The Burlington Free Press.

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☞ The following stanzas, which were handed to us for publication, were composed by the young lady whose signature they bear, and who was *born blind.* They evince a good deal of poetical talent, taste and feeling, and demonstrate in a most touching manner that her mind and heart are illuminated by that inner and higher light, which makes the mere physical deprivation by which she is afflicted easy to be borne. When the "heliotrope" teaches the blind "child of sorrow to *look upward,*" the outward eye can learn from it no more beautiful or holy lesson, and it has accomplished one, and the highest, of the beneficent purposes for which Divine goodness has decked the earth with flowers.

LINES

Dedicated to a friend who presented me with a bouquet of flowers:

Oh, earth hath many beauties,
To glad the heart and eye:
The fading blush of even,
The star illumined sky,

The lovely landscape, painted
With hues exquisite bright,
Each has a smile of beauty
To woo the ravished sight.

But, ah, to me far dearer,
Eliza, are these flowers,
Than earth's most precious diamonds,
Or fair Clematis bowers.

For the Heliotrope is whispering
So softly in mine ear:
Look upward, child of sorrow,—
All, all is fleeting here,—

To the bright climes where flowers
In amaranth beauty bloom,
And the rich light dissolveth
No more in nightly gloom.

And the sweet Verbena twineth
Around the Lily fair,
As if affection bade it
Her holy semblance wear.

My life may be a chequered scene
Of mingled joy and woe,
But still, amid its darkest shades,
Affection's tear shall flow.

For I cannot forget thee;—
Oft, in the lonely hours,
I turn with tears to bless thee,
Sweet donor of my flowers.

CYNTHIA BULLOCK.

Shelburne, 8th May, 1848.

Foreign Correspondence of the New Haven Register.

The "Baby Jumper"

IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE—AND HOW IT GOT THERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEN AND INK SKETCHES."

The manner in which I, the chronicler of this veritable narrative, became acquainted with the following, is a matter which concerns myself alone. Suffice it to say, that truth pervades every line—indeed, I may add, every word. The gentleman referred to is by no means a party to the publication of his royal adventure. His native modesty, perhaps, would have made him shrink from detailing his successes. On that score, I have of course, no scruples, and deeming it a duty I owe to the public, to put them in possession of an *American's* reception at the Court of Queen Victoria, I gladly record the interesting particulars. They are as follows.

Mr. Roger's history—I mean history in England—I shall rapidly pass over. After a brisk passage to the fast-anchored isle, the Hendrick Hudson sighted Dover, and so anxious was Mr. Rogers and his friends to touch the sod of the Old Country, that they engaged a plot boat to put them on shore. They visited Shakspeare's Cliff, the Castle, and the Ship Inn, where they took their first British dinner, and then sailed it to that little village commonly called London.

How they got along there, for the first ten days—how they looked about for a settlement—how they visited Westminster Abbey—how they speculated on the probable number of babies, and calculated to a nicety how many jumpers would go to make a fortune or two—on all these deeply interesting points, I regret to say, that history is entirely silent. It is, however, a great fact that after a short period, considerable curiosity, I may say excitement, was created by the appearance of a strange phenomenon in the Strand at —No. 137 of that world renowned thoroughfare. This wonderful thing was a shop, filled with—what do you think, reader? Why, machines constructed of cords, tassels, hoops, and little children's coats, all made of silk and velvet, and glistening with gold and silver. One of these strange articles had a beautiful child in it, (made of wax,) and over the door was the picture of another bit of original sin, which an inscription led us to believe was in a 'Baby Jumper.' Day after day, the window was surrounded by all descriptions of people, and speedily the 'Jumpers' jumped into popularity. They sold like hot cakes. At length the Queen hearing of the matter, and thinking, perhaps, that as her family was fast increasing, and John Bull becoming sore under increased taxation, that a 'Jumper' would save an additional nurse maid, sent her commands to Mr. Rogers to attend at Buckingham Palace, with a specimen of his invention.

Now Mr. Rogers with that stern independence which characterizes the republican character didn't much relish being commanded by a royal lady. He would have gone to Mexico, or indeed to the world's jumping-off place, with Scott, in a military capacity, and obeyed his commands to the death. But with a fine spirit of resignation, he remarked, 'When I am in Rome, I must do as Romans do—now that I am in London, I will be a Londoner. To the Palace I will go.' This decision once formed, he applied his genius to the construction of a 'jumper' which should astonish the Sovereign, and command the admiration of that country in which it first appeared. It did not take long in its construction; like the palace in the Arabian Tales, it sprung into beauty in a single night. It was a superb article, and the reader may form some idea of its unparalleled splendor, from this brief description. The tunic was composed of rich Genoa velvet, crimson of course, brocaded with gold from the Alleghanies, and lined with Persian satin of the most delicate texture. The wadding used was grown expressly for the purpose, in South Carolina. The hoop was decorated with regal crowns of a pure gold tissue, and the American eagle grasped the Geo. Washington tassel. Mr. Rogers had the tassel constructed with a purpose. The young idea, jumping past the crowns, he thought, might catch hold of democracy! This was a fine stroke of policy—a blending of British commerce with a love of the American constitution!

Mr. Rogers and his partners and assistants were up all night, occupied in making the Royal Jumper, and when the sun rose upon the latter, the effect was dazzling. On a fairer spectacle the orb of day never rose. It nearly blinded the porter, who came to open the store by its brilliancy. The stand, consisting of *ormela*, festooned with crimson velvet and gold bordering, having been finished and declared to be in readiness, the most splendid cab which London could produce was secured, and amidst the congratulations of a few influential friends, who had been favored with admission to the store, the inventor entered it, exclaiming to the cabman, with a dignified wave of the hand, 'To the Palace !'

Arrived at the abode of royalty, Mr. Rogers proudly, and in a dignified manner alighted with his fixins,' and entered through the porter's gate or lodge. The porter was a fat old son of royalty, who from his beer bloated appearance seemed to have been imbibing his namesake, which is brewed by Guiness, Barclay, Perkins & Co., and other malt liquor brewers for the last fifty years, at least. Mr. Rogers, struck by his appearance, took him for the real John Bull, whose picture had been so often given in Punch, but as the Oregon question had been settled, he did not enter into any dispute with him on national matters. The only conversation, so far as we have been able to learn, which passed between them, was as follows:

Porter (bluffly)—What do you want?

Mr. Rogers (smartly)—Lady Littleton. Here is a letter from her, appointing me to call this morning for the purpose of seeing the Queen.

The bladder of royal air stared at that, lifted his heavy eyelids, rose from his well stuffed arm chair, and waddled to and for a minute or so, as if in anxious thought.—After a fit of stupid abstraction, he pointed his flabby fist in the direction of a variegated footman who approached and said 'This way.' Mr. Rogers followed of course, and the blue and red gentleman led him through so many passages that he began to fancy he had been inveigled into the Tower of London, and was about to be put into a dungeon, there to be kept as a hostess, until the United States repealed the Declaration of Independence, and consented to pay a tax on tea. To his excited imagination there must have been thousands of turnings, staircases, landings, and millions of doors, leading to the mystic apartment. At length, to his great joy, he was ordered to stand still, until notice could be given of his arrival, and being tired—for he must have walked miles—he willingly complied. Before long, the order was given him to 'Advance,' which order he promptly obeyed, for be it known that Mr. Rogers had long been accustomed to the exercises and drillings, as a member of the glorious Annexation Militia of his native state. On he went again, through interminable passages, terminable in corridors, these ending in a flight of marble stairs. At length he was ushered into an apartment of great splendor, which we regret he cannot fully describe, for having an eye to the 'Jumper,' he began building it. It looked, when all complete, elegant indeed. There it hung, all the looking glasses reflecting its fair proportions. Rogers has been heard to say, that if ever pride filled that part of his person which lies immediately behind his waistcoat, it was at that moment. Scarcely was it fixed, when a glass door opened and Lady Littleton entered. She was struck silent with attraction. Mr. Rogers pulled his hands from his pantaloon pockets, and made a bow. Such a bow! It would have made a fine subject for an historical fresco painting for the new Houses of Parliament. It might be called the representative of the American eagle presenting the 'Jumper' olive branch of peace, in the den of the British Lion.

For more than ten minutes her ladyship examined the 'Jumper,' Mr. Rogers all the while explaining its use, when at last she said, 'I will go and speak to her Majesty.' Its all right, thought Mr. Rogers, and he began to give a series of bows once more to Lady Littleton. It is said that he lost sight of her fifty times and quite surpassed himself. One of the maids of honor present declared that his numerous bobbing would have made the fortune of an Eastern Courtier. Lady Littleton then departed, but soon returned and said that her Majesty would be glad to see the 'Jumper;' whereupon Mr. Rogers delivered it into the hands of a new set of porters, or rather footmen, who rejoiced in cutaway coats, silk stockings, bagwigs and powdered sculls.

Mr. Rogers followed these gentry through a glass door, up a long flight of marble stairs until they reached another apartment, which was furnished magnificently. The carpet was so soft that he sank over ancles in it, and over head, glass chandeliers sparkled as bright as a Yankee girl's eyes. The jumper was placed in the middle of the apartment, and Lady Littleton presently entered. She had been to tell her Majesty that all was ready.

Presently the looking glass door opened and in walked the British Queen. She was a pleasant looking personage, with light hair, a fair complexion, the pride of the empire. Mr. R. made a very low bow indeed, much lower than might have been expected from so rigid a republican. Her Majesty smiled and then Mr. Rogers waxed eloquent and explained everything beautifully. Then the Queen minutely examined the apparatus, and retired with Lady Littleton, who however came back soon and said:—

'Mr. Rogers, her Majesty is much pleased with your Baby Jumper.'

'Happy to hear it,' said Mr. Rogers; and he bowed. He was getting quite supple in the back by this time. It is wonderful how living in a palace softens the back bone.—'And,' added her ladyship, 'the Queen wishes the one you have brought to remain permanently in the palace, for the use of the royal Nursery.'

Twenty-four of the stoutest democrats, if they had tried altogether, could not have equalled Mr. Rogers' bow that time.

'And,' resumed the lady 'please to send in your bill'—(Mr. Rogers had said something about making the Queen a present of it)—'her Majesty makes it a rule never to accept presents.'

And then Lady Littleton smiling very sweetly, retired, and Mr. Rogers backed out—nearly bursting through a mirror in his exit. The footmen were awful civil to him, and showed him out at the front door; proudly passing beneath the marble arch of the palace he whistled Yankee Doodle, and went to his store, No. 137 Strand street, where he has been engaged from morning till night ever since, in manufacturing Baby Jumpers, for his Yankee employer, Tuttle of New York.

——"A thing of beauty," said the poet of Windermere, "is a joy forever." Flowers, Spring flowers, are things of beauty, and the joy they give is forever; for it springs up with them, at the opening of every Spring-tide, and flows forth from their dazzling tints, and their thousand scents, to that inner sense of appreciation of the beautiful, which has no organ of conveyance but thoughts,—delighting, satisfying, joy-giving forever. Poetry swells up naturally, 'spontaneously, from the calyx of every one,—the humblest violet by the way side, the most gorgeous queen flower in the conservatory; and who has not written of flowers, who has written aught? Yet "much remains unsung." How do our readers like the following?—*N. Y. Express.*

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
They are springing forth again;
Are opening their gentle eyes
In forest and in plain!
They cluster round the ancient stems,
And ivied roots of trees,
Like children playing gracefully
About a father's knees.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
Their pure and radiant eyes
Greet us where'er we turn our steps,
Like angels from the skies!
They say that nought exists on earth,
However poor and small,
Unseen by God! the meanest things,
He careth for them all!

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
The fairest type are they
Of the soul springing from its night
To sunshine and to day;
For though they lie all dead and cold,
With winter's snow above,
The glorious spring doth call them forth
To happiness and love!

Ye flowers! ye lovely flowers!
We greet ye well and long!
With light, and warmth, and sunny smile,
And harmony and song!
All dull and sad would be our earth,
Were your bright beauties not;
And thus, without Life's Flowers of Love,
Oh, what would be our lot!

[From the Vermont Gazette.]

Carbonate of Lime or Ground Marble as a Manure.

It was with feelings of interest that I read in your paper a few days since the statements of Messrs. Beebe and Canfield relative to the use of Ground Marble or the *Carbonate of Lime* as a manure. It indicates that a spirit of investigation is abroad in the agricultural community which must result in good. For many years our farmers have been bringing their Gypsum from distant portions of the country to fertilize their soils and increase their crops. And without doubt this has been repeatedly done, when we had at our own doors a material that might have been applied with equal advantage. The farmer has found that Gypsum, properly applied, is advantageous to his soil, therefore he will have it. But he has also learned by experience that it is not beneficial in every case. By its application in one place, the seeds which have slumbered for years in the soil, are made to germinate and expand into luxuriant vegetation; while in another place, no visible effect whatever is produced. This will be found to be the result with all inorganic or mineral manures.—The chemical action of these manures upon the various soils to which they are applied, is a subject but poorly understood. Hence a wide field is thrown open for experiment and investigation. But the question before us now is, can the Carbonate of Lime serve as a useful manure? I answer emphatically yes; and that for many soils equally beneficial with gypsum, and in some cases even more beneficial. I know that it is objected that it is not soluble in water, and therefore incapable of being presented in that state requisite for the food of plants. But it is known that if water be saturated with carbonic acid gas that the *carbonate of lime* is dissolved by it. Now the water that descends in rain is laden with this gas which it has collected from the atmosphere; therefore it gradually dissolves the minute particles of lime and fits them for undergoing the various chemical changes to which they are subject before they can become a part of the vegetable body; but most men who have investigated the subject will acknowledge that the surprising effects of these substances upon vegetation must arise in a great measure from some other source than that of their ability to enter directly as a constituent of the growing plant.

Again, gypsum is said to be capable of attracting moisture from the surrounding atmosphere. The *carbonate of lime* does the same. But it must not be inferred because they may be both profitably applied to the soil, that their action is in general the same.

Thus in the following example *carbonate of lime* is productive of good while *sulphate of lime* or *gypsum* remains comparatively inert. All soils abound more or less in iron; while all animal manures contain a quantity of sulphur, and it is well known that iron in a soluble state is highly prejudicial to vegetation: hence when it is brought into that state by the chemical changes constantly going on in the soil, an injury must result in proportion to its quantity. Now in the decomposition of animal manure sulphuretted hydrogen is always one of the products. And when this substance comes in contact with the oxide of iron a mutual decomposition takes place! and the results are, water and the sulphuret of iron. If the decomposition ceased here, no deleterious effects would be realized, since the sulphuret of iron is insoluble in water. But by the action of the atmosphere this substance is gradually decomposed and another compound formed, viz. the sulphate of iron or green vitriol, which is dissolved by water in large quantities.

The presence of this substance, even in small quantities, must counteract, in part at least, the beneficial effects of animal manures, by converting a portion of them into an actual poison to vegetable life. It may now be asked, why is not this the result in every case, since all soils contain more or less iron? To this it may be answered that these changes are constantly going on in all soils; but in a soil containing a sufficient quantity of the carbonate of lime, in the proper state, other changes are effected which neutralize this influence. For when the sulphate of iron is formed, it is acted upon by the carbonate of lime, and the results of the mutual decomposition are sulphate of lime or gypsum and oxide of iron. Thus the iron is reconverted to its original harmless state. But in all soils deficient in carbonate of lime the sulphate of iron or green vitriol must combine to exert its injurious influence. This evil can be remedied only by the application of lime in its carbonated state. G——.

DRIFTWOOD JOHNSON.

A very strange occurrence took place some years since in the flourishing city of Cincinnati, and is yet fresh in the minds of many residents there, not by any means as old as "the oldest inhabitant," who knows all things. It is still told, of a cold winter's night around a cheerful fireside, to many a wondering youngster, and the moral instilled into their young minds with greater force from the circumstance of its "being as true as gospel."

The hero of the tale was an old man named Johnson, who had lived from a boy in the place, and followed a curious trade for a livelihood. Early and late he was seen down by the river's side collecting driftwood, and he toiled at it so incessantly, day after day and year after year, that it at last became whispered about that old Driftwood Johnson was making money; that he had invested his little earnings well, and had realized large sums by fortunate speculations; but still he clung to his old business. He was mean in dress and saving—all the money he ever spent, except for the merest necessaries of life, being for the education of a most lovely daugher, for the old man had a wife and child. At last Driftwood bought a very large brick house, or built one; and, much to the surprise of every body, furnished it elegantly, and brought his daughter home from school to be the belle of his mansion. It was a good way out of town, but he said the city would grow to it, and so it has. There was always something mysterious about the old man's family; and his wife, who was a very amiable woman, had a careworn, anxious look, that no one could account for. The beauty and accomplishments of the daughter soon brought her plenty of lovers, who sighed and pined for her hand; but the favored of all was a young mercantile clerk, connected with one of the most flourishing establishments in Cincinnati, and soon became a partner. His suit prospered, and he hoped to make the daughter of old Driftwood his wife. He used to think it a very odd circumstance that during all his evening visits, which were far from being "few and far between," he never could meet the man, and all his inquiries after him failed to elicit satisfactory replies; but, knowing that the old man was what is generally termed "an odd fish," he never troubled himself much about the matter.

On returning to his store late one night, after a visit to his lady love, he was horrified upon opening the door at finding the mangled and bleeding corpse of a man, a stranger. He had apparently fallen from the second or third story through the hatchway, and been killed almost instantly. The watch were called in, and the poor wretch was taken to the watch-house and a physician sent for to see the body. He had been dead for hours, and there was nothing left but to endeavor to find out who the man was, and hold an inquest over his body. There was no trace or sign about him that could possibly lead to a recognition—no paper, no mark on his clothes, and a bunch of skeleton keys, a box of matches and a small dark lantern were all that he had about him; so the inquest was held the next morning, a verdict in accordance with the facts rendered, and the body buried.

The next evening, upon visiting his intended, the lover found the family uneasy at the continued absence of old Driftwood, but he persuaded them that he had suddenly been called away on business, and would soon return. Advertisements were put in the papers, but no clue to him could be obtained, and the people at last believed that he had either been murdered or carried down the Mississippi, while gathering driftwood, and drowned. In his house there were a number of rooms which had always been locked, and the keys of which old Driftwood had always kept; and when it became necessary to settle his affairs these rooms were forced open, and found to contain goods to a large amount, of all kinds and descriptions; silks, satins, broadcloths, linens, shawls, watches, jewelry, and, in short, all sorts of goods and valuables of every description. The secret was out. Old Driftwood had for years employed pedlars to sell goods through the western country, and sent them down in flat boats to points on the Mississippi below Cincinnati; and all of them he had himself, unaided by any accomplice, stolen. The man who was found by the clerk a bleeding corpse was old Driftwood Johnson. The clerk, however, convinced that the daughter of the old man was innocent and unaware that her father had pursued for years a system of burglary and thieving, married her, and she is now a mother, surrounded by a numerous family. Truth is stranger than fiction.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SPEED OF OCEAN STEAMBOATS.—Baron Seguier states that he saw, when at Havre, two English steam packets, the Success and the Express, which make the trip from Havre to Boulogne, which is 240 kilometres, (149 statute miles,) in five hours. These boats are very long, shaped like piroques, and carry their sails arranged in a new way, so that they can take advantage of the slightest wind, without losing the necessary stability of the vessel. Their engines are 350 horse power, built by Maudsley, on the annular system, which presents several advantages over the oscillating cylinders.

MAKING TALK.—A farmer's daughter in this state was visited by a rustic youngster, who finding it difficult to keep up the conversation, silence had prevailed for some time, asked the girl if she knew anybody that wanted to buy a shirt.

"No I don't," she replied—"have you one to sell?"

"Oh, no," said he, "I only asked to make talk."

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 15, 1848.

The Savings Bank.

This excellent institution, productive of so much solid advantage to people of moderate means, and emphatically the friend of the poor man, who aims by industry and frugality "to provide against a wet day," has now been some months in quiet and unobtrusive operation, in Burlington, and its success thus far has been quite up to the expectations of its projectors, and very clearly shows that the wants of the community required its establishment. We do not feel ourselves at liberty to publish the amount already received on deposit, but it is *very* considerable, and demonstrates, what the originators of this benev[illegible]nt project foresaw, that there are large numbers of sagacious and prudent people, among the class whose *savings* are necessarily small, but nevertheless of material consequence to *them*, who only waited for the secure and beneficial facilities thus presented to them, to make investments.

The affairs of the institution are in the hands of those among our citizens who comprehend, and will carry out, the simple yet excellent and judicious designs of its founders. The members of the Corporation are Messrs. J. N. POMEROY, W. LYMAN, H. P. HICKOK, C. BAXTER, HENRY LOOMIS, D. LYON, W. W. PECK, S. E. HOWARD, W. H. WILKINS, Jr., THOS. H. CANFIELD, E. C. LOOMIS, P. DOOLITTLE, J. H. PECK, H. LEAVENWORTH, J. W. HICKOK, JAS. COOK, GEO. PETERSON, E. A. STANSBURY, W. R. VILAS, H. W. CATLIN, and C. D. KASSON; and we are sure no Institution could possess a higher guaranty of usefulness, integrity and business ability in the character and reputation of its Managers, than this.

We are aware that the By-laws of the Savings Bank, which very clearly set forth its aims and its plan of operations, are pretty extensively published, and circulated, so as to be easily within the reach of all; and the increasing amount of its deposites prove that they have been read and appreciated to a considerable extent. But we supposed that a newspaper paragraph or two, inviting public attention to so useful and valuable an Institution, might catch the eye of some among us who might thus be induced to examine further and to avail themselves of the substantial benefits it confers.

The absolute security which this method of investment affords to those to whom *security* is everything, and the certainty of the regular semi-annual realization of the interest, commend our Savings Bank to the confidence and favor of those who may have, and may be receiving, small sums which they wish to lay by for future use. No depreciation or fluctuation of stock, can be apprehended. Its *discounts are all within its capital paid in*; and the regulations that have been adopted in relation to loans, when taken in connexion with the character of the Board who are to decide upon the sufficiency of any security offered for loans, render *losses* a thing not to be anticipated. The following is the 5th article of the By-laws:—

'5. The board of Trust shall make no loans upon personal credit, except upon the joint and several contract of three or more individuals, competent at law to contract; two at least of whom shall reside in this State. For this purpose all the individual members of a firm shall be regarded as one individual. No business shall be transacted without the concurrence of a majority of all the trustees, and no loan shall be made except at the Stated meetings of the Trustees.'

The immense amounts deposited in Savings Banks in England and Ireland, show how justly popular these institutions are in the Old World, and we trust they will become more and more widely established and patronized in our own country, where labor reaps a better reward, though *improvidence* brings after it pretty nearly the same suffering and want. We should like to see our Savings Bank with a larger capital than any Bank in Burlington, and probably shall have that satisfaction!

Gravity Run Mad.

They have a method of dealing with knotty ethical questions, in her Majesty's Province of Canada, that is refreshing. No man trusts himself in such a matter, but asks the newspapers. The last Missisquoi News inserts the interrogation of a correspondent as follows:—

The question is merely this, whether the repesentative of this or any other County, would be bound to aid and assist a man who had actually been guilty of stealing, and was bound over to the Court of Quarter Sessions, to take his trial, although the representative may have been requested so to do by the Magistrates, who had bound the delinquent over, to take his trial for that crime, merely because this man voted for him at the last election. A FRIEND TO JUSTICE.

Stanbridge, 18th April, 1848.

To this grave question, the Editor of the News, with exceeding gravity, replies:—

[Press of matter compelled us to exclude 'A Friend to Justice,' from our last number. We, however, insert it now. In answer to his question, we say certainly not.—ED. M. N.]

Now, with all deference to our British neighbor, and to the way they do things in Canada, we submit that the News Editor is mistaken. If a man is bound over to take his trial for the crime of stealing, *merely because he voted for another man at the last election*, we think that nothing can be plainer than that the latter is "bound to aid and assist him" out of the scrape, unless he (the said candidate) is willing to let it go that voting for him is quite as bad as stealing.

The *John Donkey* is a hard hitter. The following is one of its last complimentary bows to a couple of famous Senators. The letters purport to have been received from the signers just after a late debate in the Senate U. S.:—

My dear John Donkey—Don't for God's sake report my little spat with the wretch Hale in the Senate to-day. I tried to get some white man to notice me, but as that would'nt do I had to take up with the d—d abolitionist. If I had been floored by a Whig or Democrat, I should'nt had minded—but to be ridiculed by a woolly-hearted negrophoist, was as Chaucer says, in his introduction to Archbishop Canterbury's Sermons, 'a little too devilish bad.' Enclosed you will find a check on the Union Bank of Mississippi—merely to pay my subscription, you know.

Yours gratefully,
Hon. H. S. FOOTE.

Venerable and Beloved Parents—I write this for the purpose of requesting you to suppress any report of my debate to day with that harem-scarem fellow, Foote of Mississippi—as I suspect from the galleries, he must have gotten the advantage of me. I send you a free ticket on the underground railroad, and if ever you should come to New Hampshire in apple time, you shall have new cider enough to work a passage back to New York for nothing. Now don't forget and I'll remember you when I'm President.

J. P. HALE.

Under the head of "Wants," in the New York Sun, somebody advertises for "A waiter—for a good place." We know of several gentlemen who answer this description precisely, having been "waiters for good places" these ten years. Here's a chance for one of 'em! "Apply at 689 Broadway, in the basement."—*Bost' Post.*

☞ The Propeller, Sarah Sands, left left New York, on Friday last, for Liverpool, with 25 passengers and $260,500 in specie.

We find in the Liverpool *Mail* the following singular correspondence between Lord Brougham and M. Cremieux, the French Minister of Justice. We believe his learned lordship concluded on the whole not to "negotiate":—

Lord Brougham to the Minister of Justice.

Lord Brougham has the honor to present his homage to the Minister of Justice, and wishing to become naturalized in France, he has demanded certificates from the Mayor of Cannes (Var,) where he has resided for thirteen years, and where he possesses an estate, and is building a chateau.

These certificates will be forwarded direct to the minister and Lord Brogham begs him to sign the act of naturalization with as little delay as possible.

PARIS, April 7, 1848.

Letter from the Minister of Justice to Lord Brougham.

PARIS, April 8, 1848.

My Lord,—I consider it proper to point out to you the consequences which will ensue if you obtain the naturalization which you request. If France adopts you as one of her sons, you cease to be an Englishman; you are no longer Lord Brougham, you become Citizen Brougham. You instantly lose all your titles of nobility—all the privileges, all the advantages, of whatever nature they may be, which you enjoy from your quality as an Englishman, and all the rights which all the laws and customs of England confer on you, and which cannot be reconciled with our law of equality between all citizens. It would be thus, my lord, even if the English laws were not so rigorous with regard to English citizens who demand and obtain their naturalization in a foreign country. It is in this sense you must write to me.

I must well suppose that an ex-Lord Chancellor of England is well aware of the necessary consequences of such an important request; but it is nevertheless the duty of the Minister of Justice of the French Republic to give you official warning of it. When you shall have made a request in the spirit of these declarations, it shall be immediately examined.

Accept, &c., AD. CREMIEUX.

Reply of Lord Brougham to the above Letter.

LONDON, April 10, 1848.

Monsieur le Ministre,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 8th.

I could never have felt any doubt that in making myself naturalized as a French citizen, I should lose all my rights as an English peer and an English subject in France. I could only enjoy my privileges as an Englishman when in England—in France, I should be what the laws of France grant to the citizens of the Republic.

As I desire, before all things, the happiness of the two countries and their mutual peace, I considered it my duty to give a proof of my confidence in French institutions, in order to encourage my English countrymen to have the same feeling.

Receive, &c., H. BROUGHAM.

Reply of the Minister of Justice to the above.

PARIS, April 12, 1848.

My Lord,—My letter has not been properly understood, and yours, to my great regret, does not permit me to come to a decision as to your request. You write me thus—(The Minister here quotes the first paragraph of the above letter of Lord Brougham, "I could never," &c.)

In my letter, I expressed myself in the clearest and most positive manner. France admits of no participation of rights; she does not admit a French citizen to be at the time a citizen of any other country. To become a Frenchman you must cease to be an Englishman; you cannot be an Englishman in England and a Frenceman in France; our laws are absolutely opposed to such a thing—an absolute choice must be made. It was for that reason that I was careful in in pointing out the consequences of naturalization.

As long, therefore, as you wish to remain an Englishman in England—that is to say, while you do not wish to completely resign your quality as an English subject, and to exchange for it that of French citizen, it will be impossible for me to entertain your request.

Accept, &c., AD. CREMIEUX.

☞ The Whigs of Virginia, who have not carried the electoral vote of that State for a Whig candidate for the Presidency since "the days before the flood," certainly not since the last election of Gen. WASHINGTON, have been convulsing the Union during the past winter with their outcries, in favor of the nomination of Gen. Taylor, and uttering mournful groans over the alleged unavailability of Mr. CLAY in that state, in opposition to the straight-forward and manly honesty and consistency of JOHN M. BOTTS, who warned them that if Mr. Clay were unavailable Gen. Taylor is worse. Well, they carried their point, and Gen. T. was nominated as the Virginia" "Resolutions of "98" Candidate for the Presidency, & these Whigs went into the recent canvass jubilant for Taylor and availability, instead of the trite idea of CLAY and PRINCIPLE. But the aforesaid Whigs of Virginia, who carried the state at the last previous election, were flogged, this time, *rather* worse than is usual in that "highfalutin" and very respectable old Dominion!

MORAL:

Virginny white men is werry unsartin.

☞ The Troy Daily *Post*, a paper that has been a staunch advocate of the nomination of Gen. Taylor, whose name it has long had at the head of its columns, thus speaks of the General's latest epistles. The quiet hit in the last paragraph at some of the General's previous "epistolary efforts," which are certainly not in the style of his magnificent Military Despatches, is quite noticable:—

There are however, two objectionable features in these letters, which contain so much that is commendable. We refer, of course, to the General's declaration that he cannot accept the nomination of any Convention unless left free of all pledges, and permitted to maintain the position of independence of all parties; and also his expression of his intention to permit his name to be used in the canvass, whoever may receive the nomination of either the Philadelphia or Baltimore Conventions. We are inclined to the opinion, if we may be permitted to hazard a conjecture, that the old Hero, although he never surrenders, will have to modify these views to some extent before he can get the nomination of a National Whig Convention.

In point of literary merit, these letters are of a higher order of excellency than some of the General's previous political epistolary efforts.

STATE OF PARIS.—Mons Vattemare, now in Washington, has received the following letter from his wife now in Paris, which gives rather a different picture of that city from those of the British Troy journals:—*Troy whig.*

PARIS, March 20, 1848

My Dear Husband: * * * Paris is very quiet, and we are calmly looking toward the Elections.—Were it not for the present Financial Crisis, nothing would be perceivable; but Money is extremely dificult to procure, and it is with great difficulty you can get change for a bank note.

The deficit left in the public treasury by the late Government is considerable, and, had it suffered to remain another year under Guizot's administration, France would have been forced to repudiate her Debt, but happily God did not permit it and we must now hope that with time confidence will be restored, and that all will be better than ever.—The people continue to behave admirably wall, and ask nothing but peace, tranquility and work—You see, my dear, that everyhing is safe, and that you have no reasons to torment yourself as you did in the time of the Revolution of July. Remember that Paris is just as you left it with the exception that now we are Republicans, and therefore proud to be more entirely united to the Americans.

MARY VATTEMARE.

"It is said that the owners of the Lake steamers pay annually to the runners, who visit the Hotels and procure pasengers, not less than $70,000.—*Daily Sentinel.*"

Can this be so, Mr. DOOLITTLE? We should think it would hardly pay, "at them rates!"