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The New Orleans Bee.

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THE DAILY BEE.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 19.

THE NORTHERN MAIL failed yesterday from beyond Charleston.

THE MONEY PANIC.

We have more than once alluded to the financial distress prevailing in New York, and to a less extent throughout the Northern and Western States, and have ascribed it partly to overtrading, partly to an uncurbed spirit of extravagance, and partly to a mania for speculative operations in stocks. The latter is probably the most fruitful of the several causes which have finally brought about an explosion. The New York *Herald*, which has original, and sometimes plausible views on most subjects, traces the evil to that extensive party of stock-jobbers and speculators, whose chief managers are the spoils and plunder Seward oligarchy at Albany. Rather a sweeping theory, the reader will no doubt think, but our New York contemporary has reasons thick as blackberries for his opinions, and, unlike FALSTAFF, is willing to give them. The upshot of his argument is that Seward, Weed, and the other leaders of the anti-slavery organization have been the most inveterate and rapacious spoils and plunder-mongers of any political party of any country in the world—which may be very true, but does not seem to us to be backed by any evidence, save the following:

But in nothing else half so much as in the matter of "bleeding Kansas" have our Seward agitators so disastrously practiced their tricks of deception and hypocrisy. They have raised "a hue and cry" over "bleeding Kansas," which has given such an impetus to Northern emigration Westward as to give rise to a more demoralizing epidemic of Western land and railroad speculation, from Washington to St. Paul, from Boston to Leavenworth, than was ever dreamed of by the most sanguine and surly of the bears on Wall street. The consequences are partially before us in the collapse of a rotten bank in one place, a rotten railroad company in another; in the failure of a life and trust company to the extent of a million or two in Cincinnati, and in the killed and wounded of the issue decks of New York, Buffalo and other localities East and West.

There is something in this. But we are inclined to think that California gold, the expansion given to commerce by its unfailing and regular supply, the appearances of a high state of prosperity, the stimulus thus furnished to the reckless spirit of adventure and the gradual loosening of those prudent and honorable restraints which, in ordinary times, prevent merchants from engaging in the doubtful chances of the stock market, will more adequately and satisfactorily explain the recent monetary crisis in New York than the *Herald's* curious notion of the omnipotent agency of Sewardism. We believe Black Republicanism as vile a fungus as any ever generated in the hot-bed of Northern politics, but we are hardly prepared to admit that, in addition to the recognized calamities it has caused, it wields the power of breaking banks, blowing up trust companies, and compelling hundreds of merchants to fail. The *Herald* is just now a fervent supporter of Mr. BUCHANAN, just as it was last year of Mr. FILLMORE; and we know that in pursuing a purpose it is not apt to be deterred by any lack of logic, or extravagance of ideas.

In one respect, however, we cheerfully acknowledge the entire accuracy of the *Herald*. That journal adverts to the solid prosperity and financial regularity and solvency prevailing throughout the South. They are indeed in strong and pleasant contrast with the raging panic—the failures, distrust and distress—at the North. Scarcely has a wave of the torrent, which has borne down so many powerful Northern houses, been felt in our latitude. A few firms extensively connected in business relations with parties at the North who had gone by the board, have been compelled to suspend. A few others are tottering in consequence of want of immediate accommodation. The money market has been rendered tight; the banks are adopting a course dictated by the suggestions of a wise and prudent forecast. Temporary inconvenience must be expected; but wide-spread or general calamity is out of the question. The South has not been drawn into the vortex of speculation; our merchants have very generally pursued their business through the legitimate channels of trade, and have refrained from that eager and restless yearning for hazardous operations in stocks which has entailed disaster on the North. Hence we are comparatively safe.

No where—not even in the North—do we anticipate anything approaching universal bankruptcy, for the single reason that there is nothing to produce it. The productive resources of the country are enormous; the amount of the precious metals five-fold what it was during the crisis of 1837; the condition of a large majority of the banking institutions perfectly sound and satisfactory. But there will be stringency in the money market for many a week, and probably the serious embarrassment, if not suspension of nearly every firm that has incautiously been seduced by the fascinations of the stock exchange. The lesson has been sorely needed, and, we trust, will prove a useful warning for the future.

HON. JESSE D. BURDIT, of Indiana, in a recent speech, declared that MR. BUCHANAN had tendered him the appointment of Secretary of State. MR. BURDIT remarked that the proposition was modified why he did not become the Cabinet seat for some other citizen of Indiana, after declining it himself. He did recommend four or five of our citizens, and urged them separately with all his might, but MR. BUCHANAN's programme was so marked out that, if he (BURDIT) did not take the appointment, it was then to be offered to Michigan. It was accordingly so offered and accepted.

TALL TALKING.—The *Constitutionalist*, a paper published at Clinton, speaking of the nomination of Mr. SIGUR, delivers itself of the following power specimen of grandiloquence:

"Already we discern in the progress of this movement sectionalism, the evil genius of America, rising up to bring from the chaos of politics, with her matted locks streaming in gory masses from her skinny brow, brandishing in one hand the flaming torch of civil dissension, and in the other the clanking chains of slavery; at her approach, fields and cities, manufactories and fleets light up with their commingled dance the solemn and awful gloom that surrounds us; at her hide-ous yells, brothers, fathers and sons, friends, citizens and relations join in slaughterous combat, and fill heaven and earth with discordant shrieks of anger, and dying groans, until the noble pall of tyranny stretches its folds over the disgraced conflict, and ruin, death and dark despair sit shrouded on the mutilated bosom of crushed, bleeding and vanquished liberty."

Mr. POPPE, of the Eatonswill *Gazette*, never achieved any thing to compare with the foregoing.

LOUISIANA OIL MANUFACTORY.—It will be seen by the announcement in our columns that JOHN GALPIN & CO., No. 60 Poydras street, are the sole manufacturers in Louisiana of "MASON's extra sperm oil"—a variety that is particularly adapted for sugar plantations, railroads, steamships and steamboats. It possesses the valuable property of resisting acid, and does not congeal under ordinary wintry weather. MESSRS. GALPIN & CO. are likewise dealers in whale, lard, cotton-seed, tanners, linseed, and other oils. See advertisement.

TELEGRAM.—We noticed some time ago the proposition of the word "telegram" for "telegraphic dispatch," or "dispatch by telegraph." There is little doubt but that something of this kind is needed. The phrases which are now required to be so constantly used so frequently used, are long and clumsy and awkward: and we have no doubt that the proper word would be taken up at once, and adopted by the press and brought into general use. The word "telegram," however, does not strike us as all that is desirable. Its etymology is well enough—much better than its prosody. There is an unpleasant sound left at the end of it. We notice, however, that the *Boston Traveller* is disposed to give it a trial; for in the last issue received of that paper we read: "A Telegram from Worcester to Boston, Tuesday, September 8, by the Insurance Commissioner to a Governor," &c. What do our brethren of the press think of it? Or can any one suggest any better word?—*Charleston Courier.*

SUICIDE.—A Mrs. Cook committed suicide one day last week in Girard, Ga.' She had been deserted by her husband two years since, and it is supposed that the destitute condition of her family induced her to take this desperate method of ending her troubles.

SEATED, ROCKED, CARRIAGES, BONNETS, &c.—ON SATURDAY, THIS DAY, at 12 o'clock, at the Levee Exchange, 100 seated bonnets on three rooms, near Dauphine; also on Hospital, near Chartres street; four lots of ground, situated as follows, near the Terry bayou, in the Second District; and a few crocks, washers, tressers, and other servants for sale. Also, at one o'clock precisely, opposite the 4th office, a few fine, servicable horses, for a pair of fine and fast ones harness, mares, leading horses by the day. The whole worthy the attention of buyers, and without any limit, it being for account of exporters.

We are requested to call the attention of grocers and others to the auction sale of very desirable property, advertised by THOS. BAY, at 10½, o'clock, at the store of D. E. Murphy, auctioneer.

TEXAS.

By the arrival of the Opelousas we have received Texas papers to the 26th inst. They contain scarcely a syllable of news. We find the following in our exchanges:

THE WEATHER.—During the past week not a day has passed without rain more or less and in fact we do not recollect for many years of seeing such a quantity of water fall in the same space of time. Our cisterns are full to overflowing, and the drains in the back portion of the city present one broad sheet of water.

This excess of rain does no particular harm that we are aware of, and, for aught we know, may be all for the best, though some of us short-sighted mortals fancy we would do quite as well with less of it, and some even may presume to think they could make a better distribution of it through the several months of the year than we have had this season.

Yesterday it poured in torrents nearly all day.—*Galveston News.*

KILLED AT CORPUS CHRISTI.—A very worthy and highly respected German named Alexius Buttermuth was killed in Corpus, on the 31th inst., by the accidental falling of a house. He leaves a wife and four children.

SERIOUS DIFFICULTY IN LIVE OAK COUNTY.—We learn by the *News Valley*, of the 5th inst., that a serious difficulty occurred at Bassetts recently, between a Mr. Bennett and a Mr. McCluky; the latter was dangerously wounded by a knife in the hands of Bennett. Apprehensions, at last dates, were that the Vigilance Committee would take the case in hand.

New York Stock-Jobbing.

The last number of Harper's Weekly contains an interesting account of the *modus operandi* of buying and selling stock, through the medium of the Stock Board. This body consists of about a hundred and fifty members, who are elected by ballot, and pay each $500 entrance fee. The following extracts from the article in Harper will give a correct idea of the operations of the Board:

The normal business of the Board is to effect the sales and purchases of stocks required by the outside public. When Brown, having saved $1000, wants to buy Virginia sixes to that amount, he directs his broker to effect the purchase at the Board; so when Smith, having lost money and wishing to do business, bethinks himself of turning his Erie into money, he instructs his broker with the operation. This is the legitimate sphere of the Stock Board.

In these times it is a very subordinate sphere. Ninety-nine hundredths of the business of the Board have nothing whatever to do with the investigating of savings, or the conversion of stock property into cash. The immense majority of the operations of the New York Stock Exchange are gambling devices. For instance:

Smith believes that Erie Railroad stock is selling uncommonly cheap. He reasons the matter out with himself, and makes his mind up that within a few days or weeks Erie stock will be five or ten per cent. higher. He resolves to speculate for the rise—to gamble, in fact. He has, say $1000 in cash. Supposing Erie to be selling at $25 the share, this would enable him to buy and lay away 200 shares of stock. But this is not enough. He wants to make a larger operation. He goes to a broker and asks how much "margin" he will require to buy Erie for his account. Broker, according to his views of the tendency of the market, asks a deposit of ten or five per share. The latter would enable Smith to buy 1000 shares; the former 500. Agreeing on the latter point, then, Smith deposits $5 money, and broker buys 500 or 1000 shares for his account, "buyer thirty," or buyer sixty." The meaning of these abstruse terms is that during the thirty or sixty days following the date of the contract Smith may at any time demand of the seller the shares purchased at the price agreed upon, the day of delivery being at his option till the end of the contract. It, therefore, within ten days, let us say after the contract, Erie goes up ten per cent., Smith, if he be a sensible man, will demand his stock of the seller, and without even seeing the shares, will make the $10 on each. But if the other hand, the stock goes down, and happens to stay down till the end of the contract, as obstinate stocks have been known to do, Smith must, at the expiration of his thirty or sixty days, take the stock of his seller, and pay the price agreed upon, though it be much higher than the market price at the time.

Another form of gambling: Jones believes that we are on the eve of a crisis, a crisis of pressure and ruin. Of course he will be sold out by the brokers, and, having accessory to the books, knows that it is insolvent In both these cases Jones instructs his broker to sell for his account so many shares of the New Genesee Railway, "seller sixty," or seller thirty." The effect of doing the regular sale of the stock on any day he pleases, prior to the conclusion of the contract. Of course Jones expects to sell the shares at a time when he can buy it at a reduced price at the time he delivers. Now, if Jones has been right in his prognostications of the panic and crisis, down comes, or at the longer credit, the stock will not recover, why then the stock must go up, and at the end of the contract Jones might be forced to buy for, say $50, that which he sold at $40—netting a loss of $5 per share.

It is in operating in these two ways that the Board of Brokers is mostly occupied. Some of the members, it is said, confine themselves almost exclusively to commission business, speculate altogether on their own account. But the vast majority of the business affords lucrative employment for many among the number.

Nor is this wholly unfamiliar with Wall street has any idea of the extent of stock speculation. It has been said that there are not ten merchants in New York who do not dabble in stocks, certainly there are few exempt from the temptation. Merchants, lawyers, men of property, editors, editors, clerks, and even clergymen have their fallies, are constant customers of the Brokers, and probably a million or $2,000,000 are paid in the course of the year by the public at large in the shape of commissions. One fact is well known—it is known to the honest and astute speculators themselves—that $50,000 is founded a year.

It is well known to the Weekly, that no one should make money out of the practice, for certainly the speculators do not. One of the oldest members of the Board declared positively the other day that, in an experience of nearly thirty years, he did not remember one single stock speculator who had made a fortune as a result of it. The vast majority of outsiders—the victims like the green venders of the Bowery—are annually "cleaned out" within a few weeks after their first essay. A few are swimmers in the fearful abyss—are a happy few, and make a few thousand.

A BANKRUPT OPERATION.—The Philadelphia *Ledger* exposes a glaring attempt to make the present financial excitement the means of a "blackmail" operation.

probation the same attempt has been made upon other banks. The matter should be thoroughly exposed.

BY MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

[Published this morning by the New Orleans Bee.]

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE

Loss of the Steamship Central America.

ARRIVAL OF FIVE SURVIVORS AT SAVANNAH.

OVER FIVE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

The Vessel Went Down and Drowned Others Deserted the Ship.

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN SAVED.

NAMES OF SOME OF THE SAVED.

LOSS OF THE CALIFORNIA MAILS.

LOSS OF $1,500,000 IN GOLD.

Forty-nine Rescued on the Bark Ellen.

SAVANNAH, September 18.—We are indebted to Henry H. Noble, of the firm of Childs & Dougherty, of New York, one of the five survivors from the *Central America*, who arrived here this morning on the bark *Nazon*, for the following highly interesting and fearful event:

MR. CHILDS'S NARRATIVE.

We left Havana on the morning of Tuesday, September the 8th. We had experienced delightful weather and a calm sea from Aspinwall to Havana.

During the afternoon of the day we sailed from Havana, the sea got to be a fresh breeze sprung up, continuing all night.

On Wednesday morning it blew very strong. The gale continued throughout Wednesday, and at night had increased to a hurricane.

The sea rose very high at this time, continuing through Thursday.

On Friday the storm still raged with unabated fury, and at 11 o'clock in the morning the steamer commenced to make the passengers that the steamer had sprung a leak, and was making water fast.

A line was hove, and the men went to work with a will in bailing the water from her engine rooms.

The fires were already out, the water having come in sufficiently to extinguish them.

We gained on the water so much, however, as to be soon able to get up steam again—and unfortunately for our subsequent fate, a few minutes, when the engine again stopped working, and this time, forever.

Nothing was unfamiliar with Wall street has any idea of the extent of stock speculation. It has been said that there are not ten merchants in New York who do not dabble in stocks, certainly there are few exempt from the temptation. Merchants, lawyers, men of property, editors, editors, clerks, and even clergymen have their fallies, are constant customers of the Brokers, and probably a million or $2,000,000 are paid in the course of the year by the public at large in the shape of commissions. One fact is well known—it is known to the honest and astute speculators themselves—that $50,000 is founded a year.

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The bulging was stopped in all parts of the ship, and kept up until she finally went down.

During Friday night the water gained gradually, but we were all in good spirits, and worked to the best of our abilities, hoping that when morning came, we might possibly be enabled to speak some vessel, and be saved from the fate that was staring us in the face.

The fatal Saturday came at last, but instead of succor, brought nothing but increased fury on the part of the storm.

We still worked on with bailing hearts until about two o'clock in the afternoon (of Saturday the 12th) when the storm lulled a little, and the clouds began to break away.

Hope was once more in our breasts, and we all worked like giants until four o'clock in the afternoon, when, to our great joy, we espied a sail.

Our flag was at half-mast, and we fired our guns to attract the attention of the vessel in sight.

The welcome arrival, which proved to be the brig *Marine*, of Boston, bore down upon us, and as we watched her nearing us, we considered safety certain.

The brig came near enough to speak us, and having learned our condition layed by at about a mile distant.

We had only three boats saved now, and in these we placed all the women and children, and had the satisfaction to see that they were safely put on board the brig.

So far so good—but evening was fast approaching.

At this time we discovered another sail, which responded to our call and came near us.

Captain Herndon explained our condition and asked them to send us a boat, as we had none left, ours having all gone to the *Marine* with our women and children.

She promised to comply with our captain's request, but that was the last we saw of her, which was the last instance, which grew greater every moment.

At 7 o'clock in the evening we saw no possibility of keeping her afloat much longer, although we kept at the pumps all night and morning, we would all be saved soon after it became light.

About this time a heavy sea, for the first time, broke over her upper deck, and all our hopes faded away.

Life preservers were immediately supplied to all, and we sent up two rockets.

Very soon a tremendous sea swept over us, and the steamer went down in a moment.

I think that there were at that moment some four hundred or some four hundred and fifty souls launched upon the ocean and placed at the mercy of its waves.

The storm had by this time entirely subsided.

We all kept as near together as possible, and went with the waves.

There was nothing, or at least very little said, except that each one cheered his fellow-comrades on, and such our courage was thus kept up for two or three hours.

During this time I think none had drowned but those who were unable to swim from exhaustion, but now one by one our party gradually passed into eternity.

By night the boats would be sent to our rescue by the two vessels we had spoken, and which had kept us up, soon fled from us, and our thrust was alone in Providence. What better trust could we ask, with eternity looking us in the eyes!

I saw my comrades fast sinking, and at 1 o'clock that night I was nearly alone upon the wide ocean, some two hundred miles from land.

I, however, heard shouts from all that were still strong enough to make themselves heard, and who were near enough to me, but I could not see any one.

About two o'clock I saw a vessel which I judged to be about one mile from me.

Taking fresh courage I struck out for the vessel, and reached it just as I was nearly exhausted, and was drawn on board by ropes.

The vessel proved to be a Norwegian bark from Belize, Honduras, bound for Falmouth, England.

I found on board of her three of my comrades, and through the exertions of the captain and crew we had at half-past nine o'clock next morning, saved in all forty-nine noble fellows. These are all I know of having been saved.

We remained near the scene of the fearful calamity until we supposed that all who could be alive had been rescued, and then set sail.

We found the bark was short of provisions, and crew were living on gruel.

We, however, were furnished with tea and coffee to refresh and strengthen us.

At noon on Sunday we spoke the American bark Nazon, bound for Savannah, which supplied us with provisions and took five of us on board, viz:

B. H. Ridley, of Maine.
Jabez Howes, of San Francisco.
Samuel W. Look, of Maine.
Adolph Frederick, of San Francisco.
Henry S. Childs, of New York.

The Norwegian bark then put sail for Cape Hatteras, with the balance of the forty-nine.

Unfortunately I am unable to give many of their names, but I subjoin the following:

Thomas Badger, of Baltimore.
Mr. Prentice, second officer of the *Central America.*

PORTSMOUTH.

When were three men, passengers, who got on board the boats that saved the women and children, and are, I suppose, on the Marine. There name are—

Mr. Pride, of Long Island.
Thos. Payne, of Stamford, Conn.
——— Jones.

NOTE.—We are greatly indebted to J. H. Mingle, of the New Orleans office, Messrs. Howe and Lenhart, of the Mobile office, and other operators of the Washington and New Orleans (Southern) Telegraph Line, for the patience and perseverance displayed in transmitting and receiving the above report without a single error, while a heavy storm was passing along and almost entirely interrupting the working of the line.—REP.

FAILURES.

BOSTON, September 18.—Charles H. Mills & Co., dry goods wholesalers, have suspended. Their liabilities are large.

C. D. Brigham & Co., commission and flour merchants, have failed.

GEN. WALKER'S LETTER.

NEW YORK, September 18.—The *Herald* publishes this morning, from the New Orleans *True Delta*, Gen. Walker's letter defending his decree introducing slavery into Nicaragua.

MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, September 18.—Flour $4 50 to $4 75. Wheat 90c. to $1. Oats 35c. Barley 90 to 95c. Whisky 19c.

STEAMBOATS PASSING.

VICKSBURG, September 18.—The St. Nicholas and Choctaw passed down at 4 this morning.

VICKSBURG, September 18.—The Fairchild passed down at 11 this morning. The Franklin and Princess at one, and the Henry Chotteau at two this evening.

NATIONAL LINE INTERRUPTED.

NEW ORLEANS, September 18, 9 P. M.—The National Line is interrupted East of Louisville, and we are unable to get our regular report for the Associated Press.

ASTONISHING CANDOR.—The Madison (Wis.) *Patriot*, a zealous Democratic picture, thus daguerreotypes its own party:

Why is our party to-day on its knees before the world? It requires no soothsayer or sorcerer to answer that question. The party has played with edged tools, and sailed on lofty principles, that—and has got out; it has flirted with political cyprians and got jilted; it has slept with the fairest, and awakened and knaves, and has caught the barber's itch. It has breathed the pestilential miasma fuming from the lairs of old, rotten, unprincipled, discarded, and worn-out, shattered, broken-down, cast-off, leprous pukes, cancerous thieves, superannuated pickpockets, treasury-plunderers, refuse office-seeking, whisky-soaked, double distilled buffoons and penitentiary scallywags, who have preyed and gorged upon the party and the people until the substance of each is almost exhausted, and they look as lean, lank, thin, savage, and cadaverous as starved hyenas confined in the bleak dens of Greenland and Siberia, or through a thousand eternities of snow, sleet, hail, rain, thunder, lightning, tempests, and pestilential simoons.

Such is the fetid malady that has overtaken the Democratic party in Wisconsin. It has been laid on thick and fast, with double-constructed, blistering, scarifying and rubefacient ink, until the party resembles more the ghost of a spring cock-head, deceased, and done for, with the scalding, or bone—than any thing having life, longevity, elasticity, vigor, vitality, or wide-awake component parts.

TERRIFIC GALE.

The steamship Columbus, Capt. Berry, which arrived at this port yesterday forenoon, reports that, at 10 o'clock on Friday morning last, after passing Cape Lookout, she encountered a terrific gale from N. E. to E. N. E., the sea making from the Southeast. At 10 P. M. the wind suddenly shifted to E. N. E., and blew in force, increasing until 1 A. M. on Saturday morning, when it died away, but leaving a tremendous sea on. Through the gale the *Columbus* lost her starboard paddle-box and a portion of her deck freight, among which was a remarkably fine pair of horses, consigned to Mr. Hubbard, of this city. Shortly after the temporary lull in the gale, the wind again shifted, and came out from the Northwest with the most terrific fury, greatly increasing the turbulence of the sea. The officers of the *Columbus* report it as the most trying storm they have ever encountered. She seemed to be in the very centre of this furious conflict of winds, she passed through the trial nobly, and has given ample proof of the strength of her construction, and of the admirable seamanship of her veteran commander.—*Charleston Mercury, 14th.*

AMERICAN GOLD.

The value of the gold exported from the United States, to Europe, Asia and her colonial possessions, from the commencement of the gold discovery to the end of the year 1855, was, according to the official tables, upwards of $208,000,000. The quantity received since the beginning of 1856 will make up the sum to nearly $300,000,000. The following table, recently issued by official returns, shows the quantity shipped from the Australian ports up to the 1st of January, 1857. The first shipment was made in 1851:

Year.	Value.
1851	$ 4,753,500
1852	18,679,520
1853	57,279,500
1854	68,153,756
1855	47,990,150

The celebrated Coroner Connery is again affording fun for the million. It seems that his gastronomic powers charged the jury upon the Burdell inquest was not written in full, but by a man named Harrison, who did it up to the Coroner's satisfaction, at the short notice of ten minutes after the jury had agreed upon a verdict. Harrison was to have his own price for his labor, but the Coroner seems to have changed his views as to the value of his work since the inquest, by paying the author $300 as he demanded, the Coroner handed him over a $10 bill and refused to have anything more to do with him. The consequence was a suit, but for some reason the claimant in the case did not appear, and the matter was probably compromised. There never was such a terrible tragedy out of which grew so many farces as that of the Burdell murder. It seems as if they would never end.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD LOAFER.—An American whose I met in a Swiss mountain walk, some five years since, claimed the word, and gave this derivation: An old Dutchman settled at New York, and acquired a considerable fortune. He had an only daughter, and a young American fell in love with her or her dollars, or both. The old father forbade him his house, but the daughter encouraged him. Whenever the old merchant saw the lover about the premises, he used to exclaim to his daughter—"There is that 'dofer' of yours: the idle, good-for-nothing," &c.; and so an idle man, hanging about, came to be called a "dofer."—*Notes and Queries.*

The venerable Rembrandt Peale, of Philadelphia, now in his eighteenth year, is sojourning near Boston. This distinguished artist is the only painter now living to whom Washington sat for his portrait. Mr. Peale's first visit to Europe was made in 1809, when he painted Thorwaldsen.

City Intelligence.

RECORDER SETH'S COURT.—Charles Biglione, as principal, and his wife, as surety, on a mortgage executed on the charge of having, on the morning of the 29th inst., sold to the private company passed by them as a restaurant on St. Charles street.

James Finn was a light shining from Biglione's bar-room about 2 o'clock on the morning in question. There was another fire, at the same time, on the corner of Magazine and Lafayette streets, and most of the engines were there. Finn was a cabman to the door of the coffee-house and tried to open it, but could not. Went to the next door and got in. Found a blue flame, as of liquor spreading over the floor of the bar room. Went to Engine House No. 13 and got two extra engines. Did not see the accused at first, but saw him when the house was nearly burned down. Heard a woman scream up stairs, and ran and got up, but was prevented by the flames. Several persons escaped from the upper windows. Saw no one else in the house. Bigliou was one of them. I believe that Mrs. Bigliou was taken from one of the upper windows.

Mr. Fassett, a watchman, got to the door just as it was opened. Saw a pile of rubbish on fire in the back part of the bar-room. Did not notice that the flame was blue, or perceive any sign of burning liquor. Saw nothing of value about the bar-room. Did not see the accused when he left.

Charles Pascal was in the employ of Biglione, and was sleeping in the fourth story. The night of the fire, or the night before, was awakened by some one, which, overheard Mrs. Bigliou tell her husband that he should not live to see the house at once, in order to get rid of the insurance. Mrs. Bigliou was accustomed to sleep in bed for entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Bigliou were in the habit of quarreling. Mrs. Bigliou was of high temper and considerable spirit. Mr. Bigliou was taken from one of the upper windows.

Mr. Fassett, watchman, got to the door just as it was opened. Saw a pile of rubbish on fire in the back part of the bar-room. Did not notice that the flame was blue, or perceive any sign of burning liquor. Saw nothing of value about the bar-room. Did not see the accused when he left.

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