A Nocturnal Comedy of Errors.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Some days eince a young couple who had newly donned hymenial vestments, came from their home, a pleasant village in this State, to spend a portion of that supposedto-be-delicious period known as the honeymoon, and placed themselves under the charge of the proprietor of the Spencer Hisse. They then sallied forth to witness the beauties and poculiarities of Queen City, and do as brides are ever wont, a quantity of the little business embraced in the term "shopping." They were gone several hours and did not re'urn to the hotel until near sundown, quite fatigued with their exertions. The bride, Mrs. R., then found that she had forgotten some articles indispensible to her toilet, and unwilling to disturb her husband, who she knew must be weary, slipped out while he was down stairs, and went up to Fourth street to get the diminutive bundle. She was successful in her search for the store and the article, but on her way back mistook, from her ignorance of the city, Main street for Broadway, and the Madison for the Spencer House, which are situated nearly opposite to each other.

Mrs. R. went into the hotel, and thinking it looked rather different from the other. asked one of the waiters she met in the hall. in rather a low and indistinct tone, if that was the "Spencer," to which, he, failing to understand her, replied in the affirmative. in storm he visits you. Sie then ordered him to bring her the key to No. 48, which he did, and she entered it. and removed her honnet shawl and other portions of her attire, and crept between the sheets of the bed to enjoy a little nap after her long walk, never dreaming she was in the wrong house, for the reason that the anartment happened to have the same position, and be furnished very much like her room at the "Spencer."

Instead of taking a "little nap," she fell into a profound sleep, that continued hour after hour until 11 o'clock, at which time she was disturbed by a most unexpected in-

The rightful occupant of No. 48, a merchant from a town in Indiana, who had been to the theatre and become a little intoxicated, went to the Madison, and wishing no one to see his condition, walked up to his room without a light, and fortunately or unfortunately, found the door unlocked. He entered quietly, and as total darkness reigned there, he removed his garments and crept into the spacious double bed, not disturbing in the least the fair bride who lay near the wall.

How long the two reposed there side by side, with only a foot of space between them, all unconscious of the other's presence, is not exactly known, but probably about an hour, when a tremendous noise was heard in the apartment from which female screams issued wildly, piercingly and ceaselessly.

The hotel was in an uproar; proprietors clerks, waiters, porters and guests, dressed and half-dressed, were at the door of "fortyeight" in a few minutes, blocking up the entrance and asking each other eagerly, "What "For God's sake, tell us is the matter?" what is the trouble!",

The cruse of this outery may be imagined. The bride had awakened about midnight. and putting her hand over her husband it fell upon the Indianian's face, and the soft, warm touch aroused him at once. He did not understand it exectly, though he did not dislike it, and in a moment more Mrs. R. said, "My dearest husband, where have you been all

"Husband," echoed the merchant, begin ning to see, like Lord Timsel, that he had "made a small mistake here;" "I am nobody's husband. I reckon, my dear madam, you're in the wrong bed.'

In the wrong bed-horror of horrors thought the bride-what would her liege what would the curious world say? And Mrs. R. screamed terribly, and sprang from her couch just as her companion did the she, and entreated her to give him time and he would leave the apartment, although it was the one he had engaged-he'd make oath to that.

Scream, scream, scream, was the only reply to this kindly proposition.

"My God, Madam, don't yell so! you'll it's only a mistake. Have some thought of the consequences. I don't wan't to hurt you -I swear I don't. You'll get me shot and yourself-well, I won't say what."

.. The screams increased, and the poor Indianian, expecting every moment to see a pistol thrust in his face by a jealous husband, turned pale as death, which he expected, and resigned himself to his fate.

Just at this juncture, the throng outside presented itself at the door, and beheld Mrs. R. cowering in one corner, exercising her lungs magnificently, and with a sheet wrapped in the middle of the room, enveloped in a coverlet, ejaculating, "My God, Madam,

The junior proprietor, Dr. Cahill, saw there must be some mistake, and, requesting the others to retire, called the merchant out with him into another room, and there learned the whole story. The Doctor then sent one of the ladies of the hotel, to Mrs. R., and the entire affair was explained, greatly to her relief-though she was overwhelmed with confusion at a circumstance which might have ruined her reputation for ever.

Under the escort of the Doctor, she was conveyed to the "Spencer," where the husband was found pacing the corridors with frantic mien and half-crazed with grief at the mysterious disappearance of his wife, whom he believed had been spirited away by a villain or murdered for her jewels in this "infernal city," where, as he expressed it "they would kill a man for a dollar any

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26, 1858. There has been a free interchange of views among many leading Republican Senators and Representatives, for which an occasion has been afforded since the commencement of the recess. The opinion was unanimous that parties and politics are so shaped in this Congress that nothing will be effected during the present session concerning the Pacific Railroad, or a modification of the tariff.

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. Cobb, Editor & Proprietor,

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

Thursday Morning, Dec. 30, 1858. *_* All Business, and other Communications must pe addressed to the Editor to insure attention.

S. M. Pettengill & Co., 119 Nassau St., New York, and 10 State St., Boston, are the Agents for the Agitatur, and the most influential and largest circulating Newspapers in the United States and the Canadas. They are authorized to conract for us at our lowest rates.

We cannot publish anonymous communications.

Wood, the Ambrotypist, is in town.

Hon. G. A. Grow will please accept thanks for ound copies of the Congressional Globe.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of Mr. S. B. Elliott. He offers a fine opportunity to such of our young men as wish to improve their talents and make them practical.

Suescribers from whom we have agreed to take Wood will favor us greatly by bringing it to us at once. Not green wood! Don't bring green wood! Let us have the water by itself and the wood by it-

The Carrier of The Agitator will visit his patrons on New-Year Day as has been his custom heretofore. He has faithfully served the good folk of Wellsboro during the past year and we doubt not they will signify their appreciation of his fidelity by their accustomed generosity. In sunshine and

Some very excellent thoughts on the New-Year came too late for insertion this week, but they will be in season next week. Contributors should bear in mind that the cast of our inside forms is made beyond material alteration by Monday noon. We never change the programme after that time, unless. as sometimes happens, it can be done without delaying the hour of publication.

A communication from S. B. P., also arrived too late for this week. Several communications await an examination. Be nationt.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT !-- We have just received a few of the particulars of a shocking occurrence involving the horrible death of a little daughter of Mr. Josiah Griffin, of Charleston township, Monday afternoon. Mr. Griffin was preparing some highly inflammable substance over the stove, when the compound suddenly took fire and drove those present out of doors. The house was soon in flames. The little girl, eight years of age, chanced to be in the chamber and was found at the foot of the stairs almost entirely consumed. Mrs. G., was severely injured by burning, her clothes being destroyed in her rantic efforts to rescue the child. This is a terri ble blow.

SANTA CLAUS-a saint not in the calendar of the New-England little folks-visited us for the first time Christmas morning. Early taught to put not our trust in either saints or princes, we had learn ed to look upon the legend of Santa Claus with suspicion. But "airy nothings" do not make donations of new hats to seedy editors; therefore, since the veritable Santa Claus presented us with a new hat. we hasten to declare ourself to the little folks as a convert to their Christmas theory. For their edification we may describe him as he appeared to our wondering eyes. He was tall, had killing whiskers and a kindly eye. We recognized him as a saint at first glance. So there are a great many Santa Clauses, children, and you see them nearly every day in the year. A happy New-Year to you!

January 1, 1859.

To him and to her who have endeavored to live in the past in such manner as never to blush for their record, the flight of time must awaken pleasing, rather than painful emotions. Sudden, swift and terrible is the rush of the years as they wheel into the shadowy bourne of the Past, as contemplated by those who have put aside golden Opportunity to idle with the bubbles that dance for a brief moment in the sunshine of fleeting pleasure and vanish for-

We stand again in the vestibule of Time. Some of us eagerly crowding the threshold of the door which is about to open for the first time to mortals. and some have not yet turned their faces from that door which is about to close forever against the return of every one. To the best and the purest, even same. He was fully as much alarmed as the hour is big with grave thought, the event is solemn. We hear the requiem of the Old and the cra dle-song of the New, mounting and blending in a cadence that heals as it wounds; and so the pain of leave-taking is tempered to us-Hope's sweetness overcoming its bitterness.

Shall we question ourselves if the world has better grown during the twelvementh whose account wake the house. Be reasonable; I swear is going to its great audit? Ruther let us inquire within. If each of us has grown better, then has the great world been moved a step toward perfection For all is so nicely adjusted in the Divine economy that the better growth of the least results in the measurable uplifting of the highest. So, also, if each has grown no better; if each has retrograded (and none can stand still) then is the great world turned back, grown no better, certainly.

The object of living should be two fold: the im provement of self, first, because there all improvement must begin, and secondly, the betterment of the many with whom we are brought in often contact, Few of us intelligently live; not one lives up to his, or her best understanding of the purpos over her form and head, and the Indianian for which man is placed here; all sometimes flatter themselves that nothing has been omitted which should have been done. Yet who can justly claim that he has complied with all the requirements of duty in any year-in any day, even?

"What shall I do?" That question denotes progress in the right direction. The field is mighty, yet how few the respers! It is well that no mind is permitted to comprehend the uncultivated Vast! League upon league stretches away the illimitable Continent of Labor-away, beyond the combined ken of reflected intelligence! Mercifully are we dealt with that we think the meeting horizons the extreme of time. Could we stand with the Omniscient, beholding as He does the breadth and sum of Creation: could we see worlds like this dwindle to the rank of atoms, universes to integers of systems and systems to points of light-could we see this we should perish, and with us the means of earth's regeneration. To reach after that higher knowledge is not only not forbidden, but made a necessity of

the soul. The attainment is most wisely withheld. We should so live that every day may be invested with the rights and dignities of a New-Year Day. It is not enough that men and women once in a year resolve to do right. The soul recognizes no arbitrary divisions of time into days, weeks, months and years; it does not, of itself, mark the flight of to use the word "long." A little farther on he time, but dwells apart from the landmarks and finger.posts planted by fearful human nature lest man. more intent on the sensuous than the spiritual, may lose himself in the mazy labyrinths of visible change. Since the soul computes not time by days, months and years, why do we mock it with annual resolutions? Rightly, its eternal occupation is to plan,

petually recurrent, in reflection as constant as in acion, its earth-life a proud success.

Could we all intelligently comprehend that none can live for themselves alone, the battle would be fought. But so few, perhaps none fully comprehend this truth. We chase the bubbles, tame, rank power-deeming these necessary, whereas, they confer no substantial happiness, but oftener pain. Richesif amassed for either of the objects just mentioned. bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. It is doubtful if one may grow rich and yet live rightly in all respects. Wealth is usually purchased at the price of temporary blindness to the miseries that lie to the right and to the left of the paths we pursue, of deafness to the cries of those who grope in the sunless purlieus of Disease and Famine. Is it not so? Do we impeach the commerce of the world when we pronounce it essentially anti-christian?

Perhaps that may be pretty broad. We do not believe that the world could sustain a christian commercial system in its present state of progress. It loes not follow that no better system is possible. It should operate as a stimulant, moving us to new effort. But in what way is the world to be aided up to that higher position other than that of selfimprovement? The reform must commence with

each of us. How many, then, after due reflection, will resolve to make the world better for living in it? How many will resolve to live and act like beings who comprehend that they shall live, not for months and years only, but forever? Life, here, is but a span! Its honors, emoluments and petty triumphs perish with the clay; or, if they survive, they vanish with the childish pomp and circumstance of the funeral cortege which pauses a moment at the graveside, to be gaped at by the crowd, which, returned to the busy scenes of active life, will not remember that the earth vesterday swallowed up the ashes of one whom men fawned upon and flattered. When men and women learn to look beyond the perishable and to live for the imperishable, then will every day be a New-Year day-the birth-day of Resolution, holy because dedicated to duty, and a season of joyful calm because calm is the fruitage of a right determination.

If we can turn to the record of the departing year without shame, there is no good reason to regret the flight of time. The departure of the years should enrich us in experience, and if grown wiser. why not happier, if wisdom be the parent of true enjoyment? None can reach their ideal of a correct life, but nearly all may approach it. As it is permitted men to sigh atter Infinite Knowledge with no hope of attainment, so they are permitted to sigh for perfection while conscious that perfection is unattainable by finite creatures. The philosopher will recognize Wisdom in this arrangement. The de sire for infinite knowledge leads man to dare every accessible height, and so, forward, until he plants his feet where mortal never trod before.

But we digress. We set out to send you, patrons and friends, cordial greeting. We do so now for the fifth time-may be for the last. May the world be better for the lesson of your lives and may you live to enjoy the return of MANY HAPPY NEW-YEARS.

Doubtless there is a glory of the intellect, but there is another glosy of the muscle. There is one glory of the soul and another of pluck. The mode Legislator must be radiant with the twin glories of muscle and pluck. The Benicia Boy is a glorious fellow! How gloriously he battered the nose of J. Morrissey, Esq.! It was no disgrace to Mr. Hec. nan that he lost his wind. It was no mark of cow ardice in J. Morrissey, Esq., that he went on the ground backed by armed retainers. It showed that he had friends; the result of the contest showed that he had muscle and pluck. Both gentlemen coveved themselves with glory as with a garment. Why should they not be hereafter known to an admiring people as the Hon. Heenan and the Hon. J. Morrissey? Does any one forbid the banns?

The Hon. Mr. English and the Hon. Mr. Month gomery met on a broad Avenue in Washington the other day. Both these gentlemen represent the sovereign will and pleasure of 100,000 men and women at the moderate price of \$3,000 per year. Hon. Mr. Montgomery passed Hon. English without the customary salutation-wie gehts? The latter magnan imously suffered this great indignity to go unpunished. But the Montgomery repeated the insult He insulted the English, and through him, 100,000 men and women of the sovereign State of Indiana The matter grew to be serious. Manifestly, English could not long endure the murmurs of 100,000 men and women. He could not return to his insulted constituency with no evidence that the insult had been repelled. Comprehending this, he lifted up his cane and brought it down upon the head of the soothless insulter" with vengeful emphasis. The Montgomery recled beneath the weight of muscles reeled, but fell not. Waxing wroth, the smitten seized a brick and hurled it at the flying assaulter-Montgomery was bewildered, and forgot that himself, not English, had been baptized with Sticks. He smote Achilles English upon the heel, with a brick! We regret that he did not search his hat for another with which to batter his adversary.

Had English erept stealthily upon his insulter the act would have been grand beyond description. It would have redounded to the undying credit of muscle. But he foolishly smote his insulter in a broad avenue, where his adversary might have taken legbail for security and so have barred the insulted of remedy. English should be recalled. He has made great blunder. The glory of muscle departeth. 100,000 innocent men and women are avenged, we admit; but the glory of Muscle is-where? Manifestly, with Hons. Heenan and Morrissey. Since the floor received the impress of Keitt the highfalutin, following a blow dealt in self-defence, and therefore proper, the reign of Muscle has steadily declined. There has been no exhibition of downright pluck in the Capitol since that memorable night How we exulted over the scalping of Barksdale by bloodthirsty Potter! Ah! then there was hope of return to aboriginal manners and customs! Then there was hope for muscle. In the language of the immortal Henry, " There is no longer any room for tope!" Oh, maurs! The Millennium is at hand!

There-we have said our say. Should Hons. English, or Montgomery send us a hostile message, they give us choice of weapons. We shall borrow the "Bloody Dagger" of our illustrious namesake, Sylvanus, Jr., Bonner volente. Sylvanus may consider the weapon engaged.

Occasionally, some of our democratic cotempora ries wax facetious and get off something keen at the expense of their President and party. Cochran, of the Venango Spectator, usually staid and suber, gets witty in his last issue. In speaking of the Message. he denominates it "a great paper." The fun lies in the use of the word "great," when he intended the expense of so much labor, is too rare an exhibition in these days of perfunctory statesmanship, to escape especial notice and applause." The joke consists in using the adjective "conscientious," as descriptive of any deed of Mr. Buchanan's.

In another place he says that the democratic par and to do. To seek out the wrong and to right it ty will occupy the same position twelve years hence

To rebuke, in deed, those who pass by on the other that it occupied twelve years ago and occupies now. side. Thus, the New-Year of the soul is made per- Well, we will laugh at that when we get down thro the absurdity into the fun. What a political pons asinorum that proposition is, though,

Literary Association.

? Déc. 23d, 1858. Society met as usual, in the Court House. Dr. E. Pratt in the Chair. Minutes of last meeting read by the Secretary. Debate being in order, on motion the words, "Tioga County" were stricken out of the resolution. making the question read as follows, viz:-Resolved that the office of the County Superintendency should be abolished." lively discussion followed, at the close of which the President, after reviewing the arguments, gave decision for the negative .-Question selected to discuss January 12th, reads: "Resolved that the President's last message abounds in misrepresentations."-No chief disputants appointed. Lectures, so far as arranged will be read in the following order: M. H. Cobb reads the first lecture Dec. 30th; J. Emery, Jan'y 6th; C. G. Williams, Jan'y 20th. Adjourned to one week.

A. L. Ensworth: Sec'y.

Mr. Grow, Member of Congress for North ern Pennsylvania, recently made a motion in he Committee of Territories appointed by the House to repeal the restriction on the admission of Kansas, contained in the English Bill. And why not? If Oregon may come in with 30,000, why may not Kansas come in with 50,000? Can any man-Republican or Democrat-tell? But the Committee voted it down: the five Democrats on it, going to keep out Kansas by a rule which they will not apply to Oregon, and the four Republicans voting to put them on an equality.

For this honest and fair move, Mr. Grow has been denounced as "raising the nigger question and bleeding Kansas," and the Argus reproaches him with the epithet "Bully This charge is most unjust and shameful. Mr. Grow is a quiet, pleasant, affable man-neither a brawler nor a fighter. When Keitt tried to drive him across the Hall, Grow refused, and stood on his equal rights there; and when Keitt undertook to choke him, Grow knocked him down. Does self-defence against an overbearing ruffian make a man a "bully ?" That was all Mr. Grow did. Would the Argus have advised him to skulk and run away at the command of this slave driver Keitt? When Keitt seized him by the throat, would the Argus have advised Grow to be choked senseless. and then kicked or brained? Had Grow sunk his manhood, and disgraced his Northern blood, would the Argus have called him a "National" man-fit to be a Lecompton Democrat?

Neither at the North nor at the South is Mr. Grow traduced by any manly man for his repulse of a wanton personal assault. Mr. Keitt himself would not so assail him. The best men, everywhere-at his own home. and all over our Union-applaud him for his prompt resentment, exercised only so far as actual security required. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," says the North. 'Sic semper tyrannis!" says Old Virginia! But what a degrading, belittling influence has Lecomptonism, when its devotees traduce men-their own neighbors-for a single act, unpremeditated, demanded by true honor and self defence!

"O what a tangled web they weave When once they practice to deceive." Lewisburg Chronicle.

A DESPERATE DUEL .- The following exract from a private letter, written by one of the soldiers in the army of Utah, gives the particulars of one of the most desperate duels on record. The tragedy occurred in Cedar Valley, during the first week in September.—

"The parties to this sanguinary affair were two gamblers from St. Louis-Rucker and Peel. What gave rise to the difficulty was, that, in the course of a game for \$1,000, Rucker played a secreted card, and was detected by Peel, who took the money-Rucker forfeiting the pile by the false play. The ensuing day the parties met at the settler's While there, some remark by a third store. party revived the subject of the game, and the quarrel of words between Rucker and Peel took a more serious turn. Peel said that there was but one way to settle the matter-they must fight. They adjourned out side the store, and taking their station about ten yards apart, drew their revolvers and fired. Both fell at the first shot-Rucker shot in the breast and Peel in the shoulder. One of Peel's fingers was taken off by the shot. The second shot took effect in both. Rucker then raised up on his knee and fired twice, both balls hitting Peel. The latter, bleeding from six wounds, struggled up from the ground, and resting his revolver on his arm, and taking deliberate aim, shot Rucker to the heart. Peel is not expected to live indeed, as I write a rumor prevails that he is dead. Both these desperados came out from the States last spring, and had thousands of dollars of the soldier's money, which they had won in a "professional way." Their death is not likely to be regretted among the soldiers.

The Watkins Republican says: "We are able to state, just before going to press that John Magee is reported to have made arrangements with the Erie Co., by which a third rail is to be laid from Elmira to Watkins, connecting with the Williamsport Road, and that Mr. Magee is to have the privilege of running any amount of Coal and Lumber from the Blossburg region to this point, for transhipment, on favorable terms. It is also reported that the Canandaigua Road is to be narrowed to the Williamsport guage, and that the N. Y. & Erie Co., have bound themselves to run the line from Elmira to Canandaigua in connection with the Southern route, leading from Elmira to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, &c .- Elmira Advertiser.

Dr. Wistar's Balsum of Wild Cherry is ruly a balsam. It contains the balsamic principle of the Wild Cherry, the balsamic properties of tar and of pine. Its ingredients are all balsamic. Coughs, colds, and consumption, disapear under its balsamic in-

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

Marrying at Large.

One of our Justices of the Peace was called yesterday afternoon, to go to a German house in the city and marry a couple. Putting on a clean collar, and putting a marriage certificate in his pocket, he started for the feative scene. Arrived at the house under the direction of a blue legged little boy, who them to another part of the island, pointed out the place, he knocked and went out of sight of land, the negroes are

German girl, sorry and plump, her blue eyes to be taken back to their native homes a German girl; sorry and plump, ner viue eyes, to be have soon at the nomes at rolling out tears as large as butter pats. rica. They committed no assault upon a What's the matter?" said the sympathetic purchasers, further than to demand of the Justice. "Matter," said the girl, "Dat Got- their release from bondage and their res leib wend off, and wouldn't marry me, ain't tion to home, kindred and liberty. The Justice said he supposed it was, knew nothing of navigation, and the and intimated that he had come to marry finally found its way into Long Island some one, and requested the old lady to bring and was formally taken possession of be on the lambs to the sacrifice. Old lady said, revenue cutter and brought into New B. "dare vos no lambs-Gotleib ish run off and vill not marry my Katarina." "Well," said cided that they were entitled to their free the Justice, "Gotleib isn't the only man there and they were subsequently set at it is send for some other man to marry her." and the two Spaniards lost their "prope At this Katrina's face brightened up, and she If we mistake not, the late John Quincil ejaculated, "Yah—das is goot—send mit ams volunteered to be the counsel for Hans." Hans was send for, but couldn't groes, and went to New Haven and come. When her messenger returned, Kata- their case. They were declared free rina, determined not to give it up, said, "Send District Court of the United States, mit Shoseph." Shoseph was sent for, but he which an appeal was taken to the loll is could not be found.

ustice was growling impatient. Just then Katarina looked out of the window and saw a short and thick young German going by, when she rushed to the door and hallooed, Fritz-Fritz!" Fritz shortly made his appearance at the door, when Katarina's mother said, "Fritz you loss mine Katarina?" Fritz cratic administration, since that day a allowed he did, more as sauer-krout. "Then never failed to urge this preposterous and stand up here," thundered the Justice; and before Fritz could realize his position he and recommend its payment. Several for was man and wife, and Katarina's arms were mittees of both Houses of Congress made around his neck, and her lips pressed to his, as they generally are, of a majority of she crying between the calisthenics, "mein husband—mein Fritz;" Our duty as a cor-rect historian compels us to say that Fritz has never yet dared to vote an appropria hugged back as well as he knew how. The Justice, with head erect, stepped smilingly Atlas. out, leaving the lovers to themselves, and walked away meditatively, a holy calm stealing all over his massive proportions, the consciousness of having done his duty gleaming in his eye, and honor, honesty and rectitude in his sootstep.—Buffalo Republican.

THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI DEFALCATION-A True Woman .- Ol course it has not been forgotten by most of our readers that, in 18. 13, an immense defalcation was discovered in the State Treasury of Mississippi, J. R. Graves being at the head of that department, who as soon as exposure was threatened, escaped, was pursued, caught, and finally got out of the clutches of the officers and reached Canada, where he lived beyond the reach of legal powers. The history of this great defalcation, involving, as was supposed at the time, no less than \$164,800 in found numbers, is briefly sketched in the following extract, which we obtained from a report on the case by A. H. Walker, Esq., to Gov. Mc-Willie a short time since. It will be seen what an honorable part an honorable, highminded woman played in the disastrous affair :- Louisville Journal.

After Graves had fled and escaped from the officers, and no one knew where the money was, Mrs. Graves, true to the honest instincts of woman, sent for the Governor of the State and voluntarily delivered to him \$92,600 in United States Treasury notes, \$2,747 68 in gold, \$69,232 98 in State warrants, making \$164,570 36, a sum quite sufficient to have purchased her husband's liberty or made herself and family independent; and, while her husband has justly been regarded as a public defaulter and pursued by the officers of the law as a fugitive from justice, this devoted wife has had to share all the evils arising out of their unfortunate condition and live in a distant land far from friends and kindred, without even having had credit for her straightforward womanly hon-

THE OPEN POLAR SEA .- Dr. Hayes in his beauty nor splendor to be found there. address before the Geographical Society read a letter from Prof. Agassiz, in relation to the open Polar Sea, in which that gentleman argued the existence of such a sea, in the following language:

"I beg to add a word with regard to Dr. Hayes' expedition. I consider it as highly important, not only in a scientific point of view, but particularly so for the interests of the whale fishery. The organization of these huge inhabitants of the ocean seems to me to furnish the most direct proof that there is an open sea into the Arctics. The whales being warm blooded, air-breathing animals, must come to the surface to breathe. They cannot live without it. Now it is well known that during the winter they are not found outside—that is, to the south of the ice-beat of the Arctic seas. They retreat northward during the cold season, and if the whole extent of that Arctic sea was covered with ice, they would necessarily perish during the long winter. I do not know a more direct evidence of the presence of extensive open water in the northernmost regions of the globe, than the mode of life of the whales, and the discovery of a passage into that open water which would render whale fishing possible during the winter, would be one of the most important results for the improvement of whale fishing. The argument may not strike forcibly one who is not acquinted with the structure of the whales, but to a physiologist t must be irresistible.

A CHILD'S HEAD CUT OFF. A few days since while the steamer Morgan L. Martin was lying at a dock in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, a son of the owner of the steamer, a boy some six or seven years old, was playing about the engine, and finally dropped some thing between the beams supporting the shaft, and stooped over to recover it. The engineer entirely ignorant of the whereabouts of the boy, started the engine, and the crank revolving, came down and struck the boy on the back of the neck, cempletely severing his head from his body, without giving a moment's time to cry for help. The father being near, started, caught up the headless boy, and the cry, "Oh, God!" which escaped the ery one that saw that awful sight and heard sides he hasn't any of the other clother that heart-rendering investigation that heart-rendering invocation.

The Facts of the Amistad Cate Some twenty years ago a slave ship land a cargo of African negroes on the lates Cuba. They were then sold in lots "to purchasers." A lot was bought by Spaniards named Ruiz and Mendez, who sequently chartered a small vessel with n. In the middle of the floor stood a stout took possession of the vessel and demanders.

where the cases were tried, and the Cour. of the United States Supreme Court, is Katrina's heart fell at this news, and the the decision was affirmed.

Soon asterwards the Spanish Governs claimed from our Government remunen for the loss which its citizens had sust by the decision of the Connecticut Cour, the liberation of the Africans. Our part ment recognized this claim, and their rageous claim upon the attention of Cours slavery men, have reported in favor of claim upon various pretexts, but Congre

Masonic .- The Grand Lodge of Pa avivania held an election for officers on 🖏 day evening, 6th inst., when the follows gentleman were elected for the Masonic real commencing on St. John's day next, term of December :-Hon. H. M. Phillips, R. W. Grand No.

John Thompson, R. W. Deputy Gu Master.
D. C. Skerrett, M. D., R. W. Se

Orand Master. Linius H. Scott, R. W. Junior Gar

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YEDDO, IN JAPAN .- Mr. Consul Hirs in a private letter to an officer of the Xm who was in the Japan Expedition, girs's

following description of the city of Year "I have visited the city of Yeddatta and have had an audience of the Emer I passed nearly six months in Yeddo my two visits, and succeeded at last as king a commercial treaty that fully of Japan to our enterprising citizens and was lanan fairly into the great family of the

Yeddo is a large city, of two-story and buildings. The streets are generally and well sewered, but are not pared. probable that the population is between 500,000 and 2,000,000. There Is the exterior of the houses is the same as you saw at Simoda and Kanagawa, 324 interiors are quite as destitute of furnite ornament. Even the palace of the Exe is built of unpainted wood, and is 6,20 bare of any furniture. The golden and and roofs spoken of by old writers hare ished, if they ever existed, and lamin by the Japanese that their buildings and of living are precisely the same tall? have been for the last five hundred just

DEER ON THE MOUNTAIN.-Roman cident.-We learn, says the Shippeds (Pa.) News from persons from the rics that large herds of deer have been seen, several killed, on the South Mountain season. A few days since, a gentleman siding near Cleversburg, re-urang from the mountains, remarked to his that, had she accompanied him therein. could have seen one of the most im sights one could witness—a herd of She told him "that if he would follow" the cellar, she would show him as fine 1 as he had seen in the mountain." panying her to the cellar, he was ser to find one of the finest of the herd, 1 buck, which she had slain! It appear in the early part of the evenings she the dogs on the premises keep up an un noise, and pursuing them, she found they were "worrying a large deer." zing it by the horns, she called for 3 which was hastily brought her, dispatched her captive. Numbers the settlements for food, which, we very scarce on the mountain.

MRS. DOUGLAS ON THE LATE CAND A correspondent of the Vincennes Sun, ing of the pleasant domestic qualities c Douglas, relates that, at the Chicogo tion, a few days ago, Mrs. Douglas wil how she stood the canvass. said she, "but I must go and get my some clothes—he has come out of the said she had come out of the said she come out of half naked. I got him two dozen shalf Spring, and two or three sets of state lost all his shirts but two, and one this belong to him—and all the study belong which belong to four different selfhe started out with.