NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.—The September number of this thriving monthly abounds in interesting matter. It opens with a smartly written article (in a literary sense) under the head of "Our Parties and Politic;" but the views of the writer are, in other respects, not marked by any great profundity of thought or intimate acquaintance with the principles of civil polity. We would recommend the able conductors of this excellent periodical not to abandon the ground which they have so successfully occupied, by allowing it to degenerate into a mere party organ—and that, too, more sectional than popular in its tendencies and sympathies. The fresh, charming pictures of forest life presented to us in the paper entitled "Wood Notes," are continued in the present number. The writer is evidently a close and enthusiastic observer of nature; and to his passionate admiration of the ever-varying aspects and phenomena of his favorite study, he unites that felicitous power of description which is only to be acquired by careful literary cultivation. In an able article from the French of Scudo we have a just and carefully considered analysis of the merits of that exaggerated school of music properly designated as "the prodigious," of which Liszt is the type and the incarnation. Those who refuse to submit their correct natural taste to the arbitrary canons of the quackery of art, and who look upon music as the legitimate expression of poetry and sentiment, and not as a mere vehicle for the display of mechanical excellence, will find in the strictures of the writer—himself one of the ablest of modern musical critics—much to confirm and uphold their judgment. At a period when competition in operatic music has reached a point with us which renders it important that we should not be led away by the *eclat* of imported reputations, sound criticism of this sort cannot fail to have a most beneficial influence upon the public taste. There is a growing tendency amongst us to form independent ideas on artistical subjects, which it is desirable to strengthen and encourage, by opposing to the interested *dicta* of hireling enthusiasts the matured judgments of writers who have made music a life study, and who are too honest to submit their judgments to the scientific pretension and affectation of fashionable coteries. Whilst on this subject we must not omit the opportunity of quoting from the lucubrations of that desultory and ubiquitous philosopher, "The Editor at Large," some remarks upon the condition and prospects of the operatic stage in this country, which have a present interest:—

But let us leave the region of dollars and hypothecated stocks. Let us fly from that defaulting street; let us eschew bankers and directors, bulls and bears, and hover over some lighter and more graceful topic. There's the opera! Dimes, thou Apollo of the boxes, does not thy heart beat a sort of overture of delight at the very sound of the word? Ah! you say, in that elegant lackadaisical manner which you alone know how to manage; ah! dear delightful Astor place, how charming it was! What happy, happy hours did I spend there, languishing with Donizetti, flirting with Rossini, trembling with Mozart, deafened with Verdi, Truffi, Benedetti, Bosio, Beletti—names that, spell-like, conjure up visions of past delights! What delicious little boxes, what enchanting gossips, what nods and becks and wreathed smiles flew across the little house in which everybody knew everybody! it was heavenly, I tell you!

But those times are past now, and the old Astor is gone with them, and in its place a splendid edifice has sprung into existence, farther up. We cannot venture to predict the success of the Fourteenth Street Opera House, because to be connected with an opera enterprise appears to be as unlucky for one concerned as it was to be the owner of the Sefian Horse, or to have a piece of Tholosan gold in one's pocket.

But, say you, Dimes, that, notwithstanding all these terrible failures, opera managers appear to be a thriving race?

There's the miracle! The opera manager in the dull season rushes off to Europe to engage a troupe. He has just been utterly ruined by his last speculation, yet we find him taking a first class passage on board of a Cunarder, and drinking his Burgundy and Geisenheimer every day at dinner. After he has been gone a couple of months, indeed, its rumors reach us through the medium of the press, of the great things that he has been doing: the wonderful artists he has engaged, the extraordinary stratagems he was obliged to resort to in order to circumvent rival impresarios, who wanted to obtain possession of the celebrated prima donna assoluto, Signora Chizzzilini, from the Teatro San Felice. It is also hinted that he has been obliged to pay the artists prodigious sums of money, as earnest for the continuance of their engagements, though where he got said moneys the public is not informed. Well, in a month or so, the broken down and bankrupt manager returns per steamer in the very best health and spirits, and accompanied by the different members of his new troupe. Ha! at last the campaign is about to be conducted with spirit. Every wall is covered with placards containing a glowing prospectus of the ensuing season. There are at least two dozen new operas, never performed in this country, that are to be produced almost immediately, "with new scenery, costumes and decorations, at an expense of several millions of dollars." The public is on the tip-toe of expectation, and every one talks about the good time coming, and every one feels a sort of mental shower bath when La Sonnambula is announced for the first night. And La Sonnambula it is, through the whole season, with perhaps a slight sprinkling of Lucia, just to freshen the people up a little. But they go, notwithstanding, with a good natured pertinacity worthy of all praise, and listen to the choruses they know by heart, and the solos they could sing in their sleep, with a sort of trusting confidence that the manager will perform his promises yet. The season draws to a close. Notwithstanding the fact of the house having been full nearly every night, it is whispered dolefully, that the manager, poor fellow, is again ruined. One or two of the chief artists get suddenly indisposed on the evening of the performance, and the tickets are returned. It leaks out, however, that the real cause was a rebellion on the part of the tenor, who was owed three weeks' salary, and who peremptorily refused to sing until he was paid. Every one pities the poor bankrupt manager, and when it is announced on the bills that, as a close to the season and a chance for the *impresario* to redeem himself, the grand opera of "The Titans" will be produced, "with new and appropriate scenery, magnificent costumes, and gorgeous effects, at an expense of—Heaven knows how many—thousands of dollars," the public, one and all, determine to support the enterprising manager. "The Titans" is produced—the scenery isn't much, certainly, for managers here seem to labor under the impression that, as long as the scenery is "new" it does not matter in the least about its being good—and the house is filled night after night to suffocation. After a splendid run of about twelve nights, the public is astounded to hear that the manager is again ruined, and the opera no more. The singers have not been paid their salaries, and there are newspaper feuds between the debtor and his creditors. The manager is *désolé*. He has lost everything, and must begin life over again, and as a preparation for so doing, starts for his elegant country house on the Hudson, where he enjoys every luxury that money can give him. After a pleasant rest, he starts again for Europe, pays more prodigious sums of money, returns with another brilliant troupe of artists, "manages again, and is again undone."

Now, neither of us, Dimes, has any objection whatever to an *impresario* making his fortune, but he really must not make it at the expense of the public. As long as he gives us an equivalent for our money we do not care if he pockets what is over. He has a right to be well paid for his trouble, and we are willing to pay him. But we do hope that when our Academy of Music does open, that we shall see operas produced there in a different style from those wretched things, mechanically speaking, that were palmed off on the public at Niblo's and Castle Garden last season. Who does not remember the one oak-tree at the old Astor Place House? No matter what was the opera that inevitable tree made its appearance—it shaded Norma or concealed Donna Elvira with equal indifference. It represented a forest or a garden with the same audacity, and yet every opera-goer was familiar with every painted furrow on its canvass trunk. We have had quite enough of this sort of thing, Dimes. Most of us have seen the great European theatres, and know how things are managed there. There are plenty of capabilities in our future Academy of Music for the production of any opera on a suitable scale. The stage, although not as deep as it might be, is amply large enough for scenic effects, and in interior beauty of form, we do not think it will be surpassed by any theatre in the world. A good company, a trained orchestra, a conscientious management, prices not too low, and you, Dimes, in the boxes, with your velvet waistcoat and opal buttons, are all we lack to make the Fourteenth Street Opera House a permanent success.

The story of "Israel Potter," by Melville, continues to maintain its interest. It seems to be the intention of the author to bring all the contemporaneous celebrities of the epoch at which the story is laid before his readers. In the chapters published in the present number, we make acquaintance with that singular compound of good and evil qualities, Paul Jones:—

About half past ten o'clock, as they were thus conversing, Israel's acquaintance, the pretty chambermaid, rapped at the door, saying, with a titter, that a very rude gentleman in the passage of the court desired to see Doctor Franklin.

"A very rude gentleman?" repeated the wise man in French, narrowly looking at the girl, "that means, a very fine gentleman who has just paid you some energetic compliments. But let him come up, my girl," he added patriarchically.

In a few moments, a swift, coquettish step was heard, followed, as if in chase, by a sharp and manly one. The door opened. Israel was sitting so that accidentally his eye pierced the crevice made by the opening of the door, which, like a theatrical screen, stood for a moment, between Doctor Franklin and the just entering visiter. And behind that screen, through the crack, Israel caught one momentary glimpse of a little bit of by play between the pretty chambermaid and the stranger. The vivacious lady appeared to have affectedly run from him on the stairs—doubtless in freakish return for some liberal advances—but had suffered herself to be overtaken at last ere too late; and on the instant Israel caught sight of her, was with an insincere air of roguish resentment, receiving a roguish pinch on the arm, and a still more roguish salute on the cheek.

The next instant both disappeared from the range of the crevice; the girl departing whence she had come; the stranger—transiently invisible as he advanced behind the door—entering the room. When Israel now perceived him again, he seemed, while momentarily hidden, to have undergone a complete transformation.

He was a rather small, elastic, swarthy man, with an aspect as of a disinherited Indian Chief in European clothes. An unvanquishable enthusiasm, intensified to perfect sobriety, couched in his savage, self possessed eye. He was elegantly and somewhat extravagantly dressed as a civilian. He carried himself with a rustic, barbaric jauntiness, strangely dashed with a superinduced touch of the Parisian *salon*. His tawney cheek, like a date, spoke of the tropics. A wonderful atmosphere of proud friendlessness and scornful isolation invested him. Yet was there a bit of the poet as well as the outlaw in him, too. A cool solemnity of intrepidity sat on his lip. He looked like one who of purpose sought out harm's way. He looked like one who never had been, and never would be, a subordinate.

Israel thought to himself that seldom before had he seen such a being. Though dressed à-la-mode, he did not seem to be altogether civilized.

So absorbed was our adventurer by the person of the stranger, that a few moments passed ere he began to be aware of the circumstance that Dr. Franklin and this new visiter having saluted as old acquaintances, were now sitting in earnest conversation together.

"Do as you please; but I will not bide a suitor much longer," said the stranger in bitterness. "Congress gave me to understand that, upon my arrival here, I should be given immediate command of the the Indien; and now, for no earthly reason that I can see, you Commissioners have presented her, fresh from the stocks at Amsterdam, to the King of France, and not to me. What does the King of France with such a frigate? And what can I not do with her? Give me back the "In lien," and in less than one month, you shall hear glorious or fatal news of Paul Jones."

"Come, come, captain," said Doctor Franklin, soothingly, "tell me now, what would you do with her, if you had her?"

"I would teach the British that Paul Jones, though born in Britain, is no subject to the British King, but an untrammelled citizen and sailor of the universe; and I would teach them, too, that if they ruthlessly ravage the American coasts their own coasts are as vulnerable as New Holland's. Give me the Indien, and I will rain down on wicked England like fire on Sodom."

These words of bravado were not spoken in the tone of a bravo, but a prophet. Erect upon his chair, like an Iroquois, the speaker's look was like that of an unflickering torch.

His air seemed slightly to disturb the old sage's philosophic repose, who, while not seeking to disguise his admiration of the unmistakable spirit of the man, seemed but illy to relish his apparent measureless boasting.

As if both to change the subject a little, as well as put his visiter in better mood—though, indeed, it might have been but covertly to play with his enthusiasm—the man of wisdom now drew his chair confidentially to the stranger's, and putting one hand in a very friendly, conciliatory way upon his visiter's knee, and rubbing it gently to and fro there, much as a lion tamer might soothingly manipulate the aggravated king of beasts, said in a winning manner:—"Never mind at present, captain, about the Indien affair. Let that sleep a moment. See, now, the Jersey privateers do us a great deal of mischief by intercepting our supplies. It has been mentioned to me, that if you had a small vessel—say, even your present ship, the 'Amphitrite'—then, by your singular bravery, you might render great service, by following those privateers where larger ships durst not venture their bottoms; or, if but supported by some frigates from Brest at a proper distance, might draw them out, so that the larger vessels could capture them."

"Decoy-duck to French frigates!—Very dignified office, truly!" hissed Paul in a fiery rage. "Doctor Franklin, whatever Paul Jones does for the cause of America, it must be done through unlimited orders: a separate, supreme command; no leader and no counsellor but himself. Have I not already by my services on the American coast shown that I am well worthy all this? Why then do you seek to degrade me below my previous level? I will mount, not sink. I live but for honor and glory. Give me then something honorable and glorious to do, and something famous to do it with. Give me the Indien."

The man of wisdom slowly shook his head. "Everything is lost through this shillyshallying timidity called prudence," cried Paul Jones, starting to his feet; "to be effectual, war should be carried on like a monsoon; one changeless determination of every particle towards the one unalterable aim. But in vacillating councils, statesmen idle about like the cats' paws in calms. My God, why was I not born a Czar!"

"A nor-wester rather. Come, come, captain," added the sage, "sit down; we have a third person present, you see,"—pointing towards Israel, who sat rapt at the volcanic spirit of the stranger.

Paul slightly started, and turned inquiringly upon Israel, who, equally owing to Paul's own earnestness of discourse, and Israel's motionless bearing, had thus far remained undiscovered.

"Never fear, captain," said the sage, "this man is true blue; a secret courier, and an American born. He is an escaped prisoner of war."

"Ah, captured in a ship?" asked Paul eagerly; —"what ship? None of mine! Paul Jones never was captured."

"No, sir, in the brigantine Washington, out of Boston," replied Israel. "We were cruising to cut off supplies to the English."

"Did your shipmates talk much of me?" demanded Paul, with a look as of a parading Sioux demanding homage to his gew-gaws; "what did they say of Paul Jones?"

"I never heard the name before this evening," said Israel.

"What? Ah—brigantine Washington—let me see; that was before I had outwitted the Sheldrake frigate, fought the Milford, and captured the Medlah and the rest off Louisburg. You were long before the news, my lad," he added with a sort of compassionate air.

"Our friend here gave you a rather blunt answer," said the wise man, sagely mischievous, and addressing Paul.

"Yes. And I like him for it. My man, will you go a cruise with Paul Jones? You fellows so blunt with the tongue, are apt to be sharp with the steel. Come, my lad, return with me to Brest. I go in a few days."

Fired by the contagious spirit of Paul, Israel, forgetting all about his previous desire to reach home, sparkled with response to the summons. But Doctor Franklin interrupted him.

"Our friend here," said he to the Captain, "is at present engaged for very different duty."

Much other conversation followed, during which Paul Jones again and again expressed his impatience at being unemployed, and his resolution to accept of no employ unless it gave him supreme authority; while in answer to all this, Dr. Franklin, not uninfluenced by the uncompromising spirit of his guest, and well knowing that however unpleasant a trait in conversation, or in the transaction of civil affairs, yet in war this very quality was invaluable, as projectiles and combustibles, finally assured Paul, after many complimentary remarks, that he would immediately exert himself to the utmost to procure for him some enterprise which should come up to his merits.

"Thank you for your frankness," said Paul; "frank myself, I love to deal with a frank man. You, Dr. Franklin, are true and deep; and so you are frank."

The sage sedately smiled, a queer incredulity just lurking in the corner of his mouth.

"But how about our little scheme for new modelling ships-of-war?" said the Doctor, shifting the subject; "it will be a great thing for our infant navy, if we succeed. Since our last conversation on that subject, Captain, at odds and ends of time I have thought over the matter, and have begun a little skeleton of the thing here, which I will show you. Whenever one has a new idea in anything mechanical, it is best to clothe it with a body as soon as possible, for you can't improve so well an idea as you can an bodies."

With that, going to a little drawer, he produced a small basket, filled with a curious looking unfinished frame-work of wood, and several bits of wood unattached. It looked like a nursery basket containing broken odds and ends of playthings.

"Now look here, Captain, though the thing is but begun at present, yet there is enough to show that that one idea at least of yours is not feasible."

Paul was all attention, as if having unbounded confidence in whatever the sage might suggest; while Israel looked on, quite as interested as either, his heart swelling with the thought of being privy to the consultation of two such men—consultations, too, having ultimate reference to such momentous affairs as the freeing of nations.

"If," continued the Doctor, taking up some of the loose bits and piling them along on one side of the top of the frame, "if the better to shelter your crew in an engagement you construct your rail in the manner proposed—as thus—then, by the excessive weight of the timber, you will too much interfere with the ship's centre of gravity. You will have that too high."

"Ballast in the hold in proportion," said Paul.

"Then you will sink the whole hull too low. But, here, to have less smoke in time of battle, especially on the lower deck, you proposed a new sort of hatchway. But that won't do. See here now: I have invented certain ventilating pipes—they are to traverse the vessel thus"—laying some toilette pins along—"the current of air to enter here and be discharged there. What do you think of that? But now about the main things—fast sailing, driving little to leeward, and drawing little water. Look, now, at this keel. I whittled it only night before last, just before going to bed. Do you see now how—"

At this crisis, a knock was heard at the door, and the chambermaid reappeared, announcing that two gentlemen were that moment crossing the court below to see Doctor Franklin.

"The Duke de Chartres and Count D'Estang," said the Doctor; "they appointed for last night, but did not come. Captain, this has something indirectly to do with your affair. Through the Duke, Count D'Estang has spoken to the King about the secret expedition, the design of which you first threw out. Call early to-morrow, and I will inform you of the result."

With his tawny hand Paul pulled out his watch, a small, richly jewelled lady's watch.

"It is so late, I will stay here to-night," he said; "Is there a convenient room?"

"Quick," said the Doctor, "it might be ill advised of you to be seen with me just now. Our friend here will let you share his chamber. Quick, Israel, and show the Captain thither."

THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ: Edited by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, and published by J. S. Redfield.—This new and complete edition of the celebrated papers which established for *Blackwood* such a high critical reputation, possesses an additional value in the copious notes and illustrations with which it abounds, and which were rendered necessary by the oblivion into which many of the persons and circumstances alluded to have, in the lapse of years, necessarily fallen. It contains, besides, a history of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and memoirs of Wilson, Lockhart, Hogg and Maginn, the accredited authors of the "Noctes." The celebrated Chaldee Manuscript, which first brought *Blackwood* into notoriety, and which, owing to its libellous severity, was suppressed almost as soon as published, as well as several other articles by the same admirable pens, are also introduced in this edition, although not strictly belonging to the series of papers which have given the work its title. Dr. Mackenzie claims the credit of peculiar fitness for the task he has assumed, from a long literary career passed in England and Scotland, and a familiar acquaintance with most of the persons and events treated of in the "Noctes." So far as a cursory examination of the results of his labors will enable us to pronounce an opinion, we may state that they exhibit the fullest evidences of a desire to discharge conscientiously the duties of literary legatee to the distinguished men to whose genius and whose wit the world owes these admirable productions.

Strange Credulity—A $3,000 Swindle.

[From the Columbus (O.) State Journal, Aug 24.]

About two weeks ago, as a gentleman farmer, living in Madison county, was riding towards his home, not far distant, he observed a man and a woman by the road side, engaged in repairing tinware. A few days afterwards, a woman called at his house and after some conversation, asked him if he did not recollect her. He replied that he did not. She then told him that she had seen him on the road a few days before, and that his appearance had made such an impression upon her mind, that she was compelled to call and see him. She told him that she was an astrologer, and that she was well acquainted with its mysteries. She saw at once that he was an extraordinary person, and knew that he had been born under a particular planet, and that great things might be expected of him. She then took from her apron a book which seemed to contain a number of diagrams, figures, &c., and read from it, in an unknown tongue, a few "hocus pocus" sentences, after which, closing it and putting it back into its hiding place, she went into the kitchen, bought a few pounds of butter of the wife of the gentleman, for which she paid liberally, and went on her way.

A day or two afterwards, the woman called again, reiterating what she had said on her first visit, the farmer paying but little attention to what she said, looking upon the whole affair as an attempt to humbug him. Not at all discouraged, the woman called again the next day, and wound up her conversation by saying that she knew where three hat crowns full of gold had been buried on his farm, and that, if he would do as she directed, they could recover it; but that it was necessary to allay the spirits that stood guard over it; that a large sum of money must be present with them, at the incantation. She thought five thousand dollars would be required, but was not sure as to the amount; and she proposed, if he would go into it, and furnish the money, that she would give him two-thirds of the treasure, while she would reserve the other one-third as her share.

Up to this time, the farmer appears to have had no confidence in the woman; but as she took his hand, and traced the mysterious lines therein, telling him the great things in store for him, he began to place some confidence in her, especially as she had told him some things that had occurred in his life that he supposed had never been known. About this time he sold a large lot of cattle, for which he received in cash about $4,000. The next day the woman called again, and said that $3,000 was the amount required to be present to allay the spirits. The farmer then produced the package of money received for the cattle, and the two sat down to a table, and counted out $3,000 in bank notes, excepting four small gold coins. The money was then folded up and put into a handkerchief, the woman all the time making strange motions, and talking strange talk. The next day and the day after the woman called again, each time counting the money as before, making the same signs, &c., but leaving the money with the farmer, wrapped up in the handkerchief. At the next visit, she required him to take a solemn oath that he was not to tell to a living soul the object they were in pursuit of, that she was going away, to be absent a short time; he was not to look at the package of money at any time excepting when she was present; and, after making an earnest prayer, she took hold of him while she held the package of money in her hand, and swung him around, so that they came together back to back. She then gave him back the handkerchief, as he supposed, all right, and told him that she would return on the 15th, 16th, or 17th of August, and then they would go in company, and secure the hidden treasure. On the 15th he hardly expected to meet her, and was not disappointed that she did not come. On the 16th he sat up late at night expecting her arrival.

After waiting till near midnight, on the 17th, he began to suspect all was not right, and he feared all this might be a trap to rob him. So strong did this suspicion fasten upon him, that he took up his gun, loaded it, and went out into the shrubbery surrounding the house, where he could see all who approached without being seen, and remained there until two o'clock in the morning. But no one came. As the time had elapsed that was spoken of by his fair visitor, he considered himself absolved from his obligation, never doubting in the least but that his money was safely deposited in the handkerchief.

Unrolling it carefully, what was his dismay at seeing, not a roll of bank bills, and four pieces of gold, as he had left it, but a package of brown paper and four cents, in lieu thereof. Even the handkerchief had been changed; instead of being his own, it was one precisely similar. One of the strangest things in all this strange transaction is that a counterfeit five dollar bill that was placed in the place of money was taken out of it, and returned in the roll of brown paper. How this was done is a mystery we cannot solve. The farmer who has been so completely bamboozled out of $3,000, now seeks to find some remedy at law.

Strange as this story may appear to many, we have the facts from the most undoubted authority, and we have given them just as they occurred. We can sympathize with our friend, the farmer, in the loss of his money, for he is not the first of the masculine gender who has been, and alas, he is not the last who will be duped by a pretty woman.

Religious Intelligence.

The Bethes Baptist church will be open for divine service this morning and afternoon. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. C. J. Hopkins.

Professor W. Henry Green, of Princeton, N. J., will preach in the Presbyterian church, University place, (Dr Potts's,) this morning at 10 o'clock, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

INSTALLATION.

Rev. Robert H. Rogers will be installed at Gloucester, on Wednesday, the 30th. Sermon by Dr. Dewey.

INVITATIONS.

Mr. Joseph G. Symmes, of the last graduating class of the Princeton Seminary, has received a call to become pastor of the church at Madison, Ia.

Rev. Jerome Twitchell, of New Orleans, has received a call to become pastor of a church at Galveston, Texas.

Rev. Dr. Mandeville, of Albany, has signified his acceptance of the call of the Government street church in Mobile.

Rev. J L. Wilson, late of the Alleghany Seminary, has accepted a call from the O. S. church in Jefferson, Ind.

Mr. Richard Metcalf, late of the Cambridge Divinity School, has accepted the invitation of the Unitarian Society in Bath, to become their pastor.

Mr. Charles W. Cooper, a late graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, has received a call from the Presbyterian church at Pontiac, Mich., (late Dr. Penny's,) to become their pastor.

Rev. Jahleel Woodbridge, of Baton Rouge, La., has received a call to Henderson, Ky.

Rev. Daniel C. Eddy, of Lowell, Mass., has received a unanimous call from the Niagara Square Baptist church at Buffalo. It is not yet decided whether he will comply with the invitation or not.

ORDINATIONS.

The Presbytery of Peoria, on the 3d inst., ordained William A. Fleming to the work of the gospel ministry, and installed him pastor of the church of Farmington, Ill.

Mr. William Dooley was ordained to the work of the ministry by a council convened with the Freedom Regular Baptist church, Boone county, Ind., on the 29th ult.

By a call of the Friendship Baptist Church, Floyd county, Ga., Mr. William C. Hendricks was ordained on the 16th ult., to the work of the Gospel ministry.

DEATHS IN THE MINISTRY.

The Rev. Frederick S. Ernst, a Presbyterian clergyman of Port Hudson, La., died while on his way north. Mr. Ernst graduated at Princeton Theological Seminary.

Rev. John Peebles, formerly pastor of the O. S. Presbyterian church in Huntingdon, Pa., died on the 11th inst.

Rev. B. F. Keeling, of Washington county, Ky., died on the 22d ult. He had the pastoral charge of four Baptist churches, and was a good and useful man.

NEW CHURCHES.

A new Congregational church was formed at Lewiston Falls, Me., on the 8th.

A new church was constituted on the 30th ult., in Richmond, Va. It is to be called the Leigh street Baptist Church, and contains 103 members. Rev. Dr. Howell preached the sermon, Rev. J. B. Taylor offered prayer, Rev. Henry Watkins gave the hand of fellowship, and Rev. Dr. Jeter delivered the charge to the church.

A new house of worship on Mount Airy, in Warren county, Mo., was dedicated on the 30th ult. Much of the work in its erection was done gratuitously by members of the church and congregation.

The new Episcopal church edifice erected by the parish of Grace Church, Honesdale, Pa., was consecrated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, on Wednesday, Aug. 2d.

The Camden and Amboy Railroad Company have donated to the Methodist Episcopal Church a handsome lot of ground at Whitehall, below Bordentown, N. J., on which that congregation contemplate erecting a handsome edifice in which to hold divine service.

Rev. Dr. Bullard's congregation, in St. Louis, are now building on Lucas place a church, 84 feet front, by 130 feet deep, with a tower and spire 285 feet high. Many novel yet useful improvements are making in the construction and equipment of this structure, which will involve an expense largely over $100,000, when it shall be finished.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rev. L. A. Lowry, pastor of the Jackson church, Mississippi, has been elected to a Professorship in Oakland College. In view of this the church has met and expressed their unwillingness to part with their pastor, especially in view of his leaving for "a post whose duties would necessarily take him away from the functions of a minister of the Gospel."

The following are the statistics of the Episcopal Church in New Haven for the past year: churches, 8; families, 1,190; baptisms, 171; communicants, 1,399; Sabbath school scholars, 891; contributions, $6,749 27. More than one-eighth of the members of the Episcopal church in the State are to be found in New Haven, and more than one fourth of its contributions are made there.

It is said that at least four fifths of the population of Texas are wholly unreached by any regular means of evangelical instruction, either from the pulpit, Sunday school, or other source. Surely this assertion cannot be true!

According to the *Presbyterian of the West*, the Presbyterian church organization in Ohio dates as far back as 1790. In October of that year, Rev. David Rice, of the Transylvania Presbytery, Ky., visited Cincinnati and organized the First Presbyterian Church, which now exists there. In June, 1791, Rev. James Kemper, of the same Presbytery, visited the church, and agreed to labor for one year from the next fall; at the end of this time he was called, and settled as pastor for three years longer, or until 1795, and was succeeded in the First Church by Rev. P. Wilson, of Abington Presbytery, N. J., who came in 1797, and labored until his death in July, 1799. Mr. Wallace succeeded Mr. Wilson in 1800; and though an early minister in the State, yet was not the first, as has been erroneously stated in the mention made of his death.

SCENE IN COURT—IMMENSE EXCITEMENT.—On Monday evening an amusing though rather pointed passage at arms took place between Recorder Summers and Counsellor Field. When the case of the fair but frail Jennie Gleeson was on the tapis, and when the case was closed, and the Recorder simply fined the accused, the counsellor protested against the act as an outrage on public justice. Having slept over the matter, the Recorder took his seat on the following morning, and the counsellor took spiritual consolation. Eventually the counsellor took it into his head to go before the Recorder, and when there he asked permission to make a motion. Leave being granted, he launched out into a running commentary on what he was pleased to consider the Recorder's illegal act of the previous evening, whereupon the Recorder told him to "hold on." And so the counsellor did hold on—in a sense different, however, from that intended by the Recorder. This brought the blood to the Recorder's face, and the ire to his pile, and bringing his knuckles down hard on the desk before him, he ordered the counsellor to be committed to prison for twenty-four hours for contempt of court. The counsellor here observed that since the present Recorder had been presiding, the court had generally been considered a legitimate object of contempt; and then, shaking his finger at the Recorder, he said, "while clothed in your little brief authority you may play after this fashion your fantastic tricks, but the time will come when I shall meet you on equal terms, and then I shall have my revenge, for I consider you to be nothing but a d——d jackass." At this juncture the Recorder abruptly adjourned the Court, and springing from his magisterial tripod, appeared determined to visit the portly counsellor with a touch of the *Lex Talionis*. The counsellor observing the rapid movement, said, "I'm ready for you, but if you dare to lay a hand on me I'll kill you as dead as h—ll," drawing at the same time from under his vest as pretty a "bulldog" as ever drove a piece of cold lead through a fellow's bread basket. The police here interposed; the Recorder returned to his seat, and the counsellor was conveyed to prison to purge himself of his contempt.—*New Orleans True Delta, Aug.* 16.

LATE FROM RIO.—Our latest dates from Rio de Janeiro, received via England, are to July 7. We learn that some of the coffee dealers at Rio had withdrawn their stocks from the market. It is also stated that there continued to be extreme difficulty in securing coffees suited to the United States market. There were also but few vessels loading for the United States, and our supplies, therefore, are likely to be limited for some time to come. But two unengaged American vessels were in port. The shipments to the United States for the month of June had been 44,992 bags, and the shipments to the same destination for the crop year ending June 30, were 294,215 bags less than for the preceding crop year.—*Baltimore American.*

A FAMILY SWEPT AWAY.—Less than a week ago a child of Paul M'Cluskey, residing near Shear, Packard & Co.'s furnace, on Grand street, died of cholera. The next day Mr. M'Cluskey died, then another child, and yesterday the only remaining child, with its mother and aunt. Thus a whole family have been swept away by this relentless scourge.—*Albany Evening Journal, Aug.* 23.

PROMISING FAMILY.—In Saratoga, on Monday, a boy twelve years of age, named Moor, was sent to the county jail for stealing. In jail he met a brother, in confinement for crime; also a brother-in-law, waiting for the Grand Jury to investigate a charge of perjury. A sister of Moor's (the wife of the one in jail for perjury) is in the county poor house, on the charge of being a prostitute and vagrant. Another one of the family was arrested on Wednesday for malicious mischief. The father is a laboring man, somewhat given to indulgence in spirituous liquors, but not otherwise viciously inclined.

Treatment of Emigrants—The Late Report of the English Commons.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23, 1854.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD,

In referring, in to-day's HERALD, to the report of the committee of the British House of Commons on the subject of emigration, you state that no statistical record is kept here showing in what condition emigrants arrive. In this you are probably correct, for I know nothing to the contrary.

You also state that the committee recommend opening negotiations with this government on the subject. By this I understand you mean the subject of emigration generally.

As a shipowner, and one largely interested in the emigration trade, I should be glad to see any reasonable alterations made in the present emigration laws, whereby the health of the emigrant would be benefitted; but I am very much inclined to believe that were the whole arrangements for carrying passengers between this country and Europe (particularly Liverpool and London) left altogether to private enterprise, untrammelled by laws on both sides the Atlantic, (which now confound the shipowner and the captain,) save the regulation of space that passengers would be better cared for and less mortality ensue. This, however, is matter of opinion.

The main object I have, however, in calling your attention, is another portion of the report of this committee, in which they state, in substance, that it is no longer the duty of the British government to facilitate, but to throw every legitimate obstacle in the way of the laboring classes wishing to leave the United Kingdom. This is the root of the whole present movement in the House of Commons. The people have found that a free country is preferable to an oppressed and over-taxed one; and the British government is fearful that the advantages of this vast and fertile continent, and the liberality of our institutions, will draw from the United Kingdom the very vitals of her existence.

I suppose no sane man will attempt to deny that emigration has been one of the main instruments in the wonderful advancement of this country. If labor be wealth, then untold wealth has been poured upon us. But the British government is determined to do all it can to stop this source of wealth from us; and I ask, is our government to be a party to such a movement? Is it not rather the duty of this government to watch with a careful and jealous eye any movement on the part of the English government concerning this important subject, and to see that no unfair or unjust laws are made to deter our ships from proceeding on their accustomed voyages without the many annoyances to which they are even now subjected by the agents of the British government, and that for no other purpose than to make them give up the trade of carrying passengers from Great Britain to this country? Let our government be on the alert.

Whatever good the British government might have done in times past, or may do in time to come, depend on it, the whole of the present movement on the subject of emigration is but to prevent the English, Irish, and Scotch people from leaving their country to better their condition here, and add prosperity to the United States.

There is one, and one way only, by which this can be accomplished; and that is by putting so many heavy restrictions on passenger ships as to make it impossible for them to carry passengers unless at an enormous price—a price beyond the possibility of the Irish people being able to pay. To accomplish that is now the chief object of the English government; and as it cannot, in this day and generation, without causing a rebellion, pass any arbitrary law to prevent people from emigrating, it is endeavoring to obtain the same result by tampering with our shipping interest—by making continual changes in the laws affecting carrying passengers; and it hopes thereby eventually to make it absolutely necessary for shipowners to demand such a price for carrying emigrants as will compel them to abandon altogether their cherished hope of joining their friends and countrymen here, and of settling down peaceably in this land of freedom and this field of labor. Then our government should pause and consider well before making any new laws, or entering into any negotiations with the British government on this subject. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

KANSAS.

MURDERS NEAR CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—According to the Evansville *Journal's* correspondent, some foul murders have been committed of late on the Lower Mississippi. At Dog Tooth Bend, eighteen miles from Cairo, a difficulty took place between two men by the name of Alexander and McCama, the former having a gun in his hand at the time, with which he was endeavoring to shoot the latter. A Mr. Jones interfered and separated the belligerents. Shortly after this conflict, a young man by the name of Arrington arrived on the ground, and learning the particulars of the affair, remarked that "he would dislike for Alexander to attack him in that manner, as he believed it would not be safe for him." Alexander, who had retired to a stable lott near by, heard the remark, and coming down with his gun in his hand, confronted Arrington and defied him to repeat it. Arrington attempted to do so, but before finishing, Alexander placed the gun against his forehead, and discharged its contents in his brains. Arrington fell, a terribly mangled corpse, and Alexander fled, gained an island in the Mississippi, where, among the thick growth of cotton wood, he concealed himself for the night. A party was immediately organized and started in pursuit. They found him on the island next morning, brought him back, had an examination, convicted him, and accompanied him to the county jail, where he is now incarcerated, awaiting the sitting of the Circuit Court in October next. Eight miles from Cairo, in Missouri, two men, Anderson and Millikin, had a quarrel about a skiff caught in the river. Next day Anderson charged his rifle, took a seat in his dwelling, commanding a view of the front entrance thereto, and despatched a messenger for Millikin, who expecting a settlement of the difficulty, at once started for Anderson's house. He passed the gate, but upon attempting to enter the door, was pierced through the breast with a rifle ball, falling dead on the spot, without even a groan. The neighborhood was immediately alarmed, but not in time to secure Anderson. He fled immediately, and has not been heard of since.

COLD BLOODED MURDER.—A day or two since, we noticed, in a short paragraph, that a man named Egbert Barnett was killed in Vermillion county, Illinois, a day or two before, by another named Bosley. The particulars of this case show one of the most wilful and cold blooded murders on record. It appears that Bosley was a hired man, working for Barnett, who was a farmer in good circumstances. On Monday last, Bosley invited Barnett to accompany him on a squirrel hunt, which Barnett very readily accepted, and, after a successful hunt, they returned, and when near home—Barnett in advance carrying the game—he drew up his gun and shot him, the ball passing through his lungs, and causing death on Wednesday evening. The whole affair was witnessed by a man and woman at the house, and Bosley, when questioned as to the cause of committing the dreadful act, coolly replied that he wanted to kill a man, and that he would have killed his employer in the woods, but he was fearful that he might not kill him instantly, and then he would be left to suffer. After this confession, he turned and left the premises, since which time he has not been captured. The man who witnessed the deed was in poor health, and fearing of serious consequences, did not attempt to arrest the murderer, who is reported to be a large and stout man. We are informed by persons from that region that it is the prevailing opinion up that way that Bosley was hired to do the accused act by a man with whom Barnett had a difficulty several weeks since. The murder was committed five miles north of Dalas Post Office, Vermillion county, Illinois. A reward of $200 is offered for the arrest of the murderer, by the friends of the deceased.—*Prairie City.*

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A singular occurrence, resulting in a melancholy manner, took place, a few days since, in the town of Hamburg, in this county. An Irishman was engaged in digging a well, and, after getting down to the depth of some eighteen feet, found signs of water very perceptible. At last he struck his pick through a thin layer of slate, when all at once, and with a noise like thunder, sufficiently loud to be distinctly heard all over the neighborhood, a stream of mingled gas and water burst through the orifice, instantly killing the unfortunate man, and filling the well to the depth of ten or twelve feet with water. Gas still escapes profusely, and the water is in constant and violent motion, resembling a large cauldron of boiling fluid. —*Buffalo Democracy, Aug.* 24.

The Death of Sontag and Pozzolini.

[Correspondence of the New Orleans Bee.]

MEXICO, Friday, Aug. 4, 1854.

In your journal of the 25th June and 12th July are published two letters from Mexico, in which you announce the deplorable deaths of Madame Sontag and M. Pozzolini. Having visited Madame Sontag and M. Pozzolini, in company with Dr. Hildebrand, during the last hours of her illness, and having attended M. Pozzolini from the commencement to the end of his attack, I am enabled to inform you of what passed, more exactly than your regular correspondent.

Toward the middle of the month of March, being rumored that some cases of cholera had broken out in one of the quarters of the city of Mexico—as a member of the municipal government I was empowered to find out what truth there was in the rumor. Unhappily there was no doubt that several persons of