Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, | "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* | EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

VOL. VI.---NO. 22. | CLARKSBURG, FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1857. | WHOLE NO. 282.

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg, Va., every Friday morning, at $2,00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscribing; after which $2,50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be received for a less period than six months.

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THE KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.

The singular tragic attendant circumstances, and the terrible climax of the act of vengeance known as "*the Kentucky Tragedy,*" excited throughout the country, at the period of its commission, a degree of earnest attention which even the excitement that marked the discovery of the murder of Dr. Parkman, by Professor Webster, fails to parallel. The impelling motive of the deed, tinctured as it was with chivalric heroism, which seldom, if ever, fails in awakening the admiration of our noblest sympathies—the distinguished prominence of the principal parties, attaches to the tragedy, which constitutes our caption, a mournful interest which will long be remembered; thus fully realizing the enthusiastic boast of him whose generous young heart prompted him to champion the wrongs of one he loved—that he would make her story "a memorial of virtue to be remembered when they were both in the dust."

Orville Beauchampe was the second son of a sturdy Kentucky farmer, who had happily died some years before the occurrence which has lent to his name much unenviable celebrity—leaving his widow and three children, two of them girls, in comfortable circumstances. Orville, when about eighteen years of age, was placed as a student in the law office of Col. Solomon P. Sharpe, an eminent lawyer and politician, between whom an intimacy—cemented apparently by the warmest impulses of mutual regard—sprung up and ripened into friendship, but alas! for the blind selfishness of human passion, their intimacy was broken and their existences terminated by a deed which startled the entire country.

At twenty-one, young Beauchampe was admitted to the brotherhood of the Bar, and at once assumed a position among the most promising young lawyers of the State. A short time subsequent to his release from legal tutelage, young Beauchampe became acquainted with a Miss Anna Cooke, who, with her widowed mother, resided near the home of the former. The studied seclusion from society and unbroken retiracy in which Miss Cooke lived, furnished agreeable stimulus to a country town, and she became the theme of general conversation. The ardent and impulsive nature of young Beauchampe prompted him to break through the restraints of so unneighborly an isolation, and to form the acquaintance of a recluse reported to be as beautiful as she was reserved, and he succeeded. A colder heart than that of Beauchampe might have striven to resist the fascination of Miss Cooke's manner and appearance—uniting in her person all the elements of physical beauty and grace; her face is described as having been lovely to a degree which could suggest additional charms to the most exquisite ideals of painter or poet. Her mellow tones and smiles, fraught with the most powerful magnetism of love, soon won not alone the love, but the worship, the *idolatry*, of Beauchampe. Existence without Anna Cooke would have been to his soul life without light—being without a directing thought or emotion to warm it into more than passive consciousness of existence. He revealed his love to her—poured out the homage of his heart with unreserved and gushing fullness characteristic of the South—sweet land of impulse and of ferved feeling—ascertained that it was responded to with all the ardor of his own affection; and he asked that his bliss might receive the culminating blessing of marriage.

She had too high an appreciation of the noble and lofty homage she had gained, to practice upon it cruel deceit; and Beauchampe leads with partialising horror and surprise that the hand he claimed had been foully dishonored—that the love he asked, to offer in pure adoration upon the shrine of his heart, had been deceived, betrayed and trampled upon.

But all conquering love triumphed over the colder conventionalities of society, and over the promptings of manhood's pride—he renewed his offer of marriage and was accepted—wedded upon the terrible, though sacredly sworn condition, that, should he ever meet the early betrayer of her form whose hand he had received the weapon of vengeance, that he would sacrifice his life—would immolate him upon the altar of her wrongs. A brief period of happiness was permitted him; an exciting political contest was then in progress, and Col. Sharpe, his friend and tutor, a candidate for the Assembly of Kentucky, required the assistance of his youthful and eloquent pupil; to obtain that he, for the first time since his marriage, visited Beauchampe, and then and there, after a separation of five years, met, as the wife of his friend, Orville Beauchampe, her whom five years previously, it is alleged, he had, under an assumed name, seduced; the recognition was mutual, and Anna Cooke, Mrs. Beauchampe, in whose heart the morbid desire for vengeance had cooled before the more ardent fires of love and connubial happiness, revealing to her unrepentant wronger the terrible oath of vengeance by which she had bound her husband to slay him, expressing her earnest wishes for peace, commanded, implored the absence of Sharpe—but in vain, and it is said, by the friends of Beauchampe, the privileges and the sacred rites of hospitality and of unsuspecting friendship were prostituted and violated to subserve the meaner promptings of passion.

Mrs. Beauchampe revealed to her husband the identity of Col. Sharpe, his friend, with Alfred Stevens, her seducer, and exacted from him the fulfilment of that obligation which he had so solemnly assumed. Beauchampe arming himself, met Sharpe by appointment, on a bank of the Kentucky river, and demanded with proffered weapon, the sole reparation which the nature of the wrong permitted. Sharpe, though professedly willing to arbitrate upon the field of honor any difficulties, though his courage had been severely tested in several duels, on this occasion seems to have lost all sense of manhood in the more powerful suggestions of personal safety, or perhaps in the enfeebling reproaches of conscience, and actually grovelled at the feet of Beauchampe, as he implored immunity from harm—the high spirited youth, disgusted with a foeman to little worthy of his steel, spurned him with his foot and left him.

Shortly afterwards he learned from undoubted authority that Sharpe had uttered imputations upon the previous character of his wife, which in a Southern community marks the lowest depths of female shame and degradation; wrought to madness by the provocation, with all the enthusiasm of his nature excited for the accomplishment of vengeance, he sped to Frankfort, where the legislature was then in session, and where Sharpe, then Attorney General of Kentucky, the associate, if not the intimate friend of Henry Clay, J. J. Crittenden, and of Kentucky's most gifted sons—basked in the meridian light of political and personal distinction.

Passing over each ruse which Beauchampe employed to meet Sharpe, suffice it to say that the latter, while seated in his study one night, heard about 9 o'clock, a knock at his outer door. The name given in reply to his query was that of an acquaintance, and he opened the door, when the glare of his hall light fell upon the face and determined features of Beauchampe. The hour for him had come, and with a single blow the wrongs of Anna Cooke were avenged.—Col. Solomon P. Sharpe lay dead upon the threshold of his own door. Suspicion at once pointed to Beauchampe; he was arrested, tried convicted and condemned, and on the morning of June 5th, 1826, he was doomed to perish on the gallows.—At the appointed hour, the Sheriff and his assistants repaired to the cell of Beauchampe, but shrank with horror; as upon the floor, clasped in each other's embrace, weltering in their commingled blood, lay the forms of the dead Anna Beauchampe, a willing prisoner with her husband, and the expiring Beauchampe.

A rude knife had furnished them the means of death. She had effectually availed herself of them. He was rapidly journeying to the portal of death. They however staunched his wounds, dressed them, and with vindictive eagerness, impelled by party spirit, placed him in the felon's cart, and ignominiously paraded the expiring youth through the streets of Frankfort. But the sympathy of the ladies of that city, and of many of her less prejudiced sons, covered into a melancholy ovation what was designed for insult. From the windows of nearly every house upon his route, ladies clad in mourning waved him, amid audible sighs and earnest sobs their last adieus. The dying youth was revived into momentary consciousness by the touching testimonial.—He summoned the remaining energies of his noble heart, and feebly, though gracefully, lifting his hands, murmured: "Daughters of Kentucky! you at least will bless the name of Beauchampe," and sank. Earth and its woes were no more to him. He had passed behind the curtain.

SMILES.—Nothing on earth can smile but a man! Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared to eye flash and mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile. This is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile, nor can any other living thing. It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness and joy—these three. It is a light which the heart signifies to father, husband and friend, that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, more bewitching than either. But all smiles are not alike. The cheerfulness of love, the smile of gratified pride is not the radiance of goodness and truth. The rains of summer fall alike upon all trees and shrubs. But the storm passes and every leaf hangs a-drip, each gentle puff of wind brings down with it something of the nature of the leaf or blossom on which it hung; the road side leaf yields dust; the walnut leaf bitterness; some flowers poison; while the grape blossom, the rose and the sweet brier lend their aroma to the twinkling gems, and send them down in perfumed drops. And so it is with smiles which every heart perfumes according to its nature—selfishness is acrid; pride, bitter; good will sweet and fragrant.

☞ "You can do anything if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to a nephew who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you can only wait."—"How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's obituary. "Till it freezes!" was the uncle's cool reply.

YANKEE COURTSHIP.

BY ALICE DE VERE.

Cottage by the hillside—
Time, nigh unto dark,
Dorothy beside the fire,
Waiting for her spark.
Old man by the chimney
Reading Boston paper;
Old lady near the table
Makins Sal a cape, or
Some other peculiar kind of garment.

Very cold without, and
Wind a shrieking—howling;
Owls up in the orchard,
Out, perhaps a fowling.
Rap, tap at the kitchen door—
Dorothy looks pleasant,
"Jonathan," she whispers sly.
"Rot me if it isn't
Or else some fellow that I don't want to see."

Door is open—"Jonathan!
Why, how, how du ye du?"
"Well, Dorothy, I'm purty well,
A seein' how it's you."
Old man stops his reading,
Old lady quits the sewing;
Both remark to Jonathan,
"Well neow how it's blowing,
There's goin' to be some tall weather yet, I sweow."

Salutations over;
Jonathan is mum;
Wishes over sundry times
That he was to *hum*.
Old folks getting sleepy
'Gin to nod the head;
Dorothy suggests, that they
Had better go to bed—
And a prodigious grin lighteh up Jonathan's pysiognomy.

Old folks snoring soundly,
Young folks close together;
Jonathan and Dorothy
Talking 'bout the weather.
Jonathan is thinking
How to pop the question;
But his heart is thumping so
Can hardly keep his vest on,
And his tongue cleaveth to the roof of his mouth.

Dorothy looks slyly—
Knows there's something coming;
Looks around at Jonathan—
He feels much like running.
"Dearest Dorothy," he says,
And his heart beats faster—
"'Spose that you and I would go
Down to parson Castor,
And get linked in the everlasting bonds of matrimony."

* * * * * * *

Years have passed away, and
Down within the valley,
Far away from city,
Street or dirty alley,
Stands a little cottage,
White as snow in March;
Jonathan and Dorothy
Sitting on the porch,
And half a dozen white headed youngsters around them.

[*Pittsburg Union.*

JOHN TAYLOR;
The Timon of the Backwoods Bar and Pulpit.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the court house of Lewisburg, Conway county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1838.

The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and beautiful girl, on an indictment for murder. The Judge waited at the moment for the Sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centered on the door, when suddenly a stranger entered, whose appearance rivetted universal attention.

Here is his portrait—a figure tall, lean, sinewy, and straight as an arrow; a face sallow, billious, and twitching incessantly with nervous irritability; a brow broad, soaring, massive, seamed with wrinkles, but not from age, for he was scarcely forty; eyes reddish yellow, like the wrathful eagle as bright and piercing; and finally, a mouth with lips of cast iron, thin, curled, cold and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbreathed curse. He was habited in a new suit of buck skin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rainbow.

Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparently unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon, needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger excited especially, the risibility of the lawyers, and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew lounder, and soon swept around the circle.

They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the inside of a hall of justice. Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it, he turned his head gradually, so as to give each laugher a look, his lip curled with a killing smile of infinite scorn: his tongue protruding through his teeth, literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculated its sap like poison in a single word:

"Savages!"

No pen can describe the defiant force which he threw into the term; no pencil can paint the *furore* of its utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper.—But he accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips; laying horrible emphasis on S at the beginning and end of the word.

"Savages!"

It was the growl of a red tiger in the hiss of a rattlesnake.

"Savages!"

The general glare, however, was immediately diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who then came in surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive a saint mad; for her's was a style to bewilder the tamest imagination, and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enameled in fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of an enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flush of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as an iris; in the contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut by the chisel of an artist; in her hair of rich auburn ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer, in the eyes blue as the heavens of a Southern summer, large, liquid, beamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming, like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the summer air; in the figure, slight, ethereal, sylph's or seraph's, and, more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like star light, and yet possessing the power of magnetism to thrill the beholder's heart. As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling, took her place before the bar of her Judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of "silence," could scarcely repress from swelling to a deafening cheer.

The Judge turned to the prisoner:

"Emma Miller, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick. Have you employed any other?"

She answered in a voice sweet as the warble of the nightingale, and as clear as the song of the sky-lark:

"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers, even my own, to be sick; but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause, and the rest wept.

On the instant, however, the stranger, whose appearance had previously excited such merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek, and then stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from eternity; while the singular being who had caused her unaccountable emotion, addressed the court in his sharp, ringing voice, sonorous as the sound of bell metal:

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending the lady."

"What," exclaimed the astonished Judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger, with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statutes entitles any person to the right to act as counsel at the request of the party."

"But does the prisoner request it," inquired the Judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was the answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart strings.

The case immediately progressed; and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we epitomize the substance of the evidence.

About twelve months before, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment of millinery.—Residing in a room connected with her shop, and all alone she prepared the articles of her trade with unwearied labor and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest, and retiring hence she might have hoped to avoid notoriety, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty which too often to the poor and friendless, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by all those fire-flies of fashion, the profession of whose life, everywhere, is seduction and ruin. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with mutterable scorn and loathing. Among these rejected admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had everything to fear. Hiram Shore belonged to a family, at once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave, and ferociously revengeful—the most famous duelist of the Southwest. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma and had shared the fate of all others—a disdainful repulse.

"At nine o'clock on Christmas night 1837 the people of Lewisburg were startled by a loud scream, as one in mortal terror, while following that, with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of firearms. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sound proceeded, pushed back the unfastened door and a scene of horror was presented. There stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, but her lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with bullets, lay the all dreaded duellist. He articulated but a single sentence: "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to Hell!" and instantly expired.

"In the name of God, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it," said the beautiful milliner, "I did it to save my honor!"

As may be readily imagined, the deed caused an intense sensation. Public opinion, however was divided. The poorer classes credited the girl's version of the facts, lauded her in terms of merciless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his family gave a different and darker coloring to the affair, and denounced the lovely homicide as an atrocious criminal. Unfortunately for her, the officers of the law, especially the judge and sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feelings in a revolting partiality. The Judge committed her without the privilege of bail, and the sheriff chained her in the felon's dungeon!

Such is a brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither their names or arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genius, they about equally partitioned their howling eloquence betwixt the prisoner and her leather-robed counsel, as if in doubt who of the twain was then on trial.

As for the stranger he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to the opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hands like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

At the proper time, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his place almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so mild, so clear, so mutterably ringing and distinct, as to fill the hall from door to galleries. At the outset he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of combined evidence looked transparent as a globe of glass through which the innocence of the client shone, brilliant as a sunbeam, and the jurors nodded to each other signs of thorough conviction; the thrilling whisper, and fixed concentration, and the language simple as a child's, had convinced all.

He then changed his position, so as to sweep the bar with his glance, and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries.—His sallow face glowed as a heated furnace; his eyes resembled heated coals, and his voice became the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was like Jove's Eagle charging a flock of crows; it was like Jove himself hurling red hot thunderbolts among the quaking ranks of a conspiracy of inferior gods! And yet in the highest temper of his fury, he seemed calm; he employed no gesture save one, the flash of a long, bony forefinger direct in the eyes of his foes. He painted their venality and unmanly meanness, coalescing for money to hunt down a poor, friendless woman, till a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude, and even some of the Jury cried—"Shame."

He changed his tone once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his eyes filled with tears as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with particular illustration in the case of his client, till one half the audience wept like children. But it was in the peroration that he reached his zenith of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse; his very hair seemed to stand on end; his nerves shook as with palsy; he tossed his hand wildly toward heaven, each finger stretched apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore—"Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to Hell!" His emphasis on the word hell embodied the acme of an ideal of horror; it was that wail of immeasurable despair. No language can depict the effect on us who heard it. Men groaned, females screamed, and one poor woman fainted and was borne away in convulsions.

The whole speech occupied but an hour.

The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," without leaving the box, and three cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the old court-house from dome to corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people.

After the adjournment, which occurred near sunset, the triumphant advocate arose and gave an appointment: "I will preach in this hall to-night at 8 o'clock." He then glided off through the crowd, speaking to no one, though many attempted draw him into conversation.

At eight o'clock the court-house was again thronged, and the stranger according to promise, delivered his sermon.—It evinced the same attributes as his previous eloquence at the bar, the same burning vehemence, and increased bitterness of denunciation. Indeed, misanthropy revealed itself as the prominent emotion. The discourse was a tirade against infidels, in which class the preacher seemed to include everybody but himself; it was a picture of hell, such as Lucifer might have drawn, with a world in flames for his pencil. But one paragraph pointed to heaven, and that only demonstrated the utter impossibility of an human being ever getting there.

A POSER.—"So you are going to keep house, are you?" said an elderly lady to a young woman who was recently married.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Going to have a girl," I suppose, was queried.

The newly made wife colored, and then quietly responded that she did not really know whether it would be a boy or girl."

POPULAR DELUSIONS.—That cream candy is made of cream.

That city milk comes from cows,

That the sausage you buy is made of pork.

That dry goods can be sold less than cost.

That wet goods are cheaper than dry goods.

That money can be made at a faro-bank.

HOOPS DENOUNCED IN THE BIBLE.—The following is an extract from Isaiah iii, 18:

"In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their combs, and their *round tire like the moon.*"

AN ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA.
His opinion of War Between England and the United States.

The following article appears in the London Shipping and Mercantile Gazette:

SIR:—I have now made the tour of the States of North America, and think it probable I can give your readers some useful information. I landed at New York city ten months ago, and have spent my time in studying the character and custom of those people, and must confess that if I remained ten years the result would be the same; and I know very little about them, but upon one point—national pride—men, women and children are all alike, and the idea of any nation of Europe or all of them put together ever conquering this country is perfectly absurd to them. Every body reads the papers, and a good-humored urchin of 12 years used to rate me soundly at Philadelphia for our failures at Sebastopol. The best version of American sympathy was given me a few days since. When the war commenced the Turks were the weaker power, and our sympathies were with her. After the alliance, it was three against one, and our sympathies went for Russia; but, should France join Russia to morrow against England, our government could not prevent its citizens from not only sympathizing with England, but assisting her with material aid. This I heard from a very intelligent man who, I do not think, suspected my nationality; and I firmly believe it. In the South I spent some time on the plantations, and I many times held long conversations with the slaves, and always with the same result. They are much better satisfied than I suspected, and when I spoke of the probability of a war, I was answered that, "white folks wouldn't let nigga fight." "But," said I, "the blacks from the West Indies will come here and help you gain your freedom." "What black roger cum here; let 'em cum, den, massa let's fight de nigga, I know, and Gar Almighty, we give 'em gosh!" If not expressed in the same language the same feeling was ever expressed.

I have visited all the national armories, and although the country is at peace, the greatest activity prevails, all the old arms are condemned, and by next spring nearly 1,500 000 Minie rifles will be ready for distribution, besides Colt's, Clark's and others. A Mr Alger, at Boston, is now engaged on a new kind of gun for the navy. The range with solid shot is nearly five miles; with shell, somewhat shorter, and the explosion renders conflagration certain to a great distance. These are called by those at work on them, the secret gun. But what the secret is I could not ascertain. Since the war rumors I have been observant of all and everything that could give me a clue to the feeling of the people. This is not difficult to come at, for the feeling is so general, and their confidence so great in their own strength that the most diffident speak only of the consequences and the result. In company with a party of merchants, most of whom were engaged in trade with England, I broached the war subject and was astonished to find them so indifferent about the consequences. One of them, largely interested in clipper ships, in answer to a remark of mine, that he would have to lay up his clippers—"Not a bit of it," said he, "they will make capital privateers; the government will furnish guns of long range; no British man of war can catch them, except a steamer, and they cannot in a good breeze; so we must take chances." "But where will you get your men?" "Where! We have 84 000 enrolled fishermen, that will will flood our ports, and I will tell you very candidly that in less than six months after war is declared there will be 500 of the fastest vessels in the world afloat as privateers, and an English merchantman will not be able to show herself at sea. What if we lose a few, we will make it up in the end. Two steamers were launched a few days ago, each about 4,000, built in eight months, and it is just as easy to build 50 in the same time or less." "But your ports are not defended. Remember you have no Sebastopol no Constadt." "Nor do we want them, but should any nation attempt an invasion, we will meet them with hand and hearts, equal to any, and superior to the most; and we can concentrate 500,000 men at any point on our coast within a few days. Let the alarm be made at this moment, and in a few hours 50,000 men will make their appearance armed and equipped." This sounds like bragging, but it is a fact. This city (New York) has near that number enrolled and equipped; every man keeps his rifle at home or in the armory of the company to which he belongs, and I find it the same throughout the country. I have frequently met with boys of 12 and 14, with guns and game-bags, starting at early dawn for the woods, for here they can shoot game wherever found. War is argued against as something to be avoided, but the idea of backing out to avoid it does not appear to enter the mind of any body. Some of the papers speak of the President's message disparagingly, but the people are with him, and I candidly believe, he would be elected if the election came off to-day. And I regret I cannot defend my country at this time as I would wish. The Bulwer-Clayton treaty is plain and explicit, and these people don't and won't understand double meanings in treaties. They say the man with the white hat does not refer to the individual with the white cap, and my Lord John Russell acknowledges the American interpretation. There are thousands of men here that the Americans would be glad to get clear of, but that does not justify England in breaking their laws by enlisting them; and my Lord Palmerson's instructions were something like telling a man to stab his neighbor, but not hurt him.

If the treaty (Clayton and Bulwer) is adhered to, we have the States pledged never to occupy it, (Central America,) for say what we will, they will stick to the treaty, and it will never be annexed; abrogate it, and in less than ten years, it will be one of the States of the Union. The Canadians are a very loyal set, and think they could take possession of the States at a moment's warning. They have caught the habit of bragging from their neighbors without having the wherewith to brag on. A trip up the lakes is the most convincing proof we can have of the two people. In the American are well finished cities and towns, saw-mills, and railroads running in every direction—in fact, you seldom lose sight of the locomotives—and there are innumerable steamers at every landing. On the Canadian, where there are settlements, you see the well-kept comfortable dwellings, the smooth-sheared lawn and everything wears an air of comfort; but little or no business, with the exception of the great railroad. But should there be war, the largest and best portions of Canada are lost to us. Quebec, Halifax and other points would bother them. But to sum up my own observations after every opportunity that one man could have afforded him, the result would be as follows:—Mexico, Cuba, and the whole of Central America would be annexed in the South, and I have little doubt of Canada, in the North; millions of treasure and thousands of valuable lives lost to England forever; our commerce crippled in every sea, and some fighting that will gladden the hearts of our tried soldiery.

Now, what can we gain? A foot of territory. We don't want it; and if we did, six feet for the majority of our brave fellows, I fear, would be the extent. Naval glory we don't want, and as for the sand beach of the Mosquito king, it is a decided humbug. What would be the result to this country? It would put her back in prosperity for a half a century; it would ruin thousands who are now in affluence, but would enrich thousands who are now poor. But the great advantage the Americans have is they can produce and manufacture everything they want; the different climate affords this. They would get accostomed to their own goods, and discard ours forever. But the greatest injury to all parties, and I may say, to the world, would be the making of this nation of 25 000 000 a war-like people, and, once instilled with the love of war, the propagandists of Europe, would have a fearful ally. The last year's crop of wheat is officially stated at 170,000,000 bushels, and everything else in proportion, so that we cannot starve them out; and from my own observation I would rather see England contending with the whole of Europe than against this country. I am no croaker, nor have I any doubt of the power and wealth of my beloved country, and, if need be, could again handle a musket for honor and glory; but the day that war is declared between these two mighty rivals a contest will be commenced that will bring more horrors in its train than the world ever witnessed.

There is another item which I am like to forget. Many of my countrymen place great dependence on the abolitionists, or friends of freedom in this country; but I assure you their greatest protection here is their insignificance. They flourish as long as thought harmless, but the slightest suspicion of a collusion with a foreign foe, and they would be annihilated; in fact, I have proved to my entire satisfaction that those terrible and exciting questions are only intended for political effect; but attach any importance to them affecting the interest of the country, and they are gone. You would, no doubt, be astonished to hear that many children of foreigners, and in fact, foreigners themselves, are Know Nothings, started to prescribe them; but such is the fact. I have extended my remarks further than I intended, but they have one desirable feature—that is truth. Should they prove acceptable I may again intrude on you.

I remain, yours,

JAMES B. WARREN.

A SAFE HOUSE TO SLEEP IN.—A lawyer of high reputation in the city of Philadelphia, was traveling in one of the Southern States; and belated one evening, after a long day's ride was compelled to turn into a house on a solitary plantation, and ask for shelter and hospitality for the night. His request was granted. In the course of the evening he thought he observed something reserved in the master of the house, which awakened his suspicions.—was at length conducted to his chamber, which was adjoining the family room.—There he dwelt on the circumstances, which alarmed him, till his excited imagination which was filled with thoughts of nightly robbery and assassination. He proceeded to barricade the room as best he could. He fastened down the windows; against the doors he piled up tables, chairs, and everything that was moveable in the room. While thus engaged, words uttered in a low voice caught his ear and increased his alarm. He placed his ear at the key-hole. The man of the house was engaged in family prayer. Among the objects of his intercession he was praying for "the stranger whom the providence of God had unexpectedly brought to lodge beneath their roof that night." When he got through, our traveling friend arose from his stooping posture. Imagine the change of his feelings. All his fears had vanished.—Though no Christian himself, he knew that the prayers of Christians are like guardian angels to the abode in which they are offered up, and went to bed and slept soundly and sweetly, feeling that the house where God was feared and worshipped, was *a safe house to sleep in.*

[*American Messenger.*

☞ One virtue, at least, has been discovered in the ladies hoop petticoat; mad dog cannot bite the wearers.