New-York Daily Tribune.

THE BRITISH AND CHINESE TREATY.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

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The official summary of the Anglo-Chinese treaty, which the British Ministry has at last laid before the public, adds, on the whole, but little to the information that had already been conveyed through different other channels. The first and the last articles comprise, in fact, the points in the treaty of exclusively English interest. By the first article, "the supplementary treaty and general regulations of trade," stipulated after the conclusion of the treaty of Nankin, are "abrogated." That supplementary treaty provided that the English Consuls residing at Hong Kong, and the five Chinese ports opened to British commerce, were to coöperate with the Chinese authorities in case any English vessels should arrive within the range of their consular jurisdiction with opium on board. A formal prohibition was thus laid upon English merchants to import the contraband drug, and the English Government, to some degree, constituted itself one of the Custom-House officers of the Celestial Empire. That the second opium war should end in removing the fetters by which the first opium war still affected to check the opium traffic, appears a result quite logical, and a consummation devoutly called for by that part of the British mercantile public which chanted most lusty applause to Palmerston's Canton fireworks. We are, however, much mistaken, if this official abandonment on the part of England of her hypocritic opposition to the opium trade is not to lead to consequences quite the reverse of those expected. By engaging the British Government to coöperate in the suppression of the opium traffic, the Chinese Government had recognized its inability to do so on its own account. The supplementary treaty of Nankin was a supreme and rather desperate effort at getting rid of the opium trade by foreign aid. This effort having failed, and being now proclaimed a failure, the opium traffic being now, so far as England is concerned, legalized, little doubt can remain that the Chinese Government will try a method alike recommended by political and financial considerations—viz: legalize the cultivation of the poppy in China, and lay duties on the foreign opium imported. Whatever may be the intentions of the present Chinese Government, the very circumstances in which it finds itself placed by the treaty of Tien-tsin, show all that way.

That change once effected, the opium monopoly of India, and with it the Indian Exchequer, must receive a deadly blow, while the British opium traffic will shrink to the dimensions of an ordinary trade, and very soon prove a losing one. Till now, it has been a game played by John Bull with loaded dice. To have baffled its own object, seems, therefore, the most obvious result of the opium war No. II.

Having declared "a just war" on Russia, generous England desisted, at the conclusion of peace, from demanding any indemnity for her war expenses. Having, on the other hand, all along professed to be at peace with China itself, she, accordingly, cannot but make it pay for expenses incurred, in the opinion of her own present Ministers, by piracy on her own part. However, the first tidings of the fifteen or twenty millions of pounds sterling to be paid by the Celestials proved a quieter to the most scrupulous British conscience, and very pleasant calculations as to the beneficial effects of the Sycee silver upon the balance of trade, and the metal reserve of the Bank of England, were entered into by *The Economist* and the writers of money articles generally. But alas! the first impressions which the Palmerstonian press had given itself so much trouble to produce and work upon, were too tender to bear the shock of real information.

A "separate article provides that a sum of two "millions of taels" shall be paid "on account of "the losses sustained by British subjects through "the misconduct of the Chinese authorities at "Canton; and a further sum of two millions of "taels on account of the expenses of the war." Now, these sums together amount to £1,334,000 only, while, in 1842, the Emperor of China had to pay £4,200,000, of which £1,200,000 was indemnity for the contraband opium confiscated, and £3,000,000 for the expenses of the war. To come down from £4,200,000, with Hong Kong into the *bargain*, to simple £1,334,000, seems no thriving trade after all; but the worst remains still to be said. Since, says the Chinese Emperor, yours was no war with China, but a "provincial war" with Canton only, try yourselves how to squeeze out of the province of Kwang-Tung the damages which your amiable war steamers have compelled me to adjudge to you. Meanwhile, your illustrious Gen. Straubenzee may keep Canton as a material guaranty, and continue to make the British arms the laughing-stock even of Chinese braves. The doleful feelings of sanguine John Bull at these clauses, which the small booty of £1,334,000 is encumbered with, have already vented themselves in audible groans. "Instead," says one London paper, "of being able to withdraw our 53 ships-of-"war, and see them return triumphant with "millions of Sycee silver, we may look for-"ward to the pleasing necessity of sending an "army of 5,000 men to recapture and hold "Canton, and to assist the fleet in carrying on that "provincial war which the Consul's deputy has "declared. But will this provincial war have no "consequences beyond driving our Canton trade "to other Chinese ports? . . . . Will not the "continuation of it [the provincial war] give "Russia a large portion of the tea trade? "May not the Continent, and England her-"self, become dependent on Russia and the United "States for their tea?" John Bull's anxiety as to the effects of the "provincial war" upon the tea trade is not quite gratuitous. From McGregor's Commercial Tariffs it may be seen that in the last year of the former Chinese war, Russia received 120,000 chests of tea at Kiachta. The year after the conclusion of peace with China the Russian demand fell off 75 per cent, amounting to 30,000 only. At all events, the costs still to be incurred by the British in distraining Kwang-Tung are sure so to swell the wrong side of the balance that this second China war will hardly be self-paying, the greatest fault which, as Mr Emerson justly remarks, anything can be guilty of in British estimation.

Another great success of the English invasion is contained in Art. 51, according to which "the term "barbarian is not to be applied to the British "Government nor to British subjects in any Chinese "official document issued by the Chinese authorities." The Chinese authorities styling themselves Celestials, how humble to their understanding must not appear John Bull, who, instead of insisting on being called divine or Olympian, contents himself with weeding the character representing the word barbarian out of the official documents.

The commercial articles of the treaty give England no advantage not to be enjoyed by her rivals, and, for the present, dissolve into shadowy promises, for the greater part not worth the parchment they are written on. Art. 10 stipulates: "British "merchant ships are to be allowed to trade up the "great river (Yang-tse), but in the present disturb-"ed state of the Upper and Lower Valley, no port is "to be opened for trade with the exception of Chin-"Kiang, which is to be opened in a year from the "signature of the treaty. When peace is restored, "British vessels are to be admitted to trade at "such ports, as far as Kankow, not exceeding "three in number, as the British Minister, after "consulting with the Chinese Secretary of State, "shall determine." By this article, the British are in fact excluded from the great commercial artery of the whole empire, from "the only line," as *The Morning Star* justly remarks, "by which they can push their manufactures into "the interior." If they will be good boys, and help the Imperial Government in dislodging the rebels from the regions now occupied by them, then they may eventually navigate the great river, but only to particular harbors. As to the new seaports opened, from "all" the ports, as at first advertised, they have dwindled down to five ports, added to the five ports of the Treaty of Nankin, and, as a London paper remarks, "they are generally remote or insular." Besides, at this time of the day, the delusive notion of the growth of trade being proportionate to the number of ports opened, should have been exploded. Consider the harbors on the coasts of Great Britain, or France, or the United States, how few of them have developed themselves into real emporiums of commerce? Before the first Chinese war, the English traded exclusively to Canton. The concession of five new ports, instead of creating five new emporiums of commerce, has gradually transferred trade from Canton to Shanghae, as may be seen from the following figures, extracted from the Parliamentary Blue-Book on the trade of various places for 1856-57. At the same time, it should be recollected that the Canton imports include the imports to Amoy and Pochow, which are transhipped at Canton.

	British import trade to		British export trade to	
	Canton.	Shanghae.	Canton.	Shanghae.
1844........	$15,500,000	$2,500,000	$17,900,000	$2,500,000
1845........	10,700,000	5,100,000	27,700,000	6,000,000
1846........	9,900,000	3,800,000	15,300,000	6,400,000
1847........	9,600,000	4,300,000	15,700,000	6,700,000
1848........	6,500,000	2,500,000	8,600,000	5,000,000
1849........	7,900,000	4,400,000	11,400,000	6,500,000
1850........	6,800,000	3,900,000	9,900,000	8,000,000
1851........	10,000,000	4,500,000	13,200,000	11,500,000
1852........	9,900,000	4,600,000	6,500,000	11,400,000
1853........	4,000,000	3,900,000	6,500,000	13,200,000
1854........	3,300,000	1,100,100	6,000,000	11,700,000
1855........	3,600,000	3,400,000	2,900,000	19,900,000
1856........	9,100,000	6,100,000	8,200,000	25,800,000

"The commercial clauses of the treaty are unsatisfactory," is a conclusion arrived at by *The Daily Telegraph*, Palmerston's most abject sycophant; but it chuckles at "the brightest point in the programme," viz: "that the British Minister "may establish himself at Pekin, while a Mandarin "will install himself in London, and possibly invite "the Queen to a ball at Albert Gate." However John Bull may indulge this fun, there can be no doubt that whatever political influence may be exercised at Pekin will fall to the part of Russia, which, by dint of the last treaty, holds a new territory, being as large as France, and, in great part, on its frontier, 800 miles only distant from Pekin. It is by no means a comfortable reflection for John Bull that he himself, by his first opium-war, procured Russia a treaty yielding her the navigation of the Amoor and free trade on the land frontier, while by his second opium-war he has helped her to the invaluable tract lying between the Gulf of Tartary and Lake Baikal, a region so much coveted by Russia that from Czar Alexey Michaelowitch down to Nicolaus, she has always attempted to get it. So deeply did *The London Times* feel that sting that, in its publication of the St. Petersburg news, which greatly exaggerated the advantages won by Great Britain, good care was taken to suppress that part of the telegram which mentioned Russia's acquisition by treaty of the valley of the Amoor.

THE SLAVE-TRADE IN THE RED SEA.

[THE TRIBUNE reproduces a leading article of the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*.]

Nothing hardens and brutalizes man like slave-breeding and slaveholding. This everybody will admit who is familiar with the inhabitants of the coasts of the Red Sea, and no punishment would be so fitting to the perpetrators of the horrors of Jiddah as to execute there the prohibition of the slave-trade which was proclaimed more than two years ago.

Were not the abolitionism of the Anglo-Saxons of such a political and machiavelistic nature, the English would long ago have given to the slave-trade in the Red Sea that attention which it deserves. For a quarter of a century English steamers have plowed the Red Sea regularly, filled with the fathers, mothers and children of the high-hearted nation. Can it have escaped their notice that the little vessels, with the great lateen sails, which ply daily between Bab el Mandeb and Ras Mohammed, are also crowded with passengers, but that they are stolen children, the orphans of murdered fathers and mothers!

Man-thieving and man-trading are, indeed, damnable enough; but is it not still more so for the ruler of the seas to remain so long an indifferent spectator of the sale of thousands of children to men from whom the universal progress of the ages has not yet washed away a single one of the abominations forbidden by the Decalogue? Indeed, compared with this child-trading and abuse of children, the sale of adult negroes for field-work in Christian colonies is a virtue. And Aden and Perim, with the cross of St. George the dragon-slayer floating over them, are called the *keys* to the narrow sea where these abominations are committed!

About 5,000 children are stolen and sold annually on the coast of the Red Sea, the greater part girls of the interesting and beautiful tribe of the Gallas, ruthlessly hunted down by the Christian and Mohammedan Abyssinians, who are accustomed to pay for their imports with slaves.

As the Donakil as well as the Somali have considerable colonies in the free port of Aden, and since for the protection of the business of the Parsees and Banyans, English cruisers are plenty along the African coast from Tudjurra Bay to Melit, the slave-trade has become very difficult from Berbera, Zeyla and Tudjurra, and the traders are now driven round by Massavah, where the Turkish Government, in the teeth of the Tanzimat, has sanctioned the trade by a duty of $10½ per head; $7½ for duty; $2¼ for a certificate of payment (*rafttch*), with which the slave can be landed free in Arabia; and $2¼ which goes to the Kaimakam under the name of brokerage (*delala*). Half the revenue of Massavah and Suakin is derived from the slave-trade.

Beside this there are about 3,000 negro children taken to Arabia from the Soachel coast. The duty levied in the Arabian ports is not uniform; in Locheia, for example, it is $1½ per head for negroes and $4 for Gallas, while in Jiddah it is 12 per cent ad valorem.

The Kaimakams of Massavah and Suakin, are always overrun with orders for Galla girls from their superiors in Jiddah and Constantinople, and every drove must be brought before them before it can be exhibited in the market. For such as they select, the Kaimakams pay of course whatever they please, and the trader dare not remonstrate.

The Egyptian authorities have always been very lax in their execution of the laws against the slave-trade, and have allowed vessels from Jiddah to land their cargoes of slaves freely at Djeb Tor, from which place they can be taken to Cairo without interference. This branch of trade seems to be kept away from Suez, so as not to offend the European Consuls there, but not at all out of deference to the Tanzimat; for only last Spring we saw, on our journey in Upper Egypt, slave passengers coming from Khartoum on Nile boats. Still, the shamelessness of the slave-trade at Djeb Tor did at last excite so much attention that the Egyptian Government could not wholly overlook it. A few cargoes which were sent back to Jiddah last February sunk the price of human flesh there by a third.

We have never seen in Egypt or on the Abyssinian Coast a young slave under an overseer; slaves are used by the Mohammedans along the Red Sea, not for labor, but for pleasure, pipe-bearing and coffee-serving. Girls are worth more by a half before they have attained the age of puberty than afterward, when they are called *baha*, and when they are 18 or 20 years old they become entirely unsalable. Their value is also increased by clearness of color and straightness of hair. Galla girls of a clear brown color and straight hair are called *sidama*, and bring the highest prices, although they have the name of being proud and disobedient.

The slave-trade in the Red Sea is exclusively in the hands of the Hadrami merchants, who are as enterprising as they are fond of travel; they are found in all the principal marts of the English and Dutch East Indies, as well as in the Turkish emporiums in the Mediterranean. With them, as with the Savoyards and Auvergnese, the love of home is not less strong than the desire to accumulate, which is an effectual preventive, not less of liberality than of dissipation. It is the Hadrami, especially, who have excited the fanaticism and Know-Nothingism of the Arabs in the Red Sea, in order to keep their markets closed as long as possible to the dreaded opposition of the Greeks and Franks.

Hadramaut, they tell us, was the house of the antediluvians, and they still show the grave of one, whom they call Huth. The Hadrami forbid Franks and Turks from entering their country, and consider no country or city, where these hated foreigners rule as anything more than a mere temporary stopping-place. Like all Arabs, the Hadrami marry early, and never does one leave his country without having first formed his household, which he supports from his savings abroad, and visits as often as his affairs permit, until he finally retires from business. Of course, no Hadrami grass-widower dare bring back children with him, or, what would be worse, wives; so, in a pious way, to satisfy his physical desires, his domestic quiet, his finances and his religion, he devotes himself to the slave-trade.

Like the Abyssinian slave-dealers, the Hadrami misuse girls from the age of eight. The Hadrami libertines seldom keep them longer than two months, for fear of lessening their value too much; and so these unfortunate, innocent victims of lust pass from hand to hand and from one port to another, until as perfected harlots, they come at last on the shore of the Mediterranean into the possession of the easily-pleased Turks, where their wanderings cease, and their premature old age ends in death or the life of a procuress on the streets.

The negro children of the Soachel coast are used more for work than for pleasure; they therefore fare much harder than the Gallas, subsisting only on the remains of the frugal repasts of the Arabs, and being subject to frequent punishment.

The voyage from Zanzibar to Jiddah generally occupied six weeks. The bad fare and the cold nights, particularly toward the end of the voyage, engender diarrhea and skin diseases, to which the small pox is frequently added. The dealers count on an average loss of a third of their slave cargoes. The freight on a negro child with provisions, consisting of coarse dourra bread and dried fish, costs $2, reckoned, however, only on the survivors. The average price of negro children on the Soachel coast is $10, which the mortality on the voyage raises to $15; the duty in Jiddah is 12 per cent on the market price, some $5; the brokerage $1, and as much more for the expenses of selling, which brings the cost of the slave in Jiddah to about $23. The average price of a sound negro child in Jiddah is about $40. A third of the survivors, who have been injured more or less, are of course below this price; so the profits, under favorable circumstances, are some 50 per cent. Twenty years ago negro children could be had on the Soachel coast for $5, and were then worth so much less in Jiddah.

Negro girls, if not particularly well formed, are worth but little more than negro boys; while Galla girls are worth half more than boys of that tribe. It is not easy to estimate the average price of Galla slave girls, for there are some who are sold as high as $600 or $800. It would be prudent, perhaps, to fix the average price of such girls in Jiddah at $75 and of the boys at $50; in Massavah at $60 and $40, and in Adua, the principal city of the Tigreh, at $30 and $20, and only half that among the robbers in the far south west of the country; for this forcible, unnatural emigration of young children is not effected without great sacrifice of life. When once they are on the coast, the mortality ceases, as the further journeys take but little time, and there is always between them a shorter or longer rest at the seaports, where the Galla slaves are better fed, clothed and housed than the negroes, and seldom if ever abused, since they are easily driven to suicide.

Many slaves are captured in razzias, which the Christian chiefs frequently make, without any other cause, into the territory of the harmless Gallas; but yet no private Christian in Abyssinia is ostensibly a slave-trader; that business is given over to immigrated Jews, Greeks or Armenians. This moderation, however, of the Abyssinian Christian must not be ascribed to any religious or humane motives. Fear of violence and confiscation, based on many bitter experiences, has, since the Mohammedans have taken possession of the coast, deterred the Christians of Abyssinia from the coast trade, and it is now open only to such as have gone over to the new faith. The Turks in Massavah and Suakin are neither able nor willing to remove all the causes of this fear, and the Frank is still compelled to pay for an escort over the territory of these barbarians, if he would go safely.

A third of the population of Abyssinia are Mohammedans, and both parties, the Neguz Taddrus and the Negussi, fear that if they abolish the slave-trade, it will attach the Mohammedans to the other.

Mohammed made the slave-trade a means of spreading his religion. Already several tribes of the Gallas have been converted to Islam by returned slaves. Every Mohammedan slaveholder considers it his duty to teach his new slave the formula of his faith. As soon as the slave can say this by rote, he is satisfied; the slave is a Moslem.

As the Catholic Church refuses to sanction marriages between believers and unbelievers, so, and with yet greater rigor, does the Book of Books, the Koran, forbid marriage, that is, the purchase of a wife, or what is the same thing, a slave, between a believer and an infidel. The Turks, who are not so precise upon this point of orthodoxy, winked at such alliances between the Greek merchants of the Red Sea and their Mohammedan slaves, to the great dissatisfaction of the true believers, who even at the massacre of Jiddah did not forget the guilty female slaves of the Greeks, and brought back by purchase into the bosom of their church a child two years of age, the offspring of such a union.

The Turkish Government in Arabia some time ago declared that if the prohibition of the slave-trade decreed two years and a half ago were enforced, it would excite a rebellion in Suakin and Massavah. But that was only a subterfuge, for the Turks are quite as much opposed to the abolition of this traffic as the Arabs. Both Massavah and Suakin lie on small bare islands, neither of which has more than 3,000 inhabitants. In January last, Massavah had two companies and 250 Bashi-Bazouks in garrison, with two field-pieces, which of course could not have been needed to overawe the inhabitants, but to secure the respect of the Shohos and their Nalb.

Half a dozen revenue cutters, distributed between Perim, Massavah and Suakin, would be quite sufficient to break up the slave-trade between the Asiatic and African coasts; and if measures as strong as those taken against the slave-trade on the western coast of Africa were taken on this coast, no skipper would dare to take on board an unwilling sailor, not to speak of a slave cargo; for the idea of an Arab vessel running away from an English cutter is simply ridiculous.

Like all other Orientals, the Arabs forget nothing and learn nothing; humanity can be taught them only by force, and if but a tenth of the force and perseverance were applied to this object which the English have wasted on the west coast of Africa for the suppression of a similar, but far less reprehensible traffic, and are not yet weary of wasting, not only would the regeneration of the Christians of Abyssinia be hastened, and the woes of the harmless Gallas be prevented, but even the fanatics among the Mohammedans would be shown by the suppression of this "domestic institution," hallowed to them by time and revelation, that their Book of Books, and all its commentaries, is destined to yield before the advancing civilization of the Franks, as some dim prophecies among them already intimate.

The English subjects and protégés, without exception, in the Red Sea, have male and female slaves; that is certainly the case with Consul Plowden, who, as we heard from eye-witnesses, has both in Massavah, at his residence on Lake Dembea, in his extensive household. The Banyans, who have settled in the seaports of Yemen, all British subjects, own many coasting vessels, the crews of which are mostly slaves. Moreover, these vessels are used without concealment for the transport of slaves, as we are ready with the names to show, while these hypocritical and fanatical believers in metempsychosis strictly forbid their Mohammedan captains to take freights of dried fish or hides. The late Consul of Jiddah, Mr. Page, was familiar with all this, but he knew how to spend his time better in trade than in the repression of such peccadilloes, which would have estranged his best acquaintances.

The English Government will show itself in earnest in the suppression of the slave-trade in the East, only when there, as well as in the West, it acts on the principle that "where there is no seller there is no selling." That this can very easily be done in the Red Sea, everybody who knows the country will certainly admit.

At any rate it is for the interest of England to break the pride of the Mohammedan fanatics in the Holy Sea in the way we have shown, were it only to renew the fear of her power and to lessen the hopes of the Arabs in French intervention—hopes which have excited strong sympathy for the French in Arabia.

A TOUR IN THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA.

The northern part of the State of New-York has been appropriately termed, "The Switzerland of America." With this thought in mind, I resolved to become a tourist there. I left Burlington by steamboat, took the cars at Plattsburgh, and six hours from starting, was at the middle point of the northern boundary of this wilderness. My journey was to be performed for the most part alone and on foot. My plan of travel was to pass southward through the ranges of mountains, visiting the lakes convenient to my course. A naturalist and a Nimrod volunteered to accompany me the first twenty miles.

On a fine afternoon (10th August, 1858), we took our way across the fields toward the woods. Our course was due south, ascending the declivity that slopes from the base of the Adirondack Mountains to the valley of the St. Lawrence. At 5 o'clock we had walked eight miles, and were about leaving the last clearing for the dark forest of black spruce. Before entering this we stopped to rest by a spring. While we were resting, a lame man came and began to dip water from the spring into a large pail with a tea-cup. As he had plenty of time, we commenced conversation, and found him more ready to talk than we to listen. He was much impressed with the fact that he was a hundred miles from home. He hinted darkly that things were wrong in the county, and said that he had come to right them. The people were already beginning to tremble. His peculiar gift was preaching, from any text and without preparation. His age and serious countenance told us that he was in earnest. He gave us a specimen of his power, placing his right foot upon a stone, and gazing at it with a look of stolid melancholy while he continued his harangue. He became more excited every moment, and soon mingled carnal oaths with his pious exhortations. After collecting a few minerals, we entered the woods, guided in our course by a small stream. On its bank we built our camp-fire. Our Nimrod caught a few trout, which gave flavor to our supper.

Next morning we continued our course, guided by water-courses and a compass. The ground was more broken at every mile of our progress, and after three hours traveling, rocks and ravines became frequent. A trail led us along the base of a rugged hill, and a little before noon the waters of Ragged Lake were seen glimmering through the trees. Standing by this lake, the stillness of the woods seems remarkable. Perfect silence is relieved only by the chippering of the squirrel, or interrupted at rare intervals by the cry of the jay or the croak of the raven. The slightest sound seems magnified by contrast with silence. The breaking of a dry branch is echoed from the opposite shore with startling distinctness. Floating here, the excursionist sees beauties that repay his toil. The leaves of the water lily form an inner circle quite around him. Beyond these and along the water's edge is a belt of wild grass upon which the deer feed, and beyond this belt are tamarack and cedar trees whose light and dark foliage form a girdle of variegated green. Further away the deep green forest extends unbroken for many miles. Toward the east a mountain rises abruptly from the shore. It is clothed with evergreen, whose deep color contrasts strongly with the sky. In the inlet of this lake we found an abundance of trout. I drove a crowd before me, and standing in plain sight of them threw in my hook, always taking them, and the largest first.

In the afternoon we left the lake, turning our course toward the west, searching for a pond said to lie in that direction. The way was over rugged hills; and conjecture our guide. It was hard climbing over logs and rocks, but we were rewarded at length by the sight of water flashing in the last rays of sunset. We were much fatigued, and our bed of boughs very welcome. Next morning we crossed the pond. The sandy bed of the shoal water was marked by numberless deer tracks. On the western shore we found a small boat, and near it the offal of a deer recently killed. We also noticed a path leading toward the west. This path we resolved to follow, and many a weary mile it led us, over hills and through swamps. Late in the day it brought us to a small settlement. I was glad to learn that, from this place there was a road or path to the mountains southward.

From this point my comrades turned back, leaving me to pursue my journey with staff and knapsack. The next day being Sunday, I remained at the settlement till afternoon. There was a meeting in the school-house, and the exercises were mingled with shouts and earnest calls that roused the echoes of the hills. There was much sincerity among the worshipers. The voice of the preacher was sweet and plaintive, and when the congregation joined with him in singing,

"The sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

Toward evening I left the settlement, and eight miles brought me to the Mountain House. It is a little inn without a sign, and stands at the entrance of a range. Here is a beautiful view. Two dark mountains rise abruptly from the plain, a beautiful green valley lying around and between them, and near by is a small house with a verandah and some skeleton trees whose bleaching limbs are brought into strong and strange relief by the deep color of the mountain. Next morning I was awakened by the bright sunlight. Rain had fallen during the night, and the air was pure and cool. White mists wreathed the hill tops and lay in the valley. I left the inn, and following the path that threaded the forest, entered the range. This part of the range is a succession of peaks with no regularity of form or position. It presents a great variety of wild and picturesque scenery. I was constantly rejoicing in the pure air, the bright sky, and the arcade of trees whose green recesses are most beautiful when illuminated by the light of such a morning. Occasional openings in the woods revealed mountain pictures whose sublimity and beauty filled me with astonishment and delight. Twelve miles brought me to Loon Lake, justly celebrated for its romantic views. It is very narrow, and about five miles in length. Here is a house of entertainment provided for chance travelers, with the usual sign—the lack of a door-yard fence. A well-known artist from New-York passes the Summer months in the vicinity of this lake. His pictures taken in these wild woods have met with deserved success.

Leaving Loon Lake, I had passed the first cluster of mountains. Twelve miles further, and I came to the second. This is more regular in its formation than the first. The highest peak is called White-face. At its foot sleeps a beautiful lake called Lake Placid. A broad furrow extends from the summit to the base of the mountain on its southern side, marking the path of an avalanche. As the trees and rocks are swept away there is thus formed a convenient path for ascending the mountain. A hunter told me it was two days' journey to go up and return. My path led me along the western side of this and the mountains near it. This part of the Adirondacks is called the Keene Range. I resolved to go entirely around it before ascending White-face. Passing southward, with the glorious mountains in full view, brought me, after another day's hard walking, to the Saranac Lakes. I had now passed the southern limit of the Keene Range and the wildest part of the woods.

The Saranac Lakes are a favorite resort of those fleeing the unwholesome air of cities. They abound in fish, and their wild shores are frequented by game. As I approached the Lake House, I saw two young bears in a rude cage near by, continually walking to and fro.

At the Lakes I met one of those jovial good fellows that make us love humanity. I noticed that he was watching me. At length his curiosity could be restrained no longer, and turning toward me he asked how far I was traveling, then smilingly excused himself for asking, what he termed, an impudent question. I soon learned that my appearance alone, and on foot in the woods, had excited his sympathy. I heartily thanked him for his proffered kindness, but assured him I stood in no need of assistance.

I had seen in the papers that Prof. Agassiz, James Russell Lowell and Ralph Waldo Emerson were about to visit the Saranac Lakes. I thought it possible I might see them there. The men with whom I conversed knew nothing about them, and there was no register to which I could readily gain access. There was a man with a gray beard, evidently from the city; also two others with fine clothes and piercing eyes. Who knows, thought I, but they may be savans? I listened to their conversation. Soon a boat came in with some of their party. They and a lady went to the door, the lady asking if they had got her a deer. One of the savans put his hand on the shoulder of the gentleman with the gray beard, and said, "This is your dear." The other savan remarked that he was a big buck, and he struck a match to light a cigar. The lady objected to his firing matches. He excused himself by saying that matches were made in heaven. I congratulated myself upon having seen the naturalist, the poet and the reformer.

From the Saranac Lakes I turned my course eastward, following the direction of the range. By consulting a map of this region it will be seen that a chain of mountains here bends in the form of a horse-shoe, with its opening toward the east. Into this opening I was now passing. The curve borders an undulating valley thirty miles in diameter. This is in the very heart of the loftiest Adirondack range. On my right, toward the south, rose Mount Marcy, Mount Seward, Mount McIntyre, and many nameless peaks. On the left was old White-face and the Keene range. Before me was a dark and mighty wall, whose bold proportions conveyed an impression of grandeur beyond anything I had yet seen. Near the base of Mount McIntyre I could see the famous Indian Pass; the morning sun was shining full upon its western precipice, and, though twelve miles away, the lines of broken rock were apparent.

A few miles led me into woods which shut in the view. While walking and musing I was roused by the sound of a horse's feet. The horseman was a young man in hunting dress, and on his neck-tie was a gold brooch as large as a silver dollar. Of course, meeting in the woods we must have a talk. I thought he would be communicative and the more so as I saw the neck of a bottle, the rest of which was in his pocket. He had lived in the woods eleven years, and hunted up and down the lakes. He and Joe King hunted together. Two years ago they killed one hundred and fifteen deer in about three months. He thought bears were becoming plenty in the vicinity of Loon Lake. He had killed ten there within two years. The largest of them he caught in a trap, and the bear started off with the trap on her foot. He said "the dogs started "after her, and so did I. When we came up to her I "told Charlie (the dog) to go in. He grabbed her by "the hair and she whirled and struck at him with the "paw that had the trap on, and though the trap weighed "eighteen pounds, it went so swift you could hear it "whistle. I shot her over the eye, and she ended right "over backwards as dead as a stone." He had seen but one panther and no wolves, but thought a wounded buck more dangerous than either. I spent two hours listening to his stories, and when I gave him a hearty shake of the hand and bade him good bye, he seemed to regret my departure.

As I continued my course eastward across the valley, the path was bordered on either side by primitive forests of pines and tamarack. Hour after hour I traveled the same winding lane through the forest. The whirr of the startled partridge and the peculiar falsetto note of the blue-jay were the sounds that kept me company. Late in the day I saw an opening before me, which proved to be a settlement. As I passed out of the woods, the dark masses of mountains rising far against the sky shut in the view on every side. I gazed long at their bold outline by the light of declining day, and afterward by the moonlight. There was majesty and solemnity in their presence.

The people of the settlement think it gloomy, shut in by a mountain wall; yet, like most of the settlers in these wilds, they came from the green mountains of Vermont. They meet a stranger kindly, as backwoods people generally do, and the unpretending tourist may learn many a life's history whose joys and sorrows are too sacred for the public eye.

Next morning, an hour's walk brought me to the wall of mountains. The ascent was between rocky precipices varying from two to four hundred feet in hight. These corresponded so to one another that the mountain seemed to have been cleft in sunder. On the summit, the precipices change to rounded peaks, which shut in the path, giving no extensive view to the traveler. I passed the ridge and descended toward the valley of Lake Champlain. A thunder-storm followed hard after me, rolling its dark clouds around the gray rocks of the mountains. Next morning, as I walked toward the lake, marks of cultivation became more frequent. At near intervals were farm houses, and I overtook groups of children on their way to school. They were very communicative. A small boy told me stories of his feline favorites, and a merry little girl entered with such zest into the affairs of her family that I hastened on, fearing I might hear what I ought not. Soon I saw the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain.

I had now completed a circuit of two hundred miles, and passed the length of the range. There were two points of special interest yet to be visited—the chasm which occurs where the Ausable River passes from the highlands to the valley, and the summit of White-face. White-face is near the central point of the range, and one of its highest peaks. It is comparatively isolated, and affords the best view of all the Adirondacks. The Chasm is twenty-five miles east of this mountain and five miles from Lake Champlain.

I found the Chasm a clear cut through the sand-stone formation that extends across the northern counties of New-York. It is one hundred feet in depth and from twenty to one hundred in width. The jutting rocks give it interest. There are two points usually shown to the traveler—the Devil's Oven and the Devil's Staircase. The first is associated in my mind with a refreshing bath taken before its diabolical mouth. The Staircase is a small chasm parallel to the main one. Wooden steps have made the descent more easy. I learned that the savans had recently been to visit this place. On the whole, I did not think it worthy of the attention it has received. There is a much finer chasm further north, seldom visited.

It was a bright Sabbath morning when I left the Chasm and took my way westward up the valley of the Ausable toward the mountain. Three miles brought me to a Quaker settlement. A neat row of poplars stood in front of their little meeting-house, and rows of men nearly as straight occupied seats inside. At least some of them seemed to possess the simplicity and integrity of true followers of George Fox. They reminded me of Longfellow's description of the Acadian farmers:

"Their lives glided on like the streams of the woodland,
Darkened by shadows of Earth but reflecting an image of Heaven."

Some of them did not approve of the object of my journey. An old lady whose grandson wished to accompany me dissuaded him, saying: "I tell thee, son, "it is vanity. When Christ was led into the wilder-"ness to be tempted of the devil, he taketh him into a "high mountain and showeth him all the kingdoms of "the world and the glory of them. Thee may not go."

At this place I experienced the famed hospitality of the Society of Friends. No people treat a stranger with greater kindness.

Next day I continued my journey up the valley. It was bordered by highlands which increased to mountains as I advanced. The sky was overcast. Showers coursed along the hills and through the mountain defiles. Early in the afternoon the clouds began to scatter, patches of sky appeared of the purest blue, the falling rain became glittering drops. Looking back, I saw a vivid bow resting against a green hill-side and upon the cloud beyond. I came near dusk to the mountain's foot. A small settlement nestled around it. All day old White-face had concealed his visage behind a vail of clouds. As I approached, there was an opening through which his rocky features peered out. In the center of the opening, the evening star shone bright as a lamp in the soft evening sky. I hailed it as an omen of to-morrow's victory.

At the settlement, I learned that the guide lived south of the mountain, and the ascent was usually made on that side. On the north side five men had once made the ascent, and brought back a favorable report of the route. I resolved to make the attempt on the north side. Here two ridges rose from the valley, uniting in a peak, and forming a shoulder to White-face.

The next morning was cloudy, but glimpses of the sun gave some encouragement. I entered the valley between the ridges, and plunged into the wet woods. A mile brought me to a slide, up which I clambered to the top of the eastern ridge. Two hours walking up this ridge brought me to level ground. I had now attained a considerable elevation. Through the thick branches of the dwarf spruce I caught glimpses of the western ridge, and judged I had nearly gained the point where the two ridges united. Between this point and the mountain was a shallow valley joining the ridges to the main peak. I thought I had gained the border of this valley. I looked through every opening, but no White-face appeared. I plunged through the spruce bushes for another hour, guided by the sun. Unexpectedly through a little opening the bold gray rocks of the peak appeared, seeming not more than half a mile distant. They loomed up grandly, and inspired me with new resolution. Experience had taught me that the seeming nearness was deception, and I knew that a long stretch of woods was yet to be passed. I pushed rapidly through the thickets, and had passed perhaps half the distance when the sun became obscured by clouds. I had broken my compass and had now no guide except a strip of blue sky. Soon this failed, and the fog settled close down upon me. There was no way but to wait, but waiting did no good. I made a bold push. The rising ground soon told me that I was right. After half an hour's climbing, clouds began to float around and below me. These I could see only through the low, thick tops. An opening of dead trees gave me a view. A dark cloud came sweeping along and passed just over head. It covered me like a vast umbrella, and I could see out under its edges into the mists below. It produced a strange sensation of wonder and dread. As I clambered on, the low spruces gave place to dead trees, which dwindled until the bare rock appeared. The rocky ledge extended half a mile to the southward, rising all the way. The highest point was wrapped in dark vapor. I passed on and entered the mist. I stood upon massive gray boulders, and around was a sea of gray. Several names were engraved upon the rock, and near them was a rusted hammer and chisel. I spent some minutes in making letters in the rock, then stood moodily gazing eastward into the vapor. A chilly wind was sweeping by. Involuntarily I turned to the south and looked downward. A wonderful view burst upon me. Just below was an opening, surrounded by walls of snow-white vapor. Down, many thousand feet, in the crystal depths of a pure atmosphere, gleamed Lake Placid, with its green islands, in the warm light of a Summer day. The shadows of the dark trees upon its margin were mirrored back from its glassy waters. The opening grew larger. The fleecy mass folded and unfolded, wrapping and unwrapping the rocky peak, then hung in a shining white bank, that reached above and far down the mountain side. The whole western view was thus suddenly revealed. Not the slightest trace of haziness obscured the vision. The first impression was that of an undulating forest, from which many bright lakes shone out. Thin, gauzy films of dissolving vapor sailed over the green woods. Far down in the valley an eagle was circling in and out of the dazzling mist. The clouds toward the north and east soon rose above the mountain, and the sunlight streamed through the rifts to the plains below. I had now the whole prospect in view. Toward the north the mountains about Loon Lake rose in dark masses. Beyond, at a distance of sixty miles, the waters of the St. Lawrence showed a distinct, clear line between the opening of the hills. Toward the east cultivated valleys, crossed by flashing water-courses, lay between the mountains. Thirty miles away was Lake Champlain, with its many islands, and sails looking like bright specks upon a mirror. Beyond, the Green Mountains rose; their color a shade deeper than the sky. Southward, at a distance of thirty miles, the loftiest of the Adirondacks shut in the view. The vision had thus a radius of sixty miles, except where Mount Marcy and the adjacent peaks intervened. For twenty miles around the streams and ponds were as distinctly marked as lines upon a painting. Every tree and house in the brown fields was a clear, separate object. Further away the outline was only softened by distance, the rains had so purified the atmosphere. I traced the journey I had traveled, in describing a circumference of two hundred miles, and saw the valley of which I had traversed its diameter.

GOLD DIGGING IN NEW-BEDFORD—QUITE AN EXCITEMENT.—As Mr. Burrage Warner was excavating in front of Messrs. Warner & Dennison's grist-mill, on South Water street, yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of removing the building nearer the street, at the depth of about three feet he came upon a deposit of black sand on a rock, which so resembled that of California, he having been a miner in that country, that the thought struck him to "pan" it. He accordingly did so, and, as the result, obtained three pieces of gold, the largest about the size of a barley-corn, and worth in the aggregate about fifty cents. The news soon spread, and quite a number of old Californians tried their hands, but without success, as no more of the precious stuff could be obtained. About one hundred persons congregated about the spot during the afternoon. We believe Messrs. Warner & Dennison do not intend to throw away the more certain method of coining gold offered by their excellent mill in the idle pursuit of this accidental deposit. The yellow meal they turn out is far more productive of gold than any New-Bedford soil.

[New Bedford Standard.

REMARKABLE METEOR IN CANADA.—A report from Mr. Kingston of the Magnetic Observatory in Toronto, describes a remarkable meteor observed on the evening of the 27th ult. Messrs. Walker and Stewart of the Observatory have prepared statements of the appearance of the phenomenon. Mr. Walker says:

"I was sitting from 9 to 9½ p. m., in a room with the window facing westward, and, although not looking in that direction, I was startled by the reflection of a brilliant light. Turning immediately toward the window, I saw a splendid meteor of about one-third the size of the moon when full, not round but pear-shaped. It burst into a number of fragments when at an elevation of about 12° from the horizon. The color of these sparks or fragments was of a light purple. I ran out immediately to listen if there was any report or detonation, but heard none."

The accounts of Messrs. Walker and Stewart have been partially corroborated by the testimony of another person, who states that he saw a large meteor at the same time from his residence, situated a few miles north-east of Toronto.

A BEAR TREED BY A HORSE.—Bears are more numerous this season than for several years in the central counties of the State, and adventures with them are quite common. Mr. D. Cross of Fairfield, who recently visited Eaton County, related to us an affair which occurred four miles east of Eaton Rapids, which presents an example of maternal care by a mare for her colt that is rarely exhibited by the horse kind, if it was not a hair-breadth adventure. A mare with a colt by her side, was feeding in a pasture, when she was approached by three bears—an old one and two cubs nearly full grown. Alarmed for the safety of her colt, the mare forgot the usual fear of the horse for these animals, and attacked them with such vigor that they were forced to retreat. They were pursued so closely that one of them was compelled to seek safety, and remain in a tree until the owner of the mare, who had watched the whole proceedings, went to his house for a gun, returned and shot it.

[Adrian (Mich.) Watch Tower.