The Caledonian.

VOL. 16---NO. 14. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852. WHOLE NO. 794.

From the N. H. Statesman.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, Duke of Wellington whose decease was announced in the last foreign news, was of noble birth, but being a younger son was born to no title.—He was the fourth son of the Earl of Mornington, was born in Ireland in 1769, and was consequently at the time of his death, 83 years of age. He received his military education chiefly in France, and entered the service as an ensign in the British Army at the age of 20. In 1792, he had become by purchase, Lieut. Colonel of the 30th Regiment of Infantry, and was with the Duke of York (brother to the late kings, Geo. IV. and William IV.) in the campaigns in Holland. This was the campaign which proved so disgraceful to the British arms, and resulted, as some of our readers well know, in the imprisonment of the Duke of York. He afterwards served with great success in India, where he was soon promoted to be major-general. He was present at the celebrated siege of Seringapatam, where the ferocious rajah Tippoo Saib was defeated and his forces scattered, about the year 1799. He was next placed in command of the British forces sent to check the aggressions of the Mahrattas:—a warlike people inhabiting the southern part of the peninsula. About the year 1802, he completed the entire subjection of these banditti, and forever rid the English dependencies of them.

He returned to England in 1805, with a high reputation for bravery. His next occupations were of a civil and diplomatic nature. He was Secretary of State for Ireland, and took a seat in Parliament as member from the Isle of Wight, in 1807. In 1808 he had orders to embark for Spain, to hold in check the French under Marshal Soult. His first battle, that of Talavera, proved the first check the French arms had met in Spain, and he was, in consideration of his services, created Viscount Wellesley. Napoleon, dreading the effect of his presence in Spain, reinforced his army by large divisions under Massena and Marmont, both of whom were defeated in the bloody siege of Ciudad, Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Torres Vedras. Soult, Marmont and Massena, afterwards effected a junction, and, in a combined attack on the English, near Burgos, routed them, and captured their artillery and stores. After Napoleon's disasters in Russia, the English army renewed the war in Spain with great activity, and the battles of Vittoria and Toulouse completed the extinction of French power in the Spanish peninsula. Wellington received for these services a grant from the British government of £100,000, besides pensions of £4000 per annum in addition. Napoleon, after his disastrous retreat from Russia, had abdicated the throne and gone into voluntary exile at Elba. While the Marquis Wellesley was at Vienna as Ambassador Extraordinary, Napoleon effected his escape from Elba, and was again in arms against the Allied Powers.—The Marquis was immediately named Commander of all the forces which might be raised to meet the impending struggle which was evidently about to be made for the supremacy of Europe. He fixed his head quarters at Brussels, where he waited the approach of the French Emperor. The terrible battle of Waterloo and its consequences are too well known to our readers to need mention here. It was the fortune of the writer of this article to have stood on the spot where the Commander of the Allied forces took his position during this most sanguinary conflict of modern times. The French power in Europe was completely broken, and 35,000 Frenchmen were sacrificed upon this altar of Napoleon's ambition. The victory was not bought without an equal sacrifice to the victors; and it is no exaggeration to say that 75,000 lives was the price at which the peace of Europe for the last 37 years was purchased. The terror with which Europe, and especially England, was stricken, at the name of Bonaparte, is in no way so strikingly shown, as in the enormous grants made to Wellington in consequence of his success in holding the French in check. He has received, without question, from various sources, from 5 to 6 millions of dollars, in direct grants, besides pensions to the amount of not less than half a million. This does not include the [illegible] mansion in London, which stands on [illegible] the residence of the American minister, and of his vast estates in various parts of England; neither does it include a multitude of sinecure posts which have yielded him immense revenues.

He was a member of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1818, and of Verona in 1822. As a politician, in the various offices in the Cabinet which he has filled since the pacification of Europe, he has not been popular.—He has been a rigid Tory, and has set himself in strong opposition to all reform measures. It was only after he had been driven from the Cabinet, that Earl Grey succeeded in passing the celebrated Reform Bill.

His last act of military service was quite in character, in overpowering the Chartist demonstration in 1848.

In person, the Duke of Wellington was tall and thin, and showed the effect of his age in his last figure. He was thin in the face and had a prominent aquiline nose and projecting chin. His firmness of step, and above all the austere and stern bearing, and his rigid enforcement of military discipline, gained him the familiar name of the "Iron Duke."—He was undoubtedly a brave soldier, but possessed few social qualities to endear him to the affections of his countrymen. He has been but little more than a petted pensioner on the bounty of a grateful people. His habits of business were exceedingly regular. Any person in London who has had the curiosity to see him at any day when he has been in town, could always do so by taking a stand between Apsley House (his residence), and the Horse Guards, a building which corresponds with our Department of War at Washington. He was as regular in proceeding to his office as the progress of the clock. He left two sons, who although beyond the middle of life, are in no way distinguished except for their profligacy.

From the National Intelligencer.

LETTER FROM MAJ. JACK DOWNING.

DOWNINGVILLE, STATE OF MAINE,
SATURDAY, September 18, 1852.

MR GALES & SEATON:—My dear old friends, I wish I had better news to write you. I'm pesky afraid Gineral Scott is coming in. And, arter all, I don't know why I should feel so much afraid of it, especially on my own account, for I don't spose he's a very bad man. But I feel bad for Uncle Joshua. His whole heart is bound up in the post-office, and if he should lose it, I'm afraid it would almost be the death of him. He's had it now more than twenty years, and he's more fond of it because it was given to him by dear old Gineral Jackson. He loves it now like one of his own family, and I think it would be the hardest one of the family for him to part with, unless 'tis Aunt Keziah—If he should lose any one of 'em, that is Aunt Keziah or the post office, I know it would break his heart. And that's what makes me feel so bad at the turn things has took down this way in favor of Gineral Scott. If any way could be contrived to keep Uncle Joshua in the post-office, I wouldn't care a snap if Gineral Scott did come in. And I guess there's a good deal of the same sort of feelin amongst a good many of the Democracy. I'll just give you a sample of it.

There's Cousin Sargent Joel, he can't live without hurrahing for somebody as much as two or three times a day. He got in a habit of it in old Hickory's time, and he couldn't never leave it off since. Two or three weeks ago Uncle Joshua and I was in the barn, planning a little about getting out the voters to the election, when all to once we heard some one back of the barn holler with all his might, "Hurrah for Gineral Scott." Uncle Joshua looked as cross as thunder, and Cousin Joel colored a little as soon as he see us, but he swung his hat again, and sung out once more, "Hurrah for Gineral Scott, and I don't care who hears it."

"What's that you say?" said Uncle Joshua.

"I say, hurrah for Gineral Scott, and I don't care who hears it," says Cousin Joel putting on his hat and jumping off the stump.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of business," said Uncle Joshua, "setting such examples as this to the neighbors. There's many a word spoken in jest that's turned into arnest before it's done with; and you ought to be careful how you set such hurrahs a goin. If you once get 'em started there's no knowing what'll be the end on't.

"I don't much care what'll be the end on't," said Cousin Joel.

"Why Joel, what do you mean?" said Uncle Joshua; "if you are going to turn Whig say so, and let us put you out of the synagogue at once, and be done with it. I want a plain right up and down answer, are you going for Gineral Pierce or not?"

"I spose I shall," said Cousin Joel.

"Then why in the name of common sense don't you hurrah for him?" said Uncle Joshua, "and get up some enthusiamsusy. You ought to be ashamed to throw your hurrahs away on 'tother side."

"Now, Uncle Joshu, I'll tell you what it is," said Sargent Joel, straightening himself up jest as he used to at the head of his company in Nullification times, says he, "I'll tell you what 'tis, Uncle Joshua, I'm willing to vote for Gineral Pierce to help you keep the post-office, and I mean to; but you needn't ask me to hurrah for him, for I can't stand no such tom-foolery as that. I've tried it, and it won't go, no how. It makes me feel so much like digging small potatoes and few in a hill. But when I get right hungry for a hurrah, I give it to Gineral Scott, and I find there's refreshment and nourishment in that, something like real meat; it makes me feel as it used to when we gin the loudest hurrahs for Gineral Jackson."

Uncle Joshua turned away, looking rather down in the mouth, and saying, "he didn't know what the world was a coming to."

As near as I can find out, there's a great many Democrats in this State, and other places too, that's in the same fix as Cousin Sargent Joel Downing; they've tried to hurrah for Gineral Pierce, and can't. Over to the raisin of Squire Jones's barn 'tother day, arter they all got through, Squire Jones, who is a great Democrat, called out, "now let us give three cheers for Gineral Pierce." As quick as a look they all swung their hats, and about three quarters of 'em sung out as loud as they could holler, "hurrah for Gineral Cass." At that Squire Jones flew in a rage, and told 'em they was traitors to the party, and no true democrat would hurrah for any body but Gineral Pierce. That touched the dander of the rest of 'em, and about twenty swung their hats and cried out lustily, "hurrah for Gineral Scott," and asked Squire Jones if he liked that any better.

These things has kept Uncle Joshua very uneasy along back, and before our State election, which come along last Monday, he got quite nervous; and he aint no better yet.—We've been in a quite a state of conboberation all the week, trying to find out how the election's gone, but it's a hard sum to work out. I went over this morning to help Uncle Joshua figure up. He was setting to the table with his spectacles on, and the papers spread all around him, and a pen in his hand, and a dark scowl on his brow. He was thinking so hard he didn't seem to know when I come in. Says Aunt Keziah, says she, "I'm dreadful glad you've come in. Major: your Uncle will make himself sick working over them figures."

Says I, "Well, Uncle Joshua, how are we coming out?"

"I'm afraid we are coming out at the little end of the horn, Major," said Uncle Joshua, and he looked up over his spectacles so pale and melancholy it made me feel bad. Says he, "I don't like the looks of it a bit: the State is on the back track again towards Whiggery, jest as 'twas when Harrison came in."

"Oh, I guess not," says I, for I wanted to cheer him as much as I could. "The liquor law has played the mischief with the election all round, and got things badly mixed up; but if we sift 'em out carefully we shall find the democrats as strong as ever." Uncle Joshua shook his head. Says I, "Let us see the figures. Here's the returns from three hundred towns, all the State except some of the outskirts. Mr Hubbard and Mr Chandler, the two democratic candidates for Governor, has together more than fifty-eight thousand votes, and Mr Crosby, the Whig candidate, has a little more than twenty-seven thousand. The Democratic vote is more than double the Whig vote. This don't look as though the State was going back to Whiggery."

"That don't amount to nothing at all," said Uncle Joshua; "a good many thousand of temperance Whigs voted for Hubbard, and a good many rum Whigs voted for Chandler; and when the Legislature comes to meet, Crosby will stand jest as good a chance to be chose Governor as any one of 'em, and better too if the State goes over the dam the 2d of November, and you may depend its drifting that way, or else I've forgot how to cipher. Jest look at the Legislature. Last year in the Senate there was about five democrats to one Whig, and now the Whigs have elected *twenty-five* Senators and the democrats only *seven*, leaving nine or ten no choice or doubtful. And then in the House it aint much better. Last year we had a clear majority of more than thirty, and now it don't look as though we should have more than ten majority. And if the State goes for Scott, I believe the legislature will go that way too, Governor and all."

"But may be, Uncle Joshua," says I, "the Whigs haven't gained so much as you think for, after all. It looks bad in the Legislature I see, but it may be all owing to the rum business, as you say about the Governor."

"No, no, it isn't that," said Uncle Joshua, with a heavy sigh; "you may depend upon it the State has got a whig drift. The Congressmen tells the story, and there the rum business has nothin to do with it. In the last Congress we had five Democratic Representatives and the Whigs two. Well now how is it? In the next Congress this State has six Representatives, and the Democrats have made out to elect three and the Whigs three. It's just an even balance, and a few more of them foolish hurrahs for Gineral Scott will tip the State agin us."

"Well, we must stir round," says I, "and try and stop this hurrah business, and may be we can save the State yet. If I ketch Sargent Joel at it again I'll cashier him. If Democrats can't hurrah for Pierce they mustn't be allowed to hurrah for nobody. But, after all, Uncle, suppose we should lose this State, the nation is safe for the Democracy. You must remember we have a large majority of the States, and nigh two thirds of the members of the last Congress."

"Well," says he that don't prove whether we shall have two-thirds or one-third in the next Congress. If the States go on as they have begun it will be pretty likely to be one-third. There's only three States that has elected their Representatives to the next Congress yet, and that is Maine, and Missouri, and Iowa. And only jest look at 'em. Three years ago they stood twelve Democrats and and two Whigs, and now they stand seven Democrats and six Whigs. How long will it take at that rate to turn our two-thirds into one-third? I'm afraid there's a Whig drift goin over the country that'll swamp us.—Sailors tell about the big tenth wave that rolls up and carries everything afore it, and I'm a thinkin it seems to be a good deal so in politics. There was a big tenth wave in 1840 and you remember what work it made. It looks a gook deal as if there is another big tenth wave rolling up now, to swamp the Democracy and upset Congress. We've got to have tryin times, Major. I don't know what will become of the country if the Whigs get the upper hand."

He said this with such a mournful expression that I see the tears come into Aunt Keziah's eyes. She's a good Christian woman, and she laid her hand on his shoulder, and says she, "Oh, Mr Downing, pray don't be so worried, but trust in Providence."

And now, Mr Gales & Seaton, if you can say anything to encourage us, or to relieve Uncle Joshua's anxious mind, you would do a great kindness to your old friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

☞ A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change in the moon.

THE PERILS OF BALLOONING.

To the Editor of the London Times:

SIR:—I was one of the passengers in the balloon which went up from Cremorne Gardens yesterday evening, and as our aerial voyage and dangers may interest your readers, I send you a short account of them.

We ascended at 6 P. M., with the wind nearly due west. There were, including M. Poitevin, the manager, twenty-two persons. We quickly reached a height of one mile, and though there was a strong wind when we started, at that particular elevation it was nearly a dead calm, and for some minutes we were stationary. We, however, rose higher, until we were one mile and a half high, and there again we found the same strong wind. At this time the first mischance occurred. It seems that the valve, by the constant rain, had become immovable and could not be opened. The aeronaut pulled at the rope till he was nearly black in the face, but without effect, and we still ascended. The fact of the valve being out of order was known to but five or six in the car, as M. Poitevin spoke in French to his assistant; but I, as one of those five or six, felt very uncomfortable, and made a mental calculation as to how long we could exist, going higher and higher, without food, water, or even cigars—for the latter we were not allowed to console ourselves with, for fear of lighting the gas. At last the united efforts of two or three of the passengers, at the risk of snapping the ropes, pulled open the valve, and all was right once more.

We now, with quieted minds, could look around us, and splendid indeed was the view. We were skirting the south of the Thames, and could see the whole of London, which looked ridiculously small, while the river appeared as a small mill-stream.

At an altitude of about two miles we passed over the Greenwich Railway, and proceeded onwards to Blackwall and the Docks, which we saw like small basins directly under our feet.

Leaving Middlesex we entered Essex, and began to descend, passing over Plaistow Level at an elevation of about half a mile. The numerous herds of horses grazing here were much alarmed, and scampered about in every direction. We now left these marshes and came over cultivated ground, and descended rapidly, too rapidly, I thought; but, alas, all the ballast had been thrown out before this.

Closer and closer did we come to the ground—at last the two grappling irons, which were hung down some 80 feet below the car, touched the ground, and dragged along it. The wind was strong, and we were rushing along about 20 miles an hour. Beyond pulling up the ground they did not check our speed, and I quickly saw that at the rate we were coming down, and at the rate we were advancing, a severe collision was inevitable. Knowing that if free from the car I should escape its greatest violence, I clambered up two of the ropes towards the balloon, and thus suspended, felt but little the violent concussion sustained by those below, which threw many down.

We remained stationary for some 10 seconds, and I was congratulating myself on the voyage having terminated with no serious result, when, to my astonishment, up we went again. I turned round and saw M. Poitevin pulling at the valve rope, but, alas, it was soon evident that it had become jammed again!

Up we went, some 80 or 100 feet, passing through the air at great speed, and then down we came again, with very much greater force than the first time, and I, who was then standing in the car, and holding on by the side ropes, was much bruised and hurt.

Before any one had recovered from the effects of this second concussion, we were once more off the ground some 30 or 40 feet high, and rushing along impelled by the high wind at as great speed as ever.

Matters now began to look serious, and I, who had tried to laugh even at the last descent, felt inclined to do so no more. The valve was evidently permanently closed, and though two or three of the passengers lent their aid to open it, it resisted all their efforts. The gas in the balloon was not sufficient to hold the car off the ground for any time, but quite enough to lift it up and allow the wind to act upon the enormous surface of the balloon. At this point, M. Poitevin behaved, as indeed he did throughout, very well, and entreated every one to sit or lie down, (for sitting was out of the question,) and on no account to attempt to leave the car, as doing so would necessarily endanger further the lives of those remaining, by making the car lighter. He spoke in French, but it was repeated in English.

Again we descended, and passing near a churchyard, struck against a bank with awful violence, and the car, catching in the hedge and against the trunk of a tree, was once more stationary for possibly 20 seconds. Had all now sat still I believe we should not again have ascended, and many countrymen, who were running after the balloon, would soon have come up, and adding their weight, by holding on to the car, would have enabled us all to alight.

Again did several of the passengers, as well as myself, entreat the others to remain quiet; but while we were yet speaking one man jumped out. Who he is no one knew; but we may thank him and two others for all we went through afterwards.

The weight being lightened, the balloon again rose. We cleared the hedge and started again.

At the next descent two more men, whom I had seen preparing for the spring, left the car, and though one was thrown flat on his face—which I rejoiced to see—they escaped, I believe, without injury.

The car was now much lighter, and we ascended again more than 80 feet, and then descended passing through one gate and two hedges ere we touched the ground. The violence of this concussion exceeded all the previous ones, and the car was for a moment standing on its end. I was standing and holding by the ropes, and also were two others; the remainder were lying down, one top of the other, at the bottom of the car.—I expected that several of those would be thrown out, and my arms were nearly jerked out of their sockets by the violence of the shock.

Either those two gentlemen or myself could then with safety have sprung on the ground, but they, I suppose, as well as myself, felt how wrong such an action would be, and to what certain destruction we should be condemning a poor lady who was nearly senseless at the bottom of the car, as well as any who remained with her.

Quickly did the car right, and quickly did we proceed with our voyage, amid the groans of many who were much hurt.

At the next descent one gentleman was thrown from one end of the car to the other, and put out his knee-cap.

I remember but little more. All my energies were devoted to avoiding the force of the collisions, and to prevent my being thrown out of the car.

We were dragged on in this way, some say two miles, but I should think one and a half miles. We passed over water, we knocked down pallings, we caught on an iron gate or rail—in short, we had some seven or eight more descents, and I saw no end to this unpleasant proceeding.

The wind appeared to me to increase, for the shocks were certainly greater each time we touched the ground, or struck against a tree or bank. My strength was nearly exhausted, and there were, I believe, none who did not feel that our position was one of imminent peril.

The rate at which we now tore along was great, from the increased force of the wind, that to have left the car at all would have been difficult, more especially as we never now remained stationary for an instant.

This scene so likely to have a tragic termination, was brought to an end by two large hayricks against which we were dashed, and which were too substantial for even our huge balloon to break through. We now all sprang out, and at the same moment the silk rent from top to bottom, and allowed the whole of that huge volume of gas to escape.

Thus ended our adventures by air and land, and I believe all felt, as I am sure I did, that we had had a wonderful escape.

We found ourselves at Eastham in Essex, much bruised and hurt. We were glad to find that the North Woolwich Railway station was not above two or three miles off.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ONE WHO SAW AND FELT IT ALL.

London, Sept. 21.

Self-Loading Revolver.

We were present at an exhibition yesterday, of a newly-invented revolver and self-loading rifle, made by Col. P. Porter of Tennessee. A rifle such as the one exhibited is capable of discharging 50 loads in a minute and a half. Each part is simply arranged and easily comprehended. Its simplicity is one of its advantages, and it can be managed after brief explanation, by any person familiar with the action of fire arms. We have but space to give a description of the invention: The rifle is a little over the ordinary weight, and, although a revolver, can be used as a single gun—the revolving agent being the guard instead of the hammer, as in other revolvers. The guard after revolving the cylinder, returns to its place, and firmly fastens by means of a spring in the stock. The cylinder which is perforated with nine chambers on the exterior rim, turns in the breech, presenting in rapid succession each loaded chamber to the barrel for discharge. The part that comes directly in contact with the barrel is protected first by the cylinder pressing against it, and next by springing plates which catch and turn off any fire that might possibly escape through the junction. The ordinary trigger is used, and the rifle is discharged by percussion caps, and primes itself to the hammer in succession. The caps are placed in a rim and the hammer is on the side of the gun. The nine chambers mentioned above being discharged, another cylinder, which may be kept in the pockets of the person using the gun, may be inserted in place of the one deprived of its contents, without a loss of more than three or four seconds, and nine additional discharges made in succession.

Then by placing over the top of the cylinder a flask, which contains both powder and ball, (or shot if necessary,) the chambers are loaded by every revolution of the cylinder, so the supply is only exhausted when the flask is empty, and in this manner fifty charges are made in the short space of a minute and a half.

The flask or magazine over the cylinder is water tight, and affords good protection to the work it covers. The rifle can be discharged as long as the magazine containing the ammunition holds out, and by manufacturing a gun with proportionate arrangements, the magazine would consequently be larger and capable of containing fifty or one hundred charges. Shot can also be placed in the magazine, and would, by charging the barrel, which is often done, be equally available. By these means the newly invented gun will answer all the purposes of the ordinary fowling pieces, besides having the advantages over the latter of discharging about forty times per minute. The priming part is so arranged that the fire instead of setting off the powder at the bottom of the charge, ignites it on top, but under the ball, thus burning all the powder inserted instead of destroying some and throwing the residue out of the gun in its crude state, and having a greater resisting effect. The charge used is very small, yet this rifle has been found to carry a great distance, and in all experiments drives its bullets deeper into timber than any other tested against it. The gun in question is the only one of the description as yet manufactured, but in a few days several will be completed.

Col. Porter is at present having 10,000 manufactured at Taunton, Mass. The experiments made yesterday were very successful and highly satisfactory to those who attended the exhibition.—*N. Y. Com.*

AMERICAN HONOR.

About seventy-five years ago, there lived at Charleston, in South Carolina, a family consisting of several members. It belonged to the middle class—that is to say, contained barristers, bankers, merchants, solicitors, and so on—all of them animated, at least so far as appears, by a high sense of honor and integrity. But noble sentiments are no certain guarantee against poverty. One of the members of the family in question became involved and borrowed £1000 of one of his relatives, but was soon after seized with paralysis, and, having kept his bed five years died, leaving a widow with several small children. He could bequeath them no property, instead of which they received as their inheritance high principles, and a strong affection for the memory of their father. The widow also was, in this respect, perfectly in harmony with her sons. By dint, therefore, of prudence, industry and economy, they amassed among them the sum of £400, which they rigidly appropriated to the repayment of a part of their father's debt. The old man had, indeed, called them together around his death bed, and told them that, instead of a fortune, he left them a duty to perform; and that if it could not be accomplished in one generation, it must be handed down from father to son, until the descendents of the B——s had paid every farthing to the descendants of the S——s.

While matters stood in this predicament, the creditor part of the family removed to England, and the debtors remained at Charleston struggling with difficulties and embarrassments, which not only disabled them from paying the paternal debt, but kept them perpetually in honorable poverty. Of course, the wish to pay in such minds survived the ability. It would have been to them an enjoyment of a high order to hunt out their relative in England, and place in their hands the owing £600. This pleasure, which they were destined never to taste, often formed the subject of conversation around their fireside; and the children, as they grew up, were initiated into the mystery of the £600.

But that generation passed away, and another succeeded to the liability; not that there existed any liability in law, for though a deed had been executed, it had lapsed in the course of time, so that there was really no obligation but that which was the strongest of all—an unerradicable sense of right.—Often and often did the B——s of Charleston meet and consult together on this famous debt, which every one wished, but no one could afford, to pay. The sons were married and had children whom it was incumbent on them to support; the daughters had married, too, but their husbands possibly did not acquire with their wives the chivalrous sense of duty which possessed the breast of every member, male and female, of the B. family, and inspired them with a wish to do justice when fortune permitted.

It would be infinitely agreeable to collect and peruse the letters and records of consultations which passed or took place between the members of this family on the subject of the £600. These documents would form the materials of one of the most delightful romances in the world—the romance of honor, which never dies in some families, but is transmitted from generation to generation like a treasure above all price. When this brief notice is read in Charleston, it may possibly lead to the collection of these materials, which, with the proper names of all the persons engaged, should we think, be laid before the world as a pleasing record of hereditary nobility of sentiment.

After the lapse of many years, a widow and her three nephews found themselves in possession of the necessary means for paying the family debt. Three quarters of a century had elapsed. The children and the children's children of the original borrower had passed away; but the honor of the B. family had been transmitted in tact to the fourth generation, and a search was immediately commenced to discover the creditors in England.—This, however, as may well be supposed, was no easy task. The members of the S. family had multiplied and separated, married and intermarried, become poor and wealthy, distinguished and obscure by turns, changed their topographical as well as social position, disappeared entirely from the spot they had occupied on their first arrival from Charleston.

But honor is indefatigable, and by degrees a letter reached a person in Kensington, who happened to possess some knowledge of a lady of the S. family, married to a solicitor practising with great success and distinction in London. When the letter came to hand, she at first doubted whether it might not be a sort of grave hoax, intended to excite expectation for the pleasure of witnessing its disappointment. However, the English solicitor, accustomed to the incidents of life, thought there would at least be no harm in replying to the letter from Charleston, and discovering in this way the real state of the affair.

Some delay necessarily occurred, especially as the B. family in America were old world sort of people, accustomed to transact business slowly and methodically, and with due attention to the minutest points. But at length a reply came, in which the writer observed, that if a deed of release was drawn, unsigned by all the parties concerned in England, and transmitted to America, the £600 should immediately be forwarded for distribution among the members of the S. family. Some demur now arose. Some of the persons concerned growing prudent as the chances of recovering the money appeared to multiply, thought it would be wrong to send the deed of release before the money had been received. But the solicitor had not learned, in the practice of his profession, to form so low an estimate of human nature. He considered confidence in this case to be synonymous with prudence, and at any rate resolved to take upon himself the entire responsibility of complying with the wishes of the Americans.—He accordingly drew up the necessary document, got it signed by as many as participated in his views, and sent it across the Atlantic, without the slightest doubt or hesitation.

There had been something in the rough, blunt hoesty of Mr B——'s letter that inspired in the man of law the utmost reliance on his faith, though during the interval which elapsed between the transmission of the deed and the reception of an answer from the States, several of his friends exhibited a disposition to make themselves merry at the expense of his chivalry. But when we consider all the particulars of the case, we can hardly fail to perceive that he ran no risk whatever: for even if the debt had not legally lapsed, the people who had retained it in their memory through three generations—who had from father to son practised strict economy in order to relieve themselves from the burden—who had, with much difficulty and some expense, sought out the heirs of their creditors in a distant country, could scarcely be expected of any inclination to finish off with a fraud at last.

Still, if there was honor on one side, there was enlarged confidence on the other, and in the course of a few months, the American mail brought to London the famous £600 due since before the War of Independence. The business now was to divide and distribute it.

Of course, each of the creditors was loud in expressions of admiration at the honor of the B. family, whose representative, while forwarding the money, asked with much simplicity to have a few old English newspapers sent to him by way of acknowledgment. For his own part, however, he experienced a strong desire to behold some of the persons to whom he had paid a debt of the last century: and he gave a warm and pressing invitation to any of them to come and stay as long as they thought proper at his house in Charleston. Had the invitation been accepted, we cannot doubt that Brother Jonathan would have acted as hospitably in the character of host as he behaved honorably in that of debtor. It would have been a pleasure, we might indeed say a distinction, to live under the same roof with such a man, whose very name carries us back to the primitive times of the colony, when Charleston was a city of the British Empire, and English laws, manners, habits and feelings regulated the proceedings and relations of its inhabitants. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the London solicitor will some day drop in quietly upon his friend in Charleston, to smoke a cigar, and discuss old times with him. He will in that case probably fancy himself chatting with a contemporary of Rip Van Winkle. Doubtless there are thousands of such men in the States, where frequently everything that is estimable in the English character is cultivated with assiduity.

How the property was distributed among the S. family in England, we need not say.—Each surviving individual had his or her share. The solicitor was only connected with them by marriage; but with good old English ideas of uprightness and integrity, he was fully able to appreciate the Charleston lawyer's sentiments. He would have done exactly the same himself under similar circumstances; and therefore, had the sum been tens of thousands instead of hundreds, it could not be said to have fallen into bad hands.—Whether the transaction above noticed has led or not to a continued correspondence between the families, we are unable to say; but we think the creditors in England would naturally have felt a pleasure in exchanging intelligence from time to time with their worthy debtors in Charleston. These things, however, are private, and therefore we do not intend trench upon them.—*Chambers Edinburgh Journal.*

The White Man a Curiosity.

A LUDICROUS SCENE AMONG THE NATIVE AFRICANS.

There are whole districts in many European countries where a black man has never been seen, and there are districts in Africa where the people have never seen a white man. The Rev. Mr Seys, presiding elder of the Methodist mission in Liberia, accompanied Gov. Russwurm and a party of colored friends from Cape Palmas to the native tribes and towns in the interior, during the summer, taking along a native interpreter who had acquired the name of Sunday for his Christian character. Mounted on donkeys, they travelled some eleven miles through ex-