many strong and active intellects, and these thronged to serve under his banner, to share with him in this laborious but generous toil. It was something more than a dream—it was a reality of several years' duration. It seemed that in proportion as he rose, his mind extended and purified itself. Under Catharine and Alexander Foreigners overflowed Russia, the national genius was crippled, all was imitation in thinking, acting, and in literature. Nicholas put forward the idea of again bathing the Russian mind in the pure life-giving fountain of genuine unsullied nationality—of making it the focus and the compass of civilization. Such is the origin of the so-called Russian governmental Panslavism.

At that time Nicholas was accessible to truth, hearing *remonstrances* patiently, sometimes thankfully. He allowed the criticism of abuses through books and dramatic representations. He combatted with all his might, and tried to eradicate, the boundless venality and corruption—unconscious, it may be, that they lay at the very bottom of the principle by which he holds his power. In the first years of his reign he several times tried to relax the severity of the censorship for home as well as for foreign publications and newspapers but he was constantly dissuaded by his advisers. *Very soon he became tired of many good measures that he had attempted.* And he lacks real knowledge of men. Thus he was often misled in his choice even then, when flattery was not yet omnipotent over his mind. In his attempts at reform he stumbled at the above-mentioned impediment. Incontestably he had the power of comprehending a new reformatory idea, and even a deep and broad one, of adopting and giving it form—transforming it into a law. But deprived of the capacity of embracing all the details requisite for putting it into practice, he has had in his endeavors to depend on the good will of his Ministers—who very often, when bowing ostensibly to his will, and feigning to accept the projected reform, have surrounded its execution with countless difficulties, and thus have often succeeded in arresting its action. In this way many reforms which have been projected, and even decreed, have been abandoned.

His mother inspired him with a rigidity of principles, and with a religious respect for his own word. Thus he has a certain scrupulous honesty. He treats with contempt or dislike all diplomatic tricks, or diplomatic tortuosity. He is a good husband, an excellent father; but these qualities do not always indicate a true generosity of soul. Few, if any, have seen a warm tear moisten his eye at a great or novel personal misfortune. From the beginning of his reign one can say that he has been generous in his own way, and even lavish, principally for ostentation when in foreign lands, as well as to those who surround him, and whom he believes to be wholly devoted to his person. But such men need kindness less than others who, work hard in the service in lower positions, and to whom he is rather parsimonious. But in whatever manner he bestows a favor, he never does it in a simple, natural way, but always with a pompous ostentation, sometimes painful for the receiver. This leads one to presume, that he lacks real benevolence of heart, in which respect he is far below his brother, Alexander, or even Constantine.

These principal features of his mind and character have been his companions, the lights and shadows in the exercise of power, in his progress to its climax. Having reached it, he could not withstand its intoxication. No mortal can. Christ alone, in his God-like nature, resisted temptation. But the tempter, the spirit of lies, darkness and treachery, this father of absolutism, gets control of others. He subdues them all. Thus he ruined Napoleon. On that unnatural hight, the head of Nicholas soon became giddy. Those regions are frozen, and all generous aspirations die out in that asmosphere. The basest incense and adulation became alone palatable to him. Then struck the hour of his moral downfall—invisible from without, but felt deeply by Russia. PANSLAVIST.

SUMMER RAMBLES.

Scenery about St. Anthony.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ST. ANTHONY, (Min.) Tuesday, Aug. 3, 1852.

The drive occasionally taken by visitors to the Falls, to the other objects of interest in the vicinity, was before us, and we were fortunate in having for a companion Mr. Du Bois, a gentleman who has taken much interest in the localities, and pleasure in showing them to strangers. Placing ourselves under his guidance, we crossed the ferry in an open barouche, and ascending a low hill, found ourselves on an extensive prairie, a portion of what is called the "Government Reserve," extending ten miles on either side the Minnesota River. This green and softly-undulating expanse is profusely covered with tall white, yellow and purple flowers, tossed by every breeze; at wide intervals stand new-framed houses ready for occupancy, but without shade or water as far as can be seen; and here and there an unfinished frame or standing board marks a "claim" or indication that some "squatter" has selected that portion of land for his residence and intended improvements. The trenches plowed in the soil show the boundaries of his claim. The road is smooth and straight, requiring and receiving no mending; for the sandy soil drinks the rain without becoming the worse for it. The sweep of landscape, varied only by the rolling of the prairie, and a tuft of trees now and then, with the distant border of forest land, offers an exhilirating view, particularly when the breeze, fresh and cool as if just from its play on the waste of waters, comes carecring over it. Before the agreeable sense of novelty is over, and you have done turning from side to side to think how absolutely grand is such a prospect, the attention is suddenly arrested by a new picture. A line of blue on the edge of the horizon widens, there is a gradual sloping of the land, and in front, just below, lies the clear and beautiful sheet of Lake Calhoun. It is two miles in length, and a mile and a-half in width; and, with its bordering of bold bluffs on the other side, covered with a close garniture of woods, and its waters clear as crystal, rippling over a beach of white pebbles, offers an irresistible temptation to linger near it for a longer time than most travelers have to spare. A house on its bank is inhabited by a Frenchman, M. Brissette, who is very courteous and obliging. His wife is an Indian, but speaks excellent French, and he has children by a former marriage, who lodge in the vicinity, having a tent pitched at hand on the green grass, in which mattresses are laid, all looking so cleanly and fresh as to give a luxurious idea of that kind of lodging. We were refreshed here by some cold water from the lake, and M. Brissette showed us a bag of cornelians and agates he had gathered from the beach, civilly inviting us to take what specimens we pleased. From this point a drive of two miles brought us within view of Lake Harriet.

Approaching this sheet of water, like the other in purity and beauty, but with shores a little less elevated, we passed a strip of luxuriant bottom land forming a small prairie. It had the much desired tall grass which grows only in moist soil, and waved like a field of standing grain as the wind swept over it. The outlet of Lake Calhoun skirts it in a rather sluggish stream, which gains impetus, however, as it nears Lake Harriet, and rushes into the latter with the force of a rapid. We drove a little way into the lake—the white sandy bottom affording safe footing, and, regaining the shore, followed the road around the end of the lake through the woods.

On the side opposite the outlet, within the shelter of the woods, are encamped the soldiers employed in cutting wood for Fort Snelling. Their tents are pitched around, and a rude open shed contains their cooking implements, and serves for a kitchen. It was a comfortable picture of gypsey or pioneer life, barring the dirt and confusion of the interior of these canvas houses, so out of keeping with the fragrant herbage nature provides for their flooring, and the canopy of foliage swept by the besom of her winds and washed by rain sent from the "sweet heavens!" Since the days of our western pioneers, the more self-indulgent class of travelers have seemed to eschew this primitive shelter; "camping out" has been looked upon as a hardship rather than a luxury; and though a few adventurous young men may do it for a frolic, any ladies who should venture upon such an innovation could hardly fail to find themselves styled "come-outers" and "independents" in the most barbarous sense of the words. Yet if a few of them could get up sufficient self-reliance to undertake a journey through the wild parts of our country, and be content to lodge in this manner, how great would be the gain in health and pleasure! I know a lady in Chicago who traveled through the greater part of Illinois, many years since, on horseback, sleeping at night on a couch of boughs spread with blankets, under the open sky. She is one of the most accomplished of American women, and delicate in appearance as if she had always housed herself according to the prevailing fashion. Show me the woman now with a spirit that will not shrink from the like, and I will wear her in my heart's core; for many an enterprise, painted in fancy's brightest hues, have we been obliged to give up for want of more companions.

Returning round the end of the lake, and crossing an oak prairie by any course that proves most convenient, the road is regained. Through the prairie we now traverse, the stream formed by the outlets of both lakes winds, and is followed by the road. It is a bright, swift stream, and takes its way betwixt clean banks fringed with a thick growth of wild grass, variegated with flowers. A bridge leads across it, and in a few moments it is shrouded from view by the trees on its banks, which become lighter. Further on we stand on the level of a bluff, and here we alighted to view one of the most beautiful of nature's works.

Parting the foliage, and descending a little way downward to a ledge of rock, you come into full view of the falls of Minne-ha-ha, in the green, shadowy depth of a wild gorge, curtained by thick woods on either hand, from the very arms of which it seems bursting, the swift stream above described precipitates itself in an unbroken descent of, I should guess, some sixty or seventy feet; the waters forming an arch of snowy foam and spray in their wild leap to the rapids below. None of the Falls of Trenton are equal in beauty to this: and we viewed it with even more pleasure than those of St. Anthony. The suddenness with which this vision of beauty bursts upon the sight; the contrast of the white foaming waters with the deep green of the foliage so closely embracing them, and the dark cavern behind formed by the graceful curve describing the delicate streaks of light green in the falling mass; the brilliant sunshine imprisoned in its showery spray, and the rainbows dancing over it: all combine to form a scene of such enchanting loveliness as to take the senses captive, and steeps the soul in the purest enjoyment this earth can afford. With a little trouble one may descend to the foot of the cascade and seat himself within reach of its diamond-like spray, listening for hours to its deep voice of music, its everlasting anthem of praise for a being which is not in vain.

The meaning of the Indian name of this exquisite waterfall is "The Laughing Waters"—and the name is well applied, for they do laugh, if not "fiercely glad," like the wild torrents of Chamouny, in the full joy of their flashing and sparkling beauty, and the ravine echoes the sound of their jubilant exultation. One should pass a day at their feet, not amid "precipitous, black, jagged rocks," whose shattered fragments tell of desolation, but in the lap of nature's most spirit-stirring nooks, where all around speaks of peace and smiling content. It is a spot where we may suppose the delicate genius of youth to have hid himself when he forsook that portion of the earth which, as the Italian poet says, "growing old, grows sad:" and here he may harbor as of yore,

"Making sunshine out of shade,
In a life-long holiday."

Passing on, the view opens, and from the high bluff is seen the Mississippi, with the wooded heights opposite, and a stretch of country for miles onward. The distant view of Fort Snelling, its flag gleaming in relief against the sky, is startlingly fine; but the nearer one, after a little rise, is yet more imposing. Its white walls and barracks are clearly defined, with other neat buildings in the vicinity; and all around and beyond lies spread the most magnificent panoramic display on which the eye ever rested. The bounding Mississippi appears between its bluffs, and the extensive valley of the Minnesota or St. Peter's river, winding near and afar. The village of Mendota is seen on the side opposite the fort, and the varied landscape beyond is bounded by ranges of hills rising one above another, the highest fading into the misty blue of the horizon. The view is too extensive to be embraced in a single picture to which any artist could do justice; but the eye can take it in, and will linger over it long with increasing delight.

Fort Snelling has a commanding position at the junction of the Minnesota and the Mississippi rivers, and is one of the strongest military posts in the North-West. It was begun after 1820, and not finished for some years—being named by Gen. Scott in honor of the then commandant, Col. Snelling. Some account of its erection and incidents connected therewith will be found in the memoirs of Mrs. Abigail Snelling and Mrs. Clark, included in the volume of "*Pioneer Women of the West*," to be published this month by Scribner.

The day had become very warm, or the drive back to St. Anthony would have been a charming one. The distant view of this place is remarkably fine. It shows on the elevation where it stands like a town of much larger size. We reached the St. Charles in time to partake of a late though excellent dinner, and shall ever remember with pleasure the day passed in this excursion. E. I. E.

GREAT FLOOD AT THE NORTH-WEST.

Destruction of Property—3,500 People Houseless—Loss $750,000.

The Selkirk settlement was visited on the 2d of May with a flood as great and sweeping as one that fell twenty-six years ago. It lasted this time from the 2d of May to the 25th, when it began to recede. A letter, received but a few days since at St. Paul's, Minnesota, describes the spectacle which was there witnessed:

Twenty two miles in length of the colony are now under water. For a distance of four miles the water has spread over the plain for six miles on each side of the river, and in all that distance not a house has escaped. Loaded boats may be seen sailing on far beyond the habitations. The sight is as melancholy as it is novel. Of the population, 3,500 have had to fly before the torrent, and abandon all. The loss of property is already estimated at £150,000 sterling.

Horses, cattle, houses, barns, crops, all were comparatively swept off, and the colony is almost ruined. The labor of twenty-six years is all gone.

A Young Offender—Arrest of a Hungarian—Mayhem—Fatal Accident.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 22, 1852.

In the Sessions yesterday, before Judge Allison, a lad aged nine years, named Basil Wood, was heard on *habeas corpus*, on the charge of passing a counterfeit note.

Edward Ren, a Hungarian refugee, who was a Lieutenant in the Magyar army, has been arrested on the charge of purloining a gold watch from Mr. Engle, of the firm of Engle & Wolf, at the brewery of those gentlemen, on the Columbia Railroad, Penn District.

A rumor was in circulation yesterday, that a man named Hall, who formerly kept tavern at Holmesburg, was severely injured on Friday night, at his own place, by two ruffians.

On Friday evening, Thomas McKay fell out of a third story window, at his father's residence, Fourth-st. near Queen, and fractured his skull, from the effects of which he died in an hour. The deceased was twenty-eight years old.

MINNESOTA.

The Country from Mendota to Wabashaw.

From The Minnesota Pioneer, Aug. 12.

Week before last, Capt. Simpson attended by Mr. Knauer surveyed a route for the Government road from Mendota to Wabashaw. The distance is about 70 miles. The route is practicable and tolerably feasible. The course of the survey was across the Vermillion River, at a point about three miles from its mouth, and across the Cannon River about two miles from its mouth, thence to Red Wing on the Mississippi; thence along within a mile or two of the Mississippi to Wabashaw. The Captain regards the country as very beautiful: the scenery, as more graphic and grander than the margins of the Saint Croix. He was particularly struck with the magnificence of the bluffs along the way, which formed the walls of magnificent plateaus, on both sides. Indeed, for a very considerable part of the distance the route lay as if in a wide trench between these bluffs. One bluff called "Half Bluff," was especially a grand and imposing object. These plateaus, which are plains on successive elevations beyond and higher than the one before, are far and wide in extent and magnificent to the sight—some of them containing a thousand and more acres.

For the first ten miles from Mendota, the country is a diversity of prairie and oak openings. Beyond the Vermillion for some 12 miles, prairie and timber lie more distinct from each other, and form a succession of most enchanting scenes. Another marked feature of the country is numerous "coulées" a French term for ravines or gullies, that lead from the uplands down to the streams. One of these avenues leads down to Red Wing and is probably the cause of the settlement at that precise point.

About the only streams on the route that will require bridging are the Vermillion and the Cannon Rivers. We are uncertain whether the orthography of the name Cannon is correct: we take it as it sounds.

TOURISTS.—For many weeks our hotels have been running over with visitors from the States.

A large proportion of them have now gone below. Whatever report these people may carry back about this land, they who have been here during the last four weeks, will not say it is too cold in Minnesota to raise corn.

CANAL PROJECT.—The St. Anthony Express suggests the expediency of cutting a canal from Pig's Eye, to the Falls, for the better accomodation of commerce. The citizens of St. Anthony are now engaged in the river between the Fort and the Falls, with crowbars, lifting the bowlders out.

Philadelphia Politics—Rum and Water.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, Friday, Aug. 20, 1852.

There is much anxiety felt here among the friends of "a Maine Law" for the nominations of the Democratic and Whig Conventions for State Legislature—particularly the County nominations of eleven candidates to be elected by general ticket. The Temperance men have withdrawn from other parties, and, through a Convention provided for inquiring of the candidates on each party ticket their individual sentiments on the question of "The Maine Liquor Law" design to form from the several nominations a ticket composed of those who favor their views as to licensed rum selling. The Natives have nominated their ticket, a majority of which is understood to approve the Maine Law; but the Tavern-keepers of all parties had, in secret conclave, so completely planned for the Democratic and Whig Delegate Elections, as to have a controlling majority of their friends in each, and it is now very doubtful if their several candidates will deign to answer any questions seeking a public commitment on this important question. Should it result thus, you may expect a queer election in the County of Philadelphia next October, particularly on the Legislative tickets.

A good many Democrats and Whigs—party men when fair party lines are drawn, and opposed to any party action on this question of licenses, because it is not a proper party question—are so disgusted with this impudent conspiracy of Tavern keepers to regulate and govern legislative representation from the County, that they will openly, publicly, and effectually insteadg on the present wretched system, which allows any and every one to open a groggery who can raise a gallon of poisoned whisky to sell; and between such alternatives as the present wretched law and a Maine Liquor Law, a very large body of voters, before averse to prohibition, will feel impelled as good citizens to approve the Maine Liquor Law ticket, for no reflecting citizen can assent to the continuance of the present law. There is, however, one feature in the coming contest I desire to present; it is this: The Tavern keepers, knowing the Democrats have in the County a purality vote over either the Whigs or Natives separately, but not when they even partially amalgamate, will give their united efforts to the Democratic ticket, knowing that a large Temperance Democratic vote will be lost to it this year; and to further their views, have already caused the Whig Convention on its organization to adopt some brief but definite resolutions which will preclude the possibility of any union of Whig and Native vote on any candidate. This was essential to prevent the election of the Whig candidates on the Native ticket favorable to the Maine Law. A better Whig than Mr Miller, the Native nominee for Senator, can't be found in Pennsylvania, but he is a decided Maine Liquor Law voter. His election would ensure a Whig majority in the Senate, and if supported by the Whigs, his election could not be defeated. But the Convention seem to think it is better to be defeated by a Democratic advocate of unlimited rum selling licenses. When such counsels prevail, it is time to drop party and go for humanity, and it will be done by many who are not and don't profess to be

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THE GREAT BORER.

A Visit to the Tunnel Machine.

Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

NORTH ADAMS, Tuesday, Aug 17, 1852.

Since I was last in this region, and visited the great machine for boring a hole through the Hoosac Mountain for the Troy and Boston Railroad, the machine has been set up, and an actual experiment made with encouraging results. Yesterday, I clambered over the mountain again, to learn of the precise progress of the wonderful experiment. We found the work suspended, on account of repairs and alterations; the cutters proved too frail to stand the quartz and flint found in the mica slate which forms the chief material of the rock; they were soon broken and rendered unfit for service. Now it is proposed to make them heavier and firmer, and then the work will be resumed. This will be in the course of a fortnight or three weeks time.

The great machine imposes strongly on the imagination, as now seen, all in position. It is a huge affair, massive, strong, and apparently perfect as a machine in all its parts. It is inclosed in a rough house, which is nearly as large as a common sized two-story dwelling. Twenty five cents admission fee is charged to see the monster—a petty exaction, which, however necessary it may seem to the proprietors to secure themselves from annoyance, or to "put money in their purse," dwarfs the great achievement of mechanism somewhat into one's conceptions of an elephant or monkey show.

My former description of the machine conveys as much of an idea of its character, perhaps, as anything that the pen can utter. Conceive of a huge iron windmill, with massive frames and supports, wheels within wheels, a central shaft as big as a barrel, and as long as a boa-constrictor, this shaft moving forward with a center drill five inches in diameter, as the wheel 75 feet in circumference, with cutters distributed along its outer edge, moves around some five or six times a minute—conceive all this, if you can, and you have an idea of what the thing itself is. The cutters or knives are differently arranged from what I had supposed. Instead of thickly studding the circumference of the great wheel, they are placed only at intervals, and set out several feet in advance in a sort of huge ploughshare. They are made in the form of pulleys, and revolve as they come in contact with the rock. They are perhaps ten or twelve inches in diameter, and two sets of three each and two of two each were arranged upon the wheel, as it was originally set in operation. It is intended, however, to increase the number.

The experiment thus far made amounts to this: At the bottom of the face of the rock, the machine has cut in from three to four feet very smoothly and successfully, so far as represented, and as can be seen since the blasting has commenced. This depth diminishes as the rock ascends, and that part opposite the upper part of the wheel has not yet been touched by the machine. The face of the rock was not prepared perfectly perpendicular, or "plumb." So that the machine has not yet operated simultaneously throughout the entire circumference of its wheel. It cuts from a 16th to an 8th of an inch at each revolution, and makes five or six revolutions in a minute, which more than meets the warrant of the builders. The core of the rock is blasted while the machine remains close by, but there is no apprehension that it will be essentially injured by the exploding masses of rock. The building over it suffers heavily with each explosion, however, and requires a corps of carpenters to keep it in order. After the machine gets its length into the rock, however, there will be another sort of building over it, not made with hands, and requiring no repairs.

The experiments now made embolden the undertakers in this magnificent enterprise, and though changes and improvements may be found as new difficulties present themselves in the progress of the work, they regard the great point as overcome, and entire ultimate success as certain. Still there are yet many doubters here as well as elsewhere, and it must be confessed that there are many opposing circumstances likely to present themselves as the boring goes on, to which a solution has not yet been discovered, and which promise to greatly hinder, if not to destroy, the practicability of the great work. Yet the friends of the enterprise, who have seen their faith in the grand idea of the machine now so apparently triumphant, may justly repose confidence in the ability of the same New England ingenuity, perseverance and skill to overcome all side-obstacles to its complete accomplishment of the majestic work it has undertaken.

A great hindrance and annoyance already presents itself in the disposition of the rock, after it is cut and blasted out. It is a slow and tedious labor to break it up, and draw it throughout the machine; but there can be no other recourse. It will neither burn nor dissolve. This difficulty will prevent the working of the machine for more than a third or half of the time at best—all the remainder being occupied in removing the stone.

Those who intend to visit the point where the machine is located can best do so from the Connecticut Valley, by way of Greenfield. The distance is about 25 miles from that place, and the road is up the valley of the Deerfield River, through a beautiful country. From North Adams, you have to go over the mountain itself, which is a tedious, long ride of three hours, though largely recompensing one for its labor in the grand views presented of the two valleys and the surrounding mountains. The distance in miles is about nine.—Visitors would do well, however, to postpone the trip for the present, since it is not certain that they would be able to see the great object of their curiosity. The proprietors have given notice that it will be closed against company—though this rule was broken over in our case, as it has been in that of others—and promise to announce when it may be freely seen. Yet no one can ever be certain probably of finding the huge wheel revolving, so much delay has been experienced in repairs and for the other difficulties I have mentioned.

S. B.

The Late Steamboat Disaster.

Mr. BLAKE, a passenger on the steamer Atlantic, writes as follows:

NEW-YORK, Aug. 22, 1852.

I have at this moment the first opportunity since the fatal disaster on Lake Erie, to give a description of the awful scene, as it then occurred, which is still vivid before me, in all its horrors, as far as I had an opportunity to view it.

You are aware that the calamity happened about 2 o'clock on Friday morning, Aug 20, at which time I was sleeping in my berth, in state-room No. 1, (with two other gentlemen, whom I have not seen since, and fear they are lost,) which room was on the larboard side, and within from four to six feet from where the propeller struck the Atlantic, and, as near as I can judge, about midway between the paddle wheel and the stern of the vessel.

At the moment she struck us, and while the timbers were still moving and crushing me down in my berth, I struggled and succeeded in extricating myself, and in a moment was upon the forward part of the hurricane deck, alongside of the pilot's wheel, feeling assured that from that position I could gain more information in regard to our danger, than from any other point, as the orders would be given from that quarter. At this time the propeller was slowly falling astern of us

I had occupied that position but a few moments before the appalling cry was heard that she was sinking.

All was confusion, and the next moment the command was given, in a very stilled and agitated voice, to head her in for shore, and ring the bell, both of which commands were soon obeyed, and some exertions were made to cave in her over on her starboard side, to keep the water from rushing in, but without much effect.

All this time her engine was in motion, as it had been all the while, and we were fast leaving the propeller.

I then thought it time to make an effort to save my life. I made for the door of the saloon in order to reach the main deck. I found it dark there, and not a light to be seen, and I do not believe there was one on that part of the boat; however, I succeeded in getting down, and tried to find something to float upon.

At this moment I thought of the life-preserver stools, and climbed over the railing upon the hurricane deck to secure one, but I did not like their appearance, and I made my way down again and secured the after gangway door. I placed it over the rails on the guards outside, intending it for future use, concluding to remain upon the wreck as long as I could, giving myself sufficient time to clear the vessel when she should go down.

But very soon the cry of fire was heard, at which time the emigrants were jumping off the forward deck, as they had been doing previously, by dozens; some sinking under the wheels, and some passing astern, uttering such fearful cries for help, in their own language, as to render the scence, which it is impossible to describe, doubly appalling.

Some fifteen or twenty minutes after the collision, the main deck sunk; and then I lanched my frail support, and struck out to clear the vortex which I supposed would soon be made by the sinking vessel.

When I was sufficiently clear from her and her wake, and also without the reach of those who were drowning around me, of whose cries I will not attempt to speak, I lay still and watched the motion of both steamers, calculating my chance of escape, which I did not, at any one time lose sight of.

It was been said we went some three miles after the collision took place. If so, then for me to be able to see that distance, one of two things must be false—either it was not very foggy, or we did not run that distance. It is true I did, at one time, almost loose sight of the propeller—I supposed she was leaving us to perish. It was then, for the first time, I lost my fortitude—I gave up for lost; but I yet hoped for help from that quarter, and I did not look in vain for I soon saw her bearing down towards us, and then God only knows my feelings of gratitude. I made for her as fast as my strength would permit, and was soon taken on board.

From my observations of the drowning persons around me, I fear the loss of life will prove greater than can be known.

That it was to the still, calm, and almost clear night, and the interposition of Divine Providence, we are indebted for the preservation of so many lives, there can be no doubt. Had it been dark or rough, God only knows what would have been the result.

And now, that such an accident should happen, must remain a matter of speculation to those not present; but me, I believe it to be one deserving the strongest censure. That there was a reckless spirit manifested, I fairly believe—otherwise how, on an almost clear night, could it have taken place?

JOHN S. BLAKE, Meriden, Conn.

[By Telegraph.]

The Lake Erie Catastrophe.

BUFFALO, Monday, August 23—9 A. M.

The following are additional names of parties saved from the Atlantic:

THOMAS TAYLOR, wife and four children, Albany.
T. G. BRITTON and F. G. BRITTON, Walpole, N. H.
Mrs. E. B. BLACKMORE, Jericho, Vt.
EUGENE MARSHALL, North Bridgewater, Mass.
V. H. BURST, Schira, N. Y.
Mrs. RUNGEE, Montgomery, N. Y.
J. FOOGOOD and wife, Rensselaer Co., N. Y.
GEO. FISHER, New Thayer, Vermont.
PETER CASTELLA, ABRAHAM MCCANN, MARY MCCANN, WILLIAM JEWELL and wife, Oneida Co., N. Y.
THOMAS MYERS and ELLEN L. CHAPMAN, Monroe Co., N. Y.
CATHARINE, ELLEN and MARGARET O'NEIL, West Troy.
JOHN THOMPSON, Oxbridge, Mass.
B. F. FIELD, wife and two children, reported lost, are all fortunately saved, having been picked up, floating on a portion of the wreck.

Among those lost are, Mrs. THOMAS LEWIS, of Detroit, whose body, with that of a little girl, was picked up yesterday by the steamer St. Louis. Mrs. LEWIS is recognized by a ring she wore. Also, Mrs. MARKS, Whitestown; Miss ELIZABETH VAN HOGENBURGH, Halfmoon, Saratoga Co.; Mrs. WILLIAMS and Mr. and Mrs. SPANKS, New-York.

A little girl 9 years old, from New-York, was going to friends in Milwaukee, and was put under the charge of a strange gentleman. When retiring for the night she told the chambermaid she was very nervous traveling with her mamma, and asked her if the boats ever ran against each other on the lake as they did in rivers, (alluding to the loss of the Henry Clay.)

The chambermaid told her she was on the lake all the time, and never met with an accident yet. The child then consented to lie down but would not be undressed. She was never seen after the collision and is supposed to have been drowned in her berth. It is supposed she left New-York by the 6 o'clock train on Thursday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. LYMAN BIRCH, Mr. and Miss VAN HOVENBURGH and Miss PHOEBE BIRCH, were all on board. After the collision they took five life preserving stools, and Mr. BIRCH exhorted them all to be calmn and told them how to use the stools, and not go into the water until he told them. Miss BIRCH was nearly dead with terror, but when the signal was given plunged into the water and regained her presence of mind when she found she could float well with the stool. The others of the party followed.

Mrs. BIRCH lost her stool and clung to Miss VAN HOVENEURGH. Mr. BIRCH immediately tried to assist them, when all three went down and were lost. Mr. VAN H. and Miss BIRCH were saved.

Mr. ALMON COFFIN, late of Geneva, N.Y., had a miraculous escape. He was cast into the water at first by the collision and could not swim, but got hold of a rope and hung to it; soon some fifty or sixty persons came pouring over the side of the boat on to his head. He sunk, but again rose and got hold of the rope; he then felt his legs clutched by a dozen hands under the water, and he now bears the marks of scratches and wounds where the nails of the dying were buried in his flesh. He subsequently fell from the rope exhausted, and knows not how he was pulled into the boat.

A schooner loaded with lumber for coffins and a dead house, together with a steamer and small sloop, have been dispatched to the scene of the calamity by the owners of the Atlantic, to pick up and bury the unknown dead, and preserve the bodies which may be recognized. Numbers have also proceeded to the spot in hopes of finding their missing friends.

When the collision took place, the first mate was in bed—he sprung up, and when he found the boat was was cut right down to the hold, he seized the lead to cast for soundings—his horror was great to find the rope slip through his hands fathom after fathom, until in the dark he felt the large fifteen fathom in his hand, and then had touched no bottom. He did not wait to pull the rope in again.

More of the Lake Erie Catastrophe.

BUFFALO, Monday, Aug. 23, 1-52.

About fifteen bodies, with clothes or marks by which to be identified, have been recovered up to this evening. An investigation has been entered upon by a committee into the cause of the disaster, and an examination of the officers and others of the Atlantic is going on. The investigation, however, seems to be without definite object, and up to this hour nothing important has been elicited. Mr. Langdon, cadet of West Point, is safe. He was supposed to be lost, and was so reported.

Light on the Iron Question.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune:

In your paper of to-day I find an article headed 'Iron and the Tariff,' in which your correspondent, D., relates a conversation with a Marylander, who attempts with all the assurance of one 'who ought to know' to explain to him the reason why railroad iron has not been made in that State to a profit, notwithstanding Nature has done so much in bestowing unbounded mineral wealth beneath its soil. The tariff, says this teacher, has nothing to do with the question, but inasmuch as you have applied the *argumentum ad hominem* so happily in your remarks appended to the same, I will not trespass on that branch of the argument. D.'s preceptor is not to be held responsible for his style of teaching; he was himself taught such apt illustrations by Mr. Walker and all his orators on the subject of British free trade. Who sets up the bricks is privileged to knock them down. The supposition that English iron pays freight, insurance, commissions, difference in exchange and mercantile charges, while American iron pays none of these, is supremely ridiculous, if not a little knavish, except upon the ground of ignorance.

If this Maryland wiseacre had been a stockholder in the Mount Savage Iron Company, he might have enjoyed feelingly the knowledge that railroad bars paid *something* in the way of freight from Cumberland to Baltimore, and when they reached Baltimore that they paid something more before they arrived at Fall River for the Fall River Railroad Company, and that a number of other *little* expenses en route, amounting to a respectable *nickle*, had to be paid, making up a perfect counterpart for the English list of 'freight, insurance, commissions and mercantile charges.' But bear in mind D.'s friend was a doctor of the Sangrado species in the art of making iron, while I only profess to be a plain manufacturer, whose knowledge in his business was got by feeling rather than through the subtle sight of theory.

This Maryland doctor in iron knows as much about the difference between English and American labor in the iron business as he does about the difference between Sterling and Federal currency, in which he fancies that the American manufacturer has a protection of 10 per cent, when Sterling Exchange is at that quotation. Let us turn our faces aside that our smile may not offend his dignity. Labor, dear Doctor, is something that is tangible. It is not a speculative idea, unless one should be knave enough not to pay the poor laborer the worth of his hire.

You say that the difference in favor of foreign labor is only 10 per cent in iron making. This assertion is enough to prove that you have never been in the business, and therefore never had the difference to pay. I have had the experience of a lifetime almost in the matter, and I declare, that to my certain knowledge, the difference of wages paid for labor in the same description of work varies from 50 to 75 per cent, in favor of the English manufacturer, and the aggregate on producing a ton of railroad iron in this country, is between 200 and 300 per cent, more than upon a ton of English rails. The American manufacturer pays for one item, viz. puddling, $3 per ton, even more, which is more than the entire amount of labor paid by the English on a ton of rails, from the pig to the finished article.

Puddling is the first process in the mill for making bars, and is a little more than one-third of the entire amount of labor paid in the process of rail making. Any man experienced in the art knows that what I state is true. How then should a Doctor in free trade like D.'s friend dare to assert, with all the assurance of an expert, that the difference in favor of foreign labor in iron making is only 10 per cent., when it is known to exceed 60 per cent.

The truth is, that the American Manufacturer pays heavy inland freight to the shipping port whence his market radiates; he pays heavy freight from one Atlantic port to another, while the focus of British operations is either Newport or Liverpool to every port in the world. The American manufacturer, to reach the ports of his own country, follows the *cerse-sine* and the *co-sine*, while his competitor takes the radius direct.

If there were no navigation laws for the protection of American shipping merchants, nine-tenths of whom are free traders, Dutch, English and other foreign vessels might call at Philadelphia or Baltimore for our iron, and carry it to Mobile for ballast, or as small freight, instead of our paying $4 per ton as now. If free traders were consistent, they would ask to have the navigation laws abolished, but I opine whenever that question seriously arises, they will all become good protectionists—*experientia docet.*

D's lamentation over the unfortunate legislation which has destroyed the value of the boundless minerals underlying the soil of his native State, is just. "It is much to be regretted that while Nature has done so much for us, we should for the want of a proper Tariff be unable to avail ourselves of her gifts."

Philadelphia, Aug. 20, 1852. FERRUM.

The Cotton Question.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune:

If I might add anything to your correspondent's excellent letter on the Cotton question published in yesterday's (Tuesday, Aug. 17) edition it would be that he has omitted one competing field, in the production of Flax Cotton, viz.: New-Zealand. Millions of acres of wild flax abound there, and the pure, clear fibre is supplied by the natives at $50 (fifty dollars) per tun, all of which can be turned into the best of Cotton at a trifling expense by Clausen's process, and which being produced at about 2½ cents per pound will still further add to the future uncertainties of the South. Your excellent correspondent's warning in time, may save much distress. Had the West India planters grown Cotton and Coffee at a profit, instead of Sugar at a loss, when their slaves were emancipated, they would still be flourishing, instead of the picture of misery they have presented for years past. And the farmers of England are just getting out of the old beaten track of raising Corn at a loss, to a new path in raising Beet Root and Flax at a profit. Should you deem these remarks worthy of insertion they may be of use to the Southern public.

Yours, &c., NEW ZEALANDER.

Women and Aristocracy.

To the Editor of The New-York Tribune:

Your correspondent X, in writing from Newport, cannot understand why dealers in wine, cotton, furs, &c., should procure more respectability than traffickers in pigs, bacon, and lumber—or why *Mr. Wholesaler* should take upon himself haughty airs in presence of the retailer—repudiating in his humble companion the process which step by step has placed him on the eminence from which he looks with such scornful placidity on the uprising efforts of his friend on the round below. If your correspondent will not take it amiss, we will enlighten his understanding on a subject involved in mystery to *him*, and will endeavor to prove that, though correct in his estimate of the pretentious bossings of the would-be *Milords* he is wrong in attributing to the masculine what properly belongs to the female portion of that unenviable and pitiable class of our American citizens.

To *Mrs. Wholesale* we believe belongs almost exclusively the responsibility of introducing those factitious distinctions in society, which he so justly condemns.

"That women," as says Mrs. Oakes Smith, "are always conservative, that they are—Whigs in the midst of Democrats—Aristocrats among Republicans," is a sentiment to which we fully subscribe and believe her to be the real aristocrat, the sole embodiment of all the upper-tendom tendencies of this and every other country. Her mind may be compared to a balance by which she is perpetually engaged in ascertaining the precise "notch" on which to poise each individual in the scale of society—weighing their merits according to the odium or respectability she attaches to the occupation of those who procure the means for her aggrandizement. It is to *this* disposition we owe all the *petty* distinctions in society, all the discordant elements which divide the social compact.

Democracy is not of woman born. The principle is not developed in her nature or evolved by contact.

From the mincing step of the little Miss to the measured tread of haughty womanhood, exclusiveness is apparent.

In women you will find the concentrated essence of the monarchical principle, the germ whence springs all the wide-spread evils of despotism, the ardent advocate of all those measures which appeal to the outward sense, and by pomp and parade of circumstance, produce and perpetuate caste among men. Circumstances do not destroy this tendency; place her where you will, and the disposition to elevate herself on an artificial basis perpetually manifests itself. It is by constraint alone that the fraternal relation is acknowledged.

That there are noble exceptions to this sweeping rule we cheerfully admit—but insist that a careful examination of the structure of society, will result in the establishment of the principle we have so unequivocally asserted.

With men the tendency is quite the reverse.

In early youth the Democratic principle manifests itself, and but for the intervention of woman would be sustained in the development of maturer years. A community of men would be essentially Democratic as in California. In that country the fraternal relation exists unobstructed by those distinctions which prevail where women rule. There the importance attached to creeds, professions, occupations of every sort, are lost in a community of brotherly interests, and one universal feeling of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, prevail everywhere. Introduce women among them, and the respectability attached to this or that theological dogma would assume a bold Pharisaical front. The professional man would no longer compromise his dignity by "digging."

The artizan, lawyer, pig-dealer, and broker, would each have his position assigned him by these nice discriminators of the relative merits contained in each occupation. Society would soon be divided and subdivided by these satisfial mathematicians [illegible] until it presented all those varied and repulsive features which characterize it in older countries.

This tendency in woman to exclusiveness, although in general based upon false pretensions, we do not wholly repudiate. The principle we recognise as good in itself, when properly trained, conservative in its tendency, and promotive of the best interests of society. But without restrictions and proper limitations, it is subversive of every brotherly instinct, and fraught with deadly evils to the maintenance and perpetuity of our Republican institutions. The diversified employments of men afford them but little leisure to pry into the character, condition and occupation of their neighbors. Money is their God. Give them but the means to accomplish a certain amount of business in a given time and all the world are alike