

In publishing the proceedings of this meeting on Saturday last, our limited space enabled us to give only a meager sketch of the remarks made on the occasion by Mr. Wood and Mr. O'Connor.

George Wood, Esq., the chairman of the meeting, said that the difficulties under which the nation now labored, and which led to this agitation, had their origin about sixteen years ago. The doctrine was then first advanced that slavery was a sin, and ought to be put down without any regard to the consequences which might ensue, or to the results thereof upon the prosperity and happiness of our sister States to the South, where that institution prevails.

Fifteen years ago the doctrine was first promulgated that slavery was a sin to be abolished at once. This is not a doctrine which was the doctrine of our Revolutionary fathers! [Loud cheers and cries of No.] The idea that it was a sin like murder or robbery, and ought to be rooted out and punished, never entered the heads of our countrymen who led us on in the path of victory and freedom.

Our revolutionary fathers took this view of the subject, and they were right we may be convinced by seeing what has been the effect of the success which has attended the British cause. It is not to be denied that we may think whether or not it might be attended with the same proscription of trade and commerce in the Southern States as we have seen in the British colonies.

The annexed beautiful and touching lines, which we find in a Kentucky paper, are said to be from the pen of a Lady, and were written on the occasion of an illumination for one of our Mexican victories:

Victory! Victory! Oh! ye who shout
The glorious psalm know how heavenly
It falleth on my soul—the funeral knell
Of love, and hope, and joy. Oh! unto me
The shout of triumph is the voice of death.

Oh what vain
And idle mockeries are his laurel crowns,
Her scepters, and her marble monuments,
To woman's desolate and bleeding heart!

Oh fatal dream
Of military glory! With its lure
Of patriot virtues, how it doth beguile
The burning heart of man from his own home,

Oh woman! It is said that thou art weak
And tender-hearted—yet 'tis ever thine
To drain the dregs of every bitter cup
That is poured out for man, and to endure
The cruel consequences of his faults,

Oh victor!
Bought ever with man's blood, and woman's tears,
And childhood's orphanage, I have no heart
To joy in thy grim smiles, or to rejoice
Above thy slaughtered victims.

English Law has proved itself capable of protecting the public interest in a sphere where American law has hitherto been almost totally inoperative, though the evil to be remedied is tenfold more grievous in this country than in Great Britain.

Mr. Wood then read a paper, in which he presented a list of names of those who were engaged in the cause of the oppressed, and who were ready to sacrifice their lives for the redemption of their fellow-men.

Mr. O'Connor then read a paper, in which he presented a list of names of those who were engaged in the cause of the oppressed, and who were ready to sacrifice their lives for the redemption of their fellow-men.

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A public dinner was given last evening at the Revere House in honor of the distinguished Turkish Envoy, AMIN BEY, by some of the merchants of Boston. THOMAS B. CURTIS presided, and BENJAMIN SEAY was Vice President.

The dinner was served up in the new parlour of the western wing of the Revere, and was sumptuous and beautiful beyond comparison. The tables were decorated with pyramids of cake, representing Turkish castles, and miniature flags of the United States and Turkey were suspended from a vase in front of the presiding officers and their guests.

Justice having been done to the beautiful store of dainties, the cloth was removed, and then the feast of reason and the flow of soul command. The President of the night, Mr. Curtis, addressed Amin Bey and the company thus:

GENTLEMEN: This agreeable meeting originated in a general wish to receive a distinguished man, who has been honored by his august sovereign, the Sultan of Turkey, with a mission to this country, the objects of which are expressed in the note of invitation addressed in your behalf to our guest, which I will read:

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1850.
SIR: The subscribers, a committee for that purpose, beg leave to express the satisfaction with which we have heard of your arrival in this city.

We have been informed that you visit the United States by direction of the Government of His Majesty the Sultan for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the condition and resources of this country.

We cannot but regard such a mission as a signal proof of the intelligence and liberality of the Sublime Porte.

It is well known to you that an important and mutually advantageous commerce exists between the dominions of the Sultan and the United States of America. We cannot doubt that your mission will tend materially to render it still more extensive and valuable.

Desirous of testifying to your personal respect, and of manifesting our high sense of the enlarged policy pursued by His Majesty the Sultan, we have much pleasure, in behalf of a number of our fellow-citizens, in requesting the honor of your company, together with that of your Suite, at dinner at the Revere House, on Monday next, at 5 o'clock P. M.

We have the honor to be, Sir, with the most respectful regards, your obedient, faithful servants,
WM. STURGIS,
THOMAS B. CURTIS,
J. LINSLEY,
W. M. STURGIS,
EDWARD LAMB,
Committee.

To AMIN BEY, Lieutenant Colonel in the Army and Commander in the Navy of the Sublime Porte.

This invitation was cordially accepted, and I now extend the right hand of fellowship and good-will to one who has sought our shores upon a mission of peace and kindness, and present to you Amin Bey. The friends who have invited you hither form but a small portion of the business community of Boston, representing a large body, whose members hail your arrival as a forerunner of mutual good to your country.

Long life, health, and happiness to the Sultan.

To THIS AMIN BEY replied:
"At no moment, since my arrival in the new world, have I felt so much satisfaction and pride as at the present. I believe it is generally known that the mission with which I have been honored by my Government to that of the United States of America is simply and purely one of friendship and inquiry after information useful to my countrymen at home.

Politics have no part in it. For many years past a perfect friendship has existed between my country and the United States Government, and the United States Government has been the most generous and valuable to those of any other part of the United States. I have learned from them, since my arrival here, a great lesson in private industry and enterprise, and in the promotion of that intelligence and education which constitute the chief source of their wonderful prosperity.

Among the many very interesting spectacles which I have seen my happiness to witness since my visit to the New World, there is none which more deeply merits the attention of my Sovereign and his Government than that of a great deliberative body, chosen by the whole people of the United States to represent their interests, and there make laws for the government of the greater portion of an immense continent. I have observed that their labors for the welfare of their country are not limited to the day, but that even the night is more subservient to the interests of those whom they represent.

The honor—the very distinguished honor—which that body conferred upon me, or rather upon the sovereign whose humblest servant I am, by constituting me the guest of the nation, was as unexpected as it is flattering to me and to my Government. It is a strong evidence of the friendship of the whole American people for my honored sovereign. It is an attention responding, in the most forcible language, to the mission of friendship and inquiry on which I have been sent.

The kindness which I have also received from the Chief Magistrate of this country, and the respect and admiration for him, which, I fear, I can convey but inadequately to my own sovereign. In the name of the Sultan, whom you have this evening been pleased to honor, of his Government, and on my own humble part, I beg leave to join you all in the best wishes for the health and happiness of the excellent President of the United States.

Mr. STURGIS, after a few preliminary remarks, gave as a sentiment: "The Health of the powerful and far-seeing Defender of the Constitution. The whole people enjoy the results of his public services."

Mr. WERTZEL replied with great eloquence and earnestness. He began by saying, "I am a Union man; an out and out Union man; but it would be bad taste in me, on an occasion like this, when there are so many topics of interest, to speak of political matters only."

He then alluded to the mission of the distinguished Turk, and said: "He comes among us as the guest of the United States: not as the guest of a fraction, but the United—not as the guest of a disaffected broken country, but as the guest of the United States of America—States spreading over a vast territory, of various products and climates, and of interests and institutions; yet, thank God, they are all United States. It is in the capacity of United citizens of United States that we are now assembled to welcome to our festivity a distinguished man from a distinguished country; and it is in the capacity of United Americans that we can appear respectable. Others may speculate, theorize, and go crazy, if they please, in arguing to the contrary, said Mr. WERTZEL, "but I say it is only as a United people we can ever be prosperous at home or respectable abroad."

He had always resisted the opponents of the Union, and he should always continue to do so. He professed to know something of the sentiment of the people of this vast and beautiful country, and he did not hesitate to declare it a sentiment in favor of harmony. An institution, not of our

creating, must not disturb the harmony of these happy States. Crazy and mischievous men may attempt it; but they will soon find their efforts restrained. The people of this country are the people of one country, said Mr. WERTZEL, and they are anxious to preserve the Union, "however bounded, and washed by whatever waters." Local strife is temporary—the Union is perpetual. "I speak with emphasis," said he, "because I wish to give utterance to a heart that knows no secret on the question of the harmony of the great family of States. I was born to the Union, and I stand by it."

The slavery question New England can only interfere with as a meddling party. She has no more to do with it than she has to do with the municipal government of a city in the Island of Cuba. But, whatever course others might pursue, Mr. WERTZEL declared that all his efforts should hereafter—as in former days—be in favor of the Union. At the conclusion of the speech the whole company rose and gave three cheers for the Secretary of State and three for the Union.

Mr. SEAY then remarked that among the honored guests of this occasion was one gentleman whom the merchants of Boston always delighted to honor, whose interest that gentleman had always defended. Mr. SEAY gave as a toast:
The Hon. ROBERT C. WRIGHT. The able statesman, the eloquent debater, and the accomplished gentleman.

Mr. WERTZEL responded in a speech of deep eloquence and great propriety. He complimented the gallant young Sultan for his noble and generous conduct towards the poor exiled Hungarians. He has, said Mr. Winthrop, the conduct endeared himself to the people of this country. The speaker regarded the presence of the distinguished Turk as an omen of high moment, and he hoped that Amin Bey would carry with him to his country impressions of American enterprise, American education, and American industry, worthy of being emulated and disseminated among the inhabitants of his own country.

Alluding to the Union, Mr. Winthrop said that he adopted heretofore the whole language of the distinguished man who had preceded him.

Mr. GEORGE F. LORAN gave as a toast:
"The health of the Representative of the Suffolk district in Congress—faithful and true to his constituents, and a firm supporter of the Constitution and the Union."

Mr. EZOR replied briefly but ably, and then gave as a sentiment the following: "Perpetual amity between the Governments of Turkey and America." This elicited three cheers from the company.

A sentiment complimentary to the diplomatic corps of the United States, "past and present," brought out Mr. EZOR, who made a speech, which in force and neatness was not surpassed by any thing which that eloquent gentleman has ever uttered. It was delivered with ease and grace, and excited enthusiastic applause. He praised the Sultan for his kindness to Kosuth, and he spoke as familiarly of Turkey as if she were a neighboring State. Portions of Mr. EZOR's address were in the highest degree eloquent. He spoke of the mission of Amin Bey, and concluded by giving a toast complimentary to his interpreter, J. P. BROWN, Esq., and to Mr. MASS, our Minister at Constantinople.

Mr. BROWN responded thus:
"In the absence of my honored and respected chief, Mr. Marsh, who, I am sure, would have been happy to be here to-night, I beg leave to offer you all, gentlemen, our united thanks for the honor you have just conferred upon him and my humble self. At no time since the commencement of our friendly relations, by treaty, with the Ottoman Empire, has our mutual satisfaction been so great as at the present. It is a compliment well merited by the President of these United States; the constituted authorities of the National Government have made you the nation's guest; you have been introduced upon the floors of our National Congress; the authorities of our city have made you welcome; and now, Sir, the gentlemen present unite in expressing to your individual hospitality. Gentlemen, I propose to you:

Long life, health, and happiness to the Sultan.

To THIS AMIN BEY replied:
"At no moment, since my arrival in the new world, have I felt so much satisfaction and pride as at the present. I believe it is generally known that the mission with which I have been honored by my Government to that of the United States of America is simply and purely one of friendship and inquiry after information useful to my countrymen at home.

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In the absence of an international copyright law, that together of the cheap publishers and deferred hope of English novelists and popular authors on both sides of the Atlantic, our enterprising magaziens and publishers are making the most of the available literature of the day, both Anglican and Continental. That there is some foundation for the complaint on the part of such writers as DICKENS, TRACRENT, and BELZONI that they have labored and other men have entered into the fruit of their labors, may be inferred from the immense editions of their works issued by American publishers to the American public, generally without any other compensation to the author than that unsatisfactory increase of general reputation which neither feeds, clothes, nor warms. While a new book, by a native writer, even of appreciated merit and popularity, is fortunate if it reaches a third or fourth edition of a thousand copies each, the new novels by landing English names are struck off to the number of between twenty and thirty thousand copies. "JAMES' LAST" is still a rare book, and the HARRIS were able to compliment that popular novelist, on his visit to their establishment, by informing him that they had printed and sold over thirty thousand copies of his last work—a compliment which the author probably regarded as a trifling at his own expense. The answer to the questions "Who buys them?" and "Where do they all go to?" is found in every rail-car, steamboat, and hotel in the country; while those *depts* of periodical and literary literature, which are now to be found in almost every village in the Union, account for thousands of copies. While the names of EGERTON, SCOTT, and ALEXANDRE DUMAS are comparatively unknown in France a hundred miles out of Paris, among the provinces and the interior departments, dog-eared volumes of their works will be found in log-cabin hundreds of miles beyond the Lakes and on the borders of the furthest prairies.

But what a capital nest-egg the periodical literature of England and France might be for our active friends the publishers were never fully known until the recent enterprise of skimming the cream of it all every month, and presenting it in the shape of a monthly magazine. True, we had "Littell's Living Age" and the "Eclectic," which gave the best articles from the leading English Reviews, but nothing which swept into its monthly circle all the resources of the foreign periodical press. Harper's New Monthly and Stricker & Townsend's International Magazine accomplish this object.

They are capital inventions for making the light material of the English essayists and magazine writers as available as the heavier matter of the reviewers and the novelists. By this new system of reproduction nothing is lost; the gleanings are threshed out as laboriously as the main crop, and the unhappy victims of no-copyright furnish more bricks, with the same amount of straw, or rather with no straw at all.

Apart from the merits of the main question of copyright—which, like all questions, has two sides, although very disproportionate in compass—it is a great pity that there should be so great a disparity between the action of our very "free-trade and publishers rights" system upon foreign authors and their reaction upon our authors at home. If we had half a dozen genuine American writers of equal popularity in England with the most popular of their authors here, we should soon be crying "pecuniarius" and growing sensitive upon the question of literary property.

It is not a pity that under this superincumbent weight of imported literature our own periodical literature at home should be left to languish and die for want of support, or to keep itself alive only in the fashion-plate magazines of the day, which pretend to no higher character than that of monthly *feuilletons* for the entertainment of lady readers! Here, in New York, the project of a monthly review or a magazine of a high literary tone and national character is too hazardous in its prospects of success to induce our publishers to embark in it, secure as they are of "living profits" from the field of foreign literary labor of the same sort. Most of our leading authors are eminently qualified for that style of writing in which MACAULAY, CARLYLE, STURGEN, JEFFREYS, and LEIGH HUNT secured their reputation—review and magazine writing. The difficulty is that there is no opportunity for its display. Labor of this sort goes a begging in America or gets starving pay. There are some indications just now of an attempt to establish a new monthly, on the hypothesis that there are both writers and readers in this country, of abilities and tastes, independent enough to support a periodical literature apart from the English quarters and Blackwood's Magazine. Success to such an enterprise! Its nationality should secure it from failure.

The peculiarities of life and manners, civic and social, in New Orleans, and the results of a year or two of observant experience there, have been embodied in A. O. HALL, Esq., of this city, in a series of very clever and pointed sketches, which first appeared in part in the *Literary World*, and are now published in a volume by RICHFIELD, under the title of "The Manhattan in New Orleans; Sketches of Life and Character in the Crescent City." The difference between the habits and customs as well as the social tone and spirit of our Northern and Southern capitals gives to the sketches of this description great capabilities of interest, and as an exhibition of American life opens a vein well worth working by our authors.

PURMAN announces Jamaica in 1850: *The Effects of sixteen years of Freedom on a Slave Colony*, by Mr. BIGLOW, of the Evening Post, a gentleman who left the practice of the law for editorial labor, a year or two since, and produces in this brochure the results of a few months' observation during a tour in the island of Jamaica in the winter of 1850. The author is a writer of ability in the field of political economy which includes the present work.

MACFARLANE'S *History of Propellers and Steam Navigation*, by the same publisher, is another of those contributions to scientific literature which the American press is multiplying so rapidly. The constant demand for works of this description is an evidence of the great interest taken in the subject of practical mechanics, and the steady advance which is being made in mechanical improvements.

The recovery of Powers' Statue of CALICO, which has just been rescued from its watery grave, is one of the most interesting occurrences in the history of American art, and as such deserves special notice. This statue, ordered by the city of Charleston in the year 1846 or 1847, has commanded the best energies and skill of the distinguished artist. He had taken the bust of CALICO before leaving this country, and he had no difficulty in forming his studies for the head and figure. The work progressed as rapidly as the extreme delicacy and scrupulous exactness of POWERS in all the details of his sculpture would admit. In the early part of this year it was finished and ready for delivery, and was embarked on the ship *Elizabeth* at Leghorn, for New York. That ill-fated vessel was wrecked near Fire Island, within a few hours' sail of this port, on the night of the 19th of July last, and went down with its valuable freight, its officers, crew, and passengers—among whom, it will be remembered, were Margaret Fuller and her family—leaving but one or two survivors. Soon after the wreck Mr. JOHNSON, of Islip, Long Island, visited the spot of the catastrophe, in his yacht *Three High*, and ascertained the position of the case containing the statue. It lay embedded in sand, in about eleven feet water, and it was supposed that by timely exertions it could be recovered. But the elements were against any such attempt, the sea running high and the great weight of the box requiring an immense force to raise it, which could only be brought to bear successfully in still water. Mr. WHIFFLE, the inventor of the submarine armor, enlisted in the work, and the statue was not given up, in spite of the unpromising aspect of the case. Repeated efforts were made at every opportunity, and no sooner did a calm day intervene than an attack was made upon the sunken treasure. The expedition of a coffee-dam was resorted to, and one constructed expressly for this purpose was sunk in the surf around the statue, but without giving any better chance of bringing the necessary force to bear upon it. At last, on Tuesday, October 29th, the sea being uncommonly placid, one more vigorous effort was made. Immense grappling hooks, weighing five hundred pounds, were prepared, and armed with these, Mr. Whipple undertook, like SCHILLER'S Diver, to brave the dangers of the deep. He donned the submarine armor, went down into the sea, and succeeded in getting the case enclosed within the fangs of the grapples. Twenty men on the deck of the *Whiffle* then gave a long pull and a strong pull, and an immense leverage

having been obtained by the machinery erected for the purpose, the remains of the case, the statue, and the superincumbent sand in large quantities, were brought to the surface and finally to the deck of the yacht.

The statue proved to be unharmed, with the exception of an inconsiderable fracture on the right arm, which can be repaired without much inconvenience. The bed of sand in which it had been reposing was soft and yielding, and it might have laid there for centuries without receiving so much as a scratch. Fortunately the operation of raising it did not damage it, owing partly to the great care with which it was managed, and partly to the hardness of the Carrara marble of which the statue is made.

It is to be hoped that the statue will soon be exhibited in this city before leaving for Charleston. Its romantic history, and the touching souvenirs connected with its four months' sleep in the "cradle of the deep," will add much to its interest, while as a work of art, and the latest production of Hiram Powers' chisel, it will of course be an object of attraction. Besides all, the memory of the celebrated statesman in whose honor it has been executed, lends to it an additional and crowning interest. JACQUES DE MOYNE.

A POEMAN'S TRIBUTE TO HENRY CLAY.

We have been looking over (says the Louisville Journal) the letters written by prominent Democrats, friends of the late Compromise, in reply to invitations to the great Union barbecue at Lexington, in honor of Mr. CLAY and those who participated with him in Congress in effecting the Compromise.

Most of these letters bestow warm tributes of praise upon Mr. CLAY. We have published the letters of General Cass and General Foot, and their glowing eulogies upon the country's great statesman and patriot are no doubt remembered by our readers. Senator BAILEY spoke of "Kentucky's distinguished Senator, and particularly his able and patriotic course on all the great questions which have excited the country and engaged the attention of Congress at its late protracted session." The Hon. D. T. DIXON, the Democratic Representative from the Cincinnati district, wrote as follows:

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER 16, 1850.
GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend a barbecue to be given at Lexington in honor of Mr. Clay and those who participated with him in the recent settlement of the great questions which have so portentously marred the Republic, and I beg to say that it would indeed afford me great gratification to be with you on that occasion, but my long absence from home and consequent neglect of my private affairs will prevent me so much enjoyment.

I have ever opposed Mr. Clay as a politician, but I cannot deny his merits as a statesman; never did eloquence or patriotism vindicate their high and holy purposes so powerfully as when they were embodied in the person of our glorious Union. I have often regretted that I was not in regard to the errors of his policy in those matters which mark the difference between the great parties of the country, but I cannot deny to Mr. Clay the merits of a statesman and a patriot. He deserves well of his country; never did eloquence or patriotism vindicate their high and holy purposes so powerfully as when they were embodied in the person of our glorious Union. I have often regretted that I was not in regard to the errors of his policy in those matters which mark the difference between the great parties of the country, but I cannot deny to Mr. Clay the merits of a statesman and a patriot. 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