PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLIII. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1860. No. 6.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE or THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post paid will receive prompt attention.

COTTAGE SONG.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

We've a cottage clothed with roses,
Near a wood,
Where the singing birds of summer
Nest and brood,
There in early spring the daisies
Gem the sod,
Looking up to heaven above them,
And to God.

There in holy calm we worship
One above,
Through his works that all around us
Speak His love;
Read we there His will in every
Rock and tree,
While His blessings fall upon us,
Rich and free.

Beautiful the morning sunlight
Cometh there,
Crowning Nature at her early
Morning prayer;
And at evening, when the twilight
Closeth round,
Still, devoutly at her worship,
Is she found.

We are not alone, for angels
Come and go,
Walking often through our cottage
To and fro;
Promising to guide and guard us
With their love,
Till we go to live among them,
Up above.

Simple life is ours, we follow
Nature's way,
Learning of her truthful lessons
Day by day;
Striving to fulfil our mission,—
Doing good;
Living happy in our cottage
Near the wood.

Miscellaneous.

THE VILLAGE THIEF.

The people of the village of M——— were alarmed. They could scarcely retire at night without being robbed. Stores, houses and families were pilfered, but who performed the nefarious deed or deeds could not be discovered. Guns and other warlike weapons were in demand; but these were ineffectual, for the guilty party still exercised his vocation with impunity. Police had been placed upon his track, but their efforts to discover him were unsuccessful; no clue to the appearance of the thief could be obtained from his victims; all of the latter agreed that they were plundered, not by an established band, but by an individual. Some said that immediately before they were robbed they had noticed "a large fierce looking fellow" prowling around their premises; others affirmed that the guilty party was "a small, fine-looking man," and, lastly, there were a few superstitious ones who declared that the robber was not a *man*, but the emissary of a certain individual supposed to govern the warm regions. With these conflicting reports, it would puzzle the last-named gentleman himself to discover the thief. It was for these reasons that the villagers were alarmed.

I was neither a detective nor a policeman, but, as a large reward had been offered for the apprehension of the thief, I concluded I would attempt his capture. Accordingly, I started for the village of M———. That night I stopped at an obscure inn, some ten miles from the village. Having stowed away my baggage and eaten my supper, I went into the bar-room, where I found an old man conversing with the proprietor.—I picked up a paper and pretended to be reading, but in reality was listening to their conversation. They were talking about the robberies that had been committed in the adjacent village. The old man seemed to know a great deal about the subject—so much so in fact, that my suspicions were somewhat aroused and I determined to watch him. They were both sitting with their backs toward me, and did not notice the surreptitious glances I cast at them above the corner of the paper. The old man's right arm was hanging over the side of his chair, and the pocket-knife in his hand. I noticed while he twirled it around, that it was a peculiar one. It had two blades and something which resembled a prong. While he was handling it in this manner it fell from his grasp, near my chair. He started hastily to pick it up, but ere he reached it I stooped down and picked it up, and gave it to him; but not before I had noticed the letters "B. K." cut upon the horn case. The old man thanked me for my trouble, and then placed the knife in his pocket, while I pretended to resume my paper. I was almost certain that the object of my suspicions was not an old man, as he feigned to be; for I observed, when he started for his knife, that he manifested too much agility for one of advanced years; besides, he seemed very anxious to conceal the knife, after I had seen it. For these reasons I determined to watch him. After remaining a few minutes longer, he inquired of the proprietor what time the first stage left in the morning for the village of M———. I had not originally intended to start at so early an hour, but I now determined to go at the same time. Accordingly the next morning I found myself on the way to the village, in company with the old man.

We had been traveling for about an hour, during which time we had not spoken.—At length my companion asked me if I thought "the robber" would be caught. I answered in the negative; and then, in a seemingly boasting manner, added. "But I do not fear him, and if he succeeds in robbing me, he is welcome to his plunder."

"If he knew where to find you, he might visit you," my companion quietly remarked.

I carelessly answered: "Should he desire to visit me, he can find me at the principal hotel in the village of M———."

The old man made no reply. We arrived at our destination. I got out of the coach first, to see about my baggage, and when I returned my companion was gone. I was sorry he had escaped me, but, hoping I might yet discover him, I started for the inn, which was soon reached.

About two hours after, a man, who appeared to be a minister, arrived. He had a number of tracts, which, having distributed, he was shown to his room, which was on the same floor and opposite that of mine. He did not show himself again until supper time, when he informed us that he was a traveling minister, and intended remaining in the village a few days.

The next morning three of the boarders announced to the landlord that they had been robbed, and among them, the minister.

The latter was just narrating the fact when I came into the room. In the course of his narration, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket; this action jerked out something, which fell upon the floor.—Looking down, I discovered the same knife which I had seen in the possession of the old man, and with the same initials upon it. The minister hastily picked it up, and then turned towards me. I pretended to have observed nothing. He seemed somewhat satisfied, and resumed his narrative.

Now, for the first time, the idea struck me that the old man in the stage-coach—the *minister*, and the object of my pursuit—was the man before me. I did not however communicate my suspicions to any one, as the proper time had not yet arrived, but intended that he should not escape me. That night two new boarders were robbed. The proprietor began to feel alarmed; in the presence of us all he said he was certain the guilty party was some one in the house. With assumed indignation I exclaimed:—"I am willing and insist upon being searched; and hope for their own vindication, those present will submit to the same ceremony."

All agreed to this for the satisfaction of the proprietor: but though every one—the "minister" included—was searched, nothing was found. I then proposed that each of the boarders should watch for a night until the robberies ceased; and, knowing the influence of example, offered to stand guard for that night myself.

This plan seemed to please the "minister," for he not only acceded to it, but persuaded the other to agree to it. Accordingly, that night I entered upon my self-imposed duty.

All the sleeping apartments were on the second floor, immediately fronting each other, and separated by an entry near ten feet wide. About midnight, while walking up and down the passage, in pursuance of my duty, the "minister" opened his door, and inquired if I would go to the well and bring him some water, offering to watch during my absence. I replied that I was willing to oblige, and asked for his pitcher. He answered that he had nothing in his room but a tumbler, and that was occupied and desired me to lend him mine. I knew what he told me was false; nevertheless, I pretended to be ignorant of his real intention, and unlocked my door, passed into the room, procured a pitcher, and they came out, purposely *leaving the door open*, but taking the key with me. There was no light in the entry save that given by the moon. By the aid of this I reached the stairs, passed down, opened the front door, and then closed it. Instead of going out, however, I hastily took off my shoes and crept silently up the stairs again. I reached the top in time to see the "minister" enter my room. I paused for a moment to allow him time to get well at work, then crept softly up to the door, and peeped into the room. He was stooping over my trunk, with his back towards me. I heard him force it open, and then take out my purse. He rose and turned to go out. I let him reach the door, and then, before he discovered me, sprang upon him, and in a moment crushed him to the floor, and called for assistance. Meanwhile he struggled fiercely to rise, and would probably have succeeded, had it not been for the opportune arrival of several boarders. With their assistance I secured the villian. Two of us guarded him till morning, when we had him conveyed to prison. I searched his room, but for a time could discover none of the missing property. His trunk appeared to contain nothing but clothes, but after a second inspection, I discovered a secret recess, which, having broken open, I found a number of banknotes, some cash, and all the articles of jewelry, etc., which had been stolen from the boarders. When the prisoner found we had discovered the missing property, he confessed that he had stolen it, and that he was the individual who had so alarmed the villagers. He also acknowledged that he was the pretended old man who had accompanied me in the stage. He was sent to prison, where I believe he is now engaged in the classic occupation of stone-cutting.

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.—Eighteen things which render young people very impolite.

1. Loud laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Cutting finger nails in company
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Whispering in meeting.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for superiors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
11. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at the mistake of others.
13. Joking others in company.
14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
15. To commence talking before others are through.
16. Answering questions when put to others.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you are at the table.
18. In not listening to what one is saying, in company—unless you desire to show contempt for the speaker. A well bred person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself in it.

The Pemberton Mills property at Lawrence, Mass., is to be sold on the 23d inst

Sunday Reading.

For the Easton Gazette.

Unseen Purposes.

"For our light affliction, which is best for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The world is full of suffering—along the mournful air,
The notes of sad complaining are ringing everywhere;
Love shieldeth not our idols, from death's unsparing darts,
And the whole wide earth is teeming, with crushed and broken hearts,
Yet were no clouds of sorrow accross our pathway driven,
This world would be a Paradise—we would not dream of Heaven;
The erring heart to purify, is sent the chastening rod
To discipline the spirit, and draw it nigh to God.
We are apt to bare in meekness to the loss of those we love,
And are pointed to the mercy of a Providence above.
To raise the heart to Heaven, with a meek and holy trust,
And silence its repinings that have bowed it to the dust.
We may not see the purpose, why our hearts are pierced and riven,
Yet with a faith undoubting, let us still look up to Heaven.
This life is full of trial, yet we know that one above,
Looks ever down upon us, with a sympathizing love,
And pitieth our infirmities, though others may deride,
For the heart hath not a sorrow, by which He was not tried.
O! let us then be patient—be meek and murmer not,
Though clouds and gloom, and shadows, surround our earthly lot,
And when the heart repineth, think of the Holy One,
Who meekly bore and suffered to win for us a Crown!
We know that life hath mysteries, for God hath not designed,
To shed His great Omniscience on the lovely finite mind,
But when the Soul is ransomed, and the fount of life unsealed,
The mind shall grasp infinity, and ALL will be revealed.
Then let us place the archor of our confidence and trust,
On the might of the Creator, the Omnipotent and just.
Whose will we may not question, nor the hidden motive tell
Yet rest in the assurance that—
"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

God Slow to Anger.

BY T. GUTHRIE, D. D.

"He executeth not judgment speedily against the workers of iniquity." He does punish; he shall punish; with reverence be it spoken, he must punish. Yet no hand of clock goes so slow as God's hand of vengeance. Of that, the world, this city, and this church, are witnesses; each and all, speaker and hearer, are living witnesses. It is too common to overlook this fact; and, overlooking the kindness, long-suffering, and warnings, which precede the punishment, we are apt to give the punishment itself our exclusive attention. We see his kindness impressed on all his works. Even the lion growls before he leaps; and before the snake strikes, she springs her rattle.

Look, for example, on the catastrophe of the deluge. We may have our attention so engrossed by the dread and awful character of this judgment, as to overlook all that preceded it, and see nothing but these devouring waters.

The waters rise till rivers swell into lakes, and lakes into seas, and along fertile plains the sea stretches out her arms to seize their flying population. Still the waters rise; and now, mingled with beasts that terror has tamed, men climb to the mountain-tops, the flood roaring at their heels. Still the waters rise; and now each summit stands above them like a separate and sea-girt isle. Still the waters rise; and crowding closer on the narrow spaces of their lessening tops, men and beasts fight for standing room. Still the thunders roar and the waters rise, till the last survivor of the shrieking crowd is washed off, and the head of the highest Alp gone down beneath the wave. And now the waters rise no more; God's servant has done his work; he rests from his labors; and all land drowned, all life destroyed, an awful silence reigning, and a shoreless ocean rolling, death for once has nothing to do, but ride in triumph on the top of some giant billow, which meeting no coast, no continent, no Alp, no Andes, to break upon, sweeps round and round the world.

We stand aghast at this scene; and as the corpses of gentle children and sweet infants are floating by, we exclaim, "has God forgotten to be gracious? is his mercy clean gone forever?" No: assuredly not. Where, then, is his mercy? Look here: look at this ark which, steered by an invisible hand, comes dimly through the gloom That lonely ship on a shoreless sea carries mercy on board; and within walls that are pitched without and within, she holds the costliest freight that ever sailed the sea.—The germs of the church are there—the patriarchs of the old world, and the fathers of the new. Suddenly, amid the awful gloom, as she drifts over that dead and silent sea, a grating noise is heard; she has grounded on the top of Ararat. The door is opened, and beneath the sign of the olive branch they come forth from their baptismal burial like life from the dead,—like souls passing from nature into a state of grace,—like the saints when they shall rise at the summons of the trumpet to behold a new heaven and a new earth, and to see the sign, which those "gray fathers" hailed encircling the head that was crowned with thorns.

Nor is this all. Our Heavenly Father's character is dear to us; and I must remind you that ere mercy flew, like the dove to that asylum, she had swept the world with her wings. Were there but eight, only eight saved? There were thousands, millions sought. Nor is it justice to God to forget how long a period of patience, and preaching and warning, and compassion, preceded that dreadful deluge. Long before the lightning flashed from angry heavens; long before thunder rolled along dissolving skies; long before the clouds rained down death; long before the floor and solid pavement of this earth, under the prodigious agencies at work broke up, like the deck of a leaking ship and the waters rushed from above, and sink a guilty world; long before the time when the ark floated away by tower and town, and those crowded hill-tops, where frantic groups had clustered, and amid prayers and curses, and shrieks and shouts, hung out their signals of distress—very long before this, God had been calling an impenitent world to repentance.—Had they no warning in Noah's preaching? Was there nothing to alarm them in the very sight of the ark as story rose upon story; and nothing in the sound of those careless hammers to waken all but the dead? It was not till Mercy's arm grew weary ringing the warning bell, that, to use the words of my text, God "poured out his fury" on them. I appeal to the story of this awful judgment. True, for forty days it rained incessantly, and for one hundred and fifty days more "the waters prevailed on the earth;" but while the period of God's justice is reckoned by days, the period of his long-suffering was drawn out into years: and there was a truce of one hundred and twenty years the first-stroke of the bell and the first crash of the thunder. Noah grew gray preaching repentance. The ark stood useless for years, a huge laughing-stock for the scoffer's wit; it stood till it was covered with the marks of age, and its builders with the contempt of the world; and many a sneer had these men to bear, as, pointing to the serene heavens above and an empty ark below, the question was put, "Where is the promise of his coming? Most patient God! Then, as now, thou wert slow to punish—"waiting to be gracious."

Agricultural.

From the American Farmer.

FEBRUARY.

"These naked shoots
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foilage on again
And more aspiring and with ample spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost,
Then each in its peculiar honors clad
Shall publish even to the distant eye
Its family and tribe."

WORK ON THE FARM.—Arrange definitely your plan of operations for the coming season. It is a matter requiring a great deal of consideration and judgment, to determine what crops you can cultivate to most advantage, and to adapt the number of acres of each crop to the number of laborers.—The young farmer should always take the advice of a judicious neighbor on these points. While it is desirable to lay out for a full crop, one that will keep everything astir through the working season, the young farmer is very apt to overstep the bounds of prudence, and over-crop himself. Let him be especially guarded against this temptation, and be content to do well what he undertakes, rather than boast of the number of acres he plants.

WORKING STOCK.—Be amply supplied with working stock. A full, strong team of horses or mules is of the utmost consequence to the success of your operations. Supply these at once, if wanting, and take care that they are all in good working order when spring opens. A good team of oxen will do a great deal of useful labor on the farm, and might be very well substituted for horses in much of the heavier work, and prove mere economical labourers. A great mistake is frequently made with mules and oxen in supposing that without proper care and proper feeding they may do their work. If they do not come up to such absurd expectations they are discarded as worthless. Treat them in all respects as a good horse should be treated, and have them handled gently and kindly, and they will do as much work, at much less cost of keeping, as the best horses.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS.—Overhaul all these; repair thoroughly such as may need it, and replace those that are worn out and supply any additional ones that may be wanted. Have good tools and enough of them, and do not wait till you feel the want of them before purchasing.

MILCH COWS, EWES, SOWS, &c.—All these should have most careful attention now in anticipation of having their young. If true economy requires that other stock be well taken care of at this inclement season, it demands it especially of these.

SEEDS, &c.—Get your supply of Clover and other seeds that you mean to sow in spring. On loamy soils many good managers prefer to sow small seeds early without any covering. If you design using brush or harrow and roller, however, wait till the ground is quite dry enough.

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

But little can be done in the garden this month except by way of preparation.—Should the ground come in good order for digging, this work may be done. When the labour is done mostly by hand, it is the more important that the ground be thoroughly spaded and manured. The garden should, therefore, if possible, be spaded two spits deep and the manure well incorporated with the soil. If compost has been prepared, as it always should be, that is the best manure for the garden. Long unfermental manures will do for some crops, such as potatoes, late cabbages, &c., but generally it is unsuitable for garden crops.

Hot Bed.—Early this month make a hot bed for raising such early plants as you may want, as Cabbages, Tomatoes, Egg-Plants, Potatoes. Potatoes for early use may be planted whenever the ground may be in order.

Peas.—Plant the early sorts of Peas.

Lettuce.—Sow Lettuce seed on a warm border.

Spinage.—Sow the prickly-seeded Spinage the latter part of the month in a warm border.

Carrot—Sow a few carrots for early use.

Celery.—Celery seed for an early crop may be sown on a warm border the latter part of the month.

Redish.—Sow Redish seed the last of the month.

The following excellent method of saving and preparing compost for the garden, came to hand just as we had written the foregoing, from a lady in North Carolina, who has our thanks for it. We commend it to general imitation. The ingenuity with which our correspondent modifies the *swearing* part of the quotation from Mackbeth, is very *lady-like*:

BEST GARDEN FERTILIZER

"Patuxent Planter" promises humbug "fertilizers" a slap in your February number. If it is as well deserved as the good blow he dealt to 'Plain and Pleasant Talk,' &c., surely all will say:

"Lay on Macduff.
And 'plague take him' who first cries hold, enough."

But to my subject. I have been a successful gardener for twelve years and find three requisites to ensure a productive and remunerative garden; a suitable fertilizer, thorough cultivation, and a practical knowledge of gardening. These three are indispensable. A good garden is a luxury, and unlike most luxuries, is not expensive, but is within the reach of every farmer's wife who has industry and energy. Even without the aid of a hot bed, every table may easily be supplied with fresh vegetables from January to December. My table is so supplied, and the fertilizer that helps my family to those good things does not cost my good man a cent.

Now for my plan: I have a heap made—using for this purpose any kind of "litter" most convenient, such as scrapings from the wood-pile, sweepings from the yard and garden walks, corn cobs and stalks, forest leaves, spent tan, &c. This heap receives daily all the soapsuds from the laundry, and slops from the chambers.—Every Saturday my hen-houses, goose-pen and duck and turkey roosts are thoroughly cleansed, these scrapings are evenly spread over the heap; all of the refuse salt and brine are also sprinkled over it. Every ten or fourteen days it is necessary to spread on a fresh coating of some of the above named absorbents. This plan is continued from spring to midsummer, and the quanity of rich compost thus accumulated, would astonish any one unaccustomed to saving such things. Every July my celery trenches receive a bountiful coating of this compost; in the autumn my asparagus bed calls for its annual dressing, and a little later, the vegetables put in the ground for early spring use (such as potatoes, peas, lettuce, mustard, spinach, kale, cress, parsley and oinons) receive their stimulus and nutriment from the same generous heap. The coarser portions are raked aside and used for garden fruits. During the summer an occasional sprinkling of plaster (or copperas water) is used, mainly as a deoderizer. I have used various guanos and 'fertilizers,' and think very highly of some of them.—But, as far as my experience goes, for fruits, vegetables and flowers, I prefer, decidedly, this compost to any other fertilizer.

HOME COMFORTS.

ANCIENT SUPERSTITION VS. MODERN SCIENCE.—Six hundred years ago it was believed that scrofula could be cured by the touch of a king, and that the fever of a wound was abated by salving the weapon that caused it! These, and fifty other similar absurdities, of which we read in tracing the progress of the healing art, now only excite a contemptuous smile; but, even in this enlightened era, prejudice and egotism sometimes struggle to perpetuate error, and venture to question the most palpable and self-evident truths.

Thus, when Holloway, after long years of study and experiment, ushered his all-powerful remedies before the world in their present perfected state, their efficacy was denied by many jealous practitioners. These men were the slaves of *formula* persons who believed that truth moved in a circle like a blind horse in a mill-track. They regarded Holloway as an innovator; and so he was. His innovations have astonished—nay, more, they have convinced and delighted the world. The most formidable ulcerous and eruptive maladies, with which science has heretofore waged an unequal combat, are now subduced by the penetrating Ointment for the cure of external diseases and injuries, and his famous Pills are administered with marvellous success for many dangerous internal disorders.

We have not arrived at this conclusion hastily. It is the duty of the press to investigate before it approves. Public opinion is, to a certain extent, based upon its statements, and in all matters which concern the health and life of man, it cannot be too cautious or too scrupulous. But it is also the province of the press to give the widest notoriety to important facts, and to render justice to great public benefactors. The testimony in favor of Professor Holoway's remedies emanates from all classes and from every quarter of the globe. It is enthusiastic, voluminous, and consistent. To deny it, would be to fly in the face of the laws of evidence, and would evince stupidity, not caution.

If there is anything in which the judgment of a human being may be relied upon, it is the effect which a remedy produces upon him when sick. No one can be self-deceived as to the relief of pain, the renewal of strength, the recovery of health and cheerfulness; and when tens of thousands of individuals, spontaneously and without pre-concert, unite in ascribing the same beneficent results to the same causes, their combined declarations as imperatively demand credence as a mathematical demonstration. Upon this basis rests the world-wide reputation of Professor Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—*New Orleans "Organ,"*

SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 26.—The democrats held a meeting here last night, which broke up in a row. Henry R. Jackson made a speech sustaining resolutions favoring the Milledgville Cobb Convention, when a row commenced and many withdrew.

After the adjournment another meeting was organized, Collector Borton acting as chairman, when resolutions were passed declaring that the election of Mr. Seward, or any other republican endorser of the Helper book, to the presidency, would be a just cause for dissolution. And in such an event, the meeting pledged their lives, honor and fortunes to effect a disunion.

Items.

DARING ESCAPE FROM THE OHIO PENITENTIARY—*A woman Lowers Herself by a Rope.*—A woman named Mary Fuller, made her escape from the Ohio penitentiary, at Columbus, on Saturday week, under the following circumstances:

Passing out from the fifth story of the prison by the window of her cell, she next passed along the side of the building upon a cornice or water table about eighteen inches broad. Passing along the front of the building at the immense height of fifty or sixty feet from the ground, with nothing to hold to; and upon the projection scarcely visible from the ground, she reached, at the distance of about forty feet from her window, a place where it was necessary for her to jump about twelve feet to the roof of the west wing.

The leap was taken—proved a safe one—and the dauntless woman next fastened to the corner of the roof a rope which she manufactured of her bedding, grasped it in her hands, and swinging from the roof, passed down on the outside of the wall over windows where other convicts were sleeping, and down to terra firma, where, at a distance of forty-five feet below the roof, she alighted in the arms of a man named Cheesman, her confederate in guilt. The guilty pair left the city after the scene narrated, but in a few days both were again in the custody of the law—the girl in the penitentiary and Cheesman in jail

PROTEST AGAINST THE INTRODUCTION OF VOLUNTEERS INTO MEXICO.—We have advises from Matamoras to the 14th instant. The local paper, El Jaque, contains a flaming report of a mass meeting held in that city, on the 5th inst., for the purpose of protesting against the introduction of American volunteers into that country, in aid of either of the contending parties. It is headed, in large capitals, "Death to Mercenaries and Traitors!" "Our Country Forever!—"Demonstration of the People!" And proceeds to recite how the subscribing citizens of Matamoras, having still in remembrance former invasions, have heard with dismay that one Capt. Robinson is about leading a couple of companies into that country, nominally as volunteers, in aid of one of the contending parties, but really as filibusters; that some of them even accompanied Walker to Nicaragua, and therefore there can be no doubt of their character and intentions; that, in each case, such introduction of volunteers, in aid of either of the contending parties in Mexico, would compromise the honor and dignity of the republic, if not its integrity, while it would be equally in violation of its independence and the fundamental compact.

JOHN BROWN, JR.—A correspondent of the Congregationalist, writing from Austinburg, Ohio, describes a public meeting at that place, at which an address was made by Jno. Brown, Jr. Mr. Brown is constantly harrassed with rumors that warrants are in the hands of U. S. Marshals, and with threats of arrest. But he emphatically declares that he will never be taken to Washington or Virginia alive, and from what I know of the state of feeling in this county, and the preparations made to prevent his abduction, I do not believe it possible to remove him without serious bloodshed. I learn that his youngest and only surviving brother is also in this vicinity. He and his comrades were three weeks on the road from Harper's Ferry, and for the first four days subsisted entirely upon dry corn gathered from the fields. With the north star for their guide, they traveled by night, and lay concealed during the day.

They paid dearly for their whistle.

Gov. Wise made a ten column speech at the recent complimentary dinner given him at Richmond. He strongly urged upon the Virginia Legislature to appoint Commissioners to represent the State in a Southern Convention. The preposition, however, does not meet with much favor in the Legislature, and it is probable that Mr. Memminger's mission from South Carolina will meet with a very polite and courteous, but still positive refusal, on the part of Virginia to take any steps towards disunion.

THE CASE OF THE PRIZE-FIGHTERS.—Judge Masten, at Buffalo, N.-Y., on Friday imposed a fine of $300 upon John Morrissey for leaving the State to witness the prize-fight between Price and Kelly. O'Donell, the referee, and Briggs, one of the seconds in the same fight, were fined $200 each. All promptly paid their fines.

THE NEW DIME.—The new dime has been issued from the Mint. It differs from the old coinage. The goddess of Liberty is in a sitting position as on the old coin, but instead of the encircling stars there are the words "United States of America."—The words "One Dime" on the other side of the coin are in a wreath of cereals, instead of the old fashioned wreath of leaves. The new coin is very pretty.

There is a rumor afloat that Tom Hyer and John Morrissey were engaged in an encounter on the night of the 3d inst., during which the former was shot by his antagonist. There is no confirmation of the rumor.

POSTOFFICE SCRIP.—It is stated that there have been over $4,000,000 worth of scrip issued by the Postoffice Departments.—One man, it is said, holds two millions of this scrip, purchased at 80 cents.

COLUMBUS, Feb. 2.—Ex-Governor Chase was to-day elected U. S. Senator on the first ballot by the Legislature. The ballot stood Chase 75; Pugh 51; Corwin 5.

THE question, "Why printers did not succeed as well as brewers?" was thus answered: "Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains."