as these, the heart has no tears to give—it drops only blood, bleeding itself away in silence. She took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote, hastily.

"O, Missis! dear Missis! don't think me ungrateful,—don't think hard of me anyway.—I heard all you and master said to-night. I am going to try to save my boy—you will not blame me! God bless and reward you for all your kindness!"

Hastily folding and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied with a handkerchief firmly round her waist; and, so fond is a mother's remembrance, that, even in the terrors of that hour, she did not forget to put in the little package one or two of his favorite toys, reserving a gayly painted parrot to amuse him when she should be called on to awaken him. It was some trouble to rouse the little sleeper; but, after some effort, he sat up, and was playing with his bird, while his mother was putting on her bonnet and shawl.

"Where are you going, mother?" said he, as she drew near the bed, with his little coat and cap.

His mother drew near, and looked so earnestly into his eyes, that he at once divined that something unusual was the matter.

"Hush, Harry," she said; "mus n't speak loud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him 'way off in the dark; but mother won't let him—she's going to put on her little boy's cap and coat, and run off with him, so the ugly man can't catch him."

Saying these words, she had tied and buttoned on the child's simple outfit, and, taking him in her arms, she whispered to him to be very still; and, opening a door in her room which led into the outer verandah, she glided noiselessly out.

It was a sparkling, frosty, star-light night, and the mother wrapped the shawl close round her child, as, perfectly quiet with vague terror, he clung round her neck.

Old Bruno, a great Newfoundland, who slept at the end of the porch, rose, with a low growl, as she came near. She gently spoke his name, and the animal, an old pet and playmate of hers, instantly, wagging his tail, prepared to follow her, though apparently revolving much, in his simple dog's head, what such an indiscreet midnight promenade might mean. Some dim ideas of imprudence or impropriety in the measure seemed to embarrass him considerably; for he often stopped, as Eliza glided forward, and looked wistfully, first at her and then at the house, and then, as if reassured by the reflection, he pattered along after her again. A few minutes brought them to the window of Uncle Tom's cottage, and Eliza, stopping, tapped lightly on the window-pane.

The prayer-meeting at Uncle Tom's had, in the order of hymn-singing, been protracted to a very late hour; and, as Uncle Tom had indulged himself in a few lengthy solos afterward, the consequence was, that, although it was now between twelve and one o'clock, he and his worthy helpmate were not yet asleep.

"Good Lord! what's that?" said Aunt Chloe, starting up and hastily drawing the curtain. "My sakes alive, if it ain't Lizy! Get on your clothes, ole man, quick!—there's old Bruno, too, a pawin' round; what on airth! I'm gwine to open the door."

And, suiting the action to the word, the door flew open, and the light of the tallow candle, which Tom had hastily lighted, fell on the haggard face and dark, wild eyes of the fugitive.

"Lord bless you!—I'm skeered to look at ye, Lizy! Are ye tuck sick, or what's come over ye?"

"I'm running away—Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe—carrying off my child—Master sold him!"

"Sold him!" echoed both, lifting up their hands in dismay.

"Yes, sold him!" said Eliza, firmly; "I crept into the closet by Mistress's door to-night and I heard Master tell Missis that he had sold my Harry, and you, Uncle Tom, both, to a trader; and that he was going off this morning on his horse, and that the man was to take possession to-day."

Tom had stood, during this speech, with his hands raised, and his eyes dilated, like a man in a dream. Slowly and gradually, as its meaning came over him, he collapsed, rather than seated himself, on his old chair, and sunk his head down upon his knees.

"The good Lord have pity on us!" said Aunt Chloe. "O! it don't seem as if it was true! What has he done, that Mas'r should sell *him*?"

"He hasn't done anything—it isn't for that. Master don't want to sell; and Missis—she's always good. I heard her plead and beg for us; but he told her 'twas no use; that he was in this man's debt, and that this man had got the power over him; and that if he didn't pay him off clear, it would end in his having to sell the place and all the people, and move off. Yes, I heard him say there was no choice between selling these two and selling all, the man was driving him so hard. Master said he was sorry; but oh, Missis—you ought to have heard her talk! If she ain't a Christian and an angel, there never was one. I'm a wicked girl to leave her so; but, then, I can't help it. She said, herself, one soul was worth more than the world; and this boy has a soul, and if I let him be carried off, who knows what'll become of it? It must be right; but, if it isn't right, the Lord forgive me, for I can't help doing it."

"Well, old man!" said Aunt Chloe, "why don't you go, too? Will you wait to be toted down river, where they kill niggers with hard work and starving? I'd a heap rather die than go there, any day! There's time for ye—be off with Lizy—you've got a pass to ——; —— go any time. Come, bustle up, and I'll get your things together."

Tom slowly raised his head, and looked sorrowfully but quietly around, and said,

"No, no—I ain't going. Let Eliza go—it's her right. I wouldn't be the one to say no—it ain't in nature for her to stay; but you heard what she said! If I must be sold, or all the people on the place, and everything go to rack, why, let me be sold. I s'pose I can b'ar it as well as any on 'em," he added, while something like a sob and a sigh shook his broad, tough chest convulsively. "Mas'r always found me on the spot—he always will. I never have broke trust, nor used my pass no ways contrary to my word, and I never will. It's better for me alone to go, than to break up the place and sell all. Mas'r an't to blame, Chloe, and he'll take care of you and the poor—"

Here he turned to the rough trundle-bed full of little woolly heads, and broke fairly down. He leaned over the back of the chair, and covered his face with his large hands. Sobs, heavy, hoarse and loud, shook the chair, and great tears fell through his fingers on the floor: just such tears, Sir, as you dropped into the coffin where lay your first-born son; such tears, woman, as you shed when you heard the cries of your dying babe. For, Sir, he was a man,—and you are but another man. And, woman, though dressed in silks and jewels, you are but a woman, and, in life's great straits and mighty griefs, ye feel but one sorrow!

"And now," said Eliza, as she stood in the door, "I saw my husband only this afternoon, and I little knew then what was to come. They have pushed him to the very last standing-place, and he told me, to-day, that he was going to run away. Do try, if you can, to get word to him. Tell him how I went, and why I went; and tell him I'm going to try and find Canada. You must give my love to him, and tell him, if I never see him again,"—she turned away, and stood with her back to them for a moment, and then added, in a husky voice, "tell him to be as good as he can, and try and meet me in the kingdom of heaven."

"Call Bruno in there," she added. "Shut the door on him, poor beast! He mustn't go with me!"

A few last words and tears, a few simple adieus and blessings, and, clasping her wondering and affrighted child in her arms, she glided noiselessly away.

We need not say that these volumes are entitled to a wide perusal, both on account of their intelligence, and their humanity. The writer speaks not from rumor, but from observation. Her portraitures of slavery, though drawn in deep colors, betray no appearance of being overcharged. She appeals to the imagination through the medium of facts. Her book cannot fail to produce a strong and healthful effect on public opinion.

NICARAGUA: ITS PEOPLE, SCENERY, MONUMENTS, AND THE PROPOSED INTEROCEANIC CANAL. By E. G. SQUIER. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 424, 452. D. Appleton & Co.

The prevailing interest in every thing relating to Central America, as one of the mediums of transit between the Atlantic and Pacific, would attach no small importance to these volumes, even if their intrinsic character presented a less substantial claim to the attention of the public. In an able Introduction to the work, Mr. Squier presents a condensed but highly satisfactory view of the geography and topography of Central America, with ample details concerning the physical features of Nicaragua in particular. The subject of the proposed Interoceanic Canal is treated at length, with historical sketches of the various negotiations in respect to that enterprise, and some speculations as to the probable commercial and political results of its construction. An outline of the political history of Central America since its independence of Spain forms a valuable feature of the work, while its notices of the Aborigines of the country, present a fund of materials for Ethnological speculation. The principal portion of the work is devoted to a personal narrative of the residence of the author in Nicaragua, where in his official capacity as a Representative of the United States, he enjoyed a rare opportunity for becoming acquainted with the character of the people and the peculiar customs of the country.

Mr. Squier sailed for San Juan from New-York in the early part of May, 1849, and after a disagreeable voyage in a little brig for nearly thirty days, arrived at his destined port. After ventilating his diplomatic dignity on landing, he took up his quarters in a hut of rough boards, which it was satisfactory to find so new that the "colonies of scorpions, lizards, house-snakes, cock-roaches, and the other numerous, nameless, and nondescript vermin which flourished there had not had time to multiply to any considerable extent."

We have the following description of San Juan, as it was two years ago:

The town of San Juan consists (June, 1850) of fifty or sixty palm thatched houses, or rather huts, arranged with some degree of regularity, upon the south-western shore of the harbor. It is supported entirely by the trade carried on through it; and its inhabitants are dependent upon the supplies brought down from the interior, or furnished from trading vessels, for the means of subsistence. There are no cultivated lands in the vicinity, and excepting the narrow space occupied by the town, and a small number of acres on the island opposite, where a few cattle find pasturage, the primitive forest is unbroken by clearings of any description. The ground upon which the town is built is sandy, and although elevated but a few feet above the water, is, nevertheless, dry. The country all around it is low, and is a short distance back from the shore really marshy, interspersed with numerous lagoons. After penetrating a number of miles into the interior, however, higher land is found, with a soil adapted for every purpose of cultivation.

Although the climate of San Juan is warm and damp, it is exempt from the fevers and epidemics which prevail in most places similarly situated, upon the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea. I could not learn that any cases of the yellow fever, or *vomito*, have ever occurred here; and when the cholera, in 1837, (five years after the period of its ravages in the United States,) devastated the interior, and almost depopulated the ports to the northward and southward, San Juan entirely escaped its visitations. It may safely be said that there are few ports, if any, under the tropics of equal salubrity. The nature of the soil, the fact that the malaria of the coast is constantly swept back by the north-east trades, and that good water may be obtained in abundance, at a depth of a few feet below the surface, no doubt contribute to this result. It is, however, a singular circumstance, vouched for by the older residents of San Juan, that the island or opposite shore of the harbor, not more than half a mile distant, and which, from the greater depth of water immediately fronting it, and other circumstances, seems to be the best site for a town, is fatal to those who may attempt to occupy it. A settlement was commenced there a number of years ago, but the inhabitants were decimated within the first two months; after which the rest removed to the other shore. The same cause, it is said, led to the abandonment of the military works which the Spaniards had erected there before the revolt of the colonies. The cause of this difference is not apparent, but no doubt as to the fact seems to exist among the inhabitants. Foreigners at San Juan, however, by observing ordinary and proper precautions, need not, I am convinced, form exceptions to the general good health of the native inhabitants.

Starting on an exploring tour, which is described with a constant sparkle of vivacity, the diplomatist reaches the old City of Granada, where he was received with the honors due to his public functions:

At noon, agreeably to appointment, we were waited upon by the dignitaries of the city, and the commander of the garrison, together with a large number of the leading inhabitants. They all exhibited the same cordiality with the ruder portion of the population, and a degree of refinement and courtesy which would have done credit to more pretending capitals. We were a little startled by the somewhat exaggerated tone of compliment, both in respect to ourselves and our country, which ran through their conversation, and which seems characteristic of the Spanish people wherever found, in the Old World or the New. All concurred in representing the present unsettled state of public affairs as in a great measure due to foreign intervention and intrigue; and referred to the seizure of San Juan, and the English encroachments on their territories, in a tone of indignation and reproach commensurate with the indignity and outrage to which they had been subjected. They seemed to entertain the highest hopes from the opening of more intimate relations with the United States, but, unacquainted with the nature, constitutional powers, and the policy of our Government, these hopes were, as a matter of course, somewhat vague; yet it was not unnatural that, distracted within, and subjected to unscrupulous aggression from without, the United States should be looked to as a conciliator of intestine factions, as a friend and a protector. I was deeply impressed with the feeling which they manifested, and was convinced that if once treated with consideration, and taught to respect themselves as a nation, there was no reason why the States of the Isthmus should not take a respectable rank among the Republics of the Continent. The interview was highly interesting, and gave me more elevated views of the temper of the people of the country than I had gathered from what had been published concerning them—an impression which a further and more intimate acquaintance only tended to confirm.

Mr. Squier gives a lively description of

LIFE IN GRANADA.

An evening visit to the Señorita Teresa finished our first entire day in Granada. This young lady had been educated in the United States, spoke English very well, and was withal a proficient in music,—accomplishments which we never before learned to estimate at their true value. It was worth something to hear well executed passages from familiar operas, amidst tangible and not painted orange trees and palms, and in an atmosphere really loaded with tropical perfumes, instead of the odors of oil pots and gas-lights. Eight o'clock was the signal for general withdrawal from the streets, for then commenced the rigors of the military police, and the city became at once still and quiet. The occasional barking of a dog, the tinkling of a distant guitar, the soughing of the evening wind among the trees of the court-yard, the measured tread and graduated "alertas!" of the sentinels were the only interruptions to the almost sepulchral silence. While returning to our quarters, we were startled by the "Quien vive?" of the sentinel, uttered in a tone absolutely ferocious, and as these fellows rarely parleyed long, we answered with all expedition, "La Patria," which was followed on the instant by "Que gente?" "Americanos del Norte." This was enough; these, we found, were magic words, which opened every heart and every door in all Nicaragua. They never failed us. We felt proud to know that no such charm attached to "Ingleses," "Alemanes," or "Franceses."

The day following, in accordance with the "costumbres del pais," the customs of the country, we returned the visits of the preceding day, and began to see more of the domestic and social life of the citizens of Granada. We found the residences all comfortable, and many elegant, governed by mistresses simple, but graceful and confiding in their manners. They were frank in their conversation, and inquired with the utmost *naiveté* whether I was married or intended to be, and if the ladies of El Norte would probably visit Granada, when the "Vapores grandes," the great steamers, came to run to San Juan, and the "Vaporcitas," steamerets, to ply on the lake and river. They had heard of a Mr. Estevens, (their nearest approach to Stephens,) who had written a book about their "pobre pais," their poor country, and were anxious to know what he had said of them, and whether our people really regarded them as "esclavos y brutos sin verguenza," slaves and brutes without shame, as the abominable English (los malditos Ingleses) had represented them. They were also very anxious to know whether the party of Californians which had passed through were "gente comun," common people, or "caballeros," gentlemen; upon which point, however, we were diplomatically evasive, for there was more in the inquiry than we chose to notice. One lady had heard that I was a great antiquarian, and anticipatory to my visit, had got together a most incongruous collection of curiosities, from "vasos antiguos," fragments of pottery, and stone hatchets, down to an extraordinary pair of horn spectacles, and a preposterously distorted hog's hoof,—all of which she insisted on sending to my quarters, which she did, with some rare birds, and a plate of *dulces!* At every house we found a table spread with wines and sweetmeats, and bearing a little silver brazier filled with burning coals, for the greater convenience of lighting cigars. I excited much surprise by declining to smoke, on the ground that I had never done so; but the ladies insisted on my taking a "cigarito," which they said wouldn't injure a new-born babe, and paid me the compliment of lighting it with their own fair lips, after which it would have been rank treason to etiquette, and would have ruined my reputation for gallantry, had I refused. I at first endeavored to shirk the responsibility of smoking by thrusting it into my pocket, but found that as soon as one disappeared another was presented, so I was obliged "to face the music" in the end. In every sala we found a large hammock suspended from the walls which was invariably tendered to the visitor, even when there were easy chairs and sofas in the room. This is the seat of honor.

The women of pure spanish stock are very fair, and have the *embonpoint* which characterizes the sex under the tropics. Their dress, except in a few instances, where the stiff costume of our own country had been adopted, was exceedingly loose and flowing, leaving the neck and arms exposed. The entire dress was often pure white, but generally the *nagua*, was of some flowered stuff, in which case the *guipil* (anglice, vandyke) was white, heavily trimmed with lace. Satin slippers, a red or purple sash wound loosely round the waist, and a rosary sustaining a little golden cross, with a narrow golden band or a string of pearls extending around the forehead and binding the hair, which often fell in luxuriant waves upon their shoulders, completed a costume as novel as it was graceful and picturesque. To all this, add the superior attractions of an oval face, regular features, large and lustrous black eyes, smooth mouth, pearly white teeth, and tiny hands and feet, and withal a low but clear voice, and the reader has a picture of a Central American lady of pure stock. Very many of the women have, however, an infusion of other families and races, from the Saracen to the Indian and the Negro, in every degree of intermixture. And as tastes differ, so may opinions as to whether the tinge of brown through which the blood glows with a peach-like bloom, in the complexion of the girl who may trace her lineage to the caziques upon one side, and the haughty grandees of Andalusia and Seville on the other, superadded, as it usually is, to greater likeness of figure and animation of face,—whether this is not a more real beauty than that of the fair and more languid senora, whose white and almost transparent skin bespeaks a purer ancestry. Nor is the Indian girl, with her full, lithe figure, long, glossy hair, quick and mischievous eyes, who walks erect as a grenadier beneath her heavy water-jar, and salutes you in a musical, impudent voice as you pass—nor is the Indian girl to be over-looked in the novel contrasts which the "bello sexo" affords in this glorious land of the sun.

We called upon several French and Italian families resident in Granada, but found that a long period of naturalization had completely assimilated them to the natives of the country, with whom they had largely intermarried. But what surprised us most was, that in the best houses it was no uncommon thing to find a shop occupying the "esquina," or corner, or a room on one side of the court, in which few of the ladies thought it derogatory to their dignity or a violation of propriety, to preside on any necessary occasion. In fact, these shops were generally superintended by the wife of the proprietor, seated with her sewing in her lap, in an easy chair, behind the low counter. And even in entertaining her visitors in the grand sala, it was common for the lady to keep an eye to what was passing in the "tienda," through a convenient, open door. In the larger establishments, however, there exists all the paraphernalia of clerks and attendants which we find at home.

Equally graphic are the pictures of

THE METROPOLITAN SOCIETY OF LEON.

A few days in Leon sufficed to show me that, in the tone of its society, and the manners of its people, it had more of the metropolitan character than Granada. And although the proportion of its inhabitants who laid claim to what is called "position," was even here comparatively small, and not at all rigid in its adherence to the conventionalities of the larger cities of Mexico, South America, and our own country, yet, in the essential respects of hospitality, kindness and courtesy, I found it entitled to a position second to no other community. The women are far from being highly educated, but are simple and unaffected in their manners, and possessed of great quickness of apprehension, and a readiness in good-natured repartee, which compensates, to a certain extent, for their deficiency in general information.

The condition of the country for many years has been such as to afford few opportunities for the cultivation of those accomplishments which are indispensable accessories of refined society; and we are therefore, not justified in subjecting the people of Leon, or of any other city of Central America, to the test of our standards. I can conceive of nothing more painful, or more calculated to awaken the interest of the visitor from abroad, than the spectacle of a people, with really high aspirations and capabilities, born down by the force of opposing circumstances, conscious of its own condition, but almost despairing of improving it.

In dress the women of Leon have the same fashions with those of Granada, but the European styles are less common owing to the circumstance that there are fewer foreign residents to infect the popular taste. They have an equal fondness for the cigarito; and in the street are not less proud of displaying a little foot and a satin slipper. As everywhere else in the world they are very attentive in their devotions, but beyond their daily visit to the churches, rarely go out of doors, except it is in the early evening, when visits are paid informally. If chance brings together a sufficient number, a "*tertulia*," or dance, is often improvised. Set parties or balls are of rare occurrence, and are generally given only on public occasions, and then with great state and ceremony.

We were witnesses of a tertulia at our own house the second evening after our arrival. A dozen señoras casually found themselves together, a dance was proposed by the gallants loitering at the balconies, and the proposition meeting with favor, they at once dispersed to bring in recruits and the "musicos." In an hour the grand sala was filled. The females as they came in were all ranged on one side of the room and the males on the other. This looked rather stiff, and I began to fear that a *tertulia* was no great matter after all. Directly, however, a single couple took the floor; the music struck up, and as they moved down the room, the measure brought the lady first on one side, and then on the other. As she passed she alternately tapped a senor and senora on the shoulder with her fan, thus arbitrarily determining the partners, who were obliged at once to join in the dance. In this manner the whole party was brought to its feet, *nolens volens*,—and such I found was a frequent mode of opening the tertulia. After the first set is over, the ice once broken, and the excitement up, the gallants are permitted to exercise a choice. I thought the practice a good one, obviating a great deal of awkward diplomacy at the outset, and putting every one very speedily at their ease. As the evening progressed the party augmented, and before ten o'clock we had got together the *élite* of Leon. All joined heartily in the spirit of the affair, and when the bell of the cathedral tolled eleven, I think I never saw a more animated assemblage. The polka and the waltz, as also the bolero, and other well known Spanish dances, were all danced gracefully and with spirit; and besides these, after much persuasion, we had an Indian dance, a singular affair, slow and complicated, and which left upon my mind a distinct impression that it was religious in its origin. After the dancing, we had music, but beyond the national air, which was given with force and spirit, I cannot say much for the singing.

During the whole evening, the windows were festooned with urchins, and the doors blockaded by spectators, who when they were particularly pleased, applauded tumultuously, as if the whole affair had been got up for their special entertainment. The police would have driven them off, but I won an enduring popularity by interceding in their behalf, and they were consequently permitted to remain. Upon the occasions of the more formal balls subsequently given, soldiers were stationed at every entrance, and the crowd kept at a distance.

Among the lower classes, fandangoes and other characteristic dances are frequent, and are sufficiently uproarious and promiscuous. For obvious reasons, I never witnessed any of these in the city, although I stumbled upon them occasionally in the villages, during my excursions in the country.

The people of Nicaragua are generally scrupulously clean in their persons, except when traveling or ill, and then the touch of water is prohibited. But beyond the grand sala, and the appartments appropriated to visitors, their houses are frequently very far from being patterns of neatness. I have seen sleeping apartments, occupied by families of the first respectability, which certainly had not been swept for weeks, not to say months. Yet the beds in these rooms were clean and neat—the more so perhaps, from the contrast. These remarks are less applicable to Granada than Leon, for in the former city the example of the foreign residents has worked a partial reformation among the native housekeepers.

The volumes are profusely illustrated with original drawings, maps, antiquarian specimens, and views of natural scenery. Mr. Squier is a master of descriptive style. He is never dull. Beauty always fires his imaginatian. He has a wholesome sense of the ludicrous. He is as much on the alert for a good joke as for a ruined temple, and enjoys a piquant adventure with no less zest than the discovery of a hideous old monster of an idol. His work is, accordingly, marked by the buoyant freshness of its style as well by the abundance and variety of its information. It has every quality for an enduring hold on popular favor, and cannot fail to find its way to every well-selected private library.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC TEACHER. By E. WEBSTER. 24 mo., pp. 103. Fowler & Wells.

Phonography has now become a fixed fact. It has found a niche from which it cannot be forced. Whatever may be its effect on the system of spelling in printed books—a point on which it might be inconvenient to dogmatise,—as a method of short-hand writing, its claims are not to be set aside. A more philosophical, convenient and efficient process of stenography has not been invented. It is simple. A child learns it readily. Once retained, it is not easily forgotten. Its principles follow the order of nature, they have nothing arbitrary in their application, and hence are reduced to practice with great facility. For accuracy and dispatch in business transactions, it takes the precedence of every system of writing. The lawyer, the clergyman, the editor, the author, gain from it facilities of composition, that may well be compared to the aid given to locomotion by the steam engine. Speeches, discourses, articles for journals and magazines that require the labor of six hours on the common method, by this can be written in one. Had Sir Walter Scott been master of this beautiful process, he would have been saved from the annoyance of an amanuensis. It was remarked by Senator Benton, when presented with a verbatim report of one of his Congressional speeches taken by a little boy, "If this art had been known forty years ago, it would have saved me twenty years of hard labor." The use of phonography in the common business relations is obvious. It enables merchants to dictate letters to their clerks in a few minutes, which they could not write themselves in hours. An inventory of goods can be taken in this way as fast as the articles can be called off.—The present manual is a seasonable publication. It is intended to aid the learner of phonography in the work of self-instruction. With the rules and examples which it presents, there is no need of an oral teacher. Everything is made clear as sunshine. A few days study will make the pupil master of the principles of the science, and his facility in the art may be indefinitely increased by practice. The author of this work has had great experience as a teacher of the system. He knows the difficulties which stand in the way of the beginner. His series of exercises are adapted to insure rapid progress. Each rule is illustrated by an exercise in phonography, and a writing exercise in common type. The arrangement leads the pupil gradually forward, till he has traveled over the whole ground occupied by phonography, and at the close of the course, he cannot fail to have become well groundad in the elements of the English language.—This little volume is an admirable specimen of neat and accurate typography.

☞ "HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," by EMMA WILLARD. New Edition. (8vo. pp. 523. A. S. Barnes & Co.) This edition of Mrs. Willard's popular American history contains six new chapters, comprising the period from 1848, to 1850, dating from the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo to the passing of the Compromise measures in Congress. The ambitious authoress is not content with the restrictions of pure historical narrative, but favors her readers with frequent specimens of political speculation. She is especially profound on the subject of slavery, referring the agitation of that subject in this country to the influence of European despots who were plotting the division of the American Union. Her remarks on this point are ingenious, if nothing else, and the more so, as she brings not a shadow of proof in their support. Her views too of the present condition of the slaves have the merit of novelty, at least in the Northern States. She maintains that in a great part of the South, the blacks are in the enjoyment of such a high degree of independence, and possess so many privileges and comforts, that the term slave is a misnomer, and should be exchanged for the milder term of servant, unless indeed that euphonious epithet is already generally adopted. Delicious naivete! We are not surprised at her evident passion for speculative discussion. Here she can expatiate at random, without the awkward limitations of historical evidence. In mere description or narrative, Mrs. Willard is feeble. Her style is languid, destitute of facility and grace, and formal to the most painful degree of dullness. Under her drowsy pen, the stirring history of our native land loses its principal charms. She certainly has no talent for historical composition. If she is not philosophical, she is nothing.

☞ "HEROINES OF HISTORY." Edited by MARY E. HEWITT.—The plan of this work is excellent. It is intended to give a series of biographical sketches, describing the lives of women in different ages, who have been made illustrious by their heroism and their virtues. The manner in which it is carried out reflects honor on the taste and knowledge of the editress. She has availed herself of various sources of information, and selecting only the most significant incidents, has portrayed the characters of her heroines in a graceful and pleasing narrative. The lives of Joan of Arc, Isabella, and Maria Theresa appear to have been labored with the greatest care, while a deeper womanly sympathy is betrayed in the beautiful sketches of Laura, Beatrice Cenci, and Charlotte Corday. The least satisfactory chapter is that devoted to Josephine, which is altogether too slight and superficial to do justice to that Queen of fascinations. We presume it must have been curtailed to suit the limits of the volume. On the whole, we regard this production of a favorite writer as highly successful. It comes to us with modest claims, but more than sustains its pretensions. (12mo. pp 335. Cornish, Lamport & Co.)

☞ "IRELAND AS I SAW IT," by WILLIAM S. BALCH. This volume of travels in Ireland, by the author of the Lecture on "Romanism and Republicanism," lately reported in our columns, is entitled to the favorable attention of the public, on account of its forcible descriptions of Irish life, and its intelligent suggestions with regard to the prevailing evils in that country. Mr. Balch writes in an off-hand, conversational style,—he never forgets his native Yankee blood—and mingling freely with all classes of people, he has gathered up a mass of anecdote, incident, and description, which makes quite an attractive volume. (12mo. pp 432. H. Lyon.)

☞ "MAY MARTIN, and other TALES of the GREEN MOUNTAIN." A new and revised edition of these very agreeable stories has been issued by B. Mussey & Co. The leading tale in the volume, May Martin, has already attained a wide circulation, though often in a mutilated form. The author is familiar with the lights and shades of the Green Mountains, and writes under the influence of a strong local inspiration.

☞ "THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES," for April, among a great variety of original papers, records several experiments with chloroform, showing the advantages and dangers of that powerful anesthetic agent. (Sold by C. S. Francis & Co.)

☞ *The Steam Press*, an occasional paper issued by Baker, Godwin & Co., Tribune Buildings, is a curiosity among newspapers. It contains a pleasant melange of information, fun, &c., but it is chiefly remarkable as a specimen of the excellent Printing done by B. G. & Co., and of the enormous value of advertising to the man who would keep up with the age and put money in his purse.

List of Patents.

Issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending April 6, 1852.

[Carefully Prepared for The N. Y. Tribune.]

Albert Betteley, of Boston, Mass., for Improved Lock. Dated April 6, 1852.

Wm. C. Bronson, of Erwin, N. Y., for Improvements in Saw Mills. Dated April 6, 1852.

Julie T. Buel, of Whitehall, N. Y., for Improvements in Spinning Bait for Catching Fish. Dated April 6, 1852.

John W. Cochran, of Williamsburgh, N. Y., for Improvement in Stone Cutting Machines. Dated April 6, 1852.

Minard Thurston Cooper, of Ballston Springs, N. Y., for Apparatus for Closing Doors. Dated April 6, 1852.

Henry B. Latham, of Huntington, N. Y, for Improvement in Horse Collars. Dated April 6, 1852.

Nathan Matthews, of Pittsburgh, Pa., Assignor to Richard Edwards, David A. Morris and Nathan Matthews of same place, for Improved method of attaching Roses for Knobs to Doors, &c. Dated April 6, 1852.

Wm. B. Olds, of Meriden, Conn., for Improvement in Coat Forms. Dated April 6, 1852.

Ebenezer W. Phelps, of Newark, Ohio, for Improvement in Moth Traps to Bee Hives. Dated April 6, 1852.

Daniel Rait of New-York, N. Y., for Improvement in Buttons, Studs, &c. Dated April 6, 1852.

David Shaw, of Cheshire, Ohio, for Improvement in Smut Machines. Dated April 6, 1852.

J. D. B. Stillman, of New-York, N. Y., for Improved Harpoon. Dated April 6, 1852.

Mathew Stubbs, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for Improved mechanism for actuating an Adjustable Eccentric. Dated April 6, 1852.

John Thompson, of Chili, N. Y., for Improvement in Grain Separators. Dated April 6, 1852.

Saldis Thomson, of Harisville, Mass., for Improvement in Boot Jacks. Dated April 6, 1852.

Jesse Urmy, of Wilmington, Del., for Improvement in Seed Planters. Dated April 6, 1852.

John Valentine of New-York, N. Y., for Improvements in Rails and Car Wheels. Dated April 6, 1852.

RE ISSUE.

J. Augustus Roth, of Philadelphia, Pa., for Improvement in the construction of Furnaces for Smelting Iron Ore. Patented Oct. 31, 1839. Reissued April 6, 1852.

Alleged Spiritual Manifestations.

Spiritual Manifestations.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Your paper has always been an impartial advocate of whatever in reform be truly leading mankind to a more perfect condition, and I beg leave to add through its columns another item to corroborate the theory of Spiritual Communion. The majority of men cannot be convinced by the self-evidence of a principle, but must be overwhelmed with facts that cannot be set aside. Many honest skeptics try to explain the phenomena by psychological laws, and we don't know what future years may develop; but till I have seen a sound physiological or psychological reasoning, independent of sectarian superstition and prejudice, so long shall I feel happy in the conviction of spiritual existence and influence. The circumstances are as follows:

Deeply interested in the Spiritual phenomena, I have endeavored, since my arrival here in December last, to investigate the subject further, and consequently formed a circle of about eight members.—We met a number of times, but, from some unknown cause, without any success. Some time ago, we were told that several circles had been formed at Boonton, N. J., and that their exertions had been crowned with the most satisfactory results. Desirous of investigating for ourselves, we went there last Sunday—myself and three gentlemen of this town. The reports of their Manifestations which had come to our knowledge were then fully confirmed, and still more astonishing facts related by some of the most respectable and well-known residents of B. Their circle met politely at our request in the afternoon, and I counted fifteen persons present, including the medium, Mrs. E. After some preliminary directions from the Spirits how to sit, &c., the medium pointed to the door. Some one inquired if it should be opened, to which an affirmative response was given. I had, from the moment we sat down, some strange feelings of numbness, pricking, &c., in my fingers, but at the moment the door opened a singular influence stole over me, such as if cold air were diffused all through my body; my arm and limbs commenced moving about, and this increased although I exerted all my will-power to resist it. The cold changed into warm sensations, *and the movement of my body increased to such a frightful rapidity and power that would be altogether impossible for any man in a natural state*, so that everything had to be removed out of my reach. Let me here anticipate by remarking that this lasted *for over one hour and a half*, without causing the least fatigue or uneasiness.

But to return: All present were, like myself, highly astonished, and unable to account for it, until some one exclaimed, "Doctor! you are going through all the Water Cure processes." At this suggestion my motions increased still more. I was sitting, at this time, on a chair, which was prevented from upsetting by those around, and loud affirmative raps responded. Mr. E. remarked that some late friend of the Water-Cure must be present, which was rapped to, and at my request to let me know who it was that affected me so strangely, *the name of the immortal Priessnitz* was convulsively written down by the medium. By means of writing, a pitcher of water was then requested, which, fortunately for me, contained but a little of it. The medium, with convulsive motions, dashed it three times over my head, and at every time my hands were conveyed there and commenced such a rubbing that I was almost frightened. At the question why he manifested himself to me, Priessnitz answered, he felt attracted toward me. The medium then suddenly left the room, going all over the house in search of something. After some time she returned, holding in her hand a *Water-Cure Journal* of September, 1851, the existence of which in the house was entirely unknown to the inmates. After some convulsive motions, her finger was suddenly put down on some particular spot, and we read, "Brain fever." We asked what it meant, and the reply was, "You were sick with the fever, and I magnetized you." Then came some more highly interesting and convincing communications from him and other spirits to different members of the circle, but none of such a palpable nature. It was the more astonishing, as all had an idea that I was the last man that could be influenced, as I never had thought that day either of Water-Cure or of Priessnitz, but had expressed the earnest wish to communicate with an uncle of mine, who was murdered in a German dungeon as a political prisoner.

The above statements are facts that can be attested by many witnesses if required. Many will say, "Humbug! Collusion!" All right, but the thing is, that the exclamations of such all-wise individuals do not make it so, and every parrot can say the same. We feel the happier in our belief in spiritual existence, as this seems to us to be one of the most powerful agents to overcome superstition and ignorance and to hasten the approach of the *Moral Age*—that age when heaven will be on earth.

I remain, yours, Dr. W. F. REH.

Paterson, April, 1852.

☞ [illegible] Dr. Reh please ask the next spirit with whom he has a confab *why it is that a number of persons have been made crazy by these supposed Spiritual Manifestations?* We ask because we really desire light on the subject. False pretenses to spiritual illumination have often produced insanity; we cannot remember a precedent for such a result of genuine communion with the spirit world. Christ the Saviour cured a great many of insanity, but he never (we are sure) made a sane person insane. We seek only light on this subject, and have no theory to support in the premises, (it seems to be otherwise with Dr. Reh:) but there are a great many believers in "spiritual existence and influence" who *don't* believe in the superterrestrial origin of the new 'spiritual' phenomena, and it is not fair to write so as to imply the contrary, nor yet to attribute all opposition to the 'spiritual' theory to "sectarian superstition and prejudice." To write thus is to write like a bigot, Dr. Reh, and not like an impartial seeker of truth. [*Ed.*

True Causes of the Manifestations, Not Spiritual.

BY A NON-BELIEVER.

JEFFERSON, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, Friday, Feb. 20, 1852.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: From the first, you have given the *facts* to the public on this puzzling subject; I therefore offer you the following facts, as a contribution to the general stock.

The Rappings commenced in Austinburgh in June last; and after a few weeks, spread into adjoining towns. In October last, the *writings* began to appear in Jefferson, and spread in a few months into the regions round about.

I do not believe it to be the work of departed Spirits, but shall endeavor to give both sides. Our mediums are *mostly young persons*, and of a nervous, impressible temperament. They are *honest*, and unconscious of any agency in producing the phenomena; the mediums and believers belong to some of the best families in the vicinity; *collusion* is out of the question; raps, writing, clairvoyance and spirit-seeing occur in numerous families.

There are fifty mediums, or more, in the two towns, and it has ceased to be a wonder; but, it is not satisfactorily explained to the public mind. I differ with most of those around me as to its cause.

That your readers may understand more readily what I write, I will state my notions of it:

First: The *raps* I believe to be produced by currents of electricity, passing from the human brain through the arms to tables, chairs, &c., producing a concussion.

Second: All the physical facts can be explained on this principle.

Third: The writing is performed by an unconscious action of the will over the muscles of the arm.

Fourth: The intelligence in raps and writings flows from the mind of the medium, or to those around them.

Fifth: The mediums, while writing and rapping, are in the somnambulic state, and the mind acts unconsciously, as in dreaming, or under the suggestions of questions.

Sixth: The spirit-seeing is caused by an excited state of the brain, and especially of the organs of spectral and optical illusion.

Seventh: I think it a diseased, magnetic condition of the brain; it is both endemic and epidemic, and follows the law of all contagions.

Eighth: The moral, physical and mental symptoms which accompany its various conditions, are found in somnambulism, magnetic sleep; also, among the sect of French Prophets, the Jerkers of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, and in all the details of Witchcraft which can be found in any country.

I propose to sustain these conclusions, so far as I can, by facts; giving also such facts as seem to lie against these conclusions.

The human brain is a double magnetic battery; the right lobe supplying the left side of the body with motion and sensation, and vice versa. Muscular motion is produced by the power of the will over these nerve currents. These positions are sustained by many physiologists and by all experimenters in magnetism. In Europe and America, many claim that the brain, from our food thrown into the blood, generates a fluid, which is electricity, or some of its modifications. This fluid is the agent on which mesmerists and biologizers operate. This is a universal admission.

Dr. Snell, of London, claims to have demonstrated that muscular action and all [illegible] seeing, feeling, &c., are voltaic, or [illegible] by the movements of electricity in the [illegible] over the nerves.

In the lower animals, we find the mesmeric state to exist; the cat, lion or tiger can be mesmerized. In the gymnotus, or electric eel, we