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

For the Argus.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JAMES C. CLOW, WHO WAS LOST ON THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

We are informed by a lady passenger (who was saved) that the night before the storm, while all were on deck, he sang that beautiful song, "Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea," till nearly all the passengers were moved to tears.

Alas! that bright young head *is* laid,
On ocean's rocky breast,
And the billowy shroud of the dark, cold wave,
Rolls over his place of rest.
And the tuneful voice is forever hushed,
And the manly form is low,
Where the howling waves of cold ocean, sing
His requiem as they flow.

He stood upon the vessels deck,
Amid the laughing throng,
While all secure, the "homeward bound,"
Sailed merrily along.
Above their heads, the starry vault
Of heaven, shone clear and bright,
Beneath their feet, the calm, blue sea,
Reflected back its light.

Yet softly, from that laughing group,
In thought, he stood apart,
While busy memories, thick and fast,
Were thronging o'er his heart.
He saw again his mother's smile;
He clasped his father's hand;
And brothers, sisters, loved ones all,
In visions round him stand.

And dimly imaged on his mind,
Like memory of a dream;
The fearful future shadowed forth,
With a prophetic gleam.
He saw deep in old ocean's bed,
Where coral reefs were white,
With the bones of those its tomb enrolphed,
In its treachery and might.

And sadly flowed from his lips the wish,
When death set his spirit free,
They might lay him to rest 'neath the church-yard shade,
And not in the deep, blue sea.
Ill-fated bark, thy wreck went down,
With the lovely, and the brave,
But a nobler form, or a truer heart,
Rests not beneath the wave.

Thine, was the glorious gift of mind,
The poet's earnest eye,
The form of nature's purest mould,
And voice of melody.
But more than all, dear cousin, thou,
Had chose the better part,
And early brought to the Lord the gift,
Of an humble, trusting heart.

We may not stand by thy resting place,
Or look on the spot where you sleep,
Though thou "wert the loved of all, yet none,
O'er thy low grave may weep"
Yet with hope, and faith, we may look above,
To where, in that land of light,
In the Savior's glittering coronal,
Thou shinest, forever bright.

MARIA V. CLOW.

Harmony, Pa., Nov. 30, 1857.

Dr. Livingstone and the English in Africa.

The freedom of Edinburgh has been conferred on Dr. Livingstone by the Town Council of that city. The ceremony took place at a public meeting held in the Queen street Hall. The Lord Provost presented the burgess-ticket to the African traveler; and he, in return made a pleasant speech about Africa, its people, products, soil, climate and prospects. Some passages may amuse our readers:

"The Africans look upon us white people as only another tribe of men; and when I attempt to tell what their numbers may be, they put to me the question:

"'Are they as many as a cloud of locusts?' If I say yes, they ask further, whether, if each of the white people were to take a locust into his hand; they would finish the whole cloud? Of course, I say, I think they would. Then they will add,

"'Your queen must be very rich indeed, when she has so many people.'

"'Oh, yes,' I reply, 'she is exceedingly rich;' and then I am asked, 'Has she many cows?'—a question I really could never answer; and then when I mention the fact that I have never seen the queen, they say,

"'What sort of people must you be, never to have seen your chief?'

"A great many other questions show the same kind of ignorance respecting us.—Many European gentlemen have gone to that country to hunt; but, as the Africans have no idea of sport, they wonder to see a gentleman working so hard for a little dry and lean meat, and they put the question to me.

"'Have your friends no meat at home?'

"Not wishing my friends to appear in such a light, I say, 'these gentlemen can have beef every day of their lives if they like,' but they reply to me, 'Aha, you know better.'

"When English people think about Africa, they imagine that all the Africans are like the specimens we have in front of tobacconists' shops. This is not the case at all. That is the real Negro type that is only to be found in the lowest part of the population. The people generally are not altogether black. Many of them are of olive color, or of the color of coffee and milk, and usually the higher grades of society are of this lighter color. I imagine that the type we see on the eminent Egyptian monuments is more near the type of the central population than the tobacco-shop variety."

Correspondence of the Pittsburg Gazette.

LETTER FROM BISHOP SIMPSON.

I had read so much about the conflicts in which this border county, between the lands of the Crescent and the Cross, had been engaged—so much about its ancient capital so frequently taken and retaken in the Turkish wars; and overflowed again, and again, and again—some thirteen times,—so much about the revolution of 1849, when General Hentzi poured upon the defenceless city the full fire of the Austrian cannon from the Buda fortress, causing nearly 100,000 people to fly from their homes—that I depicted an old city, with shattered steeples, and broken walls, and desolated streets. Judge, then, of my surprise when, having ascended the hill on which the Buda fortress stands, I saw spread out in a vast plain across the Danube a city of from 100 to 120,000 inhabitants, with neat large houses, either stone or covered with plaster, and painted some light color, with wide streets, with an extensive wharf, at which lay a number of steamers and barges, and along which for a mile or a mile and a half extended a street of beautiful houses. No mark of ruin or desolation was visible, but so far as the eye could see all was peaceful, orderly and thrifty. The Danube makes a great curve as it passes the city. Pesth occupies the inner side of the curve, presenting to the eye rather a convex line. Across the river, but rather above, is Buda, called here Ofen; and again above this is Alt, or Old Ofen. The hill of Buda rises directly opposite, crowned with its fortifications, containing the palace and government buildings and a small tower; while in a valley behind the hill and below extends another part of the tower, and on a higher hill with precipitous sides is a strong fort overlooking and commanding both Pesth and Buda.—The whole population is estimated at 160,000. A beautiful and strong suspension bridge—not of wire, but of iron bars—was erected about eight years since, at an expense of over two millions of dollars. It is a wonderful work. The Danube runs with a current of seven or eight miles an hour, and is *fifty* feet deep where the pillars, which are more than 600 feet apart, are placed. The suspension chain, or rather chains—for there are two on each side, one about a foot above the other—consists of eleven bars of iron, each about 10 inches deep and an inch wide, so joined at intervals of convenient length that each is the width of a similar bar distant from the other. The wagon way is 25 feet, with a foot passage of six feet wide on each side—the passengers always passing over on the right, so that they never meet. The bridge fare is one kreutzer, or about five-sixths of a cent. Directly in a line with the bridge a tunnel has recently been completed through the fortress hill. In length and general structure it reminds one of the tunnel under the Thames at London. The fare thro' it is also one kreutzer.

As I stopped to spend the sabbath in Pesth, I visited a number of the Churches. With the Catholics it was a fete day in some way connected with the Imperial family. In the old parish church, which stands within the fortress, and which for a century and a half was converted into a mosque, the Bishop officiated, saying high mass.—My friend, Prof. G., and myself were passing the church on our way to a Lutheran service, when we noticed a procession of soldiers approaching, with a fine musical band. They formed open lines, and a number of dignitaries, at the head of whom was the Archduke Albert, passed through and entered the church, taking a place near the high altar. The soldiers followed. Just as the Archduke entered a procession of priests, with burning candles, entered from a side chapel, accompanying the Bishop.—And then followed flections and genuflections almost without number. The Bishop had his miter removed and then replaced upon his head about a dozen times; while at every act, as well as on presenting the missal, which was held before him by two attendants, almost as profound bows were made to him as were made to the crucifix The music was scientifically considered of a very superior order. The organ accompanied with trumpets, drums and violins, and a number of voices, male and female. Two of the female voices were remarkable for their sweetness, fullness and compass.—During the service the Archduke stood, and seemed profoundly reverent, but many of the dignitaries and officers talked and laughed nearly all the time.

When the host was elevated a loud discharge of cannon was made at the fort.—At the close of the service, the Bishop bearing in his hands a large silver cross, and accompanied by his priests and candles, passed down the central aisle to the front door. Standing to the side of the doorway, the dignitaries passed before him, bowing as they passed, while he returned the bow and blessed them. As soon as the dignitaries had passed, he passed with his priests to the side chapel, and left the common people to retire unnoticed and unblessed. At the door the soldiers were marshalled into line by officers on horseback, and two regiments passed before the church, bearing a sadly tattered flag. A citizen told us it was the flag riddled in the revolution of '49, and from his turn and manner I judged that he would be glad to see it again wrested from the Austrian soldiery. Such was the Sabbath service, without one word of sermon instruction. Besides a large number of Catholic churches, there are two Greek churches, three Lutheran, and two Reformed. In the Lutheran churches services are held in the German, Hungarian and Sclavonian languages. The great mass of the city is Catholic. The Protestants number about 16,000 of the population; the Greek Church about as many; there are several thousand Jews, and the rest are Catholics. Throughout all Hungary, Catholics are to Protestants about as two to one.

Near the close of the 16th century, of three hundred noble families, all except four or five were Protestants. But owing to the efforts of the royal family and the inducements offered, the nobility so entirely changed that only fifteen or twenty remain Protestants. Strange modes of conversion were also employed. In one place, as we were informed, the Bishop undertook to convert the whole Protestant church.—When they had assembled for worship, a band of soldiers surrounded the edifice, the Bishop entered, told them they must return to the fold of the church, and proceeded to place the consecrated wafer in every mouth, then declaring them all to be Catholics, the church was closed and nailed so as to prevent any Protestant service being held. The laws also operate very unfavorably. If a Catholic marries a Protestant wife, the children must all be trained in the Catholic Church; but if a Protestant marries a Catholic wife, the sons go with the father, but the daughters must accompany the mother. The Bible here, as in other Catholic lands, is peculiarly obnoxious. Some 2700 copies, I was informed, had been seized and sent out of the territory. The day for Bible burning has passed, but Catholic ingenuity has discovered another method equally efficacious. The Bibles seized are placed in water until the leaves are softened, and then the paper is softened, and then the pressed and stamped together. One clergyman had a beautiful copy of a Polyglott Bible of some half a dozen languages, which was seized by the police, treated in this way, and he was repaid the price of the paper by weight. Notwithstanding all this however, the Protestant clergymen tell me that of late, Protestantism is rather strengthening than declining. And though the Concordat has placed education under the care of the Jesuits, Protestants are resolved to educate their own children. A gymnasium, with a corps of able professors, is connected with the Lutheran church in Pesth—a theological school is established in Oldenburg, and permission has been obtained to open one in Pesth, designed to be under the joint auspices of the Lutheran and the reformed Churches. Each Church is to furnish its own teacher of dogmatic theology, the other chairs are to be in common. How such a mode will operate is very uncertain. Some years since considerable hostility existed between the two bodies, but the oppression of a common enemy, and, it is to be hoped, more evangelical feelings, have led to greater union in spirit and in effort. In Pesth the Lutheran Church is much stronger than the reformed, but throughout the country the Reformed Church has a greater number of ministers and churches—perhaps twice as many.

The hotel in which I stopped is near the house which Kossuth formerly occupied—I had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Dr Szekats, (pronounced Say-catch,) a Lutheran minister, of whose congregation Kossuth was a member—of Rev. Mr Long, the sponsor for one of Kossuth's children, and also shown a beautiful pipe presented by him—and also of Rev. Dr. Ballagi, a Reformed minister and Professor in the Theological School, and who was once the secretary of Gorgei. With all these gentlemen I was much pleased, as I also was with Rev. Mr Bauerhofer and his son Prof Bauerhofer, but I was under special obligation to Dr Szekats and his accomplished lady for their Christian courtesy.

From all that I could learn in Pesth, I was led to believe that as a man, a scholar, and an orator, Kossuth fully merited the reputation which he acquired in England and America. In life and habits and aims he was irreproachable. But I further found that his best friends had no confidence in his ability as a leader. He had no capacity for government. He could rouse the people by his oratory, and the masses yet almost adore him, but he could not control or direct the masses thus aroused. I found also great diversity of opinion as to Gorgei. The masses regard him as a traitor to Hungary, but thinking men who knew him intimately say that as soon as he learned that England declined intervention against Russia, he considered the fate of Hungary sealed, and he considered it to be his duty to spare the lives of his army, and to secure for them the best terms which he could.—Be this as it may, he does not live in Hungary; nor would he, I presume, think such a residence safe. Yet there is no disposition for outbreak now in Hungary. There is no dissatisfaction apparent, yet it is unquestionably deeply seated, and may yet show itself in an unexpected hour. Whether Hungary shall remain tranquil or not, the American traveler will always associate the name of Kossuth with its capital. And as long as the suspension bridge shall extend over the Danube, it will be remembered that is was first opened to permit the retreat of Kossuth's army when pursued by the Austrians.

M. S.

PESTH, October 1857.

OPERATIONS OF THE U. S. MINT.—The deposits at the Philadelphia mint during October amounted to $1,423,500 in gold and $383,140 in silver. The coinage, during the same time, consisted of $2,108,426 in gold, and $700,000 in silver, and $16,200 in copper cents. Of the gold coinage $1,899,400 was in double eagles, $72,000 in eagles, $80,340 in half eagles, and $56,686 in dollars; and of the silver coinage $340,000 was in half dollars, $229,000 in quarter dollars, $35,000 in dimes and $26,000 in half dimes.

☞ Idleness is the mother of mischief;—the moment a horse is done eating his oats, he turns to and gnaws down his manger. Substitute labor for oats, and virtue for manger, and what is true of horses is equally true of men.

☞ A preacher who had been a printer observed in one of his sermons, "that youth might be compared to a comma, manhood to a semicolon; old age to a colon: to which death puts a period.

☞ Death comes to the young, but the aged go to death.

A RAILROAD REMINISCENCE.

'I say, Mr. Conductor, that will the next express train go on to St. Louis?'

'Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes, to-night, sir,' was the gentlemanly reply.

'Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes! Go to Texas! Why it's ten this very minute! I'll bet my boots against a pair of shoes the morning express is off.'

'Yes, sir; it has been gone half an hour.'

The stentorian voice sounded like a trumpet, and aroused every sleeper from dreams in which he might have fallen after his long, tedious, cold night's travel. Every head was turned and every eye was fixed on the man who had thus broken the silence. He was standing by the stove, warming his boots. To have warmed his feet through such a mass of cowhide and sole leather would have been a fourteen hour's operation. Six feet four inches he stood in those boots, with shoulders (encased in a fur coat,) that looked more like bearing up a world than you will ordinarily meet in a life time. His head Websterian, his shaggy hair black as jet, whiskers to match, his eye dark and piercing, and his jaws eternally playing with a rousing quid between them, while a smile of cheerful good humor, notwithstanding his seeming impatience, attracted every one's attention.

'Fourteen hours in Chicago, eh? Well I can stand it if the rest can. If twenty dollars won't carry me through I'll borrow of my friends. I've got the thing that'll bring 'em. That's so.' And he thrust his hand, a little less in size than a common spade, down into the depths of a broad striped, fushy pair of pants, and brought up that great red hand as full as it could possibly hold of shining twenty dollar gold pieces.

'You must have been in luck, stranger,' said an envious looking little man. 'You've more than your share of gold.'

'I have, eh? Well I reckon not. I came honestly by it. That's so. And there's them living who can remember this child when he went round the prairies trappin' prairie hens and the like to get him a night's lodging, or a pair of shoes to keep the musquitos from biting my toes—and hung myself more nor one night on the timber to keep out of the way of wild varmints. Best sleeping in the world on the notch of a tree-top! Now I reckon you would'nt believe it, but I've gone all winter without a shoe to my foot, and lived on wild geese when I could catch 'em. That's so.'

'Didn't grant your genius any,' said a voice.

'Not a bit of it. It brought me up right. These prairies are wonderful roomy. I thought one spell I would let myself out entirely; but me and mother had a coreus, and decided that she was getting old and blind, and it took too long and cost too much to sew the legs of my trousers, and so put a stop to it, and concluded that six foot five would do for a feller that couldn't afford the expensive luxury of a wife to make his breeches. It was only my love for my mother that stopped my growth.—If I'd had an idea of a sewing machine there's no telling what I might have done.'

'You have so many gold pieces in your pocket you can afford to have your trousers made now. Why don't you and your mother hold another caucus and see what you can do?'

'Stranger,' said the rough, great man, and his whole face loomed up with a long mingled expression of pride, 'I spoke a word here just now I didn't mean to; a slight word like, about my mother. I would give all the gold in my pocket to bring her back for one hour to look upon this country as it is now. She had her cabin here when Chicago was nowhere—Here she raised her boys. She couldn't give them learnin', but she taught us better things than books could give—to be honest, useful and industrious. She taught us to be faithful and true, to stand by a friend and be generous to an enemy. It's thirty years, stranger, since we dug her grave by the lake side here, with our own hands; and with many a tear and sob we turned away from the cabin where we'd been raised—the Indians had killed our father long before, and we'd nothin' to keep us—and so we went out to seek our fortunes. My brother he took to St. Louis, and got married down there somewhere, and I just went where the wind blowed, and when I had scraped money enough together I came back and bought a few acres of land around my mother's old cabin, for the place where I laid her bones was sacred like. Well, in course of time it turned up in the middle of Chicago. I couldn't stand that; I loved my old mother too well to let the omnibusses rattle over her grave, so I come back about fifteen years ago and quietly moved her away to the burying ground, and then I went away to Texas, and wrote to an agent afterwards to sell my land. What cost a few hundreds to begin on I sold for forty thousand—and if I had kept it until now it would have been worth ten times that. That's so. I work hard, am the same rough customer, remember every day of my life what my mother taught me; never drink, gamble or fight—wish I didn't swear or chaw—but them's got to be a second natur like, and the only thing that troubles me is my money. Have got no wife or children, and I'm going to hunt my brother and his folks. If his boys is clever, industrious, ain't ashamed of my big boots and old-fashioned ways, and if his gals are young women and not ladies, if they help their mother and don't put on mor'n two frocks a day, I'll make 'em rich, every one of 'em.'

'Now, gentlemen, 'tain't often I'm led to tell on myself after this fashion' but these old places where I trapped when I was a boy, makes me feel like a child again; and I feel just like telling the youngsters here about the changes and chances a feller may meet in life if he only tries to make the most of himself.'

'But, boys,' said he, turning to a party of young men, 'there's something better than money. Get education. Why, boys, if I had as much learn'in as money, I could be President in 1857 just as e-a-s-y. Why I could buy up half the North and not miss it out of my pile. But get learnin', don't chaw tobacco, don't take liquor, don't swear, and mind your mothers—that's the advice of a real live sucker. And if you mind what I say you may be a man, and it ain't every fellow that wears a goatee and breeches that's a man by a long ways. Foller out her counsels, and never do a thing that'll make you be ashamed to meet her in heaven. Why, boys, I've never done a bad thing but I heard my mother's voice reproving me, and I never done a good thing and made a good move but I seemed to hear her say, 'That's right;' and that has been better than all. Nothin' like a mother, boys; nothin' like a mother. That's so.'

All this had passed while waiting to wood up just out of Chicago. The great man was swelling with emotions called up by the dark shadows of the past; his big rough frame heaved like a great billow upon the ocean. Tears sprang to his long set and earnest eyes, tributes to the love of the past. But he choked them down, and humming a snatch of an old ballad, thrust his hands down into his pockets, walked back into the car, pulled the gigantic collar of his shaggy coat up around his ears, buttoned it close and leaned back against the window in silence.

'A mute, inglorious Milton;' or rather, Webster, going about the world struggling with his own soul, yet bound by chains of ignorance, which precluded his doing but a moiety of the good it lay in his power to do.

"Chicago!" shouted the brakeman, and in an instant all was confusion, and our hero was lost in the crowd. The next we saw of him was at the baggage stand, looking up a band-box for a swee; looking country girl, who was going to learn the milliner's trade in the city. As we passed to our carriage we discovered him again holding an old man by the hand, while he grasped the shoulder of the conductor of another train with the other, getting for the deaf, grey-headed sire the right information as to the route he should take to get to his "darter, who lived near Muscatine, Iowa."

"God bless him for his noble deeds!' was our earnest aspiration as we whirled around the corner. May the gold in his pocket never diminish, for in his unnumbered thousands, dropped so unostentatiously here and there, he is perhaps more good in his day and generation than he who devotes his thousands to build charitable institutions in honor to his own name.

Oh, how much the world needs great hearts that are able to comprehend little things; and yet how often it happens that the learned, the rich and the wise outgrow the everyday wants of humanity, and feeling within themselves the power to move mightily, pass by humble duties that would make a thousand hearts leap with joy, and push on, looking for some great wrong to right, some great sorrow to be soothed, some giant work to be accomplished—and failing to find the great work, live and die incarcerated in their own selfishness, and do nothing at all.

The rough man's nature seemed the nature of the little child. His quick eye saw at a glance, his great heart warmed, and his great hand expedited his little work of charity—so small that one would have a longer column to set down his account of good deeds, well done, than all the rest of the passengers of the crowded car on that tedious, stormy night in January, 1857.

COOLNESS.

Sam Slick tells a story about an overgrown Yankee boy who was sent to the wood-pile by his father one cold, winter evening for a 'back-log' for the kitchen fire. The youth went out, but instead of bringing in a good substantial log, only brought a thin little stick—or 'brail' as the Pennsylvania Germans say. His father immediately gave him a good whipping, and sent him after another log. But the youth having his 'dander' roused, left the house and went to Boston, and shipped on a vessel which made a voyage of several years.

In course of time the youth came back and started home on foot. And just such an evening as the one on which he left the house. So, remembering his father's order the young man picked up a huge log, and staggering into the house, threw it down on the hearth before his astonished father and mother, and quietly said:

'Father, here's that backlog you sent me for.'

The old gentleman, not to be outdone in coolness, replied, with a touch of severity:

'*Well! you've been a darned long time about it.*'

We were reminded of this story by the following, which we find floating about uncredited:—

'A certain distinguished citizen of Milwaukie, Wisconsin, who has filled the highest office in the State, was once in the employ of a farmer in Western New York.—Among other things it was his duty to bring the cows. One evening the cows and boy 'came missing.' Some years after the farmer was passing down East Water street, Milwaukie, and saw the same of his cow boy over the door of one of the largest hardware houses in the West. He walked in and found his boy in the counting room. He stared a moment on the truant and then broke out with, 'Hallo, Len, have you found them cows yet?' One can imagine what followed—a mutual recognition. It is said the old farmer was pacified without a breach of the peace.'

☞ A gentleman advertising for a wife says: "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competence sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of accident occuring to her companion.'

From the Pittsburgh Gazette.

HOW THE LAND LIES.

The disturbance which has been created in the Democratic ranks by the attempt to force a constitution upon Kansas against the will of its people, is a remarkable political developement, and worthy of special note. We have our suspicions as to what the result will be—a yielding of this northern opposition, bold and determined as it seems, and an acquiescence in the demands of the South, for the sake, of course, of saving the Union. Already the *Union* of this city, which uttered some bold words of protest at first, has caved in and gone over to the side of the administration. So has the Harrisburg *Union*, and the Albany *Argus*, and so, we fear, will they all; but it is nevertheless well to see and know how the land lies, *now*, that we may judge the present by the lessons of the future.

The list of leading democratic papers which oppose the Calhoun Constitution, embraces the Philadelphia *Press*, New Hampshire *Patriot*, Buffalo *Courier*, New York *Herald*, Detroit *Free Press*, Chicago *Press*, Louisville (Ky.) *Democrat*, Indianapolis *Sentinel*, Milwaukie *News*, Dubuque *Express*, Springfield (Ill.) *Register*, Pittsburg *Post*, Toledo *Commercial*, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and Columbus, (O.) *Statesman*.—These are representative papers; many of the smaller fry follow in their wake.

The Columbus (O.) *Statesman* says:

"We have received many letters from active, influential and unwavering Democrats, adjuring us to stand fast by the principles of our party and popular sovereignty, and asking us whether the Democracy will reject the constitution of the twenty-eight traitors when it is presented to Congress. *In reference to our position, our friends may be assured that it is taken for better or for worse, and will be maintained to the last extremity.*"

Col. Forney's *Press* says:

'As yet, there has been no known authoritative enunciation of his (Buchanan's) policy since the adoption of the Calhoun Constitution. What we do know, however, is, that the Democratic party of the free States so far as we can ascertain their sentiments, are in a large degree inexorably opposed to this Constitution. A recent visit to our native county of Lancaster, and the adjoining county of York, and a somewhat free intercourse during our stay with the people of those counties, as well as an intimate knowledge of their sentiments, induces us to declare that on this subject there is scarcely to be found a dissenting opinion.'

Hon. Jacob Cox is the Congressman from the Columbus (Ohio) district. The *Statesman* says of him:

'*Mr. Cox assures us that he has had the fullest communication with his constituents, and he has not found a single Democrat in favor of admitting the State under it, until it has been fairly and fully submitted to the people—a fact of which we are perfectly and unmistakably assured by the people themselves.* This is a crisis in which no democrat can err ignorantly—no mistake can be made, by any true friend of popular sovereignty, from the East, West, North or South.'

Concerning Mr. Douglas, the Chicago *Journal* says he left there on Wednesday night, 'full of wrath and fury at the course of the Administration, and with an openly avowed purpose to oppose the doctrines enunciated by the Washington Union to the bitter end.' Perhaps so; but we shall wait for better evidence of this unexpected honesty on the part of that Senator. We incline to believe that the following, from the Chicago *Press*, is a fair guess at the the purpose of the little giant:

'Prior to that gentleman's departure from this city, he summoned his leading journalists to a private interview in which he doubtless instructed them to keep comparatively quiet until further orders. Mr. Douglas is a candidate for the Presidency in 1860, and also for re-election to the Senate by the next Legislature. He goes to Washington, first, to drive a trade for the former office. If successful in that, the other becomes of secondary consequence, and he will run the chances of getting that as matters stand. Mr. Douglas is ready to endorse the doings of his agent in Kansas, Calhoun, and give his adhesion to the Lecompton Constitution, provided Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Cobb, and other aspirants for the Presidency in 1860, will give way to his claims. If they will not do so, then Mr. Douglas is ready to set up in opposition to the Administration, to unite with the Republicans and the *clergy* (think of that!) in kicking the Lecompton constitution out of Congress, and referring the whole subject back again to the people of Kansas, as the means most likely to secure his return to the Senate. The fact that Mr. Calhoun, the warm, personal and political friend of Douglas, headed the triumphant party in the Lecompton Convention, and that the *Times* and *State Register*, the Senator's well known organs in Illinois, have denounced the action of that Convention, places Mr. Douglas in a position to go either way as his personal interests may seem to demand. That he will be influenced by no higher consideration than this, his past history fully demonstrates, and that he has labored to put matters into their present shape for the express purpose of making capital for himself, no one who knows him well, will doubt.'

The *Pennsylvanian* makes steady war upon the "*Press*" and its coadjutors in this fight, denouncing them as Black Republicans and all that sort of thing; while the Washington *Union* assails them as fractionists and cracks the whip over them as refractory slaves who can be chastised into obedience. The administration is evidently a good deal alarmed at the tokens of rebellion; but still entertains the conviction that it can force all the rebellious into the party traces. Let us wait and see.

☞ About sixty thousand families in Great Britain own all the land, which is occupied by more than twenty-seven millions of people.

For the Argus.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY SAMUEL KNOX.

Nature and revelation teach that the *dual* life—a life of pairs—is the true life of mankind; that the *two* shall become *one*,—one in object, interest and affection—*a unit*, "members of one body." It is the duty, and it is within the sphere of every one to become a "member" of this body. There is no true life without it; and two becoming so it is their joint duty to have a *home*, a little Eden of their own, to adorn and embelish, where they can live in peace, security and retirement. And having a *home*, domestic duties and cares arise, and hence an *actor* in *this sphere* is required.—This idea, the dual constitution of man, implies and embraces the *family* which is the foundation of Society, and of the State; and as *it* must necessarily have relations with *them*, there is a necessity for some one to represent and act for the family. Thus, we have an inner and an outer sphere—the one as honorable as the other. The domestic sphere is more intimately connected with the essential life; while the other stands, as it were, as a means to it. Woman was meant to be the main influence in the one, man in the other. Woman's sphere is *Home*,—that fountain of the purest and most sacred affections of which our nature is capable. We are not going to particularize her duties; they are determined by the nature of the case. But we may say that the best service she can confer upon herself, family and State, is by making home what it ought to be. In the right education of her children she can exert a far purer and more effectual political power, than she could ever wield by the freest admission to the caucus and ballot-box.

Man's sphere is the out-door life—political and judicial. And if there be any question of rank, at all, the woman have the higher sphere; because as we have said, it is more intimately connected with the essential life, or the end for which humanity exists, and to which all that man does in his sphere is but a subordinate means.—Men may *act* abroad, but they *live*, if they live at all, at home. They go forth to subdue the earth; to toil and sweat, that the family may have subsistance; that that home, where alone he enjoys life, may be made comfortable, cheerful and happy.

The State is for the Family; it was created and organized for the protection, elevation and refinement of the latter. The Family is the *natural unit* in the State. It is a little Organism or Republic, and it is *it*—the Household—which should be immediately represented in the State, rather than the individual. Whoever deposits that vote deposits it as the agent of the whole domestic community; just as Mr. P. member of the General Assembly, from this county, deposits the vote of the community he represents, on any question that may arise in the Legislature. The citizens do not vote directly on the Laws; he votes *for* them,—and thus the Family Representative *for* the wife and others. Each should pay due respect to the wishes of his *constituents*. So women *do* vote—they *are* represented—they have a part in the political actions of the day;—just that part which is best for her own true interests, as it is least destructive to the unity of the family upon which the whole social structure rests. Man represents the outward life, and is, therefore, the natural Ambassador of the little Republic in its outward relations to other and similar communities.

It is woman's higher office to keep watch over the burning fires of the domestic alter; and while she faithfully performs this duty, no political "pestilence can invade her dwelling.

Freeport, Ohio, 1857.

Horace Greeley's Farming.

Horace Greeley some time ago purchased a farm in Westchester Co., N. Y., within an hour's ride of the city. Vexed with the annoyances and uncertainties of newspaper life, he expected to enjoy the evening of his days here, and to realize such profits from his farming as would make him independent of all financial storms. He seems, however, to have found as many vexations in farming as he did in the *Tribune*, and frequently comes to the city with the blues badly, and complains to his friends, that with all his management, the farm sinks money for him.

The following is a specimen of his management: Some time ago he wanted a barn built. Of course the Editor of the *Tribune* must have a model barn. Eugene Latilla, a distinguished artist, adorned the home of Cyrus W. Field of trans-Atlantic telegraph fame, in that peculiar and ancient style of internal decoration, traces of which, still fresh, may be seen in the Old Roman structures, where, by the admixture of wax and the burning in of the pictorial ornaments, a prominent, bright and rich artistic decoration is secured.

Nothing would do but this artist must build Mr. Greeley's barn. So he made the plan and the drawings, and the result is an "ideal barn," such a one as never before was built in the whole country and probably never will be again. Its cost is a matter of no importance. It suits Mr. Greeley—indeed he couldn't farm economically without a barn—and it is set down as one of the necessary expenses of his agricultural experiment.

SAN FRANCISCO MINT.—During October there was coined at this mint 81,570,000 in gold and 25,400 in silver. The deposits during the month consisted of 103,740 ounces in gold and 1,929 ounces in silver.

☞ Said to be printers—both U. S Senators from this State, the Governor, Canal Commissioner and Supreme Judges elect, P. T. Barnum and Brigham Young.—What is the craft coming to?

☞ Vice is earth's ballast; in due time, it will be thrown overboard, and sink.