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For the National Era.

HERMAN;

OR,

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD.

BY E. FOXTON,

Author of "Premices."

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Herman's cheeks glowed like those of an Indian at the stake, under this infliction; but he bore it like one. Clara pitied him, and came to the rescue.

"Come, Ned," said she, "I want the pocket-book."

"What will you give me for it? Remember, I have scarcely as yet begun my examination of it. We are, as it were, selling and buying an unexplored tract in California. You must pay me a handsome premium on its possibilities."

"A three cent piece? A quarter of a dollar? The eagle?"

"No; I am above mercenary considerations; besides, I've got them already."

"Extortioner! What will you have, then—a tune on the piano?"

"Yes, but I can always get that gratis. Who thinks of paying for the air he breathes? I retort your reproach. Who but an extortioner would think of making me pay for the air I hear? Will you tell me what you two had been discussing before I came in?"

"If you will let Herman have the pocket-book."

"And go on with the discussion, just as if I were not here?"

"If you will not interrupt and make fun of us—if you will let me have the purse."

"There then. Now then."

"Herman was abusing the clerical profession."

"I was abusing, not the members of the profession, but the inconveniences and restrictions of it. Clara was asking me why I did not enter it."

"Clara, I shall be obliged to lock you up. It would never do, in the world, for a fellow of his temperament!"

"And I was telling her that I did not incline to do so, and why, not inclining, I did not see that I ought. I don't know whereabout we were, exactly, when we left off; but I'll begin again here, at any rate. A good example, or I am much mistaken, often loses half its effect by being set by a person whose setting it is taken as quite a matter of course, and all in the way of his business. There seems to have been a convenient division of labor between many congregations and their pastors, like that between many wives and their husbands. 'Be good for us,' virtually but not virtuously, says the congregation, 'and we'll be rich for you.' Thus, the good example and precepts of their clergymen are too apt to look like parts of financial transactions to the very men whose minds most need to be turned, by his precepts and example, from their too exclusive devotion to financial transactions. They think he is good for so much a year, just as they are for so much a year. You will ask me, I dare say, now, what reason I have to take it for granted that I am going to set a good example at all, in order to sell."

"No, I shan't," said Edward. "All precedent confirms the depressing idea. But I must ask you how you can answer it to your conscience, that you persist in setting the example to a person of no pecuniary importance as myself. Have you no fear of increasing my *culpabilities* by my opportunities?"

"Not I. That's your affair. I can trust you to take care of yourself. I suspect your moral sin is, pretending to be what you are not. Less kind of hypocrisy, by the way, Mr. Ned, than the common kind. That is said, you know, to be 'the homage which vice pays to virtue;' but yours is the homage which virtue pays to vice. However, I have no fear of your being in that way at least. I don't take it for granted at all, that I am going to set a good example, but if I am not, I have no right to go into the pulpit. If I am, I know that I need not go into the pulpit. I believe that I could be good, I don't say everybody, but *I*—can do more good out of it than in it. The *stampede* of conscientious men, as a matter of course, into it, is attended, I believe, with the greatest disadvantage, among others. If all conscientious men, who to be expected to go into the pulpit, the converse of the proposition is practically taken for granted; namely, men who don't go into the pulpit are not to be supposed to be conscientious. God makes the priest, as much as He makes the poet. If the priesthood—no, I doubt whether that word belongs to the new covenant, it is obsolete—if the *ministry* is a man's vocation, let him take it, by all means, for it is the highest; but, if I know myself, it is not mine. The church wants such God-anointed leaders, God knows, to fill her highest places, in these half-destical, half-superstitious days; but we cannot all fill the highest places, and she wants Christian laymen, too, ready to carry out fearlessly and freely into practice, what her Christian preachers preach, and to shove stairs," and walked off to the last number of the 'Newcomes" and a cigar. He had not been gone long, but only once. That was a joke, which Mr. Flint in his turn did not appreciate—for tobacco made him sick; and it was a joke him off—nor did Clara. It was of no use for Edward to endeavor to explain it, he as humbly as learnedly, that he perpetrated it only in conformity to the custom of the polished ancients, who turned perfume before their guests, when it was time for them to depart. She was within an inch of being angry with him, nearer than she had been since the days when they had been contending rivals in the nursery for the attentions of "Nursey," and she followed him with a grave countenance,

"Severe in youthful beauty,"

by a little speech to the effect that it was the only ungentlemanlike thing she had ever known him do in his life. Dr. Arden was speedily brought to repentance, and never relapsed.

"Charity's a good thing in its time an place, Herman," continued the voice of the charmer, "but you're young yet, an I can tell ye it had ought to begin to home, an be kep there, too, a consider'ble spell, afore it's let out. You come down to my store next day after you get out of sick, which we hope will be no time, an I'll put ye in the way of doin a little good. That's a fair offer, ain't it, Clary? I've got a stool an desk all ready for ye; an I an Steel want a young gent like you, than can read an write an cipher, to wait on the dam ingrates, pretty bad jest now. You look out for number one, in the fust place, get rich an live all respectable an comf'table. Hold on to your money while ye want it, and as long as ye can. When you're done with it, I'll do jest as much good as ever to other people. Jest you make a will, an leave a lot on it, you know, to the missionaries, or some divinity school or benevolent institution, to pay the insurance on your soul, you know. That's the way I do business. That's my notion of charity."

"But suppose, Mr. Flint, you should fail?"

"Good gracious, sir," exclaimed Mr. Flint, starting to his feet, "what do you mean?"

"Why, not succeed in your business—not become rich."

"Good gracious, sir; I'll trouble you to be more guarded in your expressions. I'm not generally nervous, but really! The credit of a business man—an the National Era! I hope your help isn't in the pantry. I hope nobody heard."

"No, no. There's nobody there."

"If it isn't disagreeable, I'll shut the door."

"I'll shut it myself. I beg your pardon for using so unlinchy an expression."

"It was a very equivocal expression, Herman, I beg leave to observe. Anything that suggests the idea of insolvency! might bring a run upon me directly! You'll be more prudent, though, in my office?"

"If I possibly can," said Herman, a little maliciously, "if I decide on accepting your kind offer. But suppose you should not succeed in your plans—not become rich at all, or earn a good deal of money, and lose it before you died, without becoming bankrupt?"

"Well, sir, I guess 'twouldn't be long afore I died, anyhow. I'll trouble you to discontinue the subject."

"Yes; but, Mr. Flint, suppose I fail?"

"Nothing more likely, I should think, sir," interrupted Mr. Flint, grinning rather wickedly.

"In the charitable plans, I mean, which you were so good as to attribute to me. That would be other people's loss, not mine, wouldn't it? Did you ever know a man to die of grief for the losses of his neighbors? Don't you think I should stand it?"

Mr. Flint smiled again rather more amicably, and agreed that there might be some sense in that 'ere voo;" and Herman, whose well-bred conscience pricked him a little for his pertinacity, thanked him, as heartily as he could, for his generous offers, and so politely that he completely mollified him. Mr. Flint went on:

"Well, go on your own hook, and welcome; but whatever ye do, don't be poor. Keep clear o' that, anyhow. It's about the want thing in the world, an nobody knows how awful 'tis that hasn't tried it. There was my grand mother. Poor old lady! she died to the poorhouse. She took care o' me, and kep on her limbs as long as she could; but she got too old to do anythin to support herself; and so they put her in there, an bound me 'prentice to a dairy-farmer. Well, I took on terribly about it, by myself, up in the barn-chamber; but I durst'n go near her for a month, for fear o' the other boys pokin him at me about havin a relative in such a place; but she took sick with lonesomeness an what-not, an when I heared o' that, I jest cut an run there. But her intellect was a good deal affected; an when she see me, an knew 'twas somebody that was kind to her, she jest put out her claw of a hand and said, 'Roathted apple.' Her teeth was poor, an I s'pose she couldn't eat what they give her. Well, I left 'em what she wanted, an begged 'em to give her one; but 'twas early in the fall, an I s'pose apples wa'n't very reasonable yet; an they said they hadn't got none. I was a tender-hearted little fellow then, jest like my son Thomas."

["No, you were not, then nor ever!" indignantly but internally remarked Miss Arden.]

"I cried an run right off to a man who had a orchard nigh there, an told him if he'd let me have a dozen or two of his best winter fruit for granny, I'd bring his cow to and from pasture with our'n every day and night for a month. My mouth had watered for 'em many a time, an I might ha' stole 'em easy enough; but that never war't my way. Honesty's the best policy. We struck the bargain; but don't you think the stingy old codger wouldn't trust me with one aforehand! 'Drive the cow safe a week fust, an then come for your fust three apples, an so on,' says he. 'Granny'll be dead!' says I. 'Granny's granson won't, says he; 'better speak out. I'm a man to my promises, an want 'em to eat yourself,' says he. 'We all know Squire Scronge keeps yon pretty short;' an then he an his men set up a haw-haw, an I run off home harder than ever; an I went stomping my feet mons'rous hard on the cross beams, to think how she might be a-dying, an I couldn't go near her for want of a apple!

"What a shame!" cried Clara.

"What a disgraceful shame!" cried Herman.

"Yes, wa'n't it? And to think how I might be a-drivin his plaguey old cow for nothin, too, all the time! I war't, though. That night I started off at 9 o'clock, an crept round again; an I went an got my apples, an tied up sticks ont in the woods, an lighted 'em with a match I'd been treasurin up, that I'd found in the road, an roasted my apples, an carried 'em to her all safe an sound. I never see anythin at like her; an the other old grannies come round an looked on an mumped with their chins as if they wished they'd had anythin to mump for. She lived to eat 'em all but three. Next morning she died, jest a-doin, an conldn't take no notice. I couldn't touch 'em. They'd ha' stuck in my throat. I went an sold 'em for six cents; an six cents was the mest-est of all I'm worth now. I walked home, an I never see a chance I could get, and bought a dozen slate-pencils with 'em an traded 'em off with the boys around for nine-pence; an so on from morn to night, an always gone to bed Saturday night richer than I got up Monday morning, for I vowed, when I stood by poor old granny's shabby old shell of a second-hand-coffin, that *I* wouldn't die poor, or I'd know the reason why.'

His eyes had twinkled in a way to ten. was a case of virtue rewarded, for he "guessed he'd got to go home, an look over his accounts," Herman attended him to the door, precisely like a well-behaved son-in-law, and came back in a state of contrition.

"How much better we might think of almost all persons whom we dislike, if we knew them better!" said Clara.

"That was what I had in my mind. What a blessed arrangement it is, that the only licensed Judge of all of us is the only one of the sons of man who can know our whole story! Just as surely as we undertake to usurp his place, we run into hasty zeal for justice, or to commit some injustice. We see men's faults, but rarely the excuses for them. If mankind had dealt more generously by little Jonathan, Mr. Flint might deal more generously by mankind. As it is, he knows best."

"In spite of the Coolies?" said Clara, archly.

"Well, as honest as a man can be, who lets his neighbors keep his conscience for him. Given them a right to do, he thinks, rather not kep respecting his horror of bankruptcy. He was honest, besides, before he had any credit to lose, in the case of those apples, when honesty must have seemed to him very doubtful policy, poor forlorn little fellow! That was really pathetic. I shall let him have all my savings to take care of, taking due care myself that they are not invested in Coolies; and I shall not have the least fear of his disrespectful at his offers of patronage and fortune. I wished to give me the best he knew. Knowing what he told us, who can wonder at his having a morbid horror of poverty? Besides, a man who has a family ought to endeavor to make a proper provision for a family."

Clara did not say, "you may have a family;" for, when Edward suggested it, she had noticed Herman's silence, and divined with womanly tact that he was thinking of Regina. He had not touched. At any rate, the profession upon which he wished to enter would be of itself a provision for the possible wants of the future. He continued: "To go from particulars to generals, I think there is some justice in the complaint of the dollar-hunting of New England and the Middle States, as there is in most undiscriminating sneers. People despise others for struggles and temptations which they do not struggle for, merely because they already have them. There is as much jealousy on one side as there is envy on the other. Take from a British nobleman his title and entailed estates, and from a Southern planter his negroes and plantation, and if, when thus thrown on their own resources, they do not presently set themselves to work, as hard as we, to help themselves, by hook or by crook, to the comforts, elegances, and luxuries of life, and to a position in society, it will probably be not because they are more unworldly than we, but because they are more uncontemplative and lazy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNUSED POWERS.

The *Independent* has the following valuable remarks:

A modern essayist calls attention to the fact that many, perhaps most persons, use and enjoy but a small portion of their native powers, and concentrate the whole energy of their being upon certain forms of action, as if these were the sum of life; so that when these overwrought powers fail, or the result disappoints them, they feel that life itself is gone. The admonition of the essayist is timely and important.

Most men expend their powers mainly upon physical good. To be thrifty in worldly business, to achieve success in the calling upon which they have entered, to reap the results of that success in affluence, promotion, and fame—this constitutes with many the good of life, and they put forth their utmost energies in that direction. Hence a false standard of life is created, and the soul is distorted in certain faculties, while others are suppressed or unused. Many have a fictitious standard of happiness in *physical* things, and, in straining after this, they exaggerate its importance, and strain their own natures out of tune. A good business talent should be improved with diligence from its highest practical development; but if one aims solely to be a good business man, and to reap the fruits of this in certain established and conventional forms of physical good, he is sorely neglient of the powers and capacities of his own soul, and he does himself a wrong in suppressing other faculties of his nature.

Let the business activity of such a man be for a while restrained by stringent or sluggish times; let him have leisure for books, for lectures, for music, for galleries of art, for friendly and refined society; the enjoyment he may find in these, the sense of refreshment, the pleasing variety they bring, will open new experiences to his soul, develop latent powers, and show him to be capable of other forms of action and qualified for other kinds of pleasure than the routine of business affords. He may not be capable of writing a book or a poem, or of composing an oratorio; he may have no talent for painting or sculpture, and no great gift for conversation; and yet the fact that he finds enjoyment in these, proves him to be possessed of powers which have been useless through inaction. He has committed the error, with regard to his moral nature, which, as a business man, he would surely avoid in practical affairs; viz: that of investing his whole property in one thing. The whole energy of his nature has been turned into one channel; and when that is obstructed, his strained powers fall back upon himself.

But he has other powers, which, for his own sake, he should have cultivated. And, though stripped of an exaggerated physical good, he may actually possess resources of good wide as the universe; for he has not only muscles wherewith to labor, and a brain to plan for worldly profits, but he has tastes to be cultivated through the works of God in creation and the works of man in literature and art. He has intellect for other purposes than traffic in material things; he has powers of imagination as well as of calculation; he has affections as well as muscle and brain; and is capable of embracing in his own love all that is pure and noble and good in the present and in the past, in earth and in heaven, from the creature up to the Creator, and of receiving and enjoying the holy beings. He carries within his own soul powers and capacities for good that terminate only in the being of God.

Even the most calculating and sordid minds feel some pang of grief, some sense of loss, when the time of nature's decay brings death. And yet how many, while the objects of their natural affection are still living, give to these but an finitesimal portion of their thought and time and affectionate interest! Love, in comparison with what they bestow upon an income and such physical good as can be bought with gold. Their powers of loving are unused in their native strength—lie idle and neglected; while all their energies are put forth on what is from the outer world for good. If the loss of fortune shows one what a treasure he has in the home which he has so often neglected for the sake of gain; if it shows him what substantial joy there is in social affections, and what misery, for which he could never find time when business prospered; if it leads him to discover, or if he already knows in part, brings him to realize in full the joy of communion with God in his Word and in his works of creation; if it gives him a more tender sympathy with the unfortunate, and opens to him the delights of missionary life among the houses of the poor—then all this new activity and development of unused powers, these new affections and capacities for happiness, hitherto neglected, doth more enrich him than if a ton of gold had been landed at his door. What would have been thought of a man who, when the Central America was sinking, had his wife and children to shift for themselves, that he might lock after his gold—or of one who, having escaped from that dire calamity, in the next moment thereafter, instead of giving thanks for life and his living treasures, busied himself over over to inconsolable sorrow because of the gold that had gone to the sharks? Who would not say to such an one, "Let the gathered gold of years sink in the depths of the sea—but keep you alive that soul, with its wealth of capacity for knowledge and affection in this life, and its wealth of promise for joy and glory in the life to come?"

ACCOUNT OF REGINA—A STORY FOR CHILDREN

From a narrative, written in Danish, by Pastor Ronne, of Elsinore.

Many years ago, several German families left their country, and settled in North America. Among these was a man from Wurtemburg, who, with his wife and a large family, established himself in Pennsylvania. There were no churches or schools then in that neighborhood, and he was obliged to be satisfied with keeping the Sabbath in his family, and with reading and instructing them himself to read the Bible and to pray to God. He used very often to read the Bible to them, and always used first to say, "Now, my children, be still, and listen to what I am going to read, for it is God who speaks to us in this book."

In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada, between the French and the English. The Indians took the side of the French, and made common cause with the Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burnt the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of the poor family from Wurtemburg, while the wife and one of the sons were at a place two miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children, who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes, the little girls being in great fear. In this condition, they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided amongst themselves all the children whom they had taken captives. Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina, with a little girl of two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was a very cruel woman. Her only son lived with her and maintained her; but he was sometimes from home for weeks together, and then these poor children were forced to go into the forests to gather roots and other provisions for the old woman, and, when they did not bring her enough to eat, she would beat them in so cruel a manner that they were near being killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she knelt down under a tree, and repeated those prayers to the Lord Jesus, and those hymns which her father had taught her, then the little girl prayed with her, and learned the hymns and prayers by heart. In this melancholy state of slavery these children remained nine long years, till Regina reached the age of nineteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. They were both fine-looking girls, particularly Regina. While captives, their hearts seemed to have always been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns which she had learned when at home, and she had taught them to the little girl.

They often used to cheer each other with one hymn from the hymn-book used at Halle, in Germany: "Alone, yet not alone am I, though in this solitude so drear." They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would, sometime, bring them back to their Christian friends. In 1764, their hope was realized. The merciful providence of God brought the English Colonel Bouquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians, and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition he made was, that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than four hundred captives were brought to Colonel Bouquet. It was a woeful sight to see so many young people wretched and distressed. The Colonel and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, and conducted them safely all out to a town called Carlisle, and published in the Pennsylvania newspapers, that all parents, who had lost their children, might come to this place, and in case of their finding them, they should be restored to them. No true is it that the child is father of the man.

Full of fun and frolic, numerous anecdotes are told of practical jokes perpetrated to such an excess, that Dr. Hoamer, satisfied with the ingenuity of the sinners, gave his free pardon made, and having endeavored, without success, to place her under tuition in daily and weekly schools near home, determined to comply with her request and let her go to Boston. Here, too, she met with Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who was then giving her lessons in elocution, on the same liberal and considerate terms. Beatrice Cenci, exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and which won so many golden opinions from critics and connoisseurs, was on its way to St. Louis, in fulfilment of this engagement.

The summers in Rome are, as every one knows, trying to the natives, and full of danger to foreigners. Dr. Hoemer, having seen his daughter finally settled, returned to America, leaving her with the Countess Cenci, who spent a salubrious spot in the neighboring mountains for the summer, if indeed she did not go into Switzerland or England. Rome, however, was the centre of attraction; and, after the first summer, Beatrice spent the winter there, in the company of Miss Hosmer, who had left the academy of Mr. Gibson, as he sat at breakfast in the Café Greco, a famous place of resort for artists.

Now, be it known, as a caution to women not to enter lightly upon any career, to throw it up as lightly upon the first difficulty that arises, that a prejudice existed in Rome against lady artists, from the pretensions with which some had repaired thither, and upon which they had manifested little inclination to pursue the best studies, and instruction from their masters, to throw these valuable opportunities aside at the first obstacle that arose. Mr. Gibson had himself, it was said, been thus victimized and annoyed by lady students, which could leave as doubtful in the extreme if he would either look at the daguerreotype or listen to the proposal of her becoming his pupil. However, the daguerreotypes were placed before him, and, taking them into his hands, one presenting a full and the other a profile view of the bust, he sat some moments in silence, looking intently at them. Encouraged by this, the young sculptor who had undertaken to present them proceeded to explain Miss Hosmer's intentions and wishes, what she had already done, and what she hoped to do. Still Mr. Gibson remained silent. Finally, closing the cases,

"Send the young lady to me," said he, "and whatever I know and can teach her, she shall learn."

In less than a week, Harriet Hosmer was fairly installed in Mr. Gibson's studio, in the up-stairs room we have already described, and where she still is, though rapidly outgrowing the space allotted to her. It is difficult, however, for master and pupil, or we should rather say, for the two friends, to part; for, spite of the difference of years, or perhaps in consequence of it, a truly paternal and filial affection has sprung up between them, which is a source of great happiness to themselves, and of pleasure and amusement to all who know and value them, from the curious likeness, yet unlikeness, which exists between them. Gifted with genius, genius, and an expensive English saddle; these were doomed at once. The summer in Rome itself, during which season living there costs next to nothing, was determined upon; and during those summer months, Miss Hosmer should model something so attractive that it should insure a speedy order, and, according strict economy, start the concern on an independent artist career, such as many of those around her with less talent and training managed to carry on with success. No sooner said than done: the materials were uncocked, the friends she had been about to accompany departed without her, her father's reverses were simply and straightforwardly announced, and she entered at once on the line of industry and economy she and her friend had struck out.

The summer passed away, and neither fever nor any other form of mischief attacked our young friend. She worked hard, and modelled many of Pinck, or rather of spirit, originality, and fun, that it was no sooner finished and exhibited, than orders to put it into marble came in. It has since been repeated again and again, and, during the past winter only, three copies have been executed, one for Mr. Gibson—one for the Duke of Hamilton. Thus, fairly started on her own ground, Miss Hosmer has met with that success which talent, combined with industry and energy, never fails to command.

The winter before last, she and the Cenci was being put into marble, she was engaged in modelling a monument to the memory of a beautiful young Catholic lady, which is destined for a niche in the Church of San Andreo della Frattea, in the Via Mereede, close upon the Piazza di Spagna. A portrait full-length figure of the young girl, life size, reclines upon a low couch. The attitude is easy and natural, and the tranquil sleep of death is admirably rendered, in contra-distinction to the warm sleep of life in the Cenci.

Miss Hosmer has been engaged, during the winter just past, in modelling a fountain, for which she has taken the story of Hylas descending for water, when, according to mythology, he is seized upon by the water nymphs and drowned. Hylas forms the crown of the pyramid, while the nymphs, twined round its base, with extended arms seek to drag him down into the water below, where dolphins are sporting jets which interlace each other; a double basin, the upper one supported by swans, receives the cascade.

At the present moment, this talented and enterprising young artist is working upon a half-life-size statue of Zanobia, in preparation for next winter, when it is to be modelled even larger than life, and is already bespoken for America. She is also just finishing a pendant to Puck, Will-o'-the-Wisp, which is wholly indescribable, and is said to be superior even to Puck.

DEATH OF THE WEALTHIEST COMMONER IN SCOTLAND.

Colonel John Gordon of Cluny died at his residence in Edinburgh on Friday last, aged eighty-four. The *Banffshire Journal*, in a lengthened memoir of him, says he had achieved the distinction of being the richest commoner in Scotland, and it is computed that he dies possessed of land and funds worth between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000. The accumulating propensities of the family were derived from the grandfather of the deceased. This person was, it is said, attached to the third and fourth Dukes of Gordon. His habits were of the most penurious description. He saved every penny of his income, and every acquisition was carefully hoarded. A gentleman acquainted with his history and character, speaking of his transactions, very emphatically he got within his fingers stuck to them." Another means by which he added to his income was by being tacksman of the salmon fishings on the Spey, belonging to the Gordon estates, now worth at least £4,000 a year. He had in his pay there or fishermen no wages, but allowed them to remunerate themselves by stealing the salmon. He knew that they stole the fish, and winked at it, knowing, actually bought the stolen fish from them; and he made the most of it, from the apparent actual disbursement of wages, he was content. Moreover, the system worked not so badly, as the men were stimulated to exertion, and rewarded in proportion—for the larger the catch, the greater margin there was left for the exercise of their peculiar mode of reimbursing themselves. He also embarked extensively in the purchase of property, which, in the then distracted state of the country, was to be had at low rates. His first acquisitions were made by advancing money on bonds over properties which the borrower was unable to relieve. It left three sons, the eldest of whom succeeded to the property of Cluny. Lower Fitburgh, a small estate on the northwest side of the Hill of Blackford, known to most readers of Scott as the point from which the poet makes Marmion and his train, upon Dun-Edin. Being unmarried, on his death the property passed to the second son, Charles, who had all the penuriousness, if not the ability for management, of his father. As he advanced in years, he became a miser in the worst sense of the disease. He declined to move about, for fear of incurring expense, and latterly he refused even to get out of bed, on the ground that he could not afford it. It is told that the Duke of Gordon went to Cluny Castle to bring him across to Gordon Castle, as he was injuring his health by confinement. The old man declined the offer, alleging that he had no servants or any one to take him across. "Oh," said the Duke, "I'll take you across myself, and be your servant." But we believe his Grace's well meant efforts were unsuccessful. At his death, Charles left two sons, John and Alexander.

John, the elder son, is the gentleman who is that deceased, and who has held the estates for the last 30 years. It is said that he had the economy of his father, and not a little of the ability of his grandfather; and greatly added to the wealth which descended to him. It is even said that he accumulated £1 sterling, which, niggardly, gave him and his brother a good education, and John travelled through Europe, Palestine, and Egypt. He returned in 1805, coming home in the same vessel which brought to England the remains of the immortal Nelson.

For a time John served in the Aberdeenshire militia, entering as Major, and rising to Colonel—a title, the latter, of which he was fond. He had a great fancy for planting on the tenantry. For a considerable time after coming into possession of his property, he invested the most of his accumulations in bank and other stocks. Dissatisfied, however, at the meagre return they yielded, in the shape of dividends, he began to buy property. He first purchased the estate of Shiels, adjoining Cluny. Then he secured the islands of Benbecula and South Uist, in Inverness-shire, which cost him about £150,000. Next he bought Midmar, also lying adjacent to Cluny, at between £50,000 and £70,000. All these purchases he made within a comparatively short period. The bulk of the deceased's property was most recent, and he from a personal supervision of the entire properties—nearly every receipt for rent being signed by his own hand. The only passion which he gratified, regardless of expense, was his desire to have a fine horse, of which he had an excellent stud. He had an inveterate hatred of toll-bars, and would often travel several miles round, and expose his carriage (which he generally drove himself, four in hand) to danger and destruction, over miserable roads, in order to escape the exaction of the toll-keeper. In going to Buckie, from the east, he frequently went down a side road by way of the village of Rathkeale, instead of the direct line to Buckie. The road is a very bad one, and the villagers have more than once had to turn out and dig the coach out of the sand, into which the wheels had sunk. He boasted that he could travel from Cluny to Slains, a distance of thirty miles, without paying a single toll. The Colonel took a fancy to be in Parliament. He got in, but only sat one year. The thing did

HARRIET HOSMER.

From the Englishwoman's Journal.

Born at Watertown, in the State of Massachusetts, in the year 1831, Harriet Hosmer is the only surviving daughter of a physician, who, having lost wife and child by consumption, and fearing a like fate for the survivor, gave her horse, dog, gun, and boat, and insisted upon an outdoor life as indispensable to health. A fearless horsewoman, a good shot, an adept in rowing, swimming, diving, and skating, Harriet Hosmer is a signal instance of what judicious physical training will effect in conquering even hereditary and constitutional diseases. Hence the active, energetic child acquiesced in her father's wishes, she contrived, at the same time, to gratify and develop her own peculiar tastes; and many a time and oft, when the worthy doctor was congratulating himself that his darling was in active exercise, she might have been found in a certain clay-pit, not very far from the paternal residence, making early attempts at modelling horses, dogs, sheep, men, and women—objects, it must be confessed, not in her intention. Then, too, both here and subsequently at Lenox, she made good use of her time by studying natural history, and of her gun, by securing specimens of birds, and small quadrupeds, for the pencil, bring him to realize, if full the joy of communion with God in his Word and in his works of creation; if it gives him a more tender sympathy with the unfortunate, and opens to him the delights of missionary life among the houses of the poor—then all this new activity and development of unused powers, these new affections and capacities for happiness, hitherto neglected, doth more enrich him than if a ton of gold had been landed at his door. What would have been thought of a man who, when the Central America was sinking, had his wife and children to shift for themselves, that he might lock after his gold—or of one who, having escaped from that dire calamity, in the next moment thereafter, instead of giving thanks for life and his living treasures, busied himself over over to inconsolable sorrow because of the gold that had gone to the sharks? Who would not say to such an one, "Let the gathered gold of years sink in the depths of the sea—but keep you alive that soul, with its wealth of capacity for knowledge and affection in this life, and its wealth of promise for joy and glory in the life to come?"

ACCOUNT OF REGINA—A STORY FOR CHILDREN

From a narrative, written in Danish, by Pastor Ronne, of Elsinore.

Many years ago, several German families left their country, and settled in North America. Among these was a man from Wurtemburg, who, with his wife and a large family, established himself in Pennsylvania. There were no churches or schools then in that neighborhood, and he was obliged to be satisfied with keeping the Sabbath in his family, and with reading and instructing them himself to read the Bible and to pray to God. He used very often to read the Bible to them, and always used first to say, "Now, my children, be still, and listen to what I am going to read, for it is God who speaks to us in this book."

In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada, between the French and the English. The Indians took the side of the French, and made common cause with the Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burnt the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of the poor family from Wurtemburg, while the wife and one of the sons were at a place two miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children, who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes, the little girls being in great fear. In this condition, they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided amongst themselves all the children whom they had taken captives. Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina, with a little girl of two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was a very cruel woman. Her only son lived with her and maintained her; but he was sometimes from home for weeks together, and then these poor children were forced to go into the forests to gather roots and other provisions for the old woman, and, when they did not bring her enough to eat, she would beat them in so cruel a manner that they were near being killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she knelt down under a tree, and repeated those prayers to the Lord Jesus, and those hymns which her father had taught her, then the little girl prayed with her, and learned the hymns and prayers by heart. In this melancholy state of slavery these children remained nine long years, till Regina reached the age of nineteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. They were both fine-looking girls, particularly Regina. While captives, their hearts seemed to have always been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns which she had learned when at home, and she had taught them to the little girl.

They often used to cheer each other with one hymn from the hymn-book used at Halle, in Germany: "Alone, yet not alone am I, though in this solitude so drear." They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would, sometime, bring them back to their Christian friends. In 1764, their hope was realized. The merciful providence of God brought the English Colonel Bouquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians, and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition he made was, that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than four hundred captives were brought to Colonel Bouquet. It was a woeful sight to see so many young people wretched and distressed. The Colonel and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, and conducted them safely all out to a town called Carlisle, and published in the Pennsylvania newspapers, that all parents, who had lost their children, might come to this place, and in case of their finding them, they should be restored to them. No true is it that the child is father of the man.

Full of fun and frolic, numerous anecdotes are told of practical jokes perpetrated to such an excess, that Dr. Hoamer, satisfied with the ingenuity of the sinners, gave his free pardon made, and having endeavored, without success, to place her under tuition in daily and weekly schools near home, determined to comply with her request and let her go to Boston. Here, too, she met with Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who was then giving her lessons in elocution, on the same liberal and considerate terms. Beatrice Cenci, exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and which won so many golden opinions from critics and connoisseurs, was on its way to St. Louis, in fulfilment of this engagement.

The summers in Rome are, as every one knows, trying to the natives, and full of danger to foreigners. Dr. Hoemer, having seen his daughter finally settled, returned to America, leaving her with the Countess Cenci, who spent a salubrious spot in the neighboring mountains for the summer, if indeed she did not go into Switzerland or England. Rome, however, was the centre of attraction; and, after the first summer, Beatrice spent the winter there, in the company of Miss Hosmer, who had left the academy of Mr. Gibson, as he sat at breakfast in the Café Greco, a famous place of resort for artists.

Now, be it known, as a caution to women not to enter lightly upon any career, to throw it up as lightly upon the first difficulty that arises, that a prejudice existed in Rome against lady artists, from the pretensions with which some had repaired thither, and upon which they had manifested little inclination to pursue the best studies, and instruction from their masters, to throw these valuable opportunities aside at the first obstacle that arose. Mr. Gibson had himself, it was said, been thus victimized and annoyed by lady students, which could leave as doubtful in the extreme if he would either look at the daguerreotype or listen to the proposal of her becoming his pupil. However, the daguerreotypes were placed before him, and, taking them into his hands, one presenting a full and the other a profile view of the bust, he sat some moments in silence, looking intently at them. Encouraged by this, the young sculptor who had undertaken to present them proceeded to explain Miss Hosmer's intentions and wishes, what she had already done, and what she hoped to do. Still Mr. Gibson remained silent. Finally, closing the cases,

"Send the young lady to me," said he, "and whatever I know and can teach her, she shall learn."

In less than a week, Harriet Hosmer was fairly installed in Mr. Gibson's studio, in the up-stairs room we have already described, and where she still is, though rapidly outgrowing the space allotted to her. It is difficult, however, for master and pupil, or we should rather say, for the two friends, to part; for, spite of the difference of years, or perhaps in consequence of it, a truly paternal and filial affection has sprung up between them, which is a source of great happiness to themselves, and of pleasure and amusement to all who know and value them, from the curious likeness, yet unlikeness, which exists between them. Gifted with genius, genius, and an expensive English saddle; these were doomed at once. The summer in Rome itself, during which season living there costs next to nothing, was determined upon; and during those summer months, Miss Hosmer should model something so attractive that it should insure a speedy order, and, according strict economy, start the concern on an independent artist career, such as many of those around her with less talent and training managed to carry on with success. No sooner said than done: the materials were uncocked, the friends she had been about to accompany departed without her, her father's reverses were simply and straightforwardly announced, and she entered at once on the line of industry and economy she and her friend had struck out.

The summer passed away, and neither fever nor any other form of mischief attacked our young friend. She worked hard, and modelled many of Pinck, or rather of spirit, originality, and fun, that it was no sooner finished and exhibited, than orders to put it into marble came in. It has since been repeated again and again, and, during the past winter only, three copies have been executed, one for Mr. Gibson—one for the Duke of Hamilton. Thus, fairly started on her own ground, Miss Hosmer has met with that success which talent, combined with industry and energy, never fails to command.

The winter before last, she and the Cenci was being put into marble, she was engaged in modelling a monument to the memory of a beautiful young Catholic lady, which is destined for a niche in the Church of San Andreo della Frattea, in the Via Mereede, close upon the Piazza di Spagna. A portrait full-length figure of the young girl, life size, reclines upon a low couch. The attitude is easy and natural, and the tranquil sleep of death is admirably rendered, in contra-distinction to the warm sleep of life in the Cenci.

Miss Hosmer has been engaged, during the winter just past, in modelling a fountain, for which she has taken the story of Hylas descending for water, when, according to mythology, he is seized upon by the water nymphs and drowned. Hylas forms the crown of the pyramid, while the nymphs, twined round its base, with extended arms seek to drag him down into the water below, where dolphins are sporting jets which interlace each other; a double basin, the

not pay, or rather was too costly; he got into disputes with his law agents; and he abandoned a Parliamentary career in disgust.

The deceased was never married, but had two sons and two daughters. Both daughters are dead; one dying young, and the other a few years ago, aged about thirty. The younger son died in November last, at Kinsteerie, aged about thirty-six. The eldest son, John, now about forty years, has for some time, it is understood, been in possession of the estate of Buckie, in Banffshire.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1858.

Jasper: A Romance.—Next week, we shall commence the publication of this Story.

LET THE FACTIONS FIGHT THEIR OWN BATTLES.

We cannot too urgently press upon our friends the importance of resisting all attempts to demoralize the Republican Party.

Undue consideration is attached to the movement of Mr. Douglas and his friends. Whether he succeed in his re-election or not, he will be what he has always been, a member of the so-called Democratic Party. Defeat will not destroy his position as one of its leaders; victory will strengthen it, and place Mr. Buchanan at his mercy; but, the feud between these men does not involve the unity of the so-called Democratic organization, will not prevent its harmonious action in 1860. It is folly to suppose that Douglas, in the event of defeat in Illinois, will become a Republican; nor will he stand prepared to co-operate with Republicans on any ground of action, not involving an abandonment of their principles. His conduct in Illinois is conclusive on this point. His first act was to declare war against Republicanism and its doctrines. Not one of its principles has received his assent. Its object he has misrepresented. At no time has he shown sympathy with its hostility to Slavery, its devotion to Freedom and Free Labor. Of Slavery and Freedom, he has spoken as if they were both normal and beneficent institutions, equally respectable, equally favored by the Constitution, to be decided upon alone in obedience to the laws of climate, without the slightest reference to moral considerations. Not in any of his speeches last winter in the Senate, or in his reported speeches during the canvass in Illinois, can you find a sentiment, a word, that should provoke the displeasure or awaken the suspicion of the most ultra Pro-Slavery man. He does not recognise the fact that the Slave Power has governed this country, and has steadily labored to prostitute the Federal Government to its sectional purposes. He defers to the *dicta* of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, surrenders opinions which he professed in 1850, and now holds that the Federal Constitution recognises slaves as property, that Slaveholders may carry them, as any other property, into the Territories, and that neither Congress nor the Territorial Legislature can interdict Slavery. True, he says that, if the People of a Territory be unfriendly to Slavery, they have the power to prevent its existence by "unfriendly legislation"—that is, by refusing to provide the regulations necessary to enforce the Slaveholders' rights. But, this is a groundless assumption, as his own Kansas-Nebraska bill places those rights pre-eminently under judicial protection. Still, were the assumption true, he states it without expressing any approbation of such "unfriendly legislation"—and, when asked explicitly whether he would be willing to vote in Congress for the legislation deemed by him necessary to protect Slavery, he declines to answer except indirectly, by a general reference to the Non-Intervention doctrine of the Cincinnati Platform, which, according to the interpretation of the Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer*, precludes Intervention *against* Slavery, not Intervention *for* it!

Mr. Douglas then stands upon the Cincinnati Platform, on the Dred Scott decision, with the Slave Power, with its so-called Democracy, as sound to the core as Mr. Buchanan himself. What is the difference between them? One thought the People of Kansas ought to have had the privilege of voting upon the Constitution after it was framed by the Lecompton Convention, but, inasmuch as the Convention did not provide for submitting it, still sound policy required its acceptance by Congress, and the recognition of Kansas as a State under it. The other thought that the People of Kansas ought to have had that privilege, and that the denial of it was good reason for rejecting the Constitution, or sending it back to be voted upon. In principle, they agreed; in policy, they differed. But that question of policy has already passed; nothing is left of it but the recollection. And is it upon a point so trivial and evanescent as this that the Slave Democratic organization will suffer itself to be split?

The Slaveholding managers are too sagacious to allow such a catastrophe. Mr. Douglas suffered a temporary eclipse at the South, but his true position begins to be understood. The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer*, a supporter of Mr. Buchanan, and representing the conservative portion of the Party in the Slave States, warmly sustains him, and calls upon the Washington *Union* to forbear its assaults upon him. Senator Brown of Mississippi, belonging to the ultra section of the Party, in a public speech, treats of the question of difference between him and Douglas as one on which true men might differ, but pronounces him worthy of the confidence and support of the South. We do not believe that the Party generally in the Slave States will suffer the controversy between Mr. Douglas and Mr. Buchanan to become a Party Question, nor can we see any purpose in the free States, outside of Illinois, to elevate it to that position. The only practical result of it, we presume, will be, that the claims of these two gentlemen in the Charleston Convention will be treated with equal civility, and a new man be selected, not identified with the controversy, to lead on the united Slave Democracy, to which Messrs. Douglas and Buchanan will be still conspicuous leaders—and the friends of Mr. Douglas will go with him.

How unwise to calculate then upon the divisions of this Party—to attempt to induce the Republican Party to lower its standard, to forbear an enunciation of its Principles, in the expectation of co-operation with the Douglas Democracy! Look around. What portion of this Democracy is preparing to become Republican? In Ohio, the Party generally sympathizes with Douglas, but endorses Buchanan, and seeks the overthrow of the Republicans. In Michigan, Senator Stuart, who stood shoulder to shoulder with Douglas, is the leader of the united Slave Democracy of that State, its candidate for Gubernatorial honors. He still thinks as he did last winter, but the question on which he differed with Mr. Buchanan has passed; he never left the Party; he is in it now—its leading man. In other States, we see the so-called Democrats declaring against the policy of the English bill, but warmly approving of the Administration—quietly ignoring the feud between the two distinguished leaders, for the sake of annihilating the Republicans.

"Cast your eyes," says John W. Forney, in a late manifesto, "over the wide expanse of the country, and observe the changes which has taken place in a short time! Let us begin at Maryland, and there we shall find that, at a Democratic Convention lately held in the city of Baltimore, resolutions in favor of the Kansas policy of the Administration were tabled by a decided vote. From the same State was published the eloquent letter of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson (whose powerful speech in Philadelphia in 1856 will long be remembered) against the odious test of the Administration and the insane proscription of Judge Douglas.

"In Virginia, Governor Wise, the representative man of the State, whose brilliant and unequalled career against religious proscription will be remembered as long as the name of the Old Dominion itself, and who has always emerged the victor from his contests with factions—this remarkable man stands in the forefront of the scene, actively denouncing the Kansas policy of the Administration in all the phases, and especially that portion of it which seeks to force upon Democracy a dishonoring and repulsive test. The old organ of Thomas Ritchie, the Richmond *Enquirer*, which daily earns new laurels by its intrepid resistance to secession in all its horrid guises, stands forward now, as of old, in defence of Jeffersonian principles, and responds to the appeals of the true Democracy of the North. Even in South Carolina we find Mr. Speaker Orr lifting his voice, if not against the Kansas blunder of the Administration, at least in favor of Judge Douglas. In Georgia, the leading active spirit of the Democratic community, Messrs. Toombs and Stephens, backed by the larger number of the Democratic papers, have clearly and unequivocally signified their hostility to the proscriptive policy of the Administration. In Louisiana a much more striking state of public opinion is apparent. The public press of New Orleans, sustained by a majority of the newspapers of the State, repudiate the rank intolerance of the Administration, and retaliate the malediction of the Washington *Union*. In Mississippi and Tennessee, the manifestations are numerous in the same direction—not the least of which is the speech of Hon. A. G. S. Foote, well known as one of the most stalwart advocates of the compromise measures of 1850, who at Bolivar, Miss., took up the gauntlet for Douglas before an intelligent audience, and advocated almost the entire theory of the anti-Lecompton Democracy of the North. But, perhaps, the two most striking instances are those of Kentucky and Missouri. In the first, the Democratic press detainly array themselves upon the side of Douglas in the struggle in Illinois; while in the second both the Senators in Congress (one of whom it will be remembered, Mr. J. S. Green, led the debate in advocacy of the Lecompton and the English bills in the United States Senate, and was rewarded with the vice-presidency conferred by the Lecompton Democracy) and all the Representatives in Congress, with all the national papers to support them, have not only proclaimed their entire sympathy with the great leader of Illinois, but have in terms denounced the vituperative and scandalous course of the Washington *Union*."

And is it from men, boasting of their alliance with the most determined Slavery Propaganda of the South, from a Democracy that finds favor with Messrs. Toombs, Stephens, Orr, and Green, that the Republicans count upon aid and comfort!

Heaven deliver them from such folly! Let them proclaim their own principles, adhere to their own organization, sustain their own candidates, and not be guilty of the criminal weakness of giving political strength to men who in 1860 may prove their worst adversaries.

NO SURRENDER.

From still other quarters the appeal comes to the Republican Party to surrender its distinctive principles. "Let us have a great National party, for the redress of grievances. The Federal Administration is corrupt, extravagant, prospective. The vital interests of the whole country demand a change. Let us have a union of the good and true men of all sections, in a movement eminently national, eminently free from sectionalism."

Such is the appeal put forth by certain Whig papers that advocated the Republican movement in 1856, and certain American papers that warred against it. The following extract from an editorial in the Philadelphia *North American*, entitled "Union for the sake of Union," presents the views of this class of Unionists at length. Having dwelt on the profligacy and corruption of the Administration, it proceeds:

"The great question now before the country, is not limited by any geographical issue. It is intensely national, and is nothing more or less than whether the Government shall be maintained according to its original design, or be given up to plunder. The Democrats of Kansas may enter into the struggle, as a leading country in the general indictment, but we demur to its being the exclusive idea, when great moral and political and material interests are equally at stake. As we have said on former occasions, there is nothing in the Kansas issue, even if made prominent, *which should exclude our Southern friends from perfect co-operation with us in the Free States. We demand no unchristian restriction of any kind, proposed no discrimination, and only ask that the people may be allowed to determine their own institutions in their own way*. When Mr. Douglas and his followers have so effectually demolished the Kansas policy of the Administration in all the phases, and especially that portion of it which seeks to force upon Democracy a dishonoring and repulsive test, the old organ of Thomas Ritchie, the Richmond *Enquirer*, which daily earns new laurels by its intrepid resistance to secession in all its horrid guises, stands forward now, as of old, in defence of Jeffersonian principles, and responds to the appeals of the true Democracy of the North. Even in South Carolina we find Mr. Speaker Orr lifting his voice, if not against the Kansas blunder of the Administration, at least in favor of Judge Douglas. In Georgia, the leading active spirit of the Democratic community, Messrs. Toombs and Stephens, backed by the larger number of the Democratic papers, have clearly and unequivocally signified their hostility to the proscriptive policy of the Administration. In Louisiana a much more striking state of public opinion is apparent. The public press of New Orleans, sustained by a majority of the newspapers of the State, repudiate the rank intolerance of the Administration, and retaliate the malediction of the Washington *Union*. In Mississippi and Tennessee, the manifestations are numerous in the same direction—not the least of which is the speech of Hon. A. G. S. Foote, well known as one of the most stalwart advocates of the compromise measures of 1850, who at Bolivar, Miss., took up the gauntlet for Douglas before an intelligent audience, and advocated almost the entire theory of the anti-Lecompton Democracy of the North. But, perhaps, the two most striking instances are those of Kentucky and Missouri. In the first, the Democratic press detainly array themselves upon the side of Douglas in the struggle in Illinois; while in the second both the Senators in Congress (one of whom it will be remembered, Mr. J. S. Green, led the debate in advocacy of the Lecompton and the English bills in the United States Senate, and was rewarded with the vice-presidency conferred by the Lecompton Democracy) and all the Representatives in Congress, with all the national papers to support them, have not only proclaimed their entire sympathy with the great leader of Illinois, but have in terms denounced the vituperative and scandalous course of the Washington *Union*."

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another, sometimes four deep. They were finally driven from this last resource, until only one man remained seated on the extreme end.

Eighteen persons got hold of the chain beneath the bowsprit stay, where they clung till 4 o'clock in the morning. A seaman clambered thence to the bowsprit, and those clinging to the stay passed wet clothing to him until the fire was subdued, so as to render the bowsprit comparatively safe. They remained there till picked off by the boats of the Catarine.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

From the Chicago (Ill.) Democrat, July 31.

Something like six weeks since, there arrived in this city a young man named George T. Eve, who brought with him, as his reputed wife, a beautiful mulatto woman, and three children, of whom we believe he claims the paternity. The woman is nearly white, and the children so white they would not be thought otherwise by any one not conversant with their origin.

Their previous history partakes strongly of the romantic. They were, it seems, formerly residents of Rome, Randolph county, Georgia, and she a slave when he first became acquainted with her. A short acquaintance ripened into what they called love, but his relatives termed it infatuation. For a long time, every effort was made by his friends to overcome what his affection for her, hit in vain, and at last all but his father consented to their marriage. He accordingly bought her at the extraordinary price of $7,000, married her, and they came North together.

Upon his arrival here, he commenced the practice of medicine, his office and dwelling-rooms being at the same place, No. 124 South Clark street. Though young and unknown, yet he might have succeeded in a pecuniary sense especially as he had some $25,000 or $30,000 worth of property in his own right, left him by his grandparents, upon which he might have lived with economy until he could build himself up a reputation.

But, on Wednesday last, he received a line through the post office, stating that, if he would call at room No. 62 Tremont House, he would there find an old acquaintance. He went, and, to his infinite surprise, stood face to face with his own father. A long conversation ensued, and finally he was told that he must remain with him. Not knowing his own right, and that his father had no more control over his actions than a perfect stranger, he sobbingly consented. A couple of men, who either were or represented themselves to be officers, were accordingly called; he was placed in a hack with them, and they drove to their residence.

Upon their arrival, one of them asked him for the keye of his trunk, which were unresistingly given up. The officer then opened the trunk, took out all the money he had (some $600 in gold, which constituted almost $1,000 with what he left the South), packed up a few of his clothes, and, ere his friends in the city knew aught of the affair, the entire party were on their way toward Kansas, having his wife penniless, a stranger among strangers, and a little less family on her hands. We learn from her that his father, Dr. Paul Eve, is a Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in some college in Nashville, Tenn., and that he has probably taken him thither.

From the New Bedford Mercury, August 26.

MR. EDITOR: Through the columns of the *Mercury* I desire to make a brief statement in reply to certain articles which have been recently published in the newspapers concerning me. On Monday, the 23d instant, my father, Dr. Paul Fiziimons Eve, of Nashville, Tenn., accompanied by one of his friends from the same place, arrived at Chicago, where, as a man of proper age, as an unoffending citizen, and as an unobtrusive physician, I was quietly earning an honest livelihood. As I have since learned, the sole object of their visit was to find me, (I having been there but a month or so,) and force me to do my father's bidding.

Two days after their arrival, I received a line through the post office, stating that if I would call at room 62 Tremont House, I would find a friend, and, upon going there, was greatly surprised to meet my unexpected father, who peremptorily ordered me to return with him to Tennessee. I objected; he said he had orders from the Governor of Georgia (my native State) to take me, and that it was entirely useless for me to parley or resist. I was then ordered to accompany to my house two men, who represented themselves as detective policemen, and, on arriving there, they demanded the key of my trunk, from which they took two hundred dollars in gold.

I was next ordered to lay hold of my trunk, and did so. Unwilling to leave so abruptly, I expressed my desire to speak to Julia, the slightly colored lady, who was keeping house for me, but the men, (hirelings,) under instructions from my father, hurried me off; and so, under the arbitrary control of my father, I have been spirited away to this city, where, under all the circumstances—of a nature too complicated and delicate to explain here—I confess myself, for the time being, in rather an unpleasant predicament. But, all is well that ends well." I have some friends here, who will not see me imposed upon; and if I succeed in recovering money now due me in the hands of a citizen of New Bedford, whom my father put under pledge to keep it out of my reach by voyage, the probability is that I will return to Chicago within a few days.

I bought Julia and her three children in Floyd county, Georgia, for seven thousand dollars, ($7,000,) and took them with me to Chicago. According to Southern law, they were my property; and I contend that it belonged to no one to deny my right to confer on them the boon of freedom, having paid for them out of my own legitimate earnings. On the 17th inst., before Judge Pitman of this city, and Mr. Hinton R. Helper, of North Carolina, I executed a paper manumitting the four slaves, and that paper is either now or its way, or has been already received, at Chicago. My father and the two men, who represented themselves as detective policemen, forty dollars each for their services. Father is much mistaken when he says Julia is greatly my senior in age, and that she enticed me away from home. There is probably not more than six months' difference between her age and my own.

Julia was not desirous of going to Chicago; she accompanied me there in accordance with my special advice and request, and she has been married to her. It was not of my own accord that she was left penniless in Chicago. Had I not been forced away, my money and myself would have been at her service. My father, through the medium of a New York paper, intimated that I have gone, or am going, to sea. His erring or merring son, as the case may be, begs leave to state that, having arrived at the age of twenty-one, three-and-twenty seamen having passed over his head, he has let the remotest idea of going on a whaling voyage, and won't go. My grandfather left my sister and myself a patrimony of thirty thousand dollars, ($30,000,) which has been equally divided between us.

Hoping not to be under the necessity of again bringing my name and affairs before the public, I am yours, respectfully,

GEORGE T. EVE.

New Bedford, Aug. 24, 1858.

Incident in Mr. Beecher's Church.

At the close of the morning sermon, Mr. Beecher announced that a colored man, recently emancipated, was present who had embraced the opportunity to redeem his family at a reduced price. At the man's request to take his stand at the church door when the audience retired, Mr. Beecher said, "Go, and do not budge an inch." The request was speedily complied by a crowd, rendering it impossible to "budge," who filled his hat, making it too heavy for passing around conveniently. When last seen, his jolly round face was beaming with joy and dripping with perspiration from his efforts to collect the silver shower, more welcome than that of Jupiter to Danae. He had two hundred and ninety-seven dollars in his hat, which was more than the round sum of $300.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Sea Losses.

The marine disasters of the year thus far foot up as follows:

	Vessels.	Value.
Total losses for January	15	$443,500
Total losses for February	33	1,182,300
Total losses for March	31	1,135,850
Total losses for Ap'l (corrected)	33	951,040
Total losses for May	33	714,000
Total losses for June	22	814,401
Total losses for July	22	540,700
Total losses for August	18	806,700
Total losses for September	20	1,128,200
Total for nine months	229	6,848,391
Same period in 1857	446	14,763,300

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

New York, Sept. 29.—The Royal mail steamer Arabia, from Liverpool on the 18th instant, arrived here this morning. The steamers Alps and Ariel arrived at Southampton on the 17th, and the Canada at Liverpool on the 18th.

The general news is unimportant.

Advices from Valentia in relation to the Atlantic cable were of a discouraging character, and shares had fallen to £320 a £360.

The steamer Hamburg exploded her magazine soon after leaving Hamburg, and was compelled to put back.

The London *Times* says that it appears that recent experiments induce the belief that the fracture or fractures of the Atlantic cable (for there may be two) will be found at a distance of between two and three hundred miles from the shore. For about 240 miles the depth is only about 410 fathoms, and within that range the mischief may easily be repaired; but then a sudden descent occurs to 1,500 fathoms, where it is extremely doubtful if it can be done. The probability seems that it is about this point that the injury has been sustained. Valentia advices as to the cable continue to be discouraging, but Mr. Henkley is sanguine of making the line serviceable again with his new magneto-electric machines. Shares have been sold as low as £315.

The Paris *Pays* publishes intelligence from Japan to the 10th of July, according to which the authorities were doing all in their power for the faithful execution of the terms of the treaties. An imperial decree authorized the election of commercial exchanges at Simoda, Nangasaki, and Hakodadi, and appointed a number of Mandarins brokers to facilitate commercial intercourse with the various nations included in the treaties.

It will be recollected that the Americans presented a railroad and a telegraph to the Japanese. The latter has been put up by a Japanese engineer, and is in successful operation. It is five leagues in length. The Emperor is so well pleased with the invention, that he has ordered telegraphic communication to be established between Jeddo and the provinces of Gokinaib, Tokaido, Fekuro-Kudn, Sangodo, and Saikaido. An American house established at Simoda has offered to furnish the requisite materials.

The most important act of the reigning Emperor is the revocation of the edict against the Christians issued by the Emperor Dain-Fusam in 1614. In future, foreign agents accredited at Japanese ports will be privileged to bring with them one or more Christian preachers for their own and their countrymen's benefit.

The English Treaty with China.

The North China *Herald* has received, from a reliable source, the following summary of the most important points of the treaty which was signed at Tien-sin, on the 26th ult., by his Excellency the Earl of Elgin and the Imperial Commissioner, Kwei-liang and Hwa-shang, and which has since received the ratification of the Emperor. The treaty contains 56 articles:

Art. 1. Confirms the treaty of peace at Nankin, and abrogates the supplementary treaty and general regulations.

Art. 2. Provides for the optional appointment of Chinese and British Ministers at the Courts of Pekin and St. James.

Art. 3. Contains provisions with respect to the permanent establishment of the British Minister at Pekin, his family and suite.

Art. 4. Makes provision for the travelling, postal, and other arrangements of the Resident Minister.

Art. 5. The British Minister to transact business with the Secretary of State on footing of equality.

Art. 6. The same privileges accorded to Chinese Ministers in London.

Art. 7. Provision with reference to Consuls and their official rank.

Art. 8. Christianity, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, to be tolerated, and its professors protected throughout the Empire.

Art. 9. British subjects to be permitted to travel for pleasure or trade to all parts of the interior; arrangements with respect to passports, and cities in the hands of rebels.

Art. 10. Chinkiang to be open to trade within a year from the signing of the treaty, and three other ports on the Yang-tse-kiang, as far as Hankow, to be opened, on the evacuation of its shores by the rebels.

Art. 11. The ports of Niu-chwang, (Manchuria,) Tang-chow, (Gulf of Pe-che-le,) Taiwan, (Formosa,) Swatow, and Kiung-chow, (Hainan,) to be opened, in addition to present ports.

Art. 26. Tariff to be revised by an Anglo-Chinese Commission appointed for the purpose.

Art. 27. Revision of tariff to be decennial.

Art. 28. An official declaration of the amount of transit duties leviable at inland customhouses to be published in English and Chinese. The British merchant, however, not to be allowed, if he chooses, to commute the transit duties at an *ad valorem* rate.

Art. 29. Reduction of tonnage dues, and a four months' certificate to vessels engaged in coasting trade.

Art. 50. Official correspondence to be, for the future, conducted in English on the part of English officials—to be accompanied by a Chinese version for the present—and to be considered the same as Chinese.

Art. 51. The character "I" (barbarian) to be suppressed in Chinese official documents.

Art. 52. British ships of war to visit any port in the Empire. The commanders to be treated on terms of equality by Chinese officials.

Art. 53. Measures to be concerted for the suppression of piracy.

Art. 54. Free-coasting clause.

Art. 55. Conditions affecting the Canton indemnity question to be placed in a separate article.

Art. 56. Ratifications to be exchanged within a year.

Mr. Bruce, the Secretary to the Embassy, and brother of Lord Elgin, is speeding homeward with the mysterious Chinese treaty, concerning which we have already such contradictory accounts. Mr. Bruce is versed in all the learning of Egyptian diplomacy, and has had some previous experience of official life among the Chinese; he is, withal, too shrewd a man to whisper the secrets he is bringing to England to those tell-tale electric wires. The makers of electric telegrams would find it hard to dive into the dispatch-box of the Hon. Frederick; and we shall retain our confidence in the information we possess, though, for years since, until the treaty itself arrives to stop all further speculation on this score. Meanwhile, the Earl and the Admiral are off to fresh fields and pastures new, having opened wide the portals of the Celestial Empire for them to go out to persuade the Emperor of Japan to take a place among civilized monarchs, and to bring his people within the comity of nations. Recent circumstances have tended to cause that this will not be a task of much time or difficulty. The commercial importance of a free intercourse with the Japanese has, we believe, been very much over-estimated, both in England and America, but they are far superior to the Chinese. They have minds capable of reasoning upon new facts. They are, as a people, eager for knowledge, and anxious to learn the arts of Europe. When the Chinese manifested to the Portuguese, on board the English passage steamer, they made haste to burn them; when the Japanese received a present of a steamer from the Dutch, they set about learning how to manage the vessel, and in a few months they succeeded in so far superseding her by a crowd, rendering it impossible to "budge," who filled his hat, making it too heavy for passing around conveniently. When last seen, his jolly round face was beaming with joy and dripping with perspiration from his efforts to collect the silver shower, more welcome than that of Jupiter to Danae. He had two hundred and ninety-seven dollars in his hat, which was more than the round sum of $300.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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Chief Justice Eckels, of Utah, has received from the President leave of absence for three months, and will visit Washington. He undoubtedly goes to ask if he shall be sustained in his judicial war upon polygamy, and will be told "No, by no manner of means," and then he will resign his office. The Secretary of Utah Territory has refused certificates of election to the Representatives to the Territorial Legislature at Salt Lake City, because one more than the legal number was elected.

The examination of Capt. Townsend, of the slaver Echo, was concluded at Boston, on Tuesday, and the prisoner was fully committed for trial before the Circuit Court, on the 15th of October. Several of the U. S. brig Dolphin's officers were recognised as witnesses, in $600 each. A new complaint was entered against Townsend for a misdemeanor, under the fourth section of the act of 1818, to which he pleaded not guilty, and was held in the sum of $5,000, and the witnesses were held in $100 each. This alleges that Townsend was engaged in the transportation of slaves; and, if convicted, makes him liable to a fine of from $1,000 to $5,000, with imprisonment for three to seven years, according to discretion of court. The prisoner is represented as being quite cool, and expects that he will be sent to Charleston, S. C., for trial, and be acquitted there. His counsel, Messrs. Train & Paine, will make an effort before the Circuit Court to obtain a transfer of jurisdiction.

John Jacob Astor, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, visited Philadelphia in early life, and consulted one of the oldest batters as to the policy of his entering here, and establishing himself in business. Considerable attention was given to the matter, but it was determined that the trade was overdone, and that in fact there was no opening. The enterprising stranger immediately turned his attention to New York, and in the course of years, as is well known, became the great millionaire of the commercial metropolis.

One James Thorp, a colored individual, and also a teamster in Newark, has fallen upon pleasant lines. A gentleman appeared in that part of Jersey last week, on a mission to discover a James Thorp, who was entitled to an estate of $75,000, left by a planter in North Carolina. The teamster turns out to be the man. He was born on the estate, but was sent North to be educated, and his schooling at Norristown, Pa., is married, and is said to be industrious and worthy.

The late Ebenezer Francis, of Boston, has made no bequest to Harvard College, but willed $200,000 to each of his daughters, Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Bowditch, left legacies to the amount of $100,000 to various parties, and the balance of his property in trust for the benefit of nine grandchildren, the interest to go to his daughters during their lifetime.

The Cass-Ynissarri steamer, Capt. Slocum, belonging to the American, Atlantic, and Pacific Ship Canal Company, arrived at Sag Weah after a rough passage, on the 18th ult., all safe—proving herself a good and stanch sea-boat. The Cass-Ynissarri took in a supply of coal, and on the 22d left San Juan del Norte on 22d, to take her place on Lake Nicaragua, as a part of the line of the New Transit route, via Nicaragua.

New York, October 4.—Marshal Rynders has returned from New Bedford with Macomler, the mate, and four of the crew of the brig Hades, charged with piracy on board a hundred leaves at Cardenas. The Haides was scuttled off Montauk, the Portuguese crew landing at that point. She belongs to New York. Macomler belongs to New Bedford.

Letters from the Pacific wagon road expedition, dated Big Sandy, Oregon, Sept. 7th, have been received at St. Louis. They state that Col. Lander was pushing the work on the possible dispatch, and was in hopes of reaching Soda Springs before bad weather sets in. Two hundred miles of the road is finished, and an additional force is now at work beyond Salt river. The expedition was joined by Gov. Lander, and Col. Lander starts for Washington on the 5th of October.

The Indians are friendly, and the health of the expedition is good.

Recent Western papers contain very contradictory accounts relative to the South Platte gold diggings.

The electricians engaged on the Atlantic Telegraph appear unanimous in the opinion that the insulation of the cable has not been injured by being suspended upon some projecting point of a steep bank, and thus gradually injured by its own weight. The soundings taken a few hundred miles from the Irish coast show that a bank at least approaches to the highest and lowest points of which are eight miles apart, showing a difference in elevation of 7,200 feet. But no one can form an idea of the nature of the ground in this intervening space of eight miles—whether the sides of the submarine mountain be broken by ravines or precipitous cliffs, or whether it be a gentle slope. This spot, which is about 300 miles from the Irish coast, is the point which appears to be the one where the insulation of the cable has been injured.

This idea seems to coincide with the opinion expressed by our correspondent B. F. J., on Saturday last, which we have since seen, and from an official statement dated Valentia September 12, wherein this idea is set forth as being the prevailed one among the electricians:

"It must always remain a matter of doubt, however, whether the failing off in the speed of the cable was observable at all until the top of the bank had been reached; and had this been the case, it is quite possible that the cable may have remained suspended upon some projecting point on the slope, and insulation soon become gradually injured by its own weight. This is of course but a probable conjecture, based upon the facts above stated. But if the cable was not suspended in mid-ocean in any other way for the cable having become damaged since its submersion."

An official letter has been received in this city from the paymaster of the army at Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory, from which we have been permitted to make the following extract relative to the operations in that quarter against the Indians, and the death of Lieut. Allen:

"On the 15th instant, (August,) an affair of some consequence occurred with the command under Major Garnett, of the 9th infantry, now in the field. Lieut. Allen, commanding detachment of only *fifteen* men, under Lieut. Jesse K. Allen, 9th infantry, made a night attack, and surprised and captured 21 men, 50 women, with a corresponding number of children, 70 horses, and 24 head of cattle. The affair resulted in the death of Lieut. Allen, a very estimable officer, it is regarded as a brilliant and creditable affair, calculated to give *prestige* to the troops."

The Salt Lake mail reached St. Joseph on the 25th ult., twenty two days out. The Mormons were quiet and orderly at the time of departure. A violent snow storm was encountered by the train west of Laramie. The Indians on the route were quiet. The weekly Santa Fe mail left Independence on the 27th ultimo.

During September, the amount of foreign dry goods entered at New York was $5,676 307, against $4,255,084 for the same month last year. This is an indication of the revival in business. The falling off in the imports, however, for the last nine months, is about $24,000,000, compared with the corresponding period, nowithstanding we have what is called a "low tariff."

It is proposed to hold a grand celebration of the emancipation of Western railroads in the city of Buffalo on the 13th inst. The favorable issue of the long struggle between the Atlantic lines gives great encouragement to the entire railway interest, and it is generally believed that a thorough reform in the management of this vast interest will be worked. The Buffalo Convention will endorse the main features of the St. Nicholas agreement, and adopt a general policy in conformity therewith.

The Chicago *Times* learns that in Lodi, a small village in Kane county, an election was held on Friday last, on the question of incorporating their town, the opposition to the corporation carried the day, and were so elated thereat that they procured an old anvil, charged it with gunpowder, and fired it with great gusto, thus celebrating their victory. While a crowd of people were around the anvil, it burst, with a tremendous report, one piece striking Dr. William Kennedy, the only surgeon in the place, and breaking his leg. A fragment of iron, weighing about ten pounds, struck a white oak post about six inches in diameter, and cut it clean off as effectively as if hit by a twelve pound cannon ball. Another piece, weighing six or eight pounds, hit George Brooks, a young man, the oldest son of L. Brooks, of Lodi, and inflicted a wound which is evidently mortal—the hip bone being smashed to pieces. The father of the wounded man carried his son home, but fainted on beholding the extent of his injuries.

A telegraphic dispatch from New Orleans, dated the 29th ultimo, says, that the report of the "Board of Health for the week past is very similar to that of the preceding week, the figures being as follows: Week ending the 20th, total deaths 628, fever deaths 460. Week ending the 27th, total deaths 619, fever deaths 444. Showing a decrease for the past week in the total number of deaths of 9, and of fever deaths of 16. The deaths in the Charity Hospital in twenty four hours, ending at 6 o'clock on Monday evening, were 9, while for the 24 hours ending last Tuesday evening they reached 18."

A physician, writing from New Orleans on the 23d ult., describes the fever as very prevalent, and up to that time without abatement: "The disease is more malignant than in 1854 and 1855, and many physicians consider it worse than the fever of 1853, taking the number of population into account—for everybody has left the city who could. Strangers should by all means avoid coming here until very late in the season. The fever, however, certainly not before the middle of November. The yellow fever was worse last week than the week before, and so far (Thursday) is worse this week than last."

There have been received at Chicago during the last week 11,301 barrels of flour, 234,321 bushels wheat, 232,700 bushels corn, 13,211 bushels oats, and 18,885 bushels barley, making 555,153 bushels grain. The total receipts of the season, up to this time, are 339,558 barrels flour, 7,864,399 bushels wheat, 7,328,663 bushels corn, 1,850,079 bushels oats, and probably 50,000 bushels barley—making a total of *nearly nineteen million bushels of grain*—namely, 18,791,287 bushels.

The shipments during the last week have been 5,256 barrels flour, 346,347 bushels wheat, and 264,282 bushels corn—making 636,909 bushels of grain. The total shipments of the season are now 271,612 barrels flour, 7,275,392 bushels wheat, 6,847,234 bushels corn, 1,212,090 bushels oats—making a total of ever *sixteen million bushels of grain*—namely, 16,492,776 bushels.

Wheat sold here yesterday at $1.15 for white winter, $1.07 a $1.08 for No. 1 red winter, 99 cents No. 1 spring, and 74 a 75 cents for No. 2 spring—all in store. The best corn sold at 60 cents, delivered on board of vessels.—*Chicago Times.*

NEW YORK MARKET.

Carefully prepared to Tuesday, October 5, 1858.

Flour, State brands	$4.95 @ 5.10
Flour, State brands, extra	5.20 @ 5.40
Flour, Western	0.00 @ 0.00
Flour, Southern	5.00 @ 6.00
Rye Flour	3.25 @ 4.15
Corn Meal	4.15 @ 4.85
Wheat, white	1.30 @ 1.40
Wheat, red	1.20 @ 1.32
Corn, white	90 @ 00
Corn, yellow	92 @ 94
Rye	77 @ 78
Oats	45 @ 48
Grass Seed	7.00 @ 8.00
Timothy Seed	2.50 @ 2.75
Hay	50 @ 55
Hops	6 @ 8
Bacon, Shoulders	6¾ @ 6¾
Bacon, Sides	10 @ 10
Bacon, Hams	8¾ @ 8¾
Pork, Mess	16.80 @ 17.00
Pork, Prime	14.80 @ 14.90
Beef	12.00 @ 14.00
Lard, in barrels	12 @ 00
Lard, in kegs	12 @ 00
Butter, Western	12 @ 16
Butter, State	14 @ 20
Cheese	4 @ 8
Coffee, Rio	10¼ @ 00
Coffee, Java	15 @ 00
Wool, Unwashed	00 @ 00
Wool, Washed	00 @ 00
Wool, Pulled	00 @ 00
Wool, Fleece, common	00 @ 00
Wool, Fleece, fine	00 @ 00
Iron, Scotch, Pig	22.00 @ 23 00
Lime, Rockland	67 @ 0.00
Lime, common	1.20 @ 00

STRANGER IN TOWN.

We have been gratified by a call from Frederick Ayer, Esq., the business man of the firm of J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell. A short acquaintance with the gentleman convinces us that the success which has crowned his medicines is alone concerned in the immense consumption of them; but that it takes business talent of no ordinary measure to pass them around the world: Mr. Ayer, modestly, has no idea of limiting the success of his house shows that he uses them.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Whig.*

IMPORTANT TO SHIPMASTERS AND CREWS.

Some twenty years since, I was very seriously injured in one of my hips, by coming in contact with the anchor of the ship of which I was second mate. The bruise was so bad that I was obliged to leave the vessel at the time since, until a year ago last April, when I heard of Davis's Pain Killer, and immediately procured a bottle, and, by using it according to the directions, was entirely cured in about two weeks, and have not experienced the least trouble from my complaint since.

Feeling the importance of having this valuable medicine constantly by me, before starting for Europe in March last, I re-bought another bottle of Davis, I purchased two large bottles to take with me. While at Antwerp, one of my crew was attacked with a very severe dysentery; I gave him the Pain Killer, and it cured him in a hurry.

On my passage home, with one hundred and sixty-four passengers, I administered this valuable remedy to all who were taken sick, and all of them speedily cured. One lady passenger, in particular, was troubled with a bad headache, for which she said there was no cure, having been troubled with it most of the time for years. I told her I had a sure remedy, and gave her the Pain Killer, which, to her surprise, did effect the cure she had long sought in vain for. I had as good a medicine chest as ever was put on board a ship, but did not open it, there being no occasion for it. The Pain Killer answering all purposes. And I do most sincerely recommend to every shipmaster always to take a good supply of this valuable medicine with him on going to sea, as it is so valuable in preventing sickness, and in curing sickness, which is liable to, and frequently do happen to prove fatal on shipboard.

CHRISTOPHER ALLYN,
Late Master of Ship Lenore.

For sale in Washington by William Ballantyne, bookseller, Seventh street. 16

"FIRST FICTION OF THE FALL CROP."

THE above caption heads a column of appreciative and commendatory review, in the *Chicago Daily Journal*, of A. S. Roe's new book,

TRUE TO THE LAST;
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Mr. Roe is a general favorite of the critics, as well as the 100,000 READERS for whom he is "continuing" "interesting," and "popular," are a few of the adjectives used by the reviewers in commending "True to the Last." He says the Journal's commendation is "high as Thackeray—a literary gentleman of the highest character."

"Of a more advanced species of interest, and yet equally removed from the meretricious and extravagant novel, are the writings of Roe, who is a sort of Long-Island Goldsmith, whose delicate and graceful pen is disposed in no one respect by his publishers. This writer deals in fiction in a way that, without being in the Thackeray fashion, while his art far surpasses the moral communications of the popular Mrs. Stowe, yet this is a very patient observer of men and things around him, and, by virtue of an honest sympathy therewith, weaves narratives of wonderful power, and, yet, of great simplicity, which, however humble, are so genuine, in their way, as Edgeworth or Miss Mitford, and, yet, with a peculiarity of appeal to average sympathies, and charm rural household life in true popular fashion, which Thackeray, notwithstanding we have what is called a "low tariff." The merits of his books indicate their acceptance.

'A Long Look Ahead,' 'Live Oak Leaves,' 'Time Tries All,' 'Love and to be Loved,' natural, domestic, and genuine, are more transcripts of the real and sacred spheres of Christian life; and the last, just published by Derby & Jackson, and entitled 'True to the Last,' is, in all respects, the best of the series. We commend it as unexceptionable, graphic, undefiled, and instinct with unoscentatious practical truth."

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PROSPECTUS OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME

BEGINNING JANUARY 1, 1858.

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A SCRAP OF HISTORY—CHANGES.

In the great struggle of 1840, the Whig party, which had scarcely more than crystallized into shape, embraced large numbers of men who now belong to the Republican party, men who have not changed their position since, but simply waited for "things to come-round," and who were anti-Slavery then, as now. Among them was Mr. Giddings, and none labored harder than he for the result of that memorable year; and no county or district of the whole nation gave so large a majority as that represented by him. In the natural course of things, one who had so labored, and whose constituents had so voted, might have expected a share of favors of the new Administration. But the poison of the slaveholding influence rankled in the national heart then as it does now, except that it pervaded *both* parties then, while one party now dares seek a cure of the disease.

From Mr. Giddings we learn an incident in the history of that day, which shows how deeply that poison infected the rulers at Washington, of whatever party. Gen. Harrison spent some weeks in Washington previous to his inauguration; and during that time Mr. Giddings made his first Anti Slavery speech, upon and against the bill of Mr. Pinckney, for dismembering the Florida War. In it he laid down the great doctrines of the Republican party of today, that the power and influence of the General Government should be exerted for *Liberty*, and not for *Slavery*—that Freedom was national, and Slavery sectional. He spoke amidst constant interruptions; and the opposition immediately assailed the Whigs as an abolition party, and a furious assault was made upon the Whigs for holding fellowship with a man who could utter such sentiments. Mr. Thompson, a South Carolina Whig, who had just brought forward that abominable bill, volunteered the vindication of the Whigs from such a charge, in a speech in which he vindicated the party Mr. G., characterizing him as the most *obscure member* of the Whig party.

Mr. G. replied with just severity, intensely exciting the lords of the lash, and what menaced with assault, by Mr. Alford, of Georgia.

Many of the leading Whigs were annoyed at the charge of abolitionism, and, now that the election was carried, were ready to cast off their true friends, to propitiate the slave Power. Gen. Harrison even proposed to set the charge of abolition at rest in his inaugural, and prepared a paragraph for that purpose, which, at the instance of Mr. Clay, was so changed as to make it inoffensive to Mr. Giddings, and those who sympathized with him.

When Mr. G. called on the President elect, he saw in the coldness with which he was received the visible effects of Southern influence on that man, that he never recovered himself again before the General, under whom he had served in the war of 1812, and for whose election he had so assiduously and effectually labored.

Neither Mr. Thompson nor his State had given the Whig party any efficient support; yet Mr. T., being a slaveholder, was promptly appointed Minister to Mexico, from which post he retired, at the end of four years, with an ample fortune, and has long since been politically forgotten.

In the course of the eighteen years since those days, the Whig party has disappeared, and in its place has risen the Republican party, whose leading doctrines are the same as those for which Mr. Giddings was denounced as an "obscure member," and in defence of which the President, who had swept the political battle-field like a hurricane, dared not lift his voice, but sought to repudiate as a contamination; and the Charleston *Mercury*, the leading paper of South Carolina, now acknowledgingly says:

"For our part, we have for some time past looked to the *mastery of the General Government by the Abolitionists to be just as sure to take place as any other event morally certain in the course of human affairs.* The whole history of the country for the last twenty or thirty years points to this result as inevitable in the usual course of things. The South could, ere the battle was fought and won, have broken up the deadly sequence of effect from cause, which was rolling over her destinies; but she has failed to interpose for her protection, *and now no mortal effort within the Union, in our judgment, can arrest the triumph of abolitionism in seizing the Government.* It may be propitiated and postponed, as the man pursued by wolves arrested their attacks by throwing one child after another out of his carriage—but wolves overtook and devoured him at last."

Through these changes, that President and many of his most prominent friends played out their part, and made manifest their final exit. Thompson and Giddings still live, one rich in the spoils of office, and the other rich in the conscious satisfaction of duty done. We hope they may yet see the final triumph of the principles on which they then differed.—*Ashtabula Sentinel.*

From the South Side (Va.) Democrat.

SLAVE TRADE AND PIRACY—A NON-SEQUITUR.

While we regard the existing laws with regard to the slave trade as seriously defective, inviting as they do upon the Government the odious duties and onerous expenses, to secure very doubtful benefits, we feel compelled to object to a comparison between the trade in slaves between the States, and the slave trade so-called, which subjects both to whatever odium may attach to one. To say nothing more, this idea demands, as a necessity, that every opponent of the slave trade on moral grounds, to be consistent, must equally oppose the commerce in slaves between the Southern States. We should deeply regret the prevalence of any such impression. It could but enhance the antagonism which exists so largely and so unreasonably, as we think, in the Northern States, against the institutions of the South, and bring into disrepute a large and respectable body of Southern gentlemen, as sound and reliable in their views of the domestic institution as any men in the South, who think the slave trade from Africa, per se, wrong, independent of *material* injuries which might accrue from its revival.

It is undoubtedly true that the condition of the black races in Africa is infinitely inferior to that of the slaves of the South, that they have been advanced in the scale of civilization by contact with the white man and subjection to him infinitely beyond what they would have been, if left to their native barbarism. We body of native Africans show at this minute the smallest superiority to their traditional barbarism, while the African slaves of this continent are more happy as men, more useful as labor ers, and more enlightened as Christians, than they could possibly have been had for their present relation. To restrict the commerce in them between the States would not only be violative of rights, but largely destructive of this condition of things—defeating the pur pose of advancement to the slaves themselves, and, in many instances, so reducing their value as to lessen the influence of personal interest for the security of their happiness and the protection of their comfort. The slaveholder simply transfers the slave from one field of labor to another, surrounding him all the while with the same laws, and subjecting him to precisely the same influences in the place to which he goes as in that whence he comes.

It is the simple transfer of property.

The slave trade—that which is denounced as piracy by the law—has no such feature in it. Is denunciation as piracy, whether justifiable or not, on a careful and calm investigation, has at least a show of reason—both from the cruelties which have always attended the traffic, perpetrated by the trader himself, and from the barbarities it perpetuates in Africa. The trader, for the sake of gain, can do half what is alleged against him, packing his human cargo with the indifference he would show to inanimate objects, crowding his decks to take the chances of life and death, as the winds may decide—what must be the temptation to the barbarous chiefs who furnish his cargoes? It is because the trade perpetuates the barbarism of Africa, gives rise to the wars which desolate her, and tempts the cruelties from which Slavery is so vast a relief, that the *moral* objections to the African slave trade are urged.

We confess that we do not think the conclusion a just one—that the slave trade should take the grade of piracy because of these objections—yet still they are strong enough to show, that though the African slave trade be so denounced, it is a *non-sequitur*, that any relieving in slavery in the South or the commerce in slaves here is intended, or follows as a natural consequence.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER AUSTRIA.

STATEMENT OF MR. BREW.

I took passage at Southampton on the 4th, in the steamship Austria, Capt. Heydtmann, which left Hamburg on the 2d. We sailed at 5 P. M., the evening being a little misty. We in consequence anchored between the Isle of Wight and the main land; sailed again at 4 o'clock on the following morning. In weighing anchor, a collision with another accident occurred, by which one of the crew lost his life. Owing to some mismanagement, the anchor ran out, whirling the capstan around with terrific force, and hurling the men in all directions. Two were severely injured, and one thrown overboard. He was supposed to have been instantly killed, as he never rose to the surface. From the time the ship was laid on her course, we experienced very strong westerly winds. On the 12th the weather was more favorable, and on the 13th a speed of eleven knots had been attained, and all were in hopes of reaching New York by the 18th.

At a little after 2 o'clock P. M., I was on the quarter deck, when I saw a dense volume of smoke burst from the after entrance of the steerage. Some women ran aft, exclaiming, "The ship is on fire—what will become of us?" The ship was put at half-speed, at which she continued until the magazine exploded, from which, I infer, the engineers were instantly suffocated. I only walked from where I was, on the quarter deck, to the waist of the ship, when I saw the men were getting the fire hose into amidships. As the ship was head to the wind, the fire travelled with fearful rapidity. I then went to the man at the wheel, and told him to put the vessel with her side to the wind. He testified—probably did not understand me, as he was a native of Hamburg. I then got a German gentleman to speak to him. At this time, I saw some persons letting down the boat on the port side of the quarter deck. What became of the boat I know not, but think she was crushed under the screw. I then went to get a boat over from the starboard side of the quarter deck, but the moment we laid our hands on the ropes, there were so many persons crowded into it that we could not lift it off the blocks. We therefore left it for a few minutes, until the people got out, when we retnrned and launched it over the side of the ship, when the people all rushed into it again, I descended with great violence into the water, and it was instantly swamped, all the people being washed out, excepting three, who held on to the sides. We then let down a rope, and pulled up one person, who was in the act of drowning. Another, in the act of being hauled up, was strangled by the rope.

The fire now came on too fiercely to attempt to get up any more from the swamped boat. All the female passengers were on the poop, with the exception of a few gentlemen, who were in the act of getting the boat off. The men were picked up, floating on a piece of broken boat. The second officer was taken up, having been swimming, with nothing to float him, for six hours. The second and third officers were severely burned. One second officer, behaved right-fully, and some of the other male passengers slightly. There were but six women saved, three of whom were burnt, one in a shocking manner.

Captain Remond acted with the utmost kindness. He gave them clothes, as far as he could furnish them, to the suffering passengers, and acted as a nurse, doctor, and surgeon, to the burnt people, dressing the wounds of the females with a delicacy and tenderness that evinced a benevolent and amiable disposition.

I did not see an officer of the ship during the fire, and am certain there was not one of them or the crew on the poop, except a man at the wheel for a short time. I understand that when the second officer of the Austria was on deck, without a cap, and when he saw the flames, exclaimed, "*We are all lost!*" He tried to get out a boat, which, accidentally or not I do not know, fell into the sea, and was crushed under the stern. The boat in question is this boat. He cut her loose from the davits. She was carried under the screw, and smashed, and several in her were drowned. Three or four men escaped on a fragment, and were picked up by a boat, which was before stated. About the same time, one metallic life-boat was let down from the port bow and swamped, but great cleared away with about thirty-three persons in it, among the first and third officers and several women.

The men in this boat capsized her two or three times, in trying to clear her of water. Ten persons were thus drowned, including some women. They afterwards bailed her out with life-preservers, cut in two, and pulled to the Maurice, having picked up two or three passengers before reaching the harque. Altogether, there were sixty-seven souls taken to the Maurice during the night.

A French ship-of-war came up with the steamer the next morning, and a boat was observed going around the burning ship. They may have picked up a few persons, but only a very few.

The Maurice had no communication with the Norwegian barque.

At three minutes o'clock, the Maurice sailed for Fayal, to deposit the rescued passengers.

At about two o'clock the same afternoon, she fell in with the barque Lotus, Captain Trafy, of Yarmouth, N. S., from Liverpool, for Halifax. As I was anxious to get on British territory, Capt. Trafy kindly gave me a passage. He was anxious to take all the American citizens, but there was such a rush of foreigners into the boats, that only one load of eleven could be got off, and even some of those were foreigners. The fire is known to have arisen from very culpable negligence of some of the crew.

The captain and surgeon considered it expedient to fumigate the sleeping with burning tar. The operation was to be performed by the boatswain, under the superintendence of the fourth officer. The boatswain heated the end of a chain, to dip in the tar, in order to produce smoke. The end became too hot to hold, and he let it drop upon the deck, to which it set fire. The tar ispet, and immediately all about was in flames. A feeble attempt was made to extinguish it, but without effect. There was nothing at hand to meet such an emergency.

The rescued passengers saved nothing but the clothes on their backs, and even the greater part of these were torn off, and otherwise lost. Six hundred souls were supposed to be on board, including many women and children.

Mr. Brew is the only British subject saved. He is in the British civil service, and on his way to British Colonmbia.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer of September 23.

THE ECHO SLAVE CASE.

The examination of Captain Townsend is still continued in Boston, but not a single fact that has not been published in the *Inquirer* had been elicited by the evidence up to Saturday last. The trial, it is now ascertained, is to hinge that the officers of the *Dolphin* saw Captain Townsend on board the *Echo*—that he did not acknowledge, after the *Echo* was sent to Charleston, that he was captain of the vessel—that he was taken to Key West, where the United States Marshal would not receive him—that thence the *Dolphin* sailed for New York, and that subsequently Townsend was brought to Boston. Captain Townsend appears in court dressed in elegant style, with light kid gloves on, and altogether is quite a lion. There will be a reliance on the part of Townsend's counsel, probably, on the blunders committed in not securing this case according to the strict letter of the law, and in permitting four sick Spaniards of the *Echo* to be discharged from custody, on the ground that they were dangerous to the ship's crew.

When the whole matter is concluded, it will be necessary to present the entire review of the case, and to ascertain how far the laws of the United States have been respected by the officers whose duty it was, regardless of all consequences, to do their duty by them. It may be that the result of this trial will only act as a charter to bold navigators to continue in the nefarious carrying trade notoriously conducted by men and capitalists in our Northern cities. The trade will go on, and we shall take no notice. The law of 1819 requires that the officers and crew of captured slavers shall be delivered to the United States Marshal for the first district entered after the capture, and that there the trial for piracy shall take place. The question comes up, then, What jurisdiction has the District Court in Boston? To this the reply will be, probably, that Captain Townsend is only under examination, and that his trial may take place at Key West. The penalty for the offence is death, but is there any of that determination to make an example of the guilty, on the part of the Government, which humanity and a regard for the interests of humanity demand? Lieut. Maffit had reason to believe that there were nine slavers which had been fitted out from Northern ports, to carry on this murderous trade, which shows that there is a fearful disrespect for our Federal laws; and now, when one of the vessels has been taken, the incapacity of the Government to sustain the law seems about to be demonstrated. We trust that so demoralizing a result may not take place. We have been confident that we apprehend that nothing better will be accomplished. Lieut. Maffit permits four of the persons on board to go free, upon his individual responsibility, and yet a demand will be made of about eight thousand dollars for the crew of the *Dolphin*, and their officers will claim half the proceeds of the *Echo* and her property, provided she is declared to be a prize under the law of 1819. Certainly, the public have a very deep interest in this case, on moral and serious grounds, in watching the course of this affair.

THE DICKENS DIFFICULTY.

Dr. Shelton Mackenzie gives, in the Philadelphia *Press*, a long account of the Dickens difficulty, from which we take the following facts:

In the year 1837, during the publication of the Pickwick Papers, as they were called—for the actual name of the book is "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club"—Charles Dickens married the daughter of Charles Hogarth, at that time musical critic of the London *Morning Chronicle*, and now, we believe, holding a like relation with the *Daily News*. At this time, Mr. Dickens was 25 years old—his fiancée almost twenty months his junior.

Mr. Hogarth, who was Boz—or Dickens's father-in-law, had been a W. S. in Edinburgh, his native city. For the benefit of such of our readers as are not Scottish, we inform them that the Writers to the Signet, opposed to Mr. Hogarth's name signify "Writer to the Signet," a degree of Caledonian lawyership between a conneellor or "advocate," and the ordinary attorney or solicitor. He wrote a History of Music. Dickens, in his "Life of Gay," says that "all who understand the science speak highly of it." For our own part, we have always failed to appreciate this small volume, having found it dry and dull, heavy and pedantic. However, on the authority of it, (his profession of lawyer being wholly unprofitable,) Mr. George Hogarth removed from Edinburgh to London, and set up as a newspaper critic. In this way, though his manner is very hard, he has achieved a high reputation for honesty, and now, far advanced in life, is a sort of patriarch among the newspaper scribes at London, chiefly remarkable, in private life, for insisting on relating two or three dilapidated anecdotes whenever he opens his mouth.

The Persian proverb prettily says, "I am not the rose, but I have lived near it." Thus, though Hogarth was not in any way connected with Scott, his own relations were; James Ballantyne, Sir Walter's early and fast friend, who transacted all his business negotiations while the authorship of Waverley was a secret, was married to George Hogarth's sister. George Cargill was the most frequent guest at his brother-in-law's table, where he met Scott, Jeffrey, Lockhart, Terry the actor, William Erskine the lawyer, and a few more of the select. Thus, Hogarth could have told numerous anecdotes of Scott; but he never mentioned one, which, with wonderful tenacity of purpose, he would relate to all listeners, curiously contriving, towards the close of each story, to forget the point of it, and expressing the hope that he would remember it next time he told it.

Brought up among literary people, Miss Hogarth had almost an instinctive liking for Charles Dickens, even before he put that important question to which the fair sex so rarely has an opportunity of being the party. "No." The marriage was considered a very suitable one by the mutual friends of both the principals, and produced several children, the eldest nearly a man in years, and quite a man in mind and feeling, when he was left to take care of Charles Dickens and his spare and happy couple.

It was whispered, however, that Mrs. Dickens, with the thrift of Scottish nature, and indeed with a prudency usually and wisely rare for the future, seriously objected, years ago, to her husband's carelessness in regard to money matters, and strongly urged him to spare now, that he might have something to live on by-and-by, in fact, for a rainy day. It would appear, by letters in Cockburn's *Life* of Jeffrey, that the great ex-reviewer, who cherished the warm est regard for Dickens, most earnestly had urged on him the necessity of making a provision for the future, while his health and means permitted, and that, even seven years after his marriage, Dickens had not done anything of the kind.

In those days, and for a long time later, Dickens, who had been lionized in the fashionable circles of London, was absurdly extravagant in giving expensive entertainments in return. This competition with the titled and wealthy was very foolish, and it naturally annoyed Mrs. Dickens, in a pecuniary sense, and, if the whole truth be known, perhaps she felt herself out of place in the haughty, condescending, and patronizing society of the Lady Clementinas, the Lady Constances, and the Lady Emilies.

The members of Mr. Dickens's family were another source of dissatisfaction to his wife, it is said. From his father, Mr. John Dickens—immortalized in "David Copperfield," as the renowned Wilkins Micawber, who was always waiting for something to turn up—down to the youngest of his numerous brothers, Charles Dickens's family were a drag upon his liberal nature for very many years. The father had an income of at least $2,000 a year, as a Government employee and newspaper reporter, which ought to have sufficed for the support of his children, but it did not. It was muddled away, nobody knew how, and the family stuck on their brother Charles like a nest of leeches. Of course he abundantly, in a prodigal sa he is, and of course, also, his wife did not like it.

Thus, however, matters went on, begetting dissatisfaction and coolness, until some recent circumstances—in the profuse explanations we are at a loss to know precisely what they are—led to a separation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIBERIA—FRENCH SLAVE TRADE.—Intelligence from Liberia has been received, via England, to the 15th of August. The news is favorable, and the general progress of improvement is as rapid as we could reasonably expect it to be.

It is known that the Government of Liberia has been charged with complicity in the affair of the French ship *Regina Cœli*, and her company of free immigrants, or, more properly speaking, slaves. Mr. Coppinger, of the Colonization Office in this city, in a speech at President Roberts and President Benson, in which they both express indignation at the untruths of the French in asserting that passport duly was taken out for the emigrants aboard of the *Regina Cœli*. Not a passport was taken for passports, and none (passports) were applied for, because the passengers ran away from the ship before Captain Simon could make a demand for them, which could only be done at Monrovia, where each individual was to be examined, to ascertain whether he was a voluntary or involuntary emigrant. If the latter, then no passport would be granted. But on the capture of the *Regina Cœli*, and her being brought into the port of Monrovia, the passengers all made their escape, so that Captain Simon was not at the trouble of applying for passports. They were all shipped at Gallinas River Inlet, 7° north, at Spanish factories, including 15 Africans in territory, and they were composed entirely of *native Africans*, forced on board suddenly, clandestinely, and without the knowledge of the authorities of Liberia.

All the money received from the *Regina Cœli* was between three and four hundred dollars for tonnage duty and import duty on merchandize landed for sale within the Republic. President Benson positively denies that he ever presented Captain Simon to get passports for Liberia or elsewhere. On the contrary, he is entirely opposed to this system of emigration, which he says is no better than the slave trade, and he did everything in his power to obstruct it.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

MOSCOW.—No other city in the world presents so conspicuous an aspect. The gilded domes of Lucknow—the pagodas of China—the Moorish churches—Grecian temples—palaces in the style of Versailles—heavy inexpressive German buildings—wooden country cottages—glaring American public buildings, gardens, silent lanes, roaring streets, many marches, Turkish bazaars, French cafés, German beer-cellars, and Chinese tea-houses—all of which are found here, not grouped exclusively into separate centuries, but mixed and jumbled together, until Europe and Asia, the past and the present, the old world and the new, are so blended and confounded, that it is impossible to say which predominates. Another city so bizarre and so picturesque as Moscow does not exist. To call it Russian would be too narrow a distinction; it suggests the world. Its position, near the imaginary line where one continent is merged into the other, accounts for this. The writers of the Moskva seek an Asiatic sea, yet its nearest ports are those of central Europe. Its fibres of commerce branch eastward across the Tartar steppes to Mongolia and China; southward to Samarcand and Bokhara, to Cashmere and Persia; northward to Archangel and the Polar ocean; and on the west, to all the rest of Europe. The race who founded it came from the southeast, and brought with them the minaret and the swelling Oriental dome, the love of glittering and gaudy colors the religion came from Constantinople, with the Byzantine pillar and the Greek cross; and the founder of Russian power learned his trade in the west. On every one of its thousand spires and domes glitters the crescent, surmounting the Christ emphant cross. At its southern end, the Tartar muezzin calls to prayer from the roof of his mosque, while at the northern, the whistle of the locomotive announces the departure of the train for St. Petersburgh.—*Bayard Taylor.*

THE GREAT RIVERS OF THE WORLD.—Lieutenant Habersham, in his letters from China, asserts that the Mississippi is entitled to be called the "Father of Waters," is not to be compared to the Yang-tse-Kiang river, to which he applies the name of the "Mother of Waters." In proof of this, he compares the width and volume of the two streams. The Mississippi, opposite New Orleans, is not quite 600 yards wide, with a mean depth of 100 feet, and a mean velocity of nearly ½ miles per hour. Thus we have, in round numbers, 600 yards wide, and 100 feet thick, is driven into the Gulf of Mexico every hour. A little more than one hundred miles from the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang (the Son of the Sea) is located the city of Kiang-Yin. The river here is 1,500 yards wide, has an average depth of 99 feet, and a mean velocity of two miles per hour. Thus we have, he remarks, a body of water two miles long, 1,900 yards wide, and 99 feet thick, hourly rushing into the Yellow Sea. Compare this volume with the first, and it will be found to be almost double.

Were the length of the great Chinese watercourse only known, the comparison might be complicated. It is not improbable that the interior of China is opened to the world. Its estimated length is 3,300 miles; that of the Mississippi is 2,200 miles. Lieut. Habersham estimates that the waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang carry a much greater proportionable quantity of about 33⅓ per cent. of sedimentary matter. According to this estimate, 1,986,336,000 cubic feet of mud is hourly transported to the sea by this river. It seems quite incredible, but as the early navigators reported that the Yang-tse-Kiang colors the waters at its mouth, giving them the name of the Yellow Sea, beside forming immense flats, the amount must be very large.

The Yang-tse-Kiang, however, bears no better comparison with the Amazon, than, according to Lieut. Habersham, the Mississippi does to the Chinese river. The Amazon, which is the largest river in the world, is 1,769 miles in length, for a distance of 1,000 miles, including its windings, nearly 4,000 miles; while 400 miles from the Atlantic it is more than a mile in width, and has a velocity of 3½ miles per hour, and in mid-current no bottom is found with 20 fathoms, or 120 feet. The noble river, with its 1,000 tributaries, is estimated to afford 50,000 miles for inland navigation.

ISRINGERE CONFORMITY.—"When I was once talking," says Whiston, "with the Lord Chief Justice King, one brought up among the dissenters at Exeter, under a most religious, Christian, and conformable education, and, since, a leader about signing Articles which we did not believe, for preferment, which he openly justified, and pleaded for it that we must not lose our usefulness for scruples. I replied, that I was sorry to see a worthy man and wisely care for the future, seriously objected, years ago, that his husband's carelessness in regard to money matters, and strongly urged him to spare now, that he might have something to live on by-and-by, in fact, for a rainy day. It would appear, by letters in Cockburn's *Life* of Jeffrey, that the great ex-reviewer, who cherished the warm est regard for Dickens, most earnestly had urged on him the necessity of making a provision for the future, while his health and means permitted, and that, even seven years after his marriage, Dickens had not done anything of the kind.

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