

Business Notices.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES FOR HATS may now be seen at KNOX'S, No. 212 Broadway, corner of Fulton at Broadway... MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING... HECKER'S FAHINA JELLY... FINE CUTLERY... EBERHARD'S CELEBRATED ENGRAVED WEDDING CARDS... GAN FEATURES... LADIES RETURNING TO THE CITY... DUNMORE'S THIRTY MILLS... THE STEAMER VANDERBILT... ASSIGNEE'S SALE... SOUND EDUCATION... TOMATOES, GREEN CORN, PEACHES... WIGS, HAIR DYE, WIGS... PIANOS, MELODIONS AND MUSIC... HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA... SEWING MACHINES... WATSON'S \$10 SEWING MACHINES... HOLLOWAY'S PILLS... STEARNS & MARVIN'S... L. O. O. F... The Grand Lodge of the United States of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows will hold its next annual session at Baltimore, commencing September 23.

New-York Daily Tribune

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1857.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Subscribers, in sending us remittances, frequently omit to send with the name of the Post Office, and very frequently the name of the State, to which their paper is to be sent... Advertisements for THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE of this week must be handed in to-day. Price \$1 a line. Circulation over 175,000 copies. Under the head of legal intelligence will be found the proceedings in a suit against Coroner Conroy for \$300, brought by the author of his famous speech to the jury in the Burdell inquest. It was heretofore supposed that this grandiloquent effort was an emanation of the genius of the "Irish lion." We had our first advices of Frost for the season yesterday. They came from Danbury, Conn., where it is said the corn leaves were found frozen stiff yesterday morning. The Young Men's Mass Convention at Worcester yesterday seems to have been a decided success. The speeches of the day were made by General Wilson and Mr. Banks, who both placed the contest upon broad national grounds, saying that the question between Freedom and Slavery was the principal question upon which it was necessary for Massachusetts to pass this Fall. The pressure in financial circles continues, we regret to say, though all pretense of groundless panic has long since been dissipated. There were some failures among dry goods men yesterday, but not half so many as were reported by the lying tongues of Rumor, several hundreds of which were hard at work all day to magnify and diffuse disaster. We do not name the houses thus slanderously assailed in their solvency and good name, since to do so would be to subscribe unwittingly to the ends of the mischief-makers; suffice it that the reports affecting several leading dry goods firms were unfounded. But will not our merchants resolve now and remember hereafter, to curtail their credits, both in number and duration? Two-thirds of the credits extended by our jobbers to country retailers are a positive damage both to the debtors and their customers, both being lured into indebtedness and outlay beyond their means by the fatal facility of our credit system. There is one other point on which the present stringency should teach us. Our current political economy asserts the perfect inconsequence of what is termed the balance of trade, and accounts Gold and Silver no more desirable to a community than Merchandise of equal value. Nay, we often hear it affirmed that the importation of Food, Clothing, Wool, Sugar, &c., is preferable to that of Money, since the former contribute directly to the sustenance and comfort of a people, while the latter has no fruiting power, and but an arbitrary and conventional value. Now, suppose we had a well-grounded assurance that the Thirty odd Millions of Specie we have exported since January last was all on its way back to us, to purchase our produce; our unemployed ships and steamers, our surplus of Wheat, Corn and Meat of this year's production, who would not rejoice at the news? Would not hail it as a harbinger of better days, a green olive-leaf indicating that the deluge of bankruptcy had been stayed? Who does not realize that the natural and gradual influx of these Thirty Millions in payment for our Products—that is, for our Labor—would be worth to the Country very many Millions? What is the policy calculated to cut the current of Specie flowing toward our shores again? The battle which DAVID WILMOT is making, almost single-handed, in Pennsylvania, should enlist for him the sympathy of all generous hearts. Mr. Wilmot is apparently no great favorite among the managing politicians of any party, and has little assistance in the canvass of the State. Had he been able to secure the attendance on his appointments of his antagonist, Gen. William F. Packard, he would have needed no other help; but the backers of the Pro-Slavery candidate rigorously refused to let him speak to the same audiences with Wilmot. They dare not let their blind followers see how completely they have deserted the cherished principles of Pennsylvania in subserviency to the behests of the Slave Power. Their own declarations, from which their lips are hardly yet cold, that under no circumstances would they consent to a further diffusion of Slavery, are abundantly on record; yet they coldly turn their backs on every profession, and sordidly "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" where "thrill may follow fawning." Pennsylvania in 1830-20 stood almost unanimously against the Extension of Slavery, and James Buchanan personally and unqualifiedly approved that stand. In 1847, Pennsylvania pronounced unanimously through her then strongly Democratic delegation in Congress, in favor of the same principle embodied in the "Wilmot Proviso," and Adam Ritter, the founder and lifelong editor of the Reading "Adler," the "Dutch Bible" of Berks County, united in that vote. Now Ritter is dead, and that same Adler is making its readers believe that to act as Ritter voted ten years ago is to favor Abolition, incendiarism and disunion. This could not effectually be done if the Free Soil side of the question were fairly before the whole People; but there are more than One Hundred Thousand Voters in Pennsylvania who never hear that side. If Judge Wilmot is beaten, it will be by the vote of this vast body whom our arguments never reach. If there had been a paper printed or generally circulated in Pennsylvania which gave full and fair accounts of this latest struggle on the one hand to extend, on the other to restrict, the power of Slavery, including the doings in Kansas throughout the last three years, we are confident that Wilmot's majority next month would be very large. The People of that State are mainly honest but deceived; they need only to know the truth and they will heed it. Let every Free-State man among them appoint himself a Committee of Enlightenment, and be active in that capacity henceforth till the Election. A few thousand copies of Dr. Gibson's account of Gov. Geary's experiences in Kansas lent from neighbor to neighbor, could not fail to exert a salutary influence. Republicans of Pennsylvania! on your soul the great battle of '56 was fought and lost. You can recover it in '57.

Resolve that no effort shall be spared to secure this auspicious consummation. The Crystal Palace is now open daily for the receipt of contributions to the annual Fair of the American Institute, which will open to the public next week. To us, who have watched the progress and growth of these Fairs through a quarter of a century, and who remember the time when a fair dancing-hall (the Masonic) sufficed to contain every article on exhibition, their recurrence is of course more interesting than to those who have merely gazed, or failed to give, an evening to a careless ramble through the crowded avenues of a recent display; but we think no American who lives by industry can thoughtfully attend one of these Fairs and not be instructed and cheered by it. Such extensive and varied displays of elegant and tasteful fabrics, such powerful and effective machinery, such admirable inventions and ingenious adaptations, should tend to inspire hopes of a brighter day for our country and our race. In examining the inventions and products here collected, an American may justifiably feel proud that he may call Fitch and Fulton, Whitney and Morse, with so many other benefactors of mankind, his countrymen. He may find at his Fair gratifying proofs that our people are still contributing their full share toward the progress of our race in the Useful Arts. Here are the Sewing Machines, destined to emancipate women from the cramped posture and slow starvation of needlework, many in number and diverse in principle and method, but every one the invention of an American. In machines for Mowing and Reaping, our country holds nearly as marked preeminence; in Steamboating and Telegraphing, we are decidedly ahead of the Old World. In Ocean Steaming, Great Britain is now running ahead of us, by means of her commercial and manufacturing ascendancy; but in the use of steam on fresh water she does not compare with us. In Clocks, Cut Nails, Edge Tools, and whatever other manufactures circumstances enable us to originate and establish uncrippled by foreign competition, we lead all other nations. To-day, our production of Metals and Textile Fabrics is depressed, owing to a narrow view of their own interest taken by the two or three hundred thousand Cotton planters who rule the Union as they will; but this cannot last, and, even if it should, we shall in time surmount it. It is our country's "manifest destiny" to spin and weave, to mine and smelt, to fashion and temper, whatever may be required for the satisfaction of her own needs, and no pervasiveness of National policy can finally thwart this most desirable consummation. The choicest wealth of any nation is its most skillful and effective industry. All the millstoppers who ever were or ever can be sent out of the country never contributed one-half so much to its growth or power as the inventor of the Steamboat or of the Cotton Gin. If a genius should be developed in our day who should teach us how to make Iron from our own Ore decidedly cheaper than we can import the British metal, he will have added more to the power and wealth of this country, to the independence and thrift of its laboring class, than could be achieved by the annexation of the entire continent from Baffin's Bay to Cape Horn. A Railroad to the Pacific will thus be rendered a far easier achievement than the Erie Canal was forty years ago. We urgently need a more intelligent, instructed Laboring Class—instructed not in Greek and Latin, in Algebra and Metaphysics, but in sciences which form the base of Industrial efficiency. We need a Laboring Class familiar with the elemental truths of Chemistry, Geology and Natural History, and skilled in the application of those truths to the achievement of beneficent ends. We need a Laboring Class who find in such an exhibition as the American Institute is about to give us instruction and gratification which outweighs in attractiveness the fascinations of the theater and the sorceries of the grogshop. We need, in short, a Perpetual Exhibition in our City of the trophies of Industry and Useful Art; an exhibition wherein every successful invention shall be illustrated by specimen or model; every great manufactory by a sample of its products; and this we shall have whenever our young mechanics and artisans shall have become wise enough to prefer the improvement to the squandering of their leisure hours. Meantime, let us make the most of our Annual Fairs. We exhort every American inventor, artisan, miner, manufacturer, who has produced anything he deems worthy of public attention, to exhibit it at the Fair now at hand. He can hardly fail to profit by such exhibition; if not, let him carry the loss to the credit of his patriotism. Let us, in spite of commercial and manufacturing depression, show that the cause of American Industry is still onward and upward—that if beaten to the earth to-day, it rises and renews the struggle to-morrow. If there be any who have products worth showing that they have not hitherto thought of sending to the Palace, we exhort them to resolve at once to exhibit, and to let no hour pass unimproved until they shall have secured the requisite space and filled it. Let us make this the best Fair thus far, and so prepare to eclipse it next year by a better. The Address of the Special Committee of our City Councils to the People of this State is quite elaborate on "the history of the rise and progress of mercenary institutions," but is ominously silent with respect to "the rise and progress of municipal corruptions." It is pathetic in its exhibit of the atrocities of the Legislature in appointing citizens of known ability and probity to take charge of the improvement of our new Central Park and of the erection of our proposed supplementary City Hall, but fails to state the fact that neither of these Commissions could expend one dollar until after its express appropriation by the very Councils that set up this outcry. It fails also to state the fact that these Commissions are made up from all parties, and are constituted exactly as was that which constructed our Croton Water Works. The new Charter is eviled at mainly on the ground that it did not originate with the Councils nor conform to their wishes. But that is one of its chief merits. The leading object of the reform was to erect some barrier between these municipal gentlemen and the pockets of their constituents; and the cooperation in the premises was hardly to be expected. They complain of the restrictions imposed on their power to endanger if not destroy our harbor, by authorizing interested parties to fill up portions of it; but this was most urgently necessary, as the history of Lower's title to the property he is trying to sell the City clearly indicates. The Council's Address says: "The reform our constituency had demanded, though not yet been extended. Provisions which have been requested, and again the advisability and propriety of which are unimpaired, are there. It is because we have been hitherto filled with our own chartered rights, that we have not yet been able to establish a certain identity of nature between our Indian and the Indian Sepoy revolt."

our fellow-citizens of the State, for that reason elsewhere denied us. This is simply ridiculous. Our present Councils, with their master, Wood, were chosen by a decidedly minority vote. They are in office in opposition to the votes of a majority of their constituents. But, even were the fact otherwise, they were never clothed with any power over the Charter, and have no more right to be heard with regard to it, than the humblest and most obscure of their fellow-citizens. Charter Reforms are seldom made to please Municipal authorities, but rather to stop their stealing. We regret to say that our last has not proved so effective on this point as we could wish. The Police bill is grossly misrepresented by these worthies. They assert that "the police authority within this City" is taken from the city and handed over to State Commissioners, which is not the case. It is the appointment of Policemen which is thus taken, and little more. The City functions have adequate authority over the New Police, if they would exercise it. It was the "centralization" of all real power over the appointment and retention of twelve hundred Policemen in the hands of a single unscrupulous demagogue that the Police Law was enacted to break up; and it has done it. Hence the lamentations of his satellites. We believe the People of our State generally understand this struggle. It was the prayer of a majority of our intelligent, respectable citizens of all parties that moved our last Legislature to pass the City Reform bills. If the medicine was a little harsh, the desperate virulence of the disease fully justified its administration. Two parties appear to have been formed among the English journalists as to the origin of the Sepoy revolt—a subject upon which the latest advices yet received from India do not appear to throw any further light. Both parties seem resolved to give to this revolt a dignified and deliberate origin. Both, in seeking for its authors, go back to the past history of India. One party insists that it is a Brahminical revolt, set on foot by the Brahmins, with a view of putting a stop to English innovations in religion. The other party insists that it is a Mohammedan revolt, set on foot with a view to the restoration of the Mogul empire; and that the dethroned Mohammedan princes are at the bottom of the movement, having artfully employed the religious prejudices of the Hindoo soldiers as a means for accomplishing an object of their own. Now, it is very true that every event must have a cause adequate to produce it; but a great distinction is to be made between cases of building up and cases merely of pulling down, whether it be an architectural edifice, an empire, or a social organization. To build up, is an effort of genius, labor and strength. Anybody can pull down who can handle a pick-axe. Even moles may do it by obscurely undermining the foundation; while sometimes great edifices fall merely by their own weight. It is Lord Clarendon, we believe, who remarks, that, to do any quantity of mischief, the very weakest instruments, circumstances favoring, are sufficient; and possibly, in seeking for the authors of this Sepoy revolt, our English friends are inclined to look further into the millstone than is at all necessary. Perhaps our American experience may be of a little advantage on this occasion toward an understanding of the true state of the case; for we, too, have had our Hindoo revolt, being, in the obvious sources from which it sprang, in many circumstances of its progress, and possibly, too, in the character of its originators, a most singular resemblance to the present revolt in India, and perhaps in its results holding forth some probable prognostications of how matters may terminate in India. The extensible, and, to a certain extent, no doubt the real origin of our Hindoo revolt was, like that of the Sepoys, a cry raised, that religion was in danger. The Sepoys complained of being forced to defile themselves by biting cartridges touched with animal grease. We, good Protestants, were in danger of being defiled by coming in contact with Catholic office-holders, or by jostling with Catholic voters at the polls. The Hindoos in India complained that their children at the English schools were taught and even forced to read the Bible. With our Hindoos, as was natural, since they are the antipodes of India, the grievance was exactly the other way—the cry here was that the Bible was in danger of being excluded from the schools. The principal support to our Hindoo revolt was religious antipathy and hatred of foreigners, and, doubtless, it is these same sentiments by which the revolted Sepoys were principally incited, and to which they looked principally for support. Though our Hindoo revolt broke out with a sudden violence which took everybody by surprise, yet for years before, it had given premonitory symptoms of more or less significance; and such has been precisely the case with the Sepoy revolt. The Sepoy revolt was immediately preceded by the transmission from village to village in India of certain mysterious cakes and lotus flowers. So, our Hindoo revolt was immediately preceded by the transmission, from town to town and village to village, of certain mysterious Know-Nothing grips, signs and dark lanterns. The revolters in India are mainly confined to one class—that of mercenary soldiers. Our Hindoo revolt was also, to a very considerable extent, confined to what may be considered as the corresponding class among us—mercenary politicians. The Sepoys began by murdering their officers and all persons in authority. So our Hindoos signified their uprising by decapitating every office-holder who fell into their power. The next step of the Sepoys was to rob the public treasuries, in which they did but faithfully imitate the example which our Hindoos had set. The Sepoys, though they have seized upon the ancient capital of Delhi, and hold for the moment the Kingdom of Oude, have failed in upsetting the English Government, just as our Hindoos, though they seized possession of Boston and Massachusetts, and made a sort of temporary lodgment at Albany, yet failed altogether in their grand object of seizing Washington and possessing themselves of the General Government. The Indian Sepoys, in the dethroned King of Oude, the King of Delhi, and in a part at least of the Mohammedan princes, have allies who are at the same time seeking to use them as tools. So our Hindoos had allies, who at the same time sought to use them as tools, in ex-President Fillmore figuring to be President once more, and in the Whig wing of the Southern slaveholders. Nobody knows who are the leaders of the revolted Sepoys—those leaders having suddenly sprung up from a life-long obscurity; and such was precisely the case with our Hindoos. Their guns, however, at Delhi, so it is said, are served by renegade Europeans, just as most of our Hindoo newspapers were edited by renegade Whigs and Democrats. There are numerous points of resemblance which seem to establish a certain identity of nature between our Hindoo and the Indian Sepoy revolt.

And now for the suggestion with which we started as to the light thence to be derived upon the origin of the Irish movement. Though in the course of our Hindoo revolt and when it began to show a powerful front, many ex-leaders and dethroned political princes were induced to affiliate themselves with it—precisely as things have operated in India—for the purpose of riding on the top of this popular movement again into power, yet nothing is more certain than that the originators of our Hindoo movement, the men who were so busy in passing from village to village—if not cakes and lotus-flowers, yet grips and dark lanterns—were exceedingly small and obscure men; and nothing is more certain than that nobody was more surprised and astonished than themselves at the exceeding commotion they had caused, and at the electric rapidity, as it were, with which the spark of revolt spread from one end of the country to the other, seeming to threaten, for the moment, the annihilation of all other political organizations. Such being the character of our Hindoo revolt, though based upon certain deep-rooted prejudices and powerful sentiments, which indeed began historically traced back to the very settlement of the country, yet the movement being in the hands of leaders without any comprehensive plan, and acting upon the mere impulse of the moment, it soon resolved itself into a mere struggle for plunder, and ended with the decapitation of a certain number of office-holders and the robbery of a few treasuries. Our Hindoo revolt has neither expelled foreign voters nor Catholic priests; nor do we imagine that the Sepoys will, in the end, have much better luck in their efforts against English missionaries and foreign rulers. A mysterious philosopher of Massachusetts somewhere has remarked, "that consistency is the vice of little minds." If this aphorism is to be accepted, then we may suppose that Mr. John Mitchell's intellect is of gigantic proportions, and that his brain is by several ounces heavier than that of Webster or that of Cuvier was found to be. For all of the notorious men of a race notoriously erratic, Patriot Mitchell has turned the most bewildering flip-flops. As a political artist, he may be said, like some celebrated painters, to have changed his manner; and his last manner is precisely the opposite of his first. The denouncer of English tyranny—the champion of Irish liberty—the persecuted for liberty's sake—the man who nearly ran his valuable neck into a hempen carver in his eagerness to defend the rights of his country—is about to start a newspaper somewhere at the South, solely devoted to apologies for oppression, to vindications of tyranny, to eulogiums on Slavery. New light has broken upon the soul of John. He has been permitted by a benignant Providence, in these latter days, to behold the errors of his early career, and to recognize the exceeding beauty of broad plantations well stocked with broad-backed "niggers." Since his conversion, John has grown in Pro-Slavery grace with a facility truly marvelous. Since he made his first startling declaration of his yearning for one plantation and one gang of fat field-hands, John has advanced his pretensions, and now expresses a desire for two plantations and two gangs of adipose chattels. This is all very well. While one is wishing, it is just as cheap and a great deal more fascinating to wish largely, and moderation in this atmospheric architecture has never been a Milesian characteristic. At the same time, we advise the neighbors of this aspiring patriot to be on the alert; one of George the First's Dutch mistresses, being hustled by a London mob, called out from her carriage: "Don't hurt us, good peoples; we come for all your goods!" "Yes, hang you and for all our chattels, too," was the reply. Mr. Mitchell may succeed in convincing the slaveholders, who stand sadly in need of smart champions, that he has come for their good; but if he continues to exhibit such an overweening propensity for "all their chattels," they may not only consider him too expensive to be indulged in, but they may also harbor a suspicion of his disinterestedness which would be painful. They may insist upon the rule that "half is fair." Mr. Mitchell, if we may judge by his Prospectus, has entered upon his new duties with commendable spirit. It is always pleasant to witness the fresh zeal of these novices. It is seldom that they stick at anything. They do not simply go the whole hog, but a whole herd of whole hogs. Slaveholders, born and bred in the midst of Slavery, and who have heretofore supposed themselves to be pretty enthusiastic advocates of the institution, stand aghast at their own moderation when they listen to men who come among them, and who volunteer to assist them. When the visual orb of such are purged of any remaining film of free notions, and the John Mitchells see Slavery (as they say) for themselves, they always discover more beautiful things in it than were ever dreamed of by the slaveholder. To tell the truth, they generally overdo the matter, and are more rapturous than is absolutely necessary. When they say, as John does, that Slavery is the finest institution in the world—that it is vastly more promotive than Freedom of the prosperity of a State—that it is the best thing for the master and the best thing for the slave—why, they talk hyperbolic nonsense, and are regarded by Southern men who hear them with profound contempt. Those who have had the best and most extended opportunities of studying the institution, know that such talk is mere baffle and bosh. The man who is listened to with the greatest respect is he who, while he sees no remedy for the evil, admits that it is an evil. Therefore, we conjure Patriot John, by all his hopes of a seat in Congress, by his love of many plantations, by his peculiar passion for corpulent negroes—by all these we conjure him to moderate his raptures. Otherwise, people will be apt to call him an Old Humbug. In pursuance of our advice, we think Mr. Mitchell had better say nothing more of the reopening of the African Slave-Trade. If one people are to go to Africa for slaves, why may not another people go to Ireland for the same commodity? We hope we shall not offend his Hibernian sensibilities by the question, but how would he like it, if a French ship should carry off from the coast of Ireland, and into Slavery, a select assortment of his aunts, uncles, cousins—in fact, the cream of the Mitchell family? But the Africans are black, and the Irishmen are white, when they are not very dirty. True enough; but color has not heretofore saved the Irish people from the most terrible oppression, as we think, J. M. will admit. We suppose that a certain Town-Major Sirs—John may have heard of him—begged white backs with as much gusto as John will beg the black ones when he has got them. But the Africans are shiftless and degraded. Well, we have heard it just intimated that some Irishmen are not, after all, models of smartness and prudence. But then Africans can't help themselves. We should like to know how

well the Irishmen have helped themselves for many centuries. We have no desire to speak with the slightest disrespect of the many noble efforts of that people to throw off the yoke; but when an Irish patriot, as Mr. Mitchell professes to have been, argues that the black man is not fit for freedom because he is not free, it is perfectly proper for us to ask this Irishman why the rule is not applicable to the condition of his own countrymen? But, out of respect for an unhappy land, we will not pursue the subject. Many and grievous have been the burdens of Ireland; she has now another to bear, in the apostasy of a man whom she once delighted to honor. The existence of the authors of the greatest poems, of the works of Homer and Shakespeare so-called, is considered mythical by some critics. It is assumed, at best, that Homer was a wandering minstrel, such a profession among the Greeks being inferred from the Hymn to Apollo quoted by Theocritus, and the notices of Phemius and Demodocus on the Iliadic poems; but even this nebulous vagabondage is denied by some to the author of the Iliad and Odyssey, and these lyrics are considered a congeries of popular growths, written by nobody in particular: sweet and strong accretions of the heroic ages, when men sang deeds of valor just as they fought—because they could not help it—and thus a thousand musical offshoots were grafted upon a single trunk, which finally took somebody's name. In a kindred spirit, a Shakespearean theory has been elaborately set forth—only the lyre is left out—and we learn that pens wielded by several hands wrote Hamlet, Lear and Macbeth, the Bard of Avon getting the credit therefor on account of the cantankerous and cruel politics of Queen Elizabeth's time, which forced men to speak truths in the tone of a king's jester—through play-house disguises—through a poor devil of a theatrical hangman. There is one great work of eloquence assuming in its proportions the grandeur of song heroic, about which we thought that critics of the school of Horace Walpole, inventor of Historic Doubts, had no doubts as to its authorship—and they hadn't. We mean, of course, that unequalled production—the charge of Coroner Conroy to the Jury in the Burdell case. It was thought that when time had spread the mysticism of the heroic over that lurid actuality, the Midnight Murder, giving it the proportions of the best sung homicide of Judea, Greece, or the middle-aged countries of Europe, that the charge of the Conroy would be like the Second Philippic, the Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra, the Give-me-liberty-or-death speech, or any other electrical outpouring of inspiration at a public crisis. Conroy's fame, therefore, we considered as beyond petty malice, like the fly in the amber. But, now there comes a theory that Conroy didn't write Conroy in the same way that Homer didn't write Homer, and Shakespeare didn't write Shakespeare. Who says so (Conroy) didn't write Conroy? Conroy was the author of Conroy? Impossible! Out upon the historic doubter! We have had enough of that sort of work. Do let us have faith and poetry! Don't destroy Jack the Giant Killer; don't kill Mother Goose, that lays the golden egg of childlike romance; don't say that Paulding, Williams and Van Wert were three Samuel Slicks, and no heroes; don't do such hard positively-philosophical things. Leave Psyche her wings. Softly. We are too lyric. We believe too much in the utility of imaginative verge and play to make war on the idea. We would have unborn babies and born babies, genuine and bogus, when they can read a history of that trial, liep the name of Conroy. We would have elegant extracts from the Charge placed in the American Reader and the Orator's Own Book. We would have Conroy go down to all the generations as the author of Conroy. But, Conroy would not have it himself. Conroy is not the author of Conroy. He is; we hear some one exclaim; it is simply his Irish modesty. No; the case is clear. Conroy has certified before the Marine Court that he, the said Conroy, is not the author of it, the said Conroy. The body of him, Conroy, and the body of it, Conroy, were brought into Court in this wise: William Harrison, esq., of English birth and American adoption, wrote Conroy for Conroy because Conroy could not write Conroy for himself. He, the said Harrison, wrote Conroy in two days and two nights! Age of the Submarine Telegraph, what speed! He wrote Conroy for Conroy in his Conroy's, extreme need. The eyes of several continents were upon the Coroner—fortune, fame, some buckles on his back. He had the opportunity for making one of the first post-mortem examinations of the age (has he not made it?), only he was not equal to fine writing. What was to be done? Heaven is bountiful. Harrison turned up. With powers of investigation equal to a dredging machine; with rhetoric penchant and opulent; with chiropathy quick as light, Harrison in two dirty little days and nights wrote the whole of Conroy, and then it is published. Instantly, New York and all the cities whither word heretofore cradles of electrical communications, deal with the literary fames of Conroy. He Conroy, it Conroy, are on every tongue. But where, oh! where is Harrison the while? Harrison gets from him (Conroy) ten dollars for writing it. Conroy! Read the evidence as it appears in the report published in another page of this day's TRIBUNE—Marine Court; William Harrison, esq. Edward Downes Conroy? Therein is set forth how the said Harrison really thought that the man who stole his good name as author did steal trash, for he was ready to hand it over to him (Conroy) for a purse—but not for a beggarly one of ten dollars. In the complaint on contract by the plaintiff, William Harrison, it appears that the said defendant "then," that is, on or about the 11th day of February, A. D. 1857, and "there," that is, here in the City of New York, "was unable to prepare such, his charge and direction to the said Jury, and requested, retained and employed the plaintiff to draw up and prepare the same to be read and delivered by the defendant as his charge and direction to the Jury," and at the same time undertook and promised this plaintiff that, if this plaintiff would draw up and prepare the said charge, he, the said defendant, "would pay this plaintiff handsomely for the said charge and would pay this plaintiff whatever he, the said plaintiff, should think fit to charge for his labor and services. That, although this plaintiff at first declined and refused to prepare the said charge and direction to the Jury, by reason that "this plaintiff would have only two days and two nights wherein to prepare and to look over, collate and consider a great body of evidence therebefore taken by and before the said defendant "as such Coroner, yet the defendant having threatened and repeated the said offer and promise of suitable and handsome remuneration, and to pay this plaintiff whatever he should charge for