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VOL. 3. HARRISBURG, PA., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1861. NO. 137.

HARRISBURG, PA., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1861.

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The Patriot & Union.

MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 11, 1861.

THE NATIONAL CRISIS.

COERCION IN NEW YORK.—EXCITING SCENE IN THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.—AFFIRMATION OF THE VENERABLE CHANCELLOR WALWORTH, HON. DANIEL CARROLL AND OTHERS.

In the Democratic and Union State Convention of New York, which met in Albany on the 1st instant, and which was composed of more than seven hundred members, an exciting scene occurred upon the adoption of the second resolution, which read as follows:

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Convention, the worst and the most ineffective argument that can be addressed by the Confederates or its adhering members to the seceding States is civil war. Civil war will not restore the Union, but will defeat forever its reconstruction.

On the reading of the resolution, Chancellor Walworth appeared upon the platform. His venerable looks claimed instant attention from the Convention, and he was received with an outburst of enthusiastic applause. He said:

Gentlemen of the Convention: I am far advanced in years, and not in the habit of attending conventions of this character, but I could not resist coming here to enter my protest against civil war. I have seen the horrors of such a conflict. In the war of 1812 my house, in Plattsburgh, was sacked by the British. A battle was fought opposite my very door, and the bullets that were fired fell like hailstones around my dwelling.

In the engagement my door remains to this day imbedded one of those bullets a memento of the fight. In that struggle I saw my fellow-citizens shot down by my side. I know, then, the horrors of a foreign war, and they are nothing as compared with the horrors of a civil war. A civil war is a war among brethren. We are all brethren in this Confederacy of States; the people of the South are our brethren, not only nominally, but actually our brethren.

In Georgia alone I have the names of one thousand citizens, whose ancestors were near relatives of my own. In the same State alone are over one hundred relatives of the family of Hillhouse, whose name is known as that of one of the patriots of the Revolution, and whose descendant now occupies a seat in our State Senate; and so, scattered all over the Southern States are the near relatives of the men of the North, and perhaps there is scarcely a member of this Convention who has not some such ties in the States of the South. It would be as brutal, in my opinion, to send men to butcher our own brothers of the Southern States as it would be to massacre them in the Northern States. We are told, however, that it is our duty, and we must enforce the laws. But why? and what laws are to be enforced? There were laws that were to be enforced in the time of the American Revolution, and the British Parliament and Lord North sent armies here to enforce them.

But what did Washington say in regard to the enforcement of those laws? That man—honored at home and abroad more than any other man on earth ever was honored—did he not say for enforcing the laws? No, he went to the aid of those who were oppressed against a free people, and against the injustice of which they rebelled.

Did Lord Chatham go for enforcing the laws? No, he gloried in defence of the liberties of America. He made that memorable declaration in the British Parliament, as "I if I was an American citizen instead of an I, an Englishman, I never would submit to such laws—never, never, never!"

Such is the spirit that animates our Southern brethren, and shall we war upon them for it? No! We must exert civil war if possible, and I close by exhorting my brethren to do all in their power to avert civil war. Conciliation, conciliation—anything but that—and no man among us, in his dying hour, will regret that his conscience is clear, and that he can lay his hand upon his heart and say, "I did all in my power to turn from the bosom of my country the horrible blow of a civil war."

Immense sensation followed the remarks of the venerable Chancellor, and the deep silence that had attended his remarks was followed by an enthusiastic outburst of applause.

Mr. George, of Orange, said that the words they had just heard had gone to his heart more than any thing that had been said in the Convention. He had the fortune to have been born in a Southern State—in the State of good old Virginia. His father still resided there, and it was only the other day that he had received a letter from his father—who was older in years than the gentleman who had just spoken to them in words so affecting—in which he had said: "My son, why can not the great and the good men of the State of New York, such men as Chancellor Walworth for instance, make their voices heard at this time for our beloved country?" [Much sensation and deep feeling was manifested by the Convention and the audience.] He had not risen to make a speech, but only, impelled by the remarks to which he had listened, to bear testimony to the opinion entertained by our Southern brethren of the venerable gentleman whose words had touched every heart in that assemblage.

Mr. G. T. Souter, of Queens, said that, after the words that had been spoken by the venerable gentleman from Saratoga, and the response that had been made, he could not refrain from raising his voice, as a son of Virginia, to pay tribute to the noble sentiments that had been uttered. He would to God that he could only give utterance to the feelings which stirred within his heart at this moment—that he could exhort them with a tongue of eloquence to listen to the words of warning spoken by one whose character we must all revere. But he could not—he was unequal to the effort, and he could only appeal to them as a son of Virginia to adopt that resolution with such unanimity that the vote would bring joy to the hearts of all men who desire to preserve and perpetuate this Union.

Enthusiastic cheers followed these remarks, and the Convention gave three hearty cheers for Virginia. When the excitement had somewhat subsided, Mr. Charles H. Carroll appeared on the stand, and the enthusiasm of the Convention burst forth anew.

Mr. Carroll said: As one who bore the name of Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, could he stand back at this time? Could he refrain from raising his voice in response to the sentiments to which he had listened, and to exhort his fellow-citizens to give heed to them, and to save the country as dear to them all, from the horrors of civil war, when all the ties of ancestry bound him to the Union—when the very National Capital was built upon the manor owned by his own grandfather to the Government, and owned for years by his ancestors? He

appealed to his brethren of the Convention to avoid, as his venerable friend had said, the horrors of civil war. Let them treat Virginia as a brother—let them treat all men of the South as brothers, and rely on it that if they gave a hearty expression to their feelings in this resolution, they would retire from the Convention with the satisfaction of knowing that its harmonious and patriotic proceedings, which serve to revive feelings of fraternal regard between the different sections of the country, and bring us back to the days when we could fight for the old Stars and Stripes in the South as well as in the North.

As Mr. Carroll concluded his remarks, the excitement of the Convention was unbounded, and several voices called for the question on the resolution. As the affirmative was put, the Convention rose to a man and answered "Aye." When the negative was put a voice from the lower end of the hall roared "No." Much excitement followed, and some cries of "Put him out—he's not a delegate!" were heard.

The Albany Argus refers to this scene editorially as follows: When the resolutions were read deprecating civil war, the venerable Chancellor Walworth rose upon the platform, and told how, in his youth, at the threshold of his home, he heard the bullets patter on doors and casements, and saw his companions fall in death at his side. This was in foreign war; but the horrors of a fratricidal civil war were tenfold more terrible.

Judge Carroll, (of the family of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton,) a hale, grey-haired man, asked how could he fight in this fratricidal war, whose ancestors owned the fields on which the National Capital was built, and who had kindred flowing in the veins of those men against whom he was called to turn his arms? Glanced by his own emotions, the Judge was compelled to desist, when a young man rose on one of the back benches, and in a voice of deep sensibility, told how, though he lived in New York, and his destiny was here—he had a father in Virginia, an old man, like the venerable Chancellor, and he had sisters there—when he broke down with his emotions. An audience of bearded men listened to this in tears, and there was a moment of silence. It was broken by a voice crying out: "Three cheers for Virginia," and they were given with a will.

For the first time, the Convention was called to the aid of justice to the people. Those only who were witnesses of it could appreciate its character. IMPORTANT LETTER FROM SENATOR DOUGLAS. The following is the letter of Senator Douglas to the editor of the Memphis Appeal, of which mention has been made by telegraph, contradicting the statement in that paper that he was in favor of the immediate withdrawal of the border slave States from the Union:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2. Messrs. Editors: I have this moment read with amazement an editorial in your paper of the 30th ult., in which you assume that I am "favoring the immediate withdrawal of the remaining States from the Confederacy, as a peace measure, to avert the horrors of civil war, and with the view of reconstruction on a conditional basis." I implore you by all the kind relations which have existed between us, and which I still cherish with so much pleasure and gratitude, to do me the justice promptly to correct the unaccountable error into which you have been led. In regard to secession, whether viewed as a governmental theory or as a matter of political expediency, I have never had but one opinion, nor uttered but one language—that of unqualified opposition. Nothing can be so fatal to the peace of the country, so destructive of the Union, and of all hopes of reconstruction, as the secession of Tennessee and the border States under existing circumstances.

You must remember that there are disunionists among the party leaders at the North as well as at the South—men whose hostility to slavery is stronger than their fidelity to the Constitution, and who believe that the disruption of the Union would draw after it, as an inevitable consequence, civil war, servile insurrection, and, finally, the utter extermination of slavery in all the Southern States. They are bold, daring, determined men; and believing, as they do, that the Constitution of the United States is the great bulwark of slavery on this continent, and that the disruption of the American Union involves the inevitable destruction of slavery, and is an indispensable necessity to the attainment of that end, they are determined to accomplish their paramount object by any means within their power.

For these reasons, the Northern disunionists, like the disunionists of the South, are violently opposed to all compromises or constitutional amendments, or efforts at conciliation, whereby peace should be restored and the Union preserved. They are striving to break up the Union, under the pretence of unbounded devotion to it. They are struggling to overthrow the Constitution, while professing undying attachment to it, and a willingness to make any sacrifice to maintain it. They are trying to plunge the country into civil war as the surest means of destroying the Union, upon the plea of enforcing the laws and protecting the public property. If they can defeat every kind of adjustment or compromise by which the points at issue may be satisfactorily settled, and keep up the irritation, so as to induce the border States to follow the cotton States, they will feel that the accomplishment of their ultimate designs.

Nothing will gratify them so much, or contribute so effectually to their success, as the secession of Tennessee and the border States. Every State that withdraws from the Union increases the relative power of Northern Abolitionists to defeat a satisfactory adjustment, and to bring on a war which sooner or later must end in final separation and recognition of the independence of the two contending sections. If, on the contrary, Tennessee, North Carolina, and the border States will remain in the Union, and will unite with the conservative and Union-loving men of all parties in the North in the adoption of such a compromise as will be alike honorable, safe and just to the people of all the States, peace and fraternal feeling will soon return and the cotton States come back, and the Union be rendered perpetual.

Pardon the repetition, but it can not be too strongly impressed upon all who love our country, that secession and war will be the destruction not only of the present Union, but will blast all hopes of reconstruction upon a constitutional basis. I trust you will do me the justice to publish this note in your next issue.

I am, very truly, your friend, S. A. DOUGLAS.

DEFENSIVE PREPARATIONS. If any one doubts that the South is in the farthest in her present attitude, a visit to the Tredgar Works in this city, will dispel the delusion. Even the "temerarious" might learn something from a survey of operations there at the present time. We have heretofore noticed the shipment of formidable implements of war to the seceding States, and there are more of the same sort in preparation. Two ten-inch Columbiads, destined for Alabama, are nearly completed, and two fierce-looking mortars for South Carolina, will shortly be ready for the troops of that Republic. In the casting of one

mortar and one gun, last week, 23,000 pounds of metal were used. Shell and cannon shot lay about promiscuously and in heaps, and a large number of men are engaged in the manufacture of these destructive messengers. Several cannon, of large and small calibre, are in process of manufacture, or already completed, and in another department the gun carriages are getting ready, under the hands of competent workmen. The whole place has a warlike aspect, which looks strange to us who have so long lived in "piping times of peace."—Richmond Dispatch.

RHODE ISLAND AND VERMONT. Rhode Island has nobly won the honor of being first to show a disposition to make sacrifices for the Union, and for the restoration of fraternal feeling between the different sections, by the repeal of her unfriendly laws, but Vermont does not appear to be inclined to follow the magnanimous example of her little sister State, in extent of territory—but great of heart.

If, therefore, more prudent action in other States should avert the calamities which now impend over us, Vermont, by her Chicago delegates have fairly represented her people, by protesting against any plan of compromise, can claim no credit for having aided, or even designed, the good work. In the days of the Revolution, "The Green Mountain Boys" had a full share of the honor of achieving our independence, but now their State neglects to give any recognition to the place of their saviors upon the scroll of fame, with those who will be instrumental in saving for posterity, what was won for us by our fathers. That vast and populous section of our country which we call "the North," should feel conscious of her strength, and in that consciousness she should feel that it is great and noble to bear with patience even the madness and folly of a portion of the weaker section.

The North should first determine to be just, and then she need not fear to be generous. THE ATTACK UPON WASHINGTON. The Virginia Legislature has adopted the following resolution: Whereas, It has been extensively reported through the public prints, in different parts of the Union, that certain rash and ill advised citizens of Virginia meditate, if they have not already set on foot, a conspiracy to seize the fortifications and other property of the United States within the limits of Virginia, and to invade the District of Columbia, on or before the 4th of March next, and by violence and force of arms to take possession of the public buildings and other property of the United States within said District for the purposes of obstructing the operations of the Federal Government: Be it therefore

Resolved, That in the opinion of the General Assembly there is no just ground for believing that any such attacks are meditated by the citizens of Virginia, and that, therefore, all preparations intended to resist the same are unnecessary so far as this State is concerned.

THE FIRE SHIPS IN THE SCHELDT. [From Motley's History of the Netherlands.] In the hold of each vessel, along the whole length, was laid down a solid flooring of brick and mortar, one foot thick, and five feet wide. Upon this was built a chamber of marble masonry work, forty feet long, three and a half feet broad, as many high, and with side walls five feet in thickness. This was the crater. It was filled with seven thousand pounds of gunpowder, of a kind superior to anything known, and prepared by Gianibelli himself. It was covered by a roof six feet in thickness, formed of blue tumbstones, placed edgewise. Over this crater, rose a hollow cone, or pyramid, made of heavy marble slabs, and filled with mill-stone, cannon balls, blocks of marble, chain-shot, iron hooks, plough-coulters and every dangerous missile that could be imagined. The spaces between the mine and the sides of the crater were likewise filled with paving stones, iron-bound stakes, harpoons and other projectiles. The whole fabric was then covered by a smooth, light flooring of planks and brick work, upon which was a pile of wood. This was to be lighted at the proper time, in order that the two vessels might present the appearance of simple fire-ships, intended only to excite a conflagration of the bridge. On the "Fortune" a slow match, very carefully prepared, communicated with the submerged mine, which was to explode at a nicely calculated moment. The eruption of the other floating volcano was to be regulated by an ingenious piece of clock work, by which, at the appointed time, fire, struck from a flint, was to inflame the hidden mass of gunpowder below.

In addition to these two infernal machines, or "hell-burners," as they were called, a fleet of thirty-two smaller vessels was prepared.—Covered with tar, turpentine, rosin, and filled with inflammable and combustible materials, these barges were to be sent from Antwerp down the river in detachments of eight or ten half hour with the ebb tide. The object was to clear the way, if possible, of the raft, and to occupy the attention of the Spaniards, until the Fortune and the Hope should come down upon the bridge.

It was a dark, mild evening of early spring. As the fleet of vessels drifted slowly down the river, they suddenly became luminous, each ship flaming out of the darkness, a phantom of living fire. The very waves of the Scheldt seemed glowing with the conflagration, while its banks were lighted up with a preternatural glare. It was a wild, pompous, theatrical spectacle.

The array of soldiers on both sides of the river, along the dykes and upon the bridge, with banners waving, and spear and cuirass glancing in the lurid light; the demon fleet, guided by no human hand, wrapped in flames, and flitting through the darkness, with irregular movement, but portentous aspect, at the caprice of wind and tide; the death-like silence of expectation, which had succeeded the sound of trumpet and the shouts of the soldiers; and the weird glow which had supplanted the darkness—all combined to give a sense of imminent and mysterious danger to excite and oppress the imagination.

Presently the Spaniards, as they gazed from the bridge, began to take heart again. One after another, many of the lesser vessels drifted blindly against the raft, where they entangled themselves among the hooks and gigantic spear-heads, and burned slowly out without causing any extensive conflagration. Others grounded on the banks of the river, before reaching their destination. Some sank in the stream.

Last of all came the two infernal ships, swaying unsteadily with the current, the pilot, of course, as they neared the bridge, having miserably effected their escape in the shifting light. As they approached the bridge, they were carried by the current clear of the raft, which by a great error of judgment, as it now appeared, on the part of the builders, had only been made to protect the floating portion of the bridge. The Fortune came first, staggering inside the raft, and then burning clumsily against the dyke, and grounding near Kallou, without touching the bridge. There was a moment's pause of expectation. At last the slow match upon the deck burst out, and there was a faint and partial explosion, by which little or no damage was produced.

Parma instantly called for volunteers to board the mysterious vessel. The desperate expedition was headed by the bold Rowland Yorke, a Londoner, of whom one day there was more to be heard in Netherland history. The party now sprang into the deserted and now harmless volcano, extinguishing the slight fires that were smouldering on the deck, and thrusting spears and poles into the hidden recesses of the hold. The "twas, however, little time to pursue these perilous investigations, and the party soon made their escape to the bridge.

The troops of Parma, crowding on the passage, and looking over the parapets, now began to greet the exhibition with peals of derisive laughter. It was but child's play they thought to threaten a Spanish army, and a General like Alexander Farnese, with such paltry fire works as these. Nevertheless all eyes were anxiously fixed upon the remaining fire-ship, or "hell-burner," the Hope, which had now drifted very near, the place of its destination. Tearing her way between the raft and the shore, she struck heavily against the bridge on the Kallou side, close to the block-house at the commencement of the floating portion of the bridge. A thin wreath of smoke was seen curling over a slight and smouldering fire upon her deck.

At the same moment a certain ensign De Vega, who stood near the Prince of Parma, close to the block-house, approached him with vehement entreaties that he should retire. Alexander refused to quit the spot, being anxious to learn the result of the deed, and irresistible apprehension, fell upon his knees, and plucking the General earnestly by the cloak, implored him with such passionate words and gestures to leave the place, that the Prince reluctantly yielded.

It was not a moment too soon. The clock work in the Hope had been better adjusted than the slow match in the Fortune. Scarcely had Alexander reached the entrance of St. Mary's Fort at the end of the bridge, when a horrible explosion was heard. The Hope had exploded, together with the men who had boarded her, and the block-house against which she had struck, with all its garrison, while a large portion of the bridge, with all the troops upon it, had vanished into the air. It was the work of a single instant. The Scheldt yawned to its lowest depth, and then cast its waters across the dykes, deep into the forts, and far over the land. The earth shook as with the throbs of a volcano. A wild glare lighted up the scene for one moment, and was then succeeded by pitch darkness, and a low, muffled drum muffled away, and not a living thing, even in remote places, could keep its life. The air was filled with a rain of ploughshares, gravestones and marble balls, intermixed with the heads, limbs and bodies of what had been human beings. Slabs of granite, vomited by the flaming ship, were found afterwards at a league's distance, and buried deep in the earth. A thousand soldiers were destroyed in a second of time—many of them being torn in shreds, beyond even the semblance of humanity.

Richborough disappeared, and was found only a few days later, when his body was discovered, doubled around an iron chain, which hung from one of the bridge boats in the centre of the river. The veteran Robles, Seigneur de Billy, a Portuguese officer of eminent service and high military rank, was also destroyed. Months afterwards, his body was discovered adhering to the timber-work on the bridge, upon the ultimate removal of that structure, and was only recognized by a peculiar gold chain, which he habitually wore. Parma himself was thrown to the ground, stunned by a blow on the shoulder from a flying stake. The page, who was behind him, carrying his helmet, fell dead without a wound, killed by the concussion of the air.

THE PRESENTMENT OF A MURDERER.—A man named McHugh was hanged a few days ago, in Cincinnati, for the murder of his wife, the space before his execution, was told Mr. Shockley, an officer of the prison, that he had had a presentiment of the murder and his own death on the gallows for thirty years. His remarkable hallucination is related as follows: One day he was ascending a dark stairway to his room. He was sober and in good health. Suddenly, it seemed to him as if his right arm had been infused with a Samsonian strength. Just then he reached the door, and he was tempted to test the newly possessed strength upon it. He gave the door what he supposed was a slight rap, but for some reason felt the huge weight of the door. The door, he quivered under its force, and part of the plastering on the wall fell down. He looked to his arm to see if it had increased in size. Just then his head became transfixed, and he could move it neither one way or the other. While he was in that position, a strange voice spoke terrible words to him. When the voice died away his head became moveable.—He looked up and around, but no one was near him. Again he grasped at his arm, again his head became transfixed, and again were the terrible words spoken. As soon as he regained the power to move, he fled to his room, and tried in vain to forget what had passed, but the voice continued to ring in his ears. Often in after years, he hears it. "I'll not tell you what the words were," said he to Mr. Shockley, "for they are to go with me to my grave. You know what I have done, and what is my fate. Put the two together and you can conjecture the nature of the words."

Such was the vision that haunted this unfortunate man through his whole manhood. Impressed with the idea that fate had decreed that he must kill his wife and die for the crime, he perpetrated the atrocious deed, and willingly surrendered himself to the gallows.

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board the mysterious vessel. The desperate expedition was headed by the bold Rowland Yorke, a Londoner, of whom one day there was more to be heard in Netherland history. The party now sprang into the deserted and now harmless volcano, extinguishing the slight fires that were smouldering on the deck, and thrusting spears and poles into the hidden recesses of the hold. The "twas, however, little time to pursue these perilous investigations, and the party soon made their escape to the bridge.

The troops of Parma, crowding on the passage, and looking over the parapets, now began to greet the exhibition with peals of derisive laughter. It was but child's play they thought to threaten a Spanish army, and a General like Alexander Farnese, with such paltry fire works as these. Nevertheless all eyes were anxiously fixed upon the remaining fire-ship, or "hell-burner," the Hope, which had now drifted very near, the place of its destination. Tearing her way between the raft and the shore, she struck heavily against the bridge on the Kallou side, close to the block-house at the commencement of the floating portion of the bridge. A thin wreath of smoke was seen curling over a slight and smouldering fire upon her deck.

At the same moment a certain ensign De Vega, who stood near the Prince of Parma, close to the block-house, approached him with vehement entreaties that he should retire. Alexander refused to quit the spot, being anxious to learn the result of the deed, and irresistible apprehension, fell upon his knees, and plucking the General earnestly by the cloak, implored him with such passionate words and gestures to leave the place, that the Prince reluctantly yielded.

It was not a moment too soon. The clock work in the Hope had been better adjusted than the slow match in the Fortune. Scarcely had Alexander reached the entrance of St. Mary's Fort at the end of the bridge, when a horrible explosion was heard. The Hope had exploded, together with the men who had boarded her, and the block-house against which she had struck, with all its garrison, while a large portion of the bridge, with all the troops upon it, had vanished into the air. It was the work of a single instant. The Scheldt yawned to its lowest depth, and then cast its waters across the dykes, deep into the forts, and far over the land. The earth shook as with the throbs of a volcano. A wild glare lighted up the scene for one moment, and was then succeeded by pitch darkness, and a low, muffled drum muffled away, and not a living thing, even in remote places, could keep its life. The air was filled with a rain of ploughshares, gravestones and marble balls, intermixed with the heads, limbs and bodies of what had been human beings. Slabs of granite, vomited by the flaming ship, were found afterwards at a league's distance, and buried deep in the earth. A thousand soldiers were destroyed in a second of time—many of them being torn in shreds, beyond even the semblance of humanity.

Richborough disappeared, and was found only a few days later, when his body was discovered, doubled around an iron chain, which hung from one of the bridge boats in the centre of the river. The veteran Robles, Seigneur de Billy, a Portuguese officer of eminent service and high military rank, was also destroyed. Months afterwards, his body was discovered adhering to the timber-work on the bridge, upon the ultimate removal of that structure, and was only recognized by a peculiar gold chain, which he habitually wore. Parma himself was thrown to the ground, stunned by a blow on the shoulder from a flying stake. The page, who was behind him, carrying his helmet, fell dead without a wound, killed by the concussion of the air.

THE PRESENTMENT OF A MURDERER.—A man named McHugh was hanged a few days ago, in Cincinnati, for the murder of his wife, the space before his execution, was told Mr. Shockley, an officer of the prison, that he had had a presentiment of the murder and his own death on the gallows for thirty years. His remarkable hallucination is related as follows: One day he was ascending a dark stairway to his room. He was sober and in good health. Suddenly, it seemed to him as if his right arm had been infused with a Samsonian strength. Just then he reached the door, and he was tempted to test the newly possessed strength upon it. He gave the door what he supposed was a slight rap, but for some reason felt the huge weight of the door. The door, he quivered under its force, and part of the plastering on the wall fell down. He looked to his arm to see if it had increased in size. Just then his head became transfixed, and he could move it neither one way or the other.

While he was in that position, a strange voice spoke terrible words to him. When the voice died away his head became moveable.—He looked up and around, but no one was near him. Again he grasped at his arm, again his head became transfixed, and again were the terrible words spoken. As soon as he regained the power to move, he fled to his room, and tried in vain to forget what had passed, but the voice continued to ring in his ears. Often in after years, he hears it. "I'll not tell you what the words were," said he to Mr. Shockley, "for they are to go with me to my grave. You know what I have done, and what is my fate. Put the two together and you can conjecture the nature of the words."

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The Honorable Mrs. Norton has written a paper to the editor of McMillan's Magazine, in which she bravely defends the memory of her brilliant ancestor, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, from the attacks recently made upon it, in his works written by "Greece and Philip Wharton." The gifted grand-daughter of this man of genius proclaims her own intention to SUPPLY a fitting history of her own, some of whose noblest traits she inherits; and she will doubtless perform the task in a manner that will do honor to herself and to her theme. She writes with the honest indignation of the scoundrels and gossip often retailed by biographers of men of genius; she shows how, especially in the case of Sheridan, those scandals were baseless; how Moore was wickedly careless in retelling them, and these recent dealers in a stock of cheaply gotten, have adulterated what was once a history, with a mixture of their own comments and creations, like crows, to fatten upon the carrion of literature, which such out-spokenness as that of Mrs. Norton, the world would be better off, and the craft, of which they are unworthy members, rid of one of its worst stains.

ENGLAND AND THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—The English papers claim a right to navigate the Mississippi, which the say secession cannot abrogate. By the treaty of Paris signed on the 30th of November, 1782, it was stipulated that the navigation of the Mississippi, from its source to the ocean, shall forever remain free and open to