BALTIMORE.

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1860

Our usual Weekly Review of the Baltimore markets, printed on letter sheet, will be ready for delivery from our counter this afternoon. Merchants and others desirous of having their business cards inserted, can be accommodated by leaving their orders at the Counting-room during the day.

We publish elsewhere the letter of President BUCHANAN to Queen VICTORIA, inviting the Prince of Wales, on his approaching visit to Canada, to extend his tour into the United States. The President's letter and the Queen's reply are both in excellent taste, and will tend, we trust, to confirm and consolidate those cordial relations which exist between the two countries upon all subjects, with the single exception of the occupation of the Island of San Juan. The controversy that has arisen with respect to the latter, will no doubt, in due course of time, meet with quite as satisfactory a solution as other and graver issues have previously done—for we hold it scarcely within the range of possibility that two nations, having so many interests in common, should attempt to settle, by an appeal to arms, a dispute which, if diplomacy fails to adjust it, may be much more easily settled by arbitration. This, however, is a matter with which at present we have nothing to do, and it certainly should not preclude us from extending to the heir-apparent to the English throne those international courtesies which it equally becomes us to render and him to accept.—We are glad therefore that the opportunity has been offered to us, inasmuch as it is one that may be improved to the advantage of both countries. Apart from the fact that "blood is thicker than water," as Commodore TATNALL nobly demonstrated when the English gun-boats were so terribly cut up by the fire of the forts at the mouth of the Peiho, there are other considerations that are not wholly unworthy of being taken into account at this time, and which derive singular importance from the progress of events *in the near future*. All the signs of the times point to a change of dynasties, and to a re-construction of the map of Europe. The unbroken series of victories which GARIBALDI has achieved in Sicily have not been without their effect elsewhere. We may hear at any moment that the kingdom of Naples, from Catania to the Abruzzi, is in a state of insurrection. Austria well knows how uncertain, with the spirit that is now abroad, is her hold upon Venetia, and how little progress she has made in securing, by her promise of reforms, the attachment of her Hungarian and other Sclavonic provinces. The presence of LAMORICIERE and an army of mercenaries scarcely suffices to keep down revolution in the Southern States of the Church. Germany, cut up as she always has been into a number of petty principalities, is divided against herself. France keeps up her immense standing army, and is actively engaged in organizing and giving increased efficiency to her already powerful steam marine. Russia, with a fine army of one hundred and fifty thousand men released from service in the Caucasus by the capture of SCHAMYL and the occupation of his strongholds, is once more turning her attention to Turkey, and is protesting, with at least the partial concurrence of France, against the ill treatment experienced at the hands of Moslem fanatics by the Christian subjects of the Porte. And, lastly, England, whilst entering into a commercial treaty with France—and whilst seeking the co-operation of the latter Power in the war against China—has so little confidence in the loyalty of her imperial ally, that she is fortifying against him her naval stations, increasing her Channel fleet, and calling upon her citizens to form rifle corps, for the defence of the Island against invasion. It is in the midst of these European complications that the PRINCE OF WALES, dropping all royal state, and travelling under the name of Lord RENFREW—one of the many hereditary titles that he bears—visits us, not simply from motives of curiosity, but, as Queen VICTORIA's letter announces, "to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and friendly State and *kindred* nation," and through him for the people whom he represents. He has also accepted an invitation to visit New York, and we notice the Mayor of Boston is about to tender him the hospitalities of that city. In other places we have no doubt that his reception will be equally cordial. Such courtesies are due to our own sense of self-respect. They will certainly be deeply felt by England, and especially at this time, when her constitutional form of government, and the encouragement that her press has given to those nations which have sought to assert the right to self government, threaten to bring about a complete severance of her old continental alliances, and to draw down upon her an armed coalition. If such a movement were successful, it would necessarily endanger not only our own commercial prosperity, but also the perpetuity of those institutions under which we have become populous, wealthy, and powerful.

When Mr. BUCHANAN addressed the Democracy on Monday night he said "this is probably the last speech I shall ever have occasion to make. It would not do for me, in my position, to make political speeches throughout this canvass." We wish the PRESIDENT had pledged himself still more decidedly to abstain from political speech-making in future, and we regret that he did not see the propriety of coming to some such sensible conclusion before he harangued a mass-meeting in front of the White House. We have so profound a respect for the office which Mr. BUCHANAN now fills that it is always to us an unwelcome task to record any act on the part of its incumbent which is calculated to impair its dignity in the eyes of our own or other people. But it must be confessed that the proceedings of Monday night could not fail to be productive of such a result. The spectacle which the public then assembled to witness, would have been an absurd, if it had not been a painful one. When the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES stood up to make a stump speech, and, amid "applause and cries of "go it old man," assured the multitude that he "never struck a political ticket in his life," there must have been more men in the crowd who experienced a feeling of deep mortification than would probably care to acknowledge the fact. Strangers too must have been greatly puzzled as they followed the brass-band and transparencies to the Presidential Mansion, and heard the Chief Magistrate of the nation explain to a crowd the wisdom of the "two-thirds rule," and protest that he had "ever been a friend of regular nominees." Under any circumstances it would be difficult for a PRESIDENT to address a political meeting in support of his party and its candidate without infringing those rules of decorum to which it so well becomes those in high station to adhere. But as matters stand at present, it was absolutely impossible that Mr. BUCHANAN could publicly interfere in the canvass unless he had determined in his personal and official conduct to disregard altogether the dictates of propriety and good taste. It is humiliating enough to us to see the PRESIDENT upon the hustings at all, but, when we remember his known and bitter hostility to the candidate at whom his remarks were especially levelled, it becomes a matter of equal astonishment and disgust that he should have placed himself in so indefensible a position before the country.

NEXT FAIR OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—It has been determined to hold the Annual Fair of the U. S. Agricultural Society, at Cincinnati, Ohio, in September next. In view of the prevalence of the pleuro pneumonia among the cattle in some sections of the Union, it is thought advisable not to exhibit that class of stock at the approaching Fair, and consequently increased premiums will be given for horses, agricultural implements and machines. In order to test thoroughly the machinery to be exhibited, the fair will remain open ten days. It is a very wise and timely consideration in view of the fatal cattle disease, that the exhibition of that class of animals is discouraged.

THE PEOPLE'S GAS COMPANY.—We publish among our Court reports, an abstract of the answers of James Higgins, Thomas Sewell, Jr., and Alfred Spates, to the bill of complaint, before reported, praying for an injunction to stop further proceedings, &c., under the charter. The answer alleges the good faith of the Commissioners, and declares that stock was *bona fide* subscribed to the amount of four thousand two hundred shares and one dollar per share paid in. All this was done in a couple of minutes, though this fact, we believe, is not set forth in the answer.

MUSICAL.—Tom, the little negro wonder, will give a *matinee* at the New Assembly Rooms at noon today and a concert in the evening.

LATEST BY THE ARABIA.—A letter from Rome received June 28th, says a battalion of Irish had been organized. It is called the Battalion of St. Patrick.

The Vienna letter in the *Times* says a great number of Irishmen continue to pass through Vienna on their way to Trieste and Ancona. The writer says many of them wish to return to their homes, but they are obliged to go on to Italy, as they have no money with which to pay their expenses back to England.

VIENNA, June 28th.—The Wiener *Zeitung* of today says, inquiries relative to the embezzlements of the late General Eynatten have proved that no charge of dishonesty can be raised against any other functionary in his department.

One of the recent *on dits* of London is, that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has become reconciled to his wife, and that they are about to live together again.

NEW BOOKS.

From Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by James S. Waters:

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By the late CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R. A. Edited with a prefatory essay on Leslie, as an artist, and selections from his correspondence. By Tom Taylor, Esq., editor of the Autobiography of Haydon, with portrait. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 363. 1860.

This is a very charming book. There are no more interesting people than painters, and their memoirs, whether "autobiographical" or collected by congenial hands, are among the most pleasant of that delightful order of literature. A peculiar interest attaches to Leslie for Americans, since although, born in London, he was the son of American parents: and if this feeling be still further localized, it might belong more exclusively to our own State where the family of the artist for several generations resided.

"My father Robert Leslie, and my mother Lydia Baker, were Americans; natives of Cecil county, in the State of Maryland. Their forefathers had settled in that neighborhood early in the last century as farmers; my father's ancestors being from Scotland and my mother's from England."

His father, who was a remarkably ingenious mechanician, established himself at Philadelphia as a watch-maker, and his business prospering, he found it expedient to take a partner, and went himself, with his family, to London, to make purchases for his house. It was there that his son Charles, as well as others of his children, was born. This event occurred on the 19th November, 1794. On the death of the partner, Mr. Leslie returned to Philadelphia, where he, also, soon afterwards died. The voyage from London out, contributed some of the artist's earliest and most remarkable experiences. They sailed from Gravesend on the 18th September, 1799, in the ship Washington, a large vessel which, in consequence of the short war at that time existing between France and the United States, was heavily armed and manned with a large crew to protect her from the enemy's privateers and small vessels of war. In consequence of head winds and other difficulties, they were only clear of land when they had been aboard thirty-four days, and had been but a short time at sea when they were chased by a French privateer—a ship which "appeared new and in every respect like a frigate except in size." The Washington was commanded by a Scotchman, Captain Williamson, an old-fashioned salt, who considered one Englishman a match for four French. Finding themselves outsailed, the Captain laid by to wait for the enemy, who soon came up and commenced a brisk engagement, but after a fruitless struggle sheered off to re-fit, having killed but one man on board of the American vessel. This suspension of hostilities gave our friends also a chance to renew their preparations for defence, especially enabling them to right up their big guns which, being ingeniously mounted on a newly-invented and patented carriage, had nearly all tumbled over on the first fire, and so become useless for the time. The privateer, not satisfied with the reception he had first met, came on a second time, after a short interval, but with no better luck; being again beaten off, and having done no further damage, except so cutting up the hull and rigging of the Washington, that she was compelled to put into Lisbon, Portugal, to refit. It is not often we have an opportunity to hear the impressions of an intelligent child, of five years of age, of a naval battle, derived from personal experience. All the non-combatants had been placed in the hold—

"I had often," says Leslie, "looked with awe down the hatches into the gloomy region in which we were confined during the battle, and had seen indistinctly the upright post with notches for the feet, by which we children were carried down.—My wonder and admiration were excited by the steward, who seemed to me almost to fly up and down this post by the help of the hand rope, his frequent visits having no other object than to see that we were as comfortable as circumstances permitted, to tell us all the best news from the decks, and to bring us reinforcements of gingerbread, oranges and wine. All my notions of war were associated with the then popular piece of music, the 'Battle of Prague,' which I had heard my eldest sister play on the piano, and accordingly when I heard the groans of the poor man whose leg was crushed, and who was brought some where near, I exclaimed 'there are the *cries of the wounded*.' The burial of the man who was killed made a deep impression on me, for I saw his messmates carry him to the bow of the ship, and I could distinctly trace the human form through the white canvas in which it was tightly sewn up; and this to me—the first image of death—has never been effaced from my recollection. Often as children are frightened without cause, they are as often in moments of real danger less alarmed than their elders; and I, tho' constitutionally timid, have no recollection of being terrified with what was going on, perhaps because I believed the hold to be a place of perfect safety. I remember that my brother and I amused ourselves for a great part of the time, with playing at hide and seek among the water casks, with some of the other children of the passengers. My brother, indeed, who was more heroic than I, wanted a little pistol, that he might go on deck and shoot the 'naughty Frenchmen.' My two eldest sisters were of an age to understand and feel alarmed for our situation, and my youngest sister was dangerously ill with an attack of the pleurisy, and in that state was taken out of bed and carried below. What must my poor mother have suffered? * * * On the 30th we took a Lisbon pilot, who came on board with a *cocked hat and a high plume of red feathers, laced ruffles to his shirt and a sword by his side.*"

In a long foot note there is an extremely amusing account of their residence at Lisbon, which, in consequence of the very slow and dignified proceedings of the ship-wrights of that enterprising port, lasted till the 31st of March, taken from the *Recollections of Lisbon* by Miss Leslie. We cannot forbear to give our readers the following characteristic sketch:

"A large house was building next door to ours. Immediately in front the street was chiefly occupied by a wide deep slough, or mud hole where the paving stones had sunk or died away; and the councilmen or aldermen, or selectmen (if there are any such persons in Lisbon,) had taken no account of it. When the weather was uncommonly bad, the carts that brought stone for the building, generally stuck fast in this capacious hole. The Lisbon carts were of very primitive structure. They had no close sides; neither had they iron stanchions like those of drays to keep things from falling; there were only a few crooked sticks stuck in here and there along the edges. Though wood is so scarce in Portugal, there was a great waste of it in the wheels which had no spokes but which were solid and massy, like grindstones; and the axletree revolved with them groaning or rather shrieking dismally all the time. The carts were drawn by a pair of oxen which it always required two men to urge along. The dress of these carmen began by *cocked hats and powdered hair tastefully queued with blue or pink ribbons*; cotton velvet jackets with tarnished tinsel looking ornaments; faded breeches open at the knees; and their bare Portuguese legs ended, as usual, in old shoes with large shoey buckles. Each driver carried a goad, and when the cart load of stone got into the slough, while one man goaded the oxen shouting violently something that sounded like *shah!* the other went to their heads and endeavored to frighten the poor beasts out of the mudhole by making ferocious faces at them, *shaking* also in a loud voice and brandishing his stick. The workmen came out of the house to assist in extricating the cart, and they always had to do in the end what they should have done at the beginning—unload it of the slabs of stone, after which the oxen and the empty cart were generally *shaked* out of the hole in less than half an hour."

On the 11th May they arrived in Philadelphia, forty-two days from Lisbon, and seven months and twenty-six days from London.

The spirit which actuated Mr. Leslie in writing the work before us, he has thought proper to explain for himself:

"My object has been to preserve in these pages some recollections of those chiefly *whom I could praise*, and of them not the faults and foibles, that are more or less common to all men, but the merits that are rare, and on which alone their claims to distinction rest. I mention this that I may not be charged with dealing too much in panegyric."

This amiable resolution evidently proceeded neither from a want of discrimination nor from a tendency to toadyism, but must be attributed to a refined and beautiful taste, which in literature, as well as in art, rejected all disagreeable and unharmonious contrasts. He had the amplest opportunities for cultivating his naturally sharp powers of observation by association—in some instances on the most intimate terms—with many of the most distinguished men of the last fifty years. We have glimpses, new and attractive, of Coleridge and Lamb, Walter Scott, Washington Irving, Sidney Smith, Samuel Rogers, Ruskin, John Howard Payne and Wilson, the ornithologist, among authors; Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Lords Melbourne, Holland and Egremont, among statesmen and peers; and Fuseli, Westmacott, Flaxman, Canova, Chantrey, West, Constable, the two Chalons, Stothard, Newton, Wilkie, Sir Martin Shee, Turner, Eastlake, Landseer, Haydon, Allston Morse, &c., &c., among painters and sculptors. Of each of these distinguished men there is some trait, anecdote or *bon mot* recorded, not elsewhere to be found and well worth the reading. We had marked many of these for quotation, but prefer to give our remaining space to the recollections of Coleridge. Leslie's acquaintance with him commenced at Salt Hill, where Coleridge had followed his friend Allston, who had been stopped there by sudden illness. Think of sleeping in a double-bedded room with S. T. Coleridge for a companion!

He was affectionately attached to Allston, and came to Salt Hill the same afternoon, accompanied by his friend Dr. Tathill. He stayed at the Inn for the few days that Allston was confined there—The house was so full that the poet was obliged to share a double-bedded room with me. We were kept up late in consequence of the critical condition of Allston, and, when we retired, Coleridge seeing a copy of "Knickerbocker's History of New York" (which I had brought with me) lying on the table, took it up and began reading. I went to bed, and I think he must have sate up the greater part of the night, for the next day I found he had nearly got through Knickerbocker. This was many years before it was published in England, and the work was of course entirely new to him. He was delighted with it. * * * I had seen Coleridge before, but it was on this occasion that my acquaintance commenced with this most extraordinary man, of whom it might be said, as truly as of Burke, that "his stream of mind was perpetual." His eloquence threw a new and beautiful light on most subjects, and when he was beyond my comprehension, the melody of his voice, and the impressiveness of his manner held me a willing listener, and I was flattered at being supposed capable of understanding him. Indeed, men far advanced beyond myself in education might have felt as children in his presence. Luckily for me he could not help talking, be he where or with whom he might, and I shall ever regret that I did not take notes, imperfect as they must have been, of what he said. I can only now remember, that besides speaking much of Allston, whom he loved dearly, he gave an admirable analysis of the character of Don Quixote. He said, "there are two kinds of madness; in the one, the object pursued is a sane one, the madness discovering itself only in the means by which it is to be gained. In the other, an insane intention is aimed at or compassed by means that the soundest mind would employ, as in cases of murder, suicide, etc. The madness of Don Quixote is of the first class, his intention being always to do good, and his delusion only as to the mode of accomplishing his object." It was said of Coleridge by one who knew him intimately, and was indeed one of his most active friends, that "he was a good man, but whenever anything presented itself to him in the shape of a moral duty he was utterly incapable of performing it." He had, no doubt, great faults and weaknesses, but this was unquestionably a sweeping exaggeration, uttered perhaps in a moment of irritation. At Salt Hill, and on some other occasions, I witnessed his performance of the duties of friendship in a manner which few men of his constitutional indolence could have roused themselves to equal. * * * * *

I had frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing Coleridge. He delivered a course of lectures on Shakespeare, to which he gave me tickets, but I was sorry to see his London audiences much smaller than those at Bristol. The following note from him marks the date of these lectures:

"Highgate.

"MY DEAR LESLIE,

"Mr. Colburn has entreated my influence with you to have intrusted to him for a week or ten days your last drawing of my phiz to have it engraved for his Magazine. I replied that I had no objection, and thought it probable that you would have none, and have in consequence given him this note. You see alas! by my scanty audiences that there cannot be the least objection to your taking with you half a dozen friends to my lectures, who are like ourselves, with more in our brains than in our pockets. Why, my dear Leslie, do you so wholly neglect us at Highgate? Are we not always delighted to see you? Now, too, more than ever; since, in addition to yourself, you are all we have of Allston. "S. T. COLERIDGE."

"1st March, 1819."

On looking back to the time when this note was written, I grieve to think that I should have allowed my natural indolence, the distance, and occupations, often trifling in comparison with the privilege of enjoying Coleridge's society, to give ground for the charge in the latter part of it.

It is not the lot of any one, twice in his life, to meet with so extraordinary a man. I now read over and over again what his nephew has recorded of his conversation, and I can vouch for the exactness with which his manner is preserved in those precious little volumes. The remarks there given, on Othello and Hamlet, formed part of his lectures on Shakespeare:—

"The clue to the inconsistencies of Hamlet might be found," he said, "in the undue predominance of the inner over the outer man."

Coleridge did not consider that the passion of jealousy was the subject of the tragedy of Othello, but that Shakespeare had displayed it fully and truly in Winter's Tale. "Othello is anything but jealous in his nature, and made so only by the machinations of Iago, while Leonte Leontes gives no prompter but his own suspicious mind." He observed, that the difficulty was great in imagining an expression adequate to the feelings of Othello when he first sees Iago, after having discovered his villainy, and he thought it a master stroke of Shakespeare to surmount it as he has done:

"I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou be'est a devil I cannot kill thee."

He pointed out the great dramatic beauty of the opening scenes of Hamlet, and the admirable skill with which the ghost is introduced. Although Marcellus and Bernardo are expecting its appearance, and Horatio has joined their watch with the same expectation, and they are even talking about it, its entrance is startling, and every succeeding appearance alike thrilling. In reading passages from the first scenes of this play, Coleridge noticed Shakespeare's respect even for the superstitions connected with the mysteries of Christianity, a beautiful instance of which occurs in these lines,

"It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

He said the reply of Horatio was, he believed, exactly that which Shakespeare himself would have made:

"So have I heard, and do in part believe it."

He could never read, he said, any of those scenes in which children are introduced, "without laying the book down and loving Shakespeare over again." He said the anachronisms noticed by Shakespeare's critics would not, perhaps, have given the poet himself any great uneasiness had they been pointed out to him, as possibly they were; and this may have given rise to that curious intentional anachronism in the third act of "Lear," where the fool, after fourteen lines of a burlesque prediction, says:

"This prophecy Merlin shall make, for *I live before his time.*"

I wish I could recollect what Coleridge said of the character of Falstaff. I only remember, with certainty, his opinion that Shakespeare, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, had departed from the original conception of the character, and that the Falstaff in that play, though very amusing, was much below the Falstaff of the two parts of Henry the Fourth. I am not sure whether it was Coleridge who remarked, that in the scene in the first part of Henry the Fourth, in which Falstaff brags of his feats at Gadshill, he begins with the intention of imposing on the Prince and Poins, but quickly perceiving that they do not believe him, he goes on buffooning, and adds to the men in buckram until they amount to eleven, merely to make the Prince laugh.

A most interesting portion of Coleridge's lectures consisted in his pointing out the truth and refinement of Shakespeare's women, beyond those of all other dramatists; and how purified his imagination was from everything gross, in comparison with those of his contemporaries.

Coleridge's lectures were, unfortunately, extemporaneous. He now and then took up scraps of paper on which he had noted the leading points of his subject, and he had books about him for quotation. On turning to one of these (a work of his own), he said: "As this is a secret which I confided to the public a year or two ago, and which, to do the public justice, has been very faithfully kept, I may be permitted to read you a passage from it."

His voice was deep and musical, and his words followed each other in an unbroken flow, yet free from monotony. There was indeed a peculiar charm in his utterance. His pronunciation was remarkably correct; in some respects pedantically so. He gave the full sound of the *l* in *talk, should, would.*

Sir James Mackintosh attended the whole course of these lectures, and listened with the greatest interest. This was heaping coals of fire on the head of Coleridge, who had lampooned him with great severity for his political apostacy, as it was considered. I remember many years afterwards, when I had frequent opportunities of seeing Sir James, hearing him say that the best thing he ever said of ghosts was by Coleridge, who, when asked by a lady if he believed in them, replied, "No, Madam, I have seen too many to believe in them.

Among the fragments of his conversation that I remember, are the following:

"How natural is the exaggeration in the account the woman of Samaria carries to her friends of our Savior—'Come, see a man which told me *all things that ever I did;*' when, in reality, our Lord had only told her that she had had five husbands, and that he, whom she now had was not her husband."

He said he did not doubt but that in the 12th chapter of St. Matthew, the 40th verse was a gloss:

"For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

Now, as our Savior was crucified on Friday, and rose again on Sunday morning, he was but one entire day and two nights in the tomb; besides which the following verse shows sufficiently what was intended by the refusal to give any other sign than the sign of the prophet Jonas.

"The men of Nineveh shall rise up in judgment with this generation and condemn it, because they repented at the preaching of Jonas, and behold, a greater than Jonas is here."

Speaking of the utilitarians, Coleridge said, "the *penny saved penny got* utilitarians forget, or do not comprehend, *high moral utility*—the utility of poetry and of painting, and of all that refines and exalts our nature." He thought Lord Byron's misanthropy was affected, or partly so, and that it would wear off as he grew older. He said that Byron's perpetual quarrel with the world was as absurd as if the spoke of a wheel should quarrel with the movement of which it must of necessity partake.

I once found Coleridge driving the balls on a bagatelle board for a kitten to run after them. He noticed that, as soon as the little thing turned its back to the balls it seemed to forget all about them, and played with its tail. "I am amused," he said, "with their little short memories."

Coleridge's want of success in all worldly matters may be attributed to the mastery possessed over him by his own wonderful mind. Common men as often succeed by the qualities they want, as great men fail by those they have. Coleridge could not direct his extraordinary powers to the immediately useful occupations of life, or to those exercises of them likely to procure him bread, unless he was perpetually urged on by some kind friend. The tragedy of "Remorse" was written whilst he lived with Mr. Morgan, and I believe would never have been completed but for the importunities of Mrs. Morgan. A few days after the appearance of his piece, he was sitting in the coffee-room of a hotel, and heard his name coupled with a coroner's inquest, by a gentleman who was reading a newspaper to a friend. He asked to see the paper, which was handed to him with the remark that "it was very extraordinary that Coleridge, the poet, should have hanged himself just after the success of his play; but he was always a strange mad fellow."—"Indeed, sir," said Coleridge, "it is a *most extraordinary* thing that he should have hanged himself, be the subject of an inquest, and yet that he should at this moment be speaking to you." The astonished stranger hoped he had "said nothing to hurt his feelings," and was made easy on that point.—The newspaper related that a gentleman in black had been cut down from a tree in Hyde Park, without money or papers in his pockets, his shirt being marked "S. T. Coleridge;" and Coleridge was at no loss to understand how this might have happened, since he seldom travelled without losing a shirt or two.

When Allston was suffering extreme depression of spirits, immediately after the loss of his wife, he was haunted, during sleepless nights, by horrid thoughts; and he told me that diabolical imprecations forced themselves into his mind. The distress of this to a man so sincerely religious as Allston, may be imagined. He wished to consult Coleridge, but could not summon resolution. He desired, therefore, that I would do it; and I went to High-gate, where Coleridge was at that time living with Mr. Gillman. I found him walking in the garden, his hat in his hand (as it generally was in the open air), for he told me that, having been one of the Blue coat boys, among whom it is the fashion to go bare-headed, he had acquired a dislike to any covering of the head. I explained the cause of my visit, and he said, "Allston should say to himself, '*Nothing is me but my will.* These thoughts, therefore, that force themselves on my mind are no part of *me*, and there can be no guilt in them.' If he will make a strong effort to become indifferent to their recurrence they will either cease, or cease to trouble him." He said much more, but this was substance, and after it was repeated to Allston, I did not hear him again complain of the same kind of disturbance.

From Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by James S. Waters:

THE SAND HILLS OF JUTLAND. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, author of the *Improvisatore*, &c. Editor's copy. 1 vol., 12 mo., pp. 267. 1860.

Also:

TRAVELS, RESEARCHES AND MISSIONARY LABORS—During an eighteen years' residence in Eastern Africa; together with journeys to Jagga, Usambara, Ukambani, Shoa, Abessinia and Khartum; and a coasting voyage from Mombaz to Cape Delgado. By the Rev. Dr. J. LEWIS KRAPF, Secretary of the Christiona Institute at Basel, and late Missionary in the service of the Church Missionary Society in Eastern and Equatorial Africa, &c., &c., with an appendix respecting the snow-capped mountains of Eastern Africa, the sources of the Nile, the languages and literature of Abessinia and Eastern Africa, &c., &c., and a condensed account of geographical researches in Eastern Africa up to the discovery of the Uyenyesi by Dr. Livingstone, in September last. By E. J. RAVENSTEIN, F. R. G. S. 1 vol., 12 mo., pp. 464. 1860.

From D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York, and for sale by John Murphy & Co.:

THE CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS. By Mrs. J. SADLIER 2 vols. in one. 12mo. 1860.

This is a novel in which the authoress adheres with great fidelity to the history of Ireland in the troubled times of Charles and Cromwell, of which she seemes to be remarkably well possessed. It is written with taste and talent, and we take pleasure in commending it.

From Robert M. De Witt, New York, and for sale by Henry Taylor, Sun Building:

THE WOOD RANGERS, or Trappers of Sonora. By Capt. MAYNE REID, author of *The Scalp Hunters, Rifle Rangers, &c., &c.* Beautifully illustrated with original designs. Engraved by N. Orr. 1 vol. 12mo.

Capt. Reid's name on the title page is a guaranty for an exciting and life like tale.

Also:

ONE AND TWENTY. By the author of *Wild Flowers, The House of Elmore*, &c., in paper, complete in one volume.

Also:

JESSIE CAMERON, a Highland Story. By Lady RACHEL BUTLER, first American from the second London edition, in paper, 1 vol.

From Irwin P. Beadle & Co., New York; for sale by Henry Taylor:

DIME NOVELS. *Malaska* and *The Privateer's Cruise*, in paper complete.

From Freeman & Goodsmith, corner St. Paul and Baltimore streets:

MUSTER ROLL of citizen soldiers at North Point and Fort McHenry.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

From Freeman & Goodsmith:

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July, 1860.

Also:

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for July, 1860.

From the Publishers:

DEBOW'S REVIEW for July.

THE PARTHENIAN; or, Young Lady's Magazine. By the Pupils of the Baltimore Female Academy. September, 1860.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER for July, 1860.

THE TOBACCO WAREHOUSE QUESTION AGAIN.—The *Planters Advocate* of July 11th, republish portions of a pamphlet which is now being circulated in the tobacco growing counties, favoring the removal of the tobacco warehouse from their present location in this city to deep water, as contemplated by the recent act of the General Assembly. We quote from it as it appears in the *Advocate*:

"The opposition to the great reform contemplated is all traceable to the purchasers, who rest their objections to the measure upon the ground of the greater convenience to them afforded by the present locations in watching the progress and act of inspection of the various descriptions of tobacco. Now it is respectfully suggested, without any intention of imputing unfair motives to any class of persons, or to any body, that, so long as the inspection of tobacco is confided to officers of the State, and so long as the existing practice of selling tobacco by samples continues, it is obviously proper to remove those officers beyond the reach of influence calculated to effect them. The city of Baltimore is already one of the largest tobacco markets in the Union. Its natural advantages only require to be improved to secure for it the reputation of being the most desirable point for the sale and shipment of tobacco. The law of the last session, if carried into effect upon the comprehensive scale of which it is capable, will furnish a depot for the storage and inspection of tobacco which will be absolutely without an equal in the world. The facilities which it will supply for the receipt, storage, inspection and shipment of the tobacco of Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky, all from beneath a single roof, and at the least possible expense to the planter, cannot fail, so soon as realized, to excite universal wonder that the expediency of such an improvement should ever have been doubted."

On Thursday next, the 19th inst., a committee of Planters, opposed to the removal of the warehouses, will be held in Port Tobacco, Charles county.

BRUTAL ASSAULT ON A BALTIMORE WOMAN NEAR WASHINGTON.—The Washington *States* of Thursday evening says: This morning a respectable looking girl, calling herself Eliza Jane Williams, apparently about eighteen years of age, came to the office of Justice Donn and made application to be sent to the Infirmary or the work-house; she had been most horribly beaten, and her face and eyes were black and so much swollen as to completely disfigure her countenance. Her story was this—that she had been living in Baltimore in service, but getting out of employment, she, with a fellow-servant girl, started yesterday morning on foot to come to Washington. About 8 o'clock in the evening, when just beyond Bladensburg, they were met by three men, or rather two men and a half-grown boy who attempted to stop them, and when they resisted, knocked them down and beat them. Eliza Williams was beaten senseless, and when she came to herself her companion was missing, and she has not seen her since. She was picked up by a gentleman who lived near, and who paid her way to the city this morning, when she was brought up to the magistrate's office. The girl is an American, and very neat in her appearance.

They have a "Bread Insurrection" in Savannah, Ga. A law has long been on the statute books, but not enforced until recently, compeling the bakers to regulate the size of their loaves by the market price of flour. The bakers have openly violated the law and some ten of them have been arrested and fined.

The liquor dealers of New York are determined to resist the operations of the excise law passed by the late Legislature of that State.

MARRIED

On the 10th instant, by Rev. J. J. Green, JONATHAN HAILL to Miss SARAH SIMMONS, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by Rev. Mr. Reese, Capt. R. A. BENNETT to Miss LIZZIE BATES, both of this city.

On the 15th of May, by the Right Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, PETER A. SPINDLER to MARY M. McGLONE, both of this city.

DIED

On Thursday, July 12, MARIA LOUISA, eldest daughter of Henry G. and M. E. Jacobsen.

Her friends and those of the family are invited to attend her funeral on this (Friday) afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

On the 10th instant, EMILY WHEELER, widow of the late Col Isaac Munroe, aged 71 years.

On the morning of the 11th instant, ISAAC, youngest son of Isaac and Josephine Winchester, aged 11 months and 4 days.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM RILEY, infant son of J. W. and Frances M. Shaw.

On the 10th instant, ISABELLA, eldest daughter of Jas. and Isabella Mellon, aged 2 years and 11 months.

TOM

The wonderful negro Child Pianist, continues to attract immense crowds at the Assembly Rooms. Persons who wish to see this truly remarkable and incomprehensible creature should not let the present opportunity pass. Tom must and will occupy an important place in the musical history of the world; his name will be handed down to future generations as one greater than Mozart. Persons cannot possibly form any idea of the performances of this little simple minded negro boy, unless they see and hear for themselves. Parents should take their children, and let them see what a child can do upon the Piano. Nothing has ever attracted so much attention in so short a time as the accidental discovery of this boy's truly wonderful powers.

Concerts every evening this week, and Matinees every day at 12 o'clock.

Admission 25 cents. jul3-tf

PINE APPLES.

500 just landed from steamer, in prime order, for sale low by A. J. HAMPSON,
jul3-tf 81 North Charles street.

NATIVE WINE.

The pure Juice of the CATAWBA Grape. My dear sir, you can drink it down like milk; do call and try it. For sale on draught or in glass, by A. J. HAMPSON,
jul3-tf 81 North Charles st.

BALTIMORE COAL COMPANY'S COAL.

CHARLES GILMOR,
SOLE AGENT,
Office, No. 58 SECOND STREET, 2d door from the Post Office Yard, CORNER OF YORK AND WILLIAM STREETS.

The undersigned having been appointed the SOLE AGENT for the SALE OF THE ABOVE *CELEBRATED COAL* IN THIS MARKET,

Takes this method of informing consumers of Coal, and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill their orders for any size and quantity at the lowest market prices, and with despatch.

The reputation for superiority of this article of fuel OVER ALL OTHERS, is now so well established, having been very generally used in this market for the past TWENTY-FIVE YEARS,

that the Agent deems it only necessary to state that it is now, as heretofore, prepared in the very best manner, of uniform size, and free from bone, slate, and other impurities.

I am enabled to fill, at the shortest notice, orders for ANY QUANTITY of the BALTIMORE COMPANY'S or GEORGE'S CREEK *BITUMINOUS COAL*, For Shipment, Manufacturing, or Steaming Purposes, AT VERY LOW RATES.

I would also say that there are a number of parties in this city, dealers and others, WHO ADVERTISE AND REPRESENT THEMSELVES as selling the Baltimore Company's Coal. By reference to my contract with the President of the Baltimore Coal Company, which can be seen at my office, it will be I received THAT NONE OF THIS COAL CAN BE HAD EXCEPT THROUGH MY OR MY REGULARLY APPOINTED AGENTS, WHO HAVE WRITTEN AUTHORITY TO SELL.

CHAS. GILMOR,
No. 58 Second street, near the Post Office.
☞ Orders through the Post Office attended to. jel-tf

W. F. OWENS,
205 BALTIMORE STREET.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

SHIRTS
ALWAYS ON HAND,
OF EVERY SIZE,
IN LARGE QUANTITIES,
OF
OUR OWN MAKE,
AND
WARRANTED TO FIT
ALSO,
A SUPERB ASSORTMENT
OF EVERY SPECIES OF GOODS
PERTAINING TO THE
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING BUSINESS.

WILLIAM F. OWENS,
je8-tf 205 Baltimore street.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!
ONE PRICE ONLY
J. LIPP & CO.,
Southwest corner of Baltimore and Paca Streets.
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER in the best possible manner Our customers are guaranteed full value for their money, our system being ONLY ONE PRICE ap21-3m

Country Hams.

A lot of the "DORSEY" Hams, from Elkridge. Connoisseurs in the article please call at
A. J. HAMPSON'S,
je26-tf 81 N. Charles street.

ECONOMY! ECONOMY!!

A DOLLAR SAVED IS TWO DOLLARS MADE.

This can be done by purchasing Wood already Sawed and Split, at office of City Steam Fire Wood Mill, No. 3 NORTH STREET.
a14-tf JAMES H. JOHNSON.

LADD, WEBSTER & CO.'S
TIGHT STITCH
SEWING-MACHINES
The best in use for all purposes requiring a seam
PRICES GREATLY REDUCED!!!
From $50 to $150,
No. 131 BALTIMORE STREET,
Between Calvert and South streets.

Aggregate CAPITAL Represented,
$10,000,000.

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73 & 75 *Second St., Baltimore.*

MARINE AND FIRE POLICIES ISSUED UPON APPROVED RISKS, WITHOUT THE DELAY OF CONSULTING THE HOME OFFICES.

Losses adjusted and paid at this Agency without reference to the Parent Offices.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

COMPANIES.	CAPITAL AND SURPLUS.
Security Ins. Co. of N. Y.	$600,000
Phenix " "	307,000
Resolute " "	247,000
Montauk " "	200,000
New World " "	245,000
Lorillard " "	264,000
Insurance Co. of State of Va.	300,000
Ins. Co. of the Valley of Va.	351,000
Albemarle of Virginia	200,000
Lynchburg "	385,000
Northern of London	6,298