Daily Appeal.

MEMPHIS.

THURSDAY,::: NOVEMBER 24, 1859.

Reading Matter on Every Page.

Largest Circulation in the City.

FIRST AND FOURTH PAGES.

FIRST PAGE.—Interesting from China; A Western Adventure; The Great Eastern; The Flight from Venice; Simple Cure for Croup.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetical*—Death of the First Born; Do It if you Dare;—The Dead Resuscitated.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

There will be no paper issued from this office to-morrow, in consequence of the observance of Thanksgiving Day by our citizens, in accordance with the proclamation of the Governor of the State.

DEATH OF E. G. EASTMAN, ESQ.

Only five days ago we were called on to announce the sudden and violent death of the lamented G. G. POINDEXTER, the principal editor of the Nashville *Union and American*, under circumstances which harrowed the soul of every friend of that gallant gentleman.

It now becomes our painful duty to announce, as will be seen by a telegraphic dispatch, that E. G. EASTMAN, the senior editor of that journal, died at his home in Nashville, on yesterday morning, of appoplexy. The *Union* is thus deprived, by providential dispensation, of both of its active editors.

Mr. EASTMAN was born in the State of New Hampshire, and was reared at the printing business. He was employed for two or three years, after obtaining his majority, as a proof-reader in the office of the Washington *Globe*, where he became acquainted with the late President POLK, then a member of Congress, and was advised to emigrate to Tennessee. He removed to Knoxville and commenced the publication of a Democratic newspaper, styled the *Argus*, which he conducted with great ability. He returned to Washington, after two years in this service, and was afterward appointed to the office of the third Auditor of the Treasury, whence he was transferred to the position of editor-in-chief of the Nashville *Union*, a position which he held for several years, and sustained with marked ability during some of the most trying and closely-contested campaigns in the State. Mr. EASTMAN has held several other public positions, at the time of his death being the Secretary of the Agricultural Bureau of Tennessee.

He was a man of many kindly and genial qualities, and won the esteem of those with whom he was associated, by fidelity to duty, devotion to the principles he espoused and an amiability of disposition that always rendered him an agreeable companion and friend. He was a warm partisan, but did not forget what was due to his antagonists by descending to personal abuse or detraction. At the time of his death, he was one of the oldest editors in the State, and if merit be judged by success, he may well claim that meed, since the *Union* establishment has been built up by the joint labors of himself and associates, to be one of the most prosperous and influential newspaper establishments in the South-west.

It is a most melancholy but impressive lesson to the living, to see a man thus cut off in the maturity of manhood, by one fell stroke of the destroyer, without premonition or warning, in the midst of active public duties, and especially when his associate was but a few days before laid low by the ruthless hand of death. Truly we known not at what hour we may be called from this scene of labor and human passion to another state of existence. The living should be taught by it that they are responsible to another and an unseen power for all that they may do, and feel, and think and that they are liable at a moment's warning to be summoned to render an account for the deeds of this life. We should thus be impressed with the importance of discharging our duties as citizens and as men, conscientiously and critically, of taking care that nothing is left undone to make ourselves useful to our fellows, and of leaving behind us a name and character without reproach, as without fear, other than to do a bad or a dishonorable action.

A DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

Whatever may be the religious creed of a man—whatever the dogmas he may embrace or the doctrines he may hold to—the one essential element which he must feel and profess is gratitude to the Supreme Architect of the universe for the blessings of life and the hope of immortality. These blessings come alike to the good and the bad, the just and the unjust, the Christian and the heathen. The glorious sunshine, the glad shower, the beauties of earth, sea and heaven, the inspirations of sentient nature and the sublime aspirations of the humblest capacity, are dispensed and scattered free as the air we breathe and widely as sunlight penetrates. There is no being so poverty-stricken that he may not feel, taste and enjoy these glorious, though common blessings. Even the higher or æsthetic pleasures may be as well and as freely enjoyed by the roaming savage as by the most highly cultivated and refined. There is no patent for the sunset, no proprietorship for the landscape, no monopoly for any of the sublime scenes of nature. While the man of wealth may hold a title to lands upon which the most striking scenes are exhibited, the penniless adventurer who chances to view them may have as keen an appreciation of their beauties and has truly as great a proprietary interest in their æsthetic excellencies as the landlord himself. Alpine hights have as high a merit for the peasant who tends his herds along a base whence towers their grandeur, as for the most noted traveler who has sailed over stormy seas to behold them. So Niagara's roar does not pipe its grand diapason to an exclusive few, but sings an eternal anthem for all who have ears to hear. So, with impartial hand, the blessings of sense and feeling, thought and aspiration are vouchsafed to all alike, from the king to the peasant and from the purest worshiper of the Giver of all Good to the most hardened criminal. It does not follow, however, that all appreciate and enjoy these Divine gifts alike. But it does follow, that gratitude and thanksgiving to the Almighty are due from all to Him. If there be any difference, indeed, a right reason would teach that from the sinner, more than the saint, is due the homage of a reverent worship and an humble acknowledgment of blessings unmerited and of favors totally unappreciated. Why should God continue to shower the wealth of His universe upon the unthankful and ungrateful? Why should He not utterly destroy the unprofitable servant? Merely because He is merciful and kind, and because He desires, by indications of His love, to extract those most lovely and attractive of human graces—adoration and gratitude—from the proudest and hardest hearts. This long and patient forbearing is the highest evidence of the Almighty's mercy and goodness, and crowns all His blessings with the glory of excellence. It should call forth, therefore, our highest and holiest worship, praise and thanksgiving. As a nation, it is especially due that we should "praise God from whom all blessings flow," because, notwithstanding the daring crimes and hardened guilt of a people who are blessed with the light of Christianity, we still receive the most signal evidences of His favor in our wonderful preservation, and the unbounded physical prosperity that is vouchsafed to us. It is proper that we should humbly acknowledge our obligations to the Great Ruler of the Universe, one day in each year, and that we should thus endeavor to call back our wandering footsteps from the forbidden paths in which so many of us are straying.

We are thus taught the great Source of all our blessings, and learn to distrust that self-sufficient wisdom which often betrays us into the most serious errors. It is wise thus to suspend business avocations, and seriously to pause amid the maddening whirl and intoxicating excitements of the times. May the observance of the custom bring down the Divine blessing and exact a higher and worthier sense of our obligations, duties and responsibilities as a nation and people. May it check the levity, sins and rebellions of the age, and reinstate our country in that path of earnest destiny and worthy direction which in the pristine days of the Republic augured so gloriously for ourselves and our posterity.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.—Vesuvius is still in a state of eruption, the lava having reached a point three miles from the crater. The present mouth was opened eighteen months ago by a violent earthquake, the cinders of which were carried as far as Constantinople—another proof of the great eastern current. The lava now issues from the base of the cone, passes down the valley below Piano delle Ginestre, and falls into the great ravine known as the Sasse-Grande, 20 feet deep by 1,000 feet broad, which is now completely filled. Below this it cuts across the carriage road in three places, destroys about twenty houses and some olive groves and vineyards, and is now near the Cemetery of Portice, whose inhabitants are full of apprehension. It is estimated that 20,000,000 cubic yards of lava have issued from the crater during this eruption. The temperature of the lava is 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The guides have provided themselves with moulds in which they cast medallion heads of the King and Queen of Naples, Louis Napoleon, Queen Victoria, Victor Emanuel, Czar Alexander, and even Mazzini, Murat, and Garibaldi.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

By order of the Democratic State Central Committee, Wednesday, the 18th of January, has been agreed upon as the time for the assembling at Nashville, of the Democracy of Tennessee in convention, in order to appoint delegates to the national convention, to be holden at Charleston, for the nomination of a Presidential ticket, and to choose their electors for the State at large, and for the transaction of such other business as may be deemed necessary.

The committee earnestly recommend the Democratic masses throughout the State to take an active interest in the subject, in order to a full convention and an impartial representation of the popular sentiment of the State.

F. C. DUNNINGTON,
Chairman of the Committee.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEVEE LAW SUSPENDED.

EDITORS APPEAL: A dispatch from Jackson, Miss., under date of the 21st instant, says:

The high court of Appeals of this State have rendered their decision in the appeal involving the validity of the levee law. The decision sustains the law, and reverses the decision of Judge Henry.

The above announcement will gladden the hearts of those whose apprehension led them to question the safety of their moneyed investments in the levee bonds, issued under the authority of the laws of the State and the subsequent sanction of the people at the ballot-box. The clamor for repudiation has thus received its quietus, and the good faith of the State is honorably redeemed.

The counties of Tunica, Coahoma, Bolivar, Washington and Issaquena had pre-existing laws, authorizing the issuance of scrip and the collection of taxes, which the new law fully recognizes and provides for—the taxes of those counties being respectively applied to the payment of their obligations. See section 2 of the law of 1858.

The excess, if any, shall go to the general board (after their own obligations are paid,) for general levee work. See section 3.

The general board assumes and pays, after the first of June, 1861, all the liabilities of the different local authorities at that time unpaid. See section 13.

The local boards were superseded in their authority as to building and repairing levees after June last, but said boards are not abolished for three years, when the general board assumes the debts of the district—their province, office and power meantime being the adjustment, and final payment of their several debts. See section 16.

The counties of Tunica, Coahoma, Bolivar, Washington and Issaquena have, in addition, the right to assess a tax of twenty-five cents per acre—to be assessed and collected as provided in the local laws of said counties. See section 22.

The consolidated capital arising from the back counties is to be appropriated in aid of the front counties of Tunica, Coahoma, Bolivar, Washington and Issaquena. The whole object of the new law was not to interfere with or affect the existing laws, but simply to include in a general system of taxation those counties lying back from the river, which were equally dependent upon and protected by a general system of leveeing on the margin of the river through these front river counties.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 23, 1859. W. T. G.

IRREGULARITY OF THE MAILS.

BROWNSVILLE, TENN., Nov. 22, 1859.

EDITORS APPEAL: I see that some writer in the APPEAL, from Durhamville, who signs himself "A Subscriber," is making great complaint about the irregularities of the mails, and seems disposed to insinuate that the fault lies in this office, and that there must be a screw loose here. Now I beg leave to inform him that there is no "screw loose" in this office, neither does the fault lie here, because every mail that arrives is carefully assorted, and all packages for Durhamville and elsewhere are sent forward when the mail departs that supplies the office. So Mr. "Subscriber" will please hereafter locate these "irregularities" somewhere else. Respectfully,

W. M. McCORMICK, P. M.

Meeting in Respect to the Late G. G. Poindexter.

A numerous meeting of the citizens of Nashville was held on last Saturday, the 19th inst., in respect to the memory of the late GEORGE G. POINDEXTER, when resolutions were passed expressive of the love and esteem in which he was held. Several addresses were made on the occasion, and among them one by Hon. WEST H. HUMPHREYS, which is so true, touching and eloquent that we herewith append it:

Mr. Chairman, I cannot let this occasion pass without an expression of my feelings of respect to the memory of the deceased. He came to Nashville some two years ago, a young gentleman without family connections, without wealth, without any means of sustaining himself except his industry and his good business capacities. I think I knew Mr. Poindexter well. My associations with him were tolerably intimate, and I think I had an opportunity of understanding and appreciating truly and properly the man. He presented himself before the community here a stranger, without wealth and without anything to buoy him up in society, as one of the great mass of the community, and worked his way by the exercise of those good qualities which recommended him to his fellow-men—industry, truth and integrity.

George G. Poindexter had these qualities, Mr. Chairman. He was possessor of those manly virtues of industry, truth and integrity, with close attention to the duties he owed to himself and to his fellow-men. Kind, gentle, modest, he had as candid and generous a heart as ever beat in any human breast. He tried to do to others as he would have others do to him. That was his character—the highest that belongs to mortal man. A gentleman who, through life, tried to do to his fellow-man as he would be done by; such, I believe, was the character of George G. Poindexter, whose memory we have here met to testify our respect for. He is gone, Mr. Chairman. His body will be interred to-morrow afternoon, at half-past two o'clock. He had no wealth, no family connections, nobody to rally a lengthy pageantry at his funeral; but he had those good qualities of head and heart which entitled him to the respect of the human family. I could not let this occasion pass without tendering to the memory of this gentleman the respect due him from one who never knew him but a couple of years ago, and since he came to this town. This much I have to say; and after his remains pass way, when he mingles with the thousands who have gone before him, I shall go to his grave and exclaim: Here lies the body of a man as true to his sense of duty as ever died in this community.

The Funeral Obsequies.

[From the Nashville Union.]

The funeral of George Gilmer Poindexter took place Sunday afternoon at half past two o'clock, from the First Baptist church. Long before the time announced for the obsequies had arrived, crowds commenced pouring into the church, and it was soon filled to its utmost capacity, and by the time the corpse arrived, the crowd outside the building was nearly as large as that inside—all having come to testify their respect for the memory of our deceased friend. The services were solemn and impressive, and the sermon by Dr. Howell eloquent and appropriate. The learned divine passed a high eulogy upon the character of the deceased, whom he had known, as thousands of others had, but to love and admire for his sterling qualities of head and heart.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies at the church, the corpse was removed by the pall-bearers and placed in the hearse, and was escorted to the city cemetery in the following order:

[illegible] Brass Band.
Citizens on Foot.

Pall Bearers.	Hearse.	Pall Bearers.

Editors and Reporters of the Union and American with their hats draped in black crape.
The Printers and attaches of the Union and American Office.
Relatives of the deceased in carriages.
Citizens in carriages.

The procession was one of the largest ever seen in Nashville, and large crowds assembled at various points along the route of the procession to testify their respect for the memory of the deceased. No man has ever lived in Nashville who has in so short a time made for himself so many friends, and now that he is gone from among us, they were present to pay the last sad rites over all that was mortal of George Gilmer Poindexter.

"False Packed."

Yesterday morning a man, dressed in female apparel, and who gives his name as Charles Williams, was up before his honor, the mayor, on a charge of "sailing under false colors;" in other words, habitually appearing in the guise of a woman.

It seems that this person has been a regular sojourner in this city, Charleston and Augusta for the last three years, always passing as a female, and without suspicion as to his sex, until very recently. During a late visit to Charleston, circumstances transpired which led to the belief that he was not what he seemed. These suspicions having been communicated to the chief of police, caused his arrest, when he made a full confession, in which he stated that he had regularly appeared in woman's apparel since he was ten years old, but refused to give any reason for such strange and unaccountable conduct.

This is one of the most singular cases we have ever heard of. For years past this individual has frequented our streets in broad daylight, habited and looked upon as a woman, and without a shadow of suspicion resting on the minds of any one that he was a man in disguise. His voice, appearance and manner were all in perfect keeping with the character assumed, his face being as smooth as a woman's, although he must be at least twenty-two years of age. It is suspected that this disguise has been assumed for some ulterior purpose, and as he has been seen frequently in close conversation with negroes, a suspicion has been raised in the minds of some that he is an Abolition emissary. He has been committed to prison, to await further examination.—*Savannah News.*

OFFICERS OF CONGRESS.—Lewis Clephane, the secretary of the Republican association in Washington, is said to be a prominent candidate for post-master of the House of Representatives. Mr. Goodloe, of the *National Era*, is a prominent candidate for the public printing, as is also William Moran, of Philadelphia.

American Policy in China the Best.

[From the London Star.]

We see in the success of the United States mission to China, a complete condemnation of our own conduct, and, unable to conceal or deny the fact, the defenders of the Bruce system of negotiation, endeavor to account for it by offensively imputing to the American minister and the American Government a humiliating submission to the insulting pretensions of the Chinese. Of course they do not believe anything of the kind; but it is hoped in this way to weaken the wormwood of our defeat at the Pei-ho, reckless of the insult such a statement involves to the United States Government and people. That Government, we should all pretty well know by this time, is not in the habit of tamely submitting to insult or injury from any other power. Crampton, by the Washington Cabinet, might have suggested the wisdom of saying nothing about submitting to insult or about American humiliation.

No power in Europe would dare to offer offense or insult to the Western Republic, for they well know that it fears them not, and is ever ready to defend its interest and vindicate its honor when either is menaced. What wretched stuff, therefore, is this about Mr. Ward humiliating his country and himself by going to Pekin in the way that accorded with Chinese law and custom? The Americans, who know how to make their rights respected by strong governments, know also how to respect the peculiarities, or even prejudices of weak ones. They know that in China they have no right to insist upon the observance of western forms, and that if the government at Pekin chooses to consider itself of celestial origin, and therefore superior to the rest of the world, it is no business of theirs to go to war with it on that account, so long as it performs its engagements and acts in a spirit of friendliness. That it has done so toward the Americans is in no degree doubted, for the Americans have never bullied, bombarded and extorted there, as we unhappily have done. As to the silly story, invented by some witless Frenchman, of Mr. Ward's having been taken on to Pekin in an enclosed box, it can impose upon nobody who has any knowledge of the customary mode of traveling in China. The celestials have not arrived at the sort of civilization which rejoices in express trains, post chaises or state carriages, as means of conveyance; they use for that purpose what was not long ago considered among ourselves a far more dignified and grand style of locomotion for persons of rank; and Mr. Ward, without any doubt, found himself carried to the capital in the honorably yellow sedan chair which the artless Frenchman aforesaid has, with dismal humor, dubbed a box.

It certainly is humiliating to England to find the United States so successfully negotiating treaties with China, while she, herself in alliance with France, has so egregiously failed. But how will it help us to send a military expedition up to Pei-ho? why, it would only be plunging us deeper into the difficulty, and making success more and more improbable. Instead of acting so foolishly, would it not be wiser to consider a little, and see whether we might not, by adopting the method of the Americans, succeed as well as they? It is true there is a terrible amount of injuries to be atoned for before the Chinese will come to consider the English as blameless and friendly as they do the Americans; but a real change in our tone and conduct, vouched by acts, would, we dare say, speedily convince the celestials that the past was to be past, and restore confidence in our intentions.

The San Juan Difficulty and England's Claims.

[From the London Sun, November 3.]

The seizure of San Juan is an infraction of international law. It is, beyond this, a violation of the rules of honor. It is a flagrant act of robbery and violence—an act justifiable upon no plea whatsoever. Even the more rational among the Americans themselves are beginning to recognize the monstrous injustice and insolence of the whole proceeding. General Harney's own officers are among the number of those who reprehend the outrage, upon the perpetration of which he adventured (apparently without instruction or authorization of any kind from Washington) in the name and on behalf of the United States Government.

Yet San Juan is still held forcibly in possession of the American soldiers, to the number of seven hundred. The island, which is admirably situated about mid-channel between Vancouver and the mainland of the North American Continent, is wonderfully well-adapted for the purposes of a permanent and powerful cluster of fortifications. It is not only admirably situated, but it is lofty, and in many respects, capable of being transformed into the Gibraltar of the Pacific. Let us but yield quietly possession of San Juan to the Americans and allow them to fortify it scientifically, and we may just as well, with a good grace, make the United States forthwith a present of our grand new colony of British Columbia. It is simply absurd to dream for an instant of any British Ministry tolerating the perpetration, with impunity, of outrages so monstrous in themselves, and so directly calculated to lower the prestige of England, and to degrade her in the estimation of the world.

Our submission to the seizure of a little island like that of San Juan, an island in regard to which we have all along made direct claims of sovereignty, would be worse in one respect even than the loss of a pitched battle. A discomfiture upon the battle-field might simply be the result of bad generalship. The craven toleration of a buccaneering crime, like the seizure of San Juan, would, on the contrary, however, imply before the whole world an abasement of the national character. It would be as pernicious, almost we had said as fatal, to our influence among the powers of the earth as, in Mr. Burke's estimation, when the Royal Guards, unresenting, viewed the insults offered to the fair Queen Marie Antoinette implied the extinction among them of the loftier impulses of chivalry.

Destruction of the Palace of the Luxembourg at Paris.

[From Galignani's Messenger, October 30.]

The following are some particulars of the fire yesterday at the Palace of the Luxembourg:

The fire was first discovered by the sentinels stationed near the garden, who saw smoke and flames bursting out from the cupola which surmounts the hall. The alarm was at once given, and bodies of firemen and detachments from the different barracks were speedily on the spot, and chains of men for handing water having been organized, nine engines were set to work. Marshal Randon, Minister of War, Marshal Magnan, Generals Soumain and Devilier, M. Troplong, President of the Senate, M. de Royer, Vice-President, the Prefect of Police, and M. Balestrino, Chief of the Municipal Police, arrived soon after the first alarm, and assisted in directing the operations. It appears that the fire first broke out under the roof over the hall, and rapidly extended to the wood-work which supported the cupola. The palace, which is built on the model of the Pitti Palace at Florence, originally consisted of two main buildings, with wings; but after 1839, in order to increase the dimensions of the Chamber of Peers, a new building was added on the garden side. It is in the center one that the fire took place. To feed the engines, the only supply of water was, at first, that of the basin in front of the Palace, in the garden and it was soon exhausted, but a number of water-carriers were collected, and they brought a considerable quantity. After the fire had continued for some time, pieces of burning wood began to fall on the floor of the Senate, through the opening by which the chandelier was suspended, and these set fire to the wood-work below.

At about four o'clock, the architect of the palace announced that the cupola would soon fall in, and an engine which had been carried up to a projecting part of the building, in order to play more effectually on the fire, was withdrawn. This had been scarcely done, when parts of the dome began to fall, and in a short time the whole of the ceiling was borne down into the salle below. The large luster, which is of immense weight, fell with a tremendous crash, and broke through the flooring of the hall to the ground floor. Two firemen and two other men belonging to the palace, who were employed there, were buried beneath the ruins. They were soon afterward got out, but were seriously injured. The entire hall is a mass of ruins, the desks and seats being either broken to pieces or burnt to a cinder. All the galleries of the museum, the Salle du Trone, the archives, the historical apartments, and the library, containing upward of 100,000 volumes, have escaped injury.

Brown's Pikes.

We have in our possession one of the pikes manufactured at Hartford, by Brown's orders, and sent to Harper's Ferry, in large boxes full, to be used by the negroes in the murder of the white population of Virginia, led on by Captain Brown and his Black-Republican aids. It is as ugly an instrument for murder as could be devised, and in the hands of a stout negro might be made to do merciless execution. The blade is about twelve inches long, very stout at the handle, and tapering to a point, both edges very sharp. In order that it should not go clear through a man's body, a guard is placed, so that after the victim is dispatched, it can be drawn out and execution done to another. The handled is six or seven feet long. Sharpe's rifles, of which preacher Beecher and Prof. Silliman, and others of that class, had so high an appreciation, may have done very well in Kansas in the hands of Captain Brown and his gang, but this weapon in the hands of Virginia negroes, if they were disposed to use it, would be made quite as effective in the killing line. If the editor of the *Democrat* is desirous of seeing what sort of killing instruments its "patriot hero" of Kansas celebrity devised for the murder of the men, women and children of the slave States, it will be shown to them at this office.

The pike in question was obtained from Miss C. C. Fouke, who is residing at Harper's Ferry with her brother, and who saved the life of Thompson, one of Brown's men, at the time of their capture. She is a sister of Phil. Fouke, member of Congress from Illinois, and we see it stated that it is contemplated in New York to get up a testimonial for her generous conduct on that occasion.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Life of a German Student.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from Heidelberg, says:

The life of a sensible student, whether he be a German or a foreigner, in Heidelberg, does not fall under the censure which all observers express, in regard to the so-called corps and Verbindung-leben. It is not necessary, in order to enjoy fully the advantages of the university, socially and intellectually, that one should belong to the fighting and drinking clubs. Indeed, it is in the way of one's admission into the best German society here. The beer-house (moderately visited) the castle and its environs, the opera at Manheim, with a half hour's ride, the society easily obtained of the professors of the university, the balls and reunions at the Museum, the excursion in summer to all parts of Europe (on foot if one is wise)—these are the elements of a true enjoyment of a student-life. Most American students confine themselves (if so extended a field can be called confinement) to this course, and find their profit in it. I have met with others, who had been years in Germany, spent much money on their "student-life," entered the corps, fought duels, drank beer by the gallon, and with all this hadn't made a single trip, even to the nearest objects of historic interest in their neighborhood. Their knowledge of German was merely a fluent use of the German slang; and their acquaintance with the people went no further than saying "Du" with some young Baron von Poppycock, who belonged to the same corps, and wore the proper shade of pink on his hat.

CLIPPINGS.

The Ravels are at Boston.

The price of bread in Paris is up nearly two cents on the 4lb loaf.

The Cooper English opera troop are engaged to sing at Pittsburg.

Charlotte Crampton is playing in Portland, Maine.

Edwin Booth has lately played a very successful engagement at Boston.

They have formed a new secret organization in Cincinnati called the "Owl Club."

During the past two weeks sixteen deaths have occurred in Boston of small-pox.

Mr. Boucicault is preparing a new five act play upon an American subject.

The spots on the sun are unusually numerous and large this year.

Hooped skirts are now denominated, "fashionable circles."

The last excuse for crinoline is that the "weaker vessels" need much hooping.

Mr. Murdoch is performing at Chicago. The Parodi troupe are in the same city.

Peter Richings and his facinating adopted daughter are in Buffalo.

Perhaps one of the most notable types of modern lunacy is balloonacy.

Forty-eight Indian squaws were recently arrested in a house of ill-fame in Montreal.

A second synagogue of Jews has been organized in Boston, under the title of "Adas Israel."

The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers, is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggin'.

Twenty-six ladies have availed themselves of the instructions of the Female Medical College at Boston, the past year.

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wiggin?" Mr. Wiggin, hesitatingly, "I really don't know, Miss, I never recollect attending one."

In Hamburg, Germany, out of 2343 cases of cholera this summer, 1194 have died, and 1149 have recovered.

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which deeds are perpetrated, said that it only required two seconds to fight a duel.

If you see a wife carefully footing her husbands stocking, you may conclude that he will not find it difficult to foot her bills.

The Opelousas, La., *Patriot*, Nov. 12, reports: The cotton crop in the prairie is fine, and our planters are taking advantage of the present weather in gathering it.

Jackson, the "American Deer," commenced at York, Pa., on Tuesday, the feat of walking one hundred and fifteen hours without rest or sleep.

Measures are being taken at the North to raise a fund for the education of two of John Brown's daughters at the school of Theodore D. Weld, in Englewood, New Jersey.

All the dogs killed in Cleveland, Ohio, the past season, were sold to the glove manufactory in Litchfield, Medina county, where the skins are made into kid and buckskin.

Morphy, blindfolded, beat four of the best chess-players in Philadelphia last week—one at the 24th, another at the 25th, and a third at the 29th, and a fourth at the 22d move.

Smarious is lecturing in Cincinnati against spiritualism. He is accused of relying more on fun than argument. We think when folly flies, fun is the arrows to shoot it with.

The *Freeman's Journal*, the leading paper in Dublin, Ireland, has procured one of Hoe's four cylinder presses from the United States. It is a complete novelty in that county.

It is said that Brigham Young, either for economy's sake, or something else's sake, has reduced his establishment. Ah, Brigham, "go it while you're Young."

John L. Latimer accidentally cut his hand while skinning a steer which had died from poison, in Bloomfield, Connecticut. The hand and arm commenced to swell instantly, and in spite of medical aid he died last Friday.

The Rev. J. R. Downer died at Lucknow, India, September 16th, after a sickness of six days. He was one of five missionaries sent out last spring by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Grenada (Miss.) *Rural Gentleman* says: We chronicle the product of potatoes from eleven to nineteen pounds, made this year in Hinds, by a planter friend of ours. Deep ploughing was the secret of the success.

A preacher lately said in his sermon: "Let woman remember, while putting on their profuse and expansive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

It has been a disadvantage to the South that land has been so cheap, that there appeared no necessity for any other business but that of cultivating it.

Tennessee has every facility for producing and manufacturing iron which Pennsylvania possesses, and contains vast quantities of marble of various and beautiful kinds.

North Carolina could produce glass to supply the whole world for centuries, without perceptibly reducing her sources for such a branch of industry.

Minnesota and Iowa are suffering under a crushing depression in their monetary affairs. They have produce and to spare, but no money to move it with.

In New Orleans, during the month of October and the first three days of November, there were no less than twenty-five stabbing affrays, and twenty cases of shooting.

A rural exchange comes to us with the following: "The lack of editorial in this week's issue, must be attributed to the semi-monthly visit of Mr. Ague and his numerous family."

"Sheridan," the Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, writes to that paper that a "million and a half of snails are eaten every season in the French capital. In Dijon they bring thirty cents a hundred."

"Shall we take a 'bus up Broadway?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin about town. "O, dear no!" said the alarmed girl, "I wouldn't do that in the street."

Queen Victoria has received a magnificent present from the Maharajah of Chasmere, being a shawl tent containing a bedstead of solid gold. The value of this royal gift is stated to be about $750,000.

A gentleman advertising for a wife, says: It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competence sufficient to secure her against excessive grief in the event of any accident happening to her companion.

John B. Gough lately gave three lectures in the Round Room of the Rotunda in Dublin, which is capable of containing 2,500 persons, and was full to the utmost possible extent. He visited some of the provinces, and in Belfast alone succeeded in obtaining 2,000 signers to the pledge.

Journeymen painters in Mobile, who have lately been receiving $3 per day, on a reduction of their wages to $2.50, "struck," and would not go to work for anything but the old pay. The master painters were finally compelled to give in and pay them the old price.

Greeley has another reform for a hobby. He proposes to pass a law to compel (that is the way he always goes on) electors to vote, fining a man $3 and adding ten per cent. to his taxes if he don't vote.

Fifty editors of Maine recently went out on an excursion; they made a common purse, and bought a box of sardines for dinner. In consequence of that reckless expenditure forty-nine of them have since taken the benefit of the bankrupt act.

Mr. John Wise, the aeronaut, in a letter to the New York *Express*, doubts very much the intention of Mr. Lowe to attempt crossing the Atlantic in his big balloon, and indeed hints very plainly that Mr. Lowe is a humbug.

The quantity of cotton seed in the South is estimated at 1,380,000 tons, from which 89,120,000 gallons of oil might be expressed, which would be worth a dollar a gallon, and with the oil cake, the gross product is estimated to be worth $100,000,000.

Upon the reading of the Declaration of Independence in an eastern city, by a citizen of that place, a gentleman from the rural districts made this comment: "Oh, he read it well enough, but I'm darned if I believe he ever wrote it."

Among other schemes, in France, a Mr. Radignet has proposed a gigantic ship canal, to cross France, from the British channel to the Mediterranean, thus immensely shortening the sea route to the south and east, besides draining the lands most subjected to inundation.

A Vermont paper states that a short time since a man in Coventry while engaged in digging a well, came upon a quantity of frogs, embedded in the clay, about twenty feet below the surface. After exposing them to the air for a short time they became active and hopped off.

The Auburn *Advertiser* of last week learns that a young lady, daughter of Mr. Fleming, of Victory, Cayuga county, N. Y., was shot through the head and instantly killed on Sunday. Her brother was going through the manual with a gun, showing his sister "how it was done," when the gun exploded, and the ball taking effect in the sister's head, she fell and instantly expired. She was about nineteen years of age.

The government of Peru has entered into a contract with Dr. Edward Collen for the introduction of twenty-five thousand Irish emigrants. The principal stipulations are that the emigrants shall renounce allegiance to their government, and must become Peruvian citizens. The government of Peru has to pay their sea passage, and every colonist is to have about nine English acres of land.

Speaking of old folks, several of the papers have of late been giving a list of the most aged men in the country. We think we know a case that will turn them all down. There is an old colored woman in Columbia, Ala., who, on being asked her age, stated that she did not know how old she was, but she cooked for the hands that dug the Chattahoochee river. Some, ain't it?—[*Selma Reporter.*

Recent arrivals from South America bring intelligence of a terrible earthquake at Copiapo, in Chili, by which more than one half of the town was destroyed, and causing a great loss of life. The shock was sensibly felt at Caldera, about twenty-five miles distant. It is reported that the water in the harbor receded some twenty-three feet, and vessels at anchor swayed to and fro as if in a heavy sea.

The Turkish Government are constructing a line of telegraph across their country, from Constantinople to Bassora on the Persian Gulf, the English Government contracting to pay $35,000 on its completion, and a large sum per annum for the exclusive use of one of the wires. When the line through Turkey is completed, England will be in telegraphic communication with India.

In France a confederation of Italy is proposed, with the Pope as its "honorable President;" and the Legations are to have a secular government. Against these infringements of the temporal power of the Pope, Catholic bishops are protesting in all directions, and their pastorals have been so extravagant that the Minister of Instruction here has forbidden their further publication in any French journal.

So severe is the Austrian tyranny of Venice that not less than four hundred and five thousand people have emigrated from that province since January last. This is one-seventh part of the whole population, and is an exodus almost unparalled in modern history. We suppose the Austrian Government would be glad to drive all the Italians out of the country and get in their places Croats, Bohemians and Germans, who are more loyal and are better affected to its rule.

We read that the builders of the Winans steamer, more familiarly known as the "Cigar" steamer, are so far satisfied with its works, on the recent trial trip at Baltimore, that they are preparing material for the construction of a much larger one. The new one will combine many alterations and improvements which the experiments with the present one have suggested.

There is a firm in Troy, N. Y., which, instead of signing the name of the firm, affix a couple of ambrotypes a little larger than postage stamps, one containing a life-like delineation of the features of the senior, and the other that of the junior member of the firm. Homely men will, of course, set their faces against any such arrangement.

Rev. George B. Claflin, a graduate of the Bangor Theological Seminary; Rev. J. H. Dodge, of Andover Theological Seminary, and Mr. Richard Miles, of Ohio, with their wives, will sail to-day from Bangor, direct for Sherbro Islands, West Africa. The lumber and other materials for two houses for these missionaries (to be erected in Africa) has been prepared and put on board the vessel. A farewell missionary meeting was to be held last evening.—*Portland (Me.) Advertiser.*

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says: Things have undergone a very great change in Austria during the last few months, and it strikes me that the government will soon have to chose between the constitution and revolution. The Hungarians long ago declared that it was their intention to agitate until they had regained their constitution, and a very remarkable "anti-centralization" demonstration has just been made at Essegg, a royal free city in Slavonia.

The London press favor us with their views on the Harper's Ferry outbreak. The *Times* compares Brown's plot to that of Guy Fawkes, and argues that the fact of the attempt is evidence of the existence of elements of danger in our social system. The *News* is quite philosophical, and thinks the negroes exhibited wonderful patience and generosity, but regards the conduct of the conspirators as calculated to impede the abolition of slavery in the southern States, and especially in Maryland.

The Paris papers speak of a new industry that has arisen in France from the exigencies of the times, and one which is destined to supply one of the necessities of that rage for destruction which is becoming so apparent. Government has ordained the systematic gathering of the sea weed which is washed on to the rocks of the coasts of Normandy and Brittany to serve as wadding for artillery—it being found to answer the purpose admirably—keeping the iron cool, and not liable to ignition, like the cotton wad hitherto in use. The material has already been distributed to the Ordnance Department at Vincennes.

A suit involving the question whether money sent in a registered letter is a remittance, was decided in New York a few days since. Edward Morrison sued the Farmers' Bank of North Carolina for $25[illegible], the product of a draft collected, and which was sent to him in a registered letter, but not received. The court held that as the defendant was not authorized to remit money instead of drafts, as is the usual custom, the money mailed to the address of the plaintiff could not be considered payment, and the defendant was therefore liable in the action. The jury found for the plaintiff accordingly.

A Glasgow, Scotland, paper says: On Monday morning, 31st October, for about an hour after sunrise, one of those mysterious spots in the sun which have so much puzzled astronomers, was visible to the naked eye. So distinctly was it seen at Duntocher that it was first taken notice of by some navies who were lounging about at the village cross. Even when the sun was shining in full strength at mid-day it could be easily observed with the aid of a piece of smoked glass. Its position is about the middle of the sun, and about one third of the diameter distant from the western side.

The King of Abyssinia has ceded to France the Island and port of Massowha, in the Red Sea. This is a strong point about one hundred and fifty miles from the Island of Perim, the seizing of which by Great Britain created such a sensation a few years ago. It is a countercting move upon the part of France, and is intended to prevent England from having the command of the projected Canal of Suez, which connects the Red Sea with the Gulf of Aden and the Read Sea. In every part of the world France is fortifying herself against England, as the Cherbourg, Morocco and Massawah questions bear witness.

Napoleon's Italian Letter.

The following is a letter addressed by the Emperor of the French, on the 20th of October, to the King of Sardinia:

MONSIEUR MON FRERE: I write to-day to your Majesty in order to set forth to you the present situation of affairs, to remind you of the past, and to settle with you the course which ought to be followed for the future. The circumstances are grave; it is requisite to lay aside illusions and sterile regrets, and to examine carefully the real state of affairs. Thus, the question is not now whether I have done well or ill in making peace at Villafranca, but rather to obtain from the treaty results the most favorable for the pacification of Italy and for the repose of Europe.

Before entering on the discussion of this question, I am anxious to recall once more to your Majesty the obstacles which rendered every definitive negotiation and every definitive treaty so difficult.

In point of fact, war has often fewer complications than peace. In the former, two interests only are in presence of each other—the attack and the defense; in the latter, on the contrary, the point is to reconcile a multitude of interests, often of an opposite character. This is what actually occurred at the moment of the peace. It was necessary to conclude a treaty that should secure in the best manner possible the independence of Italy, which should satisfy Piedmont and the wishes of the population, and yet which should not wound the Catholic sentiment or the rights of the sovereigns in whom Europe felt an interest.

I believed then, that if the Emperor of Austria wished to come to a frank understanding with me, with the view of bringing about this important result, the causes of antagonism which for centuries had divided these two empires would disappear, and that the regeneration of Italy would be effected by common accord, and without further bloodshed.

I now state what are, in my opinion, the essential conditions of that regeneration:

Italy to be composed of several independent States, united by a federal bond.

Each of these States to adopt a particular representative system and salutary reforms.

The Confederation to then ratify the principle of Italian nationality; to have but one flag, but one system of customs, and one currency.

The directing center to be at Rome, which should be composed of representatives named by the sovereigns, from a list prepared by the chambers, in order that, in this species of diet, the influence of the reigning families suspected of a leaning toward Austria should be counterbalanced by the element resulting from election.

By granting to the Holy Father the honorary Presidency of the Confederation, the religious sentiment of Catholic Europe would be satisfied, the moral influence of the Pope would be increased throughout Italy, and would enable him to make concessions in conformity with the legitimate wishes of the populations. Now, the plan which I had formed at the moment of making peace may still be carried out if your Majesty will employ your influence in promoting it. Besides, a considerable advance has already been made in that direction.

The cession of Lombardy, with a limited debt, is an accomplished fact.

Austria has given up her right to keep garrisons in the strong places of Piacenza, Ferrara and Commachio.

The rights of the sovereigns have, it is true, been reserved, but the independence of Central Italy has also been guarantied, inasmuch as all idea of foreign intervention has been formally set aside; and, lastly, Venetia is to become a province purely Italian. It is the real interest of your Majesty, as of the Peninsula, to second me in the development of the plan, in order to obtain from it the best results, for your Majesty cannot forget that I am bound by the treaty; and I cannot, in the Congress which is about to open, withdraw myself from my engagements. The part of France is traced beforehand.

We demand that Parma and Placenza shall be united to Piedmont, because this territory is, in a strategetical point of view, indispensable to her.

We demand that the Duchess of Parma shall be called Modena;

That Tuscany, augmented, perhaps, by a portion of territory, shall be restored to the Grand Duke Ferdinand;

That a system of moderate (sage) liberty shall be adopted in all the States of Italy;

That Austria shall frankly disengage herself from an incessant cause of embarrassment for the future, and that she shall consent to complete the nationality of Venetia, by creating not only a separate representation and administration, but also an Italian army.

We demand that the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera shall be regarded as federal fortresses.

And, lastly, that a Confederation, based on the real wants, as well as on the traditions of the Peninsula, to the exclusion of every foreign influence, shall consolidate the fabric of the independence of Italy.

I shall neglect nothing for the attainment of this great result. Let your Majesty be convinced of it, my sentiments will not vary, and so far as the interests of France are not opposed to it, I shall always be happy to serve the cause for which we have combated together.

PALACE OF ST. CLOUD, 20th of October, 1859.

Extraordinary Story.

The following strange story appears in the *Union du Var*: Sir Edward Egerton, nephew of Sir Robert Peel, has just left Nice for Grasse. This young man has been occupied for several years in procuring the information necessary to discover a will made by one of his uncles, leaving him a fortune estimated at thirty-two millions—part of his fortune consisting of thirty houses at London, and an entire street in Edinburgh. This will, after the death of the testator, could not be found, and all attempts to discover it were fruitless. In August last, the Reverend Mr. Himmel, a Catholic Priest at Dublin, received in confession a declaration to the following effect:

The opulent testator, some time ago, sailed for Italy in the Ville de Grasse, a steamer which sunk near the Iles d'Hyeres. All his effects and papers were lost, but he himself was saved; he was, however, afflicted with rheumatism, and having had to stop at Nice, died there. Just before his death, he made his secretary write to his nephew to beg him to come in all haste; but the secretary, supposing that he would make a new will in favor of the latter, and having a spite against him, did not send the letter.

When he made this confession the ex-secretary was on his death-bed, and he prayed the priest to do what he could to repair his wrong. Sir E. Egerton is now about to endeavor to obtain at La Grasse and Cannes, information as to the precise spot in which the vessel went down. He hopes that the trunks of his deceased uncle may still be intact, and that in one of them he can find the will. A company is being organized at London to assist him in getting up the vessel. He has consented to advance 20,000f. in English money toward the expenses, and to give 5,000,000f. out of his inheritance if the will be found at the bottom of the ocean. In the lost vessel were large sums in money and other articles of value belonging to other persons; and the question has arisen whether the English company may not retain all the wealth it may fish up.

THRILLING CAVE ADVENTURE.

I was born and brought up in the neighborhood of the salt works of M——. My father was second engineer, and I filled the situation of assistant. The scene of our mining operations, at the time of the event which I am going to narrate, was in a narrow valley, lying close to the foot of a perpendicular cliff of rock one hundred feet high. On its bare sides neither grass nor shrub was to be seen, and scarcely any inequality was visible whereon the foot of the climber might find a resting place. In fact, it was considered unscalable for a distance of two miles, when it sunk down gradually at either end to the level of the plain. Ascending the cliff, one beheld on the summit a wide plain, stretching off in the distance from the sharp edge of the precipice, and from that dizzy point could look down upon the works of the miners below, close under its sides.

Upon the top of the cliff which I have been describing, I was strolling listlessly, late one Sunday afternoon, thinking of a strange and sad circumstance which had happened about a year ago in our family. My brother, a lad of fifteen, had gone out early one summer morning to shoot plover on the hights, and from that hour had never been heard of. When last seen, he was mounting the cliff from the eastern side, and though (when alarmed at his long delay) we made immediate search and inquiry, we never gained further information. To speak of our family distress and my own heart-grieving for my well-beloved young brother, is not now my purpose, but it was the only subject of my thoughts on that quiet summer evening, when all the noise from the works was hushed, and the stillness seemed ten-fold by contrast.

I approached very near the edge of the cliff. I was now at its steepest part, and looking down its smooth sides, I thought how terrible the fall would be; but my brother could not have fallen down. In that case, his mangled body, at least, would have been found.

I was returned to myself by a strange sinking of my feet. My first confused idea was that the soil had given way from the edge of the cliff, upon whose utmost verge I stood, and that I was about to be precipitated to the bottom. I became dizzy with horror, for I felt at once that I could not recover myself, so sudden was the caving in of the earth beneath me. I made one stumble forward, in a wild struggle to save myself, felt a ringing and crushing in my ears, and then I lost all further sensation.

It must have been many hours before I was sufficiently conscious to know that I still existed. Sick and bruised, I was long unable to raise myself from the prostrate position, in which I became aware at last that I was lying. It was quite dark, and every portion of earth or stone that I touched was wet, and a smell of damp salt prevaded the close atmosphere. I thought I had fallen into an exhausted salt mine, but soon remembered that I had been standing on the edge of the cliff. It was an impossibility. Then came the idea that I must have fallen to the bottom and the loose earth and stones had fallen over me. That too, I soon found equally unlikely, and after groping about some time on my hands and knees (every moment one of intense agony,) I became sure that my prison was a cave of some extent. Too weak to move further, I lay down and endeavored to think of my position. It seemed a hopeless one. I was certainly in one of those caves formed in the salt rocks, and sometimes found by miners, running far below the earth's surface. I had no idea how far I had fallen; it might be but a few feet, it might be many hundred. As yet I could find no trace of the passage through which I had dropped, but I remembered that I had a case of matches in my pocket, and it was not long before I succeeded in dragging them out, though it was excruciating pain to my bruised limbs to move them.

Having no taper, I determined to be very careful of the matches, and to improve the short moment of light during which one would last. I rubbed it very carefully against the sole of my boot, then harder, then furiously, but it would not ignite. Then I tried another with no better success. They were too damp, everything was damp; the matches were useless. With a faint hope of drying them in time, I put the box into my breast, and buttoned my vest over it. What with my failure in procuring a light, and the pain of my bruises, added to my terror and bewilderment of mind, I suffered intensely. Through all, it became clear to me that instead of falling over, I had fallen through the cliff, strange as it was that hollow ground should occur so near the edge without the external wall of the cliff caving in towards it. The space through which I had fallen must have been narrow, for my body was bruised and the skin torn from my sides, with strips of clothing; that I could feel. Oh! for a light to examine better into my position; but, after all, I did not feel without hope. I could not lose the hope that I was to hit upon some means or way of escape, if I could only get the matches to ignite, and show me the size and form of the cave.

Worn out with pain and thought, I must have slept. I awoke with a raging thirst, and, almost at the same time, I became sure that I heard the dropping of water. I dragged myself toward the sound, stretched out my hand, and drops from above fell upon it; eagerly I swallowed a few, which burned my throat; they were distilled brine, salt as any impregnation of water could possibly be.

This disappointment crushed me terribly; I should die of thirst ere I had found a mode of exit. I thought of the matches, and tried them again in vain; this time, however, they gave forth a light smoke. In time the heat of my breast would dry them—that was a hope. I had no idea of time, save that my watch had run down while I slept. I wound it up again, knowing that when it again stopped eight-and-twenty hours would have gone by. Again, on my hands and knees, I crept around, feeling by the damp walls, and as I continually approached and receded from the spot where the salt water dropped from a projecting rock, I discovered that the cave must be nearly round, and not many yards square.

Having discovered this, I became more collected and resolute, and forced myself to a calm review of my position. I had to acknowledge to myself that my only chance of escape seemed the hole or crack through which I had fallen; but no ray of light betrayed that spot—earth and stones must have fallen in and choked it up. Parching with thirst, and faint from bodily injuries, I was almost at the point of despair, when a distant sound fell upon my ear. I listened with intense attention. Soon, more and more distinctly, I recognized the voice of machinery, the rumbling of carts, and the voices of men; then a bell rung, and, with a throb of joy, I recognized it as the morning summons to the laborers in the works.

A night only could have passed since my leaving the outer world. Had they missed me? Alas! there was nothing to lead them to suspect the spot of my captivity. I thought of the strange disappearance of my young brother—this double bereavement would kill my poor mother; but still I was comforted by the knowledge that only a partition of rock separated me from my fellow-men. Now I could almost distinguish their voices. I felt that it was vain to hope that my calls and shouts could be heard by them, yet I could not forbear shouting till I was quite exhausted.

Then I reflected on the means I could find of digging away the barrier of rock. It could not be thick—I knew that by my facility in hearing sound, and concluded that, as I had fallen close to the edge of the cliff, I had sunk straight down to the level of the valley at its foot, and possibly the wall of my prison was not more than two or three feet in thickness. But I had no implement, save my knife, and that was a slender one, quite inadequate to cutting a passage through even the soft and damp salt rock which formed the partition. Suddenly I remembered having picked up a heavy iron ox shoe on the wagon road, during my Sunday walk. It was still in my pocket. With what joy I pulled it out, and commenced eagerly my work.

I will not detail the agonies of those days and nights, when I worked on in the darkness, sometimes encouraged, sometimes utterly hopeless. I could not find that I made any visible progress; the sounds were nearer than at first, and I was growing hourly more exhausted from fatigue and burning thirst. The salt air of the cave inflamed my eyes, parched my skin, and excoriated my throat, and often I had a horrible idea that I should go mad; but I worked on. I had wound up my watch five times, therefore it must have been the sixth day—deliverance as far off as ever. I had been trying to loosen a fragment of rock which seemed somewhat detached from the strata, (this I could only judge of by feeling.) If I succeeded, I should much reduce the thickness of the barrier at that point, but I had to stop and rest before the final trial. I again tried my matches. I had constantly done so hitherto, but without success, and few remained; but now the third one that I tried gave forth a light smoke, then a blue flame, and finally a clear red light. I held it carefully, and beheld the cavern in which I was immured. It was a small one, and sparkling from the saline crystals, as if studded with gems. Opposite to me was a dark object on the projection of the shelving rock, and bearing a similarity to the outline of a human figure. I lifted high the expiring match, and by its last ray I saw a human face.

In a frenzy of impatience I tried the few remaining matches, in vain; the last one was in my hand; more carefully I drew it over the sand paper; it burned only for an instant; but in that instant, holding it directly even with the body, I recognized the dead, pale, but unchanged face of my poor lost brother Henry.

I was again in darkness, with the dead body and my frienzied thoughts. After a time I resumed fiercely my labor at the rock. A few blows loosened it; a few more and the large mass rolled inwards, and from a fissure in the rock which lay behind it, came in a narrow streak of daylight. I was all but mad, or I would not have had sufficient strength to effect my purpose.

By the aid of my ox-shoe I soon increased the hole, till it was large enough to admit my head. My shouts soon brought assistance from the works, to which, as I had supposed, I was very near, and soon from that fearful tomb were drawn the living and the dead bodies.

No one knew me till I spoke. The body of poor Henry had been preserved by the salt, and was only partly petrified. That he had been killed by the fall was evident, and had never moved from the ridge on which he fell. I never entirely recovered from the effects of the salt, which left my eyes and nose constantly red, and rendered my flesh ever after similar to corned pork.

MEXICO.—The whole country between Guadalajara and Tepic is a perfect waste; the ranchos, haciendas and villages are entirely deserted, and the only sign of life you meet with on the road is an occasional band of mounted robbers, who descend from the mountains to attack some solitary traveler, or visit the deserted villages, in hopes that the inhabitants in their flight may have left behind some forgotten saddle, rope or sombrero. The doors of the houses have been beaten down by the ax, or if they proved of too tough material for the lazy "landlord" to destroy them by such means in a few minutes, they have been burnt by heaping before them piles of straw and dried leaves, so as to give an easy admittance to the robber.

ARRESTS AT CULPEPPER COURT HOUSE.—A telegraphic dispatch from Culpepper court house, Virginia, dated Tuesday afternoon, says: "A number of pedlars and suspicious characters have been arrested here of late; and it is the intention of our citizens to put all strangers who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves in confinement. Public feeling seems to have been highly wrought upon."

LIFE IN PARIS.

The Boston *Post* furnishes the following amusing and illustrative incident of Parisian life:

A pretty little actress supped recently at the apartment of a *lorrette littree* (titled lorrette.) After supping gaily they played a little baccarat. The actress lost all her purse contained—not a large sum—all the jewels she wore, and all she had at home, also her furniture, her wardrobe, her cashmeres, laces and everything. When her ruin was complete, taking her misfortune quite philosophically, she said:

"Bon! to-morrow send after everything; at present have a carriage brought to take me home, that I may go to bed."

"Go to bed! Not at all, my dear, you must not return to your apartment—or rather to mine!"

"How?"

"No! sleep here, if you wish. Your furniture, jewels and effects are mine. It is unnecessary for you to see them again."

"No, but I have my rights."

"Bon! that's it. Well, my right is a revenge."

"Yes, but against what?"

"My appointments at the theater."

"Thirty-eight francs a month—you are jesting."

"Against my note, then."

"I prefer something else."

"Well, my liberty—my person. I value my jewels which you have won at one year of my life, my furniture at another, my effects at a third. I accordingly play against all three years of my life. That is to say, if I lose I shall be your servant, your *femme de chambre*, your cook, as you please. Is it so?"

"*Eh bien, oui*—it will be droll. Put down your door key, to signify what I have won, and write a bond that you will serve me a year for this, a year for that, and so on."

The document was prepared and signed, and the play commenced. At first, the actress lost a year and a half of her life against her own jewels.

"Do you cook well, my dear," said the lorrette.

"I can make a fricassee of lentils and get up a 'bouilli' to perfection."

"Good! that's what I want."

The baccarat continued; but it is unnecessary to delay the sequel. At one time the actress found herself not only hostess's cook, chambermaid, but, still worse, liable to be obliged to run errands, etc., to Adolph and other admirers perhaps. But at two o'clock in the morning, fortune turned, and not only did her fears of being a *femme de chambre* pass away, but she regained her jewels, her furniture, etc., symbolized by the key deposited a short time previous. At three o'clock everything was won back, and the lorrette had lost a little something. The latter grew vexed. The actress continued to triumph.

The roles changed completely.

By daylight the lorrette was thoroughly "plucked"—of her money, all her furniture, dresses, etc. At nine o'clock in the morning, not only was the furniture, and all that the apartment contained, lost, but also the lorette herself, for she had staked her personal liberty, after the actress' example.

"Allons! Clarisse," said the actress at last, regarding the bed she had won, "undress me, I am going to bed until noon. You must arrange the saloon, and don't forget to prepare my breakfast. Be spry, I am overcome with fatigue."

Alas! everything must be told. Clarisse did not take her losses easily. At first she protested. The actress insisted. The other resisted. Angry words passed between them. From words they came to gestures; from gestures to blows; thence to cries, and finally came the concierge and two policemen. The poor actress had her head cut by a blow from a candlestick, and she was carefully put to bed, not because the bed was a part of her winnings, but because her injuries excited such attention. As for the revengeful lorrette, the wicked Clarisse, she was conveyed to an apartment furnished—at not much expense—by the government.

And they do say that now a certain Adolphe's solicitude is for the actress, who remains "in that furniture" which once belonged to imprisoned Clarisse.

EXCENTRICITIES OF FRENCH DIET.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes from Paris:

Snails are crawling down more throats annually. Ten years ago but apothecaries and herb doctors shops, and a little dirty, dingy restaurant in the Rue Saint Honore, kept them, and now they have a place of their own at the great markets, and the restaurateur that does not keep them is considered decidedly "slow." A million and a half snails crawl down our throats every season; at Dijon alone they bring 1f 50c per hundred, and 6000f. worth are sold, which every Frenchman vows, by their cocker and other rockovers, are equal in aliment to one hundred and fifty ordinary calves; don't ask me, please, for the equation. Snails have one great virtue in the Papist's eyes; when you can eat nothin' else you may fill yourself full of snails, until you feel like an anaconda after he swallows an ox, without breaking your fast, or ceasing to mortify your flesh and Old Nick. Snails are "fish" in Papists' dictionaries. Apicus gives an excellent recipe for cooking them. We eat them (now that the Saint Honore restaurant has joined Troy) cooked on the spider or in an oven after they have been boiled in their shell and seasoned with fresh butter and parsely chopped fine. They cause great ravages in vineyards and cure the consumption in man. In 1856 they did more damage in lower Charente vineyards than the odium, and no way is known by which they can be driven from vineyards and orchards except by removing them forcibly and eating them with fresh butter and chopped parsely, after the "spider" has given them a "shake down."

Michelet, in his book on insects, quoted with eulogy the public spirit of a French professor at Rouche, who came into his lecture room one day, bearing in one hand a white porcelain soup plate, filled with cockroaches, lice and chinches. "Messieurs," said the patriot, "these insects have for centuries preyed upon man; let us prey upon them." Following Hamlet's advice, he suited the action to the word, and commenced devouring them; cockroach, louse and chinch were each tossed into his mouth and crunched to pieces with professional adroitness. He vowed they were delightful; the cockroach had the flavor, if I remember rightfully, of sandwich, trout and pine-apple, the louse smacked of truffled partridge, (beneficient louse to come ready truffled to our lips!) and the chinch was just like ripe venison and plover, married by Soyer and put to bed in some rich thick sauce. What an epicure "poor Tom" was.

IRELAND.—European papers give the most cheering news in regard to the prosperity of Ireland. Crime and pauperism are constantly diminishing as the necessaries and even comforts of life are much more easily attained. Thousands of the middle classes in the country are becoming rich, and are buying up the estates of English absentee owners. The Dublin correspondent of the New York *Herald* states that of the sales in the encumbered estates court, six thousand two hundred and eight lots, out of nine thousand two hundred and thirty-nine, were bought by Irish purchasers. It is predicted, within five years Ireland will become, from causes now in operation, one of the most prosperous countries in Europe. This state of affairs will materially reduce the Irish emigration to the United States. We shall not, probably, witness in a long time the scenes of 1848-9-50, when a quarter of a million of Irish, mainly in consequence of the hard times at home, abandoned it forever and came to the United States.

A MAN WEARING HOOPS.—A person supposed to be a female, giving the name of Ann Page, was arrested in Savannah, Ga., on Monday, wearing very extended hoops. An examination, however, showed the person was a male. On his examination he stated his name to be Charles Williams. The Savannah *Republican* says he converses freely and well, and with all the action and delicate toned voice of a woman. He is an exquisite counterfeit, and seems up to the arts of the sex, assumes the female admirably in his manners and deportment, wears her clothes gracefully, and they are arranged with a certain degree of taste, wholly inconsistent with the habits of males. The mayor sentenced him to prison for ten days.

GAMBLING ANECDOTE.—It is usual at the different gambling tables on the Continent, in case of a person having lost considerable sums, and literally being left with nothing, for the bank to give sufficient money to enable the unfortunate loser to leave. A Prussian, the other day, at Wiesbaden, played his last florin away. The bank gave him forty florins to leave with. With that he went to Nauheim, a small place famous for its baths, and yet in its infancy. There he risked what remained of his forty florins, and, with these, succeeded in breaking the bank, and coming away the winner of seven thousand five hundred pounds. He, in the most honest and upright manner, returned to Wiesbaden, and paid back the bank the forty florins it so generously lent him.

☞ A lady correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* suggests that the Republican women of the North should present some testimonial of their admiration—a silver tea service, for instance—to Miss Fouke, of Harper's Ferry, the modern Pocahontas, who interposed her life between that of Thompson, one of Brown's men, and the frantic mob which pursued him into the hotel. It will be remembered that the young lady sat on Thompson's lap, covered his face with her arms, and shielded him whenever the men brought their guns to bear; she said to them: "For God's sake wait, and let the law take its course." The writer inclosed five dollars to begin the subscription with.

AN ICE SPECULATION.—The St. Anthony (Minnesota) *Express* says that a firm in Minneapolis is engaged in building eight large ice-boats, which they intend to load with ice at the foot of Lake Pepin during the winter, and run in the spring to Memphis, Tennessee, and other southern markets. The boats will be each one hundred and twenty-five feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and six feet deep; they will hold, in the aggregate, about two thousand eight hundred tons.