LIVER COMPLAINT.

☞ The only remedy ever offered to the public that has never failed to cure when directions are followed, is M'Lane's Liver Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros. Pittsburgh, Pa. It has been several years before the public, and has been introduced in all sections of the Union. Where it has been used, it has had the most triumphant success, and has actually driven out of use all other medicines. It has been tried under all the different phases of Hepatic, and has been found beneficial in all.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING Bros. of Pittsburgh, Pa. There are other Pills purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. M'Lane's genuine Liver Pills, also his celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable drug stores. None genuine without the signature of

6in-d&w-45 FLEMING BROS.

Weekly British Whig

"Opifer per Orbem Decor."

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1859.

The Militia Ball.

The officers of the 3rd District Militia Force gave a Grand Ball yesterday evening, which proved, as was anticipated, highly successful. The Ball owed its origin to the laudable desire of many of the Militia officers to entertain their fair friends and citizens; the matter was set about with vigor, and the result has been gratifying to all concerned.

The City Hall was selected as the Ball-room, and was most artistically decorated for the occasion. The Council Chamber was used as the gentlemen's hat room, and one of the upper rooms of the City Building served as a dressing room for the ladies.

The decorations of the Ball-room consisted chiefly of flags, banners, and festoons; the colors of the 1st Frontenac, red and white ensigns, and union-jacks, mingled with the stars and stripes of the neighboring republic. The emblems of the United Kingdom were not wanting. Ireland being typified by a beautiful harmine of green, on which was designed a golden Hibernian harp. The Canadian emblem was conspicuous; viz., the beaver, as was also the British lion, depicted as he should be,—rampant. The windows were tastefully draped with damask, and between each window a picture or engraving contributed its effect to the harmonious whole. The work of the decorations has been well done by Lieut. Hunter, of the Cavalry, who was indefatigable in superintending this matter.

In a prospective notice of this Ball, our readers were informed as to who were the Stewards and Committee of Management; there is, therefore, no need of a repetition.

Soon after nine o'clock the guests began to arrive, comparatively few at first, but with the fashionable and later arrivals, swelling the company to a full, yet agreeable number. As will readily be inferred, the military gentlemen were strong in numbers, the 1st Frontenac having many delegates. The City was well represented in the person of its worship the Mayor, and the Mayoress graced the Ball-room with her presence. The Baron and Baroness De Longueuil were present. Alex. Campbell, Esq., M. P. P., was also present. Col. Bourinot, Lieut. Col. Strange, Lieut. Col. Corbett, and other officers represented the Military. The uniforms of the 1st Frontenac—a brilliant scarlet tunic, &c.—were much admired, and added to the gaiety of the scene. Major O'Reilly, and some brother officers of the Rifles, appeared in their sombre but manly uniform, relieved only by the crimson cordon. Capt. Hamilton represented the nautical interest, appearing in the uniform of the R.C.Y. Club. The other guests were comprised of the fashionable and elite of the city and neighborhood. O. S. Gildersleeve, Esq., Master of the Ceremonies, appeared in the uniform of the C.Y. Club.

As for the ladies, it would require the talent of JENKINS, so famous in Punch and the Morning Post, to describe them and their toilettes, the "galaxy of beauty," and the "graceful dancing of the lovely and accomplished Miss So-and-So," and so forth. To do justice to them would be impossible, and it must only remain to say that their dresses were of every hue and color—light blue, dark blue, orange, pink, rose, white, brown, and even black.

The following is a copy of the programme:—

1. Quadrille ..... *Fra Diavolo.*
2. Galop ..... *Czarina.*
3. Polka ..... *Sultana.*
4. Lancers ..... *Lancers.*
5. Waltz ..... *Elle.*
6. Polka Redowa ..... *Lestra.*
7. Schottische ..... *Rosalie.*
8. Quadrille ..... *Il Trovatore.*
9. Galop ..... *1st Frontenac.*
10. Polka ..... *Serious Family.*
11. Waltz ..... *Troja.*
12. Quadrille ..... *Echanerya.*
13. Polka Redowa ..... *Jessica.*
14. Lancers ..... —
15. Galop ..... *Queen's.*
16. Polka ..... *Scotty.*
17. Waltz ..... *Swan.*
18. Quadrille ..... *Fatinit.*
19. Galop ..... *Kingston Amateurs.*
20. Polka Redowa ..... *—ou.*
21. Waltz ..... *Peri.*
22. Quadrille ..... *Don Pasquel.*
23. Galop ..... *Rudersale.*
24. Schottische ..... *Crystal.*
25. Sir Roger De Coverly ..... —

Dancing commenced at about half-past nine o'clock, the opening quadrille being but thinly patronised. Soon, however, the dancers increased in number, and at the third dance—a polka—the entire floor was covered with the devotees of Terpsichore, and up to the last dance of the programme the untiring zeal of the ladies and gentlemen found no cessation.

The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Weton; and, perhaps, the performances might have been executed.

In the full calico-and-lace dance the scene was dazzling and gaudy—a compound whirling mass of expanded crinoline, gauze, scarlet and raven black figures,—such a scene, in fact, as is only to be met with at a Military Ball.

The refreshments and liquors were from the establishment of Mr. L. Moist; any encomium is unnecessary, his reputation as a caterer being sufficiently established.

The Militia Ball, then, was most decidedly a success; and it is pleasurable to note that the occasion was productive of much enjoyment. The dancing ceased at about half-past three o'clock this morning.

Additional Particulars of the Washington Murder.

For months past the social world of Washington, always as quick to resent the details of private scandal as it is tax in its judgments of those by whom such scandal may be caused, has been busy with the names of Mrs. Sickles and of Mr. Key.

During the whole of the last session of Congress the tall figure of Mr. Key was constantly to be seen in President square, opposite Mr. Sickles's Washington residence; and Mrs. Sickles was as constantly in his company at all places of public entertainment. In the interval of the Congressional recess, Mr. Key made a short visit to New York, still without exciting any absolute suspicion of positive impropriety in the mind of Mr. Sickles; although other friends of the unhappy lady, and among them her mother, repeatedly warned her of the fatal precipice on the brink of which she was permitting herself to ride.

But on the reassembling of Congress, and the return of Mrs. Sickles to Washington, Mr. Key's attentions, and the scandal consequent upon them, were revived with greater ardor than before. Mr. Key was a particularly noticeable man in point of personal appearance; tall, well-formed, a much more attractive man than Mr. Sickles, and especially fond of exercise on horseback. He rode a gray horse; and scarce a day has passed since the return of Mrs. Sickles to the capital, on which his tall form, in white riding-cap, well-trimmed Lord Lovat hat, and dressed in the course of the morning on the circuit of President's square, or at the door of Mr. Sickles's house, which stands quite alone on the N. side of the square, and is a very conspicuous building of white stucco.

It was but on Tuesday last, (so swift and fearful a dream does the whole story seem), that on visiting Mrs. Sickles, Tuesday being her day of reception, I found Mr. Key there, his horse waiting for him at the door. The rooms were filled with a pleasant company; the soft Spring sunlight poured in at the open windows, and Mrs. Sickles herself in all her almost girlish beauty, wearing a bouquet of evergreens, the first-fruits of the year, seemed the very incarnation of Spring and youth, and the beautiful promise of life.

In the early part of the week before last Mr. Sickles went on to New York. During his absence the busy spies of society observed that the attendance of Mr. Key at his house was even more unremitting than usual. Mr. Sickles returned to Washington on the morning of the day of the Napier ball, and from that time up to Friday last nothing occurred to make the matter of his wife's relations with Mr. Key more than ordinarily prominent in his mind. So far was he from manifesting anything like inordinate or tyrannical suspicion, that he allowed Mr. Key to escort Mrs. Sickles as usual on Pennsylvania avenue, and I saw them in company with Mr. Henry Wikoff, at the theatre on Wednesday night. On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Sickles entertained a large party at dinner. Over that gay and brilliant company how near and fearful a doom impended!

On the next day (the day before yesterday) Mr. Sickles received from some enemy of mankind an anonymous letter, stating with precision so minute as to make suspicion imperative, that Mr. Key had rented a house on Fifteenth street, above K street, from a negro woman, and that he was in the habit of meeting Mrs. Sickles there two or three times a week, or oftener. The person and dress of Mrs. Sickles were accurately described, and the usual time of the interview specified. Accompanied by a friend, Mr. Sickles went to the house designated and found every statement of its anonymous writer corroborated. Mr. Key had taken the house; and he had constant access. There a lady answering very closely in description to Mrs. Sickles.

Mr. Sickles still acting in the hope that the person who had stooped to the baseness of making such charges under the veil of secrecy, might have thoroughly deceived him, and that Mrs. Sickles was not the lady in question, he accordingly requested his friend, Mr. George Wooldridge, of New York, to watch the place from the window of a house just opposite.

On Saturday, no meeting took place, and the woman in charge seems to have stated that none had occurred since Wednesday.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Sickles, resolved no longer to play the spy upon his honor, determined to confront his wife directly with his terrible suspicions. At first Mrs. Sickles strongly denied her guilt; but on her husband's asking her whether, on the Wednesday previous, she had not entered the house on Fifteenth street, in a certain particular dress, and concealed by a hood, she gasped out, 'I am betrayed and lost!' and wailed away. On recovering her senses, she admitted her guilt, and besought mercy and pardon. Mr. Sickles calmly said he would not injure her, since he believed her the victim of a scoundrel, but that he had a right to a full confession.

Two ladies in the house were sent for as witnesses, and in their presence, Mrs. Sickles made a full confession in writing, stating that her connection with Mr. Key had commenced in April last, under Mr. Sickles' roof, but that Mr. Key had since hired the house in Fifteenth street, in which they had constantly met. Mrs. Sickles' confession was made in the midst of the bitterest contrition and misery. Her husband simply asked her to give him back her wedding-ring, and desired her to write to her mother to come and take her from his house forever. Mrs. Sickles made no objections, admitting the justice of her punishment in the most affecting language. Her mother will arrive to-morrow to remove her from this fearful scene of guilt, remorse, and blood.

Once having quitted the presence of his wife, Mr. Sickles gave way to the most terrible passion, and passed the night in a state bordering on distraction—a feeling which was worked into madness this morning on seeing the cause of his misery, Mr. Key, with gay audacity pass opposite the window of his wife's room and wave his handkerchief.

Asking Mr. Butterworth, who was at his house, to follow Key and engage him in conversation so that he would not get out of sight, he rushed up stairs for his pistols, and quickly following, found Butterworth and Key together, at the corner of 10th street, when the tragedy took place.

On coming up Sickles walked directly to Key, and said, 'You have dishonored my bed and family, you scoundrel—prepare to die!'—at the same time drawing his pistol. Almost simultaneously Key placed his hand inside his vest, and drawing what appeared to be a pistol, but what was really an opera glass, said, 'You had better not shoot!'

Sickles at once fired, Key at the same time throwing his glass at him. This shot only grazed Key, slightly raising the skin of his side, and he immediately leaped behind a tree to avoid another shot. Sickles followed, and Key, catching his arm, and severed to prevent him from firing, but Sickles disengaged himself, and firing again, shot Key in the upper part of the right thigh, close to the main artery.

Falling on his hip and supporting himself with his hand, he cried, 'Murder! don't shoot!' Sickles still following, fired again, with his pistol close to Key, the ball passing through his body below the breast.

In the meantime the report of the pistol and Key's cries started those in the neighborhood. Mr. Thos. Madin, a clerk in the Treasury Department, was happened at the moment to be leaving the Club, rushed back, and called out, 'Key is murdered!' Mr. Doyle, Mr. Upshur and Mr. Tidball, who were in the Club at the time, proceeded hastily to the spot, when they found Sickles standing over the body of Key, with his pistol presented at his head, and when he fired twice to discharge, but which snapped both times—and Mr. Butterworth standing by composedly.

On Mr. Doyle's touching Sickles on the shoulder, the latter at once desisted, and turning around, said:—'Gentlemen, this man has dishonored my bed!' Upon this he took Butterworth's arm, and walking from the spot with the most perfect self-possession, proceeded to Attorney-General Black's, and delivered himself into custody.

On Mr. Sickles' leaving, Messrs. Doyle, Tidball, Upshur and Martin conveyed the body, which still held faint gasps of breathing, to the parlor of the Club-house, when the Assistant Surgeon-General was at once in attendance, but Key was beyond all medical skill. He breathed but twice after being laid upon the floor.

When Martin and Upshur raised Key from the ground, the former inquired if he had anything to say. Key made no reply, and was evidently unconscious.

In a few minutes the news spread over the city, and the street became thronged with visitors to the scene of the terrible event, and groups were everywhere noticed engaged in excited discussion about it.—The Club House was speedily surrounded by an immense crowd, eager to view the body of the ill-fated Key. Many of the leading gentlemen of Washington drove up in their carriages, and in about a quarter of an hour the brother-in-law of the deceased, the Hon. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, arrived.

The parties involved in this sad story all lived within the immediate circle of our daily Washington life; two, at least, of them being also as well known in New York as in the Federal Metropolis. Key was about 42 years of age, tall in stature, six feet six feet, with an easy and fashionable air, but by no means prepossessing in appearance otherwise. His father, Francis S. Key, was the author of the national song, the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' He was a widower with four children. On his mother's side he is nearly related to Chief Justice Taney. Mrs. Sickles is a lady of about 22 years of age, and is reputed to be a beautiful woman. She is a daughter of Philip Barton Key, one of the most eminent lawyers of the city of Washington, and a cousin of the deceased. She married Mr. Sickles when she was very young, and he is now about 40 years of age. He is a native of New York, and has been for many years a member of Congress from that city. He is a man of great ability, and has been a member of the House of Representatives for many years. He is a man of great wealth, and has been a member of the Committee of Ways and Means