

(From the Nashville (Tenn.) Gazette.)  
**Madame Stowe at the Court of His Colored Majesty, Faustin I.**

The following article which we translate from the Courier de Etats-Unis is a fine specimen of French witicism and a most complete take-off of our too much renowned countrywoman, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe:

"The triumphant pergrinations of Uncle Tom and its authors could not be complete without making a visit to Hayti, the real home of the black man, the country where the negroes are free to do nothing; which is extremely agreeable to them. It happened that this good-natured Madame Stowe visited the Court of papa Solouque, the blackest of emperors, so black that he might himself be called Uncle Tom. She goes there—

"The news of the visit of this negro-loving woman put the high court of Faustin in an uproar. Madame, his wife, and the Princess Olive would have become mad with joy, but for some very natural impediments to their redness. But let us not anticipate the details of this memorable voyage which all the good negroes will hold in eternal remembrance.

"As soon as the steam vessel which carried Madame Stowe had been signaled at Port-au-Prince, the capital of the dominions of His Majesty Solouque, called Faustin I., all the negroes of the village ran precipitately towards the port, crying 'ali lon li lu ha lou-lou'—these cries were acclamations of joy. The imperial guard formed along the road from the port to the palace, and many of the Emperor's officers were the Dukes of Lemonade and Grotto-Cooler, the Count of Pipe Holder, and the Baron of the Sacred Cabbage. With a delicacy well worthy of imitation, the celebrated visitor had clothed herself in black; not content to carry the black race in her heart, she wished to have the symbol upon her person; sensible heart. During the passage of the procession, the cries of joy, ali lon, lu ha lou-lou, resounded; they threw little pieces of sugar cane and banana leaves to her, these being to the people of Haiti the same as bouquets of roses and crowns of flowers are with us. Merely on the account of warm weather and sad state of the finances of the empire, the patriotic subjects of papa Solouque were not able to wear pantaloons over their shirts, and Madame Stowe, who, as a well raised American lady, could not look at nakedness, was constrained to keep her eyes upon the sky during the passage to the Palace.

"The Emperor and all his Court were collected in the chamber of the Throne to receive her. At her entrance, the good Father Solouque extended his arms and embraced her; she made a sign that he was going to speak her cigar to be held by the princess Olive his daughter, and thus expressed himself:

"Good white woman, I am glad to see you; you love the black, you love black people; papa Solouque would like very much to read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' to you, but I do not know how to read, foolish as a cabbage I am, but I am very glad to hear that you have a white husband; whites are not good, and I wish to give you a black one, the Duke of Parrot Tiver, so that you may have little negro pilliodays very black, some little Uncle Tom. Papa Solouque would give you some money, but I very poor, and have not even money to buy tobacco. Give me some silver, and I will make you a present of fifty little negroes to amuse the good little white woman and you can whip the little negroes very hard for your fun."

"This speech pronounced in a bold tone, was followed with numerous marks of approbation. The nobles of the court struck themselves on the chest with the rear of their hands, and brought their chin in contact with each other. This is, in Hayti, an expression of great satisfaction.

The authoress of Uncle Tom could not respond, her emotions and the heat overpowered her. They then brought to her fifty little negroes, each one having a collar of pack thread around the neck, the emperor did not wish to present them devoid of every of every species of clothing. Generous monarch! Fetes, balls, public rejoicings have followed during the many days of the official reception. Solouque, who is a good natured, and also a smart darkey, has given a decree, by which all negroes above sixty years of age should hereafter be called Uncle Tom. Madame Stowe is fully alive to this delicate and flattering mark of approbation.

Madame Stowe now proposes to set out next for Congo. It is known that a king of this country has a very large assortment of slaves, which he sells to English ships for small pieces of glass, knives, cork-screws, and other similar products of English industry. The English have a too great reverence for the principles of liberty, to recall these unhappy negroes to their native country to exchange their Havana and Brazil for scenes of gold. Madame Stowe intends to prove to the King of Congo that he carries on a most villainous trade, and, in order to propagate his doctrines, she carries with her thirty thousand copies of Uncle Tom, translated in the Congo language."

**The Northwest Passage Accomplished.**  
The foreign intelligence states that Commander Ingfield had arrived in England, from his Arctic search for Sir John Franklin, and had been unsuccessful—but he brings the interesting intelligence that the problem of the North-west passage has been solved at last, and that a ship has actually sailed round the American continent through the Arctic ocean. Commander McClure carries the honor of this remarkable exploit. It will be recollected that Commander Ingfield was despatched in H. M. S. Stowasser, in the spring of the year, with supplies to Sir Edward Belcher's squadron. He has succeeded in depositing the supplies as directed, and is accompanied by Lieut. Creswell, of the Investigator, with despatches from Commander McClure, who sailed in December, 1849, in search of Sir John Franklin, in H. M. S. Investigator, and from Capt. Kellett, who sailed in the spring of 1851, in H. M. S. Resolute, on the same mission.

No traces of Sir John Franklin have been discovered, but Commander McClure, in a letter dated the 1st day of the year, Baring's Island, April, 1853, announces his success in accomplishing that which has so long been a mysterious problem, namely—the North West Passage. He is coming home by Baffin's Bay. Natives have been discovered farther north than ever were seen before, at Woolston Sound, at Victoria Land, and Prince Albert's Land. Copper, of the purest description, was found in lumps, and the natives, who were very friendly, were much amused at seeing the sailors run to pick up the lumps of metal with which they equip their spears. Commander McClure's vessel has wintered in the pack in 1850, and the succeeding years, without receiving any injury. The despatches will no doubt be published.

The gallant writer states that, during the winter of 1850, his vessel wintered in pack, without sustaining any damage, (and surprising to say, he has to report the same result at the end of the third winter, and without the loss of a single man of her crew.) In the frozen waters called Prince of Wales' Strait, and communicating with Barrow's Strait, as ascertained on 26 October of that year.

On July, 1851, he states, "that such a body of ice came down upon us with a strong east wind, and set the vessel so far to the south, that we determined to attempt a passage by the east end of the Baffin's Land, forming the north entrance of the large inland under which we now are." The difficulties and dangers of this passage may be estimated from his statement that the ice-bergs encountered measured from 45 to 100 feet beneath the water, only 6 or 7 above.

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**TELL YOUR WIFE.**—Yes, the only way is to tell your wife just how you stand. Show her your balance sheet, let her look over the items. You think it will hurt her feelings. No, it won't do any such thing. She has been taught to believe that money was with you, just as little boys think it was with their fathers—terribly hard to be reached, yet inexhaustible. She has had her suspicions already. She has guessed you were not so prosperous as you talked. But you have so beggared your money affairs that she, poor thing, knows nothing about them. Tell it right out to her, that you are living outside your income. Take her into partnership, and I'll warrant you'll never regret it. There may be a slight shower at first; but that's natural. Let her see your estimate, and when you come home again she will show you that you have put her bills too high. True, she has had an eight dollar bonnet last winter, but "it is just as good as ever; a few shillings will provide it with new strings, and refit it a little; the shape, she says, is almost exactly as they wear them now," and you will be surprised to see how much less expensive she can make your own wardrobe. She will surprise you with a new vest—not exactly unfamiliar somehow, looking as if in another shape you had seen it before—yet new as a vest, and scarcely costing a dollar, where you had allowed five. Old cravats will experience a resurrection in her hands, coming out so rejuvenated that nobody but those who are let into the secret would suspect that they are old friends in new shapes. The grown up children, the boys and girls, the materials you cannot imagine, but there it is, comfortable and warm, and just the thing you wanted for the long winter evenings that are coming on as fast as the autumn will let them. You will find a wonderful change in her tastes and appetites. Whereas she always fancied what was a little out of season, or just coming into market—now if beefs dear, she thinks "boiled mutton is delightful—as tender as chicken;" if lamb rises, and fish are plenty, she thinks "a striped bass is so good occasionally," and always insists on the mutton, and she always, before she must hear all the musical celebrities—now she is "out of all patience with these singers." If Jenny Lind were to return and sing some of her own sweet airs, she'd like to hear her; but she has had enough of Italian extravagancies, all written on the ledger lines below or above, as if it were a sin to tarry long on the common staff. Before you have thought much about it, you will find yourself spending most of your evenings at home, and such evenings, too, so full of domestic enjoyment, and friends, that you will look with wonder on the record of the years expenses, and marvel that you found time or relish for the costly entertainments that so seriously taxed your portmanteau. My dear friend, if your outgoes threaten you to exceed your incomes, beware and tell your wife of it. Not in the tone and manner that will lead her to think you don't want her to buy furs this winter, but just as if you wanted a counsellor in the day of your trouble. And if she does not come up, heart and soul, and most successfully to your relief, put me down for no prophet!

**AN IMPROVED CARRIAGE SPRING.**—The Home Journal notices, among the notions on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, the following:

Hubbard's carriage spring seems to be a very admirable contrivance. Mr. Hubbard, a Yankee, doubtless, abolishes all the old complexities, and simply rests the body of the carriage upon four straight sticks of elastic ash, which extend from axle to axle. The under part of the vehicle is rounded; and the thing is so managed that the springs can not break unless they are pulled asunder lengthwise. The advantages are, a saving of twenty-five dollars in expense and fifty pounds in weight, besides greatly increased luxury of motion. The simplicity of this improvement is another illustration of the old remark, that the best way of doing things is always found out last. Mr. Hubbard tells with much humor a story of a boy at Cleveland, who, after examining one of the new carriages, turned away with a contemptuous remark, that "any fool might have thought of that,"—precisely the effect which very happy inventions always produce upon the mind at first. The new springs are applicable to vehicles of every description, not excepting railroad cars.

**CHINA.**—We take the following extracts from an authentic work, published by Mr. Williams, who, from a long residence in China, has been enabled to write knowingly upon the various subjects embraced in his work:

**Animals of China.**—The denseness of the population has long since entirely driven out all wild quadrupeds, and there are also few domestic ones such as are found in eastern countries. Beasts of burden are in a great degree superseded by the means of transport afforded by the numerous rivers and canals, and by the coolies or porters, a class of athletic men, who take the place of animals, in carrying burdens and in dragging boats. Animals are excluded, to leave more food for men. There are no meadows for feeding cattle; but the entire soil is used in raising feed for the inhabitants. Wild cats are sometimes caught, and are considered a great dainty. Monkeys are found in the south-west provinces.

What few horses and asses are found in China are small, and very inferior in every respect. The buffalo is sometimes used in ploughing. Dromedaries are used between Peking and Tartary. There are also hogs, goats, and sheep. There is but one variety of dogs in the country, an animal about one foot high and two long, resembling a small spaniel. Rats are very abundant, and furnish the common people with meat. They are very large, and destructive to crops.

Of the birds in China, there are the eagle, the falcon, magpie, crows, cormorants, rice-birds, curlews, quails, pigeons, larks, pheasants, and many species of aquatic birds. Cormorants are used by the Chinese for catching fish. The falcon is imperial property, and the magpie is sacred to the reigning family.

Fish form a very important part of the food of the Chinese, and great care is taken in raising them in artificial fish ponds. The gold and silver fishes are kept in glass globes as ornaments. Among the fish eaten, are the cod, sturgeon, mullet, carp, perch, sea-bream, etc., crab-fish and oysters are common on the coast.

The larger species of reptiles are unknown in China. Frogs, lizards, and fresh water tortoises, are common. Venomous serpents are very rare.

The most important reform that has been projected for many years in the Ottoman Empire, is at length about to be accomplished. A firm will shortly be issued, authorizing the admission of Christian evidence in Courts of law. Hitherto no Christian's word has been admissible as evidence against a Musselman, and hence an immunity from punishment and a license to crime to any Musselman who took care to have none but Christian witnesses to his offences.

**NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY.**—The following is from the Baton Rouge Daily Comet, the editor of which is a strong Democrat. Are the members of the last Legislature flattered?

"A brief month has now to elapse when the people have again to walk up to the polls and vote. Many important State offices have then to be replenished. It is to be hoped that the people will pause for a moment and glance back at the worthless list of State functionaries that have been elected on grogshop popularity, for a number of years past; and then shut their eyes to the ravings of 'demagogues' about party, and vote for the man best qualified by industry, integrity, temperance and talent. A similar assemblage of mountebanks in the Sandwich Islands—to our last Legislature—would disgrace the semi-barbarians of the seas; therefore we call the people to the rescue—look to your interests before the principal is gone. Look to the condition of the State Treasury—look to the well laid schemes of speculators, to grind you to the earth by taxation; but under the name of improvement and progress, is extensively to build up ruinous monopolies—look to the condition of your public school system; and see every avenue to true progress closed up, by worthless representatives, that are deaf to every call except that of the paying teller."

**GEN. CHILDS.**—The Charleston Courier furnishes the following summary of the military career of Gen. Childs, lately deceased:

"Gen. Thomas Childs, of the U. S. Army, died at Tampa Bay, of yellow fever, on Saturday, the 8th inst. General Childs was a native of Massachusetts. He entered the army as 3d Lieutenant, March 11th, 1814; was brevetted Colonel, May 9th, 1846, raised to the full rank of Major, February 16th, 1847, and soon raised to the rank of Colonel. He greatly distinguished himself at Palo Alto, and on the following day; and at Monterrey, led one of the storming parties in Gen. Worth's division. The General mentioned him in his official report with high approbation; and he was at the same time recommended by Gen. Taylor to the favorable consideration of the Department. He fought side by side, at Cerro Gordo, with the intrepid Harney, and like him received the highest commendation of the commander-in-chief. After the capture of Jalapa he was appointed military commander of that place, and in about a month after military governor of Puebla. During the absence of the main army from that place, on the 13th of September, 1847, he was attacked by a large Mexican force, and a siege commenced which lasted a month, conducted part of the time by Santa Anna himself; but the post was so ably defended that Santa Anna had to raise the siege and retire to Atlixco. The whole career, indeed, of Gen. Childs in the Mexican war was brilliant, and the country in his death has lost a gallant soldier."

**ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.**—Suited to the times—Ladies and gentlemen wanted for the kitchen: viz: A cook, chambermaid, laundress and three young ladies to wait on three; a coachman, waiter and footman, and three young gentlemen to wait on them.

A family of respectability in their own circle, would be glad to engage a retinue of ladies and gentlemen as above described, in a house erected with entire reference to the convenience and comfort of the latter.

The family consists of a man, his wife, two sons, eighteen and twenty years old, and one daughter of sixteen.

The family have full recommendations from their friends, and are ready to merit a continuance of future help.

The cook will not be obliged to exert herself, only at dinner, which will be given at an hour to suit herself.

The chambermaid and laundress can devote all of their duties to the junior young ladies merely supervising the latter.

The coachman will sit upon the box and drive. The reins will be handed to and from him, and if desirable, he will be assisted to and from the box, and a new carriage be built if the present one is not approved.

The waiter will be obliged to wait upon dinner, all his other duties will be performed by his young gentlemen in waiting.

The footman will be relieved entirely by his assistant, of all duties whatever.

The house is situated on the Fifth Avenue near Fourteenth Street; but should it be too far from the churches or theatres patronized by the gentlemen or ladies applying, it will be sold and a new one erected up or down town, as the majority may prefer; or in case of a tie, the family will be divided, and two edifices may be erected at such places as they may decide upon, approved.

The trial is respectfully solicited, when every effort will be made to satisfy the requirements of applicants, which at the present day are so moderate and unpretending.

The man liquidates all his current expenses weekly, and the amount of salary is of no moment, compared with his anxiety to please.

More minute particulars will be given on application to "Help Hoper," Post Office.

**OTHELLO AND THE CRITICS.**—Strange, how doctors will differ about every thing. Critics have taken widely different, sometimes opposite conceptions of almost all the principal characters of Shakespeare. There is Othello, for example. Coleridge says, he was too exalted and noble to be jealous. He killed himself and Desdemona from chagrin, merely that so far an outside promise had grievously disappointed him. His confidence in the purity and nobility of human nature being thus gone, he wished not to remain behind himself.

But Herman Barmeister, Professor of Zoology in the University of Halle, whose interesting work on the Black Man, lately issued by Dr. Friedlander, of Berlin, is in the course of publication in the New York Evening Post, is of a very different opinion. From the licentious character which he ascribes to the single, not to the married negro woman, a lover, says, he knows that the only way to secure exclusive possession of his adored is to get rid of all his rivals, and if his love rises to the full height of the negro passion, he either murders them or his mistress.

The Doctor therefore asserts, that "Othello is, in this respect, the most perfect expression of the African character, jealous, credulous and easily enraged, and becomes a pure negro as soon as the devilish Iago has dropped the poison into his soul. The master-bird of Shakespeare has described it so wonderfully true, that he need say no more of the jealousy of the African."

The German is, we think, more than half right.

The London press mentions a successful application of chloroform upon a man of immense physical power, while under a violent attack of cholera. While in the most violent paroxysms of pain and spasm, the chloroform was administered, and the struggling giant tamed into the quiet of a sleeping infant. The functions being suspended, the horrible symptoms ceased, the medicines became absorbed, and in an hour the man was restored to consciousness, and the disease was conquered.

**THE LAST FISH STORY.**—In course of the voyage, that dreadful disease, ship fever, broke out among the crew. One of the sailors, among the first victims, was accompanied by his son, a lad of fourteen years, who was strongly attached to his father, and remained with him day and night, and never could be persuaded to leave his sick father for a moment.

A large shark was seen every day following the vessel, evidently for the purpose of devouring any one who should die and be committed to the deep.

After lingering a few days, the sailor died. As was the custom at sea, he was sewed up in a sheet, and for the purpose of sinking him, an old grindstone and a carpenter's axe were put in with him. The very impressive service of the Episcopal Church was then read, and the body committed to the deep.

The poor boy, who had watched the proceedings elated, plunged in after his father, when the enormous shark swallowed them both. The second day after this dreadful scene, as the shark continued to follow the vessel, (for there were others sick on the ship), one of the sailors proposed, as they had a shark-hook on board, to make an effort to take him.

They fastened the hook to a large rope and baited it with a piece of pork, threw it into the sea, and the shark instantly swallowed it. Having thus hooked him, by means of a windlass they hoisted him on board. After his was dead, they prepared to open him, when one of the sailors stooping down for that purpose suddenly paused, and after listening a few moments, declared most solemnly he heard a low, gutturing sound, which appeared to proceed from the shark. The sailors, after enjoying a hearty laugh at his expense, proceeded to listen for themselves, when they were compelled to admit they heard a similar sound. They then proceeded to open the shark, when the mystery was explained.

It appears the sailor was not dead, but in a trance; and his son, on making this discovery, had, by means of his knife, tipped open the sheet. Having thus liberated his father, they both went to work and righted up the old grindstone—the boy was turning, the father was holding on to the old ship carpenter's axe, for the purpose of cutting their way out of their Jonah-like prison, which occasioned the noise heard by the sailor. As it was the hottest season of the year, and very little air stirring where they were at work, they were both sweating tremendously.

**HEARING WITH THE TEETH.**—Many years ago an old subscriber, who was entirely deaf, called at our office, and with the help of a slave whom he always took with him, we were enabled to converse with each other. In the course of our interview, he remarked that for many years he had not been able to hear the loudest thunder, but added that, to his great surprise, a few evenings before, he was at the house of a friend and was seated by the side of a piano, his elbow resting upon it, and his teeth upon his thumb, when he heard distinctly the tune which the daughter of his friend had been playing. Again and again he tried the experiment, and he could always hear when connection thus formed was kept up, but could hear nothing whenever it was broken either by the removal of his elbow from the piano or by placing his thumb upon any other portion of his face. From the character of our informant we have never had a doubt of the truth of his narrative, and we give it now chiefly as a suggestion, whether some simple instrument cannot be framed, by means of which deaf persons may be enabled to hear with their teeth.—Richmond (Va) Rep.

**CATARACT OF THE NEVADA.**—Not only is California remarkable for her gold fields, her valleys of unsurpassed beauty and fertility, her snow-capped mountains under a vertical sun, her lakes that are lifted to the skies; but California can boast of one of the most remarkable water falls on the globe. The source of the north fork of the south fork of the American river of California, is a beautiful mountain lake, that fed by the melting snows, is always full, and unlike, perhaps, any other lake in the world, has two outlets, that pour their waters in nearly opposite directions; on the one side emptying into the Bay of San Francisco, and on the other, flowing into the great central basin of the continent, to be absorbed by the sands of the desert. The lake is only about five miles in length, but rests in a basin of the mountains, of which the eastern and western edges are so nearly upon a level, that the water flows uninterruptedly from both.

Almost immediately after leaving the western edge of the basin, the waters leap down—not a perpendicular fall—but along the surface of an immense convex of granite, without any approach to the horizontal, a distance of three hundred and eighty feet, into a basin below, that its own action has worn into the solid rock. The most striking feature of this beautiful waterfall, is the perfect regularity of its curve throughout every foot of its descent, apparently just touching the rock, the inequalities of which convert the course of the water into a beautiful sheet of water into a perfectly white foam. It appears, on a front view, a few miles distant, like a white ribbon or belt hanging from the top to the foot of the mountain, and is always mistaken as a belt of snow by those seeing it at a distance, not acquainted with its existence.

**UNLAWFUL DETENTION OF LETTERS IN THE POSTOFFICE.**—A Suit for Damages.—Suit has been instituted in the Second District Court by Antonio Pons, a fruit dealer, against the Postmaster of this city, W. G. Kendall, Esq., claiming damages in the sum of five hundred and sixty dollars, for loss sustained by him in the unlawful detention, in the Postoffice, of a letter addressed to him. Pons alleges, in his petition, that a letter addressed to him, with advices and bill of lading of a shipment of lemons from Vera Cruz, was deposited in the New Orleans postoffice, on the 11th September last, on the arrival of the steamship Mexico, from Vera Cruz; that expecting such a letter, he applied for it at the postoffice repeatedly, after the arrival of the Mexico, and was told there was no such letter for him; that eight days afterwards the letter was advertised; that in the meantime the lemons which were here, and which he could not get possession of without producing the evidence—the bill of lading—became so deteriorated that the whole shipment, when sold at auction, brought only the net sum of five dollars and forty-seven cents, (\$5 47) leaving him minus \$560.

**GHOSTS.**—"Ghosts be hanged!" said Tom Hood. "No such things in nature. All laid long ago before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The colliers may rise for higher wages, and the Charlists may rise for reform, and Judge Sturge may rise for his health; and bread may rise; and the rising generation may rise; but the dead should rise, to make one's hair rise, is more than can be believed. Suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you come out of your grave to serve a friend, how are you to help him? And if it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him, if you can't pitch into him?"

**A NOVEL EXPERIMENT.**—The famous pick pocket known as Ned Hammond, who recently exported himself from London to this comparatively free country, was caught it appears in the practice of his peculiar art, at Stamford, Conn., one day last week, during the Fair of the Agriculture Society of Fairfield. What made it worse for him, was the fact that Mr. P. T. Barnum was the President of the Fair Society and immediately placed the rogue as a curiosity, in the Show Room, properly ticketed and announced. Over one hundred dollars worth of extra tickets of admission to the Fair were sold that day in consequence. After which Mr. Hammond, under the name of Seymour, was sent by the Superior Court, at Danbury, to serve out a three years' apprenticeship in the State Prison.

**AN AMBITIOUS MAN.**—The man who flew aloft on the "Wings of his imagination," alighted on the "steeple of fame." While there, and endeavoring to calculate the distance between the "heights of ambition" and the "vale of humanity," he lost his balance and came sliding down an inclined plane (except "a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous," striking in his course the "rail of slander" and the "post of honor," and finally bringing up against the roots of a "stump speech." He was, however, not much hurt, as the stump was covered with the "flowers of rhetoric" left by the last orator. A few drops of water from the "well of hope," together with a little of the "balm of consolation," entirely resuscitated him.

**THE CREEK INDIANS.**—Among its "Washington gossip," the Star gives the following. It may possibly be only gossip:

It seems that under the laws of Congress, it became the duty of the Marshal of the Western District of Arkansas to arrest persons who have introduced spirituous liquors into the Indian country. This officer having recently so arrested Indians who had been punished under the Indian law for the offence in the same case, the Indian authorities are very indignant, and there is fear of armed collision growing out of the affair. The Secretary of the Interior is said to have directed the Marshal to make no more arrests of Indians for this offence, who have been held amenable under the Indian law, until he (the Secretary) shall have received full information to enable him to give further instructions on the subject.

**REVOLUTION IN JOURNALISM.**—The N. Y. Tribune, under the head of "a revolution in journalism," notices two new inventions. First, the manufacture of fine paper from straw instead of rags, by Mr. Mellier, a French chemist; and second, an improvement in presses by a citizen of New York. It says:

"It is a printing press, which, at a moderate rate of speed, will deliver 'thirty thousand' sheets printed on both sides in a single hour! Its movement combines the original principles of Napier, which are applied by Hoe in his great press, with some new and beautifully simple arrangements and devices of the inventor."

**PURSUIT OF A SEAT UNDER DIFFICULTIES.**—At Ole Bull's concert, we are informed that a middle aged lady—we beg her pardon, we should rather say, a lady of no particular age—attended by some younger ones, came in early and took a good seat. They were soon driven from it by its ticket owners, so they vacated and occupied another. From this they were likewise driven, as they were from a third. There were no white-rosetted ushers, as were promised in the programme, and the audience began to be anxious, when the lady very coolly ascended the stage, drew three chairs over the foot-lights, and seated her party in a convenient place. At this summary mode of settling the doubtful proprietorship of seats, the audience gave the lady three cheers, and she very composedly arose and acknowledged the compliment with a courtesy. She deserves to be the next president of the woman's rights convention.

**COULDN'T SPARE HIM.**—"I say, Squire, what'll you take for that dog o' your'n?" said a Yankee peddler to an old Dutch farmer in the neighborhood of Lancaster, Pa., "what'll you take for him? He ain't a very good-lookin' dog; but what was you callin' him he'd fetch?"

"A P?" responded the Dutchman, "dat dog isn't wort nothin' most; he isn't wort you buy um?"

"Gues ten dollars about would get him, wouldn't it? I'll give you that for him."

"Yaas, he isn't wort dat."

"Waal, I'll take him," said the peddler.

"Stop!" said the Dutchman, "dere's one ting about dat dog I can't sell."

"O, take off his collar; I don't want that," suggested the peddler.

"Tain't dat," replied Myneer, "he's a boor dog; but I can't sell de wag of his dail when I comes home."

"Seen the Crystal Palace, Tommy," asked a little urchin of a newsboy.

"O yes, I've been up there several different times," replied another newsboy, as they stood in Nassau street, waiting for the Extras to come out.

"Wah, I knows a man that would give five thousand dollars to see that ar place."

"Nonsense! I'll bet a quarter on it you don't."

"Done!" and the stakes were given to Billy Mulligan.

"Now, what's he?"

"Why, he's daddy Forton, the rich blind man at Rockaway!"

Mrs. Gen. Games has found a new witness, in the person of Gen. Villamil, of South America, who is said to have been personally cognizant of the principal fact necessary for her to prove, to establish her right to the immense property left by the late Daniel Clark in Louisiana; and she is now in New York to prosecute the suit anew in the U. S. Court. General Villamil hearing there was some difficulty on the subject, left his home and came to the United States to offer his testimony to Mrs. Games, and will remain until the case comes up for hearing.

We never hear men, on making a bargain, use the common phrase, "We'll not quarrel about a trifle," without being sure that trouble is in the wind. Every contract, even one for the value of a dollar, should be explicitly stated, down to its minutest particulars, so that there can be no possibility of misconstruction. If this is neglected, difficulty is nearly certain to arise. Many an honest man has been cheated many a friendship has been broken for life, because a bargain has not been fully stated, because the parties "would not quarrel about trifles."

**VERY MODEST.**—A modest lady being asked by a gentleman why she had a covering over her "dressing bureau," replied: "I don't want to see its drawers."

**A TOAST.**—The thirteenth toast at the late dinner to the Press at the Syracuse Encampment read as follows:  
Woman.—The last and best of the series. If we may have her for a toast, we won't ask any but her.

Mrs. Partington says the last time she went to England she crossed "the Bay of Biscuits," and became so sea sick that the doctors confined her to "a regimen" of toast and water for three weeks. How the old lady must have suffered.

The "Stranger" is responsible for the following:  
"Jenny, my boy, did you see the flight of bats over evening?"  
"Never the one, my honey; what kind of bats were they?"  
"Brick-bats, ye spalpeen!"

The London Press has a delicate way of calling Lord Aberdeen an old woman—as an "epitaph," thus:  
"Speak of him tenderly,  
Gently, and humanely—  
"All that remains of him  
Now is pure womanly."

**RACHEL, THE TRAGEDIENNE.**—The French Minister of State has consented to the tour of Rachel to Russia for the six winter months. She has signed an engagement to re-appear at Paris on the 1st of June. Her salary for the half year is \$80,000, and her incidental expenses are to be paid. She appears before the Czar on the 13th of November.

**THE COTTON CROP.**—The Charleston Mercury states that in three of the heaviest cotton growing districts in that State—Edgefield, Newberry, and Abbeville—the planters do not expect to realize more than half a crop of cotton, and of that more than a proportionate share will be of inferior quality.

Love at first sight is not often a royal experience; but, according to a continental paper, the Emperor of Austria saw the Princess Elizabeth, of Bavaria, at a ball at Ischl, was charmed, requested to be allowed a few minutes' conversation with her after the ball, and returned with the Princess leaning on his arm, presenting her to the company as the future Empress of Austria.