THE REPUBLICAN

is printed weekly, at Clearfield, Pa., by D. W. MOORE & CLARK WILSON, Editors and Proprietors, at the following very favorable

TERMS.

ONE COPY ONE YEAR, IN ADVANCE,	$1 00
IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTH,	1 25
IF NOT PAID WITHIN SIX MONTHS,	1 50
IF NOT PAID WITHIN NINE MONTHS,	1 75
IF NOT PAID WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS,	2 00

☞ The above terms are as liberal as those of any other country paper in the State, and will be exacted.

No discontinuance will be allowed until all arrearages have been paid.

DUTY AND LIABILITY OF POSTMASTERS.

Postmasters neglecting to notify the publisher, as directed by law, of the fact that papers are not lifted by those to whom they are directed, are themselves held responsible for the amount of the subscription money.

Persons lifting papers addressed to themselves, or to others, become subscribers, and are liable for the price of subscription.

Our paper is now carried by mail throughout the county, free of postage.

Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Volume 3, Clearfield, Pa., August 7, 1852. Number 34.

Prices of Advertising.

1 square, 1 insertion,	$0 50	3 squares 6 months,	$5 00
1 do 3 do	1 00	3 do 6 months,	7 00
Each subsequent do,	25	3 do 12 months,	1 00
1 squares 3 months,	2 50	1 half column, 3 months,	6 00
do 6 months,	4 00	1 do do 6 months,	9 00
do 12 months,	7 00	1 do do do	12 00
2 do 3 months,	4 00	1 column 3 months,	8 00
do 6 months,	5 50	1 do 6 do	12 00
do 12 months,	8 00	1 do 12 do	20 00

A liberal reduction will be made to Merchants and others who advertise by the year.

Our paper circulates in every neighborhood, and is read by nearly every family in the county—and therefore affords a convenient and cheap means for the business men of our county—the merchant, mechanic, and all others—to extend the knowledge of their location and business. We should like to insert "A Card" for every Mechanic, Merchant, and Professional man in the county. We have plenty of room without encroaching upon our reading columns; and no man in a legitimate business will lose by advertising extensively—for, as a general rule, the more extensively a man advertises, the greater will be his profits.

Books, Jobs and Blanks,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, PRINTED IN THE VERY BEST STYLE, AND ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."

CUBA AND CUBANS.

A dinner was given to John S. Thrasher, at New Orleans, on the 12th of July, at which a number of friends of Cuban liberty were present, and in response to a sentiment Mr. Thrasher delivered the following highly interesting speech. This gentleman was a citizen of Cuba during the late excitement and attempt at Cuban revolution, and was suspected, seized and condemned to a life of slavery in the mines of Old Spain by the tyrant Captain-General of the Island, but who was finally pardoned by the Queen of Spain. The speech contains much useful information.

"I am no filibuster in the vulgar acceptation of the word; I am no advocate, and never have been, for the fitting out of petty and unlawful expeditions. I do not wish to see our ardent youth, stimulated by a noble enthusiasm for a sacred idea, immolated to appease the rage of tyrants. Neither do I wish to see a country subjugated by the brute force of arms to laws not instituted by them, or to a sway not their own. It has been the misfortune of Cuba that her situation, her aspirations, and her capabilities have been misunderstood. We have measured her by our own standard of national enterprise and patriotic duty, and we have expected of her too much.—Born in the land of freedom—nurtured in the cradle of liberty—fondled in her very lap—we are not qualified to judge of people over whom long years of despotism has cast its baneful influence, sowing a moral terror in every man's bosom, and rooting out every high and noble incentive to duty.

When we talk of Cuba, and the efforts of her sons to free her from that national degradation under which she groans, we do not appreciate the mighty difficulties with which they have to contend, nor the few and weak means which are at their disposal. Among us, if the smallest of our rights is assailed, a free press sounds the clarion notes of alarm, and the majesty of the law steps boldly in to shield us. In Cuba far other is the case. A venal press lauds every act of the Government, and should any one be so bold as to cry out, the law is omnipotent and a prison or a scaffold awaits the wretch. If an opposition is carried on by secret and covert means, a slavish press holds all who urge it up to public view as traitors and thieves; as men who would overturn the existing order of things for selfish motives—as anarchists who only seek to the general ruin their own aggrandisement—villains in society, traitors in patriotism. Infidels in religion. Not a word in contradiction is allowed—not a patriotic sentiment is permitted—not a truth can be uttered—and all that is servile, slavish, or, as it is mildly termed, conservative, is dinned into the ears of the people until

"They grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light."

Under such circumstances the effects of the patriotic Cubans to free their country from the ignominious chains that bind her will always have, in our eyes, the appearance of a want of spirit and manliness—of a want of moral courage and self-abnegation—of a want of that true spirit which animated men determined to be free. On the other hand, their own countrymen, viewing these efforts from an entirely different point of view, stand aghast at the audacity of their friends, and contemplate with horror the dangers which surround them.

There does not exist upon the earth a tyranny more absolute than the present Government of Cuba. Nor does there exist one more unscrupulous as to the means by which it perpetuates its sway. The Captain General is clothed with authority to do all he may deem necessary for the preservation of the island, and life or death hang upon his sword. The only responsibility that weighs upon him, is that of retaining for the Spanish crown its brightest jewel. His allegation that any act he may have committed was necessary for the peace of the island is a defence behind which no accusation can go. Nor is he chary in the use of his absolute power. It has ever been a favorite policy with those whom I have known there, to send at dead of night for Cubans who possessed either wealth, station or influence among their countrymen, and addressing them with the most opprobious epithets accuse them of designs inimical to the Government—tell them that their practices are well known to him—parade before them papers alleged to contain full reports of their treasonable acts—threaten them with a prison or perhaps immediate execution—and then, putting on the magnanimous, allow them to return to their agonized families, with a warning that if again called up their treatment will be less considerate. The unfortunate Cuban, well knowning that arrest is synonymous to conviction—that the will of his tyrant is law and the court but the tool—that no defence can be made against the denunciation whether true or false—returns, if such be his good fortune, to his home, and finds the partner of his bosom and his children terrified and in tears at the probable fate of their only protector, and their own defenceless and unhappy situation.

Not always is it their good fortune to see him again—not seldom does he leave the place for a prison—one single instance; I will not detain you long, though I could cite many from my own personal knowledge. One single fact which lately occurred will speak more eloquently than a thousand assertions. A young gentleman—a lawyer—young, talented and energetic—who had succeeded to his father's practice, and not only retained all the old clients, but by his own industry and genius had acquired many new ones, was looked upon by his countrymen as an honor to them—as a hope for his country—as a beacon for her sons. Deeply engaged in the labors of his profession, and well knowing the danger of taking an active part in politics, he could only present the passive resistance of a powerful mind as evidenced in his private opinions and preference. This was obnoxious to the government. An officer at the dead of night commanded him to rise and follow him to the palace. There he was received by the Captain General—the generous, humane, considerate Concha—who, without addressing him one word, said to an officer, "you will conduct this gentleman to the Moro." He was there thrown into a dungeon incommunicado—denied all conversation with the world—his family, notwithstanding the greatest exertion and interest, for days could not ascertain wether he was living or dead. On the fith day he was permitted to have a short interview with his wife—on the sixth his father was allowed to see him—and on the morning of the seventh day after his arrest, he was embarked, a prisoner, on board a ship for Spain, without trial, without an accusation even, and with strict prohibition to leave a power of attorney in Cuba. There he was ordered to reside, under surveillance, in a miserable, interior, county town. During my recent visit to the peninsula I met him. I assisted him to fly; and he is now under our star spangled banner, ready to do good service in the cause of his country's freedom.

But let us return to Cuba. Under this system of government—with a spy in every house, and bayonets at every corner—where the law is a fiction, and justice a mockery—where the signature of more than three names to any petition to the Government is a treasonable conspiracy, and indictable as such—where terror reigns paramount in every bosom—what man could declare himself a patriot? What man could hope by so doing to serve his country, or attain her freedom? Yet, my word for it, every Cuban—young or old—rich or poor—educated or ignorant—burns with a deep and lasting feeling of hatred for his country's tyrants, and longs for the day when they shall be swept away before the fire of his wrath.

But these are the acts and the policy of the heads of the Government—of men high in political and social station—of men over whom their moral and social responsibilities is supposed to exercise some influence. You will then easily imagine what will be the course of the thousand myrmidons—the sub-governors and officers, whose only inducement to brave the terrors of that a tropical climate presents to a European imagination is a thirst for gold—the minions to whom through a thousand channels descends the same unlimited power—men restrained by no moral considerations, no social ties—responsible only to a military chief, whose avowed policy is that it is derogatory of the dignity and power of the Government to punish an administrative officer; can you wonder that opposition and rapine are rife in the end? Can you wonder that every Cuban should hate Spain and Spaniards?

Cuba, in her industrial and intellectual development, is far in advance of Spain. With her million and a quarter of inhabitants she exports far more in value than does Spain with her fourteen millions. Her railroads are counted by hundreds of miles, while those of Spain are counted by tens. On every side Cuba you see the application of machinery to productive labor. In Spain you can hardly find a machine shop or a machine out of the government arsenal; and in one instance at least, which I have seen, a portion of the fixed machinery there was sent from Cuba, and all the rest from England. Her press, though under the most severe and arbitrary censorship, is far higher in intellectual vigor, far better in typographical appearance, and far more universal in its circulation than that of Spain. The natural consequence of all this is, that every new Governor that comes from Spain to Cuba is literally astonished. Imagining that he comes from civilized Europe to govern a set of semi-savages, he finds that he is sent by a nation of boors to govern an enlightened people. Gentlemen may think this exaggeration; but whoever, with a knowledge of the language, has travelled in both countries, will not fail to recognize the truth of the picture.

Let me detain you a few moments longer, with some brief remarks on the principles and policy of the Spanish rule in Cuba. Several times in the political changes in Spain, Cuba has held the position of an integral portion of the Spanish Empire with representation in the Cortes. She was lastly deprived on this in 1835 by the execrable Tacon—an infamous tyrant—whose petty service in the cause of social order can never compensate for the civil, political, and moral degradation of a whole people. A public robber, who, when the true story of Cuba shall be written, and so long as her annals shall endure, will be handed down to posterity as one of the most execrable of mankind. Some of you may think I am falsifying history, but, gentlemen, you have far higher authority than my poor word for saying that "history we know to be a lie."

It was Tacon who instituted the present iniquitous and unholy policy of the Government—that Cubans shall be excluded from all places of honor or trust—that the press shall be muzzled, and, if possible, entirely suppressed: that education shall not be extended among the people, not even to the teaching of them to read and write; if possible, silently to prevent it—that the country people must annually obtain from, and pay for, to a stranger sent to govern them, permission to reside in the home of their fathers, in the enjoyment of their own birthright. To this the liberal and humane Concha has added, that no artisan who shall become indebted to his employer, shall have liberty to seek employment from any other than his creditor until he has paid the debt; and that every mechanic shall ever carry with him, and present at stated periods of the Government the account current of his own servitude; thus reducing him to a system of slavery precisely similar to the peonage or Indian slavery in Mexico.

To Tacon does Spain and Cuba owe the thrice infamous dicta, that in order to preserve Cuba to Spain it is necessary—in violation of treaty stipulations, in violation of the wishes of every Cuban, in violation of the sacred rights of humanity—it is necessary to protect an infamous and world-wide execrated traffic in human flesh, that the existence and increase of a race hostile to the white, and the fears of vengeance for their unparallelled wrongs, shall restrain all exertions by the Cubans to attain the freedom of their country.

I am often asked if it is true that in Cuba the feeling of discontent is general; if the Cubans do really hate their oppressors; but I can truly say that this question has never been asked of me, by any one who has been, even for a single day, in any part of the island. Whoever has been there—whoever has been among Cubans—has heard their deep and ever-continued imprecations of their oppressors, has seen the flashing eyes and heard the burning words of the daughters of Cuba, as they spoke of the degradation of their fathers and brothers, and their own deep and fiery scorn and hatred of the tyrants of their country; has felt himself carried away by their enthusiasm while they spoke of the day when their country's chains shall be broken, when their much loved isle shall be free.

I will only relate one instance, gentlemen—I will not much longer detain you—one instance of their ready and effectual sympathy with all those who have done aught for Cuba. When the late ill-fated expedition had melted away—when the men who composed it had been brought in chains to Havana, I came forward to render them such assistance as was in my power. These men needed clothes, food and succor. For this money was necessary. I told a few trusty friends that such was the case, and in less than forty-eight hours more than $2,000 was placed in my hands; and this under circumstances of the greatest personal danger—the gift of the smallest coin by a Cuban rendered him liable to a penalty of death, and he knew it. Yet at all hours of the day and night—by a thousand channels—did it come to me. There is one gentleman now here present—one to whom I would pay a just though tardy tribute for his humanity, for his great exertions in behalf of his unfortunate countrymen—one who was with me in all my labors for their alleviation—who throughout assisted and encouraged me, ever at my side—Mr. Chas. Callahan. Together we made the purchases and carried them to our countrymen. He can tell you how, when tired with the labors of the day, we took a carriage late at night to make our last visit to the prison previous to the embarcation, a young man, a young Cuban—in the public square, ran up to the door of the vehicle, and with flashing eyes and trembling hands gave me the fruit of of his day's labor—a package of gold—more than $600;—and this it was which enabled me to give to each of the prisoners that small sum of money which afterwards was of so essential service to them.

I must not forget, gentlemen, to render another tribute of justice—justice to one whom New Orleans, and our whole country has felt a just pride in honoring—Wm. Sidney Smith. No one more than myself, knows how much he did—how great and how welcome was his sympathy and aid to our unfortunate countrymen. And the greater honor is his that his exertions were the emanation of a true and noble soul.—He was bound by no ties of a common country—he could not be supposed to have any political sympathy with them—his interests called him loudly to a contrary course. Yet with a noble impulse—with an enlarged humanity that recognizes no sectional limits to sympathy with suffering man, he contributed—under the sanction of his noble and high-souled chief, Joseph Tucker Crawford, British Consul to Havanna—to whom also be all praise; he contributed all that was in his power, morally and physically, to their alleviation. May the reward of both be equal to the hope and joy they gave.

I have detained you too long gentlemen, and I will now bring my remarks to a close. I have said to you I am no filibuster in its vulgar sense. I am not. Yet do I sympathize with the Cubans in their ardent desire for liberty. Yet would my heart leap for joy to see Cuba free. The love of freedom is inate in every man's bosom. You all sympathise with a people who struggle for it. I can with perfect truth say to you what the judge who sentenced me to the galleys said to me. "You cannot help it—it is in your education—it is in your blood—you are republican."

Cuba will be free—free through herself. The great idea of a people's exodus from thraldom never recedes. Forward is ever the word. Like a mighty river its first beginning may be very small and unperceived; but it will ever gather strength in its march. Should obstacles interpose to detain its onward course, it gathers strength day by day, continually, until, irresistible in its might, all before it is swept away. Opposition but increases its force and its certainty; and the voyager shall surely see its union with the great ocean of human happiness:

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Free Cuba has a bright and glorious destiny. Situated on the great highway of the commerce of the world—with a most fertile soil, capable of bearing millions of population—having immense agricultural and mineral resources—abundantly supplied with coasts and harbors to give her people maritime tendencies—a genial climate—herself the guardian of the world—every avenue to enterprise, acquisition or enjoyment is open to her children. Her unrivalled geographical position will confer upon her a commanding influence, and her immense production will give her weight among the nations. Let us then hope that the day of liberation is not distant; that soon within her borders the bright fires of liberty may blaze on every hill top, and from every valley ring forth the glad pæens to freedom.

THOUGHT.—Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper, another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom; the more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come in lumps—homely or shapeless! but no matter—time and perseverance will arrange and refine them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write—the more you think, the better you express your ideas.

DOW JR'S FAITH.—I believe that kicking against custom, and spitting in the face of fashion, is a futile and foolish endeavor. Both may need correction—but they must and will have their own way.

I believe that if the devil be the father of liars, he has a plagued large family to look after, and that it is rapidly increasing.

I believe girls are like kittens—gently smooth them the right way they rub and *purr* most affectionately; but give them the contrary brush, and their back is up in the most disdainful manner. They like to be kissed, but sham a delicacy about the operation.

I believe human flesh is hard to digest. Jonah didn't sit easy on the stomach of the whale.

I believe that simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, and a straight up and down way of dealing with the world, have as much advantage over the vices, tricks, and stratagems in the long run, as a good square-trotting horse has over a prancing pony or a rackey that goes his mile or two like the mischief, and is done for the rest of the journey.

☞ Two Vermonters, Messrs. M. C. Barber, and W. P. Abbott, have been emulating the far-famed skill of their Kentucky brethren, by shooting at a knife-blade, at four rods distant, and splitting the ball in the centre every time. We don't see how there can be much improvement upon that.

☞ Gold is found in Abberville district, South Carolina, in large quantities. Mr. Downe, the owner of large mines there, realizes about $1500 per day from the labor of eight hands.

Terrible Calamity on the North River.—Burning of the Steamer Henry Clay.

New York, July 28.—The steamer Henry Clay, plying between this city and Albany, on her passage down from Albany, this afternoon, took fire about 3 o'clock, a short distance above Yonkers, and was burned to the waters edge. The steamer had about three hundred passengers on board, about forty of whom are reported to have perished. The Henry Clay, at the time of the calamity, was racing with the steamer America, which, when the fire was discovered, was some distance behind, but soon came along-side, and picked up a number of the passengers struggling in the river. The Henry Clay was immediately run ashore at Yonkers, and a number of dead bodies principally females have been picked up at that place.

Upon the discovery of the fire the most intense excitement and consternation prevailed on board, and a large number jumped overboard, and in their efforts thus to save themselves were drowned, there being no boats near. The scene was terrible and appalling. Many fainted, and others cried for help, getting as far as possible from the smoke and flames, which were making rapid headway.

The steamer left Albany at 7 o'clock morning, in company with the America, and had been racing through the day, the steam having been put at the highest point, as the passengers were informed by those who examined the steam cock. She made all her landings and took on board a number of passengers at Newburgh. The passengers, it appears, had become alarmed before the accident, and had protested to the officers against racing, but were told there was no danger.

It is also stated that an attempt was for some time made, by those who knew of the steamer being on fire, to conceal it from the passengers until the boat could be run ashore; and it seems to have been discovered, finally, by some of the passengers who come on board at Newburg, attempting to go upon the upper deck, by the stairway, in which they were prevented in consequence of the smoke. They finally climbed up, and discovered the smoke issuing from the engine rooms, and nearly as high as the pipes. At this time no alarm had been given.

There was no boats at Yonkers to send to the steamer after she had been run ashore, but a good many of the craft in the river went to the relief of the passengers.

The bodies discovered are mostly females and none have yet been recognized.

Ex-Mayor Allen of New York, is among those missing.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Amidst the confusion and terror of the first news of the steamboat tragedy on the Hudson River, on Wednesday afternoon, much uncertainty hung about many of the details, and the full extent of the calamity has been scarcely as yet realized. It has, however, loomed up in such horrid proportions as to spread alarm over the whole community.

The two steamboats, the Henry Clay and the Armenia, started together on Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock, from Albany for New York, the H. Clay having on board between three and four hundred passengers. The exact number cannot be ascertained, as there was no list of the passengers. Scarcely had the boats left the wharf when it was manifest that they were racing, and the racing was continued even after remonstrances were made by the passengers, and ladies had fainted from fear, and till the career of the unfortunate vessel was at length cut short by fire, which compelled her managers to run her ashore where she was burned to the waters edge, and from 60 to 100 human beings found a watery grave and perished in the flames. Already 52 bodies have been found, and others have been felt in the bottom of the charred boat, though not yet recovered.

That racing was the cause of the calamity, there appears not to be the shadow of a doubt. The Armenia was so hot that she was compelled to stop and blow off steam, so that she, too, had a narrow escape. The Henry Clay was on fire before, and a passenger assisted to put it out. It was added that an inflammable substance such as tar, or pitch or rosin, was thrown into the fire to make steam faster than coal could make it; and, independently of the danger of fire, or an explosion of the boilers, the apprehension of a collision was so great that fenders were put on to guard against it. It seems that the fireman came on deck to witness the exciting race, and one gentleman states that he saw the fireman for twenty minutes on deck previous to the appearance of the smoke; and when he looked into the engine room he saw no person there. Even when the boat was run ashore at last, instead of being run in an oblique direction, she was run at right angles, and thus her hinder part was all in deep water, and those who were cut off by the fire in the middle had the alternative of either being drowned, (if they could not swim,) or burned to death.

THE WRECK.

The scene of the calamity was crowded yesterday by anxious inquirers after missing friends and relatives. The wreck of the Henry Clay lies where she was run ashore and scuttled, between two and three miles this side of Yonkers, and a few hundred yards from Bettner's dock. It presents a most extraordinary spectacle, lying in a few feet of water, a few blackened and charred timbers only are seen, clinging as it were to the heavier machinery, the smoke pipes standing prominently, but in an inclined or bent position. Around throughout the day, men were engaged in dragging, with results as will be seen, realizing the worst apprehensions that were entertained. In addition to those bodies already recovered, and which appeared in all cases nearly, to have been drowned, there are it is certain sufferers by fire among the ruins of the boat. In fact, the men who have been seeking, say they can distinctly feel the remains of three or four persons beneath the machinery which they cannot remove.

The Hudson River Railroad Company have issued an order, which was strictly carried out that the trains on being signalized should stop at the spot, and render any required assistance in conveying the bodies or otherwise.

Close to the dock before mentioned were erected two temporary tents or awnings, under one of which the Coroner and Jury were assembled, and under the other was a ghastly array of corpses awaiting identification.

General Jones of this city, who is rusticating on or near the spot, has furnished every assistance that humanity could suggest under the circumstances, and treated the survivors with great hospitality; his lady provided a quantity of clothes, linen, &c., which were appropriated to covering the dead, who were also shrouded with green boughs, or branches from the woods, which abound in the locality.

As the bodies were identified, the Coroner took the evidence of the friends claiming them, and merely taking the opportunity of obtaining any further information in the witness' possession, gave permission for the removal of the deceased for interment. In this way the whole day was consumed, until all were identified and removed, with the exception of nine which remain unrecognized.

INCIDENTS.

At the time the fire broke out, the Captain ordered all aft, apprehensive that many would be burned to death; but a great many did not heed him, ran forward, jumped over the bow when the boat struck, and were saved without injury. Among the first ashore was Dewitt Miller and Charles Howard, of Hudson, who did great service in getting others from the water. Young Howard saved half a dozen women and children.

Abraham Crist, Esq., a lawyer of this city, is supposed to be drowned in trying to save others. His son and brother-in-law were both on board, and saved. Mr. C. is an expert swimmer, and was last seen assisting others in getting ashore.

It was astonishing to see the different dispositions manifest in the passengers.—Some would run to Yonkers to take the next train up; some inquired when the next train went down; some inquired about a valise or a carpet bag—paying no attention to the drowning passengers, while others were seen throwing their clothes, valises and carpet bags away, and running in the water to save the helpless women and children. There was one noble young fellow from the south side of Long Island, who had injured himself very much from swimming, and bringing others ashore on his back; he was so exhausted he could hardly speak. He would not give his name. He lives at Babylon, Long Island.

Among those who narrowly escaped, were Mr. A. H. Gough and sister, of this city. They were in the stern till the boat sunk, and then succeeded in walking along the narrow edge of the guards till the flames forced them to jump into eight feet of water, from whence they succeeded in reaching the shore in safety. Mr. G. thinks nearly all of those in the stern could have landed safely in this way.—Mr. G. was the last person who left the gentlemen's after cabin, and thinks few, if any, were burned in the cabins.

The cars of the Hudson River Railroad, which arrived at ten minutes to one o'clock, on yesterday, brought down the dead bodies of two children, appearing to be of the relative ages of ten and six. A gentleman present recognized the younger as Howard Simonson, the son of Mr. John Simonson, of 35 Eldridge street. The father was not present, as he had run on foot, to Yonkers, to see if he could not recognized the body of his wife, who, it is thought, is certainly lost also. The other gentleman who was at the station house, was quite certain that this was the child. The elder child was known by a gentleman who was in the unfortunate boat, and he said that it got in with a women and four others, and that he saw the group perish. He did not know their names. Coroner Ives visited the depot twice, but as no witnesses were in attendance, he could not hold an inquest, and he deferred it to nine o'clock this morning.