[For The Press.]

WAITING A SCIENCE.

NEGRO ELOQUENCE AT LONG BRANCH.

It was an Athenian philosopher who said that true eloquence was a gift from the immortal gods, and most surely it was an error to suppose that the exercise of such an heavenly endowment was confined to the Forum or the Rostrum, as it often manifested itself in the affairs of every-day life. We were forcibly struck with the truth of this dictum of the Athenian philosopher, while sojourning this summer, for a short space, at the Metropolitan hotel, Long Branch.

The head waiter of that establishment is one of those rare gifts to mankind that come at long intervals, and whose returns are measured by centuries. The rarest plants are those that take a century to bloom, and it has taken a whole one hundred to produce this

"Rara avis in terris,"

and who may be in truth said to be

"Nigro simillima cygno."

Nature, it is said, never produces any one who is to not a notable part in life, but she gives some warning of her intention. Thus Astyages, grandfather of the great Cyrus, dreamt that his daughter was brought to bed of a vine that overran all Asia; and Hecuba, mother of Paris, dream that she gave birth to a firebrand; so the mother of our hero, on one of the plantations in old Virginny, dreamt that she gave birth to a huge waiter, larger than all other waiters, and which in the brightness of its Japan work and the elegance of its finish eclipsed all the waiters that were ever manufactured. This, although she knew it not—for there was no Daniel to interpret for her—was typical of the greatness of that infant to which she shortly after gave birth; in that department which he now adorns, and which he has elevated to an art.

Rising like great men from low beginnings, the bent of his genius early manifested itself. Like "Diggory," from his earliest years, whenever any eating was going on, he liked to have a hand in it," but, unlike Diggory, it was not for the gratification of the inner man, but to make himself useful around a table. That famed cup-bearer of the gods, the Phrygian Ganymede, behayed not half the grace in waiting upon the celestial table in high Olympus, as was manifested by our young darkey at the table of his master; and had the heathen gods a being then, a local habitation as well as a name, another eagle would have repeated the rape of another Ganymede. He soon became the favorite domestic servant of his master; but feeling the strugglings within him of genius, he discovered that a private house was too narrow sphere for his power. He had that within him which could only expand and perfect beneath the stimulating airs of freedom, that lead such enchantment to our northern homes.

Our hero, therefore, fled to the north, where he has since put fugitive slave laws at defiance by purchasing his freedom; where he has risen rapidly by reason of his brilliant genius and invincible energy, until he has touched the highest point of his ambition in the position of head waiter of the Metropolitan Hotel, Long Branch. There we found him this summer, with the port and pride of a Coriolanus, and, in view of the difficulties he had surmounted, and the envious spirits he had discomfited, ready to exclaim with that hero—

"Like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
Fluttered these Volsces, at Corioli."

"Alone I did it!"

By his wonderful powers as a tactician and disciplinarian, he had brought in his department order out of chaos. The graceful port, measured tread, rapid evolutions, and the serene and cheerful air of the waiters of the Metropolitan were the fruits of his genius.

On the day in question the waiters from a neighboring hotel (the United States,) who had heard of his fame and longed to witness some evidences of its genuineness, assembled at the dining-hall of the Metropolitan, under the leadership of their head waiter, Mr. Gwin.

It was a proud hour for our hero! Everything had been arranged for the reception. Small flags, intertwined decorated the hall—mottoes, emblematic of the occasion, were eloquent with meaning, while the waiters of the Metropolitan, each in snow-white apron and with front erect, awaited the stroke of the signal-bell from their leader to commence operations.

But our hero—how shall we describe him! faultless in costume, with glories irreproachable in their whiteness, and with an embracing fit that Joseph would have envied, white ties and white vest of most formidable dimensions, adorned his swelling breast. He stood there in the pomp and pride of his position—an Antinous in the faultless symmetry of his form—an Apollo in the gracefulness of his carriage. At a tap from his bell, marching and countermarching commenced—block-tin covers were brandished in air like the flashing shields of some Roman cohort, and descended with a regularity of movement that resembled the motion of a single arm—huge piles of plates were borne onward, and descended simply upon the table with the greatest delicacy of a bird—knives, forks, and spoons followed in harmonious order, moving until by flank and die movement, every inch of the ground had been gone over; and returning to the place whence he had started, each waiter stood motionless at his post, looking as rigid as the solitary sentinel of the horse-guards opposite White Hall. The force of discipline could no farther go. Murmurs of applause, restrained somewhat before by the wrapt attention and admiration elicited by the admirable drill, now swelled into loud acclaim.

Quiet being at last restored, our hero stepped forward, and, turning to his guests with the composed and finished air of the accomplished orator, thus spoke, and without any of the negro accent—

"Mr. Gwin, and waiters of the United States Hotel: This is most certainly an auspicious occasion—auspicious, inasmuch as it gives to us of the Metropolitan an opportunity of returning to you the hospitalities extended so gracefully to myself, and subordinates at the United States a few days ago, and doubly auspicious, inasmuch as it has afforded us an opportunity to exhibit to you the great reach in discipline attained by the men under my command. It gives us pride to say, Mr. Gwin, that this exhibition has in all things equalled my most sanguine expectations, and that my men have in everything, justified the labor I have bestowed upon them. I also take great pride in saying that boy and man, I have labored in the great responsibilities of this, my calling, cheered onward by the hope that the day would come when I could say that it was elevated to the rank of a science. The time has been when waiting was an ignoble pursuit—I have felt this stigma, and it has been the labor of my life to remove it. To-day, in witness of the great success, I think I have almost this day that waiting deserved to take its place as a science—a fine art. Such a manifestation as has been made here this morning must have convinced every unprejudiced mind that genius and mental power are necessary to form and fashion the waiter. This science is not to be learned in an hour, nor a day—Rome was not built in a day, nor can waiting be acquired in any short space. Like every other accomplishment, it only rewards with success those who have genius to develop its hidden beauties.

"Great mental toil, and never-flagging perseverance, have been called into action in bringing me to my present exalted position; and that same mental toil and perseverance, although, of course, exerted in a lesser degree, has enabled my pupil there (pointing to the second waiter) to stand in the proud position he occupies this day. Boy and man he has been under my eye for years, and I am proud to say has ever justified my confidence, and now rewards the labor I have bestowed upon him; and every waiter in this room may learn by his example what may be attained by industry and perseverance.

"I want to-day, Mr. Gwin, to inaugurate, if it be possible, a new era at Long Branch—the era of good feeling among the waiters at the different establishments along the shore. These intervening days you see at the head of this hall are emblematic of the union this day of the waiters of the United States and Metropolitan—and who can tell what great things may be accomplished in the future by such unions!

"A great man, sir, perhaps the greatest that ever lived, George Washington, once passed under an arch at Trenton, raised by fair hands; and it is our intention, before the conclusion of this exhibition, that you and your subordinates shall pass beneath the arch of friendship, to be formed by the clasped hands and snowy arms of the waiters of the Metropolitan—and this shall be to you and yours an evidence of the loving feeling felt by us for you. Beneath the protecting shadows of this arch of friendship you will soon be invited to pass."

At the close of this eloquent speech Mr. Gwin remained seated, overcome apparently by his feelings. This silence was broken soon, however, by the stentorian tones of our hero, who said most abruptly: "*Gwin, stand up!*" Thereupon Gwin rose slowly to his feet, in evident perturbation. Now, be it known that Gwin was not the orator our hero showed himself to be, and, in the stammering speech he delivered in reply, spoke considerably in the negro dialect, which our hero avoided. This is about the substance of Gwin's reply:

"Mr. Lopeman and waiters of the Metropolitan: It gives us much pleasure to be wid you on dis auspicious occasion. We has witnessed with astonishment, sir, the exhibition of de skill oh de waiters under your command. You has said true dat waiting is reduced to a science, and de events of dis day proves it. It was once considered an ignoble pursuit, but it is now reduced to de skill of de mathematical science. But progress, sir, is de law written upon yonder by ting now in de world. My dis science of waiting has come to more hepful than dem all. *And, sir, of de spirits of de dead waiters who has gone to dat country, dat who lookeed long ago, long ago, were looking down upon de exhibition of dis day, and dey have it must had astonished dem spiritual eyes.*"

This and much more said Mr. Gwin, which we have no space to record. At the conclusion of his speech, he gave a signal, and the waiters marched in, in the order in which they had entered the dining-room, where, in the midst of the feast of reason and the flow of soul, they spent the time away, until the full dinner bell scattered them like so many frightened sheep.

Who shall dispute, after this, about the unity of race, or the power of eloquence?

BURLINGTON, N. J.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Lutheran congregations of Reading, Pa., have elected the Rev. C. F. Knobel unanimously as their pastor, to succeed the Rev. Mr. Hoffman, deceased. Mr. Knobel is now stationed at Lancaster, and it is not known whether he will accept the call.

Rev. Nicholas Hoppin, of Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass., has had leave of absence for three months, and sailed for England in the steamer Circassian, which left Portland on Saturday.

Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Salem, Mass., has had an invitation to become pastor of the Unitarian Church, in Chicago, at a salary of $4,000.

At the late Commencement of Harvard College the degree of D. D. was conferred upon the Rev. Alexander Strain, of Cremore, Armagh Co., Ireland.

The anniversary meeting of the American (colored) Baptist Missionary Convention commenced in Boston on the 14th inst.

Emory College, at its recent commencement, conferred the honorary degree of D. D. on the Rev. R. H. Myers, editor of the *Southern Christian Advocate*.

The Baptists of Raleigh, N. C., have contracted for the erection of a new church in that city, at a cost of $18,000.

The Utica *Observer* says the Rev. Mr. Bakewell, late an Episcopal clergyman in Western New York, who joined the Roman Catholic church a few years since, has returned to the Episcopal church.

Dr. Whedon, editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, in a recent reference to the Methodist Episcopal church, South, speaks of it as German-silver Methodism.

The American Home Missionary Society has just appointed five missionaries for Kansas, in addition to those already in the field; four of them from the last senior class at Andover, and one a German, to labor among his countrymen, around Humboldt, seventy-five miles south of Lawrence.

The "Dunkards" are German Baptists. On Sundays, on entering their meeting-houses, there is a general kissing all round—the males only kissing males, however, and the females the females. They do not educate for the ministry, but appoint any of their number which they think have the requisite qualifications. The "Dunkers" wear broad-brimmed hats, long beards, and coats of primitive cut, and, with no more buttons on than are actually necessary. These are their leading peculiarities of person and worship. They practise abstinence and mortification; and, we believe, deny the eternity of future punishments.

At the late Convention of the Episcopal Church in South Carolina, it was resolved that, "in consideration of the many and serious difficulties arising out of the marriage relation among slaves, and the perplexing questions which thus force themselves upon Christian men, and especially upon Christian ministers, a committee of seven be appointed to prepare a report, defining, more and in what circumstances a clergyman may lawfully unite any two slaves in marriage."

The Welsh Baptists at Scranton erected about two years ago a commodious house of worship, but with their limited means have not been able to fully liquidate its debts. Nine hundred dollars are now due on it, and four or five hundred must be met immediately. Two hundred are already raised, leaving two hundred more to be raised. Rev. J. W. James, the worthy pastor, is now in this city seeking to secure this small amount. We commend him and his praiseworthy object to the Baptists of this city and vicinity.

The Northumberland Baptist Association convened for its thirty-seventh annual meeting in Muncy, on Wednesday last—Rev. Dr. Malcom, Moderator. Sermons by Rev. Messrs. Alden, Osgood, French, Spratt, Calonder, and Miles. Baptisms reported, seventy-four. The next session will be held with the church in Rush; Rev. Joshua Kelly to preach the introductory sermon.

The Philadelphia *Presbyterian* says: "We learn from a Christian traveller, who has just returned, who has lately visited New York city, that every steamer which arrives there from Europe brings a load of Jews. On Monday of last week a steamer arrived from Bremen with forty Jews on board. It is stated that there are forty thousand Jews in New York city. To meet their spiritual wants there are but two ministers, converted Jews, and these have congregations out of the city, and one polporteur, a layman."

The journal of the seventy-fourth annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland furnishes many interesting statistics, from which we select the following: The number of incorporated parishes and congregations is 128. To those incorporated, besides the Parochial Church, there are attached 40 chapels. During the year which closed in May, there were confirmation on 54 occasions of 598 persons; consecration of five church edifices; institution of two rectors; licenses to four lay-readers; ordination of four priests and three deacons; sixty-five ordinations. Total number of clergymen, with the bishop, 144. There were 145 adult baptisms, and infants, 2,352. The number of communicants added in 86 cures, 850 persons; present number in communion, 10,610 persons. Funerals of 1,001 persons were served. Marriages celebrated, 668 couple; in all, 1,336 persons. Parochial schools in ten cures, 347 male scholars, 16 in cures, 513 female scholars, and in two undistinguished, 160 scholars. Sunday schools in 57 cures, with 756 teachers, 5,925 scholars. Others are not reported in time for the publication.

FOREIGN.

The Hon. Mr. Powys, son of Lord Lilford, and Lord Boyle, have joined the Roman Catholic body.

M. Guizot, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the subject of the intedemonstrations in Belgium, expresses the opinion that the tendency of the policy of the clerical party has been vastly exaggerated, and he warmly advises the liberals in Belgium to forbear breaking with the clerical party.

The Bishop of Lincoln lately preached in the open air at North Kelsey, in the county of Lincoln. John Wesley was ejected from the church for doing the same thing in the same county.

Dr. Goulburn has resigned the head mastership of Rugby School, and has accepted the appointment of minister of Quebec Chapel, Marylebone, London.

A Berlin correspondent of the *Stettin Gazette* asserts that the Prussian clergy have private orders "been requested by the higher authorities to abstain from smoking in public."

CARDINAL WISEMAN AT SALFORD.—The Manchester *Courier* contains a report of the discourse delivered by Cardinal Wiseman at St. John's, Salford, which, from a bird's-eye point of view, treats of all the table-talk of the day, including the Indian mutiny, the great commercial frauds, the question of the extradition of foreign refugees, the Italian question, and the Art Treasures Exhibition. He appears to think that the revolt of the Bengal sepoys is the consequence of a Protestant government not having set itself with sufficient energy to the task of "Christianizing" the native population; he complains that his own church has been unfairly deprived of the opportunities which it desires for propagating its tenets in India. He would have us give up Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, and the other refugees of continental Europe, to the Governments with which they are at war.

EDUCATION PASTORAL.—Dr. Paul Cullen (an Irish Catholic archbishop) has issued a pastoral, in which he attacks the system of mixed education. He says: "Many attempts are made to poison the source of knowledge, and to corrupt the minds of youth. We have schools, and colleges, and universities, which profess to teach and support heresy, and to impugn the Catholic faith. We have mixed schools, in which it is sought to unite together professors and teachers, and pupils, who hold contradictory tenets, and profess religions which condemn one the other; schools in which the faith and morals of Catholics must be exposed to great risk." Passing from this topic, which is the pulate's pet theme, he takes up the Divorce Bill, now under discussion in the Commons, viewing it from the Bowyer-point of view "We tried that bill, still under discussion in Parliament, will never supplant the old law of the land, handed down from the Catholic times; but even should it be sanctioned by the Legislature, we be found, I can look on it in no other light than as an attempt to repeal and annul the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ and the unerring decrees of the Catholic Church."

At the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, held at Manchester, the Rev. W. H. Milburn, ex-chaplain to the American Congress, and one of the deputation to the conference from the Episcopal Methodists of the Northern States, was present, and preached in the Brunswick Chapel, Price street, Birkenhead.

A Liverpool paper says: "The Emperor of Austria has granted an annual sum of 50,000 florins towards the restoration of the Cathedral of St. Stephen, Vienna."

The Atlantic Telegraph.

The squadron engaged in laying down this cable, consisting of five ships of war—three English and two American—have made rendezvous during the week at Queenstown, and sailed thence for Valentia, the starting-point of the cable, on Monday night. The Agamemnon made a series of experiments with the sinking machinery during her passage across the Irish Channel, and with the most complete success. A length of the cable was run out into the sea while the ship was going four and a half knots, and hauled in again with the greatest regularity. Some experiments were also made by Mr. Charles Tilston Bright, the engineer in charge of the expedition, with his new "electrical log," for ascertaining the rate at which a ship is proceeding. The Lord Lieutenant and his staff were at Valentia, to be present at the starting of the expedition. The heavy portion of the cable, intended to be attached to the Valentia cable, and to be unshipped from the Agamemnon, and transferred to the Niagara, in consequence of the starting-points of the expedition being now from the Irish shore, instead of mid-ocean. The electrical experiments have been successful, the signals having passed through the 2,500 miles in the most satisfactory manner. On Wednesday night the shore end of the Atlantic cable was handed to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant on the mainland, near Valentia, and laid in a satisfactory manner.

The British and Irish Magnetic Telegraph Company are progressing rapidly with the erection of an over-ground line of telegraph along the highway between Killarney and Valentia for the purpose of connecting the existing telegraph system with the Atlantic cable at the latter place, by means of which, under an arrangement entered into between the Magnetic and Electric Companies, the whole of the lines in the three kingdoms—10,000 miles in extent—will be available for the rapid transmission of intelligence between Europe and the American continent. The line is already completed beyond Kilorglin; where the Magnetic Company have erected a temporary station. The entire through communication to Valentia is expected to be completed by the middle of next week, when intelligence as to the progress made in the paying out of the cable will be daily received and sent forward by Mr. Saward, the Secretary of the Company, who will remain there with the staff of the mainlanders until the completion of the undertaking.—*Illustrated London News.*

Those intrusted with the charge of the expedition are full of hopeful confidence, while "prophets of ill" at home express, on grounds alleged to be scientific, opposite opinions as to the success of the attempt. The singularly interesting feature in the affair is, that while there is success we shall know of it hour by hour; and, should mischance occur, the instant cessation of communication will leave the out-sailing navigators nothing to tell us on their return. But it is resolvable so well as pleasant, to hope for the best, and that the Queen will be enabled to send electric greetings to Mr. Buchanan, even though her Majesty should not deem it necessary to permeate an angelic message, good and fair, that shall yet deliver the text currently suggested by one of the most suitable authors of the day for the inflatory incent.

Judge Lowrie, of the Supreme Court, sitting in Pittsburgh, has granted the application for a writ of error in the case of Jeremy Fife, Monroe Stevens, and Charlotte Jones, convicted of the murder of George Wilson and Elizabeth McMaster, at Mill Creek, and now in the Allegheny county prison. The effect of this will be to bring the whole case before the Supreme Court for review, but will scarcely be of any benefit to the prisoners, except to delay their execution. The writ is returnable on the 4th of October.

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more!"

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken and uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;
That it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore—
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what there at is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
There stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door—
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke that one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of 'Never, Nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted, nevermore!

THE GOODWOOD CUP RACE.

[From the New York Herald.]

Statement of Gilpatrick, the Rider of Prioress—He denies that he was Discharged by Mr. Ten Broeck, or that he lost ground in the Race—He says the American horses were not in good condition, and that they may astonish the English—His opinion of English Jockeys, etc.

The following statement, in relation to the late Goodwood Cup race in England, has been made by Mr. Gilpatrick, the rider of Prioress, in one of the many statements which have been made, both in this country and in England, derogatory to his character as a rider. It will be observed that he denies flatly the assertions of the English papers that he lost ground in the race, or that he was discharged by Mr. Ten Broock. He charges the failure of Prioress to the condition of the horses, and thinks that they may yet, if trained properly, astonish the English. The following is the statement:

I left New York on the 20th of June last, having been engaged by Mr. Ten Broock to ride the famous American mare Prioress in the great English Goodwood Cup race. I arrived at Southampton on the 10th of June, and at Blackbridge, the training ground, on the 1st of July. I there saw the American horses. Fryor had just recovered from a lung fever; he looked very fat and well to the eye, but was by no means in a running condition; he had only been galloped three times before I arrived, as I was told by Mr. Palmer, the trainer. Prioress had been ailing, but she looked much better than Fryor. I immediately went to work to exercise Fryor, but I found that in his exercise he had no "action," and told Mr. Ten Broock that such was the case. The horse appeared to be "tied up," and could not extend himself.

On the 10th of July we gave our first trial, and ran Prioress a mile and a half—Fryor starting in on the last mile to run with her. Fryor beat the mare on that trial. She tired very badly at the close of the trial. On the 25th we gave our second trial. We ran Fryor two miles, and Prioress broke in on the last mile and a half with him. She beat him in that trial, but she showed symptoms of weariness, and tired, the same as on the previous trial. On the Saturday following, we left for the Goodwood, and on Monday, the week of the race, we commenced to exercise on the track of the Goodwood. We worked along the track up to the day of the race, and nothing of importance was said or done until the morning of the race, though we had not at any time any confidence in winning the race.

THE RACE.

On the morning of the race Mr. Ten Broeck ordered me to make a slow race, or "travelling race," as it is termed in England; that is, not to keep on the lead unless I could not help it, at any part of the ground, until the home stretch. We all started off at a very slow gallop, but Prioress' gallop being much faster then that of ordinary horses, she brought us up on the lead at the first turn, in which position we remained until the second turn, when the balance of the horses came up with us upon the inside, as we were making the turn. I remained in that position at a slow pace to the top of the hill, about two miles, when the pace commenced to increase. I kept with them for about a quarter of a mile, I think, until when we got within about a hundred and fifty yards of the stand, Prioress showed symptoms of "leg weariness" and "tired," so she had done in our trials; she tired very bad indeed, in fact; and I think the only reason that we were beaten was that our horses were not in good condition.

After the race there was some fault found with me for losing ground, and Mr. Ten Brook said to me, "They say, Gil, that you lost ground," but I told him what was the fact, that it I lost ground in one place I made it up in another. Besides, just previous to the race Mr. Ten Brook had myself and the track together, talking about and selecting the best place for Prioress to run. We picked out the smoothest and levellest ground for her, as she is a very "striking" mare, and would require a smooth track to run upon. I ran her in the race precisely over the same ground that we had chosen, and if I lost ground in one place I think I made it up in another.

I was told after the race that Mr. Morrill, who is, I believe, associated with Mr. Ten Brook, had said that I violated orders in being on the lead, and that he would settle with me in the morning and send me home. There is whisky for reports same from that I had been discharged. But he never said anything to me about the race, either at that time or afterwards. My mind was made up to come home, win or lose, after the Cup race was over. A story has been circulated that Mr. Ten Brook found fault with me; but he said nothing to me about it, and I came home entirely of my own accord. He sent his horses home to Stockbridge, at the training ground, and thought I had gone with them, but, seeing me next morning after they were gone, he asked me why I did not go with them. I told him that I thought I would go home. He said he thought it was best—that the horses were not fit to run at all, and he did not know when they would be in condition to run again. So we settled up, and I left for home.

The horses were not fit to run at all in that race; they had been worked long and steady during the whole year that they had been there, yet the boys told me that they had not had a sweat all the time; they were all burnt up inside; the consequence was the condition in which I found them, with no action, and incapable of extending their limbs at all. It is my opinion that this was owing to the defective training, for they did not sweat at all, even after the race.

I think that if Fryor and Prioress were once put in right condition, they could beat any English horses. The fact is, that but the day before the race, Mr. Ten Broock gave up all idea of running Fryor; but upon his improving so much he agreed to run him. The only reason that I give this statement is, that reports have been circulated derogatory to my reputation; and when the fault is not mine, I do not care to bear blame which is due to other people. As to the report that Prioress could have been ridden better by an English jockey, it is simply absurd. The peculiarity of the English riding is that they ride almost with a slack rein; and if they should undertake to ride American racers the horses would run away with them and tire themselves out on the first start. I have no doubt that if the English jockeys undertake to ride Fryor or Prioress they will make a sad blunder, and that, notwithstanding all that has been said, the English may yet be sorry and ashamed of opinions which they have expressed on the strength of the Goodwood race with regard to the American horses. The mettle is in them, and with proper training it may be developed.

Miscellaneous.

HOMESTEAD FOR $2,00! LAND DISTRIBUTION!! CHANCE FOR POOR MEN!!

The Northwestern Mutual Land Benefit Association will make a grand distribution of $50,000 worth of real estate and maps to its members. The number of members is limited to 10,000. $2.00 and five letter stamps per membership, or a share. Any individual sending $10 and the stamps, shall be entitled to six shares; or two persons sending $20 and the letter stamps, six of each, carefully written, shall be entitled to six shares. The distribution will be made in Chicago, Sept. 25th, 1857.

The following is the real estate to be distributed:

No. 1. An improved farm of 30 acres in Cooke Co., Illinois, valued at	$3,000
No. 2. An improved farm of 160 acres in Whiteside Co., Illinois, valued at	3,000
No. 3. An improved farm of 160 acres in Whiteside Co., Illinois, valued at	3,000
No. 4. An excellent private residence in Dubuque, Iowa, valued at	3,000
No. 5. 160 acres superior farm land in Cooke Co., Illinois, valued at	2,000
No. 6. 160 acres well pine timbered in Waupacca Co., Wisconsin, valued at	2,000
No. 7. A good lot and cottage residence in Chicago, Illinois, valued at	2,000
No. 8. 160 acres superior land in Whiteside Co., Illinois, valued at	1,000
No. 9. 160 acres good land in Chippewa Co., Wisconsin, valued at	960
No. 10. 160 acres good land in Chippewa Co., Wisconsin, valued at	960
No. 11. 160 acres good land in Chippewa Co., Wisconsin, valued at	800
No. 12. 160 acres good land in Dunn Co., Wisconsin, valued at	800
No. 13. 80 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	800
No. 14. 80 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	600
No. 15. 80 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	600
No. 16. 40 acres good land in Marshall Co., Iowa, valued at	300
No. 17. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	300
No. 18. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	300
No. 19. 40 acres good land in Linn Co., Iowa, valued at	300
No. 20. One building lot in Dubuque, Iowa, valued at	300
No. 21. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	300
No. 22. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	300
No. 23. One building lot in Sterling, Illinois, valued at	300
No. 24. 40 acres farm land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	300
No. 25. 40 acres farm land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	300
No. 26. 40 acres land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	240
No. 27. 40 acres land in Grant Co., Wisconsin, valued at	240
No. 28. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 29. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 30. 40 acres land in Crawford Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 31. 40 acres land in Monroe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 32. 40 acres land in Monroe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 33. 40 acres land in Jackson Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 34. 40 acres land in Jackson Co., Wisconsin, valued at	200
No. 35. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	160
No. 36. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	160
No. 37. 40 acres land in Bad Axe Co., Wisconsin, valued at	160
No. 38. One lot in Fulton, Illinois, valued at	160
No. 39. One lot in Fulton, Illinois, valued at	160
No. 40. One lot in Fulton, Illinois, valued at	160

The distribution will be conducted fairly and honorably. The names and address of stockholders shall be written on as many small cards as the different shares, and the whole placed in a box, and the first name taken out shall be entitled to the improved farm No. 1, in the above list; the second name taken out will be entitled to No. 2, and so on until the 40 items of real estate are all distributed. Then to each of the remaining 14,960 stockholders will be sent a cheap map of the Northern State or Territory. A full account of the distribution will be forwarded in a printed circular, to each member of the Association, with the names and address of such as may receive the real estate—to whom also the deeds will be sent and immediate possession given. Each application must be accompanied with $2.00 and five letter stamps. Address LINDELL, JONES & CO., au-13 Chicago, Illinois.

CHOICE FARM LANDS FOR SALE.—THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY are prepared to sell about 1,500,000 acres of choice Farming lands, in tracts of 40 acres and upwards, on long credits, and at low rates of interest.

These lands, granted by the Government to aid in the construction of this Road, and are among the richest and most fertile in the world. They extend from the South Bend of Vermilion River, through the State of Illinois, to the extreme South, and include every variety of climate and productions found between those parallels of latitude. The Northern portion is chiefly prairie, interspersed with fine groves, and in the middle and Southern sections timber predominates, alternating with beautiful prairies and openings.

The climate is more healthy, mild and equable, than any part of the country—the air is pure and bracing, water of living streams and springs of excellent quality abound.

Bituminous Coal is extensively mined, and supplies a cheap and excellent fuel, being furnished at many points at $2 to $4 per ton—and wood can be had at the same rate per cord.

Building Stone of excellent quality also abounds, which can be procured for little more than the expense of transportation.

The great fertility of these lands, which are a black rich mould, from two to five feet deep, and gently roll in the condition, they could hold any English horses. The fact is, that but the day before the race, Mr. Ten Broock gave up all idea of running Fryor; but upon his improving so much he agreed to run him. The only reason that I give this statement is, that reports have been circulated derogatory to my reputation; and when the fault is not mine, I do not care to bear blame which is due to other people. As to the report that Prioress could have been ridden better by an English jockey, it is simply absurd. The peculiarity of the English riding is that they ride almost with a slack rein; and if they should undertake to ride American racers the horses would run away with them and tire themselves out on the first start. I have no doubt that if the English jockeys undertake to ride Fryor or Prioress they will make a sad blunder, and that, notwithstanding all that has been said, the English may yet be sorry and ashamed of opinions which they have expressed on the strength of the Goodwood race with regard to the American horses. The mettle is in them, and with proper training it may be developed.

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