

# HANNIBAL JOURNAL.

TERMS:—One Dollar, if paid in Advance; if not paid within Six Months, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; if not paid within Twelve Months, TWO DOLLARS.

PUBLISHED BY O. CLEMENS, ON MAIN, BETWEEN HILL AND BIRD STS., OPPOSITE STOVER & HORN'S CLOTHING STORE.

VOL. II.

HANNIBAL, MO., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1852.

NO. 32.

## ORIGINAL STORY.

### THE PEARL OF ROUEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

FOR THE HANNIBAL JOURNAL.

#### CHAPTER III.

*A Visit to the Palace of Justice. A Legend and a Bargain. After Physical Courage, Moral Courage. A Contract for a Manuscript.*

This office, composed of several buildings dating from different epochs, presented them more strikingly if possible, than at present, the unusual and in the highest degree incongruous union of the Gothic style of architecture with the classic and regular style of the eighteenth century. The first buildings dated from the fifteenth. In 1493, the magistrates of the good city of Rouen, greatly scandalized by the assemblies and traffickings held in the church of Notre Dame, in the most sacred days in the year, resolved to drive the merchants from the temple and banish them to their native soil, that is to say, the Jewish quarter. This quarter, devolving to the domain of the expulsion of the Jews in the twelfth century, had become, three hundred years later, a fief of the city, which had made of it a market, and expended the enormous sum of 88,900 livres to transform this market into an exchange. It is true that never was money better laid out. Nothing could be more majestically fine than that magnificent enclosure, called the Proctor's Hall, with its high, unsupported arches, and its long pillarless vaults, where, according to the just prescription of No-dier, space seems to defy calculation. Thirteen years later, the celebrated Court of the Exchequer, which assembled at the Chateau of Rouen, according to an ordinance of 1499, transferred its sittings to another hall built on the north side of the Jewish quarter. In 1515, this court, over which Louis XII. had not disdained to preside, took the name of a Parliament. Such it was at this epoch, the Palace was defended by three towers; one of which projecting over the garden, still exists, and is called the Tower of La Pucelle, because tradition, this time confirmed by good sense and almost by history, asserts that the heroine of Domremy was confined there at the time of her trial.

It was towards this tower that the Spaniard directed his way. Climbing with the gravity which distinguishes his nation, the steps of the winding stairway, he soon reached an arched door in the second story, and, having opened it without ceremony, found himself with the young man of the evening before. Had the phantom of Joan of Arc, of which he was assuredly not thinking at that moment, appeared to the latter, he could not have been more astonished.—Nailed by surprise behind a table encumbered with ancient parchments, he had scarcely strength to point out a chair to his visitor, who, first returning to bolt the door, then coming to sit down by the table, said, looking at him fixedly:

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, Monsieur Manuel," replied the young man, more dead than alive.

"I know all. Have you been told that my daughter is poor?"

"I have."

"Well! you have been deceived; Paquita would make the fortune of a prince. The gold which she can bring as a dowry to her husband would buy the arms of a Marquis or a Duke, for ten times their value in the eyes of this bourgeoisie so enamored of titles. Yes, Paquita is rich, Paquita is beautiful, and I have a right to show myself difficult with those who aspire to her hand. I have told you what she has to give; what have you to offer in exchange?"

"The young man remained silent; but the large tears which rolled over his countenance, became pale as marble, responded eloquently for him."

"What have you to offer?" repeated the impassioned Spaniard.

"Nothing, Monsieur!" at last said the young man, in a voice softened by emotion, but not by weakness. "Believing her without fortune, I had dared to dream of happiness; after what I have just learned, I recognize with anguish that there is no happiness for me. Poor, like my father, I have, like him, but one thing to do in this world: to suffer and then to die!"

"Yes," said the Spaniard, rising hastily, "this is the language of the weak! At the first obstacle, the timid man trembles and yields; the brave man is aroused and overcomes all. To suffer and to die, you say. You have courage; did you not manifest it yesterday in disarming those two red-coats whose language and looks insulted my daughter? Were you afraid of their naked swords when pointed at your defenceless breast? Your heart then lost nothing of its coolness, your eye of its fire, your hand of its vigor at once energetic and calm! Nevertheless death hung over your head! And now that the matter in hand is difficult, it is true, but possible, you fear before the struggle, and despair!"

"Monsieur Manuel," exclaimed the young man, sublime with enthusiasm, "show me a ladder high enough to reach the stars, you shall see whether I despair!"

"Well, Monsieur Richard, for I know your name, also, listen to me: do you know the Pont de L'Arche?"

"I have all Normandy in my head and in my heart."

"Then you have seen, at least at a distance, the shores of Ambreville?"

"At the confluence of the Seine and the Andelle? Yes, Monsieur. I have even drawn the ruins hid in the grass at the top of the mountain."

"Listen to me, Monsieur Richard! Those ruins, blackened by time, and which the wind and storms are by degrees effacing, were once

the towers of a formidable manor. The shepherd, who watches his goats among the thorns springing from those ruins, does not suspect that the stones which he so carelessly treads upon formed the floor of a pleasant gallery where chateaus conversed, or a great hall from which the mail-clad noble oppressed and burdened his grandfather at will. No! tradition itself, which has a better memory than history, has forgotten the names of these barons, so cruel were they towards their vassals! This is the only circumstance remembered through centuries: A lord of Ambreville formerly had a daughter, celebrated throughout Normandy for her beauty.—Knights and barons disputed her hand, but without success; for the father attached to his consent one of those singular conditions which can be explained only by the manners of feudalism, which were, as you know, based on physical force. He would give his daughter only to the knight robust enough to carry her from the foot of the hill to its summit without resting. This strange condition startled the boldest. One only candidate presented himself: it was an esquire about the age of the damsel. Laden with his precious burden, he sprang forward and climbed with imprudent haste; more reflecting, less impatient to arrive, he might have conquered. Passion blinded him: exhausted by his too rapid ascent, he tottered at a few paces from the summit; but making a last effort, succeeded—to die there! Now, what this feudal tyrant required of physical strength, I will require of moral strength. Every age has its laws: violence controlled the world during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; it is time that it should be guided by intelligence. In the great commotions which I foresee, and which may overturn all old France, mind will be worth more than steel. Listen, then, Richard, to my condition: I will grant the hand of my daughter to him who can read fluently, and translate, like a rabbi, the Hebrew manuscripts of the twelfth century, of which this is a specimen.—Attempt and succeed, she is thine; otherwise I shall be as inflexible as the Baron d' Ambreville."

"I will succeed, Monsieur Manuel! But the teachers! the teachers! where shall I find them?"

"At Leyden!"

"I will leave for that city to-day!"

"So be it, my friend. But no false shame!—Poor and an orphan, you have lived until now by your labors as a fiddler; accept this purse, even if you consider it only borrowed!"

"And my labor and my courage and the hope which centriples my strength! Hold, Monsieur Manuel, were you twenty times a millionaire, you are less rich than myself!"

"Go, then; and when you have acquired at Leyden the knowledge which I demand, come directly to the hotel de Bourgthroude, and the task accomplished, you shall receive the recompense."

"Adieu, Monsieur Manuel! I will return!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

*The Noble Relatives. The Treasure. The Daughter of the Jew may be a Baroness.*

An hour afterwards, Richard took the road to Havre, where he knew boats were always to be found for Holland; and Manuel, after having related to his daughter what precedes, shut himself up in his room. This apartment formed the second story of the south-west turret. Retired to the room which overlooked the court, Manuel first bolted the door; afterwards pushing aside a panel in the old oak wainscot, fastened by two iron bars, he entered a passage contrived in the eastern angle of the room. In this passage was a spiral staircase, the steps of which Manuel descended on tiptoe with the greatest caution. At the last he held his breath, so fearful was he of being heard, and listened.

Two persons were conversing in the adjoining room, and they appeared so near, that the slight noise made by one of them, in dividing a skin of thread, could be heard.

"Baron," said a woman's voice of sharp and aristocratic tone, "I am impoverishing myself every year, to no purpose! Our house is too poor, and the military service too expensive. To equip you in a manner worthy of your birth, I have cut down the forests of Ambreville; to repair your rents from Alencon; and I must sell our rents of Gournay, which we can with difficulty collect with the old Norman crows in the offer, to obtain the sum you require."

"Well, mother, I will quit the service.—There will be one baron less at court, and as things are going on, the loss will scarcely be perceived."

"I acknowledge, my son, that we live in singular times, and that our princes, (God bless them!) have strange fancies. When we went to court with your late father, we relied upon a great reputation; one of his ancestors having had the honor to hold the stirrup for Francis I., and my grandfather being chief forester of Falaise, it seemed to us that we should receive at Versailles some consideration. Judge then, of our surprise, when we found that no more attention was paid to us than the pictures in the gallery! The baron left court at the expiration of a month and swore that he would never set foot in it again during his life-time."

"What would you, mother? The pen of the philosopher is held in higher estimation to-day than the sword of the nobleman."

"So much the worse for the King, baron!—You will see whether these ideas tend. While he will be indebted to them for his ruin, they have already caused ours."

"How so?"

"I had a cousin called Louis de Lillebonne, educated in the same convent, we should have shared the inheritance of a maternal uncle.—This expectation was immense; for, vowed to poverty in his profession of religion, this uncle was the only one who possessed and could transmit to us the secret of the celebrated treasure."

At these words, Manuel redoubled his attention, while the Baron d' Ambreville exclaimed:—

"What treasure?"

"It is a family secret which it is time to reveal to you. Know, my son, that an descended, by the mother's side, from the tribe of Levi; which is composed, as every one knows, of all

the nobles of Israel. When the Jews were driven from Rouen, there was among them, it appears, one of our ancestors who was not yet converted. Forced to fly like the others, he buried the greater part of his riches, and in order to preserve them for his posterity, described on parchment the spot where they were concealed. This manuscript, with millions, should have been my inheritance."

"And it was not bequeathed to you, mother?"

"These are the circumstances, My uncle, the monk, was an eccentric and capricious man. He was called learned, and had traveled. Misfortune, for why should we not call things by their right names?—misfortune willed that he should discover the famous parchment in Spain in the library of the Escurial."

"But I see only good fortune in this discovery."

"Undoubtedly had he discovered only the scroll, but there was something else."

"What then?"

"A young librarian, a Jew by birth, and perhaps at heart. Our worthy Uncle, God pardon him this fault, employed him to teach him Hebrew, and the result was—"

"That you lost the inheritance?"

"Yes, for Louise de Lillebonne, a genuine simpleton, who had studied chemistry and read *Le Mercure*, rejected the homage of an old seneschal of Criqueville, whose ancestors were crusaders, espoused the Jew Manuel and had this parchment for her dowry."

"This is strange, mother! but can this Manuel be—"

"Our neighbor of the tower!"

"What! the father of the Pearl of Rouen?"

"Your cousin,—yes, my son!"

"Indeed! when I chastised that clown who attempted to browbeat Fontaine and myself beneath the poplars of Darnetal, I little thought the pretty Chauchoise was of our family."

"She is related to us by the Lillebonnes."

"I am glad to hear it."

"And has besides a pretty face."

"Say charming."

"She possesses the key of the treasure, the inestimable parchment."

"That is worth consideration."

"Is it not, my son?"

"Do you counsel me to this folly, madame," said the Baron, seriously.—

"Yes, if you wish to make a figure at court and save the woods of Ambreville, the rents of Alencon and of Gournay."

"These reasons decide me. I will be the husband of the Pearl of Rouen."

At this speech, a smile of indefinite expression animated the face of Manuel, who regained his room and waited.

### Fearless Feat of an American Whaler.

FREEMAN HUNT, Esq., Editor of the *Merchants' Magazine*, &c. &c.

SIR:—The printed article accompanying this, giving a narrative of the remarkable feat of Benjamin Clough, third mate of whale ship Sharon, was cut from the Boston *Mercantile Journal*, in which it was republished from the *New Bedford Mercury*. It was laid by carefully, as worthy of preservation and deserving of an imperishable record, among the many fearless deeds of sailors and whalers, as one surpassing all in danger, that danger plainly in view, and executed with so much coolness and deliberation. The deed was so noble and bold, that I have ever since kept Mr. Clough in remembrance, hoping that some time I should see him, and, as curiosity might prompt, test the science of physiognomy, and "and with greedy ear devour up his discourse;" also learn his subsequent history, how much of deserved good fortune had attended him.

A gentleman from New Bedford, of whom I have made inquiries, informs me that Mr. Clough is now in command of a new, first-rate ship of 600 tons, called the *Niagara*, built purposely for him; and that the ship was cleared at New Bedford the ninth of this month for the north Pacific, on a whaling voyage, by Messrs. N. Church & Son, of Fairhaven.

The article is enclosed to you in hopes that you will republish it in your *Magazine*, as it so nearly falls in with its scope and design. It will give the deed a renewed and more extensive promulgation. As it is now published in newspapers only, and in very few libraries, bound up with others without index, it will seldom, if ever be seen. In your *Merchants' Magazine*, it will be accessible in the best form, and become a record that cannot and should not be overlooked.

Captain Benjamin Clough was born in Monmouth, Maine, and will be twenty-eight years old next March. This will be his third voyage as master of a whale ship.

Inquiries will undoubtedly arise in the minds of the readers of this narrative about the boy Manuel, for his aid in this rescue. He cannot be passed by and forgotten. He better deserves a silver pitcher than some who have obtained one. All information concerning him, now obtainable, is that he went home to the Western Islands on the return of the Sharon, and that Captain Clough has had no tidings of him since.

Your obedient servant,  
HENRY GASSETT.  
Boston, February, 1852.

*Murder of Captain Norris of the Whaling Ship Sharon, of Fairhaven, and Recapture of the Ship from Mutineers, by Mr. Benjamin Clough, Her Third Officer.*

The *Niagara* having been some time cruising for whales in the vicinity of the Caroline Islands, put in at Ascension the 15th of October, 1842, for wood, water, and recruits. The requisite supplies being obtained, preparations were made to proceed upon the voyage, when eleven of the crew deserted, and being secreted and protected on shore, all efforts to retake them were fruitless. The ship sailed again on the 27th of October, with a crew of seventeen men, all told, four of whom were natives of King's Mill group, and two of other islands in the South Sea.

The intention was to touch at Bay of Islands or Port Jackson to make up the complement of men. On Saturday, November, 6th, lat. 2 deg. N., lon. 160 deg. E., whales were raised and both boats lowered in chase, leaving Captain Norris, a Portuguese boy named Manuel Jose dos Reis, who acted as steward, and three of

the King's Mill Islanders on board. The boats soon succeeded in capturing a whale, which the ship ran down to and took along side,—they continuing in pursuit of others. At 3 o'clock P. M., the mate's boat being about a mile and a half from the ship, her signal was discovered at half-mast, and he immediately pulled towards her. The singular and unaccountable management of the ship for some time previous, had already been remarked by those in the boat, and excited the liveliest apprehensions as they approached her.

Coming up upon her quarter within speaking distance, the boy who was aloft and had cut the main-top-gallant halyards, told Mr. Smith, the mate, that the Islanders had killed Captain Norris, and were in possession of the ship.—Just then one of them, armed with a cutting-spade and entirely naked, leaped upon the taffrail, and brandishing his weapon with most furious and menacing gestures, dared the crew to come on board.

The other two were also naked, and stationed one on each side of the ship, where they had collected all the whaling craft, billets of wood, hammers, belaying-pins, in short, every thing that would serve as a missile or offensive weapon, determined to repel any attempt to board. The fourth native of the same islands was in the boat, and one of the mutineers addressed him in his own language, telling him, what they had done and inviting him to join them. He made a gesture of disapproval, upon which the other caught up the cook's axe, and hurled it at him with such precision of aim, through a ship's length distant, that it cut through the back of his shirt as he stooped to avoid the blow.

A shower of missiles followed, thrown with such force that the bone belaying-pins were broken into several pieces on striking the boat, but fortunately no one was seriously injured by them. The mate then ordered Manuel to cut the main-top-gallant sheets and maintop-sail halyards, and to go forward on the stay and cut the halyards of the head-sails and clew-tiecin from the yards, which was done. The task of retaking the ship was evidently one of extreme difficulty and danger, for the mutineers had the advantage of position and a plentiful supply of arms, with the resolution and skill to use them effectively, so that the second mate and his crew, who had in the meantime come up, were called to consult upon the best course to pursue. It was proposed that both boats should advance and board the ship, one upon each side, at the same time; but Mr. Smith, upon whom by the melancholy catastrophe on board, the responsibility and duties of master had devolved, thought that a proper regard for the interest of the owners as well as for the safety of the men under his command, required him to avoid all personal risk, for which reason he proposed that both crews should take the other boat and proceed to the ship, leaving him alone to await the issue. This proposal met with no favor, the men declaring a wish rather to start for the nearest land—five or six days' sail distant—and the second mate relishing it so little that he suffered his boat to drop astern out of talking distance.

Mr. Clough, the third mate, who acted as Mr. Smith's steersman since the ship was short masted, had darted his lance several times at the naked savage on the rail, but for the want of sufficient force it fell short three or four feet at each trial; he requested therefore, that the boat might be pulled within reach, as the fellow kept his position without flinching and insolently defied him; but the mate thought the danger too great, and refused to gratify him. He then offered to go aboard over the bows, if the boy would cut the fore-stay and let the end fall overboard, so that he could ascend it to the jib-boom with a lance-weapon in his teeth; but the boy Manuel had become so exhausted by fright and fatigue that he was unable to get up to the royal-mast-head to execute his part of the task.

His next plan and the one he executed was, that both boats should pull ahead of the ship, and when it was quite dark, taking every precaution to avoid exciting the suspicion of the mutineers, he would jump into the sea, and passing close by the side of the ship, enter her by the cabin windows. The ship and boats were surrounded by sharks, attracted probably by the carcass of the whale killed in the morning; to defend himself against which he took a boat-knife in his teeth, and let himself into the water as silently as possible. At the same moment the ship took back and it became necessary to swim but to "strike out" and make the best of his way would cause a sparkling of the water, and betray his approach to the look out, so that he was obliged to "walk water," by which scarcely any agitation was made and almost as little perceived. It was a tedious passage of more than an hour and a half duration, terminated at length by diving under the ship, seizing the rudder at the heel, and ascending by the after part of it to the starboard cabin window, through which he made his entry. Two large sharks were close to the boat when he left her, and kept him company the whole time without offering to molest him, and the knife, which luckily had been useless, he left upon the transom as he got in at the window.

He then divested himself of his clothing, that the enemy might have no advantage over him on the score of nakedness should they come to close quarters, and applied himself to listening to the movements upon deck; as these indicated that there were yet no suspicions of his presence, he then proceeded to search for arms and ammunition. Two muskets were soon found, and amongst all the muskets, two only were fit for service, so far as he could judge by careful handling—it was too dark to see; every locker in the cabin was then ransacked for powder and ball, which being found, the muskets were loaded and placed with the cutlasses at the foot of the cabin stairs; while engaged in loading a fowling piece, he heard a step in the gangway and some one descended the stairs, hitting the arms at the bottom and knocking them down upon the floor. Mr. Clough ran to the spot, but unable to see anything, groped about by the intruder's feet till he caught hold of a cutlass, with which he ran him through the body; as he drew it out a struggle ensued for the weapon, and both fell to the floor; the officer luckily uppermost; planting his knees upon his breast he took out one of his eyes, and with a good deal of trouble brought the edge of the sword to bear upon the back of his neck, and made an attempt to cut off his head; he pulled it back and forth several

times but it was an awkward operation, for the other kept hold of the sword and struggled violently, wounding Mr. Clough severely by twisting the blade several times in his hand. After a while he became quiet, and supposing him to be dead, Mr. Clough got up, but the other immediately rose and struck about furiously with the cutlass, hitting him at almost every pass, until, exhausted probably by loss of blood, he uttered a slight groan and fell upon the floor. Going again to the stairs, the officer saw another in the gangway with a cutting-spade pointed towards him, when, feeling for a loaded musket he succeeded after snapping twice, in putting a ball through his heart. At the same moment the spade dropped or was thrown down, taking effect in the thick part of Mr. Clough's arm, and the blood gushed so violently from the wound that he supposed the artery to be severed, and began to give way to unpleasant reflections, when the third came to the gangway, armed also with a spade, and endeavored to look into the darkness below: Mr. Clough made several ineffectual attempts to gain another musket, but his right hand and left arm were both disabled—the man stood still a few minutes, then dropped his spade and walked forward. Mr. Clough now halted the boats, which were so near that he could hear the conversation going on amongst the men. He told them that two of the mutineers were dead, himself dangerously wounded, and urged them to hasten on board. They said they did not believe more than one had been killed, as they had heard but one gun and did not consider it prudent for them to come near him; so the wounded man had to sit down and suffer his blood to flow, for his right hand had become so stiff and sore that he could not use it to place a bandage on his arm. More than half an hour having elapsed since the hail, and no further news being heard, the boats ventured alongside.

A light being struck and brought into the cabin, the floor was found covered with the blood of both combatants. The man who had first entered the cabin was reclining on the transom, still grasping the cutlass, and with it the boat-knife left by Mr. Clough when he came on board; one of his eyes hung upon his cheek and his body was covered with gore; he was still alive, but did not move; and made no noise but a kind of suppressed groan. One of the men stabbed him twice with a boat-spade, and Mr. Smith discharged a musket at him; he was then caught by the hair, dragged upon deck, and thrown into the sea. The deck presented a shocking spectacle, all dabbled and tracked with clotted blood—the mangled and headless body of the unfortunate captain was lying there, as was that of one of his murderers, which was unceremoniously thrown over the side, while the remains of Captain Norris were collected and reserved for burial next day. The surviving mutineer jumped overboard and swam some distance from the ship, but returned during the night and hid himself in the fore-hold. When the crew attempted to take him out the next day he made some show at resistance, but at last came upon deck and surrendered himself; he was put in irons and taken to Sydney, where he was left in prison when the ship sailed.

The Sharon completed her voyage, under the command of Mr. Smith, more successfully than could have been expected after such a melancholy and disheartening interruption, Mr. Clough remaining on board as second mate. To his daring and almost unaided exertions are to be attributed the return of a valuable ship and cargo, and what is far more important, the preservation of the surviving crew, from the misadventure which must have overtaken them had they persisted in seeking the nearest land in their boats. The owners of the Sharon have shown their appreciation of his services by giving him the command of a fine ship, and it is to be presumed that the other parties who have escaped a heavy loss, will not withhold such a testimonial of their approval, as will at once gratify him and incite others, under like circumstances, to emulate his conduct.

LAND GRANTS FOR RAILROADS.  
A Washington letter in the *New York Times* says:—

"The fact which I communicated to you by telegraph, that the Members of the House from the land States threaten to resist the passage of the appropriation bills, if these bills for granting lands to their respective States for Railroad purposes be not passed, is fully confirmed. I learn that a number of the members from the new States will oppose all appropriations until their grants are obtained, and that others content themselves with opposition to particular appropriations for objects connected with the Atlantic interests. They say that they cannot face their constituents, unless they return with these land grants, nor justify themselves before them for voting money out of the Treasury for the benefit of the commercial interests of the old States."

Yesterday one of the Missouri members said to a New Yorker: "How can you come here and ask for your Mint and your steamer appropriations, while you give us only three votes in your whole delegation for our land grants?"—So you see this comes very near to a log-rolling system of legislation. Any compromise can be made with the Western and South-western members now. I have no doubt that a tariff project of a moderate character might be pitched to the land bills, or made to follow in their train."

In the Committee of Ways and Means it was found that Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, held the balance on the subject of several appropriations and projects. In regard to all appropriations for steamers, under existing contracts, to say nothing of new applications, &c., he held the existing vote. The committee compromised the question with him, and thus they agreed to put all the steam appropriations into a separate bill, so that the battle against them should not interfere with the regular appropriation bills. Mr. Phelps and his associates, including nearly all the members from the land States, adopt as their motto: "Not a cent for steam unless you give us our own land for our railroads."

The great Southern Rights Convention, held at Montgomery, on the 4th ult., was a regular break down, a stupendous failure. Only about six counties were represented.

### PROBABLE LOSS OF THE CLAY MEDAL.

The splendid Gold Medal which was lately presented to Hon. HENRY CLAY by a number of citizens of New York, in testimony of their admiration for his great public services, is said to have been lost in the city of New York, on Saturday evening. The following authentic statement will explain all the circumstances of the loss.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1852.  
No. 34, East 14th street.

DANIEL ULLMAN, Esq.  
DEAR SIR: The gold medal recently presented by citizens of New York, the personal and political friends of HENRY CLAY, to that distinguished statesman, was by him entrusted on Friday last to Miss LYNN, of New York, to be delivered to you.

Miss LYNN and her mother, with my family, left Washington on that day to return to New York, under my protection. At my instance and persuasion, the medal, for greater safety, was placed in my carpet bag, which contained my writing case and other valuables, and this bag was kept by me personally in the cars and carried in my own hands at the various changes and stopping places on the route, until our arrival in New York, on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when it was placed on the trunk which was to convey us to our residences.

I saw it put on the driver's seat by Mr. Vreeland, the baggage master and proprietor of the hack, by the side of the driver; and it was in that situation, as we believe, when the carriage left the foot of Courtlandt street, (Mr. Vreeland himself being present and directing.) On arriving at 43, Ninth street, the residence of Miss LYNN, the bag was missing and the driver could give no account of it. Every step was immediately taken to recover it that suggested itself to my mind, and no pains will be spared in prosecuting the search.

The committee can easily imagine the watchful care and solicitude which all my party felt, in common with myself, to convey in safety this beautiful medal, and the conflict of feelings at its sudden disappearance and possible loss.—I indulge a hope that it will be recovered.—I can hardly conceive of an American, or man, into whose hands such a treasure might fall, who would not count it his highest privilege and honor to restore it to its owner.

While I cannot reproach myself with any want of care, nor do I believe any person with a knowledge of the facts would do so, still the charge, direction and responsibility of the party concerned course upon me.

Under these circumstances, it is proper that I should communicate the facts to you, as the organ of the committee, with the expression of my deep regret at the occurrence, and to request that a perfect duplicate of the medal be prepared at my cost, as soon as possible, after the loss is finally ascertained, and transmitted to the distinguished statesman to whom, as a tribute from his many friends and admirers, it must be peculiarly valuable, and the possession of which, at the present time, cannot fail to be a grateful solace in his hours of confinement and reflection.

In the mingled feelings of sorrow and mortification which I have indulged, by reason of this occurrence, it is no small satisfaction that it affords me an opportunity, which I should not otherwise have enjoyed, to unite in this worthy memorial to one of the most distinguished men of our country and age, whose career has been as brilliant as it has been patriotic, and whose life and times will constitute an essential element in the history of our country, during its most interesting and forming period, and whose name and memory like those of the Father of his Country, will be cherished as the common inheritance of generations to come.

I am, dear sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,  
CHARLES BUTLER.

A reward of five hundred dollars has been offered for the recovery of the medal. It was of solid gold, enclosed in a massive silver case and cost, we believe, about \$2,500. Its description has been so widely published that it would be impossible for any one to dispose of it without detection. The danger is that it may be melted into ingots.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

THE CLAY MEDAL.—The carpet-bag of Mr. BUTLER, which contained the Clay medal, the abstraction of which in the city of New York has been mentioned, was found on Monday, broken open and rifled of its contents. It will be seen by the following letter that the original subscribers have resolved to have another medal struck for Mr. CLAY, and declined the liberal offer of Mr. BUTLER to furnish one at his own expense.—[Nat. Intelligencer.

No. 29, WALL STREET, (N. Y.)  
March 16, 1852.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your favor of yesterday, communicating the circumstances attending the loss of the gold medal recently presented to Mr. CLAY by a number of his personal and political friends in this city.

The gentlemen associated for the purpose of presenting that testimonial to Mr. CLAY have instructed me to say to you that they warmly reciprocate the feelings which you express, and unite with you in regretting that the mishap should have occurred.

They further desire me to say that they have given orders for a medal to be struck in every respect similar and equal to the one which has been lost; and that while they highly appreciate the motives of your honorable request "that a perfect duplicate" should at once be prepared at your cost, and regard your action in the premises as in every way worthy of you, yet they feel constrained to decline your liberal offer.

I am, with great respect,  
your obedient servant,  
DANIEL ULLMAN,  
Chairman of the Committee.

CHARLES BUTLER, Esq.

There are now thirty thousand tons of railroad iron lying at Dunkirk, New York, waiting shipment to the West, most desired for Ohio, and there it daily more receiving.