860 and Mr. Buchanan will not have friends enough left in the Wilmot District to serve as pall-bearers.

Forward, for FREMONT & WILMOT!

"SONS" REDIVIVUS!—We are requested to state that a meeting will be held at the Prothonotary's Office, Monday evening, 27th inst., for the purpose of re-organizing the Sons of Temperance in this village. We bespeak a full attendance.

A word or two: While our faith in the efficacy of secret societies for the promotion of moral reform is very weak, our faith in agitation is deep and enduring. But we most respectfully suggest that the movers of this proposed meeting extend its object so as to take into earnest consideration the feasibility of organizing an "Anti-Gambling Society," at the same time. We incline to our declared policy of several months since, which is to permit the moral rot which infects the lower stratum of Wellsboro to have its course yet a few months longer. Whiskey is doing more to disgust our citizens with the traffic and consumption of intoxicating beverages than all existing or proposed organizations can possibly do, in our judgment. Yet are we ready and willing to co-operate with the friends of temperance and sound morals in any way they may deem advisable. We counsel agitation. Stir up the mire of debauch until the moral senses of this community shall sicken at the stench. Put a cross on the gates of your gambling shops, where half-grown boys are taught to walk the downward way; where heads of families teach sin by precept and example! Or, will some hypocrite deny that there are such shops in this village? Deny that drunkenness confronts us wherever we turn? Deny that drunken oaths and ribald jests do not offend pain the ears of decent men and women. Take your stand on Denial—the stronghold of men who defend that which they know to be wrong. We tell you that public sentiment is not ripened for reform; the few needed no season of excess to arouse them, but the many—the many had become lukewarm, indifferent—not have they fully recovered. A little agitation is quite in place just now, so we give our vote for the meeting.

The sayings and doings of children and aged persons are entitled to a degree of immunity from censure. This is a universally recognized claim. In the case of Mr. Buchanan it should rule, no doubt. For who but a man in his dotage would have perpetrated so egregious a mistake as his late Message most assuredly is? He deprecates agitation, yet indicates upon the contrary several columns of twaddle to prove that Kansas should have come into the Union as a Slave State. He declares interference with the domestic arrangements of foreign States to be inimical to the spirit, purpose and correct construction of the Constitution, yet proposes to establish a military protectorate over two Mexican States contiguous to our southern border. He would like to purchase Cuba; he does not desire to steal it even if we could do so without a bloody collision with European powers; but he adds a saving clause to the effect that circumstances may arise, such as to justify the theft of the Queen of the Antilles by the model Republic, in self-defense. We dare say the consistency of his argument appears plain enough to his admirers, but to our perverted vision it doth not yet appear.

Propos of the Mexican Protectorate: We understand just what the military occupation of a country by a foreign power means. The United States established a protectorate over California it will be remembered. In other words, Col. Fremont took possession of California in the name of the United States, and Mexico never regained possession afterward. Such is the true character of a military protectorate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18, 1858. A difficulty occurred between Congressmen English and Montgomery, on Pennsylvania avenue, this morning. They happened to meet for the first time this session, when Mr. English, extending his hand, said, "How are you, Mr. Montgomery?" Mr. Montgomery withheld his own hand, and uttered an insulting expression, something like "I don't speak to puppies," whereupon Mr. English struck him a severe blow over the head, breaking his cane to pieces and knocking Mr. Montgomery into a gutter, but not entirely down. Mr. Montgomery, rising, hurled a brick at Mr. English, striking him on the boot, but doing him no injury. Mr. English states to his friends that he was entirely unarmed, and was not aware that Mr. Montgomery had any ill feeling toward him up to the time of the encounter. Mr. Montgomery is superior in strength to Mr. English.

A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.—Some twelve or fourteen years ago Harlow Case was a respectable and esteemed citizen of Buffalo. He held the place of Assistant Postmaster under Mr. Dorsheimer, and was for many years intrusted with the more important duties of the office. A member of one of the Baptist Churches, upright in every walk of life, married, and the father of a family, he seemed to be as firm in the straightforward paths of virtue as any other. Removing to Sandusky, Ohio, he received the appointment of Collector of that port under Mr. Fillmore. The appointment was one universally approved, and the numerous friends of Case in this city were rejoiced at his success in life. While holding that office he was intimate in the family of a Mr. F., one of his assistants. Mrs. F. was young, beautiful, impassioned, and a fatal attachment grew up between the two, which remained unsuspected until the truth was made known by the sudden elopement of Case with Mrs. F., and the simultaneous discovery that he had absconded with Government funds to the amount of some \$34,000. From that time forward nearly all trace of the guilty pair was lost. The family of Case, bereaved and betrayed, remained hopeless in their grief. Mr. F. engaged in a long but fruitless chase of the fugitives. And now from off the sea comes tidings a broken, half-told story of lonely wanderings in foreign lands; a full recital of a never-ceasing remorse, with painful and solitary deaths in far-away islands and on the stormy waters of the Indian Ocean. Both victims of unhalloved passion are asleep—the mother in the groves of Ceylon, the little child in the coral forests of the sea. The betrayer still wanders the earth, the heavy hand of an avenging God upon him, and sends to his abandoned home this message of his sorrow.—Buffalo Com. Adv., Dec. 2.

WHO ARE THE AGITATORS?—The Administration Party have been two years deploring the agitation of Slavery, and ever since last Spring have insisted that the Slavery question was finally and conclusively settled. There has been no new attempt at agitation on the part of the opposition. But how is it with themselves? The President sends in his Message and two mortal columns of it are devoted to fanning the flames of Slavery agitation. Congress meets, and on the first day of the session, Mr. Mason, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, acting in behalf of the Administration, takes the earliest moment to revive the Slavery agitation by calling up the claim of the owners of the Amistead negroes. The South Carolina Legislature assembles with a conceded Administration majority in both houses. Its whole time is taken up with the discussion of a proposition to re-open the slave trade, and the revival of "agitation." The Arkansas Legislature, also in session, devotes its time to Pro-Slavery Resolutions for the express purpose of keeping up "agitation." The North Carolina Legislature is agitating the subject of reducing free negroes to Slavery. The Alabama and Florida Legislatures are agitating the Slave Trade. The Mississippi politicians are issuing manifestoes, all to a greater or less extent agitating the Slavery question. All these are Democratic bodies. Who are the "Agitators?"—Alb. Jour.

Reporting in the U. State Senate. The reporting company for the Senate consists of three persons—Mr. Sutton, and two brothers, Murphy by name. Mr. Sutton is chief, but the Murphys do all the actual reporting. When a sitting commences the younger takes the chair and writes during the morning, generally until a special order is taken up. The heavy debate now coming on, the older brother, who is equal to any emergency, takes the chair. This gentleman will write as long as circumstances may require with wonderful ease and accuracy. He sits in his chair in front of the Vice President's desk with his slight figure, his bright blue eyes, and intelligent countenance. He recognizes every speaker in the chamber by his tone of voice, * * * * * and with wonderful quickness of ear catches every remark, however low or indistinct. He sits there hour after hour, while that indefatigable pen flies over the smooth sheet, and arrests the winged words for which a nation and the world are waiting! No flood of eloquence ever overwhelms him. Like the pouring rain which is frozen as it falls upon the sheeted snow, the torrent of words is transfixed upon the snowy pages of his notebook by the magic pen of phonography. No colloquy is too quick for him. No interruption can disconcert his practised ear, or distance his electric fingers. "Mr. President," from half a dozen Senators, is noted. And when debate has followed debate, and motions to adjourn have been made and lost, and motions and debate followed again, till honorable Senators declare themselves overcome with incessant talking, and are sending for lunch, and are slipping out into the refreshment room to partake of sundry decoctions to keep the spirits up by sending the spirits down—our reporter, who has sat there all the while, eury power concentrated, every faculty engaged, and who has written as much as they all have talked without rest and without refreshment, writes on without lagging, seemingly as fresh as when he sat down hours before.

And thus, from day to day, one of the greatest triumphs of the age is witnessed by the gaping crowd in the gallery, with indifference the reporting system is a triumph of art, science, and intellect. Few of those who sit in the gallery of the Senate, and look down upon its deliberations, and read in the next morning's Globe a detailed report, of which their memory furnishes but a shadow, are aware of the labors of the reporter. When the manuscript is corrected by Mr. Murphy, who thus reports all day, and works frequently more than half the night, in either case, the manuscript, as far as reviewed, is sent to the printer; so that before the reporters sleep, the entire debate has left their hands, and comes out in the next morning's Globe. One of the most remarkable features of this reporting is the ease with which one reporter reads the notes of another. This result is due to phonography, the only short hand legible to any other than the writer.—The strongest argument in favor of phonography as a universal shorthand, its perfect legibility, not only to the writer but to others, is established triumphantly by the reporting practice in Congress. Nowhere else has it ever been so thoroughly tested, and so fully vindicated. Notes taken at the rate of frequently over two hundred words per minute, and read with the utmost facility by a person who did not even listen to the debate, proved conclusively that phonography is a thing adapted to the every day uses of mankind.

It has been said that stenography is employed in Congress—that Mr. Sutton was a stenographer, but he surrendered it long ago to the superiority of phonography. Neither he nor Messrs. Murphy employ any arbitrary shorthand, nor, I believe, do any of the House reporters. I have picked up and read phonographic notes on the reporter's desk of the House, and have been assured that they all use phonography. Reporters in Congress receive liberal pay; though our Government would do better to quadruple it than to allow the debates to remain unpublished. Mr. Rives, who has the contract for publishing the Globe, pays \$4.50 per column for matter in manuscript out of \$7.50 received by him. Besides, it has become a custom with the Houses, at the close of the session, to vote an extra, or "compensation," of \$800 to each of the reporters. Session before this it was omitted, but this session a compensation act has been passed granting them \$1,600 for both that and the present session. So it will be seen they work hard and wax rich.

By the arrival of the Persia at New York there is interesting news from Europe.—There is no news of the missing steamer Indian Empire. Lord Napier is to be Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Berlin.—Count Montalembert, was sentenced to six months imprisonment and to pay a fine of 3,000 francs, and Douniol, his editor, to one month's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 1,000 francs. One of the young English Princes is to visit the Canadas. The steamship Great Eastern is soon to be made ready for sea. Her first trip will probably be to Portland next Summer. It was reported at Paris that an Anglo-French fleet would leave on the 19th of December for the Gulf of Mexico, well provided against filibusters.—Sr. Ros d'Oiano has been appointed Captain General of Cuba. Gen. Concha will, however, remain until the difficulties with Mexico are arranged. Prince Napoleon was about to resign the Administration of the Colonies that he might devote himself to the Government of Algeria. The Bank of Frankfort had reduced its rate of discount from 5 to 4 per cent. The Prussian elections had resulted in the triumph of the Constitutional party. There was a short crop of tea in China this year. All foreigners employed in the Kingdom of Naples are to be naturalized.

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS.—When Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will cure coughs, colds, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest the fell destroyer Consumption, it does more than most Physicians can do. A single trial will satisfy the incredulous.

Buy none unless it has the written signature of "I. Butts," on the wrapper.

WASHINGTON, Friday, Dec. 18, 1858.

The House committee on Territories had a meeting this morning, and rejected by a vote of five against four, Mr. Grover's proposed amendment to the Senate's Oregon bill to repeal that clause of the English Act which prohibits the people of Kansas from calling a Convention to form a Constitution until they have a sufficient population for a Representative to Congress according to the Federal ratio. The bill, as it came from the Senate, was then ordered to be reported.

The members of Congress have drawn pay more closely to date than usual—evidence that money is not abundant everywhere. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House has disbursed since the 6th inst., on account of mileage and arrears of salary, \$327,464. His total disbursements for the present Congress up to Wednesday last, amounted to \$1,435,292.

Not a little excitement exists among some of the Pennsylvania politicians on hearing that certain parties, said to be Federalists, holders publishing a new Democratic paper in Philadelphia, to the injury they suppose of The Argus and Pennsylvaniaian, when these journals might be united.

Senator Mata has returned to Washington as Minister of the Juarez Administration, Mexico. He has plenipotentiary powers, make treaties, and settle all difficulties between this Government and his own.

The Charleston Courier, Wednesday, that Hon. Lawrence M. Keitt will close his Congressional career after serving out the next term.

THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION.—The Board of Alms House Governors, of the City of New York, has published an official report upon the above title. It presents a full picture of an amount of misery and degradation, few know of, and even fewer speak of or attempt to cure. We copy a few of the statistics: There are six thousand public prostitutes in the city of New York. The majority of them are from fifteen to twenty-five years of age. Education is at a very low standard with them. One-fifth of them are married women. One half of them have given birth to children, and more than half of these children are illegitimate. The ratio of mortality among children of prostitutes is four times greater than the ordinary ratio among children in New York. Many of these children are living in the absolute vice and obscenity. The majority of the women have been prostitutes for less than four years. The average duration of a prostitute's life is only four years. A capital of nearly four millions of dollars, (4,000,000) is invested in the business of prostitution. The annual expenditure on account of prostitution is more than seven millions of dollars. There is an average of two thousand abandoned women constantly maintained at the public expense in the hospitals on Blackwell Island, their ages embrace almost every period of life from girlhood to old age.

Of these two thousand professional courtesans, only about three-eighths were natives of the United States.

Dr. O. W. HOLMES.—A writer in the Boston Transcript says: "While every newspaper in this country has been full of the biographer's praises, has quoted his poetry, puns and his epigrams, we learn that learned men in England give him even higher commendation. Several London journals have alluded to these papers in high terms, and from private sources we have more recent opinions. At a dinner party in London, some months ago, Thackeray spoke of these papers as among the foremost in modern literature, adding with emphasis, that no Englishman could have written them. Mr. Keble Collins, after alluding to these and to the new essays of Emerson, said: "with such contributions, the Atlantic is not far from competing anywhere in the world." And recently Charles Reade, alluding to the Atlantic Monthly, held this language: "The stories are no worse than Blackwood's and Fraser's, &c., and so the other matter is infinitely beyond monthly and trimestral scribbles, being genuine in thought and English in expression, whereas, what passes for criticism here is often but a mere mixture of cuckoo and sea-haw—a set of conventional phrases, not in English, but in Norman French and the jargon of the schools. After five or six or twenty years of these * * * without a word of thought novelty or life among them, and such papers as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," with a sense of relief and freshness."

A REMARKABLE SHIP.—Shipbuilders in East Boston have in course of construction in their yard a small steamer, which is to be propelled in a novel manner. She is to be used as an experiment, the inventor being furnished with funds to construct her by one of the leading shipbuilders in the city. The hull is fifty-two feet long, and three feet wide at the stern, and tapers gradually to bows, which are very sharp. She is five feet deep. On deck she will have a nineteen foot long. She will be worked by an engine of twelve horse power, and will be attached the propellers—one at the stern, three feet in diameter, to work in water, and one at the stem, eight feet in diameter, to work in the air. The propeller is attached to a shaft which connects with the engine, and also with the water peller at the stem. It is supported at the stem. Both propellers will be worked by steam. The smoke-pipe will be placed vertically on the deck. The inventor is confident that by this arrangement he can get twenty-five to thirty miles an hour out of this craft. We understand that the invention has been tried on a small harbor, and has worked admirably. The hull is completed and ready for the water, which is being made in Roxbury, expected that the vessel will be ready to make her trial trip by the middle of the week.—Boston Transcript.

The death of the Rev. John Hinkley, oldest Methodist preacher in the world, the last survivor of the "helpers" of Wesley, is reported. Mr. Hinkley was 93 years old.