RIGINAL ARTICLE.

The Literary World.

Very few books are published in midsummer, but most always authors and printers are busy, at this son, with preparations for the fall. This year an usually large number of original works, or important republications, are in progress or already npleted.

"Blithedale"—the new novel by Hawthorne—has, course, attracted a great deal of attention. The thor of the "Scarlet Letter" and "The House of ven Gables" addresses a large audience. But, a work of art—as a romance—"Blithedale" disappints, and all the fame of Hawthorne is necessary make it sell. It is understood to be an exhibin of the life led at the socialist establishment led Brook Farm, near Boston; and everybody is quisitive as to the originals of the several characs. The announcement of the book created a hic among the scattered members of the commuy, all of whom were apprehensive that Hawrne, who had quitted them in disgust, was in ding to disclose all their secrets, intrigues, quars, laziness, impracticableness, and licentiousness; the novelist disclaims any such idea, and only es us a few glimpses, *couleur de rose*, of his asantest recollections connected with the affair. ll, those who are familiar with this example of nunism profess little difficulty in the recognin of the characters. That of Zenobia, for exam, though it has a little of Margaret Fuller in it, nderstood to be a Mrs. ——, who had been dreed from her husband, and resided at Brook rm, under the special and most particular protecn of the Rev. George Ripley, founder and Presit of the community. We may print a communation on this subject, which will be vastly amus, and show that however much this distinguished nber of the *Tribune* philanthropy is like Cæsar, he l female friends not at all like the wife of the ebrated person.

Mr. Richard Hildreth has just completed the sixth d concluding volume of his "History of the United tes," bringing the narrative of events down to the of the sixteenth Congress, in 1821. This work urious in more ways than one. The author came notice a great while ago, as a newspaper writer, Boston, where at one time he was connected with *Atlas*. He was a federalist of the old school, big of the new school, a conservative, a progres, a philosopher, a christian, an infidel—a writer tracts on affairs, of theories of morals, &c.—and nslated Dumont's Bentham, and made a figure as novelist, in the once famous book published here by abolitionists, under the title of "Archy Moore," nprising the life and adventures of a runaway ve. This, in point of talent, is his best work, d it would have had a popularity equal to that "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—to which it is in most rese quite equal, and which it surpasses in vehent and unreasoning abuse of slaveholders—but t the abolition feeling was not far enough adced and diffused at that period, for such a thing become the rage. His History of the United tes is strongly partisan; he rides the federal se at a fearful rate, scattering mud to the right l left, on all the democrats that impeded his y. We have, though, as yet none but partisan hisies, for Bancroft is just as decided and just as kless on the other side; though, unlike Hildreth, wever *high-flutin* his style may be, it displays e knowledge of the significance of words and ll in their grammatical arrangement. The atham-Fourier-federal-abolition historian gives in this sixth volume, which is before us, the folwing summary of the character of Jefferson:—

An accomplished political Jesuit, wonderfully adroit ascending the ladder of democratical power; but se narrow policy and visionary imagination—the cy of an inland planter, the imagination of a pedant—qualified him from redeeming, as sometimes happens, skilful conduct of affairs, the base arts, the flattering passions and stimulating of prejudices, by which he d risen to power."

There is a task for Dr. Blair. What does Mr. ldreth suppose is the meaning of the word "imanation," that he qualifies it with the adjective sionary," after the manner of the nursery, or kes it the quality of a "pedant," who, in the are of things, cannot have any imagination at ? And what does he mean by "redeeming arts," e flattering of passions," &c.? But the rhetori this precious history is not its most remarkabl aracteristic, as we may some time show.

We see, to-day, that this old abolition novel by ldreth is brought out by a Yankee publisher as a w work, under the title of "The White Slave." is is swindling.

It seems that the Japan expedition is, after all, be set afloat by Mr. Kennedy; and, to meet the mand for information on the subject, Redfield s in press, "Japan—Historical, Social, and dustrial," based on the great work of Sield, of which a copy, costing $600, has been ported for the Astor Library. The miserape penuriousness of our government at Washington illustrated by the fact that it refused to purchase the expedition this indispensable, because cmpete, and only, repository of such knowledge resecting the Japanese as has been acquired by Euroan nations. We have it on the best authority at the directors of the Astor Library, knowing it be in the highest degree absurd for Commodore rry to sail without a copy of this magnificent rk, and that he could not obtain one from Holland time for the expedition, offered theirs to the vernment at cost, with the intention of procuring duplicate for their own use as soon as possible—d the offer was declined! Just as well might a et be sent to explore the coasts of Maine or Florida thout a single chart or description of the country adjacent seas. If a copy of Siebold could not be tained for a smaller price, it would be an absolute cessity to purchase one at half a million of dollars—at nine-tenths of the whole expense of the exdition.

It is understood that Francis Parkman, whose istory of Pontiac has been so widely and justly aised here and in Europe, is engaged on an extenre performance in a field which has scarcely been vaded by the historian—that of "The French Domion in America." He will probably give us ree octavos on the subject next year.

Dr. Hawks, who has hitherto been more celebrated the finest orator in the American Episcopal hurch than as a *savant*, has in the press of Putam a very interesting work, on which he has been veral years engaged, to be entitled "The Monuents of Central and Western America." We have e authority of a leading member of the Ethnoloal Society for saying that this will be one of the ost important of contemporary contributions to erature and learning, and that it will unquesonably give Dr. Hawks as high a rank among holars as he has long confessedly enjoyed for eloence in the pulpit.

In fiction, Herman Melville has a new book, Pierre, or the Ambiguities," in which it is underood that he has dressed up and exhibited in Berkire, where he is living, some of the ancient and ost repulsive inventions of the George Walker and nne Radcliffe sort—desperate passion at first ght, for a young woman who turns out to be the ero's sister, &c., &c., &c. It is conceded that Mr. elville has written himself out. The book is adrtised by the Harpers.

Miss Fenimore Cooper and Miss Alice Carey, the st and most popular of the female writers in this ountry, have each nearly ready a new novel. Miss ooper's to be published by Putnam, under the title "The Shield," and Miss Carey's—a work of remarkable power—by Redfield, and called "Hagar, a tory of To-day."

The "Lotus Eaters," by George W. Curtis, of his city, has appeared in London, and is a very leasant book—the best, in some respects, the owadji has written—though no one would infer, m its title, that it is descriptive of American mmer travel, watering places, wild scenes, &c. Why is not an edition ready for home consumpon?

Of illustrated books for the next autumn holidays, the most brilliant affair will be a quarto from the press of Putnam, under the title of "Homes and Haunts of American Authors," containing, in fine engraving, views of the residences of Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, Hawthorne, Kennedy, Daniel Webster, Bancroft, Prescott, Dana, Longfellow, &c., with suitable sketches in letter press. It will show that some of our book makers have pleasant summer retreats, whether the money for their purchase come by authorship or not.

"The Men of the Times" is a compact volume of some five hundred pages, to be published in this city in September, or earlier; and it will be a sort of biographical dictionary of all the living lights of the world, from Brougham to Barnum, Grey to Greeley, Nicholas and Napoleon to Pierce and Scott and George Saunders, &c. It is based on a book of the same title, lately printed in London, and "*Les Hommes des Jours*," printed in Paris, and the American additions amount to about a thousand, and comprise all the subjects respecting which the public generally will feel the slightest curiosity.

Captain Marcy, whose murder by the Camanches was reported yesterday, was a very accomplished man, not only in his profession, but in the science and literature apt to be cultivated by military men. An important work on his previous reconnoissances in the central and southwestern portions of this continent, was nearly completed by him last winter, while he was residing in this city, with his brother, Dr. E. E. Marcy, the well known author of the Homeopathic Theory and Practice of Medicine. Captain Marcy deferred giving his manuscript to the press, that he might include his narrative and observations on the interesting expedition to which he was appointed during the winter, and upon which he appears to have met so melancholy a death.

The great increase which has recently taken place in our political, social, and commercial relations with the Spanish States, has led to a corresponding increase of the study of the Spanish language; and Columbia College may boast of having given the world the best Spanish and English Dictionary ever published, in the large volume just issued by the Appletons, from the hand of Professor Velazquez de la Cadena, of that institution. It is a most masterly fusion of the great Spanish lexicons of the Academy, Terreros, Salva, &c., with the English ones of Walker, Webster, Worcester, &c. The work has been praised in the highest degree by Prescott, Ticknor, and our other Spanish scholars.

The veteran editor, Buckingham, of the *Boston Courier*, has nearly ready his "Memoirs and Miscellanies," which will be an entertaining book, full of characteristic reminiscences of old federal times, and the wire-workers with whom the author has been half a century associated.

Our Auburn Correspondence.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 25, 1852.

Conkling to Mexico—Hall to the United States Judgeship, and Granger to the Post Office Department.

The rumors reaching this State that Mr. Fillmore is about making several important changes with his political friends, or will do so previous to leaving the White House on the 4th of March, have caused quite an inquiry and considerable astonishment. The reports are, that Judge Alfred Conkling, of the northern district of this State, is to be appointed Minister to Mexico, in place of Mr. Letcher, resigned or recalled—that Nathan K. Hall, the present Postmaster General, is to be elevated to the Judgeship of Northern New York—and that Francis Granger, the god-father of the silver grays, is to take the position now occupied by Mr. Hall. These movements are particularly interesting to the people of this State, and especially so to the whig party. Let these matters be taken under review for a moment. Judge Conkling was appointed by President Monroe, and has held the office more than a quarter of a century. He is among the few remaining old federalists, and one of the most strict admirers of the doctrines promulgated by the Hamiltons, Adamses, Lees, Knoxes, Pinckneys, &c., of '98, and of the principles of Rufus King, Harrison Gray Otis, Josiah Quincy, Timothy Pickering, and others of a later period. He possesses a dignified bearing, very forbidding, and bordering on aristocracy. His long occupancy of a seat upon the bench has produced him a handsome fortune, besides providing amply for his sons, who hold clerkships in the District Court. The idea of despatching Judge Conkling to Mexico, to occupy the position which Mr. Letcher has left, ought to be most carefully considered by President Fillmore, and still more so by the Senate, should his nomination be sent in previous to adjournment. If Mr. Letcher "was too dictatorial and dogmatical as a diplomat," and if he has been recalled in consequence of this unfortunate trait in his character, Mr. Fillmore, certainly, should hesitate before he selects such a man as Alfred Conkling to remedy that defect. If he manifests a haughtiness and arrogance in the station which he now holds, that renders him almost unapproachable, and many think, absolutely repulsive, in his communications with his own countrymen, how can it be expected that he will exercise less dogmatism when clothed with ministerial power, backed by the authority of the United States government, in the city and country of the Aztecs? A man of a different mould of mind should be sent to Mexico; and no person is better acquainted with this fact than Mr. Fillmore himself. Let him survey the whole ground before he ventures on the experiment. He may have occasion to repent when it is too late.

But in case the judgeship shall thus be made vacant, then, will the President venture to heap such an amount of insult upon the Northern district of New York as to nominate his own law partner, Nathan K. Hall, to fill the vacancy? Has the whole country not already been sufficiently inflicted, punished, and pampered with, in having him to preside over the Post Office affairs of the nation? Must the imbecility, ignorance, and incompetency of this mere Buffalo pettifogger be transferred from the Post Office Department to the judgeship of the United States courts? Must this man, with legal talents much inferior to two-thirds of the country justices, be elevated to a station which requires the most profound legal attainments, and a practice of long experience? Northern New York possesses within her borders, many distinguished jurists, as able and learned as any within this whole nation. We allude to Joshua A. Spencer, of Utica; Mark Sibley of Canadaigua; Daniel Cady, of Johnstown; E. W. Leavenworth, of Syracuse; Henry Welles, of Penn Yan; Samuel L. Selden, of Rochester; Moses Taggart, of Batavia; James G. Hoyt, James Mullett, and George R. Babcock, of Buffalo; Amos K. Hadley, of Troy; John C. Spencer, Samuel Stevens, Marcus T. Reynolds, Ira Harris, of Albany, and hosts of others. Why are all these celebrated legal gentlemen overlooked, and their talents and qualifications blindly disregarded? This attempt to foist Hall upon the treasury for the remainder of his life, it is earnestly hoped, may fail. It looks too much like a personal matter in Mr. Fillmore; and though it may not be dignified in the Senate to interpose a veto to any respectable recommendation, that body would confer a blessing upon the northern section of the State by promptly exercising it in this instance, should the occasion be offered.

The next in order upon the programme is the anticipated appointment of Francis Granger to fill Hall's place as Postmaster General. The Senate would probably not hesitate in his confirmation, in order to keep harmony in the whig party. From the activity displayed by this "well-proportioned gentleman" during the month he served in the same capacity under Harrison, there need be no fear but he would remove every democrat and every wholly-headed postmaster in the country, before his successor takes possession on the fourth of next March. Hall has only removed the most prominent and influential of the deputies; but Frank would, with one fell swoop, decapitate every objectionable one. Therefore, as a matter of public importance, it is quite immaterial whether Granger is appointed or not; his ability to wield the department, however, is more ample than Hall's, and during the remainder of this silver gray administration, it may be well to put the sickle in his unsparing hand.

In shadowing forth these important changes in that portion of the State which may be regarded as decidedly whig, what is presumed to be Mr. Fillmore's object? He has held in his hand, these three years past, the power to make provision, in the manner now proposed, for those friends. There have been several honorable vacancies abroad, which Judge Conkling might have occupied; he might have been sent to Constantinople, to Paris, to Leghorn, and other diplomatic stations. His place here could have been filled, and, long ere this, the howlings of Seward and his curs would have, in consequence thereof, been silenced. But now, on the very eve of an important election, when healing cordials should be administered, and soothing plasters applied—when unity and peace are necessary in entering upon the great contest—when all the party should unite upon the Presidential nomination, it really does seem as if Mr. Fillmore is about throwing in this firebrand to defeat Seward's candidate for the Presidency. We shall see.

THE SPAS OF AMERICA.

Our Saratoga Correspondence.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, SARATOGA, July 26, 1852.

The Necessity of a Newspaper at the Springs—What Can a Traveller do Without One?—Crowds and Crowds—Items and Incidents, &c.

"No HERALD to-day. Cars came off without the package, this morning." Pray, stir your package express, that we who seek here the semblance of pleasure, shall not be deprived an early glance of the HERALD, the best morsel of all. An eminent citizen of Maryland, who had taken, from sheer necessity, a *Tribune*, remarked: "I am ashamed to be seen with it, but can get no other this morning—the HERALD has not come." Saratoga was never known more full than at this moment. Saturday night brought a large crowd. The United States turned away over one hundred applicants—"full, and all the outside lodgings taken up." Congress Hall was also quite full. The Union took a few, and is full. The remainder "lodged out," taking meals at the hotels. Many have left Saratoga to-day, leaving just enough to be comfortable, and in that active state of fulness, without overflowing, so desirable to landlords and the guests themselves. The cars arrive and depart with great regularity, and the whole machinery of arriving and departing appears to be conducted with entire satisfaction to all. Saratoga is really pleasant, and, doubtless, quite agreeable to that class of fashionable elegants who seek amusement where all the world is passing in review. Visiters now arriving, come and go, stopping from two to five days. A gentleman who has been a month at the Union, says there are not over ten guests now in the house who were there when he arrived. Not quite so at the United States. A large number are permanent guests for the season. There are quite a number of old political campaigners hereabouts; but no interest is taken by them in the labors usual upon the eve of a Presidential election. Marvin has never had his house in such perfect order as now. The entire machinery of his extensive and truly magnificent establishment is in quiet, regular motion—the fare admirable; rooms clean, neat, and comfortable; servants, waiters, and chambermaids civil, attentive, and prompt. The number of ladies here is much greater than of the sterner sex, and this, it is said, has been a feature of Saratoga, so far, through the season.

Some considerable interest is beginning to be manifested about the codfish war to be, and we shall look for the HERALD to keep us posted. What are Daniel Webster's friends about? Are the politicians afraid to move? Why, then, do not the people take the matter into their own hands, as they did with old Zachary, and raise a commotion? Everywhere, intelligent, old, active whigs declare they will neither risk or spend money for Scott. Seward, Greeley, Weed, Dayton and company, will have need of all their strength—all their lungs. The fact is, a spirited, bold Scott man don't turn up in a fortnight's travel. Say what you will, General Scott will never rally a glowing, vigorous enthusiasm in his support: the smell of Sewardism is on his skirts. An active whig, of the Webster stamp, in conversation here to-day, says that on Friday preceding the nomination of Scott at Baltimore, a party of Massachusetts men went down to Washington to pay their respects to the distinguished candidates. Arriving at Washington, they called upon Fillmore, then Webster, and lastly upon General Scott, when lo, and behold! who do you think they found closeted with the illustrious general? Well, no other than Senator Seward, of New York. Yet no one would suppose for a moment that it had anything to do with his movements for the Presidency—of course not.

Spray from the Cataract.

NIAGARA FALLS, Sunday Evening.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

SIR—I spent the whole of yesterday at Niagara Falls, and after a long "spell" of hot weather in the Far West, I can assure you the change of temperature and scene was most delightful. The Niagara river is high, the rapids magnificent, and the glorious falls now exhibit themselves in all the glory of their sublime grandeur. The temperature in their vicinity is most agreeable, and from this and other causes, all the hotels in the village appear to be tolerably full. By the way, a new and most spacious establishment, called the "International," was opened last Friday. In external appearance it strongly reminds me of the Irving House; you enter a noble hall, of vast extent, roofed with groined arches, supported by four central columns; the parlors, dining saloons, reading, billiard, and other public rooms, all of leviathan proportions, stretching away on either side of this central hall, while above them there appear to be interminable suits of private apartments.

I observed that in the grove at the back of the International and Cataract hotels, which, as you will remember, skirts the edge of the river close to the magnificent American fall, they are making great preparations for the Lundy Lane festival—there is quite a street of frame buildings already erected—and many others about to be commenced, and in progress of erection—for dispensing refreshments to the anticipated crowds—one and all of whom whilst "comforting the inward man" will enjoy an uninterrupted view of Dame Nature's grandest achievement. The natives of the village, however, appear to be in a blissful state of ignorance as to the particulars of the celebration, and those who are to take the leading parts in it—they being perfectly satisfied with the prospect of "large returns" and commensurate profits, with which pleasing anticipation they are in high glee. All along the lines of railway, bills are posted and distributed, announcing special trains of cars at reduced fares—similar inducements being held out on board the Lake steamboats. Hence there is no doubt the Lundy's Lane festival will attract a "big crowd."

I regret to see that the spirit of enterprise is fast destroying the romantic sublimity of the Falls of Niagara—the paper, saw, and grist mills, on the American side of Goat Island rapids, were eyesores enough, and the mill on the bank near the suspension bridge, with its huge shaft reaching down to the river, a positive nuisance as far as the wild grandeur of the scene is concerned—but as if this were not bad enough, they are now building another and a larger one on the other side of the bridge, and I have no doubt ere long we shall have a series of mills and factories all along the edge of the river, turning the water power to a good account, and exhibiting in a strong light the fruits of American industry and enterprise—but at the same time sadly destroying the beauty of the prospect, which is too sublime to admit of any admixture of man's handiwork.

By-the-by, I heard from one of the guides, that a young English lady had a narrow escape on Friday morning. Perfectly enchanted with the scene, and anxious to possess some memento of her visit, she, assisted by the guide, stepped off the ridge on Goat Island, familiarly known as "The Hogs Back," from rock to rock, until she reached the large slab which divides the American sheet of water, and in the crevices of which grew a small tree—from this, gathering a branch, she proceeded on her perilous return journey—the boiling rapids at her feet, within two yards of taking their mad leap, and the spray flying around her. At the second step, the rock being wet and slippery, she fell, but fortunately the water here was shallow, and formed an eddy. The guide stood firm, and she retained her grasp of his hand, and thus escaped with "an awful fright," and a thorough baptism in Niagara's stream, obtained, perhaps, nearer the extreme edge of the falls, than was ever previously managed, without loss of life. She neither screamed nor fainted when she reached *terra firma*—but like a sensible woman, felt thankful for her deliverance, and proud of her trophy, which she had retained all the time.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
AN EX-LONDON EDITOR.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, July 19, 1852.

Anecdotes, &c., from Washington—Mr. Webster—Mr. Douglas—General Scott.

Some interesting and amusing incidents occurred on the occasion of the late recent visit of the delegates to the National Agricultural Convention to Mr. Webster.

When the Secretary shook hands with old Mr. Wheeler, of Framingham, the town of beautiful lakes, in Worcester county, "Give my love," said he, "to all the good people of Framingham." Then looking, with a leer in his eye, as Mr. Wheeler withdrew, "Any pickerel left in those ponds?" he asked.

As the delegates retired, one passed out without shaking hands; but he immediately returned, and extended his hand to Mr. Webster, with an apology. "I must tell you a story," said Mr. W. "At the battle of Saratoga, when the Americans were firing in platoons, it was observed that regularly, at a short interval after one platoon fired, a single gun would go off. The commanding officer on the field rode up to the officer in command of the battalion, and ordered that the irregular firing should be discontinued, and the whole platoon should fire together. After a while, this mode of firing not ceasing, the captain of the company was sent for. He came and apologised, but said it was impossible to prevent one man from firing after all the rest had done. He had been clerk of the parish so long, and accustomed to having the last "Amen," that he had to keep it up on the battlefield.

A young gentleman stepped forward to introduce a venerable Vermonter as "Mr. ——." "Young man," said Mr. Webster, "Father may tell me who you are, but you cannot tell me who he is."

Since the nomination, Mr. Webster says he shall imitate Peter in one respect—he shall go a fishing!

Mr. Webster's boast, the evening after Scott's nomination, of being a sound sleeper, was not made there for the first time. In his memorable reply to Hayne, the following passages occurs:—"The honorable member complained that I had slept on his speech. I must have slept on it or not slept at all. The moment the honorable member sat down his friend from Missouri rose, and with much honeyed commendation of the speech, suggested that the impressions which it had produced were too charming and delightful to be disturbed by other sentiments or other sounds, and proposed that the Senate should adjourn. Would it have been quite amiable in me, sir, to interrupt this excellent good feeling, must I not have been absolutely malicious if I could have trust myself forward to destroy sensations thus pleasing? Was it not much better and kinder both to sleep upon them myself and to allow others also the pleasure of sleeping upon them? But if he meant by sleeping upon his speech that I took time to reply to it, is quite a mistake. Owing to other engagements I could not employ even the interval between the adjournment of the Senate and its meeting the next morning, in attention to the subject of this debate. Nevertheless, sir, the matter of fact is undoubtedly true; I did sleep on the gentleman's speech, and slept soundly. And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday, to which I am now replying. It is quite possible that in this respect, also, I possess some advantage over the honorable member, attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part, for in truth I slept upon his speech remarkably well."

Occasionally a good anecdote is told of Judge Douglas. This Presidential aspirant is well understood here, to be a "hale fellow well met," came up to a friend, in jovial mood, in one of the hotels, and placing his arm affectionately around him, "Well, ——, my good fellow, what can I do for you to-night?" said the Judge. "Douglas," responded the party addressed, "when you are President of the United States, just come to me, and put your arm round me in that way, and ask me that question, and I'll answer you."

General Scott seemed greatly pleased, the evening after his nomination, when some one amongst the crowd, called out, "Hurrah for old Fuss and Feathers." The General bowed most deferentially, and kissed his hand to the multitude.

Our Vermont Correspondence.

MANCHESTER, Vt., July 26, 1852.

Rural Life in Vermont—Village of Manchester—The Mountains—Burr Seminary.

The railways recently opened through the State of Vermont make access to the travelling community to many beautiful and romantic villas, that heretofore were to them as a sealed book on account of the tedious and fatiguing whole day's riding in a stage coach, necessary to reach them; but now, step in the cars at Troy, and in a couple of hours you are in the midst of the romantic and wild mountain scenery of Vermont.

The village of Manchester, where I am located at present, is a most beautiful spot, situated in a valley. The Green Mountains arise in their silent grandeur on either side, and present a truly wild and picturesque appearance. Situated on a little eminence at the foot of the mountain stands Burr Seminary, a fine collegiate building of large dimensions, but which looks small enough, compared with the mountain arising just behind it. This seminary is supported from the interest of a liberal bequest of ten thousand dollars, made by the late Joseph Burr of this village, and a small tuition from the scholars. Young men are here fitted in a very thorough manner, at a very small expense, for college or commercial life. The Principal of the Seminary is the Rev. Joseph Wickham, D. D., and a more kind or gentlemanly man it is difficult to find. William A. Burnham, A. M., is the associate principal, a thorough scholar, and one of the first mathematicians in the State. This institution is governed more by the voluntary respect of the students for their instructors, than the unnecessary exercise of authority on their part.

The mountain sides are watered by innumerable brooks, all abounding with that choice specimen of the finny tribe—the brook trout. At a place called North Dorset, about seven or eight miles from Manchester, is a mountain that appears to be composed almost entirely of marble. From this place is sent some of the finest white marble that reaches your market. This place is also a beautiful and romantic spot—high mountains arising abruptly on all sides, with the iron horse, on his iron track, skimming along the valley. While speaking of North Dorset, I must not forget to mention the hotel, or tavern, as they are called here, of old Daniel Curtis, the postmaster of the place. The only thing about the house uninviting is the exterior, which is rather plain; but when you cross the threshold you are at home—everything like wax work, and a table that the most fastidious could not complain of. The old gentleman thinks people from the city can afford to pay two dollars per week, and charges that price accordingly. There is a beautiful pond near the house, with a boat on it, and plenty of trout fishing on the side of the mountain, which arises just in front of the hotel.

It is difficult to conceive, while breathing the pure mountain air, how people can be sweltering in the city, when the weather is so cool—for here, on the hottest days, there is always a stiff breeze blowing from the mountains, and the mornings and evenings are always delightfully cool. L. L. C.

Later from Texas.

[From the New Orleans Picayune, July 28.]

By the arrival of the steamship Mexico, Captain Place, we have received files of Texas papers. All our accounts from the interior represent the weather as unusually warm, and the crops as the best the State has ever produced.

The cholera in Western Texas seems to have been confined entirely to the emigrants, and the towns on Matagorda Bay are said to be entirely free from this dreadful scourge.

The *Texan* says that the body of a man known about San Antonio as French Louis, was found a few days since just below Chocolate, on the Indianola road, where he had been murdered, his brains appearing to have been knocked out with some heavy weapon. He had a wagon with him. No clue as to the perpetrator of the murder is known to exist.

William Wilson, residing with L. L. White, Esq., at Vadenburgh, on the 1st of last month, went out with his dog and gun for the purpose of killing a deer, and has not been seen or heard of since. It is feared some accident has befallen him, or that he has been killed or captured by the Indians. He was formerly from Newark, N. J., where his relatives reside.

A drug store, at Lavaca, came near being destroyed by fire a few days since, in consequence of a bottle of phosphorus becoming ignited by the access of air. Fortunately, it was arrested without injury, but the danger and alarm for a short time was considerable.

The *Western Texan* reports that the body of a man named Usevis Talamante was found in the Medina a few days since, evidently murdered by Indians. There were sticking in him several arrows, and there were also several lance wounds upon his body. Those who buried him, say the arrows were those used by the Camanches. A few miles, below, a large cavallada of horses and mules was driven off by the Indians. About the same time a number of Indians were seen hovering around the ranch of Mr. Flores, and succeeded in driving off a lot of his stock.

The editor of the *Southwestern American* is informed by a responsible gentleman residing at Webber's Prairie, that any quantity of corn can be had in that neighborhood, this fall, at twenty-five cents per bushel, and pork at two cents per pound.

The Austin *Gazette* says:—Hon. Thomas F. McKinney has erected an elegant flouring mill on Onion Creek, about four miles from the city, and is prepared to manufacture flour of a superior quality. Among all the wants of this rich country, none has been felt so seriously as that now supplied by the enterprise of Mr. McKinney. Up to the present time all the flour used in Western Texas has been imported from the North, creating an immense drain upon the cash resources of the country. We hope now to see this drawback arrested, in giving ample encouragement to the public spirited efforts of Mr. McKinney to supply among us an all-important improvement. In no country can better wheat be grown than in ours, and it is a burning reproach to us to longer rely upon imported flour for our daily bread.

The unfortunate man M. Niven, who was shot in Indianola on the 23d ult., the particulars of which we published at the time, died on the 8th inst.

There are now forty-three newspapers in Texas, with a fair prospect of fifty before the termination of the present year. There are two religious papers, which are doing well, it is said. A third, a Baptist organ, will be established in the fall.

The citizens of Kaufman county recently held a meeting and organized an agricultural society.

The corner stone of the Capitol, at Austin, was laid on the 3d inst. Governor Bell, Gen. Harney, and a host of citizens were present.

WOOL IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—About a ton of the pure merino and Saxon wool was recently purchased on the Jarvis farm, at Claremont, N. H., for forty-five cents a pound.

THE DOWN EAST FISHERIES.

STATEMENTS FROM BOTH SIDES.

American Vessels of War Ordered to the Fishing Station.

&c., &c., &c.

The British North American Fisheries.

So far all that has been said upon this question has left untouched the true merits and real cause of difficulty. This assertion is bold, but made without apology. The original treaty of 1818, concluded by Messrs. Rush and Gallatin, subsequent negotiations by Mr. Everett, the despatch of Sir John Packington, and the recent manifesto of the honorable Secretary of State—all these papers we will assume, from the frequency of their recent appearance in almost every paper throughout the country, and the discussion which thereon have arisen, to be so well understood, that we excuse ourselves and readers from other repetition than a mere recurrence to their spirit and common sense meaning.

Now, what are the grounds assumed by the various papers engaged in the discussion of these disputes, which have lately arisen in reference to the North American fisheries?

1. Some papers, with the ingenuity of a "special pleader," endeavor to nullify the Gallatin and Rush treaty of 1818, because of its verbal ambiguity; others, by appeal to the higher law of natural right, with piratical boldness, make the sweeping assertion that though the common sense meaning of that treaty (1818) is, undoubtedly, (with certain exceptions), that American fishermen shall not fish, &c., within three miles of the shores of the British North American possessions, still the higher law aforesaid, and the vested natural rights of American citizens, should prompt them even to go out of their way to vindicate these principles in a violation of pledged national stipulation. Thus, under this first head, the same results are arrived at by different methods, to wit: the one by special pleading, the other by a vindication of inalienable and natural right.

2. It is assumed that although the treaty of 1818 literally forbids American citizens to fish within three miles of British North American territory, that the British government are wrong in their present construction of that treaty, viz: that this forbidden ground (water rather) shall be formed and included in a line drawn from a point three miles distant from one headland to another, where any curvature or indentation of the seacoast may exist.

3. It is assumed by many of more warlike temperament, that the act of sending an armed and warlike fleet into the waters surrounding this part of the British dominion, for the alledged purpose of protection to their own rights, is of itself a national insult, and provocation sufficient to constitute a *casus belli*, and an immediate "tender of passport" to the British Minister at Washington, is demanded as the only rational and manly course to be adopted forthwith.

Now let us review these grounds briefly. With the special pleaders, and those who "go in" for the violation of national credit, when it may conflict with their own conceptions of "natural right" (a right wherein nature and self interest are often found in wonderful proximity) with—and to these we say, we prefer common sense, common English, and common honesty, to any or all of their vaunted theories, or dauntless assertions. And we have not the slightest doubt that the good sense, and the common sense, and the undoubted honesty of the majority of American citizens, when they read the following extract from the treaty of 1818—a treaty admitted to be lawfully made and agreed upon, between the British and American governments—to wit as follows:—"And the United States hereby renounce forever, any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof, to take, dry, or cure fish, on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbors of his Britanic Majesty's dominions in America, not included in the above mentioned limit"—will say that at all events American citizens have thus by the action of their own government, precluded themselves from any right to fish in these waters, within at least three miles from the shore, supposing such line to follow its course. That if national treaties are binding, and national integrity is to be preserved, the British government should not only be allowed, but supported in, the right to protect its own subjects in the enjoyment of a privilege which the American government have guaranteed not to interrupt or interfere with.

Now as to the second point, the construction of this treaty of 1818 as to whether the three miles only follow the indenture of the shore, or whether they embrace the space within a line drawn three miles distant from the point of one headland to another.

This is a fair question of dispute, but it is neither new or preposterous. Mr. Everett, in his negotiations, has admitted the assumption of the right since 1818, and there is no record of any protest by the American government against such an interpretation on the part of Great Britain, while in fact Mr. Webster's recent manifesto admits that the colonies have contended for the enforcement of such a construction of the treaty since 1841, and by the following extract he has precluded himself from disputing such an interpretation without swallowing his own words. He says:—"The British authorities insist that England has a right to draw a line from headland to headland, and to capture all American fishermen who may follow their pursuits inside of that line. It was undoubtedly an oversight in the convention of 1818 to make so large a concession to England, since the United States had usually considered that those vast inlets or recesses of the ocean ought to be open to American fishermen as freely as the sea itself, to within three marine miles of the shore."

Mr. Webster thus admits the concession was made. What concession? Why, the concession spoken of in the preceding paragraph, "that England had a right to draw a line from headland to headland, and to capture all American fishermen who may follow their pursuits inside of that line." This is the concession Mr. Webster admits was made, but excuses this government from being bound by it. Why? Because it was an oversight on their part.

If Mr. Webster was a merchant, and was known to have adopted such a principle in the construction of his private and personal contracts, what would his paper sell for on the street, or how would foreign merchants, knowing this, look upon his correspondence? But, melancholy to think of, individual and national integrity are differently regarded by too many.

But what protest have we on the part of the American government against the assumption of such a construction of that treaty (1818) by Great Britain.

Mr. Everett's negotiations are a sorry instance; they are but a bargain for their relinquishment, admitting not only their assumption, but their legality. Mr. Webster's manifesto only makes the matter worse.

But it is contended that Great Britain has lost the right to enforce such a construction of the treaty from her previous negligence, and admission of American fishermen to the waters in dispute

This argument is incapable of logical support. Because you may allow a man a temporary privilege, have you thus divested yourself of all control over said privileges. In certain cases, within the jurisdiction of the same country, a party may acquire an adverse right against another, who may have been originally the only lawful possessor. But such cases are settled by prescribed laws, regulating the number of years, and everybody knows it, and guards himself accordingly.

Where is the international law regulating this matter? We confess ignorance of its existence; but then we may, undoubtedly, be in error, and this seems to be the only reasonable point of dispute. If any such law can be established, and this case can be brought within it, then let the matter be so decided, and negotiations to that effect be commenced forthwith.

But as to the third objection—the presence of a British force upon their own waters for the protection of their own interests—as a *casus belli*. The writer is no partizan of British authority or arrogance. He is not even an Englishman, strictly so called, but a colonist—a Nova Scotian—born within the jurisdiction of those "petty colonial tribunals" of which Mr. Webster speaks so contemptuously, in his Marshfield oration. Nor does even the fact of the writer's nativity, having been so placed, warp his better judgment or reason on this point. Men are undoubtedly apt to be influenced by association and interest. Personal individual interest in favor of the British claim, the writer has none. His associations, both as to family connections and personal residence, are pretty nearly equally divided between the United States and the British provinces.

There may be a want of courtesy about this matter, but it is that a sufficient reason to plunge two of the world's most free and powerful nations into a fierce and deadly war? We do not dream of any such issue, but should it happen, what shadow of justification could they have who are now contributing by all the means in their power to excite and stimulate the latent—and we hope the issue will prove them—the long buried animosities between Great Britain and the United States.

The view of the question must be dismissed. Now what are those rights and merits of the present question, which it was boldly asserted at the outset, have never been adverted to or discussed?

They are the rights of the British American fisherman. The colonist has no particular regard for imperial legislation. Their whole history proves that they have only been made the tool of English interests, and should ever war between Great Britain and the United States occur—which may God avert—England would have to invent some other standard than she now shows, to rally and arouse the patriotism and support, for the hitherto loyal colonist, to do battle in her name.

For years and years the poor British colonial fisherman has been deprived and defrauded of his rights.

The same noble minded Admiral Seymour, who made such prompt reparation for the outrage on the firing into the American steamer at Greytown, has taken up the cause of the colonial fishermen.

A more hardy, generous-hearted, industrious, and high principled set of men, exist nowhere, than this very class. What they want, what makes them poor, is the absence of a sufficient stimulous and reward for their exertions.

Now we are coming to the point. In thus praising our colonial fishermen, rest assured, we offer no disparagement to the hardy and brave American fishermen, who leave their homes to brave the perils of the ocean, that their hearth-stones may shine a brighter welcome on their return. They act from natural impulses in prosecuting, as far as they can, the object of their avocation—to take fish. They care for no treaty. Many of them know nothing of it.

Now, the colonial and American modes of fishing are entirely different. The Americans prosecute the deep-sea fishing, in fact, staunch, sea-worthy vessels, backed by a bounty from their government, and a profitable market for their fish.

The colonial fisherman lives the year round within sight of the field of his labors. His fishing is from open boats, or by nets, within sight of his dwelling. His net, his little boat, are in many cases, his all, the only means of his support.

His government offers him no bounty on his catch. He has no market where he can profitably sell. He is the prey of all sorts of traders.

How stands the case?

At evening, along the colonial fishing grounds, the sea for miles is dotted over with these tiny boats, and hardy fisherman setting their nets.

At night, a fleet of fast sailing foreign fishermen brush over the scene of his labors, destroying his property, his nets, the only means of his subsistence, and taking off it may be, his fish.

This is no exaggerated, overdrawn statement, but a fact which has come under the writer's personal observation. Nor can the writer blame extravagantly the American fishermen. They do not know the injury they actually commit. They only know that, thus trespassing, they may destroy nets by sailing over them; but they sail on, and sail away. With provincial vessels thus destroying nets the case is different. The law compels them to make full reparation, and is always strictly enforced. Over the American craft the law has no opportunity for such jurisdiction.

Thus stands the case. The colonial fisherman gets no bounty. He is shut out from the American market, by a high differential duty in favor of the very American fisherman who trespasses on his grounds, destroys his nets, and entices away from shore the fish which would otherwise come into his net. Now, this is another fact.

The American fishermen feed, and keep about their vessels schools of fish, while they take them as rapidly as they can haul them into their vessel. Thus, coming within the prescribed limits, they do serious damage to shore fishermen.

But this question must