the cannon and arms seized, and the town generally plundered.

May 21 *to* 30.—Plundering parties of Buford's men and other ruffians spread over the Territory and attempt to drive the Free-State men from their homes, who now take up arms in self-defense.

May 26.—Fight at Osawattamie, in which three Free-State men and five ruffians are killed.

May 28.—One Major Walker, "of South Carolina," at the head of a party of Buford's men, arrests five of the principal men of Leavenworth, and orders them to leave the city. An attempt is also made to kill the correspondent of THE TRIBUNE, who escapes with difficulty.

May 31.—A public meeting held at Leavenworth passes violent resolutions against the Free-State men, and appoints a Committee of Safety, composed chiefly of Federal and bogus officials.

June 1.—Battle of Palmyra, or Black Jack. The Free-State men assemble in arms, attack a party of plunderers at Palmyra, fifteen miles from Lawrence, take thirty-one prisoners and recover a large quantity of plunder.

June 3.—Battle of Franklin. The Free-State men attack another party of plunderers four miles from Lawrence, kill one, wound two, and recover a large quantity of plunder.

June 5.—The Rev. Mr. McAfee, a Southern clergyman, is ordered to leave Leavenworth by the Vigilance Committee, appeals to Col. Sumner and is protected.

June 6.—Whitfield, the late bogus Delegate, who had advanced into the Territory at the head of a body of Missouri ruffians, is driven back by Col. Sumner and the dragoons, who had previously released the prisoners taken by the Free-State men.

June 7.—Osawattamie sacked, with great atrocities, by a Pro-Slavery party.

June 9—20.—The larger armed parties in the Territory dispersed by Sumner, but numerous outrages continue to be perpetrated by small bands of marauders.

June 20.—A company of seventy emigrants from Chicago, on their way up the Missouri River on th Star of the West, are robbed of their arms at Lexington, Mo., and on arriving at Weston they are robbe of all their property by a mob,, headed by Atchiso and B. F. Stringfellow, and are sent down the rive again.

June 21.—Mr. Gay, an Indian Agent, the only Free-State Federal officeholder in the Territory, brutally murdered by Border Ruffians.

June 26—A party of Massachusetts emigrants, under Dr. Cutter, on board the Sultan, robbed near Lexington, and sent back.

June 28.—A party of Illinois emigrants on the Arabia robbed and sent back. The Rev. Mr. Strawn, their leader, escapes, and applies in vain to Governor Shannon, Col. Sumner, and Chief Justice Lecompte for any assistance toward the recovery of his property.

July 4.—Free-State Legislature meets at Topeka; is forcibly dispersed by Sumner.

July .—The Missouri River and the passage through the State of Missouri interdicted to Free-State immigrants. The banks of the river guarded by armed mobs. All steamers stopped, and all individuals suspected to be from the North have their trunks broken open, and if found to be from the North, they are robbed and turned back. In consequence of these interruptions, the intercepted immigrants take the route by Iowa and Nebraska, now just attempted to be opened.

Colonel Sumner, who had not given satisfaction to the Ruffians, is superseded, and General Smith of Louisiana is appointed in his place.

August 5.—At the request of the inhabitants of Osawattamie, a body of men from Lawrence march against a post of Georgia marauders established in that neighborhood. The invaders fly and the post is destroyed.

Murder of Mr. Hoyt by a party of Ruffians, under Col. Treadwell, at Fort Sanders, on Washington Creek, twelve miles from Lawrence.

August 11.—The opening of the new route through Nebraska completed. A party arrives at Topeka. [The whole of this body of emigrants about whom, during their passage through Iowa, the most absurd stories were told, in which they were described as Lane's army, consisting of 324 men, 60 women and children. Three parties were left behind to form as many towns on the road, and only about half the whole number reached Topeka. The only reason for calling them Lane's army was that Lane was with them.]

August 12.—Second battle of Franklin. The pos of marauders established there taken. A cannon, the same with which Lawrence had been battered, and large quantities of arms and many stolen horses, recovered. Free-State men had one killed and six wounded. Four Ruffians wounded. The Ruffians at Washington Creek abandon their fort and fly.

August 14.—Titus's house (this Titus is an old Cuban filibuster, who has resumed his trade in Kansas), near Lecompton, battered and taken, with twenty-one prisoners, including Titus, who was wounded. Ruffian loss, two killed and three wounded. Free-State loss, four wounded, one mortally.

August 16.—Stringfellow and Atchison issue a circular dated at Westport, Mo., in which they state that Lane had entered Kansas with an army, that Lecompton had been taken, the dragoons whipped, and the treason prisoners liberated, and rallying the Border Ruffians to the rescue.

August 17.—Shannon orders Sedgwick, commander of the Dragoons at Lecompton, to march to Lawrence, demand the prisoners, and fire upon the Free-State men if they refuse to give them up. Sedgwick declines the enterprise as not feasible.

August 17.—Treaty of Lawrence. Suspension of hostilities agreed to. Shannon gives up the cannon formerly stolen from Lawrence, and receives the prisoners in return.

On the same day, near Leavenworth, Mr. Hops is brutally murdered and scalped; a teamster approaching Leavenworth is also murdered and scalped—both by Border Ruffians; the former on a bet of $6 against a pair of boots. The boots were given to the murderer, and he was sent off down the river. A German who expressed his horror at this murder was shot dead in the street, and others manifesting similar opinions were obliged to flee.

August 18.—Richardson, bogus Commander of the bogus Kansas Militia, on his own authority calls out the militia, under pretense that the Territory was invaded by the Free-State men.

August 20.—A Border-Ruffian army, collected under Atchison and Stringfellow's proclamation, begins to assemble at Westport, in Missouri.

A young Free-State lady at Bloomington, seven miles from Lawrence, seized and violated by four masked Ruffians, one of whom she had lately charged with being a spy. Her life despaired of.

August 21.—Woodson, acting Governor since Shannon's removal, calls out all the militia of the Territory.

August 22.—A party of Georgians plunder and break up the Quaker Mission on the road from Westport to Lawrence, and treat the people with shocking barbarity.

August 23.—The Border Ruffians collected at Westport, under Atchison's rule, advance to Santa Fè, near the border of the Territory, but in Missouri. They number 450 men.

August 25.—The Border-Ruffians at Santa Fe, increased to 1,150 men, rank and file, organize themselves into two regiments, and choose Atchison Commander-in-Chief. They take the name of "The Army of Law and Order in Kansas Territory."

The same day Woodson, at Lecompton, issues a proclamation declaring the Territory in a state of open insurrection and rebellion.

August 26.—Atchison's army marches for Osawattamie and encamps at Cedar Creek.

A body of Free-State men, principally from Osawattamie, attack a post and put to flight a body of Missouri plunderers, and, following them up, they recover the next day a large drove of stolen cattle.

August 27.—Emory, principal mail-contractor of the Territory, at the head of a party of Border-Ruffians of Leavenworth, captures a party with five wagons approaching Leavenworth from Lawrence. Of this party were Mrs. Hops, widow of the murdered man, the Rev. Mr. Nute of Lawrence, and several others.

The same day a fiendish outrage is committed on a Free-State lady at Bloomington, seven miles from Lawrence. She was seized and her person violated by four masked ruffians, who leave her nearer dead than alive.

August 28.—One of the prisoners, who attempted to escape, is shot in the streets of Leavenworth by Emery's order. Mrs. Hops and one or two others are allowed to depart on a steamer, but Mr. Nute and others are detained; their fate is yet unknown.

Atchison's army, having encamped the night before at Bull Creek, sends off by night a detachment under Reid, with a piece of artillery, to attack Osawattamie.

August 29.—Fight early in the morning with the people of Osawattamie. The Border Ruffians had five wounded. By the help of their artillery they put the Free-State men to flight, and killed several—the exact number not known. They took seven prisoners, of whom two were shot the next day. The town was plundered and then burnt.

The same day they attacked, plundered and burnt the house of an Ottawa Indian tavern-keeper, half way from Osawattamie to Lawrence.

The same day Atchison issues a new circular stating his force at 1,000 men, and calling earnestly for 500 more.

The same day two companies of dragoons appear at Lawrence as an escort to a Marshal from Lecompton, with a writ of habeas for two prisoners whom the Free-State men had taken up as spies. They had already been dismissed, and the Marshal and his posse depart—the Marshal sneered at and the dragoons cheered.

August 30.—The Ruffians appear at Prairie City, still nearer Lawrence, but are frightened away by the stratagem of a woman.

On hearing this news, Lane marches from Lawrence with a strong force, to attack Atchison.

Woodson's militia employ this and the following day in burning the houses of Free-State men near Lecompton.

A delegation of the Kansas National Committee wait upon the President, to ask his interference to protect the Free-State men of Kansas. In this interview the President laid the whole blame of all that had happened on the Free-State men, and declared emphatically that there would be no change in his policy.

August 31.—On the appearance of Lane, Atchison retires, and is followed till he retreats into Missouri, when Lane returns to Lawrence.

September 1.—Atchison resigns, and Reid is chosen Commander-in-Chief. The Ruffians have eight pieces of cannon and plenty of horses, but are greatly in want of efficient infantry.

The same day a large body of Border Ruffians appear, mostly a part of the militia called out by Woodson, or, according to other accounts, from the town of Weston, Mo., entered Leavenworth, and ordered all the men fit for service to join them, and march to the seat of war. Those who refused were driven out of the town. A fight ensued, in which four men were killed, Mr. Wm. Phillips and his brother being two of the number. Several houses were burnt, and about fifty of the inhabitants were driven away, being shipped on the Polar Star and Emma, which reached St. Louis on the 3d or 4th.

General Smith remains quietly in the fort, and does nothing to prevent these outrages.

ARRIVAL OF GOV. GEARY—DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF LEAVENWORTH.

From The St. Louis Democrat, Sept. 12.

Mr. Rial Irish, a native of Pontiac, Michigan, reached our city yesterday afternoon by Jefferson City and the Pacific Railroad, having left the city of Leavenworth on Tuesday evening, the 9th. From him we have gained the following important information respecting the condition of things in Kansas. On the same evening of his departure from Leavenworth, the people of that city were in a state of great consternation at reports that were flying about that Lane contemplated an attack upon the city that night. A lot of Government wagons had been placed on the outskirts, as to quite encircle the city, and in some places where the spaces between the wagons were rather wide, rough board fences had been put up. The Mayor of the city had sent word up to the fort, and demanded assistance from the troops. As Mr. Irish was leaving, he learned that four companies of the troops had been detailed under the orders of General Persifer F. Smith, and were marching down to put the town under guard and keep off the expected enemies. This alarm and great precaution was somewhat amusing to Mr. Irish, as he had learned on the same day from a gentleman direct from Lawrence, that Lane had not moved, nor did he intend to move from his position.

Mr. Irish states that a few days before his departure, Gen. Richardson, commander of the northern division of the Kansas militia, had been captured by a squad of Lane's troops. The particulars of the capture he had not heard. Richardson was conveyed to Lawrence, and delivered over to Gen. Lane, who at once restored his arms, and calling on a small guard, escorted him outside of the town and dismissed him with much courtesy, and many expressions of regret at his misfortune. Mr. Irish learned that Gen. Richardson was so pleased with the generosity of his captors, that he has declared his intention to wage no more war against them.

The condition of Leavenworth City is truly deplorable. On Monday night last, Mr. Irish states, he was aroused from his bed at the Leavenworth hotel, by cries of the citizens that the *Missouri mob* were plundering several of the grocery stores of the place, and that they must be driven off. The citizens gathered in large numbers, but were afraid to interfere, and the gang of marauders under Capt. Miller were permitted to finish their robberies. This Captain Miller is a notorious gambler and scoundrel, and has under his command a small gang of Missourians and others, who go about pilfering and plundering indiscriminately. The people detest him so heartily that many have expressed their desire that he, with his gang, and Captain Brown with his guerrilas, should be placed together in the woods and be permitted to fight it out together. In illustration of the feelings of the inhabitants toward Captain Miller and his marauders, Mr. Irish relates that on Monday evening, as he was passing along the street, just after the first reports had reached the place that Lane was contemplating an attack, he was addressed by a lady from one of the houses, who asked him what truth there was in the rumors, and what Lane would probably do should the town be taken. He replied, that he thought Lane was not coming, but that if he did come he would do nothing more than drive out the disorderly Missourians. To this she replied with great emphasis and feeling, "*If that's all he will do, I hope to God he will come, and that quickly!*"

The Alabamians who are under arms are exceedingly sick of the country, and are determined to leave. They say that they must have money to get away with, and will have it if they have to steal it.

Atchison and Doniphan had become disgusted and returned to Missouri. The Pro-Slavery forces under Gen. Reid were very small.

Gov. Geary reached Leavenworth City on Tuesday evening. Quite a number of the citizens and men under arms were on the banks, ready to receive some two or three companies of Missourians which were expected. When they learned that Gov. Geary was on board they called him out. He appeared on the guard and made them a speech of about ten minutes' length, saying, among other things, with qualifications attached, that he would enforce all the Territorial laws *that were constitutional*. The Governor then proceeded up the river and landed at the fort, where he had immediate consultation with Gen. Smith. He stated his intention to proceed to Lawrence in a few days, without any more troops than would suffice for a body-guard.

In addition to the above, we copy the following from *The Evening News* of yesterday:

"RELIABLE PARTICULARS.—Mr. W. S. Honnold, one of the men who had charge of the Santa Fé (McKinney's) train, captured by the Free-State men, called on us this morning and related the particulars of that occurrence, and other events in Kansas. The train was captured on the 1st, by a party of men under Capt. Cutter—not Brown, as erroneously stated. It consisted of three mules, three horses, and sixty-six head of cattle. The baggage of the teamsters was searched and their arms and ammunition taken from them. While in charge of their captors they were well treated, no cruelty or indignity, other than the searching of their carpet sacks being offered them. On being released they were given one of the wagons and six oxen, to convey themselves to Missouri with. Word was sent also to the owners of the train, that they could have their property by coming after it, and that it should be preserved for them. Two other trains, Bent's and Campbell's, which it was feared would be captured also, were allowed to pass unmolested by the Yankees, who gave as their reason for capturing McKinney's train, that McKinney was an active Pro-Slavery man, engaged with the Pro-Slavery army.

"The 'Yankees' told the captives that they had under arms, 1,800 men, 900 at Lawrence, 500 between Lawrence and Leavenworth, and 400 between Lawrence and the Pro-Slavery camp at Bull Creek. These forces are all under regular military dicipline, no man being allowed to leave the army of his own accord, as is the case with the Pro-Slavery army. They told them also that they had no idea of attacking the Missouri towns. They seemed to be accurately posted in regard to the position, aims, and movements of the Pro-Slavery forces, as all they told the teamsters was found by the latter to be correct on their arrival at the Pro-Slavery camp.

"When our informant left the Bull Creek camp, on the 4th, the greater part of the Missourians were leaving, too, and not more than 50 men were left. The determination, however, was expressed to return on the 13th, and attack Lawrence."

Extract of a letter dated

LEAVENWORTH CITY, Sept. 5, 1856.

A dispatch from Atchison's command states that he has fallen back with his force (1,200) to Westport, to reenforce, preparatory to attacking Lawrence.

Armed men from all quarters are crowding into this place. The greatest excitement prevails, and nothing is talked of but war. Business is entirely suspended. Nearly all the women and children have been removed. Yesterday preparations for the defense of the town were completed. Covered wagons are stretched around the town in the manner of a *coral*, which, without artillery, it would be no easy job to break through. The Kansas militia met on parade, and chose Mr. Brindle Major. Every man of the place has been compelled to shoulder arms or leave. Some of the merchants have boxed up their goods and sent them off. There is not a single Free-State man left in the town.

BATTLE OF OSAWATTAMIE.

From the Evening Post, Sept. 15.

The following is a letter addressed by one of the residents of Osawattamie, in Kansas, after the sacking of that place, to his father and mother in this city. We retain the name of the writer as he is well known to many here, and his signature will give authenticity and credit to his narrative:

"OSAWATTAMIE, Sept. 2, 1856.

"DEAR PARENTS: Our mail has been intercepted by the Missourians for more than three weeks, so that it has been impossible to send out any letters whatever. Only once in that time have we received any mail, which was on the evening of Friday last. At the same time the carrier brought the news that a large force, 1,500, had gone from Missouri toward Lawrence, and that two or three companies were still upon the border, intending, as he supposed, to attack us. Next morning, before breakfast, a messenger rode into town stating one of our men had been killed by the scouts. Our little force, not exceeding forty, was immediately rallied. The companies from Lawrence who had been with us, and the Potawatamie men and some of our own had gone home, having been on extra duty, and no immediate danger was apprehended after the party on Middle Creek had been routed.

"The enemy formed in line of battle within sight of the town, and as they approached we took our position in the bush skirting the Osage Creek, with a small ford in our rear, and the occupied portion of the town partly in front of us. As the enemy advanced they made a quarter turn and came upon the road, their right wing extending to the town.

"We immediately commenced firing upon them, and at the second volley they broke, but soon rallied, and dismounting, returned to the combat. Presently a cannon shot was heard, and at the next moment the grape came rattling through the bush.

"In the mean time, a detachment was sent to turn our right flank—then came another shot from their cannon, and another, and another, without effect. Then they began to charge upon us, and when they pushed us too close, our men retired to the ford in our rear. In the mean time the flanking party had reached a point quite near the ford, and poured a continual fire upon it. Three of us seeing this, plunged in below and swam over, they firing at us the whole time. I should judge six or eight bullets struck the water near my head. Through the good providence of God I escaped unscathed, but had to let my rifle sink. Others of our party retreated down the river, and crossed the lower edge of the town.

"As fast as we crossed, we secreted ourselves in the bush, thinking they would pursue us and scour the woods. Most of us lay hid all day. The enemy, as soon as they had plundered and burned our town, including both stores, all the mail that had arrived the night before (three bags full), went by the way they came, leaving us in a most deplorable situation. Many have lost everything they had excepting the clothes they wore. We are also without provisions and know not how to get any. As yet we get no news from Lawrence. Providentially our hall (Fremont Hall), escaped their destructive hands, and my little all was saved. Our loss is five wounded and two or three missing. We fear they have been killed in the water and sunk. One man was found to-day shot in that way. They also took one man and a boy prisoners. Their loss is estimated by some at eighty—by most at about twenty.

"They stated their whole number to be 404, and 320 were counted on their return. I am satisfied they lost more men than we. Reports are current that they are intending to come upon us again to-morrow. What it means I cannot tell. We are in no condition to repel any considerable force.

"I had prepared a letter the day before the battle, and given it to a man to take to Lawrence, but he was killed by the enemy's scouts, and I suppose they have the letter.

"This I expect to send by a family who leave to-morrow with an Indian. Good-bye. Henceforth I belong to the Kansas army. Your affectionate son,

"BARTOW DARRACH.

"P. S.—I received a letter from sister by our last mail, and found the fragments of another in the road, after the battle, with the signatures of father and mother, and some of sister's handwriting. B. D."

THE EXODUS FROM LEAVENWORTH.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Dr. S. Norton, one of those driven from Leavenworth by the Missouri ruffians, on the 30th of August, and whose statement appears in your paper of the 11th inst., was born and brought up in Vernon, Oneida County, N. Y. He was a practicing physician and druggist in Weston, Mo., for fifteen years, but removed to Leavenworth in April 1854, where he has ever since resided. I have known him from boyhood, and know him to be a Christian gentleman, whose every word is truth. A more kind-hearted and inoffensive man does not live. His friends in Vernon have, at great risk to himself, been apprised of the danger of his position, and will rejoice to hear that he has escaped with his family, without loss of life—even with the loss of his entire property, the result of twenty years' hard labor. There are so many among us who stifle their natural indignation at these outrages, by doubting their truth, that I wish to testify to Dr. Norton's entire reliability. A very large circle of his friends in Oneida County will *vote* their belief in his wrongs next November. I tell you that the hearts of men rise up in mutiny against such and worse outrages.

And I ask all who claim to be *men*, how in the name of God and humanity they can uphold by thought, by word, or by vote, such enormous wrongs on our liberties. Of what consequence are men or parties to them, compared with their duties to their country, in this, its time of extreme peril! We of this day, who are by so short a time removed from that glorious struggle of our fathers for Freedom—that Freedom whose life-blood is now drenching the soil of Kansas—*cannot* have lost the inspiration which urged them to the conflict. And our conflict need not be with arms, but with the peaceful yet powerful ballot. No honest man can doubt or shirk his duty in November. A. P. CASE.

Howard's Hotel, New-York, Sept 12, 1856.

THE STORY OF FREMONT'S CATHOLICISM.

From Yesterday's Commercial Advertiser.

MR. B. F. COOK'S STATEMENT.

We have received the following note from Mr. B. F. Cook, in reference to the affidavit promised by him:

BEEKMAN STREET, Sept. 15.

Editors Commercial Advertiser.

GENTS: I have made the affidavit in support of my statement required by my own sense of honor, but, as will be seen from the card inclosed, I refrain from its publication, or from further notice of the matter, from regard to my business relations, after a friendly conversation with my partners.

The affidavit I leave in your possession.

Yours respectfully, B. F. COOK.

A CARD.

We, as partners of Mr. B. F. Cook, willingly bear testimony that Mr. B. F. Cook has made the affidavit referred to, and to his having refrained from publishing it in compliance with our wishes.

(Signed) WARREN C. GRAY, GEORGE MERRITT,

of the firm of Gray, Cook & Merritt, No. 18 Beekman-st.

New-York, Sept. 15, 1856.

THE TURF.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.—*Monday, Sept.* 15, 1856.—Purse and Stakes, $2,000. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

D. Pfeifer, b. g. Brown Dick	1	1	1
H. Woodruff, s. g. Rocket	3	3	2
S. McLaughlin, b. m. Lady	2	2	3

Time:	First Heat.	Second Heat	Third Heat.
Quarter Mile	0:37	0:38	0:37
Half Mile	1:13	1:16	1:14
Mile	2:29	2:33	2:32

EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE ATLANTIC.

The steamer Atlantic arrived here at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The news she brings has been anticipated by the previous arrival of the Arabia. The following letters from our correspondents, and extracts from the European journals, will, however, be found interesting:

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

From Our Special Correspondent.

PARIS, Sept. 1, 1856.

The first anniversary of Madame Emile de Girardin's death was observed the other day by a commemorative service in one of the churches, which brought around it all the literary and social celebrities of Paris. According to all accounts, the tomb has seldom opened to receive a person who united in herself so many shining mental and moral endowments. A little volume has just been published, embracing the various *éloges* which her death called forth from all the distinguished literary men and critics of the capital; and you cannot help feeling that a more than ordinary sincerity of admiration sanctifies them all. But I like best some familiar gossip of George Sand's about her, recently published in the *Presse*. She is contributing to that paper a series of articles under the title of *Round the Table* (purporting to be the conversation of a country family gathered in the evening around the table, about books, about art, about creeds, and so forth), in which all her old witchery of style reappears adorned with a tender and even religious grace. From one of these I translate the following passages:

"They asked of me, as having known Madame de Girardin in her latter years, what I thought of her religious beliefs? The only time I ever talked with her upon the subject, I replied, was about five weeks before her death. I had never seen her so beautiful and so life-like. How little did I foresee that I then embraced her for the last time! She died erect as it were, full of courage, and in all the radiance of her physical and moral beauty. It seemed to me in this last interview, that this beauty of hers, both of soul and body, had never been sufficiently celebrated: the reason, perhaps, was that it had never before been so complete. By a strange effect of the illness which interiorly consumed her, her figure, her face and her hands had lost all trace of the ravages of time. She was slender and pale, it is true, but she showed no sign of years. It was not the roseate freshness of youth that had come back to her, it was the transparent whiteness and the clear pure glance of immortality. It was the finest and most impressive remembrance she could bequeath to the soul of her friends. One might almost fancy that she felt this herself, and strove to put heart and mind in unison with that ideal, for never before in my hearing had she soared to such elevated hights, doing it, moreover, spontaneously, and with that frank simplicity which often formed in her a powerful contrast with her ardent and charming exuberance of wit. 'I do not believe,' she said to me, 'in any mystery or miracle got up or explained by men. *All* is mystery, and *all* is miracle, in *this bare fact of life and of death*. Table-turning is of small account: it is only an instrument obedient to the thought. I find myself happy with God.' And she added—'what will remind you of the distinction I just now drew between faith as an exercise of the intellect, and trust as a sentiment of the heart or emotional nature—'If I have not faith, I have its equivalent, trust.' You have read all these tributes to her literary genius; none of us here will dream of disputing them; so I will confine myself to that side of her soul which was least visible to the world, but which unhappy circumstances, personal to myself, led me to appreciate. I allude to her ardent sensibility, and that tenderness of heart which her life in the world hid behind a veil of discretion and cheerfulness. It has been truly said of her, that she had the gift and the charm of always remaining woman. But she was more than woman; she was also *mother* in heart and instincts, even while she had been herself deprived of the joys and pains of maternity. She knew and felt them in others. Her beautiful and holy tears flowed in torrents over our own great loss. She was there sustaining, consoling, partaking the despair of others, feeling it, seeking it, wishing to bear her share of it, loving what we had loved, and showing, without ever thinking of doing so, what a mother she herself would have been. It was not then a pure fancy on her part, or a mere literary revel, that adorable drama of hers, '*Joy Produces Fear*.' She drew this idea from her own proper bosom; she had the *right* to make a mother speak, and that in fact was the apogee of her inspiration. It was a ticklish subject for her, a childless woman, and had she treated it only from the intellect, every mother would have said to her, as Tell said to Gessler, '*Ah! you have never had children!*' But as it was, her touch was so profound and true that she made all the men weep even to sobbing, and, greater victory stil on such a subject, dissolved all the women in tears. Already, in '*Lady Tartuffe*,' she had painted the mother happily and truly. And with this type she had evoked an extraordinary talent in another woman of heart and merit—Madame Allan, an artist of ravishing spirit and grace, who, with her and *by* her, mounted to the region of the passionate drama. Alas! the same destiny, the same disease carried off, six months apart, these two women, so remarkable for intelligence and character—the one distinguished by genius, the other by talent, but both alike by the love of the beautiful and the true. At the commencement of my acquaintance with Madame G. she caused me a slight perturbation, and I expressed the feeling to Madame Allan, who sympathized with it, and said, 'I, like you, feared 'that she had too much wit, but I have since found out 'that she is quite equally endowed with heart.' I repeated this, subsequently, to Madame Girardin. 'There!' she exclaimed, 'that is the most agreeable 'eulogy that could possibly be made of me.'"

Madame Girardin's conjugal life was very happy. Eugene de Mericourt, in his biography of her husband, whom certainly he does not love, describes him, nevertheless, as possessing the devoted affection of his wife, "a woman, moreover, who must have a clear discernment of manly worth." He says: "Madame G. takes her husband for an apostle, and believes in him as one believes in Deity. In the worst days of 1848 she said to Gen. Lauriston and several others who were making an evening visit: 'Everything goes from bad to worse; France seems rushing to destruction; *none but he aloft there* can save us.' All reverently bowed their heads in acquiescence, supposing that she spoke of Providence. But she spoke of her husband, whose study happened to be directly overhead."

The French papers, in conceding the ability of Mr. Marcy's reply to Mr. Sartigeo, do not applaud his conclusions. The *Presse* has given a series of criticisms upon it, designed to prove that his reasoning on the subject of privateers, though plausibly put, is every way fallacious and behind the age; while at the same time it allows that his proposal to place private property beyond the risks of war on sea as on land, does honor to the country, and must be sustained until it becomes definitely recognized in the international code. In the mean time, the critic (who is an able one) thinks that if the United States persist in taking their view of privateers, the parties to the Treaty of Paris will only have to amend their declaration in so far as to make privateering piracy, when unquestionably it will be abandoned by the United States. Such a step on the part of the European powers would, he admits, be one of the highest gravity, but he thinks it is their unquestionable right to do so in support of a humanitary end; and as for the United States, "they may either modify their internal constitu- "tion, if they please, or they may resolve to re- "main at peace with their neighbors." Cool talk for the dog-days, isn't it? But the critic seems inspired by a genuine disgust for war, and evidently looks forward with hope to its speedy total abolition.

The Institute made its annual distribution of prizes the other day, and Mr. Villemain, the Perpetual Secretary, was very happy, as usual, in his characterization of the various candidates. The *Univers* finds fault with him because he was alike gracious in his encomiums, whether they fell upon Catholic, or Protestant, or Rationalist; but this is a matter of course. The highest prize, which was an endowment of M. de Montyon, and amounts, I believe, to about $2,000, had been for the last fifteen years annually given to the late Mr. Thierry, and rendered his suffering life one of ease and independence. The new and successful candidate is Henry Martin, who has written a history of France, which is still incomplete, but which is signalized by great merits, as well as some eccentricities. It is for the most part very accurate, very truthful, very just toward men and things; it is written from a liberal point of view, Mr. Martin being neither Churchman nor Royalist, but of philosophical and revolutionary sympathies; and, on the whole, is the best history of France yet undertaken. But Mr. Martin is a *Druid!* Do you know what a Druid means? You will instinctively think of Norma, no doubt, and similar recondite sources of information; but his will only be to darken counsel by words without knowledge. Norma belongs to the Druids of the olden time, the veritable misletoes; and the question now is of the modern Druids who can't tell an oak from a maple, and look upon the misletoe, probably, as a species of corn. Well, then, modern Druidism is a name of reaction against the Catholic Church; not by any means of skeptical, but of religious reaction. The Druid is a religious man, who, with a vivid conviction of the national genius of France as leading to the organization of a perfect liberty and equality among its people, sees this genius habitually betrayed and thwarted by the Church, and hence reacts against the Church even to the extent of finding the national genius enkindled at some antecedent altar. Druidism was the antecedent religion to Catholic Christianity in France. Since, therefore, the national genius, which is so eminently fraternal and religious as to have demanded originally the authentication of some *cultus*, is disowned by all the spirit and tendencies of Catholicism, we are driven to find its beginnings in Druidism; and as true Frenchmen, therefore, devoted above all things to the glory of France, we henceforth call ourselves Druids, and no longer Catholics. It is very funny, but it is all strictly true. Mr. Michelet is a Druid of the first water; Mr. Henry Martin is a Druid; Jean Reynaud I have understood is a Druid, but I am not sure. At all events very many marked people, men of a thoroughly religious make, are driven to this method of combating the tyranny of their Mother Church; but what between Mother Church on the one hand and the skeptics on the other, their position is oftentimes not a little ludicrous. This indorsement of Henry Martin by the Institute wounds the Church. Mr. Villemain took care while eulogizing the history to denounce the author's Druidical dreams as unworthy of him, since Druidism did not give birth to "*the idea* of France," nor generate any of the heroic traits of history. But still the Church is wounded even, and the *Univers* of yesterday complains bitterly.

H. J.

THE GREAT INVENTION.

THE MANUFACTURE OF MALLEABLE IRON AND STEEL WITHOUT FUEL.

From The Wolverhampton Chronicle.

Mr. Bessemer's discovery of a method of making malleable iron and "semi-steel" without subjecting pig iron to the process of refining and puddling, by which a large saving in fuel and labor and machinery will be effected, continues to excite great attention in this neighborhood. In our last publication we gave Mr. Bessemer's account of his invention, as detailed at the meeting of the British Association for Advancing Art and Science at Cheltenham; and in our present paper we furnish a further account of an experimental trial which took place in London on Friday last. The operation was witnessed by a numerous company of gentlemen connected with the iron trade, and pronounced successful. Two conditions, however, were wanting to that thorough fulfillment of the promises which Mr. Bessemer's invention holds out, which may seem to require some explanation; and this explanation it is now our purpose to afford. The experiment, for several good reasons, took place in London; but neither in London nor its neighborhood are blast furnaces or iron mills and forges to be found. The operation, consequently, was carried into effect upon pig iron melted in a cupola instead of melted iron flowing from a blast furnace; but this in no particular favored the experiment, for the bulk from which the contents of Mr. Bessemer's cylinder were taken being less than that of "a charge" in a blast-furnace, the heat, in all probability, was less, and the metal, consequently, not so well prepared for that admixture of atmospheric air by which its high state of incandescence is acquired. The second condition attaching to the experiment that could not be fulfilled was the conversion of the contents of the cylinder into bar iron. No attempt to do this could be made in consequence of none of the machinery for the purpose having been erected in connection with establishments for melting iron in the metropolis or its neighborhood; but the fact that malleable iron, fibrous iron, has been made by Mr. Bessemer's process, is, we understand, placed beyond doubt by the exhibition of bars that are the result of the process. Thus the process would seem complete, and the evidence of its completion before our eyes. Still the discovery is so simple, yet so great and unexpected, and the results so extensive and important, that some amount of doubt as to its immediate perfection may be excusably entertained. There is not, so far as we can understand, any chemical difficulty whatever in the way of the invention. On the contrary, through its chemical action—that is, by the infusion of compressed atmospheric air into the mass of melted iron in the cylinder—it works out the chemical change effected by puddling, and at the same time supplies that mechanical motion in the mass which the puddler with his long iron bar can only with great labor effect. The liquid iron, owing to the intense heat gained, literally boils, bubbles, and the scum is cast off; taken from the cylinder in this state, it is "semi-steel;" allowed to remain a little longer, it becomes, as thickened liquids after the evaporation of portions of their aqueous contents often do, of a pasty and stringy character—of that consistence that gives the fiber to the iron. How this is effected is not quite clear. We know the modus operandi, but the cause of the change is beyond our view. In the case of Mr. Bessemer's iron, it seems to be effected by intense heat; in the present practice the heat is less, and the exposure to the influence of atmospheric air, modified or changed by its progress through the puddling furnace, would appear to be greater; for the surface of iron presented to atmospheric influence in Mr. Bessemer's cylinder cannot be more than the superficies of its circumference. Hence, in the two operations there is an important difference. Whether that difference ends in precisely the same result, so far as obtaining malleable iron is concerned, is a circumstance which only practice can substantiate.

Mr. Bessemer, in the present position of his discovery, and the comparatively imperfect state in which it has been submitted to the public, must expect to encounter many doubts—doubts that only its general adoption can solve. As may be guessed from our preceding remarks, some of these have already appeared, and have received a most satisfactory and conclusive answer. Another of these doubts is the character of the pig iron which has been the subject of experiment. A writer who adopts the signature of "Ironmaster" wishes "to know what the quality of pig was that "he used in his experiments; whether it was cold air, "hot air, mine, cinder, or any of these mixed," as a knowledge of this is necessary to render the comparative loss by puddling and "boiling" accurately known—and, of course, to some extent, the value of the invention. We have ourselves, from good authority, heard of Shropshire pig iron of such excellent quality that, upon being heated in a blacksmith's forge and hammered, it was, without puddling or any other process, converted into excellent malleable iron.

We cannot here enter into any description of the qualities that constitute good iron, further than to state that its ductility and capability of extension, either by elongation or in breadth, or by both, with its antilaminating nature, are the constituent merits of high-class iron. It is, of course, too soon to ask that Mr. Bessemer should present us with specimens of iron of the high quality we have indicated. All that the terms of his invention allow us to require is that malleable iron produced from pig-iron, without puddling, should be shown. And this is, indeed, a high requirement. One of the principal, and most expensive, and most laborious processes in iron-making will be superseded. This is gained, if Mr. Bessemer's invention should produce only a low class of fibrous iron. Improvements would naturally follow; and the cost of iron being reduced, its wonderful adaptability to the requirements and the accommodations of life would be rendered more and more evident, as human ingenuity, ever progressing, devised.

It has not been our purpose, as the reader will perceive, to dwell upon the more immediate and pecuniary results of Mr. Bessemer's invention. We wish to indicate its bearings, not merely with regard to its local or national, but its social result. We take it for granted that the cost of the production of iron will be materially diminished, and the consequent appliance of it to many purposes yet unperceived take place; hence a greater demand, a greater manufacture, and greater employment. No useful invention has ever diminished employment. A change of the mode of employment has become necessary; but the more readily that change has been accepted the greater has been the well doing of the individuals concerned. In the present case, so hard and so life-destroying is the puddler's labor that we believe there does not exist any serious objection to its relinquishment on the part of very many concerned. Less of human life, they wisely think—and their own lives are the lives concerned—would be exhausted.

Experiments to test the invention will, we hear, soon take place. It will be advisable that they should be as numerous and as much diversified as circumstances will permit. The invention is so important that no conceivable test ought to be omitted, for by its capability of standing these tests its value must be ascertained. These tests, so far as we can judge, are likely to be rigorous, yet fair, and, we may add, conducted with every wish to find them successful. The theory of the invention, so far as we can ascertain, is believed to be perfect; in its practice, beyond the experimental range of Mr. Bessemer, some difficulties are seen, but they are not considered to be insurmountable, and while the testing spirit is awakened, that of ingenuity cannot slumber, they must work together; and we believe we can say that experiments, upon a scale calculated to show whether the invention is one of limited or of universal applicability, will soon be undertaken. In a few weeks we shall, upon safe ground, be able to speak of one of the greatest inventions of the day; and this we might say upon the supposition that it proved no further than its "semi-steel" process. For ourselves we do not quit it here, for we have faith; we believe that the contemplated experiments will verify the statements of the inventor.

We have yet a word to say. It is that the introduction of the invention has not been received with satisfaction by the working classes in this neighborhood.

MALLEABLE IRON.

From The London Saturday Review.

When it was announced, at the late meeting of the British Association, that a paper would be read on a new method of converting cast into malleable iron without the use of fuel, the intelligence was received by many with a smile of incredulity, and not a few "practical men" went to the meeting of Section G expecting to be entertained by the visionary schemes of some ingenious but idle enthusiast. Their expectations were utterly falsified. Conviction was brought upon minds from which no ready assent could have been hoped; a great invention was lucidly and unostentatiously propounded; and men who went prepared for an exhibition of temerity, if not of folly, remained to express their concurrence in the graceful tribute of admiration paid by Mr. Nasmyth to one of the greatest discoveries of the age. Every one felt, after hearing Mr. Bessemer's paper, that, if any reliance could be placed upon the facts stated to the Association, a new era was at hand in all those numerous and important branches of manufacturing industry which concern the working of wrought iron and steel. Without further reference to the paper communicated to the Association, we will now describe what we have seen at Mr. Bessemer's premises at Baxter House, leaving our readers to say whether we have overstated the importance of the subject.

It is necessary to premise that common cast iron contains somewhere about 4 or 5 per cent. of carbon, as well as a variable quantity of silicium and other earthy bases, phosphorus and sulphur. The object of every process for making malleable iron is the separation and removal of these foreign substances. The best malleable iron contains about ¼ per cent. of carbon; but the process of extraction is difficult and expensive. The fusibility of iron depends upon the quantity of carbon present; and no commercially available method has till now been discovered by which iron, after parting with a very large proportion of its carbon, can be brought to remain in a state more nearly approaching fusion than that of a pasty mass. Steel is produced from iron from which the carbon and other impurities have been extracted, by a tedious and costly process, the object of which is the restoration of a portion of the carbon which previous processes have removed. Steel contains, according to the purpose for which it is wanted, from rather more than 1 per cent. to rather less than 2 per cent. of carbon. Malleable iron—or iron comparatively free from carbon—is usually produced, in this country, in the following manner:

The melted iron, as extracted from the ore in the smelting or blast furnace, is run out into bars a few feet in length, technically termed *pigs*. These pigs, when cold, are removed from the sand-molds into which they were run, and transferred to a second furnace, called the "fining furnace," where they are again reduced to a state of fusion; and finally, the mass thus produced is placed in a third furnace, where it undergoes the process of puddling. Omitting all matters of detail, the essential part of this operation is the reduction of the iron to a pasty mass, which is stirred and rolled about by the workman until a large ball, or "bloom," of iron, weighing from 60 to 70 pounds, is conglomerated at the end of the rod with which he works, and is judged to be in a fit state for the final process. It is then withdrawn from the fire, and taken to a "tilting hammer" and a pair of squeezers, or to a Nasmyth's steam forge, where it is subjected to a very heavy pressure, and a quantity of melted slag and refuse, mixed with the puddled iron, squeezed out. For the purpose of our present comparison we need follow the process no further. Other methods of producing malleable iron directly from the ore are in use in various parts of the Continent; but they are extremely expensive, require a rich ore and a very pure fuel, are only applicable upon a small scale, and sacrifice a very large percentage—in some cases from 40 to 50 per cent—of the metal.

Of all our more important mechanical operations, perhaps puddling is the most imperfect and unsatisfactory. It is very expensive, both from the quantity of fuel consumed (which is about equal to the weight of metal treated) and the severe nature of the labor required. During the recent hot weather it was found necessary to stop nearly all the Staffordshire puddling furnaces—two men having fallen dead at their work. The result is the production of an iron so far from being chemically pure that it is astonishing how much we have been able to effect with so imperfect a material. From the immense demand for iron which has prevailed for some years past, and the stimulus that has thus been given to the production of increased *quantity*, the *quality* has very seriously deteriorated. The difficulty experienced by the Government during the last war in procuring iron of a quality suitable for the purposes of warfare is too well known to need more than a passing reference.

Mr. Bessemer's experiments have been conducted upon the pig-iron. He proposes that, for the purpose of manufacture, the smelted iron, as it leaves the blast furnace, shall be run immediately into the converting vessel presently to be described; but, for the purpose of experiment, it has been more convenient to melt down pig-iron, as the metal is much sooner reduced to a state of fusion. The *experiment*, therefore, takes up the process at the point at which the metal is ordinarily placed in the fining furnace. It must be remembered, however, that one important end answered by his invention is to do away with the consumption of fuel required for this intermediate process. The "converting vessel," where the change of the melted metal from ordinary cast iron to malleable iron or steel is to take place, consists, externally, of a cylinder of iron, surrounded, near the bottom, by a hollow ring—an annular pipe, in fact—of the same metal, communicating with five small "tuyere" pipes, placed at equal distances round the cylinder. These pipes are carried through the outer and inner structure of the vessel, and each of them enters the chamber within, near the junction of the side with the floor, by an aperture about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, protected by a coating of the best fire-clay. The external cylinder is lined with a thick lining of fire-brick, and the internal structure consists of two chambers, or stories, communicating by a small cylindrical opening in the center. The lower chamber, into which the melted iron is introduced, is a simple cylinder—the upper chamber has a floor inversely arched, so that any melted metal forced up through the opening from the lower chamber may trickle back again, and the roof is in the shape of a cupola or dome. Two apertures, a few inches square, placed opposite to each other, between the floor and the top of this chamber, communicate with the external air. A powerful blast, worked by a small engine, can be let into the hollow ring which girds the outer cylinder, and thence, of course, enters the lower chamber through the tuyere pipes. A hole at the bottom of the chamber, secured in the usual manner, furnishes the means of tapping the vessel and running off the produce into the molds prepared for it.

When everything is ready for the operations to commence, the blast is set on to blow into the converting vessel—the melting furnace is tapped—and the melted iron, of the usual deep orange tint, pours slowly down the channel into the lower chamber of the converting vessel, through an aperture which is then closed up and luted. The pressure of the blast is about 9 or 10 pounds to the square inch—strong enough to force the air completely through the superincumbent mass of fused iron, and out through the apertures near the top of the vessel. As the action is continued, every particle of the melted metal is brought in turn into contact with a stream of air. To use the language of chemistry, an energetic combination takes place between the oxygen of the air pumped in and the carbon mixed with the iron. In popular language, fire, instead of being supplied externally round and about the mass of iron, is kindled and sustained throughout every particle of the liquid metal. A heat is thus generated vastly greater than that which can be supplied by mere external combustion. What is taking place is indicated by the tongues of flame which, in two or three minutes, begin to shoot forth from the apertures in the vessel, and which gradually increase in body and in intensity until the whole mass is in a state of agitation, almost like boiling water—the difference being, however, that the agitation is caused by the external force of the air blown rapidly and continuously through the liquid iron, not by the conversion of the substance itself into an expansible vapor, as in the case of genuine ebullition. However, this state may very fairly be called "the boil," and it is indicated by the blowing out, through the apertures, of large quantities of melted slag—the refuse which is squeezed out of the puddler's *bloom* under the action of immense pressure, but which is here driven off simply by the action of the blast, because, being much lighter than the iron, it rises to the top, like scum upon the surface of water, now that the metal is in a state of perfect fluidity. It is supposed that at this period a very important change begins to take place, and that that part of the carbon which is in a state, not of mechanical mixture, but of chemical combination with the iron, is now compelled, by the agency of the increasing heat, to part from the metal, and yield itself a captive to the superior affinity of the oxygen. This "boil" takes place from fifteen to twenty or twenty-five minutes after the commencement of the process, and