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☞ Letters and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

THE SABBATH.

One more week of care and labor
Has lazily crept away;
To the weary world rest and quiet
Are sent down from Heaven to-day.

The sun shines with holy splendor,
The wind is little and mild,
The trees to and fro leave as gently
As the breast of a sleeping child.

Scattered clouds are pacing slowly
Over glittering fields of blue,
And often they seem to turn and wait,
As church going people do.

The bells are at morning service,
In the churches all around;
They ring not their week day clamor,
But a sotened, Sunday sound.

Ah, ring they sadly or merrily,
Ring they loud or ever so low,
They cannot still the struggle
That the living spirits must know.

In sunshine and stormy weather,
By night as well as by day,
The soul must still be striving,
Striving, laboring away.
Never feel the noisy passions
The peace of a Sabbath day.

Yet still there comes in the future
A Sabbath for the soul;
The bells shall not ring in its morning,
Slowly, sadly, shall they toll.
In the grave so dark and silent,
Is the Sabbath of the soul.

Perilous Descent of Aeronauts.

A letter dated Bradford, August 11, says:

The quiet of this retired watering place was greatly disturbed this afternoon by the cry of "A balloon." On rushing to the piazza, we noticed that a large and beautiful balloon was in sight, apparently bound towards the Long Island House. Suddenly it rapidly descended, and, to our horror, the car and its three inmates were plunged in the sea, completely out of sight, the car, which was a large wicker basket, being completely submerged. We at once started our favorite yacht, the Active, for the rescue. The little sloop almost flew thro' the waves, and was soon by the side of the car, which was being dragged at a fearful rate through the water. The unfortunate aeronauts, who seemed in excellent spirits, in spite of their mishap, gave the boat a hearty cheer, and requested the captain to lie so near as to afford assistance. They had thrown out their anchor, but were drifting before the wind towards Governor's Island—one of the Thimble Islands. The yacht hastened to the shore, and the party were on hand to seize the car as it struck the rock. It required the force of a dozen men to keep it from ascending, its passengers not daring to leave the car until the gas escaped.

We find that the aeronaut, Mr King, ascended from New Haven at 3 P. M., accompanied by two passengers, Mr G. F Tuttle, and Mr P. A. Pinkerman, who went up on a wager. The car was well provisioned, but, in the excitement of their descent, was thrown overboard. The car, when discovered, was filled with a chaos of barometers, opera-glasses, champagne bottles and boquets. The barometer indicated a height of two miles.—*Albany Eve. Journal.*

Rollins on Bachelors.

The following is a specimen of the free and easy style with which Rollins, the opposition candidate for Governor in Missouri, has been addressing the people of that State. There is a genuine sparkle of humor and genius in his speeches that shows him to be no ordinary man; and although he may be beaten now, he will be heard from again. The extract is the best vein of Western stump speaking:

"All I have to say is this, if you should elect me Governor, I think the administration of the State and the City Government, under friend Wimer, will go on harmoniously and swimmingly together. I will avail myself of his services in advancing the interests of the State. If I should be your Governor, I will make you a most clever and hospitable gentleman. At my home you can find my wife and children; but not so with Stewart. He is an old bachelor—his heart is as hard as flint.—[Laughter.] He has never been moved to generous impulses by the influences of woman's charms; and in visiting him you will find a home cheerless and desolate, forlorn enough to damp the ardor of a generous heart. He is not the proper man for you. Look into the bachelors den [roars of laughter] and see if you like it. I except the present company if there be any bachelors in it.

"It is true that he said, the other day that he had been trying to change his condition for twelve long years, and had failed. [Laughter.] If that is true it is the most solid argument against him, because you know, all of you, that among the striking characteristics between the two sexes, the most prominent is the keen perception and the keen insight into the human character which women have; and it is because the women, knowing at a glance [laughter] that the risibility of the meeting was here great that it buried the words of the Major entirely]—it is the condemnation of the female sex resting upon his head, and they cannot, if you would, vote for him."

A Lawyer with Two Characters.

One cold evening in November, ten years ago, a man wrapped in a large cloak, knocked at the door of Mons. Dupin, one of the most able advocates of Paris. He entered, and drawing from under his cloak a large package of documents, laid them on the table.

'Monsieur,' said he, 'I am rich, but a law-suit which is commenced against me may ruin me utterly. At my age, a lost fortune is not to be re-made. The loss of this suit, therefore, would condemn me to the most frightful misery. I come to implore your aid. Here are the papers which explain my claims.'

The advocate listened attentively, while his unknown visitor thus briefly explained his business. Then opening the bundle of documents, he went through them with the searching rapidity of his professional eye. They were at last laid upon the table.

'The action which is commenced against you for this property,' said he, 'is based upon justice and right, legal and moral.—The property belongs to your opponent. But, unfortunately, in spite of the admirable elaboration of our code, law and justice do not always go together, and here the law is on your side. If, therefore, you rest your case entirely on the law, and use, without reserve, all its technicalities and quibbles; and if legal points in your favor are stated clearly and ably to the court, you will inevitably gain your case.'

'No man living,' said the stranger, 'can do what you thus describe so ably as yourself. Might I venture to hope that you would reduce your legal opinion to writing, and thus render me invulnerable?'

The advocate reflected for a minute or two, and then taking up again the documents, which at the first word of the request he had roughly pushed away, he said he would do as the stranger wished. On the morrow, at the same hour, the legal opinion would be ready.

The client was punctual. The paper was presented to him, accompanied with a demand, very abruptly made, for a fee of three thousand francs!

He stood with mute astonishment.

'You are at liberty to keep your money,' said the lawyer, 'and I am at liberty to throw my written opinion into the fire;' and, advancing towards the chimney, apparently for that purpose, he was stopped by the visitor.

'I will pay the sum,' he said; 'but I must give you my written acceptance for it.'

'The money in gold,' said the advocate, 'or you shall not have a line!'

The client saw that it was inevitable, and taking his leave for a moment, returned soon after with the coin. He paid it; but in revenge, after gaining his cause, he told the story in every corner in Paris. The journals got hold of it. It was soon as universal as the name and fame of the great lawyer himself. Laments were made by the editors over the grasping advantage thus taken of a client in his extremity, and even friends expressed their regrets to him for his betrayal of avarice. But he simply shrugged his shoulders; and, as everything is soon forgotten in Paris, it finally passed out of the remembrance of the public.

Ten years went by, and a few days since, at a celebration of which the dignitaries of the courts of law formed a part, the procession was interrupted by a woman, who suddenly sprang from the crowd and frantically seized the hands of Mons. Dupin, the Procureur General.

'It is he! it is he!' she exclaimed, as she burst into tears and covered his hands with kisses. 'This is my benefactor, my friend, the angel by whose timely kindness I was saved from ruin, and spared to educate my dear children.'

'Poor woman!' said M. Dupin, 'she has lost her reason.'

But no! she insisted on explaining to the bystanders that there was reason in her tears and gratitude. She stated it brokenly. Ten years ago, after the death of her husband, a claim was put in by a relative for the property upon which she had relied to support and educate her children. She resolved to defend her possession of that which she knew to be her own, and had already sold half her furniture to pay the commencement of the process, when, one day, a stranger called upon her. He abruptly announced his business. He told her that the suit, for which she was running already into expense, would be a losing one—that the law was against her, though justice was on her side; that she had better abandon it and save what she still possessed.

He then added that, from having been employed on the case, he had been able to rescue some portion of what was wrongfully taken from her, and that it was contained in the bag of gold which he laid on the table—abruptly taking his leave, and giving her astonished senses no opportunity for thanks or inquiry. The three thousand francs with which she was enriched enabled her to re-establish herself with her children, and to commence a timely support of them. And, from that day, she has been trying in vain to discover who was her benefactor. But his features were graven on her heart, and, thank the Lord, she recognized and was able to thank him now.

And so, after ten years of misrepresentation, Mons. Dupin's 'grasping avarice' was explained to his legal brethren and the public as quite another thing. Like some other individuals, he had two characters—one which the newspapers made him out to be, and another character, and a very different one—that which he was.

Joke for a Farmer.—The French excel all nations in studied equivoque, but give us a Yankee for the intentional kind. A Western New York farmer writes as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine:

Respected Sir:—I went, yesterday, to the fair at M——; I found several pigs of your species; there was a great variety of beasts, and I was astonished at not seeing your father!"

THE GOODWOOD RACE.

In "Bell's Life in London" of August 2, we find a full account of the race for the Goodwood Cup, in which the American horses were beaten. The details of the affair possess but little interest, but the following extracts from the report fully account for the defeat of Pryor and Prioress:

"When the competitors came on to the course the Americans of course were the 'lions,' and the spectators anxiously crowded round whilst they underwent the operation of saddling. Pryor, who was led by a tall, intelligent looking negro, is a remarkably handsome chesnut, with two white feet and a blaze of white in his face; he stands fifteen hands, has brilliant action, and is said to possess wonderful powers of endurance. His appearance, however, betrayed great want of condition, and his owner informed us that he was 'so badly off' before leaving his training quarters at Stockbridge, that he should not have started him but for the improvement he daily exhibited after his arrival at Goodwood on the previous Saturday. Princess is altogether a different looking animal, being fully sixteen hands high, and rather leggy, with a good forehead and immense hips, which somewhat redeem her shabby loins.

She looked fitter to run than their companion, and her appearance did honor to Mr. D. R. Palmer, her trainer, who at one time lived in a similar capacity, with the late Mr. John C. Stevens, the head of the American Turf in his day, for whom he was very successful with the celebrated Black Maria, and other horses which he handled on Long Island.

Mr. Ten Broeck's 'turn out' was in every respect a national one, his jockeys being Americans, who wore the colors of the States—crimson and white striped jackets and blue caps. The *toilette* of both men was unexceptionable, though in England Littlefield's high military heels seemed as strange on a jockey as Gilpatrick's genuine Yankee beard. The latter, who came over with a special retainer to ride in the Cup, is considered the best rider in America, we believe, and to his charge was intrusted Prioress, albeit Mr. Ten Broeck declared to win with the horse.

The Americans adopt altogether a different style of riding to that of our jockeys. The former sit down on their horse all the way, as if riding a trotting match, always have a 'hard pull' on, and never shake or 'roll' them at the finish of a race; consequently, as was the case on this occasion, ninety-nine spectators out of a hundred might naturally imagine, from the absence of all movements of the arms, that the riders were 'roping!' All sorts of rumors were afloat that the Yankees had been tried to beat the best time ever known in England; 'came off crabbs,' inasmuch as that a two year old, which joined in with the Cup nags at the end of a mile and a half, to finish the last mile with them, won by an immense distance, and was in turn 'beaten into fits' by a two year old in the Danebury stable. This result, of course, weakened their owner's confidence considerably, but from the improvement his horses exhibited after their arrival at Goodwood, and satisfied of their real form in America. Mr. Ten Broeck and his friends, as well as the Americans who visited the meetings, supported Pryor and Prioress with considerable spirit, and besides backing them to win between £9,000 and £10,000, Mr. T. B. pluckily made a £2000 book on the race! Amongst Englishmen they had very few supporters, though every body admitted them to be 'good looking' and 'fine goers!'

We have elsewhere given a minute description of the race, (which was run at a wretched pace throughout, the two miles and a half occupying 5m 16sec., 27sec. slower than last year,) and it will be there learnt that the Americans ran much better than was expected of them—in fact, our opinion strengthened by that of many of the jockeys who rode therein, is that it was quite upon the cards for Prioress to have won. She lost a great deal of ground at all the turns, but looked so 'dangerous' even up to the distance that under such disadvantages it is by no means improbable, if skillfully handled, she might have obtained a much more prominent position at the finish. Mr. Ten. Broeck, we believe, was greatly dissatisfied with the riding of Gilpatrick, who seemed to be all abroad. He 'squared accounts' with the jockey next morning, and the latter's next mount, we take it, will be in America. Both horses are certain of 'seeing a better day,' for the manner in which Pryor struggled to the end is a proof that no journey is too long for him: and we must do Brother Jonathan the justice to state that he was by no means so disgraced as his opponents reckoned upon."

How they Shoot Men in Arkansas.

Mr. A. M. Wilson, of Fayetteville, Ark., thus describes, in a letter to the Little Rock *Democrat*, how he was shot in his sleep:

"Two of the balls entered my right shoulder, one my left hand, and strange to say, I was so sound asleep that I did not hear the report of the gun or pistol. I had 3 small sons in the room; they did not hear the report. I supposed that in my sleep that I had torn my hand against the bed post. I waked up my sons, they lit a candle, and I discovered that my right shoulder was covered with blood; opening my shirt, I saw the holes of two balls in my shoulder. I did not feel any pain at first but my shoulder felt benumbed as if I lay on it too long. I have had two of the suspected party bound over for court—They are the only persons I have had any difficulty with in the country. One of them had passed counterfeit money and knew that I would prosecute him next court if I got sufficient testimony of his guilt. They picked the mortar out from between the logs and shot me. I was within two feet of the gun or pistol.

KANSAS—THE OCTOBER STRUGGLE

The Charleston *Mercury*, in a pungent article on Kansas, expresses its "great faith in the fighting capacities of Southern men," and is confident that the pro-slavery party will ultimately triumph in that Territory; that a constitution will be adopted with "slavery acknowledged in it," and that if it be referred to the people for ratification, it will be "only to the registered voters" who will doubtless ratify it. Couple this with the remark of Gen. Atchison, that if the Kansas constitution is to be referred to the people, then "we [the pro-slavery]ists must and will have a majority at the polls on that day"—and it is significant of another raid upon the incipient State from Missouri. Several intimations of this invasion, if necessary, have been thrown out by the Southern press and fire-eating politicians.

That the people of this Territory anticipate something of the kind may be inferred from their voluntary organization into companies to protect the polls. The Kansas correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes that already five thousand men are enrolled, and ten thousand will be before the first of October, and that if the Missourians attempt to interfere there will be bloody work in the Territory.

Gen. Lane, in a recent speech at Osawkee, Kansas, in reply to Mr. Perrin, Gov. Walker's private secretary, said that the citizens of Kansas wanted peace, but added he:

"We will not have peace as slaves.—That is the kind of peace Mr. Perrin, you would like us to have here. Missouri bandits make us slaves, and then you come forward and say, 'Oh, preserve the peace!'—Peace we want and will have, but we will have it as freemen. If you will give us a fair election in October—and let me say here that October next is the last limit of the patience of our people—we will provide for the future peace of Kansas, by checking the usurpations which has been the cause of war. We must have a fair election in October, or, in my opinion, without the agency of Jim Lane, or any other man of the leaders, as you call them, the people of Kansas will have liberty by force of arms. Give us liberty at the ballot box—it is all we ask—*but if Missouri comes again, as she has come five times before, we will have liberty at the point of the bayonet.* No mistake about that. I speak only for myself, but I have been in almost every hamlet and every squatter's house in Kansas, and I tell you that our chains are felt; they are cutting into every bone. We will agree with Gov. Walker to go into the election, in order to strike off those chains; *but if we are not allowed a fair election, we will strike them off, even if to do so we must baptise them in the blood.*

"Tell Gov. Walker," said Lane, "that the people of Kansas are preparing to help him out of this difficulty. They are organizing in companies, regiments, brigades and divisions, and already eleven thousand men are under military orders; not to hurt a hair of any man's head who does not interfere with the ballot box, but to protect it against whoever and every one who dares to attempt its pollution."

This looks very much like a decisive struggle in October! If the Free State men are thus well organized they will probably see that every qualified voter has a chance to vote, and no one else. Their formidable preparations may deter the invaders from entering the territory, and thus stave off, what we should all regret to see, the renewal of a civil war in Kansas.

The political result of the admission of Kansas is aleady foreshadowed. Should she be admitted as a slave State, the dominant party will be virtually destroyed in the North. If she shall come in as a Free State, the division of that party at the South is beyond a question.—*Pitts. Dis.*

A Curiosity.—Hillyer, of the Natchez Courier has a chicken with four legs. He says: We have ourselves a chicken about four months old, with four full grown legs, and the rudiments of a second body. We mentioned the fact in the Courier, shortly after the chicken was hatched, but had then no idea it would live long. It has however, grown to a sizeable bird, lively as a lark, a voracious eater, and a most inconvenient house companion. The second pair of legs are of full grown size, although not used for purposes of locomotion. They are fully feathered, but of different color from the front pair, or the remainder of the bird. All four feet have their full quantum of claws. The piece of the body which supports the hind pair, grows out of the back of the bird, and rather from the top part of the back. The bird itself presents a very singular appearance.

There is another singularity about the chicken which is, that it does not consort with its kindred. It prefers the society of the dog and the cat, to that of either rooster, hen or chicken. At night, and often in the day, it lies down with the cat, which places her leg gently over the bird, as if over its own offspring, and purrs it to sleep. To those who take an interest in examining what we deem a curiosity, we shall take pleasure at any time in showing our "chicken quadruped."

The Teeth.—At the Dental Convention in session last week at Boston some of the Dentists asserted that the main, if not the sole cause of defective teeth was the use of saleratus and cream of tarter in the manufacture of bread, and Dr. Baker fully agreed with the facts which were stated, and results of some experiments which he had made by soaking sound teeth in a solution of saleratus. The teeth were destroyed in fourteen days. Mr. Spaulding, of St. Louis, did not believe that alkali injured teeth but acknowledged that saleratus did. Saleratus, in his opinion, was not alkali. Dr. Kendrick, of New Orleans, considered the great means of keeping the teeth healthy was to keep them clean.

DIFFERENCES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The King can think he best of wives
So can I;
And has enough when he would dine—
So have I;
And cannot order Rain or Shine—
Then where's the difference—let me see—
Betwixt my Lord the King and me?

Do trusty friends surround his throne
Night and day?
Or make his interest their own?
No, not they.
Mine love me for myself alone—
Bless'd be they!
And that's one difference which I see
Betwixt my Lord the King and me.

Do knaves crowd to his palace door
To deceive,
Or fawn and flatter when they hate
And would grieve?
Do cruel pomps oppress my state,—
Cares my leave?
No! Heaven be thanked! And here you see
More difference twixt the King and me.

He has his fools, with jests and quips,
When he'd play;
He has his armies and his ships—
Great are they;
But none shall to his lips
Well-a-day!
And that's a difference sad to see
Betwixt my Lord the King and me.

I wear the cap and he the crown,
What of that?
I sleep on straw and he on down—
What of that?
And he's the King and I'm the clown—
What of that?
If happy I am, I am pretended he,
Perhaps the King would change with me?

MORE OF THE SAINTS LEAVING.

A letter from Lawrence, K. T., dated the 20th ult., says:

"We have another arrival from Mormondom. An emigrant train, containing a number of men, women and children—100 persons in all—has just reached this city, after a wearisome journey of 60 days. The train consisted of 15 teams, and brought through a large and valuable collection of beaver and buffalo furs. In spite of the extremely hot weather of the last few weeks, the party arrived in excellent health, the women and children especially bearing the fatigue better than the men.

"The members of the company are, or late, but they now leave the Mormon partly to escape from the relentless tyranny of the Brigham Young oligarchy, and partly to improve their pecuniary affairs.—When they left, there was great dissatisfaction among the Saints, and about a thousand persons abandoned Utah at the same time. Several trains departed for the States, and nearly four hundred started for Oregon. It was with difficulty that they escaped, and many threats were made that violence would be committed upon them if they attempted to leave the country. The large number of those who left is believed to have been their protection.

"The emigrants are heartily sick of the Mormon religion and all the attendant institutions. They state that the members of the church (embracing almost the entire adult population of the Territory) have, on an average, about three wives apiece. A poor man, they think, has no possible chance to succeed in Utah. With decidedly strong prospects of having a large family to support, he is compelled to devote the entire labor of every tenth day to the church, and to pay heavy taxes beside. Some of them state that they were called upon to pay tithes before they had been in Salt Lake City a week. There are many who would gladly renounce the Brigham Young tyranny and flee from the Territory, but after the 'endowment' (a certain step in the church) has been taken, the subject of it cannot leave unless he has the permission of the spiritual authorities, without placing his life in the most imminent peril. Large numbers of unfortunate women, who were lured into Utah by appealing to their religious enthusiasm, and grossly misrepresenting the actual state of affairs, are thoroughly disgusted with the practical workings of what is so beautiful in theory, but have no means of escaping from their hard lot.

"The disaffected, however, (according to my informants, who come by this train,) by no means comprise the whole, or even a majority of the people of Utah. Thousands of men have such deep-seated faith in Brigham Young that they would cheerfully fight for him to the last drop of blood. Many women, too, with a firm persuasion that his mission is from Heaven, are attached to him with a fanatical devotion, and would not hesitate to lay down their lives for him. In Great Salt Lake City the people are well armed, and have 30 pieces of artillery. In many of their localities, the male Saints are armed and disciplined. These emigrants confirm the various reports that the population of Utah has been greatly exaggerated. They think forty thousand a liberal estimate, and state that Salt Lake City has not more than seven thousand inhabitants.

An Excellent Suggestion.—In referring to the recent Convention of Dentists held at Boston Mass., when 300 of the members went down the harbour on a steamboat, on a fishing excursion, John Phœnix suggested the next Convention shall be held at New Orleans, La., and that after the adjournment, the members may combine business with pleasure, by taking a steamboat down the river, and extracting the snags from the mouth of the Mississippi.

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

LETTER FROM BISHOP SIMPSON.

Editors Gazette—The session of the Wesleyan conference, this year to be held in Liverpool, will not commence till next Wednesday, July 29th, and yet the conference business is in progress. Much of the work is performed by preparatory committees, and in some of these committees the lay element is largely introduced.

The stationing committee comes first in order. This is exclusively clerical. It is composed of the President and Secretary of the last conference, and one minister from each district, who is elected by the district meeting at the preceding July. The ministers and members in the district communicate their wishes. This committee met on Thursday, the 16th inst., and after several days consultation, prepared a "plan of appointments." This plan is now printed, and every member and minister can procure a copy. This is styled the first draft. After the character of each minister shall have been examined in conference and every relation fixed, which will not be for two weeks, the committee will hold a second session to revise the plan. They will listen to all representations and objections which may be made, and will make such alterations as may be considered expedient. The plan will then be read in conference, without remark, and on the second reading each member is at liberty to make any suggestions or objections which he may choose, and these will be considered by the conference, and the case decided. There are some advantages connected with this plan of making the appointments: but there are disadvantages also, which are very manifest. In the Irish conference the district meetings prepare and send to conference a plan of appointments, such as is judged best for the district.

On Wednesday, the 22d, the committee on the Home Mission and Contingent Fund assembled. This consists of about twenty ministers, with nearly an equal number of laymen, selected from the different districts. This fund is collected to aid in localities where ministers are not sufficiently supported, and to provide for various contingencies, as also, to extend the work by the establishment of Home missions. The spirit of aggression, which had seemed to slumber for a time, is greatly quickened among our Wesleyan brethern, and I believe that they are preparing for greater achievements than they have yet made.

On Thursday the Chapel Fund Committee met. This was constituted to aid in the liquidation of debts on the chapels; to grant loans, without interest, where donations could not be made; and to encourage the erection of new chapels, under proper restrictions. The success attending their efforts has been exceedingly gratifying. In effects of the are thstanding the disastrous debts amounting to nearly [illegible] the same time they have aided in the erection of new churches to the amount of $360,000, on which very little debt remains.—An exceedingly encouraging feature in the report was that every loan, without exception, had been promptly repaid, according to the arrangements made. A general feeling of rejoicing pervaded the deliberations of the committee, and as one of the speakers remarked, "they were all on one side." When I entered the chapel I found on the platform, the President and Secretary of the Conference, and the secretaries and treasurers of the various funds, among whom seats had been reserved for Dr M'Clintock, and myself. Mr Heald, formerly a member of Parliament, and evidently a man of superior business qualifications, was addressing the committee, and was urging to greater efforts in the erection of churches. A number of the most influential laymen from various parts of the kingdom were on the Committee, and each one of them seemed determined that no effort should be spared in advanceing the interests of Methodism. Such a collection of the leading men of the Church, counseling as to the best practical modes of operation, must accomplish great good. As one of the speakers well remarked, 'the heart of the Methodist body must be sound, when immediately succeeding such terrible agitations, it had put forth such efforts, and was now preparing for greater exertions than ever before."—I have seldom spent a morning more pleasantly than in listening to the speeches made in this Committee.

Friday morning was devoted to the Committee on Kingswood and Woodhouse grove schools. These are schools where the sons of the preachers are boarded, clothed and educated. They are received at eight years of age, and remain for several years. I learned from the reports presented that the schools were in a prosperous condition.—The reports occupied so much time with details not interesting to a mere spectator, that but little opportunity remained for general discussion. Among the active laymen present I noticed Thomas Farmer, Esq., of the vicinity of London, and whose name is connected with nearly every Methodist enterprise.

The Committee on the Sabbath met on Friday evening. Last year its discussions were very interesting, as active measures were required to defeat the bill sanctioning Sabbath amusements. But this year there was no new measure, and, consequently, there was less feeling. The Sabbath is not as strictly observed in England as it is in America. Here the railroad companies issue excursion tickets for the Sabbath at greatly reduced prices, and, hence, there is more than the ordinary traveling on God's holy day.

To-day—Saturday, July 25th—a committee is in session not unlike our Committees on Necessitous Cases.

A few men, some of whom are Unitarian in sentiment, and others are infidels, have been very busy in writing against Doctor M'Clintock and myself, as the pro-slavery representatives of a pro-slavery church. I learn, also, that they have received communications from America, which I suppose, have stimulated them to activity. Persons connected with other denominations—those, too, of high standing in their Churches—and some who claim to be very friendly to us when it is their interest so to be—have secretly sought to poison the British public against us. Their coadjutors have gone so far as to get resolutions passed at anti-slavery meetings requesting the Wesleyan conference not to receive us. Papers, too, in the interest of Catholics, and those sympathizing with the Independents, have admitted communications attacking us. But all their efforts have signally failed. Everywhere we have been received and treated as the messengers of the Church, and as brethren beloved, for our mission's sake.—Nor have we met a Christian of any denomination, much less a Wesleyan, who manifested any lack of fraternal sympathy because of these attacks.

Some of the principal Wesleyans here think that the design is to injure not us personally, but the cause of Wesleyanism. But, fortunately, it occupies too high ground, historically, to be affected by such efforts. The men are still living who, in the West Indies, suffered the severest persecution; and, as a denomination, they received the high compliments of a Wilberforce and his associates. But I must close, as the steamer will sail in a few hours.

M. S.

Liverpool, July 25, 1857.

THE GREAT AMERICAN.

Some weeks ago we gave a few facts in regard to the weight and dimensions of Miles Darden, who died in Tenn., and was said to be the largest man in the world.—The Jackson (Tenn.) *Whig* has the following additional particulars of the deceased, furnished by the Rev. John Brooks.

He was twice married. His children are very large, but probably none of them will ever be more than half the weight of their father. He was quite active and lively, and labored until about four years ago, when he became so fleshy that he was compelled to stay at home, or be hauled about in a two horse wagon.

In 1849 he made a contract with a tailor to furnish him a suit of clothes for $50 the cloth was to cost five dollars per yard. Upon measurement it took twelve yards of cloth. So the tailor lost ten dollars and the making. The tailor states that three men, each weighing over three hundred pounds, put the coat on, buttoned it around them and walked across the square at Lexington. In 1850 it took 13½ yards of flax cloth, a yard wide, to make him a coat. It took sixteen yards of cambric to make him a shroud; twenty four yards of black velvet to cover the sides and lid of his coffin.

His coffin was eight feet long; across the breast thirty-two inches; across the head eighteen inches; across the foot fourteen inches; his depth thirty-five inches. He weighed, as nearly as could be ascertained, was twenty-one pounds.

THE CLIMATE OF UTAH.

The Deseret News of May 13th gives the following account of the seasons there:

After the lapse of two months of continued dry weather; with scarcely one drop of rain to moisten the earth, there were several light showers during the afternoon of Monday 11th, and after night set in, it rained copiously for several hours, mixed at times with snow which covered the sides of the mountains very low down; this is (Tuesday) morning, and it has been snowing higher up all day to this time, 2 P.M. and from appearance more rain may be expected here in the valley which we hope will be the case.

What has already fallen has done much good, but the ground has been so thoroughly dried since the snow thawed off early in the spring, that it will take much water to wet it down to any considerable depth.

On the morning of the 9th of May, there was a severe frost which killed everything that was not hardy enough to resist its withering propensity. How much damage was done to fruit trees, we do not know, but they must have been more or less injured, as it was so cold that the water standing in pools was covered with ice in some places nearly half an inch thick.

Cruel Punishment in the Army.—The Lawrence (Kansas) correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* narrates the following cases of excessive punishment in the army:

"An incident occurred last year at Fort Pierce, which possibly has never come before the public. I have reliable information that a private in the army at that place, some time last summer, committed some trifling offence against the military dignitaries, for which he was court-martialed and sentenced to receive fifty lashes.

The sentence was executed with great severity, so much so that the soldier died in the operation or soon afterwards. Another member of the army at that place had been accustomed for years to write for Southern journals, and at this time he made a note of the incident, in which he rather intimated that the officers were culpable, for being so severe in the execution of the law as to cause death. For this, and this only the writer was arraigned before a court martial and sentenced to receive thirty (or fifty) lashes, to have one half of his head shaved, and to wear the ball and chain for one year; and the poor man is now at Fort Riley suffering the last part of the sentence. This is the statement as I have it, and I believe it to be correct in all essentials.—The names I could furnish if necessary.

☞ "I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to a minister, "for I see the sleepers are very sound."