November 18, 1859.

My Dear: Dickens has written a volume showing "how not to do it." This is undoubtedly valuable information. Probably there is not an individual living who would not, at some period of his life, have given the balance of his last quarter's salary for the sake of learning how, gracefully, satisfactorily, and honorably "not to do it." Still, there are occasions when the affirmative solution of the problem seems not only desirable, but absolutely essential.

E. g.: An individual—whose name I will not divulge, and whose identity you never can conjecture, so it isn't worth while to exhaust yourself with guessing—found one day while she was in the country that she had walked a hole through the bottom of her boots. How she discovered this fact is of no moment, but, upon investigating the subject, she ascertained that it could scarcely be said with propriety that there was a hole in her boots, but, to use a term which savors of the street, though I employ it literally, there *wasn't anything else*. Now the fact, in, of, and by itself, is not worthy of remark. That the integrity of a pair of boots should yield to the continued solicitations of time, toil, bone, and muscle, is too nearly a matter of every-day occurrence to excite alarm. The "irrepressible conflict" between kid, lasting, and leather, on the one hand, and gravel, sand, and alluvial deposits generally, on the other, has, so far as I know, been suspended but once since

"Adam delved and Eve span,"

and that was only an amnesty of forty years while the Israelites were wandering in the wilderness; so that we are not thrown into a panic by any sudden outbreak; and even a dissolution of the union that should exist between "soles" and "uppers" has been divested of half its terrors by frequent recurrence. But when you are deep in the heart of the country, scouring woods, climbing mountains, and fording rivers, having with your usual improvidence neglected to furnish yourself with stout boots, then a "horrid chasm" or series of chasms yawning in the only pair that are of any use to you, presents a spectacle which no reflective mind can contemplate without dismay.

It was in fact with a good deal of dismay that the individual in question sat down, one morning, on "Webster's Unabridged"—that being the only available seat in an apartment not over-capacious—and went into a committee of the whole on the state of her boots. The prospect was not inviting. Heels frightfully wrenched and askew, and showing indubitable symptoms of a precipitate secession; binding frayed, ravelled, evidently stubborn in resistance, but at length overpowered and rent into innumerable fissures; buttons dislocated, dragged up by the roots, yet clinging to a forlorn hope with a courage and constancy worthy of a better cause; upper leather (glove kid) once black, now "the ashen hue of age," gray, purple, flayed, scratched, and generally lacerated, but true to the *last*; soles, ah! the soles! There the process of disintegration culminated. Curled, crisped, jagged, gaping, stratified, laminated, torn by internal convulsions, upheaved by external forces, they might have belonged to some prae-Adamic era, and certainly presented a series of dissolving views, deeply interesting, but not, it must be confessed, highly entertaining.

After arranging these boots in every possible combination—side by side, heel to heel, toe to toe—and finding that the result of each and every combination was

"No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,"

the Individual, at length, with a sigh, placed them, keel upwards, on the floor in front of her, and, resting her head in her hands, gazed at them with such a fixedness and rigidity that she might have been taken for an old Ouate, absorbed in the exercise of his legitimate calling. (The old Druidical order were divided into three classes, Druids, Bards, and Ouates. The Druids philosophized and theologized, the Bards harped and sang, and the Ouates divined and *contemplated the nature of things*. I thought I would tell you, dear, as you might not know. I execrate the self-conceited way some people have of tossing off their erudite items and allusions in a careless, familiar style, as if it is such a b c, native air, and mother's milk to them, that they don't for a moment think of [illegible] jagged brickbat, dug up from a heap of Patagonian rubbish, flung at you with a "we have all heard of;" or to be turned off, just as your ears are wide open to listen to an old prae-Thautic myth, with "the story of ——— is too familiar to need repetition." You haven't the most distant conception what the story is, yet you don't like to say so, because it seems to be intimated that every intelligent person ought to know it; so you hold your peace. My dear, don't do it. Don't hold your peace. Don't let yourself be put down in that way. Don't be deceived by anybody's lordly air. It is a very stupid fashion of doing things; and, besides, I don't believe a word of it. Half the time these people never knew it themselves, I dare say, more than a week beforehand, and have been puzzling their brains ever since for a chance to get it in. Now, you see, I didn't do so, though I might have done it, for I knew about the Ouates a long time ago; but I sacrificed the appearance of erudition for your edification. That is just my amiability!)

The Individual came at length to the conclusion that something must be done. Masterly inactivity must give way to the exigencies of the case. With a moral certainty that no shop of any kind existed within a circle of ten miles in diameter, she yet determined to be on the safe side, and had recourse to the "oldest inhabitant." A series of questions disclosed the important fact that—

"Well, there was a store at Sonose, about fourteen miles away; and Mr. Williams, he kept candy, and slate pencils, and sich"——

"Do you suppose he keeps good thick boots?"

"O, la! no."

"Do you suppose he keeps any kind of boots? You see I have worn mine out, and what am I to do?"

"Well, now, I thinks likely you can get 'em mended."

Individual brightens up. "Oh, do you?"

"Yes, there's Mr. Jacobs, lives right out there, under the hill; he makes men's boots. I do' know as he could do yours, but you might try. Thinks likely he ain't got the tools, nor the stuff to do that sort of work with."

I didn't care for the tools or the stuff. All I wanted was the shoemaker; if I could find *him*, I had little doubt that all the rest would follow naturally from the premises. So I arranged my "sandal shoon and scallop shell," and departed on my pilgrimage. The way had been carefully pointed out to me, but I never can remember such things more than one turn, or street, ahead; so I made a point of inquiring of every one I met, where Mr. Jacobs lived. Every one, by the way, consisted of a little girl with a basket of potatoes, and a man carrying the United States mail on his arm.

At length the Individual found the house as directed, and found also that it was no house, but a barn, and the shoemaker's shop was up stairs, and the stairs were on the outside. If they were firm and strong, all I can say is, that their looks were against them. Neither step nor balustrade invited confidence. The Individual stood on the lower one in a meditative mood for a while, and then gave a jump by way of test, thinking it best to go through the one nearest the ground, if she must go through any. An ominous creaking and swaying, and cracking followed, but no actual rupture. The second step was tested with the same result; then the third and fourth; and, reflecting that appearances are deceitful, and recollecting the rocking-stone at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and the tower of Pisa, &c., the individual shook off her fears, and ascended rapidly. Being somewhat unfamiliar with the etiquette of shoemakers' shops, she hesitated whether to knock or plunge at once into the middle of things, but decided to err on the safe side, and gave a very moderate and conservative rap. Silence. A louder knock. The door rattled. Louder still. The whole building shook. Knuckles filed a caveat. Applied the heel of the dilapidated boot. Suffocated with a cloud of dust thence ensuing. Contemplated the nature of things for a while. Heard a voice. A man called from a neighboring turnip field, "Arter Jake?"

"Yes, sir—if he is a shoemaker," (to make sure of identity.)

"Yes, wall, he aint to home."

"Oh."

"He's gone to Sonose."

"When will he be back, if you please?"

"Wall, I cant say for sartain. Next week or week after—leastwise 'fore the fair. Got a job?"

"Yes, sir, but I can't very well wait so long. Do you know of any shoemakers anywhere about?"

"Wall, ma'am, I do' know as I do. Folks is mostly farmers here. There's Fuller, just moved, though. Come up from Exton yesterday. Praps he'll give you a lift. That's his house right down there. 'Taint more'n half a mile."

"Yes, sir, I see it. Thank you."

Individual descends from her precarious elevation, and marches to the attack of Fuller. A fresh-faced, good-natured looking man is just coming out at the gate. His pleasant countenance captivates her at once, and, with a silent but intense hope that he may be the shoemaker, she asks if "Mr. Fuller lives here?"

"Well," replies the man, in an easy, drawling tone, that harmonizes admirably with his face, "when a fellow is moving, he can't be said to live anywhere. I guess he'll live here, though, as soon as the stove gets up."

I reciprocated his frankness with an engaging smile, and asked, in a confidential tone, "Do you suppose he would mend a shoe for me?"

I thought I would begin with a shoe, and, if I found him acquiescent, I would mount gradually to a boot, then to a pair. But my little subterfuge was water spilled on the ground—

"I don't know whether he would or not, but I know one thing."

"Yes?"

"Couldn't if he wanted to. Ain't got his tools here. They ain't come up yet."

"Oh! is that all?"

"*All?*"

"Yes; because, if you know how, I shouldn't think it would make so much difference about the tools. Couldn't you borrow a gimlet or something from the neighbors?"

"A gimlet?"

"Yes, or whatever you want, to make shoes with."

"An awl, you mean."

"Well, yes, an awl. Couldn't you borrow an awl?"

"Nary awl."

"When will your tools come?"

"Well, I don't know; you see I don't hurry 'em up, because its haying, and I and my men, we'd just as lieves work out of doors a part of the time as not. We don't mend shoes much. We make 'em mostly."

"Oh! that's better still; would you make me a pair?"

"Well, we don't do that kind of work. We work for the dealers. We make the shoes that they send down South for the niggers. We aint got the lasts that would do for you."

Individual goes home, as Chaucer says, "in doleful dumps," and determines to take the boots under her own supervision. First, she inks over all the gray parts. Then she takes some sealing-wax, and sticks down all the bits of cuticle torn up. Then, in lieu of anything better, she takes some white flannel-silk, not embroidery-silk, you understand, but flannel-silk, harder twisted and stronger, such as is to be found, so far as I have tried, only in Boston, and therewith endeavors to sew down the curled sole to its appropriate sphere, or, rather, plane. It is not the most easy or the most agreeable work in the world. How ever people manage to *make* shoes, I cannot divine, for, of all awkward things to get hold of, and to handle and manage after you've got hold, I think a shoe is the worst. The place where you put a needle in doesn't seem to hold the most distant relation to the place where it comes out. You set it where you want it to go, and then proceed, *vi et armis et* thimble, to "put her through," but she resists your armed intervention. Then you rest the head of the needle against the window-sill, and push. You feel something move. Everything is going on and in delightfully. Mind asserts its control over matter. You pause to examine. In? Yes, head-deep in the pine-wood, but the point not an inch further in the shoe. You pull out. The shoe comes off the needle, but the needle doesn't come out of the window-sill. You pull the silk, and break it, and then work the needle out as well as you can, and then begin again—destroying three needles, getting your fingers "exquisitely pricked," and keeping your temper—if you can.

By some such process did the individual, a passage of whose biography I am now giving you, endeavor to repair the ravages of time and toil. In so far as she succeeded in making plain, her efforts may be said to have been crowned with success. It is but fair to add, however, that the result did not inspire her with so much confidence but that she determined to lay by the boots for a while, reserving them for such times as they should be most needed, with a vague hope also that rest might exercise some wonderful recuperative power.

About five days after this, they were again brought out, to do duty on a long walk. The event was most mournful. The flannel silk gave way at the first fire. The soles rolled themselves up again in a most uncomfortable manner. At every step, the foot had to be put forward, placed lightly on the ground, and then drawn back. The walk was an agony. It so happened that on our return, without any intention, we came out of the woods in the immediate vicinity of the shoemaker's aforesaid, and the individual was quite sure she heard the sound of his hammer. She remembered, that when she was young she was familiar with a certain "wardrobe," which was generally so bulging-full of clothes, that the doors could not, by any fair straightforward means, be shut; but if you sprang upon them suddenly, taking them unawares, as it were, and when they were off their guard, you could sometimes effect a closure. She determined to try this plan on the shoemaker. So she bade the rest of the party go on, while she switched off in the direction of the hammering. She went straight into the shop, without knocking, the door being ajar. There he was at it, sure enough.

"Your tools have come!" she exclaimed, with ill-concealed exultation. "Now, will you mend my shoes?"

"Well, I don't know as I can, hardly. I'm pretty much in a hurry. What, with moving and haying, I've got a little behindhand."

"Oh! but you must mend them, because I am going up on the mountain to-morrow, and I have no others to wear, and I am afraid of the snakes; so you see, you must."

"Got 'em here?"

Individual furtively shoves off the best one, and picks it up—while his eyes are bent on his work—as if she had only dropped it, and hands it to him. He takes it, turns it over, pulls it, knocks it, with an evident intention of understanding the subject thoroughly.

"Rather a haggard-looking boot," he remarks, after his close survey.

"Yes, but"——— Sentence unfinished.

"Other a'n't so bad, I suppose?"

"Well—I—don't know—that is"———

"Both bad enough."

"Yes, indeed," with an uneasy laugh.

"Let's see the other one." The other one is produced and examined in silence.

"Are *you* going to wear them boots up the mountain?" with a tone that said very plainly, "of course you're not."

"Why, yes, I *was* going to wear them. Don't you think they will do?"

"I wouldn't trust *my* feet in 'em."

"O—h! *Are* there snakes? Do you think snakes could bite through them?"

A shake of the head, and a little, low, plaintive whistle, is the only reply, but they speak in thunder tones of boa-constrictors, anacondas, and cobra di capellos.

"They were very good and stout when I had them. I called them very stout shoes."

"Oh! yes, they're made of good material, but you see they're worn out. I don't believe I could mend them worth while. The stitches would tear right out."

"But couldn't you, somehow, glue on a pair of soles? any way to make them stick. I'll pay you anything, if you'll only make them last till I go home, or even till I get down the mountain. Now, I am sure you can do it, if you will only think so. Don't you know Kossuth says, 'nothing is difficult to him who wills?'"

I think he was moved by the earnestness of my appeal. "I suppose they'd be worth more to you now than half a dozen pair when you get home."

"Worth! Why, they would be of inestimable value. Just think of the snakes! I don't care how you do them, nor how you make them look. If you will only glue on, or sew on, or nail on, or rivet on, something that is thick and will stick, I'll pay you, and I'll be grateful to you through the remainder of my natural life."

"Well—you leave 'em, and come over again this afternoon, and if I can do anything, I'll do it by that time."

"Oh! I am so much obliged to you;" and I went away in high spirits, just putting my head back through the door to say, "Now you persevere, and I'm sure you will succeed."

I was as happy as a Queen. To be sure, I had to walk home without any shoes; but the grass was as soft as velvet, and the dust as clean as sand, and it did not hurt me in the least. To be sure, he had not promised to mend them; but I had an immense mountain, a very Himmaleh of faith in him, and how did it turn out? Verily, I shouldn't have known the boots, if I had seen only the soles. They were clipped, and shaved, and underpinned, and smoothed, and looked as if they had taken out "a new lease of life."

"I don't suppose they will last you as long as I have been doing them," he remarked, with unprofessional frankness. I didn't believe him, and indeed his prophecy was not true, for they are in existence yet, and I never disposed of "a quarter" in my life with more satisfaction than I dropped it that day into his benevolent hand.

Now, my dear friend, why have I told you this long story about so trivial a thing? Verily, as St. Paul tells us the Scriptures were written, for your "admonition," that you may, in at least one respect, learn "how to do it."

Gail Hamilton.

Prayer of the Jews for Victor Emanuel.—In Leghorn, on the 7th ultimo, a remarkable scene took place. For the first time, the Jews of that city offered up a prayer for a Christian Prince, and invoked the blessing of Heaven upon Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia. The prayer was recited by Signor Roberto Funaro. At the first word, the three thousand Jews present, with the exception of a few old men, rose to their feet, and remained standing until the close of the prayer, to which they all responded with an overwhelming "Amen."

The *Eco d'Italia*, in reporting this interesting fact, gives the text of the beautiful and touching invocation, of which the following is but an inadequate translation:

"May that One who watches over the safety of kings, who gives dominion to princes, whose empire is from everlasting to everlasting; may He, who liberated His servant David from the murderous sword, who opened a way in the sea and a sure pathway through the rushing waves; may He bless, guard, defend, succor, elevate, and exalt the King elect, Victor Emanuel.

"May the King of kings guide his footsteps, preserve his life, and shield him from all danger and peril. May the King of kings, in his clemency, exalt the star of his destiny, and grant him a long and peaceful reign. May the King of kings give to him and all his counsellors and ministers power and courage. May this be His Divine pleasure; and let all the people say amen."

The Lockjaw can be Cured.—An experiment, which has just taken place in one of the Paris hospitals, appears to establish conclusively that lockjaw can be cured by means of the curare poison. A young man, twenty-four years of age, having had one of his toes carried off by a musket-shot, considerable injury having at the same time been inflicted on the adjoining ones by the projectile, was seized with lockjaw four days after the accident. Dr. Chassaignac (who supplies this account of the case) was called in, when the patient was already far gone. A portion, consisting of one hundred and twenty grammes of tea with ten centigrammes of curare, was administered in the dose of one table spoonful per hour; at the time the wound, which was much jagged, and emitting a fetid pus, was moistened with a solution of twenty centigrammes (four grains) of curare in two hundred grammes of distilled water. Bottles of warm water were put into the patient's bed. The first spoonful of the potion produced some effect at the end of an hour, and as the treatment went on, so did the state of the patient improve. The solution of curare used for the local application was gradually strengthened to thirty, and at length to forty centigrammes of the poison; its proportion in the potion was also increased to sixteen, and then to twenty-five centigrammes. At the end of six days the patient was out of danger.

Art in France.—An important step with regard to the future encouragement of art, and provision for artists, has just been suggested to the Government, and is likely to be adopted. The French Government has always been ex[illegible] exclusiveness among its followers. A fund of most magnificent amount is to be placed at the disposition of the Minister des Beaux Arts, for the copying of all the *chef-d'œuvres* of every master and every time now existing in Europe. One object of this measure is to remedy the injury done to art by the decay of the great master-pieces, of which time is fast obliterating all trace, save that left by tradition, of their beauty. These copies are to form an especial gallery. The first artists are to be employed, and a building of gigantic pretensions to be erected for their reception. The idea is one possessing every element of grandeur and common sense at the same time, and the nation will be sure to applaud a measure which flatters so strongly that propensity to *attirer à soi* which Napoleon at St. Helena declared to be the most striking feature of the French character.—*Letter from Paris.*

The Extraordinary Meteor.—The meteor as "big as a house," as a New York policeman declared it, which was seen on Tuesday morning, appears to have attracted the attention of persons in various parts of the country. It was not only seen in Maryland, the Disirict of Columbia, and New York, but in Virginia, New Jersey, Connecticut, and elsewhere. The Philadelphia *Ledger* remarks:

"A gentleman from Cape May says that he and some friends were in the lower part of a barn, not far from Cape May, about 9¾ A. M., when they heard a heavy rumbling sound, which they supposed to be caused by rolling some heavy body over the floor above them. But this they found to be incorrect. They went out of the barn, and the noise continued, accompanied by a perceptible shaking of the earth, until they had walked a distance of about 150 feet, when it ceased, having lasted from three to five minutes. The sky was clear, but some persons reported seeing something like a cloud appear, and burst suddenly, at the time the noise was heard. The rumbling and shaking were perceived all through that region, and in some places caused a good deal of consternation. One lady fainted, and many others were greatly terrified. From the descriptions given, the phenomena must have resembled the ordinary earthquake, though, as it was accompanied with the singular appearance in the heavens, it may have been caused by the fall and explosion of a meteor."

A Chinese Dinner.—During the visit of Mr. Ward, the American Minister, to Pekin, China, he was honored with a sumptuous dinner. Though only the three Chinese commissioners, and Mr. Ward, his secretary, and two interpreters, were present and sat down to it, the supply was enough for at least a hundred, and the expense was estimated at $1,500. It consisted of various dishes—birds' nests, sharks' fins, heifers' teats, watermelon seeds, &c., &c.—the whole amounting to no less than *thirty courses.*

Death of Kit Carson.—Advices by Overland route announce the death of the celebrated pioneer and explorer, Christopher Carson, at Taos, New Mexico, where he had been residing as Indian Agent. Carson was a native of Kentucky, having been born in Madison county, at the close of 1809. His father, shortly after that period, removed to Missouri, where Kit, when a lad of 15, was apprenticed to a saddler, occupying himself at that business two years, at the end of which he joined a trapping expedition, and a trapper he remained, until his familiarity with the great West rendered him invaluable as a guide to explorers of the Plains. For eight years he acted as hunter at Bent's Fort. When Col. Fremont engaged in his expeditions, Carson accompanied him, and was ever after his steadfast companion. In 1847 he received the rank of lieutenant in the Rifle corps, United States army. His latest and most remarkable exploit on the Plains was enacted in 1853, when he conducted a drove of 6,000 sheep safely to California.

The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a key-hole.

To Advertisers.—Business men will find it greatly to their advantage to advertise in the Era.

Messrs. Pettingill & Co., S. B. Niles, and Joy, Coe, & Co., are our authorized advertising agents for Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1859.

All letters for the *National Era* must be addressed to Mrs. M. L. Bailey, *National Era, Washington, D. C.*

ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.

We have heretofore called attention to the danger which awaits the Republican party, of being entrapped into the support of men for the various offices of the House, who will use their influence for the overthrow of Republican principles. We have also pointed out the danger and disgrace which the selection of corrupt men will inevitably bring upon the party. That the Republicans were miserably cheated in the organization of the Thirty-fourth Congress, every intelligent man knows; but the following article from the Richmond (Va.) *Whig* of March, 1856, furnishes demonstrative proof of the fact. Let every Republican member read and ponder, before he falls into a similar snare. No man should receive a Republican vote who will be ashamed or afraid to acknowledge his obligation, or who will confer office upon the enemies of Republicanism.

From the Richmond (Va.) Whig of March, 1856.

MR. CULLOM—HIS APPOINTMENTS.

We take great pleasure in giving place to the following letter from a friend in Washington, a distinguished member of Congress, and a perfectly reliable, high-minded gentleman, correcting the mis-statements, unintentional, we know, made by our Washington correspondent, in reference to the appointments of Gen. Cullom the Clerk of the House of Representatives. Our correspondent represented Gen. Cullom as having appointed to subordinate clerkships in his department many open and avowed Abolitionists. We, of course, could know nothing of the real facts of the case ourselves; but we are now satisfied that our correspondent's representations did Gen. Collum gross injustice, and we cheerfully repair it, as far as is in our power, by publishing the following, from a source entitled to the most implicit confidence:

Washington, *March* 5, 1856.

Dear Sir: I see the Nashville *Union* and other Democratic papers in the South are charging that Gen. Cullom, Clerk of the House of Representatives, has appointed Abolitionists to office, and they give as authority for this charge "the Washington correspondent of the Richmond *Whig*, a Know-Nothing journal." I quote the language of the *Union*.

Now, I have looked into the facts, and I am sure that the greatest injustice has been done to Gen. Cullom. I have not seen the letter in the *Whig* alluded to, but I have felt that it is but just to give you the facts, and do not doubt that you will take pleasure in doing justice to Cullom, editorially. I will be responsible for the accuracy of the facts I state to you.

Gen. Cullom, as Clerk, had the appointment of nineteen subordinate officers in discharge of duty connected with the House. To fill these offices, he retained *eight* of the incumbents who were appointed by Col. Forney. These eight, the Democratic papers will hardly say are Abolitionists. I have no idea they are. They are: John M. Barclay, Daniel Buck, T. D. Harris, W. H. Minnix, John Messimmer, E. Emerich, E. Speice, and J. B. Florence, (brother of Florence, Democratic member from Pennsylvania.)

Of the remaining eleven, five are from the Southern States, to wit: W. P. Ingram, of Kentucky; J. C. Walker, of Tennessee; John Harvey, of South Carolina; B. W. Bates, of District of Columbia; and A. T. Owen, of Virginia. I do not know all these personally, but I cannot suppose that any doubt will be entertained that they are all free from the imputation of Abolitionism.

Then there are but six who are appointed [illegible] Democratic Clerk.) I have taken pains to see who they are.

First. N. B. Markle, of Indiana, is a member of the American party, was a Whig, was appointed to office under Mr. Fillmore, *and he states to me*, could he have had the selection of a candidate for President, Fillmore would have been his choice, "because, while President, he did nobly sustain the Constitution and laws of the country." He of course disclaims that he is an Abolitionist.

Second. E. A. Acton, of New Jersey, is of the American party, and denies that he agrees or co-operates, or ever did, with the Abolitionists, or with the so-called Republican party.

Third. C. B. Adams, of Connecticut, has been a Whig, held office under Mr. Fillmore during his whole term, (resigned when Pierce came in,) is an ardent advocate of Fillmore's re-election, and denounces as untrue the charge of Abolitionism as far as he is concerned.

Fourth. Isaac Strohm, of Ohio, *denies* to me that he is or has ever been an Abolitionist, was appointed to office in the Treasury Department under Mr. Fillmore, was turned out under Pierce because suspected of Americanism, and claims to be identical with Henry Clay on questions connected with Slavery.

Fifth. William Hazlett, of Pennsylvania, was a Whig, is now an American, has not only, he says, never fraternized with the Abolitionists, but, on the contrary, "has been thrown into frequent and violent conflicts with the fanatical leaders of that organization." This is *his own* language.

Sixth. P. B. Tompkins, of New York, denounces the charge of Abolitionism as slanderous and untrue, as far as he is concerned. He says he is an American, National Conservative in his politics. He refers me to the position of Henry M. Fuller in the late contest for Speaker as exemplifying what he regards as correct sentiments.

I have now given you the positions of all Gen. Cullom's appointees, upon careful ascertainment, as far as I thought it necessary to pursue the investigation, with a view to the question sprung.

There are *nine* other appointees of the Clerk, I have employed as map-makers, &c., in the Land Office. I have not seen these men, or pushed inquiry particularly into their politics, but I am assured that about the same state of things would be found as to them. I learn that the chief of the corps served in that position under Toucey, and is retained by Cullom; and as to the other eight, four of them are appointees from Southern and four from Northern States. I am satisfied that the charge of your correspondent copied so generally in Southern Democratic papers, does Gen. Cullom great injustice. My object is to place the facts before you, as much in detail as my time will allow, that you may have reliable data to do Mr. Cullom justice. If any fact I state is called in question, I will be responsible for the statement. I feel assured that you will take pleasure in correcting this injurious impression, if you concur with me that it is not just.

With high regard, your friend, &c., &c.

To Mr. Ridgeway, Ed. Whig, Richmond, Va.

Proclamation of Gov. Wise.—*Visiters to Charlestown.*—Governor Wise, of Virginia, has issued a proclamation, in which, after stating that he has ordered a military force to Charlestown, in view of the execution of Capt. Brown, and may probably call for further military aid, adds:

"Now, therefore, all persons are notified that the trains of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad Company are placed under orders of Acting Quartermaster and Commissary General Davis, for impressment on the first, second, and third of December next. He will, under orders of Major General Taliaferro, guard those trains for the use and occupation of Virginia troops alone, and permit no other transportation but for them. And the citizens of this Commonwealth are warned to remain at home and on guard or patrol duty on the second of December, and to abstain from going to Charlestown. Orders are issued to prevent women and children, and strangers are hereby cautioned that there will be danger to them in approaching that place, or near it, on that day. If deemed necessary, martial law will be proclaimed and enforced."

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN VIRGINIA—THE REMEDY.

We have for several weeks published various evidences of the tremendous excitement which prevails in Virginia, consequent upon the Harper's Ferry invasion; but the following letter from a Virginia correspondent of the New York *Times* exhibits a state of gloom and terror which we could not have believed possible, prior to the Harper's Ferry affair. It furnishes a sad illustration of a passage we quoted last week from the speech in the Virginia Legislature made by Mr. Moore, of Rockbridge, in 1832. He said, "If we look back through the long course of time which has elapsed since the creation to the present moment, we shall scarcely be able to point out a people whose situation was not in many respects preferable to our own and that of the other States in which Negro Slavery exists. True, sir, we shall see nations which have groaned under the yoke of despotism for hundreds and thousands of years; but the individuals composing those nations have enjoyed a degree of happiness, peace, and freedom from apprehension, which the holders of slaves in this country can never know."

This may be thought to be the language of exaggeration, and it may be so; but after perusing the following calm statement from a writer who evidently sympathzies with the master, and not with the slave, the intelligent reader will find it difficult to point out in history an example of parallel misfortune. Civil wars are exceptional cases, and are not legitimate subjects of comparison. But here is a community, composed of brave and intelligent people, in a state of chronic alarm and terror. Peace reigns in all her borders, or at least no foreign or domestic enemy makes war upon her; and yet Virginia, the oldest and proudest State in the Confederacy, is thrown into spasms of anger, rage, and terror, by idle rumors of invasion by voluntary organizations in the sister States—organizations which receive no countenance from the Governments of the States in which they are said to exist. On the contrary, all such enterprises would be promptly suppressed by the State and Federal Governments.

Fearful insecurity is the normal condition of slaveholding society; and a breath, a whisper, is sufficient to create an all-pervading panic.

We subjoin the long extract from the *Times* correspondent, with the remark that it describes a state of things too serious and alarming to call forth jeers and ridicule. The instances of individual folly and absurdity, originating in groundless fear, are ludicrous enough; but the state of things described in this letter can only awaken a feeling of sadness in every humane and thoughtful mind. The *Times* correspondent writes as follows:

"———, Va., *Nov.* 19, 1859.

"The present aspect of things in Virginia is gloomy, and ominous of a still more gloomy future. There is a prevailing feeling of uncertainty growing out of the Harper's Ferry insurrection, and its sad effect upon the relations of the two sections, which affects the very tenure of property itself, and impairs the patriotic relations of the citizen to the State. Patriotism rises not one jot beyond the point of self-protection, and even in this its functions seem inadequate to the crisis, or at least inadequate to give the necessary assurance of protection. It is needless to deny the fact; our people are dismayed and distracted to a degree which no change in the present state of affairs can materially affect or remedy.

"The colossal character of the evil which was the immediate cause of this feeling of insecurity, and the consequent despair of ever remedying it, is producing its effect upon the minds of large property-holders in several parts of the State. They see nothing in the future but interminable strife, the end of which must be a material diminution in the value of all descriptions of property. The Government of the country is deemed incapable of an efficient discharge of its fundamental obligations, and the spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotism, which were heretofore looked to as a counterbalance for this deficiency, seem to have vanished as the emergency which needed their exercise arose. A feeling of insecurity in respect of life and property has narrowed down the sphere of patriotic labor to a concern about one's own peculiar or individual interests. This is but the natural result of a want of confidence in the Government and laws to give due protection to life and property. As a consequence of this conviction, I understand that several leading and wealthy families of the State contemplate selling out and moving to England, or some part of the continent of Europe, there to enjoy that security which their own Government is unable to extend at home. Moreover, as I understand, they see in the present distracted state of the country the basis of a future conflict which would involve a serious depreciation in the value of a large amount of property that is now valuable; and they accordingly propose availing themselves of the present prosperous state of the times to dispose of their effects and quit.

"The state of things, as it is estimated here, is truly anomalous. There is no actual war between the North and South, yet the panic is no less intense. The feeling is just such as pervades a people daily apprehensive of war, with this exception, that in the former instance the apprehension and panic are destined to be enduring, because the cause is permanent and irremediable, while in the latter negotiation may be available in removing the *casus belli*. Far better for the interests, security, and peace of the country, that a six months' actual war should rage between the two sections, and then terminate in a settlement of all impending difficulties, than that this corroding panic, this demoralizing, spiteful, and hostile spirit, should continue to exist between the North and South. Its influence is degrading. It is making the population of the country spies one upon the other. The faculties are exercised, not in the line of noble rivalry in commerce, science, the arts, or mechanism, but in forming devices to countervail some supposed plan of the enemy, or retaliate with the most ingenious effect for an injury done. Talk about freedom of speech! There is none. There is more caution manifested, and more need of it, wherever we go, North or South, in the expression of one's views, than is necessary within the ruling of the French Emperor at this moment. It is no uncommon thing to see men of standing and influence look cautiously around them before venturing an expression of opinion on any subject savoring remotely of sectionalism. There is an all-pervading spirit of distrust and suspicion. Every man is acting a detective upon his neighbor, and the principle, 'regard every man a rogue until you find out the contrary,' seems to be the universal rule in social intercourse. No wonder, then, that, in such a state of things, people who desire peace and repose should seek it beyond the sphere of this espionage system. And it will be so. In less than twelve months from this time, you will hear of many leading families in Virginia emigrating to some region beyond the limits of the United States, where they can enjoy exemption from these disagreeable annoyances. And when such a result follows so speedily upon the heel of the Harper's Ferry outbreak, which is the immediate cause of this disturbance, what must be the consequence in the future? This condition of wild excitement, though now deemed temporary and evanescent, will by and by become the normal state of society here. The public mind has, in the exciting incidents of the past few weeks, food enough to nurture and keep alive for years a feeling of mutual hostility between the two sections, which will be incompatible with a life of peace or repose. And from this main source of evil, collateral evils will spring up, which must embitter and aggravate the spirit of hostility which the Harper's Ferry insurrection has called into existence. In short, there is no hope of any peace in the future, not even enough to render life in the Union tolerable amid the highest degree of material prosperity which the imagination could realize. The people are unwilling to offset domestic repose by considerations of wealth. They prefer a small competence with a guaranty of peace, than a fortune amid the excitements and uncertainties which now constitute the most prominent features of our whole political system. * * *

"We are but one degree removed from a state of anarchy; and the probability is, that the little margin which is still left between the conditions of order and lawlessness will soon be obliterated. Such are the views of men of high intelligence, having the best opportunities, from enlarged experience, of forming correct opinions as to the present condition and future prospects of this State and elsewhere."

We sincerely hope that the desertion of the State, anticipated by the correspondent of the *Times*, will not take place. We think there is a better way, prompted alike by patriotism and humanity. Now is the time to commence a plan of amelioration in the system of Slavery, looking to ultimate emancipation.

We briefly sketched, two weeks ago, the nature of the reforms which we regard as at once necessary to the peace and safety of Southern society, and demanded by justice—even the poorest measure of justice—to the slave.

We will briefly recapitulate them. Our Anti-Slavery friends must bear with us while we undertake to suggest to the South, not what absolute justice demands, but that which we regard as practicable and attainable at the present moment. We may say, however, that nothing can be clearer than that the reforms suggested must lead to emancipation.

Slavery, as it at present exists in the Southern States, is not simply a system of compulsory labor, without wages. It is more. It makes of the slave a chattel personal, or, in some States, he is absurdly classed as real estate. The family relation is not recognised by the slave codes. There is no marriage or parental relation between slaves known to the laws. The union of the sexes is merely voluntary; and although some ceremony, or the usual marriage ceremony, may be observed, it carries with it no legal sanction. The slaves may and do dissolve the contract at pleasure, and form new alliances, upon the most approved plan of the Free Lovers. The slaveholders are in no respect bound by the marriage contracts into which their slaves enter. They may at discretion disregard them, and often exercise that discretion. The master, if he owns both parties, may separate them by selling the husband or wife to a negro-trader, for transportation to a distant State. Or he may simply forbid their union, or separate them, to gratify his caprice. It is often the case that the husband is owned by one man, and the wife by another. In such cases, separation, by the emigration to the Southwest of one of the slave-owners, or by the vicissitudes of fortune, occurs oftener than otherwise. The children may be and are bought and sold, without regard to the tender ties of blood. Scarcely a slave family in the South but has suffered legal bereavement in this way. We know that the better class of slaveholders avoid such cruelties to their slaves, except when pecuniary misfortune overtakes them; and when that is the case, they are as powerless as the slaves to avert the misfortune.

Slaves are forbidden, by the laws of the Southern States, to learn to read. Notwithstanding that all those States are Protestant, by overwhelming odds, they act upon the maxims of Popish despotism, and withhold the Bible from a large portion of the population. They are guilty of the crime which they lay at the door of the Church of Rome, in withholding the Word of God from four millions of their fellow-beings.

Here, then, are two peculiarly odious and revolting features of Slavery, which call aloud for immediate removal. Give to the slave at least the Christian rite of marriage, with all its guaranties; give him a home and a Bible, if nothing else.

To these reforms should be added the privilege of accumulating and holding property, with the privilege of self-emancipation by purchase. It is ascertained, by experiment all over the South, that more labor is obtained from slaves when they are stimulated by a system of rewards and compensations, than by mere brute force. We understand that it is the practice of many slaveholders to lay out daily tasks of reasonable extent to their slaves, and compensate them fairly for all that they do above the prescribed amount. The effect invariably is, that nearly double the ordinary amount of work is obtained, with peace, good-will, and cheerfulness, instead of the sullen hate, and often bloody revenge, which are caused by a cruel discipline of force.

Let the South set in earnest about these reforms, and the danger of insurrection will be lessened in a tenfold degree. The slaveholding class, no less than the slaves, will be improved by a sincere effort to ameliorate the institution. They will cease to hate and despise the dependent class, when they undertake to elevate it in the scale of civilization; and it cannot be doubted that the slaves will cease to think of attaining freedom by a bloody revolution, when the master gives up the idea of perpetuating his bondage.

We wish it to be understood that the reforms here suggested originated with Southern minds. They have frequently been the subject of discussion in the Southern States, and have elicited the approbation of leading men in that section of the Union. Perhaps the first proposition of the kind came from Georgia. We remember that the Southern Agricultural Society, an association composed of the slaveholding class, which met in that State seven or eight years ago, advised the reforms which we have named above. Senator Toombs of that State, in his Boston lecture, which was delivered about three years ago, admitted that Slavery needed reformation to the extent of guarantying the family relations and permitting the slaves to read the Bible. Several Southern newspapers have taken similar ground; and we have taken great pleasure in chronicling the fact, that the Episcopal Church of South Carolina, at its last Annual Convention, remonstrated against the cruelty and injustice of separating families.

Why cannot the leading men of the South, of all parties and creeds, unite in the noble work of reform? They have devised various schemes for "stopping the agitation of the Slavery question," all of which have served to aggravate the evil complained of. Their measures of suppression and "crushing out" have all met with a tenfold resistance, because their object has plainly been to extend and perpetuate the system. Now, let them make another experiment, which their hearts and consciences will approve. Let them soften the lot of the slave; let them endeavor to elevate him to the condition of a denizen, who has sacred rights, and they will do more to put down angry agitation than the extension of Slavery to the North Pole could accomplish. They will find that the men who have been foremost in "agitating" against Slavery will be foremost in giving them words of encouragement, and foremost in urging upon the Federal Government the duty of assisting, not compelling, the South to rid itself of Slavery.

The Pardon of Cook.—There has been a considerable effort to secure the pardon of John E. Cook, on account of his Democratic connections, but the Richmond *Enquirer* disposes of the matter in the following peremptory style:

"Strange as it may appear, there is on foot a greater effort, if possible, for the pardon of John E. Cook, than was made for Old Brown. We are informed by the *North Iowa Times* that efforts are being made upon the press of the Northwestern States to effect this object. We do not feel the extreme disgust for this attempt that is expressed by the *North Iowa Times*, because we know how little the character of Gov. Wise is understood by those who think that mercy from him can be *bought* by political favor or extorted by personal threat.

"Those who understand the character of Henry A. Wise know that if he believed Cook deserved pardon it would be extended to him, though opposed by every paper in the broad limits of our country; but the pardon of Cook is out of the question—*he is the most guilty of all the Charlestown prisoners.* So far from his being the dupe of Old Brown, Ossawatomie is the victim of John E. Cook.

"Cook misled Brown, deceived him, and imposed upon all of the prisoners; he gave descriptions of the persons of those who fled."

THE REVIEW.

The Physiology of Common Life, by George Henry Lewes Volume I. New York. D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Penn avenue, Washington.

"The common life of man is full of wonders, chemical and physiological," says the author of the "Chemistry of Common Life." Yet these wonders are too often neglected by the very persons who need to contemplate and study them. Authors, and students, and closet-men, who live in total ignorance of the laws of their physical nature, or in direct violation of them, seem to be of the impression that, although it is the duty of the body to sustain every exaction laid upon it, and unflaggingly to feed the fire of mental activity, it is no concern of theirs to husband and care for the physical powers allotted them. Yet a mind attached to a sluggish and inert body is like a potato plant in a dark cellar. It needs to be nourished by the fresh air and sunshine of God's universe, before it can develop the germ within.

Said a retiring young friend to us: "I have not digested my meals to-day. I have a feeling of goneness where my stomach should be, rather as if a brass kettle were suspended right below my diaphragm." "My friend," we replied, "we will not indulge the suspicion that this indigestion proceeds from nervous causes, from any excessive mental exertion on your part, but rather suppose it arises from want of exercise, and consequently a torpid liver. If you will have the goodness to walk three, four, or five miles, 'o'er the hills and far away,' every morning, and, in addition, go through Miss Beecher's complete course of Calisthenics, we will guaranty not only a speedy removal of the 'brass kettle,' but also, a proper appetite and longing after the good things of this life."

In the above volumes, Mr. Lewes has intended, without trenching upon the ground occupied by the author of the "Chemistry of Common Life," to treat of this "common life" from a physiological stand-point, and thus to complete a work designed for popular and every-day use. It would be as reasonable for one to form an opinion of Southey's "Doctor," &c., from a glance at its outside, as to judge this book from its title. The object of the author has been to exhibit the present condition of physiological knowledge, and of matured scientific opinion upon the subjects of which he treats, yet his style is easy, familiar, and very lucid, and, while giving all the results of the labors and investigations of students in the field of Physiology, he nevertheless makes but a sparing use of those professional and scientific phrases, which, though displaying the learning of the writer, generally serve to befog and bewilder the mind of the reader. The first three chapters on "Hunger and Thirst," "Digestion and Indigestion," and "Food and Drink," seem to us to be very full of interest, perhaps from the fact that there has been more research in this branch of Physiology than in any other, though the remaining chapters, on the "Circulation of Blood," "Respiration," &c., are worthy of an attentive perusal.

The utility of such works as this cannot be over-rated. They are a fund of information and knowledge to the people, and give a popular rendering of important truths, otherwise hidden away in ponderous tomes, whose very size disinclines the reader to further acquaintance.

The Money-King and Other Poems. By John G. Saxe. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

It is better to be right than to be President, and a great deal better to be a poet, even a "funny" one, than a Democratic Governor; and we are glad to see the merry Green Mountain boy snapping his fingers at fate and Republican majorities, and finding consolation in popular laughter for the lack of the popular vote.

We have always considered it an abuse of the good things of this life to find undue fault with people who make us laugh. Consequently, we shall dispose of this book as school-boys do of a surreptitious punch in the side, when the master's eye is turned away—"pass it on."

Sword and Gown. By the author of "Guy Livingstone." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

A story in which the sword is represented by a character compounded of bull-dog and satire, subsiding, near the end, into something more nearly allied to manhood; and the gown, by a sleek, oily, vindictive, cowardly, self-conceited, bullet-headed idiot. We should object to taking either as the representative of his class. There is brilliant writing in the book—graphic word-painting, satire, sense, and thought—but it is saturated, if we may so speak, with materialism. Even the heroine is a splendid animal, rather than a noble woman. The tender and manly seriousness of some passages will cover a multitude of sins.

A Natural Philosophy: Embracing the Most Recent Discoveries in the Various Branches of Physics, and Exhibiting the Application of Scientific Principles in Every Day Life. Adapted to Use With or Without Apparatus, and Accompanied with Full Descriptions of Experiments, Practical Exercises, and Numerous Illustrations. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M., Principal of the "Collegiate School," N. Y., author of "First Lessons in Composition," "Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric," "Illustrated School History of the United States," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway. 1859.

The title of this book explains, with sufficient clearness, its design and scope, and the name of the author is a guaranty that the promises of the title-page will be entirely fulfilled. A somewhat careful examination has convinced us, that in point of style and arrangement it is superior to most of the text-books now in use.

Manual of Public Libraries, Institutions, and Societies, in the United States and British Provinces of North America. By William J. Rhees, Chief Clerk of the Smithsonian Institution. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1859.

This is a valuable compilation of the statistics of the various libraries and institutions of the United States, and, on examination, discloses many curious facts in relation to the number and classes of books read by the public. According to Mr. Rhees, the readers of fiction are most numerous in general libraries, yet a respectable and constantly-increasing class of readers make use of books of a higher range. In a recent report of the Astor Library, the writer says: "On observing the classes and kinds of books which have been called for, I have been particularly struck with the evidence thus afforded of the wide range which the American mind is now taking in thought and research; scholastic theology, transcendental metaphysics, abstruse mathematics, and oriental philology, have found many more readers than Addison and Johnson; while, on the other hand, I am happy to be able to say that works of practical science, and of knowledge for every-day use, have been in great demand." It is pleasant thus to note the gradual increase of students in literary and scientific pursuits. When Americans acquire either riches enough or sufficient resolution to discard the sordid maxims of "Poor Richard," we may then hope to compete successfully with the learned and scientific men of the Old World.

The author of this volume has accomplished a laborious and fatiguing work in a most creditable manner. When one considers for a moment the task of an examination of the numerous catalogues published by the different institutions throughout the States, it would seem almost impossible to furnish correct statements as to the condition of each, the number, classification, and value of the books, and the amount and different kinds read. Mr. Rhees has done all this in such a way as to present at a glance all the statistics and valuable information relating to the subject, with comments of his own wherever there is need of explanation or elucidation. This book will be invaluable to librarians, and, as a convenient manual of reference, quite indispensable.

A CHARGE OF SEDITION.

We subjoin from the local columns of the *States and Union* an account of an examination, before two justices of peace, of a solicitor of patents, and late an Examiner, a respectable citizen, on the charge of using incendiary language. The allegation was, that Dr. Breed, in a conversation with Dr. Van Camp, a dentist, and Mr. Stabler, a claim agent, in the office of the latter, defended the conduct of Brown in his invasion of Virginia, and asserted that the negroes have a right to secure their freedom by cutting the throats of their masters, with a good deal more in the same vein.

Van Camp swore to these statements, and was to some extent sustained in them by Stabler; while the prisoner, though not allowed to testify in his own case, denies positively that he used the language attributed to him. He is a Quaker, and professes to act upon the Quaker principles of peace and love to all men, although it seems he showed a readiness to defend himself if assailed. It seems, by the admission of his enemies, that Dr. Breed is a man of as much respectability as the men who have informed against him; and we have little doubt that the nature of the affair was greatly exaggerated in the excitement and animosity which prompted the witnesses to give information of a private conversation which occurred at the house of one of them.

Dr. Van Camp was contradictory and incoherent, and Stabler says that he was not interested, and paid no particular attention, except in the "hot parts." We may therefore very fairly offset their statements with the denial of the prisoner.

What, then, must the country think of the administration of law at the seat of Government, when it is known that a respectable citizen has been held to bail for seditious language in the exorbitant sum of $2,000? If Dr. Breed had threatened to murder one of the witnesses, we believe that the recognizance could not have exceeded the fourth of that sum. This affords another illustration of the "justice" which is dispensed by Federal officials in Washington.

Since writing the above, we have learned some facts in regard to Dr. Breed, of which we were not before aware. We learn that he held office as an Examiner of Patents for several years, until he voluntarily resigned, since the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan. He is a chemist, and his talents and attainments were found highly useful in the office he held. He is a French and German scholar, and has translated several German works on Chemistry into English. He now acts as a solicitor, or agent for patents, and is reported to be doing a fine business. *His circular, which is before us, has a formidable list of "Democratic" references, and it is expressly stated that they are "by permission."* We quote as follows from the circular:

"In regard to integrity, responsibility, promptness, and efficiency, Dr. Breed would refer to the officers employed in the United States Patent Office during seven years past, and also, by permission, to the following gentlemen: Prof. E. N. Horsford, Harvard University, Mass.; Hon. Charles Mason, Iowa, late Commissioner of Patents; Hon. Edmund Burke, New Hampshire, formerly Commissioner of Patents; Hon. Richard Mott, Ohio, Member of Congress; Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, Indiana, Commissioner U. S. General Land Office; Mr. George Gifford, New York city, Counsellor at Law; Messrs. Sweeny, Rittenhouse, Fant, & Co., Washington, D. C., Bankers; Messrs. Suter, Lea, & Co., Washington, D. C., Bankers."

The following is the first notice which the public received of the seditious conversation. It is from the *States* of Wednesday week:

"*Have we a John Brown Among us?*—In a conversation, a few evenings since, in the presence of two persons, one Dr. Breed, of No. 401 F street, (ostensibly engaged as a solicitor of patents,) made the assertion that Brown and Cook and their party done what they considered right at Harper's Ferry, and he also considered that they had done perfectly right; and further, that he believed that it was the duty of every good Christian to teach the slave that in order to get their freedom, if necessary, they should murder their masters, cut the throats of their mistresses, fire their houses, and run away to the North by the light of them. He remarked further, that the slaveholders did not know in what danger they stood—that there were many more persons that held the same opinions in this District. Much other conversation of the same nature was used by Dr. Breed at the same time.

"The police will probably be serving him as they have served others."

This statement must have been furnished to the *States* by either Van Camp or Stabler. The following is the account of the examination which occurred before Justices Donn and Giberson, on Friday evening, and was reported in the *States* of the next day. Though long, we give it, as an illustration of Federal justice:

"*The Charge of Sedition.*—An examination on this charge was had yesterday, at three P. M., before Justices Donn and Giberson, of the case of Dr. Breed, formerly an Examiner in the Patent Office, and for several years past a solicitor of patents, and resident of the District.

"According to the evidence, the parties present at the time of the alleged offence were Dr. Breed, Dr. Van Camp, and George Stabler; that the meeting was purely accidental; Drs. Breed and Van Camp, although for a long period near neighbors, becoming personally acquainted for the first time; and that the language complained of was used in Mr. Stabler's room, to which Dr. Breed had gone with the object of hiring a horse and carriage for the use of himself and wife on the following day.

"Mr. Stabler was at the time occupied in writing, and after making the other gentlemen acquainted, did not pay special attention to the conversation, which lasted upward of twenty minutes, but at last became attracted by the acrimony and excitement mutually manifested.

"The discussion, as was elicited, had in the first place been general, and on subjects of spiritualism, psychology, and others rather bordering on the abstract, until it branched on the more practical theme of the Harper's Ferry foray, on which both parties, taking decided and opposite grounds, warmed up until a physical 'irrepressible conflict' was imminent.

"The general provocation toward this was through the alleged assertion by Dr. Van Camp, who quoted from a speech attributed to Seward, 'that he would shoot any man who dared to use such language in his presence,' or words to that effect.

"This was immediately responded to by Dr. Breed, saying, 'he dared do so,' and repeating the objectionable language, it is alleged he declared it to express his sentiments.

"Angry and bitter words appear to have succeeded this, until Mr. Van Camp told Dr. Breed that in the event of any trouble here of the Harper's Ferry nature, he should look after him (Dr. B.) the first thing.

"The interference of Mr. Stabler and the natural good sense of the others returning, a propo-