New Orleans Daily Crescent.
MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1860.

Local Intelligence.

VITAL STATISTICS.—The following is the weekly report of the New Orleans School of Medicine, on Common street, opposite the Charity Hospital:

Deaths, February 25, Patients treated	80
" " 26, "	80
" " 27, "	80
" " 28, "	80
Patients previously	18,110
Whole number treated	18,380

MRS O'REILLY INQUEST.—Nothing has yet been shown to fix the poisoning of Miss O'Reilly upon Judith Calderon. Dr. Vionnet has satisfactorily cleared himself (as his testimony on Saturday charged) of the censure which attached to him under the mistake that he had granted a burial certificate for the deceased, without having seen or prescribed for her. The inquest is to be resumed to-day.

HELD IN DURANCE.—Dr. Girard Chase had a hearing before Recorder Monroe on Saturday, on the charge of attempting to carry two free negroes to Texas as slaves. Mr. Van Dolson made a vigorous defense for the accused; but the Recorder decided to keep him in custody till he could hear from Tuscumbia, where the negroes allege that proofs of their freedom exist, beyond the free papers which they have.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.—Assistant Recorder Monroe on Saturday sent the following parties before the First District Court: Henry Engleman, for stabbing Wm. H. Clay on the head with a cooper's adze; Wm. Charles, alias Curley, alias Rooney, for robbing and drawing a razor upon the police; also, sent to prison for two months as a dangerous and suspicious character, and John Leary, for being a dangerous character.

THE INQUEST ON MRS. WIEGLAND.—The Coroner on Saturday held his inquest into the death of Mrs. Margaret Wiegland, who, as we have already reported, died from the effects of blows in the head by her husband, Henry Wiegland, with a shoemaker's hammer, at their residence on Grape street. A verdict in accordance with the facts was rendered. The wife murderer is in prison.

ONE OF THE BILLS.—The following, a copy of a bill made out by John Schmidt, furniture dealer, might be doubted; but it was made out and presented in good faith:

	Bought of John Schmidt.
1 cook stove	24 00
1 wooden do	7 00
1 wood do	1 00
Due	$32 00

The peculiarity of the above addition may be explained in this way: the Captain bought two shares for $14; one would'nt do, and one would do; therefore but $7 was due.

FREE PERSONS VOLUNTARILY BECOMING SLAVES.—Some time ago we mentioned the fact of different free persons of color availing themselves of the new law enabling them to select masters and become slaves for life, and making their applications to Court in the prescribed form. The first of these cases has been decided by Judge Price, of the First District Court; Mr. District Attorney Bradford having represented the applicant as required by the law, and the party selected being also represented by counsel. The following is the Judge's decision:

If appearing from the evidence that the petitioner, Ann Carney, was a free person of African descent, and over the age of twenty-one years, and now residing in this State, and all the formalities prescribed by the act to permit free persons of African descent to select their masters and become slaves for life, have been complied with, and the Court being satisfied, after a careful examination of the parties separately, and the witnesses in open Court, that there was no fraud or collusion between the parties, and that the proceed is entirely in the interest of the petitioner, and of a kind and humane disposition, and that it was the real and voluntary interest and purpose of Ann Barney to enslave herself for life to Mrs. Ann Johnson Dickens, wife of Samuel B. Dickens: It was ordered and decreed that the said Ann Barney be adjudged and decreed a slave for life, and the lawful property of Mrs. Dickens, subject to all the laws of the State regulating slaves.

MAD DOGS.—As usual, we may say unprecedented, epidemic of hydrophobia seems to have broken out among the dogs in the lower part of the city—unprecedented for this season of the year. Different children have been bitten, and quite a number of the rabid dogs have been killed. We give the cases which have come to our hearing:

Killed a few weeks several dogs, unmistakably mad, have been shot in the vicinity of the United States Barracks.

On the 2d inst. a mad dog was shot at Urquhart street, between Frenchmen and Elysian Fields.

On Tuesday last a child, 3 years old, was so badly bitten by a mad dog at the corner of Frenchmen and Girod streets, that it was not expected to recover. The dog was chased and killed.

On Monday last two mad dogs were killed near the corner of Ursulines and Bourbon streets. One of them rushed upon and tried to bite a little girl, whose hoop-skirt and under-clothing protected her until she was snatched away and taken in at the nearest door by a gentleman. On the same day Deputy Street Commissioner Power shot a mad dog at the corner of Lesseps and Love streets.

Several days ago a small terrier dog ran mad around the Old Basin, and bit half a dozen dogs, so quickly as it could fly from one to another.

On Wednesday last, a mad dog was killed at the corner of Claiborne and Kerlerec streets, after having badly bitten a little girl six years old. A mad dog was also killed on Union street.

A mad dog was killed near the corner of Port and Love streets, after having bitten a boy, son of Mrs. Kelley, who keeps a grocery in that vicinity.

On Thursday, a mad dog was shot by Mr. Schonberg, at the corner of Grape and Elysian Fields streets. It had bitten a little girl badly in the face.

On Thursday night, Lieut. Simon chased a mad dog several squares, shooting at it; but failed to kill it or catch it.

The different persons who give us the above informations agree in stating that they could discover no difference whatever in the symptoms and actions of the dogs killed, from those of dogs that go mad in hot weather, or the "dog days." Old residents tell us that they never knew such a canine outbreak at this season of the year; and it is accounted a mystery, concerning which all sorts of conjectures are made. One conjecture we have heard, from a man who says he knows a great deal about dogs, is, that the madness at this unusual season has arisen from the fact that the severe frosts the past winter have destroyed the peculiar kind of grass known as "dog-tooth," which dogs are in the habit of eating to keep down the feverish humors of their bodies. This outbreak of the dogs is, at any rate, something worthy the attention of the public and the public authorities.

We may state that there are two known methods of discovering, when a dog begins to mope or get sick, whether he is becoming mad or not. One method is, to open the dog's mouth and look at the under side of his tongue. If the vein, always there visible, be swollen to an unusual size and is of a dark purple color, and working or writhing as if a worm were in it, kill the dog at once. If a house dog of ordinarily gentle manner, in the habit of being caressed and handled by the family, begins to mope or betray other symptoms of sickness, poke him suddenly in the ribs or other part of the body with your finger. If he jumps suddenly and shows anger in his eye, kill him at once.

Speaking of mad dogs, suggests the thought of curative appliances to the bites of such dogs. We know not what methods are adopted by doctors in this section, if any, in averting the often terrible consequences of a mad dog's bite. At the North, we perceive, public opinion inclines largely to belief in the virtues of the "mad stone," a rare article, but one whose wonderful effects, in different parts of the country, have been certified to and published, from time to time, for many years past. As something interesting on this subject, we may subjoin the following, taken from a late Cincinnati paper:

Dogs by the Mad Stone.—A short time ago we gave an account relative to the biting of Mr. Reed, near Sandy, by a mad dog, and the successful application of the mad stone, owned by Mr. Wansley, of Clarke. Some of our contemporaries at that time gave the item, but doubted the wonderful cures performed by the stone, thinking, no doubt, that the virtues claimed for it did not exist. In order to impress our readers more fully with the facts of the existence and virtues of this stone, Mr. Wansley has furnished us with the following list of names and the length of time the stone adhered, and which in every case has proved a permanent cure:

Names.	Residence.	No. Hours.
J. Osborn	Miami Township, O.	2
M. Blacksfield	Near Springfield, O.	1
A. German	Ripley Co., Ind.	48
Henderson	Near Roseville, O.	18
S. Dunn	Lockland, O.	24
J. Brown	Near Harrison, O.	14
A. Dwair	Near Harrison, O.	14
M. Dwiler	Harrison, O.	36
J. Lawrence	Near Harrison, O.	36
Pelon	Brookville, Ind.	24
K. Culley	Glendale, O.	24
Morton	Clermont Co., O.	20
A. Mills	" "	18
A. German	Lockland, O.	24
Mr. Robinson's son	Near Smithville, O.	5
Wm. Connett	Near Xenia, O.	12
A. W. Pickett	Miami Township, O.	24
J. Wall	Near Harrison, O.	6
J. Dolly	Near Xenia, O.	6
Wm. Reeder and son	Cumminsville, O., each	6
J. M. Anderson's daughter	" "	6
Mr. Gaulbach	Cincinnati, O.	7
Wm. Perry	Near Terre Haute, Ind.	24
Miss K. Bingel	Near Cleves, O.	24
Miss J. Wood	" "	24

There are some twelve others whose names and residences he has forgotten. The stone has also been applied to about two hundred more who had supposed that when they were bitten the dogs were mad. In these cases the stone refused to adhere, and he never heard of any of the above showing symptoms of the hydrophobia afterward. The supposition is that they were not bitten by rabid dogs, as the stone never refused to adhere to those who were bitten by them.

This stone has been in the possession of Mr. Wansley for the last twenty years, and has been known in this vicinity for the last seven years. Its shape is a triangle, and is about one-half inch long and of the same thickness. In color and hardness it resembles a diamond, and when placed in warm water, or milk, for the purpose of extracting the virus under, small bubbles are noticed on the surface. A great many have doubted the existence of such a stone, but a visit to Mr. Wansley by those who are unfortunate enough to have the fangs of rabid dogs impressed on their person, we have no doubt will realize and bless the existence of it.

THE PAPAL QUESTION.

We have not heretofore touched upon the unprofitable subject of the Papal question, which is engrossing so much of the attention of the world at large, for the reason that the bare facts of Napoleon's controversy with the Pope, the former's "crowding upon" and the latter's resistance to, are familiar to all who have the least interest in European politics; and believing that any speculations and amplifications on the text would only confuse a subject which is best understood in the fewest words, we have awaited the development of some phase of novelty in this vexed question to furnish material for matter of interest in its connection, and something of this kind is supplied by the proposition of an American gentleman, J. L. O'Sullivan, Esq., late U. S. Minister at Lisbon, who has published a pamphlet in Paris sketching a plan for the reformed establishment of the central Pontificate, which will place it forever beyond the reach of interference by temporal sovereigns, by removing the cause, which excite their envy or covetousness and provoke their aggressions, for it will remove the cause by depriving the Pope of any more strictly temporal dominion than that of police control of the principality in which he presides.

The plan suggests that a guard of honor for the Pope be provided by small contingents of troops from all the Catholic countries of Europe, and the universal guaranty of the neutrality and tranquility of Rome be secured by a common treaty among all the Catholic powers. To provide the revenue for the Papacy thus "simplified back into its proper character of a purely spiritual authority as the high priesthood of Catholicism," the plan proposes a regular annual collection from the two hundred millions of Catholics of the world through the efficient "machinery all ready for the purpose, of its thousand bishops and at least five hundred thousand minor ecclesiastical functionaries." This system of contribution would yield a vast income, many fold as great as that now derived from his temporal dominion by the Pope, and would support the Pontificate in a style of lavish and imposing splendor becoming its dignity and unequaled in its history, and afford a surplus sufficient to check the assaults with which time is devastating the holy city, and restore it to all the magnificence of its palmiest days. Palaces and cathedrals, beneficent institutions and vast public works, could be reared and supported, and unlimited control of money would enable the largest charities and give the Pontificate more real temporal power than it has possessed for centuries. As it is quite impossible for the Pope to resist the overwhelming force of Napoleon, he will probably yield to what he cannot prevent, and some such plan of keeping up the Pontificate as that above sketched be adopted. Mr. O'Sullivan, himself of that Church, pledges the Catholics of America for a liberal share of the annual contributions to the revenue of the Pontificate.

It does not seem wise for the Papal Government to persist in clinging to that unthankful shadow of temporal authority and modicum of earthly domain which costs more than it comes to to support, and which is continually keeping it in hot water—the sole cause of trouble—when there never has been the least reason to doubt but that the Spiritual Court could be kept up on the grandest scale from the offerings of the world at large, and its operations be unembarrassed by the clog of administering an expensive and troublesome secular government, in striving to overthrow which Napoleon promulgates so much pleasing claptrap about working for the liberties of the people and all that.

A story is told of the celebrated Paley. When at the University he was giving himself to dissipation. One morning, before he was up, a young Lord, one of his companions in wild follies, came into his room. "I have been thinking," said he, "Paley, what a fool you are! I am rich, and belong to a powerful family. It is not so much matter what I do here. But you are poor, and have your own way to make in the world. You are a man of talent and literary taste. Everything depends upon your devoting yourself to study now, and you are fooling away your only chance." The future Archdeacon says that from that moment he was changed. He gave up all dissipation, and began immediately to lay the foundation of that learning which made him one of the most eminent men of his time.

"A specious appearance does much," said a begging preacher to his decorus flock, "but an appearance of specie does more. Last year, when I preached for the penitentiary, I saw nothing but shillings in the plate. You must have thought, my brethren, that I was preaching for a *twelve-penny-tentiary*."

Old Tom Bates had a great story about feet. "Talk about feet," he used to say, "why I knew a nigger named Wilson, down in Arkansaw, that had mud smashers like young steamboats. That feller's feet were a fortune to him, though, at last, for when they started a railroad in his parts, the locomotive follers gin him fifteen hundred dollars for his old moccasins. They made a depot outer one, and an ice cream saloon outer another.

One of the Penobscot Indians recently appealed to the Maine Legislature to build his tribe a new school house, and thus figuratively described the old one: "The building has become bald with age, and weeps now, within and without, in every rain, and is scragged and tattered as a dead poplar in the woods."

A debating club in Worcester lately discussed the important question, "whether a rooster's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct."

The following dialogue is said to have passed between a London Churchwarden and his servant William:

"Villiam, bring me my vig."

"Vich vig, sir?"

"Vy, my vite vig in the vooden vig-box, vich I vore on last Vednesday vos a week, ven I vont to meet the vestry."

FANCY GOODS.—We invite the attention of the trade and of readers generally to Messrs. F. & I. Pillot's advertisements of an extensive and well assorted stock of French patent meerschaums—a most desirable article for families; also of toys, children's carriages, rich Chinese chessmen; and a superb assortment of ladies' dress trimmings and ribbons for spring; straw goods of every description; and fancy goods, comprising jet brooches, ivory and shell combs, backgammon and chess boards, children's games, papier machie goods, porcelain statuary, meerschaum pipes, etc.

CHAMPAGNE.—Messrs. J. B. Valentine & Co., 51 Common street, offer for sale imperial and princess champagne, just received on consignment.

MEDICINAL.—See advertisements of Messrs. J. Wright & Co., the great medicine dealers, who offer for sale Dwight Syrup of Wild Cherry and Tar, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills and Wiser's Canadian Specific.

THE EXTRA LIKELY SHAVES have been received and are for sale by Mr. J. L. Carman, 161 Gravier street, opposite the Varieties Theater.

(Republished by request from our edition of February 27.)

YE MISTICK KREWE.

BY MARY ASHLEY.

I had been reading at my desk late in the evening. The subject I had accidentally chosen for perusal was a lengthy article, descriptive of a certain company, organized in a Southern city, styled the Mistick Krewe of Comus. I imagined it a most fantastic "Krewe," with mirth provoking masks, satires written in a sleeve, sermons trailing in a gown, laughter hanging in the locks, and Comus everywhere. I rose and went to my window. It had been raining hard, but the storm had passed away. The moistened lips of the silent night smiled with the sweetness of a thousand flowers. It was warm, and through the starry windows of heaven shone the lamps of the angels.

Whence comes this Mistick Krewe, I thought, and whither does it go? Even more mysterious than the Masonic brotherhood, no magic pass-word gives the *entrée* to its unknown lodge, no silent finger laid upon the wrist wins the grasp of fellowship. Who knows the names of this strange companie? not even the wives and daughters of those who constitute it! Who has ever dared to raise the visors of these mysterious knights and claim acquaintanceship? Not one. Upon one day in every year the mystic brotherhood gather together, smile their smiles, make their merry speeches, sing their gay songs, and dance their light dances; no lady refusing her hand to a "Mistick," lest she thus unwittingly may tell a friend or lover nay. Merry go the hours till the last stroke of some reproachful clock tells them the carnival is over. They disperse—they vanish. For a year the world whirls them around and claims them. They are individuals—men of business—politicians—fathers of families—lovers—but the last day of their year again resolves them into one body. Again they come out from their secret hiding places; again the crowd stares—stands back and gazes on ye Mistick Krewe of Comus.

Musing in the still starlight, my brow dropped upon my hand—then sank upon the window-sill. I think I dreamed a dream.

I found myself among a crowd, swaying, watching, standing on the tip-toe of expectation. I knew not what I looked for, yet I stood and watched. Suddenly in the dim distance there appeared a procession of blue-lights, they came nearer and nearer, and at last revealed group after group of marble statuary borne on wagons, and drawn by horses covered with white mantles. The crowd shouted, swelled and swayed, and applauded. The pale warriors and haggard chieftains kept on their motionless course. They looked down, but smiled not; their uplifted swords inflicted no wounds, their outstretched hands offered no greetings. I laid my hand upon my heart and held my breath. It seemed a sudden coming of the dead among the quick. Men who first sat foot upon our soil and hailed it as a new discovery, men who had died fighting our battles, men whose glorious lives adorned the historic page, and whose noble deaths in honored memory were urned in every patriotic heart; all were there in my vision, looking down at me, never smiling, never speaking. Gazing on the pallid groups, I bowed my head in reverence to that Great Sculptor, who fashioned those noble forms, those rounded limbs, which, in manly grace and beauty, defied the chisel of the earthly artist.

When I lifted my head, they were gone! The night seemed to have folded her raven wings around and hidden them all. The crowd was bearing me away. I struggled to extricate myself. In vain. I could neither move to the right hand or the left, and, at last, found myself among a still denser multitude, standing near the doorsteps of a tall white temple, which men called the Temple of Art.

I looked around me in amazement. The damp walks were thronged with fair women, whose frail and delicate beauty seemed little fitted for such ruthless exposure to night air, and whose tender forms were scarcely suited to mingle with a mob, even though a quiet one, besieging the great entrance of the cave of Comus, which he had mercilessly barricaded. Little slippers, soaked through, impatiently patted the wet pavement; and bare shoulders shuddered as the slowly dripping eaves splashed great drops upon their unprotected beauty. Fair brows, girdled with garlands, frowned under their flowers; and red lips pouted at ye ungallant Mistick Krewe, which resisted so stoutly the siege of beauty.

At last, a bolt was shot—another and another. The door opened a little way. Then came a rush, a crush, a forgetfulness of woman, of her weakness and her sex; a forgetfulness of man, of his forbearance and protective gentleness. Everybody rushed—everybody pushed. Ladies fought their way with their white elbows and shoulders. Gentlemen crushed past them, demanding right of way. The door-keeper, who tried to pass them in by couples, gave up in despair and they passed in by crowds. Up the winding stair, groaning under the hasty feet, the crushing crowd went on; and ladies were jostled and pushed, and bore it with a submission never before realized except in dreams such as this I dreamt. I was swept by a friendly face, which in days of yore I had known well. It had been a friend in F. L. T. I only had time to smile, to hear a word of greeting, to note that if this face was a type of all who belonged to Comus it was well with them, for it grew not old, but gained a brighter eye as it winked at the course of time, and a lighter lip as it longer lived. The next moment I was in a seat and looked round. Behold! the recent barren wilderness of dress circle was blooming like a rose. Like fairies raising their bright heads out of sunny mists, young girls and stately dames looked out of fleecy drapery of rose color, of white, of blue, of yellow. Surely, I thought in my dream, women were made to adorn. Strange, that among them are spirits constantly struggling to climb over the white paling which divides the sexes—the vegetable garden from the parterre. Discontented, they long to grow with the potatoes, the corn, the onions, the bearded grain. They jealously contend that these have rights and privileges denied to tulips and roses!—that the corn and potatoes go to market and command high prices, and feed Presidents and Senators. They see no use in being more delicate, more beautiful, if they, too, cannot be commended by epicures, applauded at Senatorial tables. They forget how roughly these poor things are plowed among, hoed and pulled about before they reach perfection, and how recklessly they are digged out of their quiet resting places, to go forth upon the world, to be tossed about, to rise and fall with the fluctuations of market awhile, then perish out of sight forever. They forget with what tender care and attention the lilies and roses are reared—how carefully every noxious weed is plucked from among them, how they are shielded from blazing suns and bitter blasts. They forget how they cheer the soul and delight the eye, beautiful even in decay—how they minister to the sick and cheer the drooping—how even *one*, planted by the window of the humblest hut, gladdens it and converts it into a bower of roses. They forget how necessary they are to *home*, and that homes could not exist without them. Have you never seen, oh! ambitious sister, the frail convolvulus blossom coiled at the base of a stem of grain? Did you never see the bearded head bowed over it, and the blue eyes of the blossom looking upward? Did you never note how each added to the beauty of the other, and read in nature's marriage ceremony your mission? Oh! tulips and roses! believe me you have a mission to perform, none the less noble that it is clothed in fragile beauty and fragrant tenderness. I need not tell you this; you will find it at the altar of home, from whence you must send those statesmen you sometimes envy. You will find it by hearthstones hallowed by your presence; you will find it in the home of your childhood, among your brothers and sisters; you will find it in the home of your womanhood, when you forsake father and mother to cleave only unto the husband of your choice. Look through the white paling often as you will—pass its boundary, oh! never, never!

The curtain rose, and I turned my eyes from the "goodlie companie" to look upon the stage. Christopher Columbus, in the most triumphant moment of his life, stood before me. The wondering savage knelt at his feet—his eye gazed upon the new found soil, his hand held the unfurling banner. As I gazed at him his hand shook, and a quivering voice seemed to issue from his pallid lips.

"I appear to you," he said to the audience in my dream, "as when I first trod upon the wild turf of this land, with that handful of men who, with mutiny scarce yet smothered in their breasts, followed my conquering steps. In peace I took possession of a country, the boundaries of which my imagination even could not encompass. The red man, who gave me quiet welcome, ye have driven from his forest home. The waves of distant oceans are washing his name from the sands where once he loved to write it; yet it is well with ye, and ye have peopled the land with a mighty people. I thought to come and glance once more at a country I loved as a discoverer, but to which ye refused to give my name. I gaze, but I know it not. Your vast improvements, your strange inventions, your spirit of progress, distract me. I no longer recognize the continent I found for you. I thank ye. I rejoice that ye prosper. I rejoice that my name is kindly cherished in a land which should have been Columbia. But that error I forgive. Where I now am we learn to forgive and forget. I have but one favor to ask: Bring my bones to America; bury them in her bosom; to her do they belong. Shall Spain, who sought so rudely to quench my spirit fires, retain my ashes? Gather them, gather them, O ye Columbians—ye Americans! and let them lay dust to dust under the sods which my feet were the first to imprint with civilization. A shadow came between the vision and my eyes. I started, gazed anxiously into the far dimness, but the marble conqueror and his marble crew had vanished, and in their places DeSoto and his little band of followers stood, their astonished gaze fixed upon the Mississippi rushing down its forest valley to the sea. Pale as their predecessors they stood and looked. They were ghastly but not old, and one could almost believe the fountain of eternal youth leaped at their feet as, whitened by the snows of centuries, they came out from their silent hiding-places, still hardy and strong, to remind us that the mighty artery, now throbbing with such powerful pulses of commerce and trade, was then unknown in the mysterious anatomy of nature. They uttered not a word. Why should they speak? Their attitude, their presence, were sufficient in themselves to awaken a crowd of thoughts and wondering reflections. They, too, passed away, and Pocahontas, rushing forward to save the life of Captain Smith, appeared before our dreamy eyes. "Maiden," she said softly, "in my day women wedded for love. The forest bride, with beaded belt and embroidered blanket, knew not the misery of covetousness, the greed of gold. The sun shone, and she was blest; the birds sang and she was happy. Oh! ye who fall down and worship the golden calf, ye know not whither ye are hastening—ye know not on what a fearful sea your womanhood is rushing to be wrecked. Love can glorify the longest life; gold only gilds your dissatisfied hearts, and breaks them at last with its cold, unchearing weight. Cultivate your affections; fly from those who ridicule marrying for love, and the Great Spirit will smile down upon your pure lives, and guide you at last with a tender hand to the green hunting grounds of your fathers."

Many a red lip curled in scorn at the words o the forest child, and it seemed as if a low serpent-like hiss breathed through the audience, as still staying the uplifted tomahawk of the chieftain, the Indian maid bent before the multitude in all her wild and witching beauty.

"The day is gone by," said a rapid, rushing voice, which came down, apparently from the dome of the temple, and sounded like a woman's, "the day is gone by for such matches as you speak of. Women are more enlightened, oh! simple Pocahontas, than in the days when you threw your wild heart between the red warrior and his pale victim. We have learned to school *our* hearts, and though they may love, they only love where wealth can aid the blind god to get a living. Where we cannot love we are willing to marry for money; for women have grown *refined* since your day, sweet forest maiden; they are not content with such such coarse charms as beaded belts and embroidered blankets, and too delicate and tender to soil our white fingers with disgraceful toil. We wed and win with our husbands wealth, influence and position. Love, bah! he is a myth, dusky maiden. We have heard of him, and know how Will-of-the-wisp-like he has led many a simple heart over thorny paths and up stony mountains, to find rest and shelter in a hovel. We have learned by the sad experience of such, to shun him; at least until we are safely married—try as he will he then can only make us follow him a little way for change and amusement; he cannot lure us from our palaces, cannot rob us of our gold. Luere is the lever which moves the world—love is the plaything with which we toy for a little while, once in our lives, then cast it from us, broken forever."

The pale, wondering face of the marble maiden grew paler still—a cry seemed to burst from her parted lips, then the shadow fell between us, and the group was hidden from my sight.

Slowly emerging from its depths, come next the Pilgrim Fathers, standing in the bleak December blasts upon the Rock of Plymouth, pausing beneath the barren pines to offer up their thanks to the God of their faith for their safety and preservation, while the wondering Indian, in silent awe, crouched behind the strange invaders, his wild heart throbbing, half in awe and half in fear, his nerveless hand grasping the unstrung bow.

The magic mirror was dimmed again; then came before us William Penn, surrounded by the grave and thoughtful red men, who, in sculptured silence, sat as if already seeing in the far future the shadow of their merciless fate.

Next came the vision of the Declaration of Independence; and as we gazed upon the faces of that noble assembly, a voice seemed to come from its silent depths, saying, "Union forever! Woe to those who first shall cut the cords which bind the North and South. They are the Siamese twins, born of the bleeding brave—separate them, and they each shall die! The executioner is already on the scaffold, the ax is uplifted, and the Union on her bended knees lifts her pale hands, imploring mercy! Let that ax fall, and your glory is gone forever. Let disunion spread among your ranks, and you are lost. Then have we fought and bled for nothing—then are our descendants ingrates—then did we live in vain, and die useless and inglorious deaths." There was a heavy, tremulous sigh, and the voice seemed to speak further, but the group had faded too far away for us to catch the words.

A shout rose from the multitude, and I beheld George Washinton, hat in hand, gazing on the fair assembly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, with smiling dignity, "it is many a year since I had the pleasure of greeting so many guests. Few come to the white house I now occupy, and a strange cabinet gathers round me there. I regret to be able to see you so short a time, at this, my first levee in so many cycles; but the hour is late, and it is well known to you that Mrs. Washington and myself always close our doors at 9 o'clock.

He passed from the stage, and the Ghost of the Missouri Compromise glided hesitatingly into his place, turned its pallid face a moment towards the audience, and was gone. Before I could give it a thought, a loud clapping of hands greeted the sturdy Hero of Chalmette, who, mounted on that same horse which bears him in one of our public squares day by day, and which is ambitious of keeping its fore feet forever in air, he sat a moment with his stern face turned toward us. Silent as stone, horse and rider vanished from view; but with shouts, and clapping hands, and stamping feet, they called him back again. He comes—his marble features frowning, his stern eye fired. "Gentlemen," he said, "my time is precious; I was willing to greet you all, and kindly, *once*, but, by the Eternal, this is carrying matters too far! I have the honor to wish you good night."

He was gone, and suddenly, from the gloomy shadows which had held all these visions, poured forth the Mistick Krewe. The warrior, the courtier, the priest, the adventurer, all were there. Clad in the pale armor of the land of tombs, they came forth. Where was Comus? Surely, for this night he had deserted his crew. Gravity, dignity, silence, had usurped his place.

I woke, sitting by my window. Involuntarily I lifted my hand to brush away the cobwebs and dust I had gathered in my views of these bygones. A mouldy odor seemed to rise around me, and I hastily sought to grasp some friendly hand to put away the chill my marble visions had cast over me.

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

[From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

Fordsan lives, breathes, moves, and has his being in an atmosphere of jokes; no melancholy air-pump has ever yet been able to exhaust it: through panics and financial crises, when all around was very blue, he has raced on *semper ridens*—and long may he ride!

Such men invariably have humorous adventures, because they look out for them, and note them when found. Fordsan's last arose from a freshly landed Irishman, the color of the Green Isle still in bloom on him, whom he picked up one day just off ship, and at once appointed him stable-boy; from which office he in time came to be coachman. Every blunder in his novitiate was amply paid for by such sallies of wit, that Fordsan declared he "wouldn'nt exchange him for his weight in oats—if he had'nt that national failing, a love for 'a wee drap of the craythur.'" Even this fault Fordsan hoped to cure in time—not in 2:30, you know—and so kept Pat for his wit's sake.

Once, on the occasion of a melancholy-merry-making, known as a wake, Pat came home so sadly "overcome," that Fordsan's patience nearly gave out, and he reflected over various ways and means to effect a cure; to commence, he went out to the stable the morning after Pat's jollification, and when he knew he would find him in a penitential mood, (or penitentiary, which is it?) and read him a lecture, subject, "Disadvantages of Intoxication." He began:

"Pat, this won't do at all. You know that whisky steals away your brains?"

"Shure sir," interrupted Pat, "that is'nt all it steals, at all, at all!"

"What else?" inquired Fordsan.

"Hapes of money, hapes; and it makes the widows fatherless, and the orphans tight, tight as blazes. Och, shure, it's heart-broken I am, this morning; and yer honor livir so gintale and dacint wid me. Daytarmined as yiz are this blessid minit to forgit and forgive—"

"Forgive!" said Fordsan, and such a chance to pun! "Forgive! I'm for giving you a ticket of leave—"

"Lave to stay wid yiz all yer blessid days! That's the kind of lave that a nobil-hearted gintleman like yersilf is going to give: and, shure, just look at the horses; did ivir anybody see the likes? Their hides shine like lookin-glasses, along wid all the elbo-grease poor Pat has put on 'em. And the trotting waggin! *Agus dean troceire air do cheutair, agus ormsa mor-gheacach!*"

"Say it again," spoke Fordsan. "That's the talk, over with it, *Agus Dean*—"

"*Agus dean trocaire air do chreatur*—" rolled out Pat.

"Saved this time, Pat, I can't hear Homer unmoved."

"Plase yer honor, who's Homar?"

"Greek, Pat, Greek! And now don't get tight again; once more, and you will have to travel in spite of the odd I see in you."

A month passed away, and Pat kept as sober as a judge, P. B., that is Prior to Bacchus! But unfortunately, at the end of this time, a brother arrived from the "ould country," and in a discussion relating to the merits of Mountain Dew compared with Old Monongahela, reference was made to arms, or rather to what they held, jugs stopped with corn-cobs, and Pat fell gallantly contending with half a gallon of un-river whisky. This time Fordsan made out a check in full for balance of wages due Pat O'Brian, with the intention of discharging his coachman at once. The check signed, he looked over the morning's paper; suddenly his eyes beamed with fun as he read over a long advertisement; something very brilliant was revealed to him. He laid down the paper, went to a closet, found an empty pint-champagne bottle, and from a demijohn nearly filled it with whisky, put in a pinch or two of salt, some red pepper, poured in a little vinegar, and filled up with rose-water, giving the mixture finally a thorough shaking. Taking up his overcoat, Fordsan made a series of experiments with the bottle and the depths of the pockets, at last finding out that if the bottle were placed in the breast pocket, enough of the neck could be seen to be appreciated by a man who was very dry in the morning, from having "wet up" too much the night before. Going out to the stable, he gave Pat some orders, and saying that he would be back in an hour, hung up his overcoat on a peg in such wise that the neck of the bottle gleamed in Pat's eyes. The next step for Fordsan was to call on his neighbor, a young physician, and after some time spent with him and making sundry explanations relative to Pat, they both returned to Fordsan's stable. Entering the door, the young doctor saw Pat rubbing down a bay mare.

"How's she getting on, Pat?"

"On her fade agin, dochter. As fine as silk, strong as a lion, and make as a lamb. Shure, she's the baste of the warrld for a fast little divil as she is."

Fordsan had meanwhile taken a tour of inspection around the overcoat, and noticed a suspicious moisture about the neck of the bottle, and a bead on the cloth of the coat. He winked at the doctor, who at once commenced a conversation with Fordsan—

"Oh, by the way, Fordsan, have you tried that prescription I gave you the other day?"

"The one for restoring the hair? Yes, I had it put up by Gibbs day before yesterday, but I don't think he put sufficient *kilkismas* in it; although I put it on night before last, I can't see that my hair has grown more than an inch since."

"You must have more *oinobares* in it, that's what works the head and makes the hair grow. If the prescription is rightly put up, it works like a charm."

"Well, Doctor, just try and see if there is enough *kilkismas* in it. It's hanging up in my overcoat breast-pocket there. Yes! that's it." The Doctor took it out and smelled it.

"Taste it," said Fordsan.

"Not I," replied the Doctor. "One drop of that on the end of your tongue would cover it with hair! I don't think I shal soon forget a case I had last winter arising from its accidental use as a beverage."

"That is, somebody drank some," spoke Fordsan, "how did it work?"

While he spoke, Fordsan from time to time watched Pat's face, which began to wear a curious expression.

"Oh!" said the Doctor, "I recommended it to a lady; after using it she imprudently left it on her dressing table, and the chambermaid finding it there, being addicted to drinking liquor, thought it was some kind of perfumed whisky, and drank nearly a wine-glass full of it. Poor thing; but an hour or two after she came to, fine fun began growing all over her tongue, then on the larnyx, then the esophagus become coated, and had I not fortunately been called in to give a remedy, I can't tell you where it would have ended." Pat, during this discourse, had rubbed the bay mare into a state of polish like a patent-leather boot; it seemed to be hard work, for great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and his eyes now and then rolled towards the Doctor like a frightened hare. Something evidently moved him.

"The only thing to stop it is *aqua pumpi*, or according to more modern practice *aqua hydrantis*, of which the formula is H O. But the great secret is to take it at once——" Here Pat gave a fearful groan. "It is frightful to think that the power of this hair tonic may change a man into a brute, and if taken inwardly, cause him to break out all over in long hair like a bear. That poor chambermaid, quickly as she took the antidote, only three hours after she drank the restorer, still allowed it to so far permeate her system that her arms look bearish when she rolls up her sleeves. It is liable too, in spite of the *aqua hydrantis*, to burst out again after any severe indulgence in spirituous liquors, such as Monongahela——"

"Dochter, shure and I fale mighty onwall the mawrnin'," broke in Pat with a half howl.

"Why Pat, what on earth can be the matter with you?" asked the Doctor.

"Sure enough," added Fordsan, "you look as hearty as a buck."

"A buck! Oh shure may be a bear! Oh, Dochter, plase look down my throat, it fales sore the mawrnin'." The Doctor opened Pat's jaws wide, looked down his throat, and then started back with horror depicted in his face.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" he hurriedly asked of Fordsan. "Look, look down—his—throat!" Thus appealed to, Fordsan jumped forward, and, opening Pat's capacious mouth, gave a hasty glance and shouted,

"Furred all over by——!"

"Och hone! *Mhic De, Dhia go firinneach!* Save me, Dochter. It's a bloody baste that I'll be, with fur all ovir me."

"Why, Pat, you hav'nt touched that bottle, have you?" holding it up full in his face. Down Pat fell on his knees.

"Save me, Dochter! Shure, Master Fordsan, its the divil's temptation I had indade, and the roof of my mouf as dry as a chip, and the wee bottil a holdin' out its pison hands to me. Och hone! Give me the *lackerdanit*, Dochter. Sure, I fale the hair growing in me insides entirely, and its a baste I'll be, oh wirra! wirra!"

"Will you go to another wake?" asked Fordsan.

"Divil the smite av one; divil the taste av wisky, barring the mildest touch, will I iver touch agin, by Saint McGinnis and the rist of thim. Oh, Dochter, the *lackerdanit*, my jewil, quick, or I'll be hure-brained all ovir me body."

The Doctor and Fordsan, nearly choking with suppressed laughter, left the stable just in time to avoid ruining the joke: and after indulging in such peals of laughter in the house that Fordsan and the Doctor had to drown it with a good drink, returned with a large pitcher of *aqua hydrantis*, which Pat drained to the last drop, expressing deepest thanks and making a thousand promises of future good behavior.

He kept his word, and Fordsan declares a steadier coachman can't be found. For several days afterwards he was seen carefully inspecting his throat and arms for fear he might have been too late to get the start of the hair restorer; but at last assured that he was safe, he returned thanks, "*that he had'nt made a baste of himself!*"

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORONA DE CABARGA, THE WELL KNOWN *REGALIA DEL REY.*

Havana, December 30, 1859.

José Domingo, Esq., New Orleans:

Dear Sir: We authorize you by this letter to inform the public that you are the Sole Agent in your city for our brand of Cigars known as CORONA.

Yours, truly,
ANT. CABARGA & CO.

Jose Domingo,
IMPORTER OF HAVANA CIGARS,
No. 16 CUSTOMHOUSE STREET,

Has always on hand a large and well-assorted stock, to which he calls the attention of purchasers. The choicest brands for which his house has always been celebrated, can always be found there: PARTAGAS, CABANAS, INTIMIDAD, the well-known REGALIA DEL REY DE