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TERMS.
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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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ADVERTISEMENTS.
Not exceeding one square (14 lines) inserted 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 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 publishers, postpaid, will receive prompt attention.

Commission Business.

THE undersigned having reserved the Counting Room, on the second floor, Ware-House No. 2, Bowly's Wharf, will transact the Commission business generally.
jan 29—2m* THOS. H. MARTIN.

ARTHUR EMORY,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 9, Bowly's Wharf,

WILL attend to the sale of all kinds of Country Produce consigned to his care. A long experience in business justifies him in promising the highest prices for Corn, Wheat, Oats, &c. Any grain consigned to him will command his utmost efforts for *interests* of owners. [feb 19—1y*

HOWELL & BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
PAPER HANGINGS,
No. 207 BALTIMORE, ST., BALTIMORE,

INVITE attention to their very elegant and extensive assortment of PAPER-HANGINGS, embracing fine gold and velvet decorations; fine French in plain and Rich colors, with an immense assortment of Ordinary, Satin and common Papers. Also Curtain Papers, Borders, Fire Prints, Tester and Centre pieces, &c. H. & B. were awarded at the late fair of the Maryland Institute, a GOLD MEDAL for the superiority of their Paper Hangings.
jan 29—3m

Watches, Gold & Silver Ware.
L. H. MILLER & CO.,
WHOLESALE WATCH & JEWELRY HOUSE,
No. 227 Balt. St., S. E. cor. of Charles St.,

IMPORTERS of English and Swiss Watches and Tools of every description, Watch Case Makers and Manufacturers of Fine Gold Jewelry. We call the attention of Southern and Western dealers in Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, to our very extensive stock, assuring them that in no article in our line shall we allow any establishment to surpass us, either in quantity, quality or low prices. We are the only Wholesale House in this branch of trade in Baltimore, and shall use every fair means to induce Southern and Western merchants to open accounts with us. Our terms shall be as liberal and accommodating as can possibly be found in the United States.

We will take great pleasure in showing our goods to Southern and Western merchants, whether they open accounts with us or not.
L. H. MILLER & CO.,
jan 29—y Importers of Watches, Baltimore

To Our Eastern Shore Friends.
F. B. DIDIER & BRO.,
No. 97 N. Paca, near Franklin Street,
BALTIMORE,

PROPRIETORS of the Maryland State Agricultural Implement Depot, Field and Garden Seeds, Guano, Bone-dust, Plaster &c. &c., and Agency for the sale of all kinds of Country Produce.

The undersigned would most respectfully call the attention of the Agricultural community to their large and assorted stock of Machinery, Seed, &c., consisting in part of Ploughs of every known variety. Agents for the celebrated Delaware and Minor & Horton patterns; Fodder, Straw and Hay Cutters; Horse Powers and Thrashers of the most popular kind. Prices ranging from 96 to $110 complete, Beltings, &c. Agents for Moore's celebrated Drill, &c. Ploughs, Harrows, Wheat Fans, Grist Mills, Horse Powers, Threshers, Horse and Hand Rakes, Straw, Hay and Fodder Cutters, Vegetable Cutters, Corn and Cob Crushers, Shellers, Cultivators, Corn Planters, Ox Yokes and Bows, Grindstones, Cradles, &c.; together with an endless variety of Field and Garden Tools, Fruit Trees, Fertilizers, &c.

GUANO and all other Fertilizers constantly on hand. FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES.—We take great pleasure in informing our friends, that we have secured the Agency of D. MILLER'S celebrated North American Nurseries, Pa.

☞ Catalogues by addressing us.

N. B.—Our friends residing down the Bay, or who consider our establishment at too great a distance up town, will have all orders entrusted to our care faithfully executed, and goods delivered to any portion of the city, free of charge—Moreover, they can ride within a square of our establishment for 6¼ cents.

☞ All expenses paid by us when purchase is made. F. B. DIDIER & BRO.

DR. X. BULLENG'S
HIGHLY IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE
TO THE AFFLICTED FAR & NEAR!
A Never Failing Panacea!
FOR MAN AND BEAST.
The Farmer's Friend and the Poor Man's Companion, When Disease and Affliction Come Upon him, Cure Guaranteed.

Culpa sua damnum sentiens, non intelligitur damnum."—He who suffers by his own fault, is not to be deemed a sufferer.

This celebrated Remedy, wherever introduced, has given the most unbounded satisfaction, and its merits have received, from a discriminating public, encomiums of the most flattering character. Numerous certificates can be produced, if necessary, from practical sources, showing the good effects accruing from the use of this powerful and never-failing Agent. But we deem it unnecessary, knowing its intrinsic worth will speak with a more convincing and acceptable language, than any other utterance which might be given to advance its sale and use. When applied in strict accordance with the directions given, the following cases have been treated with unparalleled success. Man finds in its virtues immediate relief for the many ills he is by nature heir to, viz: Rheumatism, Stiffness and Weakness of the Limbs, Sciatic or Hip Pains, Swellings, Sprains and Ulcers of year's standing, which have baffled the skill of Medical science, and the self-laudation of humbug and quackery. The Horse finds in it a healing and soothing balm, for when used as directed, a cure is certain in many of those concomitant diseases so frequently found in this invaluable beast, such as String Halts, Blood and Bone Spavin, Wind Galls, Weakness and Stiffness of the Limbs, Burns, Scratches, Old Sores, Saddle Galls, &c.. &c.

F. D. DIDIER & BRO.,
Sole Agents for the United States.

For sale by DAWSON & BRO., Easton; W. JONES, St. Michaels; L. W. NEAL, Wye Landing, and the principal Merchants in the county. [feb 19—1y

For the Easton Gazette.

"IS IT WELL WITH THEE?—IT IS WELL."

Is it well with thee, Pilgrim?—Thy step hath grown weak;
And the traces of trial are deep in thy cheek;
And thy sandals are worn with the long dreary way;
And thy temples are white—is it well with thee, pray?

It is well—for my pathway though rugged and far
Leads on where green pastures and still waters are;
A stranger and houseless the Saviour once trod
The road o'er which thousands have journey'd to God!

Is it well with thee, Mourner?—Lo! dark is thy hearth!
For the idol so loved is no longer of earth;—
Oh! deep grow the shadows, and sad is thy moan,—
Is it well with thee, Mourner, afflicted and lone?

It is well—It is well!—On that far distant shore
The sorrows of time haunt the spirit no more—
Not lost is the loved—in the land of the blest
We shall meet where the "weary are ever at rest!"

IL TRISTO.

THE INDIAN AVENGER AT PLATTSBURGH.

At the battle of Plattsburgh in 1812, during the din and uproar of the heavy cannonade on lake and land, there appeared before the commanding officer an unknown Indian, clad in the wildest savage costume, covered with war paint and armed to the teeth, who gave information of the approach through the woods on the south bank of the Saranac, of a considerable body of the British, accompanied by a small band of Hurons, or Canadian Indians, who acted as guides and scouts. It is well known that one column of the British army, under command of General Brisbane, had approached Plattsburgh from the west along the Beekmantown road, to the north of the Saranac. The American army was now entrenched on the south bank in the angle formed by the river and lake. It will, therefore, be readily understood that the approach of this new force would place the Americans in a position sufficiently critical, to say nothing of the dangers to which they were already exposed.

The information brought by the savage was too important to be wholly trusted. The officer therefore, thought it best to interrogate the messenger.

"Who are you, my friend?" said he.

"Mohican," was the laconic reply.

"What is your name?"

"Stockbridge Hank," answered the stranger.

"Where did you come from, and why are you here?" pursued the officer.

"Indian come from the Dutch rivers," replied he.

"But why are you here; I say?"

"Why are the Mingoes in the woods? can the captain tell me that?" replied the savage, his eyes flashing fire.

"Does anybody know this person?" asked the officer, turning to the bystanders; but no one replied for no one knew him.

"What do you want me to do then?" said the officer to the Indian, still suspicious.

"Take four, seven, ten soldier," replied the savage, holding up both hands, and spreading his fingers. "Me take 'em and wait for Mingoes in the woods."

"He's right, by Jove!" exclaimed the officer. "The men are too few to have an ambush laid for them, and we need a picket of that kind. The red skin must be friendly after all." Let nine picked men, headed by a corporal, go with him; but let them be watchful and be on their guard and let me be informed of the first approach of the enemy in that direction."

The officer turned away. The men were quickly detailed, and guided by the Indian, they took their silent way in the woods, up the South bank of the Saranac, down which the new hostile force was reported to be coming. They moved forward rapidly for half an hour, when the Indian began to proceed with more caution, and to listen for every unusual sound that disturbed the forest. At last putting his ear close to the ground, he listened for a moment, and then quickly rising up, he made a rapid sign for the soldiers to betake themselves to a neighboring thicket which bordered a small creek flowing into the river. The men concealed themselves among the bushes as quick as possible, while the Indian crawled stealthily to a position somewhat more advanced, concealing himself behind the trunk of a fallen tree. He had enjoined upon them not to fire or make a noise until they should receive from him a certain signal. For some distance forward of the place where he lay, the woods were tolerably clear of underbrush, and a kind of path which skirted the bank of the river crossed the creek near its mouth, about ten rods from where the concealed soldiers were hid. From the position the Indian occupied this pass was in full view. In order to cross the stream, any one going along that path had to descend about ten feet almost perpendicularly; so that while he was in the bed of the brook, he could not be seen by those who should happen to be any distance behind.

The soldiers had not remained in ambush long when by a quick sign, the scout gave them to understand that some one was approaching. They saw an Indian coming at a rapid but silent pace along towards the crossing. He had just got clearly in view, when at a distance of about two rods behind, appeared another and so on to the number of seven. They were all in war paint, and armed with rifles and tomahawks. The soldiers were all attention to the movements of their guide, expecting every moment to receive the signal to fire. To their surprise, however they saw him lay down his gun, and draw from beneath the log a long and powerful bow, and a bundle of flint-headed, sharp-pointed arrows. He then turned himself about under the log, until he faced the pass in the creek.

The strange Indians appeared to move forward without the least hesitation or suspicion. The foremost of them on coming to the creek, dropped at once down to cross it. At this moment the guide was observed to draw in his bow with a quick and powerful effort; and so rapidly as almost to elude the sight, an arrow was sped on its mission of death. The stranger was seen to drop in the middle of the brook, and not a cry issued from his mouth—Quick as lightning the Mohican adjusted an arrow to his bow, so that as soon as the second Huron had dropped down to cross the stream, he too was observed to reel and fall without a groan.

In the same manner was the third and the fourth and the fifth Huron pierced as he leaped into the fatal ditch. They were close to each other and the whole scene passed with such miraculous silence and rapidity, that neither of them had observed the fate of his comrades until he met with his own. The sixth Indian, however, being a little more behind than the others, seemed to be somewhat surprised that he did not see them in view on the opposite bank. For this reason he descended into the gulley with a little more hesitation. He was immediately aware of the horrible fate that had arrested their steps and silenced their tongues. He endeavored to recoil but it was already too late. A fatal missive was also on the wing for him. He was struck like the rest, but not with immediate death, and he had time to raise into the depths of the forests one of those appalling yells of warning and of rage which announce among the people of his race, the presence of mortal danger.

The soldiers looked upon this fearful scene in astonished silence, entranced by the murderous magic which took place before them. When the stillness and the spell were broken by that warning cry, they expected to see the woods swarming with hostile savages. None, however, appeared; and when the echo died away they looked in vain for the seventh and the last of the Hurons. He had vanished as if swallowed up in the earth. No trace of him was visible—no sound of retreating footsteps was audible. The Mohican, however, still kept his position behind the log itself, but with his fiery eyes bent in quick and searching glances in almost every direction at once. He was obviously at fault, as well as the rest. No one dared to move or speak above his breath. There was something awful in the mysterious and sudden disappearance.

The silence continued for some ten minutes when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard; and the Mohican sprang to his feet with the blood streaming down one side of his face. His only exclamation was an emphatic "Ugh!" In an instant the fatal bow and arrow were again in requisition and his face towards the Indian, he sent another arrow on its mortal mission. The soldiers heard a slight scrambling overhead, and on looking up they saw the Huron falling through the limbs of a neighboring tree. Into this he had had the address to swing himself up, unseen by his enemies, during the momentary confusion occasioned by the warning cry of his companion. From that perch he had soon discovered the lurking place of the Mohican, and, bent upon vengeance had immediately fired at him, without caring, whether or not enemies were near. The impudence cost him his life; and withal, he had only succeeded in inflicting upon the Mohican a slight wound, in the temple.

The scene, however, rapidly changed. Shortly after the report of the rifle, the distant heavy tramp of a body of regular troops were heard approaching through the woods. They, too, plunged into the fatal pass and met with a like but not equally bloodless reception, by the soldiers in the ambush. This time it was the rifle that did the business. The advancing column, however, was composed of veterans who for a few moments seemed to push forward into the abyss where their comrades and guides were lying wounded and dead; but as they were ignorant of the strength of the concealed enemy, and could hardly even tell from what direction the danger came, they finally beat a retreat and drew off into the woods again.

The check was all that could have been desired. The force was not engaged during the battle of Plattsburgh; and after learning the disastrous fate of the day, it made a precipitate retreat northward into Canada.

It was noticed that as soon as the seven Hurons were slain, Stockbridge Hank seemed to take no further interest in the fray. Shortly after the firing commenced, he disappeared, and did not accompany the soldiers back to the army. The next day, however, he appeared again before the officer, accoutred as at the time of his arrival in the camp, but with the addition of several bloody scalps attached to his belt, with the war paint washed from his face. His mission seemed to be accomplished.

He was thanked for his services, and received promises of a liberal reward. To all that was said he remained a silent listener, and only pointed to the glorious trophies which he wore, seeming to signify that they were a sufficient compensation. In truth the Huron was his hereditary foe, and he had been fighting instinctively for the traditions of his fathers.

After this second visit he was never again seen in the army. The story of this exploit was long the talk and wonder of the camp.

NAVAL FORCE OF THE U. STATES.

According to the Navy Register for the current year, the following is the naval force of the United States:

Eleven ships of the line, carrying eight hundred and sixty guns. Of these three are in commission as receiving ships, three in ordinary, four on the stocks, and one preparing for sea. The Independence, a razee, carrying fifty-four guns, is also preparing for sea.

Twelve frigates of the first and one of the second class, carrying five hundred and sixty-four guns. Of these five are in commission, four in ordinary, two on the stocks, and two preparing for sea.

Twenty-one sloops of war, carrying four hundred and two guns. Of these fifteen are in commission, one in ordinary, and five preparing for sea.

Four brigs, carrying forty guns. Of these three are in commission, and one preparing for sea. Also, four schooners, carrying seven guns, two of which are in commission, one in ordinary, and one in preparing for sea.

Five steam-frigates, carrying forty guns, all in commission; four steamers of the first class, carrying eighteen guns, two of which are in commission, one repairing, and one preparing for sea; and seven steamers less than first class, carrying five guns, three of which are in commission, two preparing for sea, and two employed as tenders.

Five store-ships, carrying twenty-four guns; three of them are in commission, and one preparing for sea.

This gives a total of seventy-five vessels of all kinds, carrying two thousand and fourteen guns.

The officers of the navy are as follows: Sixty-eight captains, ninety-seven commanders, three hundred and twenty-seven lieutenants, sixty-nine surgeons, forty passed assistant surgeons, thirty-seven assistant surgeons, sixty-three pursers, fourteen masters, in the line of promotion, one hundred and ninety-seven passed midshipmen, and one hundred and ninety-eight midshipmen.

In the marine corps there are one colonel commandant, one lieutenant colonel, four majors, fifteen captains, twenty first and twenty second lieutenants.

In the engineer corps one engineer in chief, seven naval constructors, thirteen chief engineers, eighteen first assistant engineers, and thirty-four second assistant engineers.

The active force is divided into six squadrons, as follows:

The home squadron, commanded by Commodore Newton, consisting of the Columbia, Saranac, Albany and Cyane, carrying ninety guns.

The Pacific squadron, commanded by Commodore Dulaney, consisting of the St. Lawrence, Portsmouth, Warren and Southampton, carrying eighty-eight guns.

The Mediterranean squadron, commanded by Commodore Stringham, consisting of the Cumberland, San Jacinto, Levant and St. Louis, carrying ninety guns.

The Brazil squadron, commanded by Commodore McKeever, consisting of the Congress, Savannah, Jamestown and Relief, carrying one hundred and fourteen guns.

The African squadron, commanded by Commodore Lavallette, consisting of the Constitution, Germantown, John Adams, Dale, Marion, Bainbridge, Perry, and Vixen, carrying one hundred and thirty-nine guns.

The East India squadron, Commodore Perry, consisting of the Vermont, Mississippi, Susquehanna, Powhatan, Macedonian, Plymouth, Vandalia, Saratoga and Supply, carrying one hundred and eighty-six guns.

The steamer Michigan, with one gun, is on the lakes; the Dolphin, with ten guns, is on special service; the Vincennes, John Hancock and Porpoise, carrying thirty-three guns, have been detailed for a surveying expedition in the North Pacific, and the Water Witch for the exploration of the La Plata.

The city of New York has been left by Congress without one cent of appropriation to protect itself from the steam navies of Great Britain and France, either of which powers, it is believed, in case of a sudden war, could lay us under contribution to the amount of millions, which certainly it would be our interest to pay, rather than to have our city bombarded and battered down about our heads. For four years past Congress has made no appropriations for fortifications, until this last session, when, by extraordinary efforts in the Senate, some few fortification appropriations were got into the Army Bill; but those few make no adequate preparations whatsoever for the Atlantic coast. Nothing was done for the metropolis of the Commerce and Trade of the Union, exposed as it is. Nothing was done for the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. Nothing was done for the Southern cities. We are all left exposed to any sudden onset from any European power, though it is notorious Europe has been preparing a steam navy for years, for just such sudden onsets as our unprotected nakedness invites.

EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE.

In retiring from the office which he has filled so worthily, ex-President Fillmore carries with him we are sure, the esteem and respect of all parties, and of every true American. Called unexpectedly to administer duties for which he had not been prepared, and at a time when the affairs of the country were in a most critical condition, he exhibited a peculiar capability for his position, such as extorted even the compliments of his original adversaries.—Without wishing to draw invidious comparisons between him and other eminent statesmen, we may yet say that no President could possibly have carried the nation more successfully through that dark period of trouble, and when we have said this, we have substantially exhausted the terms of eulogy. The patriotism of Mr. Fillmore in that emergency cannot be too highly extolled. If he had followed considerations of selfish interest, he would, perhaps, have better advanced his personal ends, but he would have lost the esteem of the honest, and sacrificed his reputation with history. He chose the more noble part, and followed his convictions of duty. Even those who differed from him, if of large and generous natures, must value him more for his loyalty to what he regarded as the right.

Mr. Fillmore, if we judge him correctly, possesses intellectual qualifications also, which fit him peculiarly for the Presidency. The characteristic of his mind appears to us to be sound judgment. He is not a brilliant man, but neither is he an unsafe one. He is not perhaps a very original man, but neither is he despotic, overbearing and dogmatic. It was never in the contemplation of the Constitution, that the President should be the state; it was always intended, on the contrary, that he should be wise, prudent, and republican. An executive, who gathers around him a cabinet of able men, who asks their advice on able matters within their department, and who has the sound judgment afterwards to weigh all opinions, and choose the best, is manifestly the sort of executive intended by the founders of the nation. Washington was eminently a President of this description. The distinguishing feature of his mind, indeed, was its judicial quality, if we may so speak.—He listened to all, carefully pondered on the differing sentiments, and then maturely came to a decision. In consequence he was rarely wrong, and even when he was, the error was to be ascribed rather to insufficient information, than to any defect in his judgment. Few Presidents since have more nearly approached to Washington, in this respect, than Millard Fillmore. He carries with him, into retirement, we are sure, the good wishes of every true American.—*Saturday Gazette (neutral.)*

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

Mr Clayton, in the Senate on Tuesday, concluded his remarks in reply to Mr. Mason and Douglas. In his peroration he cited, with expressions of warm approbation, the following passage from the Inaugural Address of President Pierce: "I intend that my administration shall leave no blot upon our fair record, and trust I may safely give the assurance that no act within the legitimate scope of my constitutional authority will be tolerated on the part of any portion of our citizens, which cannot challenge a ready justification before the tribunal of the civilized world." Mr. Clayton said that he listened to these sentiments on the fourth of March with a thrill of admiration, and that if the President would act up to these sentiments, that he would find among his old opponents some of his warmest friends.

The honorable Senator repelled with indignation the idea that the United States could not be restrained by the faith of treaties; that we must "outgrow" the obligations we have in good faith assumed, and be hurried on by an irresistible influence to transgress the limits that we have imposed on ourselves by solemn stipulations. This called up Mr. Douglas for an "explanation," but we did not perceive that the honorable Senator improved his position on "treaties" by his own interpretation of his language. The Senator from Illinois seems to believe in a "law of growth," which is a higher law than the treaties, which the Constitution makes the "supreme law" of the land.

We think the honorable Senator from Delaware is right in his view of the Inaural Address of President Pierce. He stands nearer to the President's policy at this moment than the filibusters, who wanted to give him a *carte blanche* on the treasury for as many millions as he might require to plunge the country into a war in the next thirty days. They had the whole thing cut and dried. Mr. Soule was to find the sentiment, and Admiral Saunders was to furnish the sinews and steamships. We were to overgrow Mexico forthwith and take Cuba immediately—if not sooner. This was the beatific vision of the Democratic Review and Mr. Corry, and they talked as familiarly in this connexion of "Frankl Pierce" as if they had discussed the whole matter with him over a pipe and a pint of wine, and had nothing to do but take possession through "Frank" of the reins of Government.

The Inaugural Address scattered not a few of these visions; and we agree with Mr. Clayton, that if President Pierce carries out the views he has there promulgated—and they are all practicable—he will not only disarm opposition, but will find among his old opponents some of his warmest friends.—*Washington Republic.*

OFFICE-HUNTING IN WASHINGTON.—It is really gratifying to a patriot to know that Washington is over-run with office-hunters. We say it is gratifying to know this, because office-hunting is one of those maladies which can only be cured by an excess that creates a revulsion and disgusts until it sickens.

Some of the Cabinet ministers have already declared their intention to keep their bureaus free from the oozing of this muddy tide. President PIERCE has borred out the multitudes, and turned them over to the tavern keepers for their weekly bills. Yet, the hotel lists keep up to a high figure, while every railway train brings relays to replace the expectants who are exhausted in purse or spirit. A four years fast is not easily gorged. Old fogies and young Americans,—old *employees* and folks who have never been employed;—hunkers, barnburners, softs, hards, empire clubbists, doughfaces, and especially, every man who was "the *first* to nominate General Pierce"—are all either present bodily or by proxy in Washington. Such an abiding body of official appetite was never before congregated in the capitol. The diplomatic corps is the main point of attack; and in the appointments for this *elite* batallion we shall see the development of the Government's policy in regard to foreign nations. Is it to be conservative or aggressive? With Gov. MARCY at the head of the State Department we dare not encourge "interference for the sake of non-interference;" yet, with Col. DAVIS at the head of the War Office, we have quite as much difficulty in fostering the hopes of the quietists.

Our main reliance, we candidly avow, is in the temper and good sense of Mr. PIERCE himself, whose course hitherto, we think, may fairly be regarded as indicating his resolution to be President of this Union, no matter who compose his Cabinet. It has been supposed that the age, national services, political experience, and well known *will* of Gov. MARCY, would give him an undue preponderance in the Cabinet, and that he would be something more than a Mentor to our Presidential Telemachus. But this wants confirmation. We shall wait until he encounters Calypso before we decide.—*Baltimore American.*

THE NEW YORK ALDERMEN CASE.—In the New York Superior Court, on Saturday, in the case of the Aldermen and Assistants, for their contempt of court in violating the injunction in the case of the Broadway Railway, Judge Duer, after reading a long opinion in the case, said the Court came to the conclusion to pass the following sentence on the defendants: Alderman Sturtevant to be imprisoned in the City Prison fifteen days, and to pay a fine of $250, and also to pay his share of the relator's expenses, amounting to 102; and each of the other Aldermen, except Alderman Smith, who had made a sufficient apology, to pay a fine of $250, in addition to $102 for the relator's expenses. Alderman Smith, who made an apology, and Alderman Dogherty, who voted against the offensive resolution, and each of the Assistant Aldermen were sentenced to pay a fine of $100 each, in addition to their share of the relator's expenses. From this decision the defendants appealed to the same Judges in general term, and they confirmed the decision they had just given. Notice was then given of an appeal to the Court of Appeals, and the defendants entered into bonds to abide by its decision.

A GOOD STORY.—A capital story is told of Judge Tappan, Senator in Congress, who is unfortunately cross-eyed. A number of years ago he was judge of a newly-organised county court, in the state of Ohio. In those days of primitive simplicity, or perhaps poverty, the bar-room of a tavern was used as a court room, and the stable as a jail. One day, during the session of the court, the judge had occasion to severely reprimand two lawyers who were wrangling. An old-looking customer, who sat in one corner, listening apparently with great satisfaction to the reproof, and presuming on old acquaintance, and the judge's well-known good humor, sung out:

"Give it to them, old gimlet eyes!"

"Who was that?" inquired the judge.

"It was this ere old hoss," answered the chap, raising himself up.

"Sheriff," observed the judge with great gravity, "take that old hoss and put him in the stable."

A CALIFORNIA DIAMOND.—It is stated that a diamond in the rough, as large as a pigeon's egg, has been discovered in Tuolumne county, California, which is to be exhibited in Stockton and San Francisco, and then brought to N. York. A correspondent of the San Francisco Herald says it has been carefully and scientifically tested by Dr. F. Banks, a graduate of the Medical University of Louisiana, who pronounces it, beyond all doubt, to be a diamond of very rare purity. It is said to be "larger than the crown diamond of England, which is valued at ten millions of dollars." This is rather too tough a story to believe without further evidence of its truth."

THE RIGHT TO HISS.—An officer put a man out of a theatre in New Orleans for stamping his feet and hissing. He received a blow while removing the offender, and prosecuted him for the assault. The court decided that hissing and stamping was allowable in the theatres, and a part of a privilege for which the fee of admission was paid.

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