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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

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A VERY LARGE PAPER FOR THE COUNTRY, is published every Saturday Morning at the low price of $2 per annum, in advance. Ten copies for $15, or twenty copies for $24.

GREELEY & McELRATH, Publishers.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

By Telegraph to the New-York Tribune.

Disaster at Sea.

BOSTON, Wednesday, June 21, 1848.

Arrived in distress, ship E. Z. Hartshorn, from Liverpool for New-York, with 275 steerage passengers. Struck a shoal near Nantucket yesterday, 6 P. M. and got off, leaking badly. She is now at anchor in the stream. Extra gangs of men have been sent on board to assist in keeping her free.

Uprising in Northern Ohio.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

ELYRIA, Lorain Co. Ohio, June 15, 1848.

FRIEND GREELEY: The time *has* come to strike for Free principles without compromise. The most enthusiastic and glorious meeting ever held in this County has this minute closed. You will understand the character, spirit and platform of the meeting by reading the following resolutions adopted by acclamation:

Whereas, The National Conventions of the Whig and Democratic parties recently held in Philadelphia and Baltimore have, by the presentation of the names of Generals Taylor and Cass as candidates for the Presidency, outraged that love of Human Liberty which pervades the masses of the American People which, next to the blessing of God, is the best guaranty of the permanency of our form of Government; therefore,

Resolved, That we will not support the nominee of either of those Conventions, but select other men who will more fully represent the feelings of the founders of this Republic, as well as our own, by using their official power and influence to promote the great interests of Freedom.

Resolved, That the time has arrived when the political issues that have heretofore divided the citizens of the Free States have dwindled into comparative insignificance; we will therefore come YOUNGFREE, throw the mantle of kindness and charity over the past, and sacredly strike for LIBERTY, UNION and FREE SOIL.

Resolved, That we proceed to appoint a delegation of five freemen from each township in the County to meet in State Convention at Columbus on the 20th and 21st inst. there to nominate suitable candidates for our support, and to take measures to secure the calling of a Convention of all the States willing to unite with us, at which such nomination may be made.

You can hardly form an idea of the enthusiasm with which these resolutions were responded to by a *Mass Meeting*, composed of men heretofore active in the Whig, Liberty and Democratic parties. These exceptions are so few that the nomination of Taylor may be said to be unanimously repudiated by the Whigs here.

Cass is much disrelished by his party, and *many* Democrats will support a candidate of the people, pledged to Freedom. We are convinced that now is the time to strike! We had pledged ourselves to Free Principles—we could not abandon our platform and break our faith. We will not. We await the responses to the National Nomination and to the course forced upon us with deep solicitude. Yours, J. G. C.

☞ "GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE" for July is a capital number for Summer reading. It opens with a poem full of foliage and sunshine—"Ornithologist," by J. M. Legaré, (why not give it the better English title: "Bird-Voices?") There is an illustration to this, exquisitely engraved by Tucker, and fairly designed. Sartain's mezzotint of Lamartine is a welcome picture, to which Francis J. Grund has furnished a copious and interesting biographical sketch. Among the other contributions we notice "The Sagamore of Saco," by Mrs. L. Oakes Smith; "The Land of the West," a fine poem, by T. Buchanan Read; Stories by Herbert and "F. E. F." and a spirited sketch by Mrs. E. C. Kinney, with other articles by Mrs. Embury, Street, Mrs. Sigourney, &c. We copy the following:

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[When the wind stated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, "We are as near Heaven by sea as by land." In the following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The crews of the other vessel kept a good look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 23d of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral.—*Hallmagel's American Biography*, L. 208.]

Southward with his fleet of ice
Sailed the Corsair Death;
Wild and fast, blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His broidy ships of ice
Glistened as the sun;
On each mast, aloft in masses white,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dropped with silver rain; [cast
But where he passed there were
London shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas! the bad wind failed.

Alas! the bad wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And continually were heard more and more,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and stars grew pale,
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed, [clouds,
Seemed to rake the passing

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the great ship rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in utter darkness,
With mast and rigging as they drift,
Full of the Spanish dead;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream,
Sinking vanish all away.

Meeting of the Farmers' Club.

TUESDAY, June 20.

Mr. HOUGHTON of New-Jersey in the Chair.

Agriculture of Old.—In the first edition of Dryden's Virgil, printed as long ago as 1763, at London, the Preface, by William Walsh, speaking of Virgil's Pastorals, remarked thus: We figure the ancient countrymen, like our own, leading a painful life in poverty and contempt, without wit or courage or education. But men had quite different notions of these things for the first 4,000 years of the world. Health and strength were then in more esteem than the refinements of pleasure, and it was accounted much more honorable to till the ground or keep a flock of sheep, than to dissolve in wantonness and effeminate sloth.—Fity it is so no longer!

Curing Clover Hay.—The Chairman made a few observations on this subject, the substance of which was that straw was employed, at the rate of six inches clover to an inch of the straw, arranged in layers. He put in his whole crop in this way. When he came to feed it out, the result was found fully equal to that formerly salted. The cattle ate it greedily, not distinguishing the straw from the clover, that being thoroughly flavored by their juxtaposition in growing. Rye and wheat straw are both used—he liked the rye best; but there are some who would contradict this statement, preferring the wheat. He believed rye-straw the best for the use of cattle.

Mr. MEIGS observed the Hay crop of the United States is worth three times as much as our Cotton. Hence, the most minute arrangement to save hay to the farmer is of vast importance—even that of 1 per cent. is worth consideration: our Hay crop amounts in value to about a hundred millions of dollars per annum.

Mr. SAMUEL ALLEN transmitted from Morristown, N. J. an account of his procedure with a field of clover. He mows only when the grass is perfectly free from moisture, either dew or previous rains: the hay is put into cocks of a conical form, before the dew begins to fall, on the same afternoon that it is cut. He intended, by way of experiment, to cover a few of these cocks with cotton cloth, painted on one side, a yard square, with a small hole worked in the center, through which to run an iron rod three-eighths of an inch thick, sharp-pointed, with a flat head the size of a dollar riveted on the top, and two feet long; these he should let stand several days perhaps a week, or until it has undergone a thorough heating and become cool again. He is then to open and expose it to the air and sun for a few hours, after which it is hauled into the barn.

Clover-hay has been greatly undervalued, owing to the bad management of the crop. Mr. Allen thought it a proper subject for frequent discussions, and trusted it would be taken up by the Club at a future meeting.

Report on Safford's Corn-Dryer.—Mr. Sickles presented a long Report from the Committee to whom this subject was referred. The Committee remarked the subject was of great, if not indefinite extent. The Report was adopted, and the Institute approves of the Dryer.

Plowing-Match at White Plains.—Dr. Underhill transmitted an invitation from the Westchester Agricultural Society, to the Institute, to hold the Annual Plowing-Match there—a pull between Westchester and New-York.

Other business of an unimportant nature was disposed of, when the Club adjourned. Next subjects, *Salt Muck, Hay Crop* and *Turnip Planting*.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Mason Eastman of Sauquoit, N. Y. met with his death a few days ago from the kick of a runaway horse which he was pursuing.

CITY ITEMS.

WEDNESDAY, June 21.

☞ TO ALL LOVERS OF CHILDREN, or to as many of this large and happy class as are able to do so, it is proposed to join in a Fête, on the Fourth of July, to be given to the Children on Randall's Island, (under the care of the City Authorities.) Possessors of greenhouses and gardens, professional and private, are respectfully requested to send bouquets and flowers (to be arranged by a Committee for that purpose) to the Office of the Prison Association, 13 Centre-st. or to 42 East Fifteenth-st. Contributions from Confectioners and Bakers, and private donations of cake and other suitable articles of refection, will be gratefully received at the same places of deposit, marked with the donors' names.

Arbors will be constructed, embowered tables spread, and pains taken to make the Fête attractive and beautiful. A certain number of the Children are to be selected to sell Flowers, &c. to the visiters, and the profits are to be appropriated to the enlargement of the Juvenile Library of the Island.

The primary object is to make the day happy and profitable to the Children—to give them a Feast of Flowers and Cakes, to them rare luxuries—and to inspirit the scene with Music and Speeches, making in some sort an inauguration of these young people (for the most part foreigners) into their citizenship.

An enterprise similar to the one now proposed was undertaken two years since, but owing to its novelty and a rainy day, was in part abortive. The success was sufficient to warrant its repetition, and that success was owing to the zeal of a few persons and the very generous contributions of Messrs. Daniel Higgins, G. G. Howland, R. S. Tucker, Silas Hicks, William Prime, Walter Bowne, Jr. through the kindness of E. E. Mitchell, Esq. Flushing; Chas. F. Barnard, Warren-st. Chapel, Boston; A. Mott, of Albany; Phelps Ann Comstock and Wm. P. Gibbons, Poughkeepsie; Joseph Beal, of White Plains; H. C. Hoag, of New-Rochelle, Long Island Horticultural Society; Hogg, Bridgman, Reed, Dunlap & Thompson, James B. Wolfe, New-York; Thompson & Weller, Henry V. Shaddle, Wm. B. Hatchett, Paul S. Brown, Mrs. Sneckner, J. I. W. Howes, R. L. & A. Stuart. Books from Sunday School Teachers of Universalist Church; do. from P. Price and G. L. Demarest, through the kindness of George E. Baker, Esq. Toys, flowers, cakes and money from individuals whose names we regret are unknown to us.

Among the Excursions of the day, it is believed that none will be pleasanter than this to Randall's Island.—It is at a convenient distance. The natural beauty of the Island is a sufficient rural attraction; but above all, is the opportunity it affords of making our citizens acquainted with the recent provisions-wise, generous, and intelligent—made by our City for its juvenile dependants. Advertisements of the different modes of conveyance will appear in due time.

☞ THOMAS SNOWDEN, Esq. who for many years past had had the superintendence of the printing department of the *Courier and Enquirer*, died on Tuesday morning, after a short illness, aged about 58 years. He was an upright and estimable man, and has been for many years connected with the daily press of this city.

THE HERMANN.—This steamer sailed yesterday with 62 passengers. She takes out $275,000 in specie. The Acadia sails to-day for Liverpool.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.—We find the following in the *Deutsches Schnellpost*:

"At the last rising of the people in Weimar, the benevolent Grand Duke walks backward and forward in his castle, asking: "What do all these want, then? I have not asked them to come here." When it was hinted that they desired work, he answered: "Work! good Heaven, work! *I have nothing to do myself!*"

—"The Constitutionalists say: the people are not yet ripe for a Republic. A cunning peasant in Baden lately answered: "They certainly must be ripe, for they are already *falling off!*"

To the Editor of The Tribune:

At the last session of our Legislature, a law was passed, granting the formation of a Savings Institution, for the benefit of Merchants' Clerks, (a long neglected part of the community,) since which time, the originators have kept an almost perfect silence. As this is a season when many of that portion are led into extravagant and useless expenditures, would it not be well for those having their interests in view, to get the same in speedy operation, and perhaps thereby save from ruin. Should you have any information on the subject, will you devote a part of your columns by giving the desired information publicity, and oblige yours, a friend and constant reader, HUMANITAS.

New-York, June 20, 1848.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

I ask again where are the dog-killers, that our lives should be endangered while passing the street.—This morning a gentleman passing up the crowded thoroughfare of Wall-st. where hundreds are passing every moment, was attacked by a rabid dog, and barely escaped being bit. He succeeded, however, with the help of another, in dispatching him, after holding him some time under a basket at his peril. We would be happy indeed to see the effects of those men whose business it is to keep the streets clear of this danger, of which the mere thoughts makes one shudder; still the thing goes unheeded. WITNESS.

FOUND DROWNED.—Yesterday afternoon the body of an unknown man was found floating in the dock at the foot of Dey-st. An inquest will be held on the body to-day.

DEATH FROM AMPUTATION.—Yesterday a boy about 15 years of age was severely injured by having his leg jammed between the side of the steamboat Norwich and the wall of the dock. He was taken to the City Hospital, when it was found necessary to amputate the limb, but he died in a short time afterward.

POLICE.—A woman named Sarah Livingston was taken into custody yesterday, on a charge of disorderly conduct, and also for threatening to set fire to the premises. Committed.....Last night the shoe store of John McLaughlin, No. 45 Broome-st. was broken open by some daring thieves, and a clock, and a quantity of ladies shoes stolen therefrom.....On last Monday afternoon, the tool store at rear of buildings Nos. 101 and 103, Tenth-st. were entered while the workman were away, and a great quantity of tools were stolen therefrom.... Yesterday, a boy named George Young, was arrested on a charge of being concerned with a gang of juvenile pilferers, in stealing $12 from a money drawer. It appears that this gang are in the habit of loafing around the Eleventh Ward for the purpose of stealing every thing that they can lay their hands on. The officers are in search of the remainder of the company.

BROOKLYN AFFAIRS.

WHIG RATIFICATION MEETING.—The Whigs of Kings County held a meeting yesterday evening at the City Hotel, to respond to the nomination of the Whig Convention. GEO. WOOD, Esq. was chosen President, and made a brief address in support of the Whig candidates on taking the chair.

Mr. J. C. Smith, Chairman of the Whig General Committee, read to the meeting the report of Judge Metcalf, delegate from the Congressional District. Gov. Jones of Tennessee, then came forward and made a speech of some length, which was warmly applauded. The meeting having adjourned to the outside of the hall, Gen. Leslie Coombs made an address, after which resolutions in favor of the Whig candidates were adopted, with some dissenting voices, and the meeting adjourned.

IRISH MEETING.—A very large and enthusiastic meeting of the Friends of Ireland was held last night at Fort Greene, for the purpose of adopting an address to Mrs. Mitchel, and taking measures for assisting Ireland. A great number of ladies were present.

PATRICK FARRELL, Esq. was appointed Chairman, and the meeting was opened by the reading of an address to the wife of Mitchel. Mr. Bergen proposed its adoption, which was accepted, with loud and long continued cheers. The following resolutions were then proposed by Mr. THOS. MOONEY:

Resolved, That the real wants of Ireland at this moment are, a want of republican spirit, and a want of military science.

Resolved, That the object of the Irish Republican Union is, to supply her with republican spirit and military science, in the persons of a few thousand Americanized Irishmen, who are now ready and willing to embark in her battle, with the necessary qualifications, namely—the spirit of the republican and the skill of the experienced soldier.

Resolved, That we call upon all those who agree in these principles, to rally now at once, to enable the Committee, by funds, to send home the men who are now ready to start.

Resolved, That two of the "fair daughters of Columbia" be selected by this Committee, to proceed to Dublin, to present the address to Mrs. Mitchel.

After addresses by M. T. O'CONNOR and R. T. RYAN, a collection was taken up, which was contributed to most boastifully, especially by the ladies. The meeting afterward adjourned amid great excitement and enthusiasm.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. TAYLOR.—Wm. H. Graham has just sent us the finest engraving of Gen. Taylor which has yet appeared. It is a splendid mezzotint by Sartain, taken from a daguerreotype portrait of the old hero, who is represented as leaning against his valiant "Whitey," while the smoke and confusion of battle fill up the back-ground. The face is bold, benevolent and marked with dignity and intelligence. The picture, which is in Sartain's best style, appears in good season, and would be sure to have a great sale, even were it less valuable as a work of art.

THE BATH POSTBOY.

[The Original of Fielding's Squire Allworthy.]

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

It was in the early part of the last century, when the mail was transmitted from the principal towns of England in charge of a mounted postman, with holster-pistols and saddle-bags, and carried from the smaller ones by poor boys, who received a halfpenny a mile for serving the Post Office in all weathers, that the Postmaster of Bath informed all whom it might concern, by a printed bill in the window, that a smart active lad of fifteen or thereby was required to carry the mail between that town and Marlborough, at the above-mentioned rate of wages.

The road was long and rough; and three days had already passed, during which the mail was carried by the Postmaster's own good boy, and man-of-all-work, much to his discomfort, and the manifest dissatisfaction of the good people of Marlborough, to whom their letters came several hours too late; but no candidate for the situation had yet presented himself. At length, on the fourth morning, which was that of a sultry July day, a thin, muscular, intelligent-looking boy, dressed in the habiliments of earlier years, which he had evidently outgrown, made his appearance, cap in hand, before Mr. Burton the senior clerk, and inquired, "Sir, if you please, would I be old enough to carry the Marlborough bag? I'm only fourteen yet, but I'll always be growing older and wiser I hope."

"And may be worse!" muttered the clerk, who happened to be out of temper that morning. "But step in here," he continued, pointing to another room, "and Mr. Leatheam will see what you're fit for."

Mr. Leatheam was a quiet elderly gentleman, who had kept the Post Office for several years in the rich and gay City of Bath, which was, at the period of our story, the resort of all the fashionables of Britain, especially in the Summer season, resembling, in that respect, what Brighton has since become. He spoke to the boy more civilly than his clerk had done; said he considered him tall enough for the business; and then he inquired what was his name, where his parents lived, and if he knew any respectable person who would give him a character for honesty and sobriety, as without such a certificate the Post Office could not employ him? The boy answered that his name was Ralph Allen; that his father had been a poor tradesman, but he was dead, and his mother supported herself by taking in washing; and "I wasn't brought up here, sir; but my mother came in hopes of getting fine work from the gentry; and here's a certificate from a kind gentleman, the vicar of our parish: I used to run errands for him, and he said it might be useful to me."

"This is to certify that Ralph Allen is a sensible, honest, industrious boy, and I hope will continue to be so. WILLIAM WARBURTON."

said the Postmaster, reading loud. "Well, that's a good certificate, though the writer is unknown to me; but we will let it pass for this time, and take you on trial."

After several exhortations to be careful of the mail, and walk fast, that he might arrive in time, Ralph Allen was duly equipped with a leathern bag, suspended by a strap over his shoulder, containing all the letters and newspapers in those days transmitted to Marlborough, and sent forth to earn the halfpenny per mile.

Day after day he performed that appointed journey, through sun and shower, going and coming to the entire satisfaction of the Postmasters of Bath and Marlborough. Roads were not then so convenient for travelers, nor time so precious with the public, as at present; but Ralph was never known to loiter by the way, nor arrive an hour too late, which could seldom be said of other postboys. Travelers between the towns soon began to know him on the road, and remarked from stage-coach, wagon, or saddle—the only modes of conveyance in those days—that his conduct was always careful and steady; and people who did not travel trusted him with small messages in consequence of their reports. If a lady wanted a fashionable cap from Bath, or a notable housekeeper some trifle which could be bought cheaper in Marlborough, Ralph Allen was known to be a sober and less exorbitant carrier than either the coachman or wagoner, and he was preferred accordingly. This was a source of additional gain, which increased every day, till the boy generally reached his destination in either town laden with parcels of all sorts and sizes, for the carriage of which he received from twopence to a farthing, as the case might be, or the liberality of his employers dictated. How the short time allowed between the close of his daily duty and his nightly rest was usually spent in his mother's poor but clean garret, nobody could tell; till Mr. Leatheam, who had by this time a very high opinion of his postboy for general good conduct and correctness in his station, inquired one morning, while Ralph was waiting for the mail, what book was that protruding from his pocket?

"It's the 'Universal Spelling Book,' sir," said Ralph, reddening as he pulled out the well-worn volume. "I try to learn at home in the little time I have, and can now nearly read."

"That's well, my boy," said Mr. Leatheam: "I wish the rest of our boys would spend their leisure time so."

"And, sir, continued Ralph, now encouraged to speak out, "I'm trying to write, too, and have got the master of the Blue Coat School to give me a lesson sometimes for doing his messages, sir."

"You'll be a clerk yet, Ralph," said the Postmaster laughing. "But it is a good endeavor, and I hope you'll succeed; but mind be careful of the mail."

His employer's words turned out true, though spoken half in jest. Ralph continued to earn, by every honest though small way within his reach; his earnings were saved to purchase an old book, when he could not borrow it, or supply himself pens, ink, and paper, by which he at once amused and improved his few leisure hours in reading, or even spelling, to his mother, when her day's toil was also done, and practicing the chance lessons he could obtain from the schoolmaster. Reading was at that period a rare thing in his class, and cheap books of instruction were equally so; but from the Spelling Book, Ralph Allen advanced to the Dictionary and Grammar; from "strokes," to writing a good fair hand. His savings also increased by slow degrees, for both he and his mother were prudent; and Ralph only wished for the time when he might aspire to some better situation and be enabled to add to her rest and comfort. Five years had thus passed away; Ralph Allen had grown almost a man, when all the message senders of Bath, among whom he was well known, rejoiced, even amid their regrets that they must look out for another *carrier*, to hear that Ralph Allen had been promoted, through the kindness of Mr. Leatheam, to a clerkship in the Bath Post Office, and was actually seen in a new suit of clothes performing his new duties at the Post Office window. After this his mother washed nothing but lace and cambric, and Ralph was as steady and obliging in the Post Office as he had been with the mail on his back. His salary was comparatively small, but his prudence was great, and in another year or two, people discovered that Ralph had something in the bank. His habits of reading and thought also gave him an ability to invent needful improvements in the Post Office, which was then very imperfectly managed.—These were modestly proposed; and as their necessity was seen, they soon obtained the sanction of the superior authorities, and raised the young clerk, not only in their estimation, but in office also, as in three years after his entrance he succeeded the senior clerk, Mr. Burton, by whom his application for the carriage of the Marlborough bag had been so ungraciously received, and who now retired to a small property he had purchased in the country. Two years more, and Ralph himself began to think of purchasing property also.—There was a large sterile farm called Coome Down in the neighborhood of the city, which the last three tenants had successively left in disgust and weariness, declaring that their labor and money were both lost on such an unprofitable spot, and the landlord offered it for sheep-grazing on the very lowest terms. Great was the astonishment of all who knew him, when Ralph Allen became the purchaser of these poor and barren acres. Some said the young man's brains were turned with the books he read, and even his mother shook her head, and hoped it would turn out for the best; but Ralph gave up his situation at the Post Office, collected round him workmen and tools, and commenced, not without creating much wonder and many surmises, to break up the ground in all directions, as if in search of a mine.

"Neighbor, do you expect to find a pot of gold in that farm?" said an old farmer to him over the fence one morning, where he and his men were delving at a rocky spot that never could be cultivated.

"No," said Ralph; "but I expected, and, thank Providence, I have found, a good stone quarry, which will repay me, and be useful to you good town;" and he pointed to the spires of Bath.

"My stars!" cried the farmer, "he's not mad after all!" And so thought all Ralph's neighbors, when buyers came and workmen thronged to the new quarry; and scarcely a gentleman's house or public building of any description could be commenced in Bath without a supply of stone from Mr. Allen, as the Bath postboy was now deservedly called.

Mr. Allen had long given up washing, and gone to reside in a neat cottage which her son built out of the first produce of his quarry; and many of her former employers saluted the good woman as she passed to St. Mary's church in her black sarsanet sac, high-heeled shoes, and velvet hood, like a respectable old lady of the period. About this time the works of the great Dr. Warburton were attracting public attention, and much talked of in the best society of Bath. Ralph Allen brought the latest published volume home one day, and found his mother seated in the small parlor with his old friend Mr. Leatheam, who was about to retire from public business, and had called to see him. "What books you do buy, Ralph!" said the old woman, who had always a suspicion of her son's extravagance on this point; and she pointed to a large bookcase, where Dryden, Tillotson, and all the best authors of the preceding age might be seen in their works, closely ranged together. "It was only last week," continued the good dame, "that you brought home that book about Fame, written by one Mr. Pope."

"And don't you know, mother, who is the writer of this volume?" said Ralph. "Don't you remember Mr. Warburton, the parson of our own Greasley, in Nottinghamshire, who gave me the certificate which I presented to you, Mr. Leatheam, ten years ago, when I wished to be postboy to Marlborough?"

This was true; the vicar of Greasley became the celebrated Dr. Warburton, afterward Bishop of Gloucester; and it was said Mr. Leatheam's family kept that certificate like a sort of relic.

"Ralph Allen's making his fortune," was the usual remark of everybody about Bath when the quarry was mentioned; and it had now grown an important matter, as the whole property of Coome Down, which so many farmers had called a dead loss, was found to be one vast bed of the best building stone.

Ralph was making money fast, and his deposits in the Bank increased every year; but his aims did not end there—the experience of his former situation in the Post Office was at length employed to some purpose. Sundry useful arrangements and inventions had long ago made his name and abilities known to the authorities of that Department. At the period of our story, the Post Office is almost every County was farmed by some wealthy or enterprising person, who took its whole revenue and expenses in his own hands, paying to the Government a certain sum annually, according to his contract. Ralph, who had acquired a considerable acquaintance with all the details of the business, and had, beside, the good opinion of the most influential functionaries, proposed to vest the small fortune already gained by the Coome Down quarry in a Post Office contract for all England, and his proposal was accepted. From this period the career of Ralph Allen was one of wonder-exciting prosperity. Under his administration, the Post Office revenue, even in that age of comparatively little letter-writing, was almost doubled in a few years, owing to the better arrangements introduced by him in the transmission of mails, and various postage regulations, which have made his name celebrated as one of the few who have conferred benefits of a lasting kind on their native country. But Ralph Allen was destined to become, if possible, still more honorably known to fame. From his earliest youth he had cultivated his mind, as well as improved his fortune; as without the former endeavor, the latter would have been but half success, though wealth had been gathered like the sand. His Post Office contract in a short time realized such an income as made the proprietor one of the richest men in the neighborhood of Bath.

Mrs. Allen had lived to see her son's prudent conduct and perseverance rewarded to an extent of which she had never dreamed; and the good dame closed her days in peace and comfort in the pleasant cottage at Coome Down, having nothing to regret, and no annoyance, but a shadowy fear, which at times slightly agitated the calm current of her latter-day thoughts, that Ralph was buying too many books. But having gained the summit of his early ambition—a well and honorably won fortune—he determined to enjoy it agreeably to his refined taste, in the munificent encouragement of arts and literature. He had acquired general respect as well as riches; and as his fortune raised him gradually in the scale of society, had won the esteem, and formed the acquaintance of men celebrated for their talents, and still famous through their works. Pope, Fielding, Swift, and Goldsmith were among the number of his friends; and the titled and fashionable paid a natural tribute to merit and success, by including Mr. Allen in their most select society.

The country round Bath is one of the finest districts in England, being diversified with beautiful wood-crowned hills and broad green meadows. One property, in particular, popularly called Prior Park, had long attracted Ralph Allen's eye from the barren slopes of Coome Down, and there, he often said, he should wish, if fortune permitted him, to build a mansion worthy of the scene. This project was at last put in execution. The possessor of the estate ruined his affairs by carelessness and extravagance in London; it was, in consequence, offered for sale, and Ralph Allen, Esq. became the purchaser of Prior Park. Here, on the slope of one of those wood covered hills which he had often admired, a splendid mansion was erected under his own superintendence, whose beautiful Corinthian portico and tasteful decorations were the theme of praise among all the lovers of art; the former especially being still regarded as unrivalled in English architecture. Here Ralph retired about middle life, leaving the field of active industry to younger and more needy aspirants; here, also, he gathered round him the most polished society of that fashionable neighborhood, and many of the authors the purchase of whose works had once astonished his mother.* Mr. Allen is well known to all conversant with the literature of those times, as its judicious and munificent patron, and, in particular, as the attached friend of the somewhat irritable poet, Alexander Pope, and the philosophic Bishop Warburton.

The facts of his story, though not so generally known, belong to real life, and are verified by his contemporaries. Prior Park has now become a Catholic College; but its romantic situation and fine Corinthian columns are still reckoned among the attractions of the district; and they offer a lesson of how much may be achieved by well-directed energy and persevering prudence.

* Prior Park looks down a beautiful valley, with the City of Bath reposing on the lower ground and rising slopes. On the right hand slope, (in Bathwick, if we remember rightly,) stands a very handsome house of the style of the seventeenth century, with tall rails and gate enclosing the front garden, and looking toward the noble mansion of Prior Park. Enjoying the scenery there one day with a clerical friend, he informed us that in that house Fielding wrote his celebrated novel, "Tom Jones," and that the character of "Squire Allworthy" was no other than his friend Mr. Allen. [Eds. Liverpool Mercury.

[Prior Park was the residence, thirty years ago, of John Thomas, a wealthy, public-spirited Quaker. *Ed. Trib.*]

SOUND.—On Saturday evening last, the sound of the wheels and engine of the steamer Vanderbilt were heard distinctly at Stonington, Conn. when the boat was ten miles west of Saybrook, or forty miles distant. The sound continued distinct until the boat reached New-London, when two gentlemen on the wharf at Stonington counted the revolutions of her engine with perfect accuracy. The distance at this time was more than ten miles. This is an interesting fact in the transmission of sound. The air of course was damp, and the wind very light, and westerly. [Jour. of Com.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—We regret to learn that George Chalmers, Esq. late M. P. for the County of East Halton, committed suicide yesterday morning, by blowing out his brains with a pistol. We understand that the unfortunate gentleman has been in a desponding state of mind for some time past. [Toronto Globe, 14th.

MIDDLEBROOK'S BODY FOUND.—Yesterday afternoon the body of young Middlebrook, who jumped the Genesee Falls on Thursday last, was discovered near the spot where he struck, by some persons bathing. It was horribly mutilated and presented a most revolting sight. [Rochester Courier, 19.

FRESHET IN THE WABASH.—The last Logansport Telegraph brings an account of a great freshet in the Wabash and Eel rivers, and the destruction of large quantities of timber. Eel river was higher than it had ever been known to be before. The saw-mills at Logansport lost about 2,000 logs.

MURDER.—Barney Slaven murdered his wife Catharine, at Niles, Mich. on the 4th inst. by beating her with a shovel. Slaven was an intemperate man. He was committed to await his trial.

GENERAL NOTICES.

☞ **Phrenologists and Publishers,** FOWLERS & WELLS, Clinton Hall, 131 Nassau-st. N. Y.

☞ **New-York Water-Cure Establishment, F. D. Peirson, M.D. Proprietor.**—This establishment is up town in one of the most pleasant and healthy parts of the city, containing some sixty rooms, with several private parlors. A good table for invalids, or others, who wish a good plain diet. Also, a fine arrangement for bathing, 19 and 20 East Fourteenth-st. near Union-square, New-York. je6 1m*

☞ **Water-Cure Establishment,** Oyster Bay, L. I. 25 miles from New-York.—JOEL SHEW, M.D. author of The Water-Cure Manual, Hand-Book of Hydropathy, &c. &c. Editor of the Water-Cure Journal, and the earliest American practitioner of the new mode, and Dr. P. Roof, also a pupil of Priessnitz, receive patients as above. Passage week days, per steamboat Croton 3½ P. M. Fulton Market. je8 tf

Important from Hayti.

By the arrival of the brig George Otis at Boston from Cape Haytien, 8th inst. the Boston *Traveller* has an important letter from Aux Cayes. This letter, says the *Traveller*, is of the highest authority, and its statements may be relied upon. It states that the French Consul at Aux Cayes, who is not protected by the presence of a man-of-war, was beaten and maltreated in the streets by a rabble of blacks. The blacks soon saw that this act would be viewed as a national insult by the French Government, and were trembling for the result. The letter farther states that there is no doubt that Soloupue and his chiefs had promised the army, if they fought bravely and put down the insurrection, the plunder of the city—as well of the wealthy blacks as of the mulattoes.

At this important moment, the U. S. sloop-of-war Saratoga arrived at Aux Cayes, and overawed the President from giving the order for pillage, as promised.—The army, however, less careful of consequences, were in a high state of insubordination at being thus deprived of their booty when almost within their grasp, and the opinion was expressed that they would return to Port-au-Prince without Soloupue. The President has set in motion a bill which he cannot control, and foreign intervention can only save the Island from anarchy. In the mean time, the American interest there loudly demands the protection of our Government. It is a critical moment for a large and increasing American trade, and several men-of-war ought forthwith to be dispatched to the different parts of the Island.

The Island was glutted with foreign products, and trade was exceedingly dull.

LATER FROM MARTINIQUE.—We learn from Capt. Clark of the bark Clarissa, arrived on Tuesday from Ponce, P. R. that a French Government schooner had arrived with some 30 passengers from Martinique. A report had been received at Ponce when the C. left, that the white inhabitants had assembled and drove the blacks out of the city.

The Governor of Porto Rico had issued a proclamation on receiving the news from Martinique, to the Slaves not to follow the bloody insurrection, or they would be punished without mercy. [Jour. of Com.

GENERAL NOTICES.

☞ **The Boehm Flute.**—A. G. BADGER, 181 Broadway, has constantly on hand a complete assortment of Boehm Flutes of his own manufacture, and particular pains will be taken with Flutes made to order, and in all cases warranted to give satisfaction, and in addition can be found Philip Ernst's much admired music for the Flute, published in numbers at 25 each, and his Quadrilles for Flute and Guitar; also books of instruction by Clinton, Nicholson and others, table music stands, &c. je6 tf

☞ **Directions for Pilots.**—Vessels subject to Visitation by the Health Officer: every vessel from a foreign port having Passengers, and every vessel having had, during her passage, any case of Small Pox, or infectious or contagious disease—arriving at any time;

All vessels from any port, in the ordinary passage from which they must pass South of Cape Henlopen—arriving between the 31st day of May and the 16th day of October;

And all vessels from any place including Islands in Africa, Asia or America, or from any of the West India, Bahama, Bermuda, or Western Islands, or from any place in America, in the ordinary passage from which they pass South of Georgia—arriving between the 1st day of April and the 1st day of November.

je1 1m A. B. WHITING, Health Officer.

☞ **The Agent for the Newspapers** of the cities and principal towns of all the States of the Union, V. B. PALMER, may be consulted at his office in the Tribune Buildings, where he papers may be seen, and all requisite information obtained gratuitously, enabling advertisers to acquire a competent understanding of the subject, and to adopt a safe, judicious and thorough system of advertising, in such sections and in such papers as are best suited to their respective pursuits. He respectfully invites the calls of those who may think proper to avail themselves of his services and the facilities which his experience and extensive agency afford for a prompt and efficient application of the power of the Press to business enterprise. je17 1w

☞ **The Jenny Lind Hair Gloss.**—Perhaps there never was an article which gave such universal satisfaction and delight as the Jenny Lind Hair Gloss. Everybody who use it speak of it in terms of the strongest commendation, and the voluntary expressions of admiration it receives is only equalled by those bestowed upon Jenny Lind herself. Beware of any that has not the copyright on the wrapper, &c. The genuine can only be had at Lockwood's, 411 Broadway, S. Raynor, 76 Bowery (first Agents.) Also at 192, 491, 727 Broadway, and corner Broadway and Fourteenth-st.; 265 Bowery; 146 Avenue D; 72 Houston; 120 Hudson; 19 Eighth-avenue; cor. Bleecker and Charles; 179 Greenwich; 189 Sixth-avenue; and at the Principal Office, 138 Nassau-st.

Brooklyn—Mrs. Hayes, 139 Fulton-st; A. M. Wilder, 191 Fulton; G. D. Ayres, cor. Atlantic and Henry. je15 eod1f

☞ **Round-Hill Water-Cure Retreat.**—This Institution is located in one of the most beautiful recesses of New-England, and on a