New Orleans Daily Crescent.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE BY THE MAILS.

Our Japanese Visitors.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser gives the following particulars of the habits, movements and habits of the Japanese visitors:

It seems to be the desire of the Ambassadors, after the conclusion of the formalities, to inspect public and private manufactories, and to purchase such articles, implements and tools as they may find advantageous to have introduced into their own country. They also will take home with them a very fair specimen of American cookery, themselves beaten by Chinese chopsticks.

Each of the twenty officials of the party wear a sword—most of them two swords. These are short, straight, and thrust through their girdle on the left side, horizontally. There is no guard to the hilt, which is a plain piece of steel, inlaid with gold, or silver in a fine, fine, fine, which has to be frequently sharpened.

The swords and Virginians (of course we have no tobacco, or, rather, a thing) are already sending for the pipe, which is regarded, by them, as considered equal to the sword in importance. They accordingly dispatch a boy with a pipe, and, when he returns, courteously returns it to the donors.

The pipe, which we see floating here in the Japanese, is a large red ball on a white field. It is, in the imperial or national flag, which is in addition, each of the imperial officers, the Tycoon, designed on a square white cloth, sewed on his apparel, or on his shoulder or on the back, and the retainers have the insignia of their lords and masters.

The pikes and halberds carried by the retainers are of the oriental pattern. They are only used on state occasions, and the weapons of the officers are said to be of the latest style. Col. Colt, and other manufacturers of patent fire-arms are now with purchasers of their weapons, and Col. Colt says they will inspect his manufactory at Hartford.

There are also cloth prepared with India-rubber, and impregnated with vegetable wax (Rhus Vernicifera), which I suppose is of the same species of the tree from which the conserved in Japan, obtained wherewith to make Father Prout's candle. Anyhow, it makes paper proof against water, and, as an overcoat made out of this material, it is very light, of course, and very handy.

The Ambassadors have already signified their intention to procure a full and complete ladies' wardrobe to carry back. So we may expect to see the much-vaunted belles of Yeddo have the advantage of Parisian dresses.

The ladies at the hotel have promised a presence destined for the President, Mrs. Buchanan, a long, wide, shallow pine boxes, lined with tin. Fabulous stories are told of chests, thinner than the shell of an egg, lacquer-ware, which will hold boiling water without being harmed; of quaintly ornamented fans, etc., etc.

The Great Storm.

The Cincinnati Gazette publishes the following letter:

Salem, Ind., May 22.—Yesterday about 2 o'clock we were visited by one of the most terrible tornadoes ever known in Southern Indiana. Full one hundred persons have been more or less injured in town and the immediate vicinity. Several were razed to the ground and completely demolished. The Methodist church, one mile north of this place, was blown down while the school was in session. Two of the ministers were badly hurt. The baby who was teaching had a arm and a leg broken. Two or three others were injured by falling walls, but it is hoped that they will recover. A large, unfinished brick house, belonging to D. Lyon, was blown down, and injured to the amount of $800 or $1,000. The Whitley shop and carriage shop were crushed to atoms. A new frame building, owned by L. Brown, was damaged to the amount of $500. The depot was unroofed. The storm was seen for miles wide, and the destruction of property is great.

How to Detect a Tyrant.

In the Philadelphia Bulletin we find the following:

Late on Tuesday night, a citizen, in approaching Pittsburg, on Fifth and Oxford streets, saw several men digging at the intersection of those streets. When he was within ten or fifteen feet of them, one cried out shout, upon which the man ran off at full speed. The first policeman he met was apprised of the occurrence, and they went together to the place. When a short distance off, the word shout was repeated, and the policeman told the man he'd better stop. Without a word, the man ran away and put his feet to his overtaken. A light was obtained, and the officer found that the earth in the hole had been removed and replaced, and procuring a hoed from a neighboring fence he dug up a dozen cans. A few inches beneath the surface he found a piece of board, and upon removing this he found a tin box containing glass and frame, which was taken to the Twenty-ninth station house, where, upon inspecting it, a number of cabalistic words written in German were found scribbled upon the surface. It seems that this certain is regarded by ignorant and superstitious persons as a means of robbery, for the purpose of obtaining wherewith to make Father Prout's candle. Anyhow, it makes paper proof against water, and, as an overcoat made out of this material, it is very light, of course, and very handy.

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Rare Bird.

Tom Sayers, accompanied by Frank Bennett, paid a visit to the studio of Mr. Strachan, Russell street, Covent Garden, on Saturday, who has been commissioned by Mr. Albert Smith, of the Piccadilly Hall, Lime street, Liverpool, to execute life-size busts of Tom Sayers and Harry Poole. Tom sat about half an hour, and appeared himself pleased with the likeness. We understand it is the intention of Mr. Allsopp to have copies of the busts in the pleasure grounds at his Burton-on-Trent residence. We have no doubt the busts will be a great.—London Sporting Telegraph.

Fruit in Mississippi.

The Oxford Mercury of Thursday last says:

We will certainly have an abundance of fruit this year. Old natives can't get over giving it up this time, although she has not supplied us very bountifully for these three or four seasons. We reckon the quality of fruit produced in Mississippi is as excellent as any in the world—not excepting Kentucky. Just to personal appearance Kentucky beauty is the descendants of that ancient personage who eat the fruit, Mother Eve.

A Pet Parson.

The Louisville Journal says:

It appears that his Imperial Majesty of Japan has sent to Mr. Buchanan two very magnificent swords. Mr. Buchanan ought to return the compliment by sending to his Majesty that terrible old Parson, with which, at the distance of nearly a hundred yards, he frightened the British away from Palmetto in the last war.

Parson Jones has always been remarkable for his meekness and uniform piety of conduct. On the occasion of a "military muster," the spirit of the Lord seized such an influence on the worthy Deacon that it converted the wrath of the pastor into a sense of his brethren. The Deacon expressed his astonishment and asked the cause. "Why, brethren," said the deacon, "you see I've been laying in wait out of season, serving the Lord for the last 40 years, and I thought that, just for once, I'd take a day for myself."

What is the first thing a young lady looks for in church?—The kiss.

Sayers' Boxer.—Tom Sayers, accompanied by Frank Bennett, paid a visit to the studio of Mr. Strachan, Russell street, Covent Garden, on Saturday, who has been commissioned by Mr. Albert Smith, of the Piccadilly Hall, Lime street, Liverpool, to execute life-size busts of Tom Sayers and Harry Poole. Tom sat about half an hour, and appeared himself pleased with the likeness. We understand it is the intention of Mr. Allsopp to have copies of the busts in the pleasure grounds at his Burton-on-Trent residence. We have no doubt the busts will be a great.—London Sporting Telegraph.

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The Poisoning Case at Weymouth, Mass.

[From the Boston Courier, May 22.]

The jury of inquest summoned to investigate the circumstances attending the sudden death of Miss Betsey Frances Tirrell, who died on the 3d day of May, at her father's house, in South Weymouth, met yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock at Mr. Tirrell's house. The first witness called was Dr. Augustus A. Hayes, of Boston, to whom the stomach and viscera of the deceased were submitted for the purpose of being analyzed. He deposed as follows:

I reside in Boston, and am a doctor of medicine and a chemist; I received on Sunday, May 8, from Dr. Appleton Howe, of Weymouth, a stone jar, properly secured and sealed, said to contain the stomach and contents and intestines of Miss Betsey Frances Tirrell, for chemical analysis, with a view of detecting poison; the stomach, with portions adhering, were subjected to analysis and found to contain a poison called strychnine; a portion only of the stomach was operated on for the separation of the poison, and it was found in sufficient quantities to warrant the conclusion that death was produced by this cause; I cannot say what quantity of poison was found, as it was not yet been weighed; I judged that there was more than sufficient poison found in the part analyzed to cause death; on the 12th of May I received a pewter spoon from Dr. Howe; the bowl was smeared with some fruit jelly, in which I found crystals broken to a coarse powder, and those proved to be strychnine; I could not determine the quantity of strychnine which I found there; it was visible to the eye and in its ordinary state, not like that in the stomach; there it had become dissolved, which it would naturally do after the lapse of several days; I have preserved the spoon and the contents in nearly the same state I received them.

Dr. Appleton Howe, the family physician, who was called to attend Miss Tirrell on the night of her death, was recalled and testified: I made an autopsy of the body of B. Francis Tirrell, with the assistance of Drs. Fifield and Towne; I removed the stomach and portions adhering properly into a stone jar, and on the following day, May 3, and properly covered and sealed it; the next day I delivered it in the same condition to Dr. A. A. Hayes, in Boston; I told him that it contained the stomach of B. Francis Tirrell, and that Mr. Silas Binney, the Coroner, requested that he would analyze it for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any poison in it; on Saturday, May 12, I delivered to him a pewter spoon which I received from Mrs. Almira Tirrell, who said it was found in the room where Francis died. The spoon was smeared with a substance similar to syrup or preserve.

The testimony of Dr. Howe at the previous meeting was then read. He testified at that time that he was called in a great hurry on Thursday evening, May 3, to attend Miss B. Frances Tirrell, who was said to be dying. When he arrived at the house he found her lying on her side with her face to the wall. He felt for a pulse, but found no pulsation in the region of the heart. Her face was very pale, and the features were contracted very much. He made an examination the next day, the results of which have been given heretofore.

Dr. Fifield was then recalled, and his previous testimony read. It was as follows: I have heard the facts connected with the death of Miss B. Frances Tirrell, and in my opinion the symptoms indicated poison; I assisted Dr. Howe in making the examination; I was present when Dr. Howe put the stomach in a stone jar and sealed it up; I did not see him deliver it.

Mrs. Almira Tirrell, the mother of the deceased, and a younger sister about 12 years of age, were then called and examined. At the request of the Coroner, the evidence is not made public. The jury were expected to make up their verdict in this case some time during the evening. George C. Hersey, the person charged with having administered the poison, will be brought before Justice Humphrey this morning at 10 o'clock at Weymouth Landing. He will probably have the case postponed to await the verdict of the Coroner's inquest in the case of Mary Tirrell. Dr. Hayes, to whom the viscera of the deceased was submitted for analysis, has not made a complete examination in this case yet, and is not ready to report; but it is understood that his analysis thus far has tended to confirm the suspicion that poison had been administered. The body of the dog supposed to have been poisoned by Hersey, has been examined, and no traces of poison discovered. This will form an important point in the testimony against Hersey, as he stated when he bought the poison at the apothecary shop in this city, that he wanted it to poison a dog with, and it is evident from examination, that the dog was killed in some other way.

Boston, May 22, 1860.—The investigation by the Coroner's jury in the late mysterious death at Weymouth, has resulted in declaring that Betsey Frances Tirrell was poisoned with strychnine, which has also been discovered in the remains of her older sister, Mary, who died about three months previous. Strychnine was found to be *evidente*. Hersey is in jail, heavily ironed. His examination will take place this week.

Utah Intelligence.

From the Utah correspondence of the N. Y. Herald we extract the following:

Every day adds to the interest of the squabble between Judge Eckels, the Probate Courts and the lawless banditti now prowling at liberty in this Territory. In former communications I furnished you at some length the proceedings of the Probate Court of this county in the prosecution of thieves and daring scoundrels, and their subsequent release from the Penitentiary on the writs of *habeas corpus* emanating from Judge Eckels. Since the release of the criminals they have apparently made it their chief business to parade themselves in the most provoking manner in the public streets, entering the stores of the jurors for one thing and for another that they never could find there, for no other purpose than saying—"Here we are, now; help yourselves if you can." Though men of five-and-twenty summers and more, I have seen a crowd of them throw off their overcoats to play at cat and ball on the public street, with no other design, until I could see, than to exhibit their revolvers and a bowie knife dangling over buckskin unmentionables. Very interesting exhibition!

Nothing daunted by the threats and intimidations on the part of the released, the Probate Court continues its course. It has done a good deal of business during the present week. Indictments have been found against half a dozen others of the same gang as those released, for the same character of crimes—horse and cattle stealing.

On Tuesday evening we very nigh had a bloody affair over the apprehension of one Manhard. Emboldened by the previous week's proceedings, Manhard and two of his associates rode up to the court-house, during the sitting of the Court, and finding the Sheriff, the principal object of their hatred, unblushingly extended to him the hand of salutation—a very general custom in the West, more particularly among a people surrounded by Indians, to whom the hand must be extended at first greeting as a sign of good feeling and fellowship. Sheriff Burton took the hand of Manhard, and after the usual Indian salutation—"How? How?"—informed him that he was his prisoner. In a moment the mule of Manhard under the biting of the spurs; but the sheriff was not to be either trampled or thrown. He firmly continued his hold of the one hand, and with a dexterous leap threw the other around the neck of Manhard, and there mule, criminal and sheriff clung together with more than loving affection. It was an interesting sight. The associates of the apprehended immediately drew their revolvers and called upon the sheriff to release their comrade. The dancing of the mule and the struggle of the men made it impossible for them to fire with safety. The noise and bawling reaching the inside of the court, the officers instantly rushed out to the rescue of the sheriff; rifles were out and levelled, and the associates of Manhard owed their escape and lives to "cheap percussions." The sheriff kept his man; the others escaped. For the latter the officers have writs for threatening the life of the sheriff in the discharge of his duty; and find them when they may, they will assuredly be severely dealt with.

Last evening a gentleman informed me that a portion of his band were out on the range over Jordan, openly larieting the horses of their choice the preceding evening—more, I presume, out of bravado than otherwise; and yesterday as the Probate Judge left court he was followed by one of the gang, who found some pretext for addressing him and insulting him with the most abusive and filthy language he could utter.

Before this affair ends some one is likely to "go under"—a very regretful circumstance, certainly, if the unfortunate sufferer be a good citizen; but let that take place, and it is the beginning of the end.

Brigham, I think is the only check to the institution of lynch. I heard him say in the Tabernacle, very emphatically, "Boys, hold on. Let men show themselves. Let all who want to join them have the chance, and then if they don't quit we will brush them out." This, said at the highest pitch of his voice, and sealed with as loud an amen from the congregation, is full of significance.

The Pony Express.—The proprietors of this arrangement for linking East and West will doubtless have published to all the world their success—and a success, I presume, that first experiment may be regarded. The first express from Sacramento arrived here on Saturday evening, at forty-five minutes past 11 o'clock—five minutes within its schedule time. The Eastern express arrived here on Monday evening, at twenty-five minutes past 6 o'clock—five minutes within the allotted six days. The roads were exceedingly bad and slippery, and the nights were very dark; for some days and nights the sky was very dark and cloudy. The boy who left here on the first trip eastward, with the pony, though perfectly familiar with the road, lost himself several times in the storm, and was five hours in making twenty-five miles, that he had calculated in making in a little over two hours. As the season advances these hindrances will vanish, and I think there is little room for doubting the attainment of Atlantic communication with the Pacific in eight days. For six months this experiment is to be exhibited—what after that is not stated. It is hardly likely, however, that with the best contract the regular mail will ever be carried by pony flesh from the Missouri to Sacramento in the time now made.

The Late News from Washington.—You very naturally may wish to learn how the proceedings in Congress, touching Utah and polygamy, are regarded here. Well, I know not how to better describe the feelings of the folks than by saying that they are "gloriously indifferent." As the Yankee said of the Danes—"the better I know them, the better I understand them." I notice, as I become acquainted with the Mormons, a deep-grounded conviction that nothing can ever occur but what is for their good. I was much inclined to conclude that "all's for the best, all right," was a convenient doctrine, and could cover a multitude of things as well as soothe the trouble bosom; but every day's experience among them leads to the conclusion that they are almost fatalists; they call it special Providence over them; it is only a difference in name, apparently. With their faith, anything that comes is right enough, for some purpose or other, and they are very sincere. Brigham has recently been very explicit in teaching that men can direct their actions in any direction, but the result of actions is neither given to man to know nor to control.

I remember in the speeches of '57 and '58, his oft-repeated statement that he did not pretend to know the future. He only knew, he said, that it was right to do then what they did. The people here manifest a strong desire to have what transpires here fairly represented by the Eastern press. Dread slander, but at the same time they seem utterly indifferent about how they are represented by folks elsewhere. They are touchy about misrepresentations from here, but the misrepresentations that come here they care nothing about. There is philosophy in this. For their own actions they hold themselves responsible; for the actions of others they are irresponsible, and leave their control to the general budget in the charge of Providence.

They regard the noise in Congress over polygamy as mere fudge, and springing from such men as Judge Cradlebaugh, who had the imprudence to tell his programme to a California correspondent, who published it long before his honor reached Washington. I asked one of the leading men yesterday—he was an apostle, working hard in the field for the staff of life—what he though of Congressional affairs on the institution. He answered very pleasantly, "We are all so very busy with our spring labors that we have no time to pay any attention to them." To my inquiry about results, should any law be adopted for the punishment of polygamists, "Oh," said he, "they can't do anything constitutionally against us," and with a hitch of the head he added, "if they do anything unconstitutionally, they can only do what the Lord will permit them for some wise purpose. He will take care of both them and us. He knows what they are doing, and always knows where to find us."

The Removal of the Army.—Everything now indicates an early march from Camp Floyd. Six wagon loads of provisions were started from the camp last Thursday week as the forerunner of stocking the road southward. This train passes through Lehi settlement and took the new Provo Kanyon towards Bridger. Dr. Hobbs, the agent of Russell & Waddell, arrived here last Friday evening, and immediately afterwards sent a night express to camp. He was ahead of the published army orders, and probably suffered nothing in his sale of cattle on that account.

Later from New Mexico.

Independence, May 23.—The Santa Fe mail arrived to-day, having left there on the 7th inst. Very little mail matter came in, as it was not expected to get through so soon.

Business in Santa Fe was dull, but Kitchen's train was met a short distance this side, and upon its arrival trade will revive.

Six companies of dragoons and mounted rifles are at Fort Union making preparations to open a campaign against the Kiowa Indians. They are also looking out for a new site for a fort on Red river, some forty miles this side of the present post. When that is established Fort Union will be abandoned.

Large forces are also concentrating at Pawnee Fork, and with proper management the Indians will be thoroughly punished.

No Indians were seen on the route, and but little apprehension of hostilities from them is now entertained by the mail hands.

No rain has fallen on the route for some months, yet, notwithstanding, the grass is excellent.

The road all the way in was alive with merchants' trains and emigrants to Pike's Peak. We had a fine rain here this morning.

Second Comet of 1860.—This comet was discovered by Rumker, of Hamburg, on the 17th April, 1860, as a faint, ill-defined, nebulous spot of light. Having passed its perihelium at the close of the preceding February; it was, when discovered, receding from the sun, and its distance from the earth is now so rapidly diminishing that it must soon cease to be visible, even by the most powerful telescopes.

For the past ten days clouds and haze have prevented any search for it until last evening, when it was detected by Mr. Sonntag with the great refractor of the Dudley Observatory.

Its elements have been approximately determined, and are found to resemble those of the second comet of 1793. In case future investigation prove them to be the same, the period of revolution would be about sixty-six and a half years, or some fraction of this quantity. It is now in the constellation Aurigæ and its approximate place:

	R. A.	D.
May 20, Albany, M. T.	H. M. 11 14	S. 59
May 29, Albany, A. R.	5 53	6
Dec. X	56° 23'	

O. M. MITCHEL.

Dudley Observatory, May 21, 1860.

A Game of Euchre.—A constable at Williamsport, Warren county, Ind., whilst paying a visit to a young lady living a few miles in the country, last week, proposed a game of euchre as the evening's entertainment, which of course was accepted by the young lady. When the cards were dealt the young lady proposed a "fiver" of $50, to which the constable demurred. The young lady protested that she would never play with a gentleman unless there was some stake up, but the gent still demurred, when, as a compromise, the young lady proposed that the stake should play, and if she beat him he would marry him, which the gallant constable could'nt do otherwise than accept. As it they went, and the lady proved to be the winner. The constable soon recollected that he had some official business to attend to, and left with a solemn promise to return "soon."

Hours flew by, but the constable forgot to return. In the morning the young lady, nothing daunted, proceeded to town, presented herself before the Squire with an application for a marriage license, which of course the Squire refused until evidence was produced proving a bona fide agreement, when it was at once issued.

Hugging the license to her bosom, the lady proceeded at once to the father of the young Lothario, laying her distress before him, and demanded a fulfilment of the contract. The young gent was not "come-at-able." Nothing discouraged, and believing that a constable was all honor, and determined to have her stake, she stuck to her future father-in-law for three days, without, however, the young man coming to time—when a compromise was effected by paying the disconsolate lady $250 to fill the breach. Thus ended the game. The question is, who got euchred?

[Lafayette (Ind.) Argus.

A Few Probable Truths.—That of one thousand men and one thousand women, taken at random in the British islands, there is, on both sides, an equal per centage of good, indifferent and bad; the indifferent predominating. That any lady who may be reading these lines belongs emphatically to the category of the good. That the vices and virtues, the qualities and defects of the two sexes are different; but that, on the whole, there is an equilibrium. That all men are not brutes, nor all the women angels. That no sooner is a woman as that of married life the stronger will prevails, and that the force of will is as strong with the women as with the men; but that it works otherwise to its results. That the power of women is based upon her thorough perception and appreciation of the weakness of the man. That men, in the vast majority of cases, are very weak. That positive law never touches, and never can closely within the others' comforts—where they exist—of a married life, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. That if a man value his own peace of mind, he had better keep out of the way of pink bonnets and Balmoral boots. That the marriage day and that day year are two different days. That the longer the courtship the greater chance of error, for the deception has been most enduring and continuous. From all which, it follows, as a corollary, "Leap before you look!"—[Once a week.

The Wife's Helping Hand.—At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance as when he wants a button to be sewed on his shirt collar.—[Punch.

A story is going the rounds that at one of the recent political conventions a prayer was opened by one of the officiating clergymen in the following terms: "Oh, God, Thou who art pleased *to consider thyself* the fountain of all wisdom, look down," etc. It was a slip of the tongue of which the speaker, most probably, was totally unconscious. A similar incident occurred some years ago at a camp meeting in one of the Northern States. A preacher, in the midst of a long and fervent prayer, and thinking to quote the words of Scripture, misapplied them by saying: "Oh, Lord! we know that thou art wise, in thine *own conceit*." We know this is true, for we heard it. The preacher had not the slightest idea of the blunder he had made, and went on to the close of a long prayer.

A few days since, an attorney presented a bill of $3 50 to a humorous chap for legal advice. The latter admitted the correctness of the bill, but plead a set off. When asked what it was, he said the lawyer had given the advice on a vacant lot of the client, and he charged $2 75 for the use of the ground. The lawyer left, remarking that "language wouldn't do the subject justice."

A celebrated Parisian dandy was ordered by his physicians to follow a course of sea bathing at Dieppe. Arrived at that delightful bathing town, he ordered a machine and attendant and went boldly into the water. He plunged in bravely; but in an instant after came up puffing and blowing. "Francis," said he, "the sea smells detestably; it will poison me. Throw a little eau de Cologne into the water, or I shall be suffocated!"

Elopement Cases.

Scattered through a single number of the New York Herald we find the following cases of elopement:

The young ladies at Spingler Institute were thrown into a great state of excitement on Saturday evening, caused by the elopement of Miss Phipps with General Bynum of Tennessee. The gallant General, it appears, had been paying his attentions to Miss Phipps for some time, succeeded by a *coup de grace* in hoodwinking Mrs. Abbott, the principal of the school, and in getting possession of his fair inamorita before any alarm could be raised. A reverend gentleman soon afterwards tied the knot, and the happy couple repaired to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Mr. Sears, a married man, some 55 years of age, and a Miss Barnes, aged 14, eloped from Camden last week. They went to Utica and stopped over night, since which time no trace of them can be found by those interested in their whereabouts. The runaway girl is a sister of Sears' wife.

A Tennessee planter, named Stephen G. Kennedy, eloped from Memphis, last March, with a married widow, one Mrs. Calhoun, a governess in his family, taking with him his little daughter. The deserted Mrs. Kennedy recently found her truant spouse in Cleveland, Ohio. The police arranged an interview. The woman behaved frantically, and probably has had reason to feel angry with her fast and loose liege lord. She stated that she was rich and Kennedy poor when they married, since which time he has been fast. He pretends that although he and Mrs. Calhoun had lived under one roof, keeping house, their conduct had been perfectly correct. The Plain Dealer thinks Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy will kiss and make up.

The town of Ashburnham, Mass., has been somewhat agitated for a few days, says the Worcester (Mass.) Spy of the 18th inst., by an elopement which took place on Friday of last week. It appears that some eight years ago Ellen M., only daughter of Mr. Samuel Barrett, a very respectable citizen, and for a quarter of a century postmaster of that town, now deceased, married a Rev. Mr. Root, a Congregational minister, then settled in Williamsburg, Mass. They subsequently removed to Springfield, Ohio, where Mr. Root is now settled, and where the present unhappy troubles had their beginning. Mrs. Root, some time since formed an attachment for a gentleman of that place, the husband of a devoted wife, the father of five children, a member and one of the pillars of her husband's church. How long this attachment continued does not appear; but about three weeks ago the guilty parties secretly left Springfield and came to Massachusetts together. The woman desiring to see her friends in this country before she left them forever, came to Ashburnham, while her companion went to Fitchburg. Suspicion rested on the parties there, and accounts came from Ohio that all was not right. On Friday of last week he hired a horse in Leominster, intending to carry the lady to Fitchburg and take the cars for the South.

Disappointed as to the time, they drove on to New Hampshire, leaving the team at Thornton's Ferry, and pursued their way to the North. Officer Wetherbee, of Ashburnham, as soon as the facts became known, started in pursuit, found the deserted team at Nashua, and the fugitives at Montreal. The authorities at Montreal refused to give up the man on the charge of larceny—the only charge that could be sustained against him—and the officer was compelled to return alone. The man, who had given various names, was registered at Montreal as J. W. Brochaw. His age is about forty-one years, and he claims to be a man of good reputation, high social position and excellent business connections, all of which he has abandoned in pursuit of his infatuation. Mrs. Root, who is about thirty years of age, complained bitterly of the unhappiness of her marriage relations, and declared her determined purpose to abandon her husband, friends, honor—everything, for the only person whom she had ever loved. Her friends in Ashburnham stand very high in the estimation of that community, and are deeply grieved by the infatuation of which she has become the too willing victim.

Romantic Affair.

The Mackinac Herald gives an account of an elopement and marriage that took place in that village last week. The Herald says:

The parties—so the story goes—"roused Judge Chapman from his slumbers, who, in 'less than no time' made them 'twain of one flesh,' after which the happy couple 'put out,' in a *scal* boat, to spend the 'honeymoon.' The lady in question is a pretty brunette figure of 'sweet twenty.' The parties are respectable, and have relatives in the place."

This reminds us of an occurrence of a somewhat similar nature, that took place at Sault St. Marie several years since, and which is not generally known even at this place. A young, pretty, and exceedingly interesting young lady, of the beaching age of eighteen years, was the belle of the hotel where she was spending a short time, and had many admirers; but of them all, she favored only one. He was a young man from one of the Eastern cities, who for pleasure's sake was bound to the lovely lake above, to while away the long summer days with his gun and rod. Western beauties he knew nothing of, and this one, so frank, pretty and witty, captivated him at once.

It was a mutual case of love at first sight, and his hand was tendered and promptly accepted by the fair damsel. The pere and mere of the lady were appealed to by the gay Lothario to grant their consent to the union, but in vain; and the young people—as young people always do when opposed in their matrimonial affairs—determined that the Gordian knot should be tied at all hazards. During an evening stroll in the suburbs of the village, a divine was called upon, who being a newly married man himself, sympathized with the candidates for wedlock, and they were soon united. Not daring to face the anger of the parents of the bride, it was agreed that the happy ones should procure a conveyance to Sailor's Encampment, and there wait for a steamer to convey them to the Lower Peninsula. Procuring the services of two half-breed voyageurs, they embarked in a Mackinac boat, and glided down the swift-running river. About 10 o'clock in the evening they stopped to rest on one of the many islands with which the river abounds. The weather being delightful, the twain strayed away from the boat, and on their return were horrified to find that the boat and its dusky attendants had disappeared.

A search was instituted, but that part of the island being uninhabited, they came to the conclusion that "as they had made their bed they must lie in it," and they slept until morning with no covering but the blue sky above them, hoping that with daylight all would be well. Daylight came, and with it hunger, fatigue and disappointment, and our "married man," not being able to discover a habitation of any kind, suggested to his lesser half that he should swim away from her to seek succor, not being able to swim as Leander of old to his Hero to bask in the sunshine of her smiles. She would not consent, and for two days the unhappy pair were compelled to remain in the wilderness, and subsist on berries. At the close of the second day, an Indian passing by in his canoe, was hailed, and with his assistance they reached the "Encampment," where they were confronted by the father, who, affected by the tears of his disobedient child, forgave all; and then informed "his children" that it was by his orders they had been deserted on the island. The lesson was a severe one, but was fully compensated for, by the recipients being taken to the bosom of him who taught it. [Detroit Tribune.

Burmese Wrestlers.

Ko-Phoo, and the negro entered the arena first and commenced operations. The preliminary manœuvers between the opponents were exceedingly amusing. It appeared to me that Sambo did not exactly comprehend the kind of warfare in which he was to engage, for he commenced sparring out after the most approved fashion, as if he were expected to take part in a pugilistic encounter. The Burman kept about him at a little distance, dodging round with a peculiar kind of hop, with his body slightly bent towards his antagonist, and thrusting out his hand and drawing it back again, with a motion as if he wanted to touch the other's flesh, but durst not for fear of getting burnt. Sometimes he would, with amazing quickness, thrust his face pretty closely within the other's reach, when the negro would make a hit straight out, would be sure to miss his object, amidst screams of laughter from the spectators. Amusing as this sort of fun was, we were beginning to think it monotonous, when the Burman made a quick and sudden motion, seized Sambo near the hip with one hand, and with a manœuver, executed with such suddenness and dexterity as to be unobservable to any but the most attentive spectator, threw him over his head and brought him flat on his back upon the saw dust.

This was evidently a different sort of thing from what Sambo had bargained for. He arose, before the plaudits announcing Ko Phoo's victory had ceased, and resolutely sparred out again. He made a blow at the champion, which that individual luckily contrived to avoid, or he would probably have been hurt, and followed up the attack vigorously. Ko-Phoo, however, watched his opportunity, and repeated the achievement, this time flinging Sambo with such force upon the ground, that he was glad to retire from the arena, leaving Ko-Phoo to his prizes of silk and muslin. The artilleryman came next. He was a tall, stout, muscular Irishman, and apparently a scientific wrestler; and he, too, turned out no match for Ko-Phoo. He was, however, to do him justice, a far more formidable opponent to the Burman than was the negro, and Ko-Phoo seemed to appreciate the fact. He was unequal to the Burman in skill, notwithstanding, and he, also, had to endure the mortification of defeat. [Four Years in Burmah.

A Sitting on the Shore.—A gentleman of the New York Herald has given us the following pretty lines, from the pen of Miss M. L. Bloch:

The tide has ebb'd away—
No more wild dashing 'gainst the adamant rocks,
Nor swayings amidst seaweed false that mocks
The hues of gardens gay;
No laugh of little wavelets at their play;
No lucid pools reflecting Heaven's clear brow—
Both storm and calm alike are ended now.

The rocks sit gray and lone;
The shifting sand is spread so smooth and dry
That not a tide might ever have swept by
Stirring it with rude moan;
Only some weedy fragments idly thrown
To rot beneath the sky, tell what has been;
But Desolation's self has grown serene.

Afar the mountains rise,
And the broad estuary widens out,
All sunshine; wheeling round and round about
Seaward, a white bird flies.
A bird? Nay, seems it in these eyes
A spirit, o'er Eternity's dim sea
Calling, "Come thou where all we glad souls be."

O life! O silent shore!
Where we sit patient; O great sea beyond,
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more;
A little while, and then we too shall soar
Like white-wing'd sea birds into the infinite deep;
Till then, Thou, Father—wilt our spirits keep.

Trodden Flowers.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers,
Spirits that suffer and do not repine;
Patient and sweet as the lowly trodden flowers
That from the passer's heel arise,
And give back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lowly love that haunts their eyes and ears;
That would fond faith with anger worse than steel,
And out of pity's spring draw bile tears.
O, nature! shall it ever be thy will
In things with good to mingle good and ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love—
Meek charity that shrinks not from distress,
Gentleness doth her tyrants so reprove—
Though virtue weep forever and lament,
Will one hard heart turn to her and relent?

Why should the reed be broken that will bend,
And they that dry the tears in other's eyes
Feel their own anguish welling without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke of sighs?
Sure, love to some fair Eden of his own
Will flee at last and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth always; weepeth for the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may betide;
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?
Fate whispers sorrow is your lot,
They would be rebels—love rebeleth not.

How the Pugilists Met.

[From Vanity Fair.]

Immediately on the stakes being set and the rope stretched, Sayers, who was reposing on a palanquin, made two double summersaults backward, and sprang from his resting place, eighty feet distant, into the ring. His appearance was gorgeous, and he was hailed with prolonged applause. He was clad in a suit of purple velvet, embroidered with pearls, slashed in with white silk. On his head he wore a cap of gold lace with one large diamond, nearly seven inches in diameter, at the top of the crown.

Heenan, who up to this time had been lying in a four-post mahogany bedstead, on a neighboring hill, now entered the ring by a back door, accompanied by Cusick and Macdonald. He was dressed in a suit of heavy armor of the fashion of the first Edward. For a head-covering he wore a bell-crowned hat, presented to him by his grandfather, to which was attached the order of the Golden Fleece. Screams of delight from the Americans went up on his entrance, and he was immediately welcomed by our Minister at the Court of St. James, Mr. D—ll—s, in a neat speech of a couple of hours, and presented with an autograph letter from the Queen, requesting him to drop in at Windsor when he got through. After this he walked over to Sayers, and extending his hand, said:

"Mr. Thomas Sayers, it gives me infinite pleasure to meet you. I trust you are in good health and Heaven's benizon be upon you."

Sayers took the proffered hand, and pressing it to his lips, answered:

"I thank you, my noble friend. I am, by the blessings of the gods, well and happy. May I be allowed to welcome you to this land of brave men and fair women?"

Heenan bowed low in response, and said, "The day is fair