FROM WASHINGTON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, June 14, 1859.

The late Democratic Superintendent of Printing, A. G. Sesman, who was overhauled by a Committee of the House of Representatives last Winter, and since, by the Grand Jury here, has found it convenient to "slope" after a recent indictment by the latter. He was only one of an organized combination which has systematically plundered the Treasury, during the last and present Administrations, to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars in public printing, binding and engraving. This remark covers men who are now figuring here, in Philadelphia and in New-York upon these ill-gotten gains, which, so far as moral principle is concerned, might just as well have been stolen from Uncle Sam's strong box. Seaman's appointment was originally procured from President Pierce, mainly at the solicitation of Mr. Toucey, the present Secretary of the Navy, whose interest in a Connecticut Paper Mill is said to have been remembered with grateful recognition by him. Owing to the composition of the Committee last Session, the investigation could only be imperfectly pursued. I will be revived next Winter, under more favorable auspices, with some others, which will serve to disclose the corruptions that have been so flagrant and common under Democratic misrule.

Our late Minister at Madrid, Mr. Dodge, did not give much encouragement to the President's favorite idea of acquiring Cuba during his recent visit here. So far from it, he informed the Administration that it was a wild, visionary and impracticable scheme, which had no advocates in Spain of any party, and that every movement in such a direction only tended to relieve the internal dissensions of Spanish politics, and to compact a sentiment of united and emphatic opposition, which ignored all other causes of difference. This information was not very agreeable at headquarters, and Mr. Dodge was not complimented with any particular token of favor—not even a dinner of Spring chickens and peas, which are now cheap.

The reported organization of a new Cuba movement in Baltimore, excites no interest or attention here, for it is well known that the people of that island are now wholly averse to any such expeditions. The last demonstration from New-York was treated with the utmost contempt by the officials, for it so happened that the whole plot was understood from the very inception, together with all the actors in it. Señor Tassara, the Spanish Minister here, so far from recommending harsh measures against these infatuated and deluded youths, advised the Captain General to supply their wants and send them back, in the hope that such experience would not only show them the folly of their ways but the absurdity of such Quixotic enterprises. The Administration persists in the idea of purchasing Cuba, at a cost of $120,000,000, merely to conjure up a political issue, and for no other purpose. Everybody knows that there is no public man in Spain who would dare entertain such a proposition, just as it is known that there is not a clear dollar in our Treasury to pay debts already contracted. But they must have a "cry," and Cuba suits to humbug the Sham Democracy, as well as any other.

The appointment of the ex Hon. Mr. Searing to a weighership in the Custom House of New-York is not much relished by some of his late colleagues, who were equally zealous Lecomptonites, nor by some respectable Democrats who remember the whitewashing report with his complicity as Chairman of the Committee on Accounts. If anything were wanting to complete the proof in that discreditable transaction, it would be furnished by this reward for his votes on Lecompton.

It is hoped at the Navy Department to escape the public odium which has followed the purchase of the rotten canal boats that were sent to Paraguay by changing their names, as if that would cover up one of the most censurable acts of those in power. They paid $289,000 for these so-called steamers, which no insurance company will venture to underwrite except at the most exhorbitant premiums. This whole business will yet be ventilated, and the country will have an opportunity of seeing how much speculation there was at the bottom of it, and who were the beneficiaries.

WASHINGTON, June 15, 1859.

It is very evident that the Administration is thankful for the smallest favors, and is often willing to appropriate compliments to which it has no pretensions whatever. Only a few days ago the Court Journal had the modesty to claim the restoration of peace and order to this city as one of the direct results of the President's policy, thus depriving the efficient Mayor, through whose instrumentality they were produced, of the credit which he is awarded by the whole community. It would be just as fair to charge the President with the flagrant outrages which were notoriously common here during the first year of his administration, as to ascribe to him the merit of doing that with which he had about as much to do as the man in the moon. The official paper ought to be content with insisting upon the economy with which the Government is conducted, when the expenditures, according to the Treasury statement, exceeded $81,000,000 last year. They are entitled to that honor, and it is very certain few will be found to dispute it.

According to intelligence from Pennsylvania, the Anti-Lecompton Democrats who have been standing out in the cold, will fall into line this Fall, supporting the regular ticket, and leaving the leaders whom they have thus far followed alone. Such is known to be the present direction, and, when fairly considered, it is quite reasonable that this course should be taken by those who have been taught to regard interest as subordinate to principle. Besides, the approach of the Presidential struggle has its influence in shaping the political action of such Democrats as are now considered outside a healthy organization. It is true that the party has been divided and is still distracted, but it has elements of cohesion which will eventually harmonize all these discords, no matter what candidate may be nominated or what platform adopted. Democracy is pliant enough for any necessity or expedient, as may be seen in the zeal now exhibited by the Barnburners of 1848, to take the lead in Pro-Slavery propagandism. They are the allies upon whom the South most confidently count, and are considered the electest of the elect, in every movement designed to spread the peculiar institution, whether it be to Arizona, Mexico or Cuba.

FIRE ON THE RAILROAD—1,500 CORDS OF WOOD BURNED.—A fire started last evening in the woodsheds of the New-York Central Railroad at the Lockport Junction, three miles west of Lockport, and before it was subdued, 1,500 cords of wood had been destroyed. As soon as the fire was discovered, the men in the vicinity rallied, and made gaps in the sheds, removing the wood and the building, hoping to stay the progress of the flames, but twice the fire crossed these gaps and continued its work of destruction. Capt. Bromley's train, going up, reached the spot soon after the fire started, and passed, but the down trains were delayed. The Cincinnati Express, run by Mr. Higgins, was detained between two and three hours in consequence of the track being warped from its place by the intense heat from the burning wood. The sheds contained nearly 4,000 cords of wood, and it is thought something more than one-half has been saved. The origin of the fire is unknown, but as there had been a drenching rain in the afternoon, it is doubtful whether a spark from the engine could have ignited the wood. All the locomotives which passed in the day or evening have been examined and found to be perfect in those arrangements to prevent the escape of fire in the form of cinders. [Rochester Union.

GREAT TORNADO ON THE PLAINS.—We learn from *The Council Bluffs Bugle* of the 7th inst. that Mr. C. Durham and company of Marion County, Ohio, recently met with a terrible disaster on the Plains, about twenty miles above Fort Kearney. Just as the company had encamped for the night a terrible tornado blew up, accompanied by torrents of hail-stones. Three wagons were smashed to atoms. Mr. Durham's trunk was carried off, and never found; one ox was carried over the creek; their ox-yokes were carried two and a half miles from camp, and the entire company were carried from fifty to one hundred and fifty yards; their outfit was destroyed, and a tree ten inches in diameter was uprooted and carried seven miles. Fortunately, no lives were lost. Two of the company purchased a wagon, and went on across the Plains to the mines, while Mr. Durham patched up a wagon out of the three broken ones, and passed through to Council Bluffs on Tuesday last, en route for home, perfectly satisfied with his adventures on the Plains.

POLITICAL.

—Returns from 91 cities and towns of Maine, of the vote on the Aroostook Railroad bill, foot up 9,673 in favor of, to 5,360 against the act. *The Portland Advertiser* remarks that the towns off the lines of railroad also act uniformly give majorities against the act, and the probability is that, notwithstanding the footings already received, the measure is defeated.

—The Washington correspondent of *The Boston Journal* says:

"The chances for the election of Mr. Corwin as Speaker of the new House are A No. 1. Just now J. W. Forney has decidedly the 'inside track' for the Clerkship, and I am inclined to think that if Mr. Corwin is chosen to wield the gavel, Mr. Forney will have the pen. Among other gentlemen spoken of as candidates for the Clerkship are the Hon. Warner L. Underwood of Kentucky and Gen. Schouler of Massachusetts, both of whom are 'worthy and well qualified.' Some amusement has been created by circulars recommending as a candidate for Clerk of the House, Dr. Chaffee of Springfield. Gen. Cullom has also an eye to an election to his old post, but no movement will be made by his friends until after his trial, which will soon come off here. Mr. Rives has made arrangements to have it fully reported, and some curious revelations may be expected if Gen. Cullom does not avail himself of the statute of limitations."

—Gov. H. S. Foote has announced that he is a candidate for Congress in the IVth District of Mississippi. His card to the voters ends thus:

"I will, in a few days, declare the principles upon which I expect to conduct the canvass. I need not say that in consenting to have my name used as a candidate, it is not my desire to anticipate or to preclude a nomination by the Opposition Convention, expected to assemble in a few weeks in the City of Jackson; though it is proper for me to say, that while I am incapable of doing anything to distract the counsels of the Opposition in this District, or divide its strength, I will not be a candidate for a conventional nomination. I must run, if at all, as an independent candidate, upon my own individual merits, such as they may be—as the nominee alone of primary assemblages of the people."

—Mr. H. B. Smith of Milton, a Douglas man, presided over the Democratic State Convention of Vermont on Thursday. While the resolutions, the substance of which we gave yesterday, were reading, three cheers were given for Popular Sovereignty, three for Old Buck, and three for Douglas.

—*The Yazoo* (Miss.) *Democrat*, an Administration organ, says: "The only practical means of perpetuating our present system of labor is by importing Africans," and adds, "If the South believes that her necessities demand more labor, and she has not the courage to procure that labor at any hazard, then let her perish as ignominiously as her cowardice deserves."

PERSONAL.

—By the last arrival at Leavenworth from Pike's Peak we learn that the express containing Mr. Greeley upset near Denver City, slightly injuring him. This would indicate that he arrived there on or about the 30th ult.

—A correspondent of *The Boston Journal*, who traveled to Pike's Peak with Mr. Greeley, writes from Station 15:

An admirable traveling companion is Mr. Greeley, with an inexhaustible fund of humorous experience and mirthful anecdote, a philosophy that neither frets nor grumbles at annoyances, and an always benignant countenance, radiant with a clear conscience, a sound digestion, and abundance of the milk of human kindness. Occasionally, when crossing rivulets on foot, he sinks in mire to the knees, but maintains his serenity undisturbed. In amusing the marvelous little "Addy" he shames her mother altogether in the use of "baby talk," and other seductive arts to captivate infant affections. To-day we met a party of returning Ohio emigrants, who had mired their wagon in a slough, from which their weary cattle were unable to extricate it. He gave a few common sense directions about using the spade, and then took hold of the lever and pried at the wheel with a vast deal of vim. Meanwhile, one of the emigrants, having learned something of his profession, asked:

"What New-York paper are you connected with, Sir?"

"THE TRIBUNE."

"Oh, yes; you're with Greeley, are you?"

"Yes, Sir," was the dry reply, the editor meanwhile tugging away like an Irish laborer. Just as the wheel was extricated, some one came along who recognized the old white coat, and made its owner known to the crowd. I think I never saw men more amazed.

Almost every train we meet contains some one who recognizes him, and the emigrants flock around and scrutinize him as if he were the seventh wonder of the world. But yesterday, on the outskirts of a crowd, a rather stolid looking man asked of me:

"Stranger, is that *John* Greeley, those fellows are talking so much about?"

"No, Sir, that's Horace."

"Horace—Horace Greeley—who is he?"

"Editor of THE TRIBUNE."

"*Which?*"

"Editor of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE."

"What's that?"

"A newspaper published in New-York."

"No! I never heard of it before."

"My friend," asked I, "where were you 'raised?'"

"In Missouri."

The explanation was satisfactory!

—*The Knox* (Ill.) *Republican* learned from a Mr. Robinson, who passed through that place on Saturday last, on his way home from Pike's Peak, that the following-named person died on the Plains between the 2d and 12th day of May: O. B. Barton, Cameron, Warren County, Ill.; Caleb Richford, Plymouth, Hancock County, Ill.; Philip Turner, Hendersonville, Ill.; E. Dewey, Monmouth, Ill.; Robert C. Wood, Galesburg, Ill.; Wm. Sigler, Hancock County, Ill. The Rev. Mr. Hibbard, Galesburg, Ill., was quite sick and not expected to live.

—The Rev. Dr. Hencock of Buffalo sails for Europe on Wednesday next.

—The Hon. Geo. W. Clinton of Buffalo has accepted an invitation to deliver an oration at Ellicottville, Cattaraugus County, on the Fourth of July next.

—Mr. Louis A. Allen, local reporter of *The Cincinnati Daily Press*, was badly beaten about the head recently with a slung shot by some unknown ruffians, who evidently mistook him for another person. Mr. A. was returning from the German Musical Festival at the time of the assault.

—A correspondent of *The Leavenworth Times* says that over a dozen respectable representatives of the fair sex are now to be found in Denver and Auraria. A ball, as grand as circumstances will allow it to be, has been talked of considerably, and will probably take place before long.

—Chief-Justice Taney, who for the last ten days has been indisposed at his hotel in Richmond, Va., was, on Wednesday, sufficiently well to attend at the United States Circuit Court in that city.

—The Board of Overseers of Harvard College at a meeting on Thursday, chose Mr. Charles Miel, late of this city, Instructor of French, in place of Dr. Arnault, resigned.

—Mr. Molineaux, an intelligent colored man, for the past few years proprietor of a gymnasium in Worcester, has been selected as instructor in the gymnasium now erecting at Cambridge for the use of the students.

—The Hon. George W. Dargan, Chancellor of the State of South Carolina, died at Columbia, in that State, on Sunday night, the 12th instant. For a number of years he filled the the office of Commissioner in Equity for Darlington district. He subsequently served as State Senator; and afterward, in the year 1847, he was elected by the Legislature to fill the vacancy on the Chancery bench, as the successor to Chancellor Harper. This office he held to the day of his death. He was born in 1802, and therefore died in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

—The Toronto papers publish a correspondence which has passed between Mr. Joseph Lee, President of the Shakespeare Club of Canada, and J. Payne Collier, esq., the Shakespeare commentator, in reference to a proposed tri-century celebration in honor of Shakespeare. Mr. Collier, in reply to an invitation to take part in the celebration, excuses himself on the plea of advanced age.

—*The Boston Journal* is authorized to deny in the most explicit manner a statement of a Washington correspondent, that Mr. George Ticknor had interposed any opposition to the completion of Mr. Prescott's Philip II. by Mr. Kirk. So far from throwing obstacles in the way, Mr. Ticknor has signified his readiness to aid him in the work by giving him free access to the papers of Mr. Prescott.

—Miss Nightingale is in a very low state of health. She is living in the neighborhood of London.

—The Rev. Henry Highland Garnet of this city has communicated to Frederick Douglass of Rochester a challenge to discuss the merits of the African Civilization Society, in New-York, Geneva, Rochester, Boston or Newport, on the 5th of July. This challenge is subject to acceptance by either Mr. Douglass or Dr. James McCune Smith, both of whom have taken ground against the Society, of which Mr. Garnet is President.

—Mr. John Freeborn, for six-and twenty years the British Consular agent for Rome and the Mediterranean ports of the States of the Church, died on the 27th ult., after a severe and lingering illness. His liberal principles, and the sympathy and support which he afforded some leading members of the Republican party in 1849, brought upon him the enmity of the ecclesiastical government, and subjected his conduct to criticism in both Houses of Parliament, where, however, he was strenuously defended by Lord Palmerston's Ministry.

—Rev. Dr. Odenheimer, the Bishop elect of New Jersey, is in trouble. The diocese of New Jersey has voted him a salary of $3,000, but it is feared that the engagement will not be punctually met. The friends of Dr. Odenheimer are anxious that he should have some permanent assurance of his salary before accepting the position.

—*The Boston Courier* proposes to punish the editor of *The Boston Advertiser* for blasphemy, under a law of the State, for publishing a speech of Dr. Donoi, in which he declared Humboldt an Atheist, and glorified him as such.

—It is reported that Mr. Perry Rigly, formerly a citizen of Macon, Georgia, has lately been garroted in the city of Havana, on a charge of carelessness or negligence in running a train, of which he was the engineer, by which a run off occurred and several persons lost their lives.

—The Speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives has given "a handsome gold pen" to each of the reporters of the Hartford papers, who acknowledge its receipt in a card.

—The Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, who represented the 1st District of Mississippi in the last Congress, is quite ill.

—*The Albany Journal* says that "ex-President Van Buren was in the State capital to-day, looking as youthful as he did twenty years ago. Mr. Van Buren is reaping, in his old age, the fruits of a well-regulated early life."

—Jenny Lind recently gave a charity concert in London, which was not advertised and only the aristocracy were admitted by special invitation. The receipts were $6,000. She was in full health, and sang with all her old power.

—The Baroness Anselm de Rothschild, of Vienna, died recently at Frankfort. The deceased lady was a sister of Baron Rothschild, Member for the City of London.

—On the 15th of June, the Nahant estate known as the "Prescott Cottage," was sold by order of the Trustees of the late William H. Prescott. The estate comprised a two-story house and about one acre of land, and embraced the celebrated "Swallow's Cave" and "Pea Island." Charles Inches, of Boston was the purchaser at $5,350.

—Archbishop Hughes has recently returned from a fishing tour among the Thousand Islands, during which he succeeded in capturing a muscalonge weighing thirty-one pounds.

—In *The Levant Herald* of the 25th ult., we read: "Yesterday being the anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday, their Excellencies Sir Henry and Lady Bulwer gave a large and brilliant dinner party at the Embassy, in honor of the occasion. With a happy originality of idea, invitations had been issued to a much wider circle of guests than had been the custom during past years; nearly every class of the British colony being represented. The inner quadrangle of the palace was hung round with artistically grouped draperies of flags, alternated with festoons of flowers, while the wooden pavement of the area was carpeted with Egyptian matting, for the dancing which subsequently took place. Inside, the grand staircase was lined to the upper landing by a stalwart guard of pike-bearing Jack Tars, from Her Majesty's ship Wanderer, whose manly bearing would have lost nothing by a comparison with more orthodox halberdiers. Lady Bulwer received the guests at the entrance to the drawing rooms with exquisite grace and affability. The garden were gaily illuminated with colored lamps. In the center was pitched a large Turkish marquee, in which after the dinner, his Excellency received his Highness the Grand Admiral Fuad Pacha, Rizi Pacha, and several other high dignitaries of the Porte."

—A letter from Trebizond of the 14th ult., in *The London Herald*, says:

"A party of Circassian dealers arrived here lately, having among their 'stock' a young *houri* some fourteen years of age. In proof of her unusual beauty, I may at once mention that the price set upon her was and is 200,000 piastres. Some days after the landing of the owners of this Caucasian gem, a relation of hers arrived, and claimed her from her possessors, who, it seems, had stolen her from her home. He claimed her restoration to himself, but, I need hardly say, in vain; the owners of so valuable a piece of merchandise were not the men to give it up through any sentimental weakness. The dispute was at last referred to the Pasha's arbitration, much against the will of the young beauty herself, who protested against her return to her native hills, and stoutly held out for going on to Stamboul—that paradise of a Circassian girl's imagination. Before the Pasha, however, could deliver his judgment on the matter, the dispute was settled by the relation foregoing his claims for a consideration, and accordingly the young beauty and her friends embarked for Constantinople a couple of days ago."

PALMER'S STUDIO IN ALBANY.—Palmer has nearly completed in marble "The White Captive;" it is a most expressive and exquisite work; the dignity of pure maidenhood blends with the heroism of disciplined intellect and Christian faith in the countenance, wherein pain, and superiority thereto, are marvellously combined; the hands tell the whole story—their delicate beauty indicate high lineage, their firm grasp self-control and determination; had the hand of its gyve been a discovered fragment, we could have inferred the significance of the whole figure therefrom. One of the most difficult things in plaster art is to make an old lady's head picturesque; yet the profile bas-relief of Blandina Dudley, by Palmer, is one of the most effective portraits of the kind imaginable; her cap is as full of character as her brow and nose. The seventh copy of that peerless ideal bust, "Resignation," is just finished; Commodore Perry, for Mr. Belmont, is nearly done in marble, and is a masterpiece of heroic portraiture; the "Peasant Girl," "Slumber," "Remorse," the "Indian Girl," and the "Infant Ceres," scattered about the studio, evidence the versatility, self-devotion and progress of this gifted artist. His last work is a bust of Gov. Morgan of New-York—the best, as a likeness, he has yet achieved, and the delight of that gentleman's family and friends. [Boston Transcript.

FALL FROM A STEEPLE.—Between 7 and 8 o'clock this morning, a young man, about 18 years of age, named Lawrence Murphy, a carpenter by trade, fell from the southwest steeple of the new St. Joseph's Church, and was killed. He was at work upon a scaffold, engaged in fitting a wooden window frame in one of the openings, when he either lost his balance or the scaffold yielded, and he was precipitated to the ground, a distance of one hundred feet. He clung to the frame he was adjusting, and both came down together. Both of his hands were broken off at the wrist, and the bones protruded through the flesh. He must have received very serious internal injuries, for he expired in about fifteen minutes after the accident. He was unconscious when picked up, and remained so till he breathed his last. A priest came upon the ground soon after the young man fell and attended him until his death. It is somewhat singular that two of the family should have fallen from the same building. It was only last Summer that an elder brother, Thomas Murphy, fell from a scaffold in the inside of the building, and escaped with a broken arm. [Albany Journal, 17th.

JEWISH SOLDIERS.—A Silesian rabbi having petitioned the ministers of war to release Jewish soldiers on festivals from military service, was answered that military commanders had been previously instructed to dispense, as far as practicable with the military services of Jews on their festivals, and not oblige them to attend the customary divine service in the churches. An unconditional release from service, however, on festivals was impracticable. [Jeshurun.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

Within the last two or three months there have appeared in this, and other papers, several paragraphs, copied from European journals, in relation to a celebrated *docteur noir*, who has gained a wide notoriety for some wonderful cures of cancer, in Paris, and particularly of one upon the lip of Herr Sax, the inventor of the horn known by his name. A cure so remarkable as this seemed to be, and upon a patient so well known, gave an immediate and great reputation to Mr. Vries the black surgeon. We have some particulars in relation to the case and the practitioner which have not yet been made public.

It was well known that Herr Sax had been afflicted with a cancerous tumor upon the upper lip of a peculiarly malignant type; that he had been under the care of three of the most distinguished surgeons in Paris, MM. Velpau, Ricord and Calno, who had declared it to be, as cancers, indeed, are generally considered, incurable, and that they had nothing better to propose for the amelioration of his sufferings, or a brief prolongation of his life, than the use of the knife. Herr Sax shrank from this alternative, and having heard of the "black doctor," put himself under his care. This Mr. Vries claimed to have discovered somewhere among the Indians of South America some wonderful herbs, which, among other extraordinary things, of which they were capable, were a certain remedy for that terrible disease with which the great musician was afflicted. The result seemed to justify the faith of Sax. The black doctor began his treatment; the tumor began to soften; gangrene soon followed, and at the end of eight days the cancer fell from the lip of the happy patient, and he was pronounced a well man. No wonder Paris was excited; no wonder the black doctor was hailed almost as a divinity, though of an unusual color; no wonder that "our own artists" of the illustrated journals hastened to secure the portrait of the illustrious practitioner. Such a result might have followed almost anywhere, except in this country, where we are never carried away by any sudden popular enthusiasm, are never imposed upon by charlatans, where we have an especial contempt for anything like medical quackery, and where we could never be taken in by a doctor of that color.

The claims of M. Vries as a benefactor were not allowed without question. The surgeons said that the disappearance of cancerous tumors by gangrene, though rare, was not unknown, and was accidental; and that the process was no more curative than removal by the knife. Herr Sax they do not consider cured, or, if cured, it was only by a happy accident. But Sax and his friends did not agree with them. They considered his respite from a certain and speedy death as due to the skill and remedies of M. Vries, and accordingly they appealed to the Emperor for his protection, when an attempt was made to crush the black doctor by a prosecution for illegal practice. For once, Napoleon took the popular side, perhaps because it was popular, perhaps from a natural sympathy with one who was denounced as a bold and unscrupulous pretender; and permission was given to M. Vries to practice one year. Patients of rank and distinction flocked around him. Paris, it was suddenly made evident, had more than one of those brilliant and dazzling women, hitherto known only to the writers of fiction who, resplendent, adored and envied in society, hid beneath their smiles, their beauty and their laces, a terrible and a consuming secret. M. Vries was the fashion. Velpau, the celebrated surgeon, admitted him to the wards of his hospital, putting a certain number of cases under his charge for treatment for a given length of time. The experiments were to be made under Velpau's own observation, he agreeing that if they were successful, and the patients cured, that he would be the first to proclaim it to the world; but requiring, on the other hand, if success should not follow, that M. Vries should renounce his delusion, and acknowledge that his assumptions were unfounded. We have not heard that M. Velpau has yet announced that a cure for cancer has been discovered; on the contrary, we are assured that the patients in his hospital have as yet received no benefit from the new treatment. But we learn, notwithstanding, from a late newspaper paragraph, that a company has been formed through which the world is to receive the benefit of the discoveries of M. Vries.

This last named circumstance is not a favorable one to that person. Even if the cure of Herr Sax should prove permanent, it is not certain that it was not the result of a natural process, and, at any rate, is not alone a sufficient basis by which the truth of the alleged discoveries of the black doctor is to be tested. The wards of a hospital would afford a much more certain method, and one by which professional jealousy, if any existed, would be certain to be defeated in its purpose. That a company should be formed to make of the alleged discovery a mercantile adventure, looks much more like a determination to take advantage of the reputation already acquired, than a firm reliance on a discovery itself. In the meantime, while the world is waiting to hear M. Velpau's report of M. Vries's success in the hospital, it is interesting to know something of this latter gentleman's previous history.

He is first heard of by our informant at Rio de Janeiro in 1852, where he practiced as a physician for about eighteen months. His specialty there was elephantiasis, but his practice was more beneficial to himself than his patients; for, while he was rapidly accumulating a fortune, they grew no better. He was advised at length that it would be safer for him to leave that city, and he hastened on board an English vessel bound to Java. But that Dutch settlement does not seem to have offered him a sufficiently wide field for his ambition, for Dr. Weeden Cooke, the Surgeon of the Cancer Hospital in London, says, in a recent letter to the *Lancet* that he arrived in that city several years ago, and, calling upon him, assured him of the wonderful success he had had in the cure of cancer, by a method of his own, in the West Indies. Dr. Cooke felt himself justified, by these confident assurances, in putting a few cases of this incurable disease under his charge in the London Hospital. The result did not justify either Dr. Cooke's hopes or M. Vries's assertions. The patients were not cured, nor was their condition even ameliorated. Thereupon he disappeared, to emerge again at Paris in 1855, with the same pretensions, and the same confidence, and boldly presented himself to M. Bazin of the St. Louis Hospital, still with his sovereign remedy for cancer. M. Bazin, like Dr. Cooke, listened, and, if not convinced, at least, doubted. Again several hospital patients were put under his charge, on whom he practised for a year, but with no positive results. Two years later he achieves fame by the relief of Sax. He may have made other alleged cures, and, no doubt, claims to have done so, but names and dates, so far as we are informed, have not been made known to the general public. His pretensions, however, have now become so notorious, and the opportunity to prove them either false or true so fair and so open, that a few months must settle the question, whether one of the most distressing diseases with which humanity is afflicted has found its conqueror, or whether another quack is to be unmasked, who has taken advantage of the sufferings of his fellow-creatures to practice upon their credulity.

BREAD RIOTS IN VIRGINIA.—The flour panic among the farmers in this section bids fair to carry many persons into all sorts of wild extravagances. We learn from a gentleman just arrived from Washington County, of a reckless thing which took place there on Saturday, and which goes to show the state of feeling existing in that neck of woods. A speculator by the name of Patterson has a large lot of flour at Post's mill, which he is holding for an advance, in view of the recent damaging frosts. On Saturday, some dozen or more farmers living in the vicinity repaired to the mill, broke down the door, and each took a barrel of flour, and left $8 in the mill for every barrel thus removed—all considering that a fair price for an article which they could not buy with the consent of the owner. [Wheeling Intelligencer, June 16.

The Saratogian announces that it will commence, on Monday, the publication of its daily edition, to continue during the season at the Springs. The daily is to be enlarged to the size of the weekly paper.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

MR. STRAKOSCH'S BENEFIT.—A pelting storm doubtless interfered with the benefit of Mr. Strakosch, the excellent and liberal manager. But the audience made up in warmth of applause what it wanted in numbers. The "Norma" of Mad. Cortesi was a distinguished success. The test scene of impetuous wrath of a "woman scorned," she did to the delectation of the hearers—was encored, and beside, called before the curtain. It is only necessary for Mad. Cortesi to be heard oftener to have as much reputation with the public as she already enjoys at the hands of connoisseurs.

—This morning (Saturday), Mr. Strakosch will take a benefit—the last performance of the season. The music, too, will be for the benefit of the hundreds of ladies, especially around and about New-York, who cannot conveniently attend o' nights.

We go out of our usual way to say an extra word for Mr. Strakosch. He has kept the house open in spite of adverse circumstances. He has afforded new singers and a fresh and good opera—"Poliuto; or, the Martyrs" of Donizetti. That good opera will be played this morning, with Mad. Cortesi. It is highly dramatic, and historically and theologically very interesting. It has a superb climax, musically speaking. All who have not heard it will certainly have a sensation, if their tympani are less blasé than the ears of critics.

THE TURF.

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—NEW YORK RACES.

FRIDAY, June 17, 1859.—Running Match $5,000 three mile heats, play or pay.

O P. Hare, br. h. Tar River, by Nicholas, dam by Cynion, 6 years 1 1
T. G. Bacon, b. c. Bill Cheatham, by imp. Albion, out of the dam of Berry, by imp. Glencoe, 5 years 2 2
Time—6:12¼—6:17¼

The great three mile match for $5,000, between Bill Cheatham and Tar River, came off yesterday afternoon according to announcement. In consequence of the rain the attendance was small and the track in very bad condition. Nevertheless at 3 o'clock Tar River and Bill Cheatham came to the score and at the tap of the drum bounded forward. Cheatham, who was the favorite before the start, betting on him being at the rate of $100 to $40, took the lead handsomely and kept it for two miles; then Tar River made one of his telling brushes passing Cheatham and winning the first heat in 6:12¼.

This unexpected result astounded "the knowing ones," who had thought to have matters all their own way. Odds now changed, and such a change! Betting on Tar River was at the rate of $100 to $10, it being now evident that Cheatham was too weak to run well on so muddy a course, and that Tar River was in excellent condition. The rain having well cooled the two off, they were saddled and prepared for the second heat. After a little maneuvering for the start, Tar River got the send off, the drum tapped, and at once Cheatham took up a close trail, and on they thus dashed. But the heavy track told upon Cheatham's strength, and Tar River easily won the heat in 6:17¼.

TAKES HOME.—About two weeks ago, Mr. E. Van Valkenburg, wife and child, lived in a far Western city. They had had five little ones, but only one remained. Notwithstanding his wife's good looks and long and devoted attachment, Mr. Van Valkenburg's affections strayed, and rested upon the wife of a neighbor. She reciprocated his illicit attachment, and they conspired to run away together. She packed up her effects, took her child, a little girl, and eloped with Mr. R. Van Valkenburg to this city, where they lived as man and wife. Last night, the deserted wife arrived in pursuit of her truant lord and master. She brought with her the only remaining pledge of his affection. She applied to the chief of Police for aid in finding him. The Chief sent for Mr. Van V., who was thunderstruck at the bodily appearance of his wife. They retired to a private apartment and held a long parley, the result of which was his renunciation of his paramour and his forgiveness by his wife. The paramour was the prettier woman, which accounts for the conduct of the hero of this melodrama. She is now friendless and deserted, and it only needs the pardon of her husband and reception back to his bosom to complete this little "Comedy of Errors." The wife is a rather prepossessing, gentle woman, and should retain the allegiance of her husband. The other is grievously disappointed, and, what is worse, penniless. [Buffalo Com. Adv., June 16.

SUPPOSED CASE OF POISONING.—Mrs. M. S. Goodman and family, residing at No. 57 Windsor street, have all been made extremely ill by eating some smoked beef on Wednesday afternoon. The symptoms were analogous to those of Asiatic cholera, and Dr. Brown, who was called in, treated for that disease. While in the house he ate a very small piece of the beef, and was himself taken similarly ill during the night. The doctor and the eldest son George, who partook sparingly of the beef, have recovered from their sickness, and the other members of the family, with the exception of Mrs. Goodman, were yesterday considered out of danger. She was still very ill. A piece of the beef thrown to a dog caused retching and vomiting in a few minutes. There can be no doubt that the beef contains some virulent poison, and it should be examined by chemical analysis. [Hartford Courant.

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—An action for a breach of promise of marriage was tried in Providence on Monday. The parties were Charlotte C. Fisher agt. Henry G. Lillibridge. The damages were laid in the sum of $3,000. The promise is alleged to have been made on the 21st of September, 1857. The defendant acmitted the promise, and rested his defense on the plea of infancy. The father of the defendant swore that he was born on the 4th of November, 1836, which was verified by the family Bible. The plaintiff testified that the defendant told her previous to the engagement that he was of full age. Testimony was also adduced, that the defendant had held the office of "Worthy Patriarch" in the Sons of Temperance in the year 1855, the rules of which required him to be twenty-one years of age. The jury failed to agree upon a verdict.

THE MCDONOGH ESTATE.—Brantz Mayer, Thomas L. Emory and Wm. S. Peterkin, esqs., the agents of the City of Baltimore for the McDonogh estate, sent in on Thursday to the First Branch of the City Council a very elaborate report of their action in the premises. They state that there is now to the credit of this city the sum of $503,661 06, and property still remaining to be sold from which will be realized over $157,000, which will make the total amount received by this city exceed $600,000. The report was accompanied by a message from the Mayor, in which he congratulates the city on this favorable result.

"NOT MUCH ADO ABOUT IT."—The people of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, as is well known, claimed the authorship of the original Declaration of Independence, under date of the 20th of May, 1775, and celebrate the anniversary accordingly. The Rev. Dr. McTyeire, editor of *The Nashville Christian Advocate*, passing through Charlotte, in that county, on the 9th, says that the citizen soldiery were already drilling in preparation for the anniversary. He asked the landlord whether they celebrated the Fourth of July, also, in these parts. "Sometimes," he answered, "but we don't make much ado over it."

POST-OFFICE PATENTS.—The absurd story that the General Post-Office Department was losing a million of dollars per annum from the use of counterfeited postage stamps has awakened a lively interest to secure the General Government against such frauds. The Department is in receipt of numerous offers of patent contrivances, each very simple, and, in the opinion of the inventor, infallible to prevent such abuses.

A letter from Alexandria of the 17th May says: The census of the population of Egypt, taken by order of the Viceroy on the French method, has just been completed, and gives the following result: The population, which in 1798 was 2,500,000, amounted in 1847 to 3,700,000, in 1847 to 4,250,000, and is now 5,125,000. The inhabitants of Alexandria, which in 1798 only amounted in number to 30,000, had increased in 1847 to 230,000, and are now near 400,000.

The expenses incurred up to the present time for the tunnel under the Alps at the Col de Frejus, says a late English paper, amount to 5,000,000 francs for a length of 613 metres which have been pierced—338 on the Piedmontese side, and 255 on that of Savoy. The cost of the tunnel heading (full width and hight of course) has been, up to the present time, 3,156 francs for the lineal metre; say £120 a yard.

THREE MEN DROWNED.—Three Italian residents of Richmond, Va., named Francisco Gevasco, Pietro Mozante, and Jacomo Conio, were drowned on Wednesday by the upsetting of their boat, while out sailing. Conio had been a soldier in the Sardinian army, and went through the whole active service of the siege of Sebastopol with the allies.

The Niagara Falls Gazette chronicles the capture, near Grand Island, of a muscalonge, measuring five feet four inches in length, and weighing 48 pounds. This, it thinks, the Thousand Islands will find it hard to beat.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

VIII.—LAST OF THE BUFFALO.

RISINGER'S CREEK, Station No. 13,
Pike's Peak Express Co., May 31, 1859.

I would rather not bore the public with Buffalo. I fully realize that the subject is not novel—that Irving and Cooper, and many others, have written fully and admirably upon it; and that the traveler's enthusiastic recital falls coldly on the ear of the distant, critical, unsympathizing reader. Yet I insist on writing this once more on Buffalo, promising then to drop the subject, as we pass out of the range of the Buffalo before night. All day yesterday, they darkened the earth around us, often seeming to be drawn up like an army in battle array on the ridges and adown their slopes a mile or so south of us—often on the north as well. They are rather a by of the little screens of straggling timber on the creek bottoms—doubtless from their sore experience of Indians lurking therein to discharge arrows at them as they went down to drink. If they feed in the grass of the narrow valleys and ravines, they are careful to have a part of the herd on the ridges which overlook them, and with them the surrounding country for miles. And, when an alarm is given, they all rush furiously off in the direction which the leaders presume that of safety.

This is what gives us such excellent opportunities for regarding them to the best advantage. They are moving northward, and are still mainly south of our track. Whenever alarmed, they set off on their awkward but effective canter to the great herds still south, or to haunts with which they are comparatively familiar, and wherein they have hitherto found safety. Of course, this sends those north of us across our way, often but a few rods in front of us, even when they had started a mile away. Then a herd will commence running across a hundred rods ahead of us, and the whole blindly following their leader, we will be close upon them before the last will have cleared the track. Of course, they sometimes stop and back, or, seeing us, sheer off and cross farther ahead, or split into two lines; but the general impulse, when alarmed, is to follow blindly and at full speed, seeming not to inquire or consider from what quarter danger is to be apprehended.

What strikes the stranger with most amazement is their immense numbers. I know a million is a great many, but I am confident we saw that number yesterday. Certainly, all we saw could not have stood on ten square miles of ground. Often, the country for miles on either hand seemed quite black with them. The soil is rich, and well mantled with their favorite grass. Yet it is all (except a very little on the creek bottoms, near to timber) eaten down like an overtaxed sheep-pasture in a dry August. Consider that we have traversed more than one hundred miles in width since we first struck them, and that for most of this distance the Buffalo have been constantly in sight, and that they continue for some twenty-five miles further on—this being the breadth of their present range, which has a length of perhaps a thousand miles, and you have some approach to an idea of their countless millions. I doubt whether the domesticated horned cattle of the United States equal the numbers, while they must fall considerably short in weight, of these wild ones.