{Advertisement.}

THE STORY OF ESTELLE GRANT.

To the Editor of The New-York Dispatch.

I have been a constant reader of your paper for the past eight years, during which time you have published many highly interesting stories, both from real life and from the imaginative pens of able writers in the world of fiction. None of them, however, surpass in interest the narrative of poor ESTELLE GRANT; and, as circumstances have placed in my possession all the facts, I have taken the pains to prepare them for publication. Had I simply consulted my own feelings, the scenes and incidents thus thrown in my way would never have been given to the world. But there are other considerations which induce me to pursue a different course. Wickedness and wrong should be exposed, that the unwary may be warned of its snares and arts. The world should be made to know that it is not all purity which assumes the saintly garb of Christianity, and that even among the outcasts of society there is many a noble heart crushed beneath the iron heel of a class of as heartless oppressors as the great Creator of the universe ever permitted to exist on his footstool; to mar the beauty and harmony of his creations. What society punishes as crime is often no more than the natural vengeance of injured and wronged humanity. Before we condemn what appears to be the errors of a brother or sister, we ought to know the history of the offense and the cause which led to it. The poor suicides who end life by poison, the knife, the pistol, or by a plunge into the dark waters of the ocean, have each a fearful history of his or her own that, to the world is, in most instances, a sealed book, which, if opened, would cause tears of sympathy to moisten their premature graves from the eyes of all to whom the revelation was made. Do not understand me as being an apologist for crime, for I am not. But I do not wish to rush to the other extreme of condemning my fellow-beings to eternal disgrace simply because appearances are against them. The narrative of ESTELLE GRANT is a case in point as you will see by perusing the corresponding manuscript. In preparing it, I have in no particular deviated from the truth. Every scene and incident I can vouch for, as I myself happened to be, to some extent, connected with the fate and fortunes of this singular woman. Besides my own testimony, there are at least a hundred other living witnesses in this great city who will, after reading what I have written, recognise the parties alluded to from facts in their own knowledge. The only thing I fear is that in some two or three places, I may have, perhaps, too plainly indicated to the general reader the scene and locality of persons whom I could not but indignantly condemn. Of this you must judge. If I could get a publisher to publish their names in full, I would not hesitate to assume the responsibility of writing them down; because, as I look at the matter, such human fiends deserve to be driven beyond the confines of civilization, and cut off from a Christianity which they disgrace by claiming association with it.

R. W. B.

In the summer of 18—, I went to spend a few weeks with a wealthy old gentleman residing in one of the most beautiful towns lying along the line of the poetry-inspiring Hudson. It was from no desire of my own that I did so, as rural scenes have few charms for me—in fact the charge recently made against Fanny Fern by an English writer, viz.: that she "had not a country hair in her head," would apply to me exactly—but the old gentleman aforesaid had been a fast friend of my father's, and had been one of my sponsors in baptism—this he thought, as my parents were both dead, gave him the right occasionally to demand of me a visit, which he often did, and I never neglected to attend when he thus summoned me, as was the case at the time of which I am writing.

There are a few towns within a hundred miles of New-York that are more frequented during the dog-days, than the beautiful one of ———, a fact which rendered it rather more endurable to me than though it had been of the ultra-rural order. I would meet always meet with some one or two New-Yorkers with whom I was acquainted, and it not unfrequently happened that I met whole parties, in which latter case I was not at a loss for amusement.

My sponsor, whose real name it is not necessary for the purposes of this story to give, I shall call Miller. He was a bluff, hearty, jolly old bachelor, about sixty years of age, who having made money enough to retire from business, had settled in ———, determined to take the world easy for the rest of his days. The only persons in his household were his housekeeper, an eccentric old maid, and a negro boy, who acted in the double capacity of house-servant and hostler.

"Well, Harry, my boy," said the old gentleman, as we sat on the piazza, each enjoying a cheroot, shortly after my arrival, "I'm rejoiced to see you looking so well—shows you've taken care of your self—you haven't been here now since summer before last, and I hope you won't be in such a hurry as usual to get away again. You ought to be able to enjoy yourself here for a few weeks very comfortably—plenty of company—numerous pleasant drives—an excellent pleasure boat, and plenty of first-rate fishing."

"I dare say I shall be able to pass the time very agreeably," I replied, "if I do not I am satisfied it will be my own fault. But what's new here? Has anything extraordinary happened since I was here last?"

"Extraordinary!" echoed the old gentleman, "No—I hate extraordinary things—nothing of an extraordinary nature has ever happened here that I am aware of. Stop, now I come to think of it, something a *little* extraordinary has happened here within the last year."

"And what is that?" questioned I, eagerly.

"Why" said he, "a girl has taken the whole town by storm—that is, the masculine portion of it—she is young, accomplished and beautiful—there is not a young man in the place but would break his neck for her—and yet the talk is that her father intends to force her to marry a man she don't love. Everybody says she is a fine, modest, amiable girl, and yet she is not to make her own choice of a husband. That's what I call extraordinary. At least, if it ain't, it ought to be."

"What is the name of this to-be-sacrificed divinity?" I inquired, laughingly.

"Her name is Grant—Estelle Grant. Her father moved here with his family not quite a year since, and it is rumored that the girl is to be married some time this summer to the smooth-faced, oily-looking and wise by Deacon Emory."

"Is that save a thousand dollars to the mission fund when I was up here last?" said I, inquiringly.

"Yes," replied the old gentleman, "and took good care that the fact got its way into the columns of every available newspaper."

"Well," said I, "I should think he would make a pretty good bridegroom for anybody. You must know I pretty well by this time; he the hypocrite that many here give him the credit of being."

"Well, the fact is," replied the old gentleman, "I cannot speak of my own knowledge. I think it would be hard to prove anything against him. He bears an excellent character. Once he owns a pew in church, attends divine service regularly three times on the Sabbath, and all that sort of thing. I don't think he's too austere; never talks; never smiles; never sings—never dances—never does anything that a true Christian, in my opinion, should do occasionally, and I don't like him. I believe he's a hypocrite—I may be mistaken. I hope I am; but that's my opinion, and I can't help it. (Bet you'll see her and him both, his altogether likely, but no matter, go away, and you can judge for yourself. As for me, I don't pretend to be any judge of character; that is, I have so set rule for judging a man or woman either. I've been mistaken so often in my life, that I've dropped the habit of judging physiognomically or phrenologically, and depend entirely upon my impressions; these had me to dislike both Emory and Mr. Grant, the girl's father; but I do like the girl herself, and think it's a hard case she should be sacrificed. She's in the habit of coming here frequently. I have some rare exotics in the garden, of which she is rather fond, and she often calls in to admire them. But there's the bell, and now let's in to tea."

I was only two days following the conversation with my matter-of-fact, good-hearted old sponsor, that I saw this paragon of whom report spoke so highly. I had prepared myself to take a short drive, and while the negro boy Tom was getting the vehicle in readiness, I thought I would take a stroll through the garden. As I walked leisurely along, admiring the floral beauties which greeted me on every side, I heard voices just ahead of me in a little recess which bounded from the avenue I was threading. I thought nothing of it at first, but continued my way in that direction, when, just before I reached the spot alluded to, my old friend and a young lady, who followed close behind him, came directly across my path.

"Ah, Harry, well met my boy. This is Miss Grant—Miss Grant my scape grace godson Harry ———."

She acknowledged my presence by a graceful bend of her beautiful neck and modest simply as the old gentleman introduced her. She was then about instantly to take her departure, but the old gentleman cut off her retreat by playfully blocking the passage, and remarked in a tone of pleasantry:

"Don't run away, Miss Grant—Harry won't hurt you. He is as harmless as a school boy, although he does hail from that terrible city, New-York. You haven't spent half your usual time in examining your favorite flowers. Do stay and explain their beauties to my godson. He is a perfect ignoramus on the subject of floriculture, and will thank you I know."

"I must plead guilty to the charge which my god father so bluntly put forth," said I, as I raised my hat to address the beautiful creature, who in her confusion was endeavoring to adjust a small *bouquet* of fragrant flowers which she held in her hand, "but it is more my misfortune than my fault. Having been reared in the city, I have never examined a collection of rare plants except at yearly exhibitions, and then I have had no competent person to point out to me their chief beauties. I am sure, though, I should prove an apt scholar under Miss Grant's tuition."

"Mr. Miller is pleased to give me credit for more knowledge than I really possess in this regard," she replied timidly, as she raised her large, sparkling orbs to mine; "I am but a poor judge of flowers myself although I dearly love to cultivate and be among them. At present, however, I must be going, for I have already staid longer than I had intended, and my father will be expecting me," and dropping a graceful curtsey she took her leave.

It seemed as though a bright, fresh looking, exquisite picture, drawn by some of the old masters, had been suddenly taken from my view when she passed out of the garden, so brilliant, so glorious did she seem in her almost unearthly beauty; and when the sound of her light foot fell had died away I stood buried in profound thought, like one entranced. I was aroused from my silent attitude by a loud laugh from my god father, who merrily slapping me upon the shoulder exclaimed:

"One more victim to the charms of Estelle Grant! One more heart cut through by the Cupid of the Boy-God! Is she not beautiful Harry? Egad, I don't know but I should have fallen in love myself if I had met her, or a damsel like her, forty years ago!"

"She is beautiful!" I answered, sighing in spite of myself as I took my way toward the vehicle, which the black boy had informed me was in readiness.

The time between my first meeting with Estelle Grant and that fixed upon for her marriage with Everard Emory was brief, but it was sufficiently long for me to become intimate by acquaintance, and to gain a complete knowledge of her character. When I first visited —— it was my intention to stay but a few weeks at most, but while in her society, time had for me a greater value than ever before and I took no heed of the days, weeks and months, as they rapidly flew by. I forget all about New-York, and thought that with Estelle for a companion I should never wish to change my location. I managed to meet her very often in the old gentleman's garden previous to her hateful marriage. Indeed, I not only managed to meet her often but with all the ardor of a youth of twenty I poured out the fervor of my soul in love to her, although I learned from her own lips before our acquaintance ended that there was not the slight test possibility of my passion ever meeting with a return. She was far above, in social, intellectual nature, and seemed to take naturally to me, as a brother. I was certain that she had not a particle of love, or even of respect, for the man to whom she was on the point of being tied for life, not only from what my godfather had said, but from her own actions. This gave me a ray of hope, and when a youth of twenty-one who is in deep love obtains a ray of hope, it is lifted upon my course of action. I would declare my love—I would propose an elopement—I would tear her from the grasp of her iron-hearted parent by force if necessary, and break the neck of Everard Emory if he dared to interpose when I would take her to New-York in triumph—I would appear before my friends as the happiest husband of the best and prettiest wife in the world—all this would I have done, but for one very important fact, which was merely that such a thing was impossible, for just as I was about confessing to her that I was dying for her sake, she opened her whole heart to me. She confessed that she was forced to marry Emory against her inclination. She was the victim of circumstances over which she had no control. She never could endure, much less love her intended husband, for her heart was plighted to another—one whom she had known from childhood.

Let me not dwell upon the subject. Estelle Grant was married to Everard Emory, in the presence of a perfect blaze of beauty and fashion. She was offered up a sacrifice upon the altar of mammon—a match-making mother and money-getting father call it was an excellent alliance. Emory stood high in the community. He was a man of most unexceptionable and blameless character. Estelle should consider herself fortunate in securing such a match. She should be the happiest of women. Should she? We shall see.

I did not witness the marriage, although invited to be present. I could not do so. The sight would have been gall and wormwood to me, but I staid in —— till the ceremony was performed, and then I returned to New-York and to business.

Two years had passed after the marriage of Estelle, during the whole of which time I had never once visited my old god-father, although I correspondence with him regularly. In almost every letter which I received from him he had something to say about Estelle and the effect upon her mind and disposition which the alliance in so the old gentleman gave me to understand that her nature had undergone a great change, and more related, with remarks to this effect kept growing more and more pointed, until at length one day the postman put into my hand the following characteristic epistle from the old gentleman:

"DEAR HARRY: The jig is up at last. The bird has flown. Estelle Emory, wife for life, since her marriage, seems to have been a perfect hell-fire here last night, and her conduct no one knows wether, though it is surmised that she fled to New-York. She took her infant with her, and was accompanied in her flight by the servant girl, who seems to have changed, with her mistress, into a perfect devil. If you should see her in New-York, Harry, do not let her come to her—watch over her as you would over a sister. I feel almost as great an affection for her as though she was my daughter, and would go a great way to serve her. But don't go out of your way to come back; I don't think that would be doing her a kindness. Only think of her become the victim of any of the despicable characters who literally swarm in New-York. Search for her at your discretion and if you find her, advise me instantly. God bless you! Your affectionate old father."

Poor old man! He never learned anything of her fate, for it was not long after her flight that he was called upon to pay that debt which all must answer at later pay. He died leaving me his executor. Day after day, and week after week, I was constantly on the alert, and although some faces of a similar nature concerning her and the companion of her flight came to my knowledge, I still learn nothing of her whereabouts, and at length I became satisfied that she was either dead, or had, in her desire to get as far as possible from her husband, taken passage for Europe.

While lamentingly looking after information concerning the victim of parental cupidity, I made the acquaintance of a member of the Police Department, whom I shall call Fred Fox—a fearless, good-natured, facetious fellow, always active in his profession, a man of keen perception, a first-rate judge of character and perfectly willing at all times to furnish me with the fullest particulars of every case which came under his observation. This last fact led me to take up my abode in his family, in order that I might have the full benefit of his experience, and that I might also have a better opportunity of listening to his narrations. Many a long winter evening when Fred was off duty, have I passed beneath his roof. Seated near him with eyes, ears and mouth all open at the same time, I have listened, as Desdemona devoured up the discourse of Othello, to his recital of the experience during many years' service as a policeman, which he has "took like a hot hasty pudding—by dood and held," in the pursuit of thieves on the East River and in the city beyond.

Fred Fox could relate a real incident when ——, and the subjects which had come under his observation were as vividly as the colors in a kaleidoscope. This gave him a companionable quality which to me was invaluable, and as he witnessed my intense pleasure while listening to him, he was the more willing to gratify me. By turns he would awaken my keenest sorrow, by a tale of suffering—arouse my imagination by a story of persecution and wrong, and convulse me with laughter by a description of some ludicrous scene. Besides this he kept me posted up with regard to every singular affair which occurred in the station and I looked upon him as my second self.

Things had been rather dull with us, (Fred and myself,) for some time—that is, not exactly dull, for dullness could never exist where Fred was, but they had no recent occurrence of interest had transpired—nothing beyond the usual items of brutal assaults and fatal accidents, burglaries, etc. Things had remained in this state for some time I say, when Fred (who often took me with him when he had a case on hand which he thought would interest me) came rushing into my room in a state of considerable excitement, and before I could question him as to the cause the proof he exclaimed in a hurried manner, as he laid his hand upon my shoulder—

"Come Mr. ——! Come along with me! I've just left a person that you'd like to see, I know. Come along, 'tain't far."

"What is the sex of the person, Fred?" I inquired, "male or female?"

"O, it's a woman," was his reply, "come!"

"Have I ever seen her?" I asked.

"Don't know," he answered, "guess not—she's a queer customer—looks as if she might've been top of the heap at one time, but she's gone under now. She told me she had something on her mind she'd like to make known, but she wouldn't tell it to a policeman—she wouldn't reveal it to anybody but a gentleman—that was flattering, wasn't it?"

"Rather!" I answered as I rose and prepared to accompany him "but where did you come across this lucrative business, Fred? Who is she? Did you arrest her for the fit, or vagrancy, or what?"

"I didn't arrest her at all," replied Fred; "you see, I'll tell you how it was. Last night a countryman was robbed by some women who picked him up while he was rather oblivious, and took him to a cellar in Mulberry st. He couldn't remember the house nor even the neighborhood; all he could recollect was that it was in Mulberry st. Now there are a number of places in that locality which are not exactly the spot that the gentleman expected me to go to after his property—a watch and some money—I naturally turned my face in that direction. I couldn't find either the thief or the property, but in the house I went into—a house with a good many tenants in it—I came across the woman I told you about in one of the rooms. She was lying on a cot in one corner of the apartment, and at first I thought she was dead, she was so motionless and so white; but I soon found out my mistake when I walked towards her, for she gave a hollow cough and looked up at me. A miserable, ragged dirty looking Irish woman was sitting by the bed during, and on my touching her on the shoulder she leaped up and growled out, 'What d'you want here?' I remembered this woman as soon as I looked at her; I had often smelled her going into the pawn shop on my beat, and all those times I always thought she was drunk. I never caught her at anything criminal. 'What's the matter with this woman?' I inquired; and as I did so the invalid raised herself upon one arm, and in a voice that almost frightened me from its hollowness, answered, before her attendant had a chance to—'What's that to you? What right have you in this room? It's none of your business, I'm paying for it! Leave it!' And as she finished she broke into a fit of coughing so severe I was afraid would prove fatal to her, it was so very violent. I felt sorry for the woman, for although I didn't like her countenance, she looked to me as though she had been used to better things, so to pacify her I explained to her that I was in search of a thief, and when I got through I asked the Irish woman if any doctor had visited the invalid. 'No,' was the reply, 'I wanted her to have one from the Dispensary, but she wouldn't let me fetch him.' 'No,' broke in the sick woman family, 'I want no doctor—I shall soon be past the want of assistance from anybody; but I don't wish you to leave me, Fred, I want to speak with a gentleman—I want to speak with a gentleman!' I inquired, 'Any gentleman,' was her reply—'any real gentleman by birth and education; I am a lady, and I will say what I have to say to none but a gentleman. If you can and will fetch such a person, do it quickly, or you will be too late.' To conclude, I knew the case would suit you exactly," concluded Fred, "so I hurried as fast as possible to let you know; and now, if you wish, we will go at once."

I needed no further pressing, and in another moment we were out doors and proceeding at a brisk pace toward our destination. We were not long in reaching Mulberry st., into which we turned, and after walking some blocks further, Fred stopped at the entrance to a long, dingy looking alley, and remarked, in an under tone, "This is the place—come along."

I came near turning back at what I felt a strange reckless feeling as I followed my guide up this dreary-looking and horrid smelling avenue, but I had made up my mind to pursue the adventure to the end, so I proceeded without a remark. The alley terminated in a large court filled with rough built five-story brick houses, not one of which could boast an entire window sash, while the stench arising from the decaying animal and vegetable matter which chequered the pavement was almost overpowering. "Here is the room, we seek," said Fred as he drew up at one of these post-holes, and knocked at the door of an apartment on the first floor. "Come in!" cried a woman's voice, in a gruff tone.

"That's the Irish woman," whispered Fred as he opened the door, and we entered.

If the exterior view of the unsavory place was uninviting, the interior view was still more so. The room was exceedingly dirty and filled with strange objects, which consisted only of two rickety old stools, one of them minus a leg, an old pine table, warped, cracked and disjointed; the miserable cot upon which the sick woman lay, a small strip of old rag carpet, and a broken furnace, which stood in the chequered fire-place. A bundle of straw, which served for the bed of the invalid's attendant, was spread in one corner. The four walls of the dilapidated tenement were cracked in many places, and in each of which a piece of brick had been stuck as a protection against the ingress of the long-tailed intruders. The whole place had more the appearance of a pigsty than a dwelling place for human beings, and a ray of sunlight which struggled through one of the broken window panes, and rested in a small patch upon the dirtiest portion of the floor, seemed through contrast to render the place still more gloomy.

The Irish woman who had bade us "come in," sat by the bedside of the sick woman, upon one of the two stools. She looked up as we entered, and as her sunny-looking, blood-shot eyes rested upon Fred she uttered a subdued "hush!" and pointing to the bed, she continued, "The mistress is sleepin—don't wake her!" My mind was so taken up with the invalid that upon entering I had scarcely looked at her attendant, but I now turned my eyes toward him. The instantaneous recognition of some of my features closely. This privilege was denied me, however, for as soon as she had spoken she buried her face in her hands and remained silent. The sick woman lay asleep, with her face toward the wall, but her slumber was evidently not sound—for occasionally she moved uneasily upon her wretched bed, and ever and anon an exclamation of suffering—half sigh and half groan—escaped her.

"Here is the gentleman she wished to see," said Fred, touching her on the shoulder.

"Is he my wid yes?" was the impatient reply. "Can't you come again? It's not often she slaps."

"Yes, Fred," said I in a subdued tone, "let's come again some other time; perhaps it would be be better not to awaken the woman."

Scarcely had I spoken, when the invalid awoke, and grouning heavily, turned herself with an effort in the bed. For an instant she lay with her face toward us, but with her eyes still closed. Presently, with a heavy sigh, she slowly opened them, and with a bewildered stare, they rested full upon me.

"Kate, what do these people want?" she said, in a hollow tone, addressing the Irish woman, but without withdrawing her gaze from me.

"You said you wished to see a gentleman," replied Fred Fox stepping forward, "and at your request I have brought this one."

"O, yes, I had forgotten," said the sick woman, languidly; "I did wish to see a gentleman—but I must be satisfied that he is a gentleman—one who has feeling in his heart, and can understand, and appreciate, and not a mere picker up of stray items of news. Is this a gentleman?" I bow. "What's your name, Sir?" she abruptly inquired; "for there is something in a name—I am so afraid of that."

"Harry ——," I replied, willing to humor her, and at the mention of my name, a still deeper crimson was added to the hectic flesh which rested upon her cheek; "and now," I continued, "I suppose I may take the same privilege, and ask what your name is?"

"A knowledge of my name" she replied, "can advantage you nothing; but since you wish to know it, I will tell you—Julia Graham." She paused for a while, as if to gain strength, and I could see that, although she strove hard to conceal it, she was, from some cause or other, terribly excited. I noticed also that her Irish attendant was fairly aroused, and with head bent forward, was listening eagerly. Presently she jumped from her stool as though she had been shot. For a moment she seemed paralyzed, and then coming close to me, she gazed eagerly into my face for a moment, then in a voice of tremor as though addressing some one else—

"It is him—and he has a policeman with him, too. Well, then, no time to come, and if yes want Kate O'Donnell, yes must look for her in Sing-Sing prison!" and dashing by us, she flew out of the door with the speed of a frightened hare.

It was evident that the parties knew me, although I had no recollection of them; and in order to aid my memory, I bent over the invalid, and scrutinized her features closely. Suddenly, as I revolved the past over in my mind, retrospection brought up circumstances that had happened long years before, and a light broke in upon me. "Can it be possible?" I involuntarily exclaimed, as I satisfied I recognized in her one whom I had known under far different circumstances.

"Shall I follow and arrest the Irish woman?" questioned Fred, who seemed perfectly dumfoundered at the turn affairs had taken.

"No," said I, "let her go, her arrest would answer no purpose, and her escape can do no harm; but a conversation with the sick woman is all important to me."

"This is no dream," said the invalid abruptly, as she slowly revived, and raised herself, by an effort, in the bed, "you are real flesh and blood, are you not? Come here—let me touch you."

I went close to her, and she laid her hand upon my shoulder.

"I heard you were dead," she continued, "or I should never have come back to this city. However, I'm glad I did come. It was not come back to this city. However, I'm glad I did come. It was not my wish to see you, but now that we have met I am not sorry for it. Tell me, does that man (pointing to Fred) know anything of my history?"

I answered in the negative.

"Then," she continued, "request him to leave us together! I have much to say to you, and a short time to say it in. I do not wish him to hear it; not that I am fearful of the law—no, no! I shall wish him to hear it; but that I am fearful of the law's victim, the second time a stranger, darker, and more enduring cell than any in the Tombs. But I do not wish a third person present! Tell him to go."

I took Fred aside, and requested him to leave us.

"You know her, then?" said he inquiringly.

"Yes," I answered, "she is an old acquaintance of mine."

"Shall I arrest her?" asked Fred, with a puzzled air; "I don't remember of seeing her, but I spoke to me of any one resembling her."

"No," said I evasively, "it is a long story, Fred, and I have learned but half of it myself yet. Some other time I will enlighten you, but at present leave us together."

"I don't half like the idea," was Fred's reply, "the sick woman can't hurt you I know, but how about the Irish woman who just left? She looks as bad one, if there's anything in appearances—and if I leave you any secret which is likely to affect her, she may return with assistance and work an impediment in your speech."

"Don't be at all alarmed about that," said I, "you may rest assured she will not make her appearance here again—at least so long as I remain."

This assured Fred took one last look at the invalid, and departed, while I drew up a chair close to the invalid's bed, and listened to the recital of a story the details of which even now causes a thrill of horror to creep over me, and is well calculated to prove the verity of the oft-quoted axiom that "truth is stranger than fiction."

[The Narrative of which the foregoing is the opening chapter, is to be continued to the NEW-YORK DISPATCH of Sept. 3. It promises to have an extensive reading, if we may judge from the demand of the public for the first part of it.]

NEBRASKA ITEMS.—*The Palladium* says that Douglas, Dodge and Bernhart Counties are the names the pioneers have determined to give the three first counties from the Missouri River westward up the Platte. Douglas County extends up the Platte River to the mouth of Shell Creek; Dodge County commences at Shell Creek, extending to the mouth of Buffalo Creek; Bernhart extends from Buffalo Creek to the west line of the Territory.

A train of Mormon emigrants, on their return from a residence of six years at Salt Lake crossed the Missouri River in search of a home in the States on the 14th inst. They have left that country on account of the immorality and oppression of the Mormon Church. The train consisted of nine wagons and some fifty persons.

The Palladium of the 16th inst. says that settlers are beginning to come in at Belleview and various improvements are going forward—building houses, making farms, &c. Something like 200 acres of ground are already under cultivation by the whites. There was an excellent dinner on the 4th of July last, at Mr. Robinson's. The table was richly supplied with both native and cultivated products of Nebraska. The dinner consisted of fresh meat, new potatoes, peas and various kinds of garden sauce, wild gooseberries, raspberries and other varieties of native fruit. These simple dishes, accompanied with a good cup of coffee and a plenty of pure ice-water, afforded a delightful repast.

ANOTHER MAIL ROBBER IN LIMBO.—The U. S. District Attorney informs us that the mail rider on the route from Maryville to Athens via Louisville has been committed to the jail of Blount County, to await his trial at the next term of the Federal Court, on a charge of robbing the mail. [Knoxville (Tenn.) Register.

First Evening Edition.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 2 O'CLOCK.

Sales at the Stock Exchange....Aug. 30.

$5,000	Erie 2d Mtge. Bds	89	350	Cumberland Coal Co	21
4,000	Erie Con. Bds. '71	83	100	do	21
2,000	Erie Inc. Bds	74	250	do	21
11,000	Ill. Cen. R. R. Bds		200	do	21
6,000	do		200	do	20
5,000	do	62	200	do	20
2,000	do	62	200	do	20
16,000	do	62	200	New-York Cent. RR	89
10,000	do	62	200	do	89
8,000	do	62	80	do	89
5,000	do	62	28	do	89
5,000	do	61	100	do	89
5,000	do	61	10	Michigan Southern RR	71
3,000	do	62	50	Erie R. R.	63
5,000	N. Y. Cen. R. R. Bds	85	100	do	63
200	Cumb. Co	20	200	do	63
100	do	21	400	do	63
200	do	21	100	do	63
50	do	21	100	do	63
250	do	20	50	do	63
100	do	21	50	do	63
100	do	21	100	do	63
200	do	20	200	do	63
100	do	20	200	do	63
100	do	20	100	do	63
100	do	20	100	do	63
100	do	20	100	do	63
100	do	20	100	do	63
125	Harlem Railroad	32	100	do	63
50	do	32	100	Hudson River Railroad	41
50	Cleveland & Toledo RR	69	5	do	41
50	do	69	100	do	41

NEW INVENTIONS.

A NEW SHEET METAL TUBING MACHINE.—Messrs. Webster & Miller of No. 11 Wall-st., have on exhibition at their rooms a newly patented Machine for the manufacture of sheet metal tubing, so simple in its operation that it should commend itself to the notice of all workers in sheet metal. The apparatus consists of a large hollow cylinder, with two small iron rollers inside. The large cylinder revolves upon three flanged wheels on the outside of each end. The revolution of the lower roller causes the cylinder and the other roller inside to revolve, bending the metal into the required shape. The end of the sheet to be bent is inserted into a crevice in a roller of the size required for the tube, and is then put inside of the large cylinder, between the two rollers, and by a pressure of the foot upon a lever the upper roller descends upon the sheet. A simple revolution and the tube is made, as true and straight as a rifle bore. By this principle tubes from one inch to two feet in diameter and from three to 12 feet in length may be turned out with equal facility. The machine is said to be capable of making from 5,000 to 18,000 feet of metal tubing of any kind per day. The inventors and proprietors have taken measures to secure a patent for their machine in Europe.

YANKEE NOTIONS.—An Ohio Yankee, Erastus Nu by name, has just shown us an improved candle holder which he has invented, which seems to be a good thing. Instead of a round tube, the candle is held by four spring-wires of the size of knitting needles, approaching each other at the top, which adjusts their capacity to whatever is inserted between them, so that the largest candle is readily received, while the smallest is tightly held, and may be reversed and violently shaken without dropping the candle. Attached is a pair of snuffers, very simple and cheap, yet efficient, and the whole might be made very cheap yet very effective.

Mr. Nu showed also a new Button, also a Thimble of his invention, and offered to submit to our inspection various other contrivances; but we begged off, fearing that he would drive the candle-stick out of our head in unsuccessful endeavors to get other things into it. So he took pity on our non-inventive brain and forbore.

SOFT SHELL DELEGATES TO SYRACUSE.

XIIth ASSEMBLY DISTRICT—FOURTEENTH WARD.

Delegates.	*Alternates.*
Peter Monaghan,	Joseph Sharman,
Thomas Reese,	Henry Marron,
James W. Smith,	John Friel,
Joseph Hargedy.	John L. Tarrell.

INDIANA.—At the People's Congressional Convention, held at Lafayette, Aug. 24, Col. H. S. Lane presiding, Hon. DANIEL MACE, Anti-Nebraska Democrat, was renominated by acclamation as the Republican candidate for Congress. Charles a Naylor was nominated by the same Convention for Circuit Prosecuting-Attorney. A grand Ratification Meeting is to be held at Crawfordsville, Sept. 8.

THE "HOLY CAUSE" OF SLAVE CATCHING.—Gen. Cass says that Batchelder, who fell while making a slave of Burns, "fell in the holiest of causes." Well, if it is the holiest of causes to enslave men, what would Gen. Cass say of one George Washington, who fought to make free men. He must have been a great scamp.

The bill granting a pension to Batchelder's widow, did not pass the House. [Greenfield (Mass.) Republic.

THE WALDOBORO' BANK.—Although the block of buildings in which were the rooms of this bank were destroyed by the destructive fire in that town on Friday, all the books, papers and funds of the institution were saved—the only loss sustained being the furniture of the rooms, amounting perhaps to $100.

PRAISEWORTHY.—A lady of Jefferson County, Indiana, has made herself a handsome silk dress from cocoons of her own raising. The dress will be exhibited at the Indiana State Fair this fall, which is to be held at Madison.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF NEW-YORK.....AUGUST 30.

Arrived.

Bark Beverly, (Br.) Seddman, Cienfuegos 17 days, with sugar to Moses Taylor & Co. Sailed in company with brig Windward, for Baltimore; schr. Georgiana, do.

Brig Mary, (Br.) Young, Cadiz with salt, to Giro & Francia. Capt. Y. stated that when in the Gulf Stream he experienced very heavy rains for several days.

Schr. L. H. Nickerson, Chase, Boston 3 days, with mdse. to S. W. Lewis.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—The organ of Modern Spiritualism is published weekly as the Spiritual Book Depot, No. 308 Broadway, New-York. Price $2 per annum. There is no publication so profuse in facts and philosophy as this paper. Address FARTRIDGE & BRITTAN, New-York.

BLANK BOOKS, PAPER and STATIONERY, SLOTE & JANES, No. 50 Fulton st., near William, STATIONERS AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS, would invite the attention of buyers to their assortment of Blank Books, Paper, &c. which they offer at reasonable rates. Account Books ruled and bound to any pattern.

FOR SALE, LEASE or PARTNERSHIP—A valuable WATER PRIVILEGE and MANUFACTURING PROPERTY, consisting of a Stone Cotton Factory 40 by 60 feet, three stories high, and machinery; eight Dwellings for hands; a Grist and Saw Mills, Stables, Out Houses, Horses, Wagons, Sleighs, Tools, &c. &c. One large Dwelling and store, and about 20 acres of good land, on a successful operation, and a good business, and going from $5 to 8 per cent. Any proprietor, desirous of residing in New-York City, would sell, take a partner, or exchange for city property. Price $35,000. Address E., Box 1,742 New-York Post Office.

$1,000 to $20,000 WANTED.—A manufacturing enterprise, subject to far less than usual hazard, starting upon a safe basis and under good management, and which promises heavy profits on the capital invested, requires some further assistance. Several contract jobs or superintendences will be given to parties investing if desired, providing satisfactory terms can be arranged. For particulars inquire of R. F. BRIWER at the office of Peter Relyea, No. 127 Broadway, N. Y., between the hours of 10 and 12 A. M.

BOARD—A very pleasant Front Parlor and Bedroom may be obtained at No. 74 East 14th-st., near Union-square. The house has all the modern improvements. Also, two single rooms.

TO LET—To small families, the FIRST FLOOR and BASEMENT of the new brick house in 4th-st., near Broadway. Rent $19 per month. Also the SECOND, THIRD and FOURTH FLOORS, of same. Rent $18, $21 and $25 per month. Apply to A. C. LOOMIS, No. 1,129 Broadway.

HOUSE WANTED to RENT—From October 1 to May next, with the privilege of six or twelve months longer if desired, a genteel FURNISHED HOUSE, with all the modern improvements. Location between 4th and 8th-ave. and 4th and 19th-sts. Address Box No. 1,131 Post-Office.

NOTICE.—The BLOOMINGDALE SAVINGS BANK, corner of Broadway and 32d st., chartered by the Legislature of this State at its last session, will be open for the reception of money on deposit on the 4th day of September next.

Six per cent. interest will be allowed on all sums of money of $100 and under, and 5 per cent. on all sums over $500.

The Bank will be open from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M.

TRUSTEES.

Enoch T. Winter,	James Stephens,	Garret S. Mott,
William H. Hoyt,	Cornelius Chichester,	Abraham Craig,
John Pettigrew,	John Webber,	Samuel Longstreet,
George R. Bowen,	Francis B. Guest,	John S. Meyer,
John Waite,	William H. Raynor,	Samuel Lyman,
Joseph N. Balestier,	Henry D. Crane,	Jas. F. Chamberlain,
William W. Brackett,	T. Palmer Whitney,	William S. Ross,
	Charles Sutton.	

ENOCH T. WINTER, President.

JOHN PETTIGREW, 1st Vice-President.

JAMES STEVENS, 2d Vice-President.

JOHN WAITE, Secretary.

New-York, August 11, 1854.

Trust Company.

UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY of NEW-YORK, No. 40 WALL-ST., Merchants Exchange. CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

This Company is a legal depository for money paid into Court, and is authorized to act as Guardian or Receiver of Estates.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

By order of any Court in the State, or the Superior Court of New-York, allowance of Corporations, not exceeding 5 per cent. For a less period, or capital at short notice, 4 per cent.

TRUSTEES.

Joseph Lawrence,	Peter Cooper,
Luther Bradish,	Joseph Weckerly,
Robert Kelly,	George C. Bonnell,
Frederick Sheldon,	John G. Phelps,
Erastus Corning,	Shepherd Knapp,
Royal Phelps,	Wm. Sherman,
Jonas Hubbard,	Jos. G. Hoyt,
John J. Cisco,	D. H. Arnold,
Daniel S. Miller,	William Jay,
James S. Gamble,	Henry C. Bill,
James Boorman,	R. F. Wainwright,
Thomas Suydam,	Edmund Coffin,
Caleb O. Halsted,	Jacob Harper,
Reuben H. Walworth,	Edwin D. Morgan,
	Thomas Tileston.

JOHN A. STEWART, Sec. JOSEPH LAWRENCE, President.

OFFICE OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY, NEW-YORK, August 7, 1854.

LOAN of FEBRUARY 7, 1854.—The seventh instalment of TEN PER CENT on the Loan of the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY, allotted to subscribers on the 7th day of February, 1854, will be payable on Thursday, the 7th day of September, at the office of the Company, No. 30 Wall-st. By order of the Executive Committee.

M. B. EDGAR, Treasurer.

DREXEL, SATTER & CHURCH, BANKERS, SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., draw Bills of Exchange on DREXEL & Co., PHILADELPHIA, payable at the principal cities of the United States.

Collections made at San Francisco and in the interior of the State, and proceeds promptly remitted. Collections may be sent direct to D. S. A. C. or through DREXEL & Co., Philadelphia, or P. SATTER, No. 164 Nassau-st., N. Y.

Exchange on San Francisco for sale in sums to suit, by DREXEL & Co., Philadelphia, and P. SATTER, New-York.

MILL SEAT and FARM for SALE—A small FARM, of 40 acres tillable land, on the mill stream dividing