THE MINERS' JOURNAL, AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

"I WILL TEACH YOU TO PIERCE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, AND BRING OUT FROM THE CAVERNS OF MOUNTAINS, METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE.—*Dr. Johnson.*"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

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TERMS OF THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION:

TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance—$2 25 if not paid within six months—and $2 50 if not paid within the year.

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Three copies to one address, (in advance,)	$5 00
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Fifteen do do	20 00

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If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

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The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing, and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

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Having procured three Presses, we are now prepared to execute JOB and BOOK PRINTING of every description at the Office of the Miners' Journal, cheaper than it can be done at any other establishment in the county, such as

Books, Pamphlets, Bills of Lading, Large Posters, Railroad Tickets, Hand Bills, Paper Books, Articles of Agreement, Trade Books, Bill Heads, Order Books, &c.

At the very shortest notice. Our stock of JOB TYPE is more extensive than that of any other office in this section of the State, and we keep hands employed expressly for Jobbing. Being a practical Printer ourself, we will guarantee our work to be as neat as any that can be turned out in the cities. PRINTING IN COLORS done at the shortest notice.

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Books bound in every variety of style. Blank Books of every description manufactured, bound and ruled to order at shortest notice.

PHILADELPHIA.

CANDLE MOULDS,

WARRANTED to be of the best metal—all sizes and patterns. Manufactured and for sale by JOHN CALVERLEY, No. 305 Race street, Philadelphia.

August 21, '58 34-3m

BUFFALO ROBES,

BY THE BALE OR ROBE, At GEORGE F. WOMRATH'S, Nos. 415 and 417 Arch street, Philadelphia.

N. B.—Also, a large assortment of LADIES' FANCY FURS of own manufacture.

August 28, '58 35-3m

FILE CUTTING,

IN all its branches, at the Manufactory, New Street, above Second, between Race and Vine, Philadelphia, where may be found the best assortment of FILES and RASPS, in the city of Philadelphia. ☞Old Files Re-cut and made equal to new, at a saving of 50 per cent. J. B. SMITH. New Street File Works, Philadelphia.

August 28, '58 35-3m

TO Milliners, Merchants and Others!

WE have now in stock, and constantly receiving from New York and Philadelphia Auctions, and of our own Importations, goods of the latest Paris Fashion; in Bonnet Silks, Plaid Velvets, Satins, Velvets, Plain Silks, Marcellines, Florences, Bonnet Ribbons, Plain, Satin and Mantua do., Ruches, Quillings, Blonds, Laces, Illusions, &c., which we offer much below the usual prices. ☞A liberal discount to Cash buyers. WARBURTON. No. 506 South Second street, (SECOND DRY GOODS STORE BELOW SPRUCE,) Philadelphia.

October 2, '58 40-3m

CHEAP CARPETING, AT THE New Store,

No. 49 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

CITIZENS and Country Merchants are solicited to call and examine the stock of Ingrain and Venetian Carpeting; Floor, Table and Stair Oil Cloths, all widths; Canton and Cocoa Matting; Door Mats; Cloth and Oil Cloth Table Covers; Druggets, from one to four yards wide; Rag Carpet, Stair Rods, &c., &c.

Cheap for Cash, either wholesale or retail, by L. WEATHERBY, No. 49 North Ninth street.

October 23, '58 43-3m

ARCH STREET CARPET WAREHOUSE.

THE subscribers have just opened their New Carpet Warehouse, with a rich and splendid stock of CARPETINGS, comprising all the latest and best styles of VELVET, TAPESTRY, BRUSSELS, Three-ply, Ingrain and Venetian, of the most celebrated manufacture, also a superior stock of OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, &C.

☞The above stock of goods has been bought extremely low for cash, and it is the intention of the subscribers to sell accordingly; this, with *small expenses and cash transactions*, will enable us to give purchasers goods from 10 to 15 per cent. less than usually charged by other establishments. OLDEN & RICKNER, *Importers and Dealers in Carpeting*, 832 ARCH ST., 2 doors below Ninth, (South side,) Phila.

Sept. 4, '58 36-3m

WINCHESTER & CO.'S Gentlemen's Furnishing Store, AND Patent Shoulder Seam Shirt Manufactory,

AT THE OLD STAND, 706 Chestnut street, PHILADELPHIA, opposite the "Washington House."

A. WINCHESTER will give, as heretofore, his personal supervision of the Cutting and Manufacturing departments. Orders for his celebrated style of Shirts and Collars filled at the shortest notice.

Persons desiring to order Shirts, can be supplied with the formula for measurement, on application by mail.

Constantly on hand, a varied and select stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

☞Wholesale orders supplied on liberal terms.

September 4, '58 36-1y

NET CASH DRY GOODS HOUSE.

1858.] NEW STOCK OF FALL GOODS. [1858.

EYRE & LANDELL, Fourth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, have in store and daily receiving a fine stock of Fall Dry Goods suited to the Near Trade.

Black Silks of all grades.
Fashionable Fancy Silks.
Shawls of all the newest styles.
Dress Goods, in full variety.
Staple Goods, in large stock.
Fancy Cassimere Cloths & Vestings.
Blankets, Quilts, Linen Damasks, &c.

N. B.—Good bargains daily received from New York and Philadelphia Auction Sales.

☞TERMS—*Net Cash and Prices Low.*

August 28, '58 35-3m

FANCY FURS! For Ladies and Children!

JOHN FAREIRA & CO., No. 818 (new No.) Market street, above Eighth, PHILADELPHIA, Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in **Fancy Furs**, for Ladies and Children; also, Gents' Furs, Fur Collars, and Gloves.

The number of years that we have been engaged in the Fur business, and the general character of our Furs, both for *quality and price* is so generally known throughout the Country, that we think it is not necessary for us to say anything more than we have now opened our assortment of Furs, for the Fall and Winter Sales. Of the largest and most beautiful assortment that we have ever offered before to the public. Our Furs have all been imported during the present season, when money was scarce and Furs much lower than at the present time, and have been manufactured by the most competent workmen; we are therefore determined to sell them at such prices as will continue to give us the reputation we have borne for years, that is to sell a good article for a *very small profit*.

Storekeepers, will do well to give us a call, as they will find the largest assortment by far to select from in the city, and at manufacturer's prices.

JOHN FAREIRA & Co., No. 818 Market Street, above 8th, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, September 11, '58 37-4m

PHILADELPHIA Surgical Bandage Institute, No. 837 ARCH st., 1 door below Ninth,

AGENCY FOR THE SALE OF

MRS. B. C. EVERETT'S Premium Improved Abdominal Supporters, Trusses and Bandages.

DR. CHARLES C. M. RAWLINGS, Principal.

Where may be had a full and varied assortment of TRUSSES, FEMALE SUPPORTERS, SHOULDER BRACES, and other Bandages, for sale at *Prices Twenty Five per cent. lower* than at any other establishment in the city.

Dr. KNIGHT'S celebrated radical cure TRUSS has cured hundreds of cases where others have failed.—Price, $4 00

Dr. RAWLINGS has treated successfully many bad cases of Spine Disease, Club Foot, Bow Leg, Knock Knee, and Weak Ancles, with his new and improved apparatus for these Diseases, to which cards reference can be given. Prices ranging from $3 00 to $15 00

SILK and COTTON ELASTIC STOCKINGS, ANKLETS, KNEE CAPS, and ABDOMINAL COMPRESSORS, at lower prices than can be bought elsewhere.

CRUTCHES, SPLINTS, and every variety of SURGICAL APPLIANCES, at greatly reduced prices, placing the best make of goods within reach of all.

Ladies attended in private apartments at the store, by Mrs. B. C. EVERETT.

☞Particular attention paid to Instruments for deformity in children, and satisfaction to all guaranteed.

Philadelphia, September 11, '58 37-3m

FALL GOODS FOR 1858

Over 3000 yards of New Silks, just received by THORNLEY & CHISM,

NORTH-EAST Corner Eighth & Spring Garden streets, PHILADELPHIA.

Bought for CASH and to be sold ONLY for CASH! We confidentially assert that the above goods are as CHEAP and as GOOD as can be sold on the American Continent!!

☞We Challenge a Fair Comparison.☜

New DeLaines, in beautiful designs.
Poil de Chevres, Valencias, &c., very handsome.
English, French and American Chintzes, &c.
Ginghams of different makes.

Shawls, Cloaks, Circulars, Dusters, &c.

New Stella Shawls, in all colors.
Long and Square Brocha Shawls.
Long and Square Blanket Shawls.
Plain and Embroidered Crape Shawls.
"Chenille" Shawls, French Blanket Shawls, &c.
GENTLEMEN'S SHAWLS, &c., &c.
Everything New in CLOAKS that may offer!

French Merinoes, Cashmeres and DeLaines, Coburgs, Paramattas and Alpaccas!

We keep an immense stock of

DOMESTIC MUSLINS,

Linens, Flannels, Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.
Blankets, Marseilles Quilts, Counterpanes, &c.
Table Covers, Piano Covers, Table Cloths, Napkins, &c.

We are determined to maintain our reputation as being one of the BEST DRY GOODS STORES in Philadelphia. "We have only one Price."

THORNLEY & CHISM.

N. E. corner Eighth and Spring Garden sts., Philad'a.

☞Persons can ride for 5 cents by the City Railroad, to within two squares of our store, and for 5 cents by the Eighth street line of Omnibuses to our Door every five minutes. T. & C.

August 28, '58 35-3m

ALLEN & NEEDLES' SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

WE again offer the above to farmers and dealers, assuring them that they will at all times, and under all circumstances, receive the same GOOD ARTICLE they have heretofore purchased of us. The public will please bear in mind that our Super-Phosphate of Lime is always

THE SAME IN QUALITY.

We sell reliable Fertilizers, or none at all.

These remarks are rendered necessary from the fact that a large number of articles purporting to be Super-Phosphates, are offered for sale, which are not what they are represented to be.

Our new pamphlet is in press, and will be ready for distribution in a few days. We shall be pleased to send copies gratuitously by mail to our friends when desired.

Price $45 per 2000 lbs. (2 1-4 cents per lb.)

A liberal deduction made to DEALERS.

Pacific Ocean Guano.

Having sold this Guano for four years past, we can safely recommend it. It has been tried side by side with Peruvian Guano, and is pronounced fully equal to it in all respects. We refer to our New Pamphlet, containing letters respecting it, and much other interesting matter of value to the farmer.

No. 1 Government Peruvian Guano,

For sale, at the lowest rates.

We have also for sale—
AMERICAN GUANO from Baker's Island.
GROUND BONES, and PURE BONE DUST.
POUDRETTE, PLASTER, and such other Fertilizers as we feel safe in recommending.

☞Goods can be landed at either front of our Warehouse. Ample facilities are afforded in reading wagons and attending to the horses.

The leading Agricultural Journals and Newspapers are regularly filed at our office for the use of Farmers.

ALLEN & NEEDLES,

No. 42 S. Wharves, and 41 S. Water St., First store above Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

August 28, '58 35-3m

MISCELLANEOUS.

☞To all wanting Farms, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands.

MELODEONS!

A beautiful rich toned Five Octave MELODEON, Rose Wood, Piano style, for sale cheap at B. BANNAN'S Book and Music Store.

AMERICAN CAST STEEL.

THIS superior CAST STEEL is for sale at the "Hardware and Iron Depot." A trial of its quality is solicited. Out of 70 tons of Steel sold not a single bar has been returned. FRANK POTT.

Pottsville, September 18, '58 38-

A NEW Grocery and Provision Store.

THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just opened on MARKET SQUARE, North side, *first door above the Market House, and nearly opposite the Lutheran Church,* a **Grocery and Provision Store,** where he has just received a splendid assortment of fine, fresh Groceries, Provisions, &c., as follows:—

Coffees, Sugars, Butter, Eggs, Vinegar, Teas, Rice, Beans, Brushes, Fish, Cheese, Dried Fruit, Ropes, Syrups, Spices, Fluid, Queens-ware, Salt, Chocolate, Jar Pickles, Willow-ware, Oriental Coffee, French Coffee, Essence of Coffee, Raisins, Tobacco, Segars, Currants, Figs and Prunes;

SUPERIOR FAMILY FLOUR,

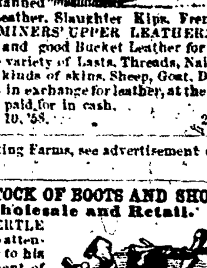
Corn, Oats, Rye Chop, Middlings, etc.

All kinds of Crackers, Dried Beef, Sugar-Cured Hams, Smoked and Green Shoulders, &c., &c., which will be furnished to customers at the lowest CASH prices.

Pottsville, August 7, '58 32-3m] JAMES NAGLE.

J. L. MENNIG'S MOROCCO FACTORY, And Leather and Shoe-Binding Store,

Railroad street, between Callowhill and High streets, POTTSVILLE, PA.

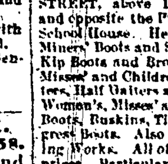


He respectfully informs his old customers, and the public generally, that he continues to manufacture ALL KINDS of MOROCCO, Kids, Straits, French Morocco, Shoe, Hat and Book Bindings, Pink Lining and Roans of all colors. He has also on hand a general assortment of all kinds of LEATHER, Oak tanned Sole and Red Sole Leather, Slaughter Kips, French and City Calf Skins, MINERS' UPPER LEATHER, Lacing Leather for belts, and good Bucket Leather for pumps, and an extensive variety of Lasts, Threads, Nails, Pegs, Clamps, &c. All kinds of skins, Sheep, Goat, Deer, &c., also, Sumac taken in exchange for leather, at the highest market prices, or paid for in cash.

Pottsville, July 10, '58. 28-

☞To all wanting Farms, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands.

SPRING STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES! At Wholesale and Retail.



DANIEL SCHERTLE desires to call the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes manufactured under his own inspection, especially adapted to the Coal Region, and offered for sale at his Store on CENTRE STREET, above High, and opposite the Public School House. He has on hand a well assorted stock of Miners' Boots and Shoes, Men's and Boys' Calf, Goat and Kip Boots and Brogans of every description; Women's, Misses' and Children's Gaiter Boots, Heeled Button Gaiters, Half Gaiters and Lasting Buskins, of every color; Women's, Misses' and Children's Kid and Goat Skin Lace Boots, Buskins, Ties and Slippers, Men's Patent Congress Boots. Also an assortment of Felix & Co.'s Reading Works. All of which will be sold at unusually low prices. Particular attention given to all kinds of manufactured and customer work and repairing. Also on hand a fine assortment of Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags. Pottsville, June 19, '58 25-tf

☞All wanting to emigrate to a mild climate, good soil, and fine market, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands.

JUST PUBLISHED!

"*PRACTICAL MINER'S GUIDE.*"

A TREATISE on Mine Engineering, comprising a set of Trigonometrical Tables, adapted to all purposes of oblique or diagonal, vertical, horizontal, and traverse Dialling, with their application to the dial exercise of Shafts, Adits, Drifts, Lodes, Slides, Levelling, Inaccessible Distances, &c., also, a treatise on the Art and Practice of Assaying Metals, with Tables, which exhibit at one view the value of Assayed Ores; rules for calculating the power of Steam, Water, and Cornish Pumping Engines; quality, manufacture, and choice of Cordage and Wire Ropes for Mine Service; on Gases, Ventilation and Lighting of Mines, boring Artesian Wells, &c., &c.; together with a collection of Essential Tables, Rules, and Illustrations, exclusively applicable to Mining Business. The whole illustrated, introduced and exemplified in the most plain and practical manner, from the latest and best authorities. Price—$2 37, by mail. Published by GEO. M. NEWTON, At the Office of the *Mining Magazine*, No. 1 Spruce street, New York.

And for sale at B. BANNAN'S Bookstore, Centre street, Pottsville.

September 18, '58 38-3m

FARM LANDS FOR SALE!

25 MILES from PHILADELPHIA, by Railroad, in the State of New Jersey. Soil among the best for agricultural purposes, being a good loam soil, with a clay bottom. The land is a large tract, divided into small farms, and hundreds from all parts of the country are now settling and building. The crops can be seen growing. Terms from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years by instalments. To visit the place—leave Vine street Wharf, at Philadelphia, at 7½ A. M., by Railroad, for Hammonton, or address R. J. Byrnes, by letter. See full advertisement in another column.

MR. E. T. TAYLOR,

FORMERLY OF THE FIRM OF LIPPINCOTT & TAYLOR, AND LIPPINCOTT, TAYLOR & CO.,

Merchant Tailors and Extensive Clothiers, Of this City, and the following Cities and Counties, to wit:

LIPPINCOTT & TAYLOR, of Pottsville, Schuylkill Co., Pa.
LIPPINCOTT, TAYLOR & Co., of Easton, Northam'n Co., Pa.
" " " of Danville, Montour Co., Pa.
" " " of Mauch Chunk, Lehigh Co.
" " " of Reading, Berks County, Pa.
" " " of Cincinnati, Ohio.
" " " of No. 200 Market st., Philad'a.

Would respectfully inform his numerous friends, and the public, that he has associated himself in business with the well-known house of

GRANVILLE STOKES,

No. 607 Chestnut Street, between Sixth and Seventh,

Where his entire and particular attention will be devoted to the Merchant Tailoring and Fine Ready-Made Departments.

Mr. E. T. T. solicits a call from his former numerous customers, and from all who wish clothing of superior Style, Quality and Workmanship, either ready-made or made to order.

☞Strangers visiting the city will please remember the Temple of Fashion, No. 607 Chestnut street, just one square below the beautiful Masonic Temple, situated on the same street. The undersigned will be happy to meet his friends and serve them with the best and most fashionable style of Ready-Made Clothing that can be met with in any city in the Union. E. T. TAYLOR.

Philadelphia, September 4, '58 36-

HAMMONTON LANDS. NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT.

RARE OPPORTUNITY TO ALL WANTING FARMS.

IN a healthy place, *twenty-five miles* from Philadelphia, on the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, New Jersey. An old estate has recently been opened for sale, and the first division of 10,000 acres divided up into *farms of twenty acres* and upwards. The soil is of the *best* quality for the production of fruits, grains, &c. The price is $15 to $20 per acre, payable in easy, quarter yearly instalments, within a term of four years, with interest. The terms are made easy, in order to insure the rapid improvement of the land, by enabling *every industrious man to buy a farm*. It is now being extensively improved by good roads, and some of the best citizens from New England and the Middle States are erecting large improvements. It is a scene of the greatest improvement out of Philadelphia. Seventy-five houses have been built in four months. Practical farmers and business men from the length and breadth of the Union *are settling there*. It is an important business place, on account of its being in the midst of a great market. Every article raised upon this land finds an immediate sale. The water is excellent, and no such thing as fever is known.

The soil is a sandy or clay loam, with a *clay bottom and retentive of manures*. It is free of stones and easily worked. It abounds largely in the phosphates, and such is its fertility that from the crops produced both upon this land and the large area adjoining under cultivation, it will be found not to be excelled anywhere in the production of *crops most adapted to its market*.

The reader may be well aware that the earliest and the best fruits and vegetables come from New Jersey, which are annually exported to the amount of millions of dollars. The land, besides being accessible in every way for fertilizers, has an abundant supply of the best quality of muck manure.

Lumber and building materials can be had on the spot at a cheap price, from the mills. Other mills are now being opened, and brickyards being started on the ground. A person can put up a frame tenement for present convenience for one hundred dollars. On account of the extensive emigration, this is the best course to pursue in order to get a place to live in at first. Carpenters and builders are on hand to put up houses on the best terms.

In settling here the emigrant has many advantages.—He is within a few hours' ride of the great cities in the Middle States and New England; he is near his old friends and associations; he is in a settled country, where every improvement and comfort of civilization is at hand; he is in a healthy place, and is not subject to the certainty of losing the greater part of his family and his own health by those malignant fevers which make the graves of so many millions of the young and hardy in far off regions away from home and friends.—Besides, he has a mild climate and an open winter.

There are three trains daily to Philadelphia, and to all those who improve, the railroad company gives a *free ticket.*

The reader will at once be struck with the advantages here presented, and ask himself why the property has not been taken up before. The reason is, it was never thrown in the market; and unless these statements were correct, no one would be invited to examine the land before purchasing. This all are expected to do. They will see the land under cultivation; they will meet persons, no doubt, from their own neighborhood; they will witness the improvements, and can judge of the character of the population. Persons should come prepared to purchase, as many are locating, and locations are not held on refusal.

The *Hammonton Farmer*, a monthly Literary and Agricultural sheet, containing full information of Hammonton, will be sent to each inquirer, and can be obtained at 25 cts. per annum.

☞Title indisputable. Warrantee deeds given, clear of all incumbrance, when purchase money is paid.—Route to the land:—leave Vine street Wharf, Philadelphia, for Hammonton, by railroad, at 7½ A. M., and 5½ P. M.; when there inquire for Mr. Byrnes. Boarding conveniences will be found. Letters and applications can be addressed to S. B. COUGHLIN, 202 South FIFTH st., below Walnut, Philadelphia. Maps and information cheerfully furnished.

September 18, '58 38-3m

ALARIC, OR THE TYRANT'S VAULT.

A SICILIAN STORY OF EARLY TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

ALARIC.

Not far from the city of Syracuse, which is the metropolis of all Sicily, an object of longing to ambitious conquerors, and one of the finest cities in the world, not far from this place, upon the shore of the sea, stood a man who had just landed from a vessel that was now sailing away towards the North. He was quite young—not over five-and-twenty—tall and well proportioned; with a muscular system finely developed; and possessing a face not only striking in its manly beauty, but remarkable in one so young, for its stern, resolute and self-reliant expression. His dress was light and simple, and evidently of Greek manufacture; the lower limbs being clothed in close-fitting goat skin, above which he wore a shirt of white linen, confined at the waist by a belt of fine mail. Upon his head was a cap of woven stuff, the top drooping over the right ear; and his feet were shielded by a pair of sandals. His only weapon was a short heavy sword, which hung, in a leathern scabbard, from his belt of mail. He stood for awhile, gazing about, as though undecided what course he should pursue; but finally he espied an old fisherman, not far off, who had just come down upon the beach, and toward him he made his way.

"A bright, pleasant morning, good sir," said the youth.

The old man cast his net from his shoulders and gazed up. He carefully scanned the features before him and then replied:

"Aye, fair sir, it is a pleasant morning. We have many such on this coast."

"And yet it storms sometimes, I suppose," suggested the first speaker.

"He is a wise man who little heeds the storms he cannot quell," said the fisherman, with a toss of the head which seemed to give his words more meaning than the circumstance under which they were spoken would imply.

"You are right there," responded the other. "But tell me—where can I find Artabanus, the hermit?"

The fisherman took another careful look into his interlocutor's face, and then answered

"He lives upon yonder mountain, which is called Castaiano. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes."

"Then follow the path which leads to yonder cot, until it leads you to a small stream. Cross that and then upon your right hand you will see a beaten track. He lives in a cave at the top of the mountain, and this path will lead you directly thither."

The young man thanked his informant, and was upon the point of turning away, when the latter resumed:

"I mean no offence. Your face looks familiar. It has the cast of countenance I fancied I had seen before."

"You'll at least remember of having seen such an one on this morning," said the young man; and as he thus spoke he turned away.

"Aye," muttered the old Sicilian, half to himself, yet loud enough to reach other ears; "and I call on Neptune to witness that I have seen it before. Such faces are not multiplied—they are not plenty in Syracuse these times. Alas! more's the pity."

The youth hesitated for a moment, as though he would turn back, but he overcame the disposition, and kept on. When he had begun to ascend the mountain, he stoped and looked behind him, and saw that the fisherman was already upon the water.

"Can it be," he said, to himself, "that my face is so little changed? I think I remember that old man, for he has spread his nets long in these waters; but how should he remember me? I pray the gods that there be not many in Syracuse that will yet be so observant."

With this the traveller kept on up the mountain until he had reached a broad table of rock, from whence he could see the bay, and the city beyond. The great metropolis was spread out before him, with its massive walls, its temples, and its palaces, and a tear started down his cheek as he gazed upon the scene. He clasped his hands upon his bosom, and with a few muttered words, he started on again. He crossed the stream, and took the path to which he had been directed: but he did not follow it as one who was a stranger to its windings. He pursued his way with an ease and assurance, and at times, with an abstractedness which could have been indulged in by one who knew well the way he was going. Up the steep rocky height he climbed, and when he finally stopped, it was before the entrance to a cave—a cave which Nature had fashioned in the mountain's side, and sheltered from the sun's torrid heat, and the fury of the storm. At the mouth of this cavern sat an old man, over whose head some fourscore years had rolled. His hair and beard were as white as the fleecy cloud that sailed above the mount, and floated in silken, wavy masses over his shoulder and breast. A mantle of gray cloth enveloped his frame, and his feet were shod with heavy sandals. He was engaged over an old manuscript, but as he heard the sound of approaching footsteps he closed the volume and raised his head.

"Good morning my son," he said, with a look of simple welcome.

"Kind father I greet thee," the youth returned, at the same time extending his hand.

"How?" cried the old man, starting to his feet as the accents fell upon his ear. He shaded his eyes with the palm of the left hand, and gazed eagerly into his visitor's face. "Do I see aright?" he added. "Is it Alaric—my old pupil?"

"Aye, good Artabanus, I am Alaric—come once more to see thee?"

For some time the hermit gazed into the young man's face in silence, but finally he said:

"Sit down—sit down, my son. Thy presence has started a host of varied emotions to life within me, and I must recover my thoughts ere I can talk with thee in reason."

"Thank the gods, I find thee alive and in health," replied the youth, as he let go the old man's hand, and took a seat upon a wooden bench close by.

"Aye—I am well in body," returned Artabanus. "But," he added, thoughtfully, continuing to gaze earnestly into his companion's face as he spoke, "the body is but a small part of man, and the ills of the flesh are very joys when compared with some of the pains to which the soul may be subject. But tell me of thyself. Where hast thou been?"

"I have been in Greece," replied the youth.—"When I fled from these shores, eight years ago, I sought refuge there, and there I have remained ever since. Oh! I wept this morning, as I gazed down upon the city of my birth. I had thought I had done weeping over those memories; but when I again gazed upon Syracuse they came crowding upon me with a power which I could not resist. I saw the very temple beneath the walls of which my father and my brother were slain; and I could see the roof beneath which my mother died. Artabanus, there were not many of the patrician families escaped that foul butchery."

"No, Alaric. Of all who were loyal to the true interests of the people, I have seen only yourself return. There were a few escaped; but not many. Were there any went with you to Greece?"

"No, father. I escaped alone. I saw my noble parent cut down—I saw my brother fall—and when I knew I had no relative left in the city, I fled. Fortune favored me. I found a small boat by the sea shore, and I put out alone upon the dark waters. I floated away to Melita, and from thence I gained a passage to Greece. The tyrant still reigns in Syracuse?"

"Alas! yes. And his deeds are evil, and the people suffer. We have had no peace in Sicily since good Helixus died. Thou wert but a mere child then."

"I was seven years old. I remember the good king well, for my father, you know, was one of his chief officers."

"Aye—you were older than I thought," said the hermit, musingly.

"And I remember that there was some mystery connected with the good king's death," remarked Alaric. "Am I not right?"

"There was not much mystery," answered the old man. "He was weak and weary, and he left the throne that he might die in peace; and death soon came to him. But why hast thou returned to Syracuse?"

"Can you not guess?" returned the youth.

"I might guess many things, my son."

"And yet but one of them would be right. I have said that I left no relative behind me when I made my escape from this place; but I did leave one whom I loved—one about whom my affections were entwined with a life that could not die. You know of whom I speak."

"Aye—you speak of the mason's daughter, Ianthe."

"Yes, father. Is she alive?"

"She is."

"And well?"

"She is well."

"And," pursued the youth, in a more eager tone, "is she still free?"

"Why? Have you thought that she would remember you in love through the years that have passed?"

"O! do not tell me that she has ceased to love me. True, she was a child in years, but I told her then, and my love has grown stronger in the separation which has followed. I know there is danger to me here, but I came with a will to meet it."

"But suppose your very life were in danger if you sought the maiden?"

"You may warn me of danger, if you will, but do not seek to place the barrier of fear between me and my desire, for I know not the emotion.—Yes, Artabanus, taught me when I was a boy, and your wise lessons have not departed from my mind. You taught me that there were many things more to be feared than death, and I have come, prepared rather to die than live all alone in a distant land, with the sad memories of my unhappy country for my only heritage."

"And you would not turn from death, should it raise its threatening front between yourself and Ianthe?" The old man's gaze grew more earnest as he thus spoke, and a spark, within which seemed to gleam some newly awakened hope, burned in his eye.

"My father," answered Alaric, with a flushing cheek, "I could almost feel offended did I think you doubted me, but I do not think so. Show me that Ianthe loves me, and not even Pyrrho himself, with the blood-stained crown of Sicily upon his brow, shall have power to startle me from my course, while life is mine."

Artabanus started to his feet and grasped the youth by the hand.

"Noble Alaric," he cried, with a joyful enthusiasm, "thou art worthy of the maiden's hand.—She does love thee—she cherishes thy memory within her heart as the most precious thing of earth, and for long years she has lived upon the hope that thou wouldst return to her."

"O—the gods be praised!" ejaculated the young man.

"But," added the hermit in a changed voice, "there must be danger in thy path. Pyrrho holds his throne only through the fear and enslavement of the people, and he knows it. Your father was one of his bitterest enemies, and he was also one of the first whom the usurper found it necessary to put out of the way. You are not only the very image of your noble parent, but you must remember that you had arrived almost at the full stature of manhood when you fled from Syracuse. You were then seventeen, and from seventeen to five-and-twenty, especially in one so early developed as you were, there is not much change. You were a man then, and you are no more now. So you must expect that you will be known and recognized. But let us speak of that hereafter.—First do you see Ianthe, and when you have found all right in that quarter, we will consider further."

"I shall find her with her father?"

"Yes—and his house is just where it was eight years ago."

"I will go and seek her, then, and——"

"Hold, my son. You had better wait till nightfall ere you enter the city, and also exchange that Greek shirt for a garment less likely to attract attention, for I assure you that too much care cannot be taken."

Alaric was impatient to see Ianthe, but he saw the force of the hermit's reasoning, and he was willing to wait. So he sat down by his old teacher's side again—sat as he had sat years before, when receiving instructions from the same lips—and listened to the story of the wrongs that had been done in Sicily during the last eight years. Hour after hour passed away, and Artabanus had still more to tell of the tyrant's cruelty.

"Merciful heavens!" cried the youth, fired almost to phrenzy by the recital, "how have the people borne all this?"

"They have borne it under fear of their lives. Pyrrho's soldiers are posted at every place where a murmur can arise."

"And how long shall it last?"

"Till some spirit with a heart big enough to love Sicily more than life, and a soul that fears not the tyrant, shall arise in Syracuse!" pronounced the old man solemnly.

Alaric started as he met the glance of his aged companion, for there was a meaning upon it of more than mortal import. He dared not trust himself to speak then, for the feelings that had sprung to life in his own soul were so wild and strange that they fairly startled him. He arose and walked out upon the mountain, and ever and anon, as his eye rested upon the distant city, the tumult in his soul came to startle him again. He did not seek to analyse the *emotion*, for it was so bold and gigantic, so gentle-like in its misty proportions, that he dared not handle it with reason.

After a while Artabanus came out and touched him upon the shoulder.

"Alaric," spoke the old man, "It is waxing late, and we may be on the move. Let us eat a crust of bread, and then we will descend the mountain together. I must go with you as far as the fisherman's cot, for there we must find a more fitting garb for you. Glycon is my friend, and may be trusted to the verge of the grave."

The frugal supper was soon dispatched, and then the two descended the mountain together.—At the fisherman's cot they stopped, and found that Glycon had just returned from his day's labor. Artabanus took him apart, and having explained to him as much of Alaric's story as he deemed advisable, he asked for some garments that would answer for the youth to wear.

The fisherman led the way to his scanty wardrobe, and the necessary garments were soon selected. Alaric's leggins of goat-skin were replaced by long hose of blue cloth, and his white linen shirt was exchanged for a dark brown frock, beneath which he could easily conceal his short sword. After this the hermit accompanied him to the southern shore of the bay, and there stopped.

"We had better not be seen together beyond this point," said the old man. "From here the way is plain, and you have had caution enough. At the gate you will not be stopped, unless some of the guard should take the whim to question you. Be wise, now, and cautious, and let me see you to morrow."

"I will not forget."

"Then may the gods guide and protect you."

With this Artabanus turned back towards the mountain, and Alaric kept on. The shades of night were gathering over the city as the youth passed in at the broad gateway, and the guard had already lighted their torches. He had gone a few steps when a rough voice commanded him to stop.

"Didn't you promise me a fish for my dinner, thou lying knave?" the voice continued.

"You have mistaken your man," said Alaric, hiding his face as much as possible without seeming desirous so to do.

"Good Bacchus, so I have. Thou'rt not Mentor."

"No," returned our hero; and as he spoke he kept on.

"That's a strange face," said one of the soldiers.

"And I thought, a fair one," added another.

"How now?" asked a third. "Has a stranger passed?"

"Yes—a fisherman."

"'Tis said that a Greek vessel was upon the coast this morning, and we should know whom she landed?"

Alaric heard no more. He turned the first angle in the street that presented itself, and then hurried on. The way was familiar, and he had no difficulty in selecting the various avenues he needed to follow, but he was not wholly easy. He had reason to believe that he was followed. He took several winding passages for the purpose of avoiding pursuers, but he could not get rid of the echoing foot-fall that sounded upon the pavement behind him. It slackened when he slackened—it stopped when he stopped—and when he hurried on the echo hurried after him.

CHAPTER II.

IANTHE.—AN ALARM.

Within a comfortably furnished apartment of an humble abode, near the western wall of the city, sat two individuals. The first was a man some fifty years of age, stout and muscular in frame, and wearing the garb of an artisan, with the dust of toil still clinging to him. He possessed an open, kindly countenance, and if it lacked in comeliness, it certainly made up in honesty and frankness. Such was Bellerus, one of the most skillful masons in Syracuse, and possessing a fair knowledge of architecture in its higher and more elaborate branches. A genial, comfortable disposition had led him into society of his own choice, and an antipathy to turmoil and strife, and an unwillingness to assume much responsibility, had kept him from rising to any eminence in his profession. There may have been another cause for his retaining his humble position, though every desire of his social life seemed to be answered where he was.

The other person—the mason's companion—was a female. She had seen just twenty summers, and was as beautiful as the poet's dream. In form she was light and graceful, her limbs full and round, and her whole frame full of life and vigor. Her features were of true Grecian mould, with large dark eyes, over which drooped long lashes of silken texture, while a mass of wavy tresses clustered about her superbly rounded shoulders.—Beyond the few honest friends who sometimes partook of the artisan's hospitality, she was not known. Bellerus had guarded her with a miser's care, and few there were in the great metropolis who knew of the treasure of beauty that dwelt within his walls. The humble craftsman who shared her father's confidence loved her devotedly, but they loved with a worshipping love, as the kneeling shepherd loved his goddess; and they were all pledged not to speak of her in their intercourse with the outside world.

"Don't call me foolish, father," said the maiden imploringly.

"I do not call thee so, Ianthe," the mason returned. "I only wish to help you over what may prove a most bitter disappointment. How can you hope that Alaric will ever return?"

"My love tells me so."

"Ah—but love is blind."

"Then its feelings are the more to be relied upon, for they come from the internal promptings of the soul. But I feel sure that he will come back to me. Only last night the bright goddess Electra appeared to me in a dream, and told me that Alaric should return. At least I will hope yet a while longer; for it is sweet to hope."

Bellerus could not find it in his heart to do more towards dispelling the bright promise which the maiden cherished, and he turned the conversation upon another tropic. Only a few words had been spoken, however, when a loud rap was heard without, and the host lighted a torch and went to the door. When he returned, he made a motion for Ianthe to leave the room.

"It is a stranger," he said, "and it is not meet that thou shouldst be present."

But the maiden neither spoke nor moved. She had heard the tones of the visitor's voice, and her quick ear had caught a familiar sound.

Bellerus would have reminded her again, but the stranger was close behind him, and quickly entered the apartment. Ianthe saw not the humble fisher's garb—she only saw the well-remembered features which she had carried within the sacred repository of her affections for so long a time. They were changed a little—they had assumed more of manhood—but not changed to love.

"Sweet Electra, my dream is true!" she cried, as she started forward, and put forth her hands. "*Alaric has come!*"

"So Heaven looks down with richest blessing!" the young man responded, as he folded the maiden to his bosom.

"May the gods preserve me," exclaimed the old mason, gazing upon the youthful pair in wonder. "I hope this is no trick of Thasmas to blind me. Alaric, is it thou?"

"In truth, good Bellerus, it is," returned our hero, extending his hand as he spoke. "Surely thou shouldst know me."

"Aye, and I do know thee now," the host responded, grasping the youth warmly, and gazing eagerly into his face. "By the crown of Pluto, I could not mistake that face. Thou art grown wonderously like thy noble father."

The trio were soon seated, and when they had regained somewhat of their composure, Alaric gave a brief account of his adventures during his absence from Sicily. Ianthe sat all the while with her head upon his bosom, and ever and anon lifting her eyes to catch the warm glances of his love.

At length the old craftsman went out, and the lovers were left alone. They told over the tales of affection they used to tell in other years, and for an hour the world was shut out from their thoughts.

"O!" murmured Ianthe, after Alaric had imprinted a warm kiss upon her brow in token of the renewal of his most solemn pledges, "now that thou art near me, and my fount of love is full, I begin to fear the dangers which may beset thee."

"Let us not think of danger now, my beloved," replied the youth. "This should be a season of joy and happiness unalloyed."

"Aye—but we should not forget that there is a future, and that we must be watchful of the joys to-day if we should have them with us henceforth."

"Thou art right, Ianthe. And I will be watchful. I know there is danger in the way, but I fear it not."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Political.

From the Albany Journal, October 26th.

SPEECH OF MR. SEWARD,

Delivered at Rochester, on Monday, October 25, 1858.

There was an immense meeting at Rochester, last night to listen to a speech from Governor Seward. He was greeted with overwhelming enthusiasm, and spoke for an hour and a half. His speech was substantially as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The unmistakable outbreaks of zeal which occur all around me show that you are earnest men—and such a man am I. Let us, therefore, at least for a time, pass by all secondary and collateral questions, whether of a personal or of a general nature, and consider the main subject of the present canvass. The Democratic party—or, to speak more accurately—the party which wears that attractive name, is in possession of the Federal Government. The Republicans propose to dislodge that party and dismiss it from that high trust.

The main subject then is, whether the Democratic party deserves to retain the confidence of the American people. In attempting to prove it unworthy, I think that I am not actuated by prejudices against that party, or by prepossessions in favor of its adversary; for I have learned, by some experience, that virtue and patriotism, and vice and selfishness, are found in all parties, and that they differ less in their motives than in the policies they pursue.

Our country is a theatre, which exhibits, in full operation, two radically different political systems; the one resting on the basis of servile or Slave Labor; the other on the basis of voluntary labor of freemen.

The laborers who are enslaved are all negroes, or persons more or less purely of African derivation. But this is only accidental. The principle of the system is, that labor in every society, by whomsoever performed, is necessarily unintellectual, groveling and base, and that the laborer, equally for his own good and for the welfare of the State, ought to be enslaved. The white laboring man, whether native or foreigner, is not enslaved only because he cannot, as yet, be reduced to bondage.

You need not be told now that the Slave System is the older of the two, and that once it was universal.

The emancipation of our own ancestors, Caucasians, and Europeans, as they were, hardly dates beyond a period of 500 years. The great melioration of human society which modern times exhibit, is mainly due to the substitution of the system of voluntary labor for the old one of servile labor, which has already taken place.—This African slave system is one which, in its origin and in its growth, has been altogether foreign from the habits of the races which colonized these States and established civilization here. It was introduced on this new continent as an engine of conquest, and for the establishment of monarchical power by the Portuguese and the Spaniards, and was rapidly extended by them over all South America, Central America, Louisiana and Mexico. Its legitimate fruits are seen in the poverty, imbecility and anarchy which now pervades all Portuguese and Spanish America. The Free Labor system is of German extraction, and it was established in our country by emigrants from Sweden, Holland, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland.

We justly ascribe to its influences the strength, wealth, greatness, intelligence and freedom which the whole American people now enjoy. One of the chief elements of the value of human life is freedom in the pursuit of happiness. The slave system is not only intolerant, unjust and inhuman toward the laborer, whom, only because he is a laborer, it loads down with chains and converts into merchandise, but is scarcely less so to the freeman, to whom, only because he is a laborer from necessity, it denies facilities for employment, and whom it expels from the community because it cannot enslave and convert him into merchandise also. It is necessarily improvident and ruinous, because, as a general truth, communities prosper and flourish or droop and decline in just the degree that they practice or neglect to practice the primary duties of justice and humanity. The free labor system conforms to the divine law of equality, which is written in the hearts and consciences of men, and therefore is always and everywhere beneficent.

The slave system is one of constant danger, distrust, suspicion and watchfulness. It debases those whose toil alone can produce wealth and resources for defence, to the lowest degree of which human nature is capable, to guard against mutiny and insurrection, and thus wastes energies which otherwise might be employed in national development and aggrandizement.

The free labor system educates all alike, and by opening all the fields of industrial employment, and all the departments of authority, to the unchecked and equal rivalry of all classes of men, at once secures universal contentment, and brings into the highest possible activity all the physical, moral and social energies of the whole State. In States where the slave system prevails, the masters, directly or indirectly, secure all political power, and constitute a ruling aristocracy. In the States where the free labor system prevails, universal suffrage necessarily obtains, and the State inevitably becomes, sooner or later, a republic or democracy.

Russia yet maintains Slavery, and is a despotism.—Most of the other European States have abolished Slavery and adopted the system of Free Labor. It was the antagonistic political tendencies of the two systems which the first Napoleon was contemplating when he predicted that Europe would ultimately be either all Cossack or all Republican. Never did human sagacity utter a more pregnant truth. The two systems are at once perceived to be incongruous. But they are more than incongruous, they are incompatible. They never have permanently existed together in one country, and they never can. It would be easy to demonstrate this impossibility, from the irreconcilable contrast between their great principles and characteristics. But the experience of mankind has conclusively established it. Slavery, as I have already intimated, existed in every State in Europe. Free Labor has supplanted it everywhere except in Russia and Turkey. State necessities, developed in modern times, are now obliging even those two nations to encourage and employ Free Labor, and already, despotic as they are, we find them engaged in abolishing Slavery. In the United States, Slavery came into collision with Free Labor at the close of the last century, and fell before it in New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, but triumphed over it effectually, and excluded it for a period yet undetermined, from Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. Indeed, so incompatible are the two systems, that every new State which is organized within our ever-extending domain makes its first political act a choice of the one and an exclusion of the other, even at the cost of civil war, if necessary. The Slave States, without law, at the last national election, successfully forbade, within their own limits, even the casting of votes for a candidate for President of the United States supposed to be favorable to the establishment of the Free Labor system in the new States.

Hitherto the two systems have existed in different States, but side by side within the American Union.—This has happened because the Union is a confederation of States. But in another aspect the United States constitute only one nation. Increase of population, which is filling the States out to their very borders, together with a new and extended net-work of railroads and other avenues, and an internal commerce which daily becomes more intimate, is rapidly bringing the States into a higher and more perfect social unity or consolidation. Thus these antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact, and collision results.

Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation. Either the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina and the sugar plantations of Louisiana will ultimately be tilled by free labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts for legitimate merchandise alone, or else the rye fields and wheat fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men. It is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the Slave and Free States, and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral. Startling as this saying may appear to you, fellow citizens, it is by no means an original or even a modern one. Our forefathers knew it to be true, and unanimously acted upon it, when they framed the Constitution of the United States. They regarded the existence of the servile system in so many of the States with sorrow and shame, which they openly confessed, and they looked upon the collision between them, which was then just revealing itself, and which we are now accustomed to deplore, with favor and hope. They knew that either the one or the other system must exclusively prevail.

Unlike too many of those who in modern time invoke their authority, they had a choice between the two.—They preferred the system of Free Labor, and they determined to organize the Government and so to direct its activity that that system should surely and certainly prevail. For this purpose, and no other, they based the whole structure of Government broadly on the principle that all men are created equal, and therefore free—little dreaming that within the short period of one hundred years their descendants would bear to be told by any orator, however popular, that the utterance of that principle was merely a rhetorical rhapsody; or by any Judge, however venerated, that it was attended by mental reservations which render it hypocritical and false. By the ordinance of 1787 they dedicated all of the national domain, not yet polluted by Slavery, to Free Labor immediately, thenceforth and forever; while by the new Constitution and laws they invited foreign free labor from all lands under the sun, and interdicted the importation of African slave labor at all times, in all places and under all circumstances whatsoever. It is true that they necessarily and wisely modified this policy of freedom, by leaving it to the several States, affected as they were by differing circumstances, to abolish Slavery in their own way and at their own pleasure, instead of confiding that duty to Congress, and that they secured to the Slave States, while yet retaining the system of Slavery, a three-fifths representation of slaves in the federal Government, until they should find themselves able to relinquish it with safety. But the very nature of these modifications fortifies my position that the fathers knew that the two systems could not endure within the Union, and expected that within a short period Slavery would disappear forever. Moreover, in order that these modifications might not altogether defeat their grand design of a Republic maintaining universal equality, they provided that two-thirds of the States might amend the Constitution.

It remains to say on this point only one word, to guard against misapprehension. If these States are to again become universally slaveholding, I do not pretend to say with what violations of the Constitution that end shall be accomplished. On the other hand, while I do confidently believe and hope that my country will yet become a land of universal freedom, I do not expect that it will be made so otherwise than through the action of the several States co-operating with the Federal Government, and all acting in strict conformity with their respective Constitutions.

The strife and contentions concerning Slavery, which gently disposed persons so habitually deprecate, is nothing more than the ripening of the conflict which the Fathers themselves not only thus regarded with favor, but which they may be said to have instituted.

It is not to be denied, however, that thus far the course of that contest has not been according to their humane anticipations and wishes. In the field of Federal politics Slavery, deriving unlooked for advantages from commercial changes, and energies unforeseen from the facilities of combination between members of the slaveholding class and between that class and other property classes, early rallied, and has at length made a stand, not merely to retain its original defensive position, but to extend its sway throughout the whole Union. It is certain that the slaveholding class of American citizens indulge this high ambition, and that they derive encouragement for it from the rapid and effective political successes which they have already obtained.—The plan of operation is this: By continued appliances of patronage, and threats of disunion, they will keep a majority favorable to these designs in the Senate, where each State has an equal representation. Through that majority they will defeat, as they best can, the admission of Free States and secure the admission of Slave States. Under the protection of the Judiciary they will, on the principle of the Dred Scott case, carry Slavery into all the Territories of the United States now existing and hereafter to be organized. By the action of the President and the Senate, using the treaty-making power, they will annex foreign slaveholding States. In a favorable conjuncture they will induce Congress to repeal the act of 1808, which prohibits the foreign slave-trade, and so they will import from Africa, at the cost of only $20 a head, slaves enough to fill up the interior of the continent. Thus relatively increasing the number of Slave States, they will allow no amendment to the Constitution prejudicial to their interest, and so, having permanently established their power, they expect the Federal Judiciary to nullify all State laws which shall interfere with internal or foreign commerce in slaves.—When the Free States shall be sufficiently demoralized to tolerate these designs, they reasonably conclude that Slavery will be accepted by those States themselves. I shall not stop to show how speedy or how complete would be the ruin which the accomplishment of these slaveholding schemes would bring upon the country.—For one, I should not remain in the country to test the sad experiment. Having spent my manhood, though not my whole life, in a Free State, no aristocracy of any kind, much less an aristocracy of slaveholders, shall ever make the laws of the land in which I shall be content to live. Having seen the society around me universally engaged in agriculture, manufactures and trade, which were innocent and beneficent, I shall never be a denizen of a State where men and women are reared as cattle, and bought and sold as merchandise. When that evil day shall come, and all further effort at resistance shall be impossible, then, if there shall be no better hope for redemption than I can now foresee, I shall say with Franklin, while looking abroad over the whole earth for a new and more congenial home: "Where Liberty dwells, there is my country."

You will tell me that these fears are extravagant and chimerical. I answer, they are so, but they are so only because the designs of the slaveholders must and can be defeated. But it is only the possibility of defeat that renders them so. They cannot be defeated by inactivity. There is no escape from them compatible with non-resistance. How, then, and in what way, shall the necessary resistance be made? There is only one way.—The Democratic party must be permanently dislodged from the Government. The reason is, that the Democratic party is inextricably committed to the designs of the slaveholders, which I have described. Let me be well understood. I do not charge that the Democratic candidates for public office now before the people, are pledged, much less that the Democratic masses who support them really adopt those atrocious and dangerous designs. Candidates, may and generally do, mean to act justly, wisely and patriotically, when they shall be elected; but they become the ministers and servants, not the dictators, of the power which elects them. The policy which a party shall pursue at a future period, is only gradually developed, depending on the occurrence of events never fully foreknown. The motives of men, whether acting as electors, or in any other capacity, are generally pure. Nevertheless, it is not more true that "Hell is paved with good intentions," than it is that earth is covered with wrecks resulting from innocent and amiable motives.

The very constitution of the Democratic party commits it to execute all the designs of the slaveholders, whatever they may be. It is not a party of the whole Union, of all the Free States and of all the Slave States; nor yet is it a party of the Free States in the North and in the North-west; but it is a sectional and local party, having, practically, its seat within the Slave States, and counting its constituency chiefly and almost exclusively there. Of all its representatives in Congress and in the Electoral Colleges, two-thirds uniformly come from these States. Its great element of strength lies in the vote of the slaveholders, augmented by the representation of three-fifths of the slaves. Deprive the Democratic party of this strength and it would be a helpless and hopeless minority, incapable of continued organization. The Democratic party being thus local and sectional, acquires new strength from the admission of every new Slave State, and loses relatively by the admission of every new Free State into the Union. A party is in one sense a joint stock association, in which those who contribute most direct the action and management of the concern. The slaveholders, contributing in an overwhelming proportion to the capital strength of the Democratic party, they necessarily dictate and prescribe its policy. The inevitable caucus system enables them to do so with a show of fairness and justice. If it were possible to conceive for a moment that the Democratic party should disobey the behests of the slaveholders, we should then see a withdrawal of the slaveholders, which would leave the party to perish. The portion of the party which is found in the Free States is a mere appendage, convenient to modify its sectional character without impairing its sectional constitution, and is less effective in regulating its movement than the nebulous tail of the comet is in determining the appointed, though apparently eccentric, course of the fiery sphere from which it emanates. To expect the Democratic party to resist Slavery and favor Freedom is as unreasonable as to look for Protestant Missionaries to the Catholic Propaganda of Rome. The history of the Democratic party commits it to the policy of Slavery. It has been the Democratic party, and no other agency, which has carried that policy up to its present alarming culmination. Without stopping to ascertain, critically, the origin of the present Democratic party, we may concede its claim to date from the era of good feeling which occurred under the Administration of President Monroe. At that time in this State, and about that time in many others of the Free States, the Democratic party deliberately disfranchised the free colored or African citizen, and it has pertinaciously continued this disfranchisement ever since. This was an effective aid to Slavery, for, while the slaveholder votes for his slaves against Freedom, the freed slave, in the Free States, is prohibited from voting against Slavery.—In 1824, the Democracy resisted the election of John Quincy Adams—himself before that time an acceptable Democrat—and in 1828 it expelled him from the Presidency, and put a slaveholder in his place, although the office had been filled by slaveholders thirty-two out of forty years. In 1836, Martin Van Buren—the first non-slaveholding citizen of a Free State to whose election the Democratic party ever consented—signalized his inauguration into the Presidency by a gratuitous announcement that under no circumstances would he ever approve a bill for abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia. From 1838 to 1844, the subject of abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia and in the National dockyards and arsenals was brought before Congress by repeated popular appeals. The Democratic party thereupon promptly denied the right of petition, and effectually suppressed the freedom of speech in Congress, as far as the institution of Slavery was concerned.

From 1840 to 1843, good and wise men counseled that Texas should remain outside of the Union until she should consent to relinquish her self-instituted Slavery, but the Democratic party precipitated her admission into the Union, not only without that condition, but even with a covenant that the State might be divided and reorganized so as to constitute four Slave States instead of one.

In 1846, when the United States became involved in a war with Mexico, and it was apparent that the struggle would end in the dismemberment of that Republic, which was a non-slaveholding power, the Democratic party rejected a declaration that Slavery should not be established within the Territory to be acquired. When in 1850, governments were to be instituted in the Territories of California and New Mexico, the fruits of that war, the Democratic party refused to admit New Mexico as a Free State, and only consented to admit California as a Free State on the condition, as it has since explained the transaction, of leaving all of New Mexico and Utah open to Slavery, to which was also added the concession of perpetual Slavery in the District of Columbia, and the passage of an unconstitutional, cruel and humiliating law, for the recapture of fugitive slaves, with a further stipulation that the subject of Slavery should never again be agitated in either chamber of Congress. When in 1854, the slaveholders were contentedly reposing on these great advantages, then so recently won, the Democratic party unnecessarily, officiously and with superserviceable liberality, awakened them from their slumber, to offer and force on their acceptance, the abrogation of the law which declared that neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude should ever exist within that part of the ancient Territory of Louisiana, which lay outside of the State of Missouri and north of the parallel of 36° 30' of north latitude, a law which, with the exception of one other, was the only statute of Freedom then remaining in the Federal code.

In 1856, when the people of Kansas had organized a new State within the region thus abandoned to Slavery, and applied to be admitted as a Free State into the Union, the Democratic party contemptuously rejected their petition and drove them with menaces and intimidations from the Halls of Congress, and armed the President with military power to enforce their submission to a Slave code, established over them by fraud and usurpation. At every subsequent stage of the long contest which has since raged in Kansas, the Democratic party has lent its sympathies, its aid, and all the powers of the Government which it controlled, to enforce Slavery upon that unwilling and injured people. And now even at this day, while it mocks us with the assurance that Kansas is free, the Democratic party keeps the State excluded from her just and proper place in the Union, under the hope that she may be dragooned into the acceptance of Slavery.

The Democratic party finally has procured from a Supreme Judiciary, fixed in its interest, a decree that Slavery exists by force of the Constitution in every Territory of the United States paramount to all legislative authority either within the Territory or residing in Congress.

Such is the Democratic party. It has no policy, State or Federal, for finance, or trade, or manufacture, or commerce, or education, or internal improvements, or for the protection, or even the security of civil or religious liberty. It is positive and uncompromising in the interest of Slavery—negative, compromising and vacillating in regard to everything else. It boasts its love of equality and wastes its strength and even its life in fortifying the only aristocracy known in the land. It professes fraternity, and, so often as Slavery requires, allies itself with proscription. It magnifies itself for conquests in foreign lands, but it sends the national eagle forth always with chains and not the olive branch in his fangs.

This dark record shows you, fellow citizens, what I was unwilling to announce at an earlier stage of the argument—that of the whole nefarious schedule of slaveholding designs which I have submitted to you, the Democratic party have left only one yet to be consummated—the abrogation of the law which forbids the African slave-trade.

Now, I know very well that the Democratic party has at every stage of these proceedings, disavowed the motive and the policy of fortifying and extending Slavery, and has excused them on entirely different and more plausible grounds. But the inconsistency and frivolity of these pleas prove still more conclusively the guilt I charge upon that party. It must, indeed, necessarily excuse such guilt before mankind, and even to the consciences of its own adherents. There is an instinctive abhorrence of Slavery, and an inborn and inhering love of Freedom, in the human heart, which render palliation of such gross misconduct indispensable. It disfranchised the free African on the ground of a fear that if left to enjoy the right of suffrage, he might seduce the free white citizen into amalgamation with his wronged and despised race. The Democratic party condemned and deposed John Quincy Adams because he expended $12,000,000 a year, while it justifies his favored successor in spending $70,000,000, $80,000,000 and even $100,000,000 a year. It denies emancipation in the District of Columbia, even with compensation to masters and the consent of the people, on the ground of an implied constitutional inhibition, although the Constitution expressly confers upon Congress sovereign legislative power in that District, and although the Democratic party is tenacious of the principle of strict construction. It violated the express provisions of the Constitution in suppressing petition and debate on the subject of Slavery through fear of disturbance of the public harmony, although it claims that the elector has a right to instruct their representatives, and even demand their resignation in cases of contumacy. It extended Slavery over Texas and connived at the attempt to spread it across the Mexican territories, even to the shores of the Pacific ocean, under the plea of enlarging the area of freedom. It abrogated the Mexican slave law and the Missouri Compromise prohibition of Slavery in Kansas, not to open the new Territories to slavery but to try therein the new and fascinating theories of Non-Intervention and Popular Sovereignty; and finally it overthrew both these new and elegant systems by the English Lecompton bill and the Dred Scott decision, on the ground that the Free States ought not to enter the Union without a population equal to the representative basis of one member of Congress, although Slave States might come in without inspection as to their numbers.

Will any member of the Democratic party, now here claim that the authorities chosen by the suffrages of the party, transcended their partisan platforms, and so misrepresented the party in the various transactions I have recited? Then I ask him to name one Democratic statesman or legislator, from Van Buren to Walker, who either timidly or cautiously, like them, or boldly and defiantly like Douglas, ever refused to execute a behest of the slaveholders, and was not therefore, and for no other cause, immediately denounced, and deposed from his trust, and repudiated by the Democratic party for that contumacy.

I think fellow-citizens, that I have shown you that it is high time for the friends of freedom to rush to the rescue of the Constitution, and that the very first duty is to dismiss the Democratic party from the administration of the Government.

Why shall it not be done? All agree that it ought to be done. What then shall prevent its being done?—Nothing but timidity or division of the opponents of the Democratic party.

Some of these opponents start one objection, and some another. Let us notice these objections briefly. One class say they cannot trust the Republican party; that it has not avowed its hostility to Slavery boldly enough, or its affections for Freedom earnestly enough.

I ask in reply, is there any other party which can be more safely trusted? Every one knows that it is the Republican party, or none, that shall displace the Democratic party. But I answer further, that the character and fidelity of any party are determined, necessarily, not by its pledges, programmes and platforms, but by the public exigencies, and the temper of the people when they call it into activity. Subserviency to Slavery, is a law written, not only on the forehead of the Democratic party, but also in its very soul—so resistance to Slavery, and devotion to Freedom, the popular elements now actively working for the Republican party among the people, must and will be the resources for its ever renewing strength and constant invigoration.

Others cannot support the Republican party, because it has not sufficiently exposed its platform and determined what it will do and what it will not do, when triumphant. It may prove too progressive for some, and too conservative for others. As if any party ever foresaw so clearly the course of future events as to plan a universal scheme for future action, adapted to all possible emergencies. Who would ever have joined even the Whig party of the Revolution, if it had been obliged to answer, in 1775, whether it would declare for Independence in 1776, and for this noble Federal Constitution of ours, in 1787, and not a year earlier or later?

The people of the United States will be as wise next year, and the year afterward, and even ten years hence, as we are now. They will oblige the Republican party to act as the public welfare and the interests of justice and humanity shall require, through all the stages of its career, whether of trial or triumph.

Others will not venture an effort because they fear that the Union would not endure the change. Will such objectors tell me how long a Constitution can bear a strain directly along the fibres of which it is composed? This is a Constitution of Freedom. It is being converted into a Constitution of Slavery. It is a Republican Constitution. It is being made an Aristocratic one. Others may wish to wait until some collateral questions concerning Temperance or the exercise of the Elective Franchise are properly settled. Let me ask all such persons, whether time enough has not been wasted on these points already, without gaining any other than this single advantage, namely, the discovery that only one thing can be effectually done at one time, and that the one thing which must and will be done at any one time is just that thing which is most urgent and will no longer admit of postponement or delay. Finally we are told by faint-hearted men that they despond, the Democratic party they say is unconquerable, and the dominion of Slavery is consequently inevitable. I reply to them that the complete and universal dominion of Slavery would be intolerable enough when it should have come after the last possible effort to escape should have been made. There would in that case be left to us the consoling reflection of fidelity to duty.

But I reply further that I know—few I think know better than I—the resources and the energies of the Democratic party, which is identical with the Slave Power. I do ample prestige to its traditional popularity. I know further—few I think know better than I—the difficulties and disadvantages of organizing a new political force like the Republican party, and the obstacles it must encounter in laboring without prestige and without patronage. But, notwithstanding all this I know that the Democratic party must go down, and the Republican party must rise to its place. The Democratic party derived its strength originally from its adoption of the principles of equal and exact justice to all men. So long as it practiced this principle faithfully, it was invulnerable. It became vulnerable when it renounced it, and since that time it has maintained itself, not by virtue of its own strength, or even of its traditional merits, but because there as yet had appeared in the political field no other party that had the conscience and the courage to take up and avow and practice the life-inspiring principle which the Democratic party had surrendered. At last the Republican party had appeared. It avows now, as the Republican party of 1800 did, in one word, its faith and its works, "Equal and exact justice to all men." Even when it first entered the field, only half organized, it struck a blow, which only just failed to secure complete and triumphant victory. In this, its second campaign, it has already won advantages which render that triumph now both easy, and certain.

The secret of its assured success lies in that very characteristic, which in the mouth of scoffers constitute its great and lasting imbecility and reproach. It lies in the fact that it is a party of one idea; but that idea is a noble one—an idea that fills and expands all generous souls; the idea of equality—the equality of all men before human tribunals and human laws, as they are all equal before the Divine tribunal and Divine laws.

I know, and you know, that a revolution has begun. I know, and all the world knows, that revolutions never go backward. Twenty Senators and a hundred Representatives proclaim boldly in Congress to day sentiments and opinions and principles of Freedom which hardly so many men even in this free State dared to utter in their own homes twenty years ago. While the Government of the United States, under the conduct of the Democratic party, has been all that time surrendering one plan and castle after another to Slavery, the people of the United States have been no less steadily and perseveringly gathering together the forces with which to recover back again all the fields and all the castles which have been lost, and to confound and overthrow, by one decisive blow, the betrayers of the Constitution and Freedom forever.

Deferred Matter.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

From the Cincinnati Gazette, Oct. 29.

Result of the Balloon Race:—A Collision in the Air.

The great "Balloon Race" is over, and Young America represented by Prof. J. H. Steiner, is the victor. He has proved himself the champion Aeronaut of America, and a match for one of the most skillful and daring French Professors.

The Starting—The Chase—Exciting Incidents.

The balloons started from the City Lot at 4.20—Prof. Steiner leading off in his "Pride of the West," followed closely by Mons. Godard in his "Leviathan." The latter gained rapidly upon its rival for the first mile or two from town, and the aeronauts were within speaking distance when less than three miles from the city, both moving about twenty-five miles an hour. Mons. Godard sailed up majestically beside the Professor, when the latter greeted his rival with a welcome, and pointed to the beautiful sight which everywhere met the eye.—"Magnificent," responded the representative of France. Mr. Godard then introduced his friend and passenger, Mr. Wm. Hoel, to Prof. Steiner, and at the same time proposed that they should take a friendly drink. Both aeronauts opened a bottle of wine, when Mons. Godard proposed the toast—

"To the Great Republic."

This was drank with a will in sparkling Catawba, when Prof. Steiner gave the following:

"To Mons Godard—the justly celebrated French aeronaut."

The compliment was returned by Mons. Godard—

"To Prof. Steiner—the greatest aeronaut in America."

Mons. Godard drank "bottoms up," and his companion followed suit, and then, after filling their glasses, Mr. Hoel gave a toast—

"Here's to our sweethearts and wives."

"Three cheers for that," shouted Prof. Steiner, as the balloons were coming nearer together, and the three joined heartily in a "hip-hip-hurra."

The Collision between the Balloons.

Scarcely five minutes after, the balloons came in collision at an elevation of some 3,000 feet from the earth. The balloon of Prof. Steiner drove rapidly toward its rival, so that the basket of the latter struck the former about midway of the balloon. Mons. Godard and his companion promptly forced it off with their hands, and Prof. Steiner shouted to Mons. Godard to throw out ballast, which he did, and rapidly rose above the Pride of the West, and out of danger of any further contact.

The aeronauts were not again within speaking distance during the race. Steiner started ahead at an elevation of about 9,000 feet, and gradually gained upon his competitor. He found a strong current of air, and taking advantage of it by keeping at about the same elevation made rapid progress. Mons. Godard soon after commenced to descend to within 500 or 600 feet of the earth, creating the greatest excitement among the country people, who shouted like a hundred steam whistles.

Mr. Steiner still kept the current which was carrying him rapidly north by north-east, at a height of about 9,000 feet. At 6 o'clock he opened his basket of provisions, and sat down to an excellent supper, which he partook of while driving through the air at the rate of about 50 miles an hour.

At 5 minutes past 6 he passed over Dayton, at an elevation of about 10,000 feet. He cast overboard several dispatches, but found the wind was so strong that they were carried several miles from the city. Nothing could be seen of Mons. Godard, and Mr. Steiner concluded that he had taken the under current and gone south-west.—He passed several towns and sent down dispatches, but as he could hear nothing from the inhabitants, concluded that he was unobserved, and kept on his course.

The Aeronaut Falls Asleep and brings up in a Tree Top.

About 9½ o'clock the aeronaut became very sleepy, and found it almost impossible to keep awake. The cold was quite benumbing. He sang songs, overhauled his traps in the basket to divert his attention, and finally attached about 3,000 feet of a guide line to his wrist, so that if he descended the drag rope would awake him.—He then threw out ballast and ascended to an elevation of about 11,000 feet, and unable longer to keep himself awake, quietly resigned himself to a comfortable nap.

About 10 o'clock, the aeronaut was awakened by a crash, and found that his balloon had descended so low that the car in which he was enjoying a sound sleep, had struck in the top of a tree, in the middle of a small forest. The basket was turned nearly over, and the sleeping aeronaut was thrown violently into the hoop to which the ropes were attached which united the basket with the balloon. The remainder of his supper was thrown out, his wine was cast overboard, a part of his ballast followed in the descent, his bundles of dispatches and papers kept them company. The shock was so great as to split the seat on which the aeronaut was taking a *siesta*.

The basket righted in a minute, and the balloon, being relieved of a considerable weight in the way of cold chicken and other "Walnut-street House" preparations for a long voyage, shot into the air with great velocity,—so rapid that the aeronaut opened his valve, in order to prevent going "away up yonder" among the stars.—Before being stopped, the balloon reached an elevation of 12,000 feet, and finding the atmosphere disagreeably cold, the aeronaut commenced to descend.

Finding a good current at an elevation of 8,000 feet, Prof Steiner managed to keep his conveyance in it, and proceeded at a speed of sixty miles an hour, when he discovered Lake Erie but a few miles ahead. The cement around his valve had become broken in the collision with the tree, and, as he had already discharged a considerable quantity of gas, he did not deem it advisable to attempt to cross the Lake. The direction in which he was sailing would have carried him about north by northeast from Sandusky to Long Point, on the Canada shore, some 150 miles. With a dense forest for a landing place, to escape which he would have been obliged to travel probably 300 miles, he opened his valve and rapidly descended.

The Aeronaut goes to Sleep in a Corn Field.

The balloon struck the ground about 500 yards from the lake, and dragged to within 300 yards of the water, before the anchor took a firm hold. The landing place was about half a mile from Sandusky City, in a corn field on the farm of Mr. A. G. Townsend. Prof. Steiner called loudly for assistance, but failing to arouse anybody, he evaporated his balloon, and gathering a shock or two of corn stalks, he wrapped himself in his blanket and overcoat, and lay down by his "Pride of the West," and slept until daylight.

After enjoying a refreshing sleep, Prof. Steiner proceeded to the farm house and arousing the inmates, was carried by Mr. Townsend to Sandusky, where he shipped his balloon by express to this city, and himself took the morning train.

All this time from 6 o'clock, Prof. Steiner had had no knowledge of his competitor in the race, but on arriving at a station on the railroad, some 15 or 20 miles from Sandusky, Mons. Godard came on board with his monster "Leviathan." He had landed near Hunt's Corners, some 18 miles this side of Sandusky.

Recapitulation of Time.

The aeronauts started at 4.24, and Mons. Godard landed at about twenty minutes past 10, having been up about six hours. Prof. Steiner landed at 10.30, having been in the air ten or fifteen minutes longer than his competitor, and having traveled in the six hours and ten minutes about 230 miles.

Both could have traveled considerably further, but neither having a knowledge of the whereabouts of the other, and not feeling disposed to attempt to cross the lake into a Canadian forest, they descended, as we have described, and returned to town over the Hamilton and Dayton Road last evening.

The Result of the Race.

According to the stipulations of the race, signed and witnessed before starting, it was understood that the Aeronaut who made the greatest distance, without regard to time, was to be declared the winner, and it is with no little personal gratification, as well as national pride, we announce the fact that our Young American Aeronaut has borne off the honors.

Both Mons. Godard and Prof. Steiner came into town on the same train, in company, with the best feeling existing between them; and although the former has been vanquished in a contest unparalleled in the history of Aeronautics, the honor is the greater from the fact that Mons. Godard has a professional reputation hitherto unrivaled in any country.

We subjoin a brief statement of his trip, furnished to a friend on his way down in the train last night.

Mons. Godard's Statement.

We lost sight of Steiner's balloon at 10 minutes before 6 o'clock. It was then north of us, and below us. We passed over Hamilton at 10 minutes after 6. We passed directly over Dayton at —; then went in a north-easterly direction, near the line of the railroad, for about 40 miles; then left the railroad and floated on in the same general direction until 25 minutes after 10 o'clock, when we landed in a prairie or large open field near Hunt's Corners, about two miles west Monroeville. Our greatest height from the earth was between 8,000 and 9,000 feet.

THE LOST AERONAUT.—Since the commencement of the search for the remains of Mr Thurston, the lost aeronaut, in the swamps of Michigan and Canada, two bodies have been found, but neither was identified as that of Mr. Thurston. A correspondent of *The Detroit Free Press*, reflecting on his sad fate, has been induced to compute the time he would be in falling to the earth; his mean velocity as well as the momentum with which he would strike the earth. His elevation was thought to be three miles when he was last seen, and assuming this to be the distance he fell, it would only require 31½ seconds for him to reach the earth, a mean velocity of 495 feet per second. Assuming his weight to be 160 pounds, he would strike the earth with a momentum equal to 160,800 pounds, or a little more than 80 tons, a power sufficient to scatter his body, bone and muscle, into atoms so minute as scarcely to be perceptible, if not to bury him deep into the earth.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.—We have already noticed the disastrous consequences of a fire which broke out in the shafting of an English coal pit, in the county of Durham. There were eighty-six men and boys in the various workings of the pit, and after great exertion the fire was extinguished, but not until ten of the number were suffocated by the smoke. The bringing up of the living was watched with intense feeling by thousands of spectators; but when the bodies of the dead began to be brought up, the scene, it is said, was distressing in the extreme. A local paper, in describing it, says:

When the last of the living had been brought to daylight, a fearful signal was observed to be given by Mackay, the staithesman. It was well understood, and the hopes which had up to that time been kept alive in the relatives of those still in the pit that those dear to them might be saved, were destroyed. A chain and sheets were given to the staithesman. With these he descended into the dark abyss on his fearful errand. The excitement and anxiety were now painfully intensified.—After a longer interval than usual, the signal was given; one dead body had been fastened to the staithesman, breast to breast; the rope was raised a yard or two; another corpse was hung to the rope; and now the dreadful load is being drawn up. The women cluster to the pit mouth, and the bodies arrive. The first is that of a fine boy, about thirteen years of age. There is a beautiful expression upon his countenance, and nothing to indicate that his young life had been taken by a violent death. The body is unstrung, and a stalwart miner carries it, with all tenderness and gentleness of a mother nursing her child, to the anxious crowd. The child is recognized by its parents and sisters, and cries of agony rend the air. The other brought up is enveloped in a shroud; it is taken from the ropes, and the announcement that it is poor Kellet is made. Renewed wailings startle the spectators, as he is borne to his home. This fearful scene is five times repeated. Each time the rope ascends it brings with it two corpses, one of a boy, another of a man. They are placed on stretchers, and taken to the crowd, to be recognized and claimed, and the repetition of the same frightful scene produces the deepest feeling of awe and horror.

The scene at the bottom of the pit, while the fire was raging in the shaft, is thus described:

"At the bottom of the shaft was a furnace constantly burning to secure ventilation. Around this furnace seventeen of the men collected during the night, for the purpose of procuring air and warmth; but they eventually became alarmed, lest the fire should draw the gas from the workings, and so cause an explosion. They therefore put out the fire, and during the remainder of the time that they were imprisoned they were in utter darkness. The other men and boys were in other parts of the workings; some were congregated in groups and engaged in prayer, while others were singing and joking and telling tales in order to cheer their companions.—One of them says he lay down at 9 o'clock, and quietly slept the time away."

☞Kansas is steadily filling up with emigrants.

☞John L. Mortimer was recently murdered in Cincinnati.

☞Massachusetts requires voters to know how to read and write.

☞The yellow fever has been very fatal at Brownsville, Texas.

☞When you see a small *waist*, think how much health is *wasted*.

☞The Boston banks have about nine millions of specie in their vaults.

☞Wm. N. Bebee committed suicide in Philadelphia on Saturday last.

☞Eighty camels recently arrived at New Orleans, on their way to Texas.

☞Mrs. McMahon, on Saturday night week, was hissed off the stage in Detroit.

☞Schuyler Putnam, a grandson of Gen. Israel Putnam, died in Elyria last week.

☞The speaker who was "drawn out" measured six inches more than he did before.

☞One never looks among his own relatives for any person of genius—except one's self.

☞Twenty two deaths from fever occurred at Charleston during the week ending October 24.

☞Sixty miles of railroad track have been laid in Philadelphia within the last eleven months.

☞Cardinal Wiseman is by birth a Spaniard, and by descent an Irishman. He was born in 1802.

☞Ann Holt, 24 years old and pretty, committed suicide in Chester, Pa., last week. Cause, unrequited love.

☞A man named Miles was instantly killed on the 20th., by the falling of a roof at No. 1 Shaft of the Penna. Coal Co.

☞*Among the Jews of Cincinnati the custom* is becoming prevalent of publishing in the papers announcements of betrothals.

☞Mr. Moran has been unanimously reelected President of the Erie railroad. *He is the man who has $25,000 a year.*

☞On the night of the 12th ult., twelve births were reported in the family of Heber C. Kimball, at Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.

☞Noah S. Prentis, of Bloomsburg, was thrown from his buggy and killed, on Tuesday last, while returning home from Danville.

☞The New York Workingmen's State Convention have endorsed the Republican State ticket. This will give Morgan the election sure.

☞It is believed from a number of data that Philadelphia now contains 610,000 inhabitants, and that the annual rate of increase is five per cent.

☞The value of buildings erected in Chicago during the past year, is estimated at over four millions of dollars. Chicago valuation, we imagine.

☞There are 134,000 bachelors in Australia, who would be glad to take and maintain wives.—Here is a fair opening for several "unoccupied" females.

☞Mr. J. B. Gough is suffering from an attack of illness at Orkney, and has been advised to proceed to Edinburgh and put himself under medical treatment.

☞Mrs. Estelle A. Lewis, the poetess, is the guest of the Baroness de Bellecote, in Paris, and has received much attention from some of the most distinguished literary persons.

☞The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* states that Mr. Buchanan will take strong ground, in his next message, in favor of the construction of a Pacific railroad.

☞The number of passengers on board the ill-fated steamer Austria is shown by the full and correct list, received by the Ariel, to have been 431, and of this number 370 perished.

☞The editors of Kentucky, recently in convention at Frankfort, agreed to adopt the exclusive cash system after the 1st of January next. They'll die of famine by January 1st, 1860.

☞A quarrel occurred at Albany, on Sunday night, growing out of the recent prize-fight; in the course of which Owen Curran was stabbed by a man named Turner, and mortally wounded.

☞At Pittston on Wednesday night of last week, O. F. Gaines, paymaster of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, was assaulted in his office by two ruffians, gagged and tied, and robbed of a gold watch and fifteen hundred dollars. Fortunately the key of the safe, which contained about $10,000, was not discovered by the ruffians, and that was consequently unrobbed. A reward of $500 is offered for the arrest and conviction of the robbers.