THE LATEST NEWS,

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MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

ALABAMA ELECTION.

NEW ORLEANS, Saturday, Aug. 18, 1855.

The majority for Winston, the democratic candidate for Governor in Alabama, is about 11,000.

DEATH OF ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

BOSTON, Saturday, August 18, 1855.

The Hon. ABBOTT LAWRENCE died at 11 o'clock this morning.

The time of burial has not been definitely fixed, but it will probably occur on Wednesday next. The interment will take place at Mount Auburn, in the lot where repose the remains of his children and of his brothers—William and Amos.

CALIFORNIA POST-OFFICE AFFAIRS.

WASHINGTON, Friday, August 17, 1855.

For some time past there has been a controversy between the Post Master at San Francisco and the "Penny Post Company," growing out of the arrangements of the latter relative to the delivery of letters. Both parties have made their cases severally known to the Post-Office Department, and a decision has just been made in favor of the cause of the Post-Master. The Department, in writing to the Penny Post Company, says it "has at all times declined all connection with express companies, and it will sanction no arrangement with such companies calculated to diminish its revenues.

J. S. Clendinen has resigned his office as Attorney-General of the United States for the Territory of Washington.

MUTINY—A VILLAINOUS TRANSACTION.

SANDY HOOK, August 19, 1855.

This morning while the brig Abby Thaxter, Captain Wiswell, bound for Lisbon, was preparing to sail, with a pilot on board, the crew attempted a mutiny, but were subdued by the officers and are now in irons. Their reasons for mutinying are not known. The brig is at anchor in the Lower Bay, awaiting assistance from the revenue-cutter Washington, which has been sent for and is momentarily expected.

The gutta percha telegraph wire sunk under the river at the Highlands, and belonging to the New-York and Sandy Hook Telegraph Company, was badly hacked and cut, and several hundred feet of it stolen, a few nights since, by some unknown scoundrels. Temporary repairs have been made, so that the line is now again in working order.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19, 1855.

Owing to a slim attendance at the meeting of the Republican Association last night the officers were not elected. The names of its members have not yet been made public.

THE COTTON CROP IN MISSISSIPPI.

NEW-ORLEANS, Friday, Aug. 17, 1855.

A letter from Natchez, Mississippi, states that the cotton crop was suffering from rot and rust in that region, and that the prospects are 15 to 20 per cent worse than they were two weeks ago.

FIREMEN'S RIOT IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 19 1855.

A sanguinary riot occurred here on Saturday night between the New-Market and Mount Vernon fire Companies. Three of the rioters were shot, two of whom are not expected to live.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

WATERTOWN, N.Y., Saturday, Aug. 18, 1855.

Michael Cavanagh was yesterday convicted at Martinsburgh of the murder of Mr Cooper at Lyons's Falls in May last. He was sentenced by Judge Allen to be hung on the 5th of October.

MORTALITY OF BOSTON.

BOSTON, Saturday, Aug. 18, 1855.

The deaths in this city for the past week have been one hundred and nine, of which sixty-two were those of children under five years of age.

THE ROTHSCHILD FAMILY.

DEATH OF THE BARON SALOMON.

There is a golden romance clustering around this family which makes the death of one of its prominent members a matter of historic notoriety.

The Baron Salomon, whose funeral took place recently at Paris with somewhat of public solemnity, was the fourth son of the founder of his house, and was at his death aged 82. Anselm, the first son, who was at the head of the Frankfort House, has some time since passed away. Nathan, the second, who reigned over the great London house, is also gone; and of the second generation of these moneyed Mohicans there are now left but James, also of Paris, and Charles of Naples. Not so much in the loss of their persons however as of their powers, have the Rothschild family received a severe blow in the death of two of its members—the only able one surviving being James, who, both in monetary genius, elevation of character and range of mind, is the star of the house of Rothschild. Anselm was great by his sagacity; Nathan by his industry; James is by his genius. Anselm singularly combined the instincts of a low cloth Jew, with the penetrating vision of the statesman. Nathan united all the steadiness of a merchant with the craft of a smuggler. He it was, who, while established at Manchester, amassed an enormous fortune by smuggled trade during Napoleon's blockade of the Continent. He knew the result of the battle of Waterloo eight hours before it reached the British Government, and we should fear to surmise what each minute in each of those hours was in his hands worth. But James has, in addition to the sagacity of the one and industry and craft of the other, that which they did not possess—great genius, a most courtly bearing and polished cultivation of mind, which make his relations with the Royal Houses of Europe wear more the character of a diplomatist, while those of his brothers Anselm and Nathan never rose above the Jew.

The sumptuous palace in which Salomon died was of course known to all Americans who have ever visited Paris; to many, perhaps, was also known the humble house on the Ghetto of Frankfort in which he was born. But a few years ago and the windows of this house on the Ghetto were always seen once within the annual circle on one particular night to wear a glitter of light, which, as it was cast from the old Jewish lamps, threw a strange, ghastly glimmer on the dingy, decayed and dust-eaten dwellings around. This night was the eve of the Jewish New-Year's Day, when were gathered, no matter with what travel, the five sons of Frankfort, Vienna, London, Paris and Naples around a withered, but shrewd-looking Hebrew woman. This was the mother of the moneyed Gracchi, who still clung to the old Ghetto house from which the family had started. The house yet stands, but its stair on the New-Year's Night is silent. The windows throw their glitter no more. The mother is dead; three of the sons have departed; and the two that are left—of Paris and Naples—have no talisman now to attract them to the old homestead.

Salomon, originally of Vienna, but more recently of Paris, who has just died, and Charles of Naples were always considered the most insignificant of the brothers. He of Vienna was a fat, pompous old man, proud of his living in fellowship with bankrupt Austrian nobles and drunken Transylvanian Bayers; and Charles of Naples delights in playing the servile beau with the penniless princesses and countesses who abound at the enlightened Court of King Bomba. In rosier days of youth he affected a tender passion for the Sontag, and the loiterers made much merriment in watching him follow her with amorous eagerness as she passed through the streets of Frankfort, bowing, and smiling, and chatting, while his red, rubicund face beamed with fat and with fatuity. He married when yet young a Miss Hertz, a girl of singular beauty; and as he might have wedded a large fortune, the old father, who was alive at the time, cursed him and cast him from him, and refused to his last hour to take him to his heart or house. During the residence of Charles at Naples, it is well known to all the habitués of that Court that the beauty of his young wife inspired King Bomba with an ecstatic admiration, and in the absence of the excitement of a new miracle he passed so many hours in love-toying at the feet of the lovely Jewess as to force her husband to fly to discretion, and for a time take up his bags and walk. Baroness Lionel Rothschild, wife of the member for London, is the offspring of this union of Baron Charles and Miss Hertz, and possesses all the fascinating gifts of her mother, fortunately without any of the foolish attributes of her father. She is a woman of singular beauty of both mind and person.

With the deaths of Anselm and Nathan genius had but one representative in the house of Rothschild. The other surviving brothers of Vienna and Naples, as we have shown, were in every respect inferior men, and the younger branches of the family are either degenerated by intermarriage with cousins, and the absence of that invigoration which new blood pours into the veins, or are like Lionel of London, who is a mere cloth-Jew, with two ideas—"to make monisoh" and to be *a lord*. A baronetcy was offered him by Lord John Russell—possibly to compensate him for bearing the expenses of their joint election—but his vaulting ambition would brook no lower title than a lord. But that financial genius which Anselm, Nathan and James inherited from their sire will be looked for in vain among the younger representatives of the house in London. This was clearly evidenced during the Irish famine and the commercial crisis and French revolution which succeeded. Although the great bulk of corn bills passed through their hands, and they knew well the heavy liabilities contracted by many of the importers, they were so wholly unprepared when the crash came and house after house stopped payment, that to breast the storm they were compelled to dispose of their English securities, thus producing the immense fall in Consols in 1847, and shaking confidence, which by greater sagacity might have been preserved. This was well known in London, and in fact the little credit which Barons Lionel and Meyer and Sir Anthony possessed for comprehensive foresight, was entirely forfeited. Barons James of Paris, and Anselm, were in fact the directing and protecting powers of the various operations of the houses, and now that one is gone and the other must soon follow, it is a serious question whether if in the train of the present war the thrones of Europe should be shaken, and securities fall, the Rothschilds, a large portion of whose influence is dependent upon the firmness of their thrones, would be able to retain their own golden crown, when that genius has departed which controlled the fortunes of the house.

Baron James, who had long seen the dangers of the position of their house with reference to Austrian, Italian and other Continental securities, used all his influence and power with the other members to lead them away from financial, and induce them to devote themselves exclusively to mercantile, operations. With this view they established agencies at all the leading points of the globe to invite consignments and solicit orders. It was the jealousy created by this new policy, more than any other impelling motive, which induced the Barings to take the Russian loan, and thus establish a supremacy over the Rothschilds in finance, as they had interfered with them in those of commerce. The Rothschilds have, however, always exhibited an aversion to touching anything Russian. The old Frankfort Rothschild on his death-bed called his children round him and with parting voice warned them equally against Russia and Republicanism. He distrusted both. In England and Prussia he chiefly placed his faith. As Baron Lionel exclaimed in his maiden speech at the Guildhall of London, "We go for *Conschtitutissonal government*."

The great commercial crisis of 1847 was favorable to the policy of Baron James. After the Irvings, the Gowers, the Reids, and many other merchant princes of London had failed, many West India planters and East India merchants, who used to draw on their houses, tranferred their business to the Rothschilds. However, their relations with courts, especially on the Continent, were too intimate to be loosened so soon, and merchant-like ambition cannot be satisfied without quantities which Jews rarely possess. To control great shipping operations and great merchant undertakings, great qualities of heart must be blended with great qualities of head, in order to compromise and conciliate all conflicting interests and clashing individualities, which must be mastered and subdued to ensure a great success. But the Asiatic nature of the Jews is too absolute in its leanings ever to succeed where compromising interests and conciliating individuals is to be achieved, and it is too intense and concentrated to take delight in pursuits which require a diffusion of qualities and a many-sided watchfulness. Hence the race ever prefer to do one thing which they themselves can personally control and do that with all their heart and soul and might. They excel therefore in money-changing, which requires, not like the merchant's business, knowledge of and patience with many things and persons, but simply a thorough knowledge of one thing—money itself. In the intensity with which they devote themselves to this one thing they cannot be surpassed by any other race of men, except perhaps Yankees. It was the money-changing genius of the original Meyer Rothschild which laid the foundation of his wealth. His connection with the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel did the rest. This Landgrave was that charming Hessian who made so much money by selling his troops to England to aid her against our armies, and out of that money was principally built that large capital which he entrusted to the keeping of Rothschild when he fled before Napoleon's army. To compensate the Jew for the risk which he had run in accepting this treasurership, he lent the money to him free of interest; and how cleverly Meyer used it the house of Rothschild tells. His abilities and honesty indeed made Meyer the pet Jew of most of the German Princes. His ability chiefly consisted in a singular cunning of speculation and art of changing and rechanging, by which he gradually elevated his house from what was deemed in Europe the low contemptible trade of a money-changer to the more exalted station of a banker. The business was however in reality the same, though the rose may have smelt sweeter under another name. Besides being dealers in money, the Rothschilds became dealers in bills, and by unheard of magnitude of operation they were enabled to place their hand upon the world's pulse and regulate its monetary beat.

The Rothschilds are, however, unquestionably, the greatest curse to European liberty. They propped up all the little despots of Germany, helped on Austria in her infamous career, and the downfall of the House would be hailed with delight by all the European people. The present Sir Robert Peel but expressed the popular feeling in his savage assault upon the family, though it was said in the House of Commons at the time to have been instigated by some usurious reminiscences. Like most Jews, they have no feeling for any thing but money, for any person but their own kindred; and to have suggested to old Meyer Rothschild that in becoming the pet Jew of the Hessian Prince who had made his money out of American blood he would stain his name, would set the whole tribe in laughter, and make gay the very stones upon the Ghetto.

Baron James opened the establishment in Paris in 1815, which Salomon subsequently joined. The details of its monotonous money life offer few materials of interest. James was the best of the tribe, a man of wisdom and good sense, and, for a Jew, of rather liberal charity, having founded a school for poor children of his persuasion and contributed to many charitable institutions. Salomon's charities were ostentations.

In England, the three present representatives of the house—Barons Lionel and Meyer and Sir Anthony Rothschild—live in that sumptuous solitude and domestic magnificence with which the Jews so deeply delight to surround themselves, like some few of the Christian Israelites in our own palatial avenue. With the exception of Sir Anthony, who is a senile sensualist and gourmand, they extend but little hospitality, and wrap themselves up in a selfish indulgence. When, however, they do receive, it is with an Oriental gorgeousness, and the maitres de cuisine of both Sir Anthony and Baron Lionel are among the most cunning chefs in Europe. The residence of the one in Grosvenor-place and of the other in Piccadilly, next Apsley House, the town palace of the Duke of Wellington, are furnished with an affluence of splendor, and their ordinary daily life is surrounded, like that of all the wealthy Jews, with every appliance of luxury. Indeed, one of the banquets given by Baron Rothschild at his country villa equaled anything ever told in story of the luscious Oriental feasts. It was in Summer, and the banquet was served in the beautiful conservatory. Music floated around and art lent its lovely sight everywhere. The sevres on which dessert was served contained each a different picture of rare artistic excellence, which might have been dreamt by Veronese or Claude Lorraine.

The only amusement in which the Rothschilds indulge is hunting. Old Anthony is gouty, and chuckles at Lionel and Meyer "for galloping round the fields "after a fox." But the two brothers have a box at Mentmore, about forty miles from London on the North-Western Rail, where they keep a splendid stud and a pack of buck hounds, and the swells of the city and stock exchange may be seen on morns of cloudy sky and southerly wind, with scarlet tops and cigar, flying in their Hanson's to the North-Western Station to have a day with the Baron's hounds. Hunting has become quite a passion in London with the youth of the Exchange. It is considered "slow" not to be out at least once a week, and for the convenience of those who cannot afford to keep a nag, a slashing shop has been opened, which is well supplied with Buckingham mud, with which counterfeit hunters are splashed, and then loll into the city club, with a "such a run old fellow, as we had;" one of these gents sat for Punch's pleasant portraits of Mr. Briggs. Meyer Rothschild can just about keep his place with the hounds, but Lionel would be pounced by a three-foot fence.

Neither do the family confine their passion for horseflesh to the hunting field. They embarked upon the turf and for one or two years they spared no expense to carry away its "blue ribbon" by winning a Derby. It is possible they would have succeeded the race of '53, had not "Orestes," who carried the fortunes of the House been unfairly dealt with the night before the running, and had a foul grain or two playfully introduced into his corn. This false play sickened the Rothschilds of the turf, and, we believe, they have not now any horses in training.

The efforts made in the past few years to crown the Temple of Universal Freedom by the emancipation of the Jews, and to wipe away the last persecuting blot from the statute book of England, induced them to enter also on that political arena, against which the old father especially warned them. "I wish, my children," he was wont to say, "to be one thing, and be "the best of that. Let my son be the best brewer or "best baker, and to be so he must be a brewer or "baker and no more." But the Rothschilds do not possess that element which Danton says is the first, second and third secret of success, daring, "l'audace, "toujours l'audace." Nor have they even liberality. Many men of very small means subscribed more than the Rothschilds to the liberal fund at the last election, though the freedom of their race was in the scale. The emancipation of the Jews appears just as distant as the day on which Lonson emphatically called out in its favor by returning as its representative the leading Israelite. But the torpid state of the question is mainly due to the apathy of the Jews themselves, and the absence of noble impulse. Baron Rothschild appears to be quite satisfied with his position under the gallery as "M. P. unattached," and for the rest, they care little for those rights which are dear to freemen, as long as they are allowed "to dishcount "von little bill" at eighty or a hundred per cent. The wife of Lionel, whom we have before described, is the ablest politician of the family, takes eager interest in all party questions, and speaks with enthusiastic rapture of the glories of her race. Nor have we ever seen such bright, beautiful children as the little Hebrews she has presented to her lord.

To see the Rothschilds, however, in their glory one must visit the Exchanges. This applies only to the Frankfort, Paris and London houses. In Vienna and Naples the Exchanges are only frequented by the very lowest class of "wild animals." But to see the old Baron Anselm or Baron James go to 'Change, amid men who on every side doffed hat and bowed with cringing smile, would have convinced the veriest optimist that honor to Mammon had not yet departed from the earth. Baron James always looked the gentleman, and even in the greatest excitement on the Bourse, when he stood surrounded by hundreds of faiseurs and brokers, a courtly smile ever slavered over his ominously smooth face. Baron Anselm with his noble head of white hair looked very imposing from a distance, but he was so illiterate and so coarse as to make it a service of disgust to approach him. The London Rothschilds have their station behind the statue of the Queen, near the entrance which leads to Exchange-place. Thither Lionel and Sir Anthony are to be seen twice a week, on Thursdays and Fridays, at about 2½ P. M., when bill-exchange is taking place, languidly approaching, supported generally by some pet broker, and leaning towards the column at the right hand from the entrance. The gentlemen who lean on the adjoining columns are Mr. Heath, of the firm of Heath, Furse & Co., Mr. Bates, of Barings, and Mr. Doxat. To see the conflict among the bill and stock brokers as to who shall first catch Lionel's eye or ear is intensely amusing. While at the Stock Exchange the thrice-honored bull or bear who has been seen in converse with the Baron, is looked up to with veneration and probably makes a sixteenth per cent out of the lucky incident. After having stood in this position for about an hour, Baron Lionel wends his way home in the same languid attitude, leaning on the arm of Sir Anthony or his uncle, Mr. Cohen, who is the principal bill-broker of the house. As they turn from the Exchange into Bucklersbury, many are the winks and signs of the passers-by who recognize the brood and some of their poor co-religionists, who watch their exit to solicit alms, gather about them a circle of eager fellow beggars, when in some dirty night len in Houndsditch, Moses relates with inexpressible pride that the Baron gave him sixpence. The office of the firm in New Court is inclosed in a large yard, which wears much the appearance of a garden. About fifteen clerks are in the main office, to which several private rooms are attached, one of them being devoted to Consular affairs, the Baron being the Austrian Consul. Here, at about eleven, the Stock Exchange men, a class half snob and half Jew, make their appearance, and with gossip and swagger, and flattery and fawning, and shaving, the business of the day runs on until about four, when the Leviathans may be seen driving to their sumptuous homes, either in their own equipage, or occasionally, to affect simplicity, in a Hanson cab.

Baron James's idea of extending the shipping and commission business of the house led him to send his son to this country, and he passed some time in New-Orleans without accomplishing anything. Mr. Belmont, who was their clerk here, gave little satisfaction, and Mr Hanau, who was their clerk at New-Orleans, had been dismissed. Indeed, the Rothschilds, by confining themselves to proteges and poor relations for agents, are subjecting themselves to great difficulties. Mr. Belmont is a native of Schönberg, which he translated into French for purposes of elegance, having, as is the custom with many Jews, adopted the name of the village where he was born. Schönberg is in the vicinity of Atzey, a little country town between Mayence and Kaiserlautern, and the Rabbi of Atzey was an uncle of Mr. Schönberg, or Belmont, as he here called himself. The rabbi's wife was a distant relative of Baron Anselm, and from the fact of her being a fine Jewess, and Baron Anselm admiring naturally her beauty, the malicious people of Atzey, Kaiserlautern, and even of Frankfort and Mayence, spread a report, the echo of which may have traveled here, that there was a tender tie between young Schönberg and the old Baron. But it was a mere piece of garrulous gossip without the smallest foundation. The fact of the young man being taken into Rothschild's office arose from the distant relationship—the same motive which sent Hanau to New-Orleans. But in thus selecting young men according to accident of birth instead of merit, the saddest mistakes are daily taking place. The incapacity of their special agents over the world is becoming a matter of notoriety to all who are brought in contact with them, but perhaps the strongest mark of this feeling was exhibited when Mr. Davidson, their agent, was returned to them under protest by the late Czar Nicholas. The reason alleged was that he was a Jew, but Baron Hieglitz himself, who with the Hopes of Amsterdam transacted all Russian loans, being a Jew, the fact can only be accounted for by the repulsive individuality of the man and the aversion in which the Rothschilds are held in St. Petersburg.

The greediness of the family in business matters, as well as the niggardly remuneration they give their employees, is beyond belief. Baron Lionel once on 'change spent a whole hour to induce a Trieste corn exporter to consign to them a cargo of grain. The commission would be perhaps $400, the shaving and pilfering $200, but it is not so much the legitimate commission which fascinates them as the little mysterious advantages resulting from concocting exchanges and manipulating rentage. What they playfully call "ganneffen." Old Baron Anselm of Frankfort, who, like many other wealthy Jews, was in the habit of eating on Friday evening some richly-seasoned fish, generally a brown carp sweetened with sugar and voluptuously swimming in a luscious sauce, opening in consequence the Sabbath with an indigestion which was confounded with compunction, used often to complain on change that he had not made money enough to pay for his fish. The meanness of the Rothschilds to those with whom they transact business, as to those whom they employ, leads us to think that, though there may have been at the funeral of Baron Salamon much sable pomp and melancholy splendor, there will be left few to strew flowers upon his grave.

THE BUFFALO GRAIN MARKET.

Without dispute the City of Buffalo is the greatest grain market upon the American continent. Here on a little creek, a convenient harbor for Indian canoes, just where Lake Erie contracts into the Niagara River, a trading post was located, out of which, in half a century, has grown a beautiful city; for it is a truth that besides the great main street and its hundreds of rich stores, Buffalo has some of the most beautiful streets of dwellings—Delaware-av. for instance—of any city in the country. There is in that and some other streets, a good, broad wagon way, and then between the curb stone and the flagging there is a strip of grass, perhaps fifteen feet wide, and two rows of shade trees. In fact shade trees are among the prominent features of all the streets occupied by good dwellings.

Buffalo Main-st. corresponds to our Broadway, only with a much larger proportionate share of all the business of merchandising, banking, publishing and hotel-keeping, than Broadway has of that of New York. This street runs nearly north and south, and is thickly settled some two miles, and contains a number of churches, several of them located upon triangular plats made by the intersection of the avenues. In fact, Buffalo is a city of triangles, and it is said that some of her business-men acquire a little of the same form, the owners of which it is difficult to turn to any advantage to whoever undertakes to get around them.

The lower part of the city is cut up with canals almost as much as Venice, which unite with the waters of the creek on a level with the lake. The creek is the harbor for all the lake vessels as well as for a fleet of canal boats, and is entirely too narrow for the great commerce centering here, and would be entirely inadequate but for the little tug-boats that pull the others here and there, so as to prevent an inextricable tangle.

Along the north bank of the creek are located the warehouses and counting-rooms of the flour and grain merchants, and with one exception the steam elevators, by which all the corn, wheat, oats, &c., that comes over the lake in bulk is lifted from the hold of the vessel and carried to the highest loft of the warehouse, and thence spouted down to separate bins upon either floor, and thence into canal boats. One of the largest of these elevator warehouses is on the south side of the creek, with a slip under the center long enough to hold and load three canal boats at the same time with a slip outside for a large vessel. This house can take in 37,000 bushels of grain a day, and deliver 65,000; it can store 400,000 bushels. There are eleven of these elevators on the creek, which are, altogether, capable of lifting 25,000 bushels of corn an hour; there is storage room for 1,600,000 bushels.

The charge for taking a load of grain out of a vessel and delivering it in a canal boat is half a cent a bushel—one-half to the vessel and one-half to the boat. If the grain is stored, the charge is one-fourth cent a bushel for ten days. The grain is accurately weighed as it is taken up, and that is the measure by which it is bought and sold. And all this work is done by four men—that is 50,000 bushels of grain are taken up and accurately measured, and delivered to the boats that take it away, or lodged in store, in one day by four men, independent of the shovelers who throw the corn in the vessel's hold up to the buckets that carry it up as fast as twenty men can shovel it forward. The leg, as it is termed, that contains the elevating buckets, is lowered down when the vessel comes along side, into the hold, and when the grain is exhausted from that end the leg is lifted up and the vessel moved forward so as to receive it in another hatchway. It is for the protection of these elevators that we see those square towers on the main houses which elicits so many questions from passengers upon every steamer who are anxious to know what they are for.

In these great storehouses at this time, August 10, it is said there are now stored some six hundred thousand bushels of Indian corn, and that as much more is in the store-houses of Chicago, and another like quantity in transitu to tide-water, making, including that in store in New-York, some two millions of bushels of the old crop still unconsumed. Enough for a big pile of Johnny cakes. From accurate information, we are assured that the quantity of grain passing through Buffalo last year, including that in the flour, equaled twenty-three millions of bushels. The estimate for this year is thirty millions; and all this will be transshipped in the rapid manner spoken of, for that trifling expense, without loss to the owner; for the elevator owner makes good all waste; and if the owner of corn requires it, he can at the same time it is elevated, have it screened, and the weight made good for one cent a bushel. Wheat is screened at the same price, but the owner takes the screenings and suffers his own loss.

When a merchant desires to sell a cargo of grain, he takes a sample in a small box under his arm and goes to the corn exchange, where there is a general congregation of all parties at 12 o'clock each day. If the sale is made the buyer receives the warehouse receipt, and becomes the owner of the grain specified, which he may sell again or remove at his pleasure. A fluctuation of a cent or two a bushel often changes owners of immense quantities of grain in the space of a single hour during charge; and it is no remarkable thing to see a hundred thousand bushels started from the warehouse Eastward in a single day. How could all this grain be handed without steam machinery, is the natural question of every observer of the magnitude of the grain trade of this great granary of the world.

A large portion of the grain passing through Buffalo, in due course of time reaches New-York, and is there either transferred to ships or storehouses. It all has to be handled and measured, and now let us think how it is done. Is it possible that any of the New-York grain merchants ever do think that at Buffalo the grain is all handled by steam—measured by steam, and measured accurately by weight, the only way that it can be legally measured, and all done with the rapidity that steam does its work, while in New-York it is all measured and handled in the half-bushel, just as it was a hundred years ago, at the same old speed, and same inaccuracy of measurement that inevitably attends measurement in a half-bushel. The rule is to weigh every fifteen half-bushel, and calculate the weight of the whole cargo upon those weights, which vary several ounces, but rule the whole fifty. By a little management, the load holds out or falls short—the latter is invariably the case; say the Buffalo merchants, and about an average of fifteen bushels on a canal-boat cargo, besides the great loss of time, and double the expense of the same work when done by the elevators. In Buffalo, a cargo could not be sold, to be measured and handled in the old fogy manner that it is in New-York, even if the owner would pay the expense, because the vessels would not consent to the delay. In fact, they could not be thus delayed in that harbor, owing to the want of room. As it is now, a vessel is discharged and loaded again and off on her return voyage, while old Fogy would be hunting up his half-bushels.

But the most singular part of the business is that New-York should continue the old system when the new process, notwithstanding the low rates of work, afford the owners of elevators a very large profit.

While grain continues to be carried in bulk, it never should be handled in any other way than that so common at Buffalo. Even the railroad men have adopted the same plan. The New-York Central Road Company have an immense freight-house on the dock, and an elevator, by which they can take the grain from the vessel's hold up into their storehouse, and and then spout it down and load a whole train of cars in less time than one car could be loaded by hand.

Chicago, Buffalo and Oswego are the only towns in the United States where immense quantities of grain are all measured and handled by steam-power machinery. At Oswego there are eight elevators along the creek, five of which are double—that is, two sets of elevating buckets to each building. Elevators are also to be seen at many other lake towns, and wherever they are known it would be considered the very hight of folly to persist in the New-York system, by which more than four-fifths of all the grain bought and sold in that market is measured and handled in the half-bushel, at an expense—useless expense to the producer and consumer—of a million of dollars a year.

Is it not full time that the mother should take a lesson of her daughter; that New-York should learn of Buffalo some useful lesson in the business of buying, selling, storing and handling grain?

THE YELLOW FEVER.

The Norfolk papers of Thursday contain the following report of the mortality for the 48 hours ending Monday, Aug. 15, at 2 P. M.:

Mrs. Kevil, aged 30; Mrs. Kevil, 60—Water-st., west of Commerce; Mr. Rankin, 50; Mr. Cosgrove, 50—both in couble frame tenements east end of Lower Union-st.; Eliza Cook, 19, Valentine's-row, lower end Church-st.; Mr. John James's colored boy, 17, residence on Fen-church-st., occupation in the infected district; Mrs. Brown, Williamson's-lane, removed from Barry's row the night of the fire; Nicholas Cooke, 29, west side Market-square; Caroline Born, 36, Commerce-st.; Mr. Hannan, 46, East Water-st.; John Banks (free colored), Brewer st., occupation in the infected district; Thomas Streeter, 16, corner Burke and Duke-sts., had been much about the wharves. No deaths in the Hospital. Total 12.

The Norfolk Herald, speaking of the progress of the fever, says: "We have observed the progress of the disease now prevailing in our city, and remarked two important points: first, that no case has occurred north of Main st. which was not traceable to the infected portion of the city lying south of that street; and that the deaths have been almost exclusively of strangers and persons not acclimated. Among the old residents there has been very little sickness, and no more deaths than in ordinary times. With good nursing and attendance the disease is very little more to be dreaded than bilious fever."

The Richmond Despatch says:

We learn that there were twenty new cases in Portsmouth on Wednesday.

Samuel R. Borum, Esq., of Norfolk, was dead.

Capt. Sam. Barron, commandant of the Navy-Yard, was improving, but his second daughter was lying ill of the fever in Norfolk.

Midshipman Walter Jones, in command of the Pennsylvania, was down with the fever, as were five seamen of the vessel. The United States ship St. Lawrence had taken off the crew of the Pennsylvania and gone to Craney Island with them.

Miss Hope, daughter of Mr. George Hope, was lying ill of the fever.

The Hon. Henry A. Wise has fitted up his dwelling-house, barns, and every other place of shelter, and invited the afflicted communities to come there, assuring them that they should be welcome. Other gentlemen of that neighborhood had followed this example, and their kind offers have doubtless been accepted by many. A large company of the refugees are in Mathews County, Va., doing well.

The Petersburg Express contains the following additional intelligence from Norfolk and Portsmouth:

We received no letter from Norfolk last night, but the intelligence received through passengers by the southern train, represents the disease as alarmingly on the increase, and the distress prevailing as great.

The sick in the hospital have been removed to Lambert's Point, where their situation and opportunities for good attendance and recovery will be greatly increased. Competent nurses have been employed and comfortable accommodations provided. The bracing air from the river will also exert a beneficial effect.

We are truly delighted to hear that Mayor Woodis, reported yesterday as sick of the fever, is only slightly indisposed, which it is supposed was brought about by over exertion and fatigue. Mr. Samuel R. Borum is reported as dead. Dr. Sylvester was still alive at last accounts, but very ill. Captain J. E. Henderson, formerly of the steamer Star, is down with the fever; and Mr. Henry Harwood, a merchant, is reported as exceedingly low.

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE.—A gentleman in this city permits us to make the following extracts from a letter received by him last evening:

Wednesday, Aug. 15.—Captain James Henderson, formerly of the Star, was seized with the black vomit this morning, and of course there is no hope for him now.

"Horatio Moore was taken last night. So was Captain R. W. Bowden, of the Blues. He is cashier of one of the banks, and Treasurer of our Howard Association.

"I understand that Captain William Freeman, on Fen Church-st., has been taken also; and Mr. Elias Guy, Chief the Police is also down with the fever.

FROM PORTSMOUTH.—We regret to hear that there is no abatement whatever of the disease in Portsmouth. Twelve deaths occurred in the town on Saturday, and one physician, Dr. Trugien, reports four new cases, to which he was called.

Dr. J. N. Schoolfield was steadily convalescing. Benj W. Palmer, a clerk in the Purser's office of the Gosport Navy Yard, residing in Portsmouth, is sick with the fever.

From The Portsmouth Transcript, Aug. 17.

THE SICKNESS.—Notwithstanding the decrease in our population, probably not more than 1,500 to 2,000 whites remaining in town, the fever continues with little if any abatement. About an equal number of new cases occur daily, and the deaths average from seven to ten, as will be seen by the list below. Dr. Maupin, whose practice is extensive, informs us that the sickness seems to be changing, and the fever he thinks is more of an intermittent character, and less fatal than it has been. The panic in the community has subsided to a considerable extent, and the few now left seem disposed to remain and abide the consequences; indeed, it is a matter of necessity. There appears to be no alternative, as we are almost wholly cut off from all communication and association with "the rest of "mankind." But while the doors of our sister towns and cities are closed against us, the hearts of many are open to our distresses. Liberal contributions have been forwarded for the relief of the poor and suffering in our midst, and our hearts are filled with gratitude to those who forget us not in the time of our trials.

The following deaths have occurred since the 8th instant:

Aug. 9—Geo. Dill, Miss Dill, Bridget Galilee, Mrs. Francis Herbert, Mrs. Baker, and two at hospital—total 7.

Aug. 10—Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Youngman, Mrs. O'Brien, Dr. R. H. Parker, Mrs. Foiles, Mrs. Boneham, Patrick McQuaide, and two at hospital—total 10.

Aug. 11—Jas. E. Wilson, Mr. Kemp, Mrs. Dill, three colored persons, and three at hospital—total 9.

Aug. 12—Miss Emily Wilson, Thomas Herbert, Jas. Foster, Mrs. Allmond—total 4.

Aug. 13—John B. Davis, one negro woman, and 2 at hospital—total 4

Aug. 14—Michael Lynch, Col. John Harper, Matilda Woodhouse, Mrs Donavan, Mrs. Hancock, Nathaniel Manning, and one at hospital—total 7.

Aug. 15—Mrs. Hannah Perks, Mrs. Dews*, Nancy Shepherd, Chas. Snead, Martha Hoffman, Caroline Harold, (Hospital,) Michael Curran, (Hospital,) Patsy Williams, Michael Higley, a son of S. T. Burton,* Polly Churchwell, colored, a colored woman at Hospital. Total 12.

Aug. 16—Miss Madelino Ghio, Joseph Whitehurst, Wm. Jones, Wiley Blizard, Henry Goodkop, James Mayo, one colored man, and one at Hospital. Total 9.

*Sex of the fever

A correspondent of *The Baltimore American* writes as follows, under date of Wednesday evening, Aug 15:

Col. Winchester Watts, President of our Common Council, has just informed me of the noble liberality of Petersburg in behalf of our poor stricken town. Such generosity is not only creditable to our common humanity, but exhibits Petersburg to the world as an example of philanthropy and benevolence. She will have her reward, as it is more blessed to give than receive. The hearts of many who have been bereaved will be made glad, and those who in their deep distress know not where to expect aid for themselves and orphaned children, will soon find it proffered to them.

The widows and children of the poor Irish and others who have been deprived of their husbands and fathers, are now comfortably provided for at the Academy Buildings in town, and are under the care and management of one of the Sisters of Charity. And here I cannot refrain from paying a passing but richly deserved tribute to the self-sacrificing and devoted labors of these "angel ministers," for such they are. Although differing from them in creed, I must award them this faint meed of praise. I have been placed in a situation to see much of them, both in the temporary hospital under my care, and in private practice, and I can assure you their services are invaluable.

It is painful to walk our streets. I never felt such a sense of loneliness and melancholy as I did this evening when I returned from the labors and toils of the day to my own afflicted home. In one of our streets, by no means unfrequented ordinarily, I met not a human being nor living creature of any kind, and no sound was audible but the harsh note of the cricket. Oh, how I felt the force of the Psalmist's words as I thought of God's terrible judgments, "Be "still and know that I am God!" Truly he has sorely afflicted and tried us, but it was all deserved; and it is a consolation to the true believer that the same hand can bind up the wounds Himself has made. "Oh Lord turn away thy wrath from us, and cause "thine anger to cease to burn against us."

Extracts from a letter dated Norfolk, August 14:

"The streets present a most lonesome and gloomy aspect. A great many stores are closed, and others closing daily. It is estimated over one half of our citizens have left the place. The principal object which attract one's attention now, is the somber looking hearses, as they continually pass, on their sad journeys to the cemeteries. Truly it is a deplorable sight to witness the husband or wife following to the silent grave the partner that disease has separated them from, or the little child, in many cases bereft of both father and mother. I could draw some truthful pictures that have come under my observation, but a mere contemplation makes the heart ache, and I forbear. This morning, I learn, a man residing on Cumberland-st. lay dead in one room, while in another was his wife sick of the fever, and unable to help herself. Neighbors were too much occupied to help them, and they suffered for attention. This lack of nurses, I fear, in many cases has hurried to the grave those who would have otherwise recovered.

"The Catholic Priest, Sisters of Charity, and our worthy Mayor, Hunter Woodis, Esq., deserve more praise than I can find language to express. Their self-sacrificing and unremitting attention to the sick, have called forth the admiration of all. Morning, noon and night, without any cessation, they are going all the time. Other ministers and our physicians too are deserving of much commendation, but some of the former have ingloriously fled, with blanched cheeks and trembling limbs, while their flocks suffer for the bread of life, and die without the sweet consolations of the Gospel. He who searches the hearts of men, will surely reward all according to their just deserts at the Great Assize.

Mr. Lewis, clothing-dealer, has lost his second daughter with the disease, and Mr. Robert Rhea his wife.

We find the following additional items in *The Richmond Whig*:

The following deaths, not heretofore announced, have taken place:

Col. John Harper, Mr. John B. Davis, master sparmaker in the Gosport Navy Yard, Mr. Nathaniel Manning, Miss Emily Wilson, a niece of the cashier of the Virginia Bank.

Yesterday, D'Arcy Paul, for the citizens of Petersburg, sent down a check for $2,000, and to-day more will be sent from the city.

NORFOLK, Aug. 16—Report of deaths by the fever for 24 hours ending this day, at 2 P. M.: Wm. Baten, aged 40, from Portsmouth, died in Allyntown, intemperate; Mr Hudgen, 52, Main-st., (No. 88); George Billups, No 19 Cumberland-st., occupation in the infected district; Columbus Rhea, 23, Rhea's Lane; Dr. R. W. Sylvester, No. 54 Granby-st.; Mr. Christian, No. 37 W. Main-st.; James Henderson, 28, Cumberland-st., occupation in the infected district; Mrs. Curtin, 67, N. Church-st.