

with dear persecuted Patty. Mr Traply quitted his conubial bed before daylight, called from his repose by the iron tongue of law. 'Ugh!' he grunted, as he put on his clothes, 'here's a day, I can tell, to call a man out! Pretty ride I shall have to Tyburn. It's pleasant enough in summer; but this weather's enough to kill a man.'

'Never mind, Mike,' said his wife; 'I've got what you love for dinner—rabbit and onions; so let the thoughts of that comfort you as you go and come.'

'Ha!' cried Traply, 'a man wants something, Heaven knows; and with this saying he went upon his awful errand to be lightened by the vision of rabbit and onions!'

When Mrs Traply rose, she looked at me again and again, and vowing I should be a perfect beauty when a little put to rights, began to prepare breakfast. Suddenly she stopped; and then adding a second cup and saucer, said—'Yes, poor dear, she shall breakfast with me; and as luck would have it, she's a feather-dresser; she can tidy it up for me.' With this thought Mrs Traply left the room. In a few minutes she returned, with Patty Butler, prisoner.

Poor thing! I thought to see her much changed, even more pale, more haggard than when carried from Bloomsbury. It was not so. Ill she looked—very ill.—But to me she seemed as one who held constant communion with death, and was thereby comforted. There was sadness in her face, yet sadness glorified by sweetest patience. Sorrow seemed to ennoble her. She appeared no more sullied by all the hideous guilt and misery of the goal than did the light of heaven that shone in upon her. Her eyes were mild and tearless; and at her mouth there was a smile of resignation; a smile that showed angelic might of heart; mighty from its very weakness. Her voice was changed; deeper, calmer.

'There, my dear child,' said Mrs Traply whose heart was, after all, unchilled by the flints of Newgate, 'there; make yourself happy with some tea and toast. Come you seem a little down this morning.—Ha! I don't wonder at it. I, who have been here ten years—ha! my dear, when I danced at the race-ball with Sir Mohawk Brush, I never thought to come to Newgate. A little drop in your tea, and Mrs Traply having quitted her own cup with some brandy, proffered the restorative to Patty. 'You won't! Well, you know best. I should never get through these days without it. I'm sure it's enough to work poor Traply to death. They hang six more next Monday.'

Patty spoke not, but shuddered; then with an effort compressed her lips.

'Jack Ketch drinks George the Third's health every Monday, said the woman; 'calls him the real father of his people he does so well know how to correct 'em. Ha!' cried Mrs Traply, casting a glance at a Dutch clock in the corner, 'they ha'n't got to St. Giles's Pond yet, and such a day! Poor dear Traply! I feel for his rheumatiz. And going, they do go so slow, my dear.'

Patty tried to speak; she could not.

'You couldn't have lived so long in London without seeing such a sight, my love!'

'I never did—never will,' said Patty.

'Let us hope not; for though there's a sort of something that makes one long to see it—I don't know, but it isn't pleasant—no, my dear, it isn't,' cried Mrs Traply, with emphasis. 'I was a young, giddy, happy thing, when I saw the first man hanged. Ha! my dear, little I thought of Newgate then. Well, we won't talk of it. We'll talk of your little trouble, my love. I'm sure, I hope it will come to nothing. I'm sure I think you innocent.'

'I am innocent,' said Patty, mildly.

'But, my dear,' cried the turnkey's wife, 'what's innocence in Newgate?—Bless you, it's better to be a little guilty and safe outside, than be as innocent as snow, and locked up. Still, you know, my dear, matters do look a little black against you. In case of the worst—'

'I am prepared, even for the worst,' said Patty.

'I don't blame you; as a Christian, my dear, I don't blame you,' said the woman. 'But for all that, you wouldn't throw away your life, my dear? It would be murder, you know.'

Patty said no word, but sighed heavily.

'And you're so young; and if you were once comfortable, I've no doubt would be very good looking. Bless you! I shall live to see you a happy wife, and the mother of a dear family. Now, there's that gentleman Mr Curlwell—the man's a doting upon you. He says he'll lay out his last farthing upon lawyers and witnesses for you; and for money, in a good cause, there's his kind-hearted people to be found who'll swear what they're told, my dear.'

'I am sorry to hear it,' said Patty.

'What! when they know you to be innocent, and will swear what will prove as much?'

'Never mind; we will not talk of it, Mrs Traply. I have known but little to tie me to this world; and if it—if I say,

here Patty struggled with her heart; then observing me upon a chair, she said, her lips quivering as she spoke, 'What a pretty feather! Is it yours?'

'Yes, my dear; though I don't wear such things now. Ha! the last time I wore that feather, I danced with Sir Mohawk Brush—I think I've named him to you before. Ha! if he had only kept his word, what a sweet man he would have been! It's been tumbled, my love, lying by in my box; perhaps you can put it to rights for me?'

'Certainly; I shall, indeed, be glad; for you have been so very kind to me.'

'And I want to be kind to you, if you'll let me,' said the woman. 'Now there's Mr Curlwell—'

'Pray, do not speak of him,' said Patty.

'A nice, kind, affable man; older than you, to be sure; but all the better; for die when he will, he'll leave you snug.—Suppose, now—I merely say suppose, he could get you out of this trouble, if you'd only marry him? Suppose, I say, there was nothing between death and the church, what would you do?'

Patty, who had been gazing at me, laid me down upon the table, and, looking full at the woman, answered in a calm deep voice—'Die.'

'You'd never be so wicked?' cried Mrs Traply.

'I will never be so wicked,' said Patty, 'so false, so cruelly deceitful towards any man, as to vow a love where my heart sickens.'

'Yes, my dear, but to die,' said Mrs Traply.

'But to live,' cried Patty, with quick earnestness; 'to live and be a daily hypocrite; to feel a daily heartache; to shudder at even a word of tenderness; to loathe one's self for seeming content—happy!—Where all this is, what can be life? Oh, no?' said Patty, with a gentle smile, 'I have thought of death; and, indeed, I can die.'

'Ha! my dear, that's often our pride and vanity to think so. But to die any way in our own sheets, with the doctor, and every other comfort about us, and to have all sorts of civil things said in a sermon made on purpose for us, even then, my dear, death is bad enough; bad enough; but what, when you go out of the world with a bad name—with the world, my love, always to have something to say against you?'

'Terrible, very terrible,' said Patty, placing her hand to her brow, 'but I have thought of this, too, and it is little very little with the thought of innocence. The world?' cried Patty, in a piteous voice; 'what shall I be to the world?—What to me the blame or praise of the world, when I am in the grave?'

'Yes, my dear; but you must own there's a hard trial 'twixt Newgate and that. Ha! at this moment, poor things, and again Mrs Traply looked at the Dutch clock—at this very moment, they're taking there last sup at the Pound. Ha! there's the trial, my love.'

Patty trembled from head to foot, and I could see her small hands work convulsively—could see the fighting of her heart to keep the terror down, as Mrs Traply, for the kindest purpose, as she thought, painted the horrors of the death-journey from Newgate to Tyburn.

'You don't know what it is, child, or you wouldn't talk in that way. Ha! my dear, it's very different to going with a party, and sitting at a window to see the poor things in the cart, that's very different to being one of 'em, you know. Innocence, my dear, is all very well; but I don't know any innocence that could bear to be stared at by thousands of people, all looking as if they had red-hot eyes upon you. And then to see the whole street swimming about you—and to have the blood like boiling lead in your ears—for a dear soul as was reprieved told me all about it—and how the men and women looked like stony-faced devils round him—and how as he heard some of 'em laugh, it went like a knife into his heart—and how as the cart rumbled along, he prayed for the stones to open and bury him—and how when he got to Tyburn, ha! my dear, he was proved as innocent as you are, and yet he felt all this—and how, as I was saying, when he got to Tyburn—but you don't listen to me?'

The woman spoke the truth; for Patty had sunk beneath the struggle of her feelings, and lay insensible in the chair.

CHAPTER XXIV.
PATTY IS VISITED BY MRS. GAPTOOTH AND CURLEWELL.—OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

'If she hasn't fainted!' cried the turnkey's wife jumping from her seat to the side of Patty. 'Poor little lamb!' said the woman, as she applied restoratives to the girl, and chatted calmly the while—for her prison, experience had taught her composure at such moments—'Poor little kitten! A stout heart she has for Tyburn! No, no; I shall dance at her wedding yet! Dear me! well, she is gone.—Ha! I'm sure when Traply first asked me, I thought I'd be torn to bits first; and now—well, it might be worse.' In this wise, the turnkey's wife continued to talk to herself, when at length Patty sighed heavily.

'Yes, yes,' said the woman, 'she'll cry soon and then be nice and comfortable.' At this moment there was a knock at the door. 'Come in,' cried Mrs Traply, not stirring from her charge.

The door was opened, and Mrs Gaptooth and Curlew, the valet, immediately entered.

'La! and is it you?' cried Mrs Traply.—'Here she is, poor thing! but she'll be better now you're come, Mr Curlew;' and the woman threw what she believed to be a very speaking look at the valet, graced too with a pretty bridling of the neck.

'Poor soul! poor heart!—well, if ever!' cried Curlew, and he then stared at Patty with knitted eyebrows and open mouth.

'Who'd ha' thought it?' he then cried.—'If Newgate hasn't made her all the beautifuller. Ha! Mrs Gaptooth, she's a lily that would grow anywhere;—a golden flower she is!'

I could perceive that Mrs Gaptooth had the most contemptuous opinion Curlew's taste; and this opinion she telegraphed to the turnkey's wife, who, by her mute acknowledgement of the intelligence, showed that she, too, considered the valet as a poor, fascinated lost man. As, however, Curlew looked for some sort of affirmation from Mrs Gaptooth, that well-practiced woman awarded to him one of her elaborate smiles.

'She's coming round—a dove!' said Mrs Gaptooth. 'As time's getting short, Mr Curlew, and as I wouldn't have you throw away your money upon an ungrateful person—'

'I'll spend an hundred pounds upon her, cried the valet, with magnanimous energy.

'Not upon another man's wife, I should think. You'd never be so extravagant as that, Mr Curlew!' cried the full-fed oily hag.

'What! do you mean, ma'am?' asked Mr. Curlew. 'Another man's wife, ma'am?'

'Certainly. If the gal will marry you, why you know best, and may buy your wife out of Newgate; but if, like a proud saucy jilt, as she may, she won't have anything to do with you, why, your'e only saving an ungrateful thing from Tyburn, to be, for what you know, wife to some other man. That's my meaning Mr Curlew,' said the hideous woman.

'To be sure,' said Mrs Traply; 'the gentlemen oughtn't to lay his money out in the dark. He ought to know what's what first. It's but reasonable.'

'I'll spend an hundred pounds upon the dear creature!' repeated the valet.

'You'll do as you like, Mr Curlew; but, as your friend—though, the Lord help me! real friends are held cheap now-a-days—as your friend, and as the trials coming on next week, you ought not to throw away your money, the reward of your honest labor—the very sweat of your brow as I may say without knowing what for.—So let the gal speak out, once for all—For my part, I'm upright and downstraight, and can't abide pigs in pokes. And now, cried Mrs Gaptooth, dropping with physical emphasis upon a chair, 'now you know my mind.'

'She's coming to,' said Mrs Traply.

'Go into the next room—he may, my dear, mayn't he?—and, when the girl's quite recovered, you can get an answer. Thus counseled Mrs Gaptooth.

Mr Curlew again muttered his determination to pay out a hundred pounds, and passed into the adjoining room. Mrs Gaptooth slowly turned her head, following him with a most pitying sneer. 'A hundred pounds! and for a nose like that! If the blessings of money ar'n't thrown a way upon some people!'

'She's getting better,' said Mrs Traply; who continued in a low tone of confidence.—'You're right, Mrs Gaptooth.—Men are fools, ma'am, when they get a fancy in their heads—quite fools. Noses, indeed! The noses, and the eyes, and complexion too, that I've seen taken out of the dirt, carried to church, and stuck up for life in carriages! People talk of beauty; but I do think there's often great luck in solid ugliness. She's getting better. Men are fools.'

'They are, my dear,' said Mrs Gaptooth; 'and perhaps, after all, it's as well it is so; it makes all the better for the weakness of our sex. She'll do now; and Mrs Gaptooth turned aside, as Patty unclosed her eyes, and looked dreamily about her.

'There, you're better—to be sure you are,' said Mrs Traply, 'and it was very foolish of you to take on so. Bless your poor heart! you'll never suffer any thing of the sort, not you. No, no; you've too many good friends about you, if you'll only let 'em be your friends.'

'I am better,' said Patty, leaning her brow, as if in pain, upon her hand. 'It was weak of me to—but say no more of it.'

'There, your colour's coming like a carnation,' said Mrs Traply; 'and, since you've been ill, some friends have come to see you.'

'Mr Lintley?' cried Patty, with sparkling eyes and animated face.

'No, not Mr Lintley, but—'

Ere the woman could end the sentence, Mrs Gaptooth showed herself, approaching Patty; I shall never forget the two faces. They seemed the incarnated expressions of profound wickedness and alarmed innocence. When I first saw the old woman

at Madame Spannau's, I confess I was tricked into a respect for her; she seemed so meek, so mild, so pitifully. And now—perhaps it was from seeing her in contrast with Patty—I feel for her a loathing, a disgust! This feeling was strengthened by what I witnessed in the turnkey's room.

The old woman, overlaying her broad ripe face with a smile—a laborious look of complacency—made up to Patty. As she approached, the face of the girl changed to marble paleness; her eyes looked darker and darker; and her mouth became rigidly curved, with an expression of mingled fear and scorn. Once, as from some ungovernable impulse, she shivered from head to sole. She grasped the arms of the chair, and still shrunk back as the old woman came nearer to her. She seemed possessed by some terrible antipathy—some irrepressible loathing—that, in its intensity, made her powerless. Still, Mrs Gaptooth, with her undaunted smiles, advanced. She was about to lay her hands upon Patty, when, with almost a shriek, the girl leaped from her chair.

'Creature! touch me not!' Patty exclaimed with a vehemence that surprised me. She then passionately seized Mrs Traply by the hand, begging protection from that 'horrid woman.'

As Patty spoke these words, the shadow of a black heart darkened the woman's face; in one brief moment, I beheld in it the iniquities of a long noxious life. The old crone stood for a moment eyeing the girl like a bawled witch. It was a hideous sight.

'You're a foolish, fly-away puss,' said Mrs Gaptooth, rallying herself, and again essaying her customary smile, though I could see the harridan still shaking with passion. 'I come to do you good, and you call me wicked names. Ha! you have much to answer for—you have.'

'I know the good you would offer,' said Patty; you have offered it before. I was helpless, alone, without a friend! and, therefore you offered it. Oh! and Patty cried as from a crushed heart, 'shame upon you!'

'You silly little child!' said Mrs Gaptooth, still striving to trample upon her passion. 'You foolish little pet!' she cried and laughing, would have playfully pinched Patty's cheek, but the girl with a look repelled her. 'There, you silly creature!' she continued, 'all I said about a lord, and a fine gentleman, and a carriage, and gay clothes, and all that, was only a tale—a story to try you. Now, there is no lord in the case; but an honest worthy gentleman.'

'You lose your pains,' said Patty, again restored to her composure.

'He can and will take you out of this place,' cried the invincible Mrs Gaptooth, 'and make you his lawful, wedded wife.—Do you hear what say, child? his lawful wedded wife. What say you now, Patty?'

'I say again to you,' answered the girl, with the natural dignity of a pure heart—'I say again, you lose your pains, woman. Go.'

Patty overcome the patience of Mrs Gaptooth. That ignominious word, 'woman'—that name so stung its unworthy possessor, that the old crone gave up her tongue to most unlimited indulgence. In a deep contemptuous tone, she first begged to ask Patty what she thought of herself that she called her betters, women? 'You, indeed!' exclaimed Mrs Gaptooth. 'You!—woman, indeed—and such a place!—in Newgate, madam—Newgate!—or, perhaps, Miss, Isay, Miss, you have forgotten where you are!'

'Indeed, no; nor the cause, the wicked cause, which brought me hither,' said Patty.

'Clickley Abram and a gold watch,' cried Mrs Gaptooth, with a loud malicious laugh.

At this moment I observed the door open, and apothecary Lintley, followed by some one whose face I could not see, was about to enter. He, however, shrunk back the door remaining ajar. The noise caused by Mrs Gaptooth enabled Lintley to make this backward movement without being noticed.

'I was happy, at least I was content, when you, like some bad thing,' said Patty, 'when you beset my daily walk—when you followed me to my home—when you uttered words to me. You, an old woman, that should have advised, comforted a helpless creature like myself—when you tempted me with—but you know the wickedness, the shame! It was to avoid you, who seemed to taint my life, I left a comfortable home—lost the means of certain bread. I was driven—by want and sickness—driven—to the miserable house, where the most cruel accident—'

'Accident! Ha! ha!' chuckled Mrs Gaptooth. 'Accident put a gold watch in a lady's bed! And do you know what comes of such accidents?'

Patty looked pityingly upon the hard-hearted creature, saying, 'Yes; I know.'

'And now, you would have the impudence to abuse me—who would have been your best friend—you, standing there, so bold and glib, do you know that you mayn't have another month to live?'

'Oh, Mrs Gaptooth!' cried the turnkey's wife, moved by the fiendish malice of the hag

'She does not hurt me; let her speak, said Patty, with a patient, yet a worn and weary look. 'It is very true,' she then said, turning to the wretched woman, 'another month—or less—and I may be with the dead. I do not fear to go to them; and that, your own heart will tell you something better—that is much. Let me then seem to you a dying creature; and with my dying breath, let me—poor, wretched woman!—let me pray you to repent. Consider it; what a weight of broken hearts is upon your soul! What daily misery, what nights of horror, fall to your account. Repent, I say; or what indeed, will be the last hour to you? What the thoughts of helpless, happy, creatures, snared and killed by your wickedness.—Again I say repent!'

There was a moments pause. The old woman recoiled, shrunk beneath the quiet energy of soul with which Patty addressed her. There was a pause; and the woman with a tenacity of evil—a daring resolution not to be awed and beaten by a girl—shrieked at her. Many of her words were unintelligible from their shrill volubility; they seemed to me the sounds of some fierce brutish thing. 'What you! you! you!' at last I distinguished. 'You to preach to me! Now, I tell you what—I tell you what,' screamed the harridan, approaching Patty with clenched, trembling fists.—'I'll see you hanged—I'll see you hanged! If I give twenty guineas for a window, I'll see you hanged—I'll see you hanged! Twenty guineas! Twenty guineas!'

The door opened, and apothecary Lintley, followed by Mr Inglewood—whom we trust the reader has not wholly forgotten—entered the room.

'What wretched creature is this?' asked Lintley, looking at Mrs Gaptooth, as she stood writhing and spent with excretion.

She, however, made one last raging effort; for bursting into a loud hysterical laugh, she exclaimed, 'Twenty guineas to see her hanged! Twenty guineas!'

And whooping, the old demoniacal woman rushed from the room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WOODSTOCK AGE.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 19.

WOOSTOCK AGE, FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The Woodstock Age will be sent for three months, commencing the first of June, at the rate of

5 copies for \$1.00!

We shall in no case, send less than five copies and they must be sent to one address and paid for in advance. If

A NEW DEMOCRATIC STATE.

The first election in the State of Florida has resulted in the choice of Wm. D. Mosely for governor, and David Levy for congress, both democrats; the former by a majority of about 500, and the latter 700. There is also a democratic majority in both branches of the legislature which determines the politics of the two U. S. Senators to be elected by that body. The legislature meets on the 23d of June at Tallahassee.

Rhode Island.—Gov. Jackson, having been requested to call an extra session of the Legislature to act upon the amnesty and liberation question, has written a letter, stating that he declines to do so, as the Legislature has adjourned to meet again on the 21st of this month, when it is to be hoped that the whole subject will be disposed of to the satisfaction of the friends of liberation.

Later from Mexico.—The editors of the Journal of Commerce having been favored with the following extract of a letter to a commercial house in that city, dated Mexico, May 20, 1845: "This Government having been empowered by Congress to enter into a Treaty with the Texian Commissioners, all fear of a rupture between this country and the United States on that score, is now at an end."

We should like to make one enquiry, only one, of Col. Beaman of the Rutland Herald. Was it fair, was it respectful, was it gentlemanly, in that rhyming matter, to pit us against the devil?

Captain Marston and Col. Beaman are having a little bit of a set-to. Fight it out gentlemen, but we warn you not to lay a finger on our shoulder!

At the Democratic State Convention, held at Concord, N. H. on the 12th, Hon. JARED W. WILLIAMS, of Lancaster, was nominated for Governor on the first ballot—receiving 215 out of 230 votes; the whole number cast.

Mr Williams was for four years a representative in congress.

The democrats of Washington Co. will hold a Convention on the 25th, for the nomination of candidates for the Senate.

Lowell Advertiser.—The senior editor of this print having removed to Boston, it passes into the hands of Mr Samuel C. Baldwin, the junior partner.

New Hampshire.—The legislature met at Concord on the 4th inst. Harry Hibbard of Bath, was elected Speaker of the House, 161 to 53, and Albert G. Allen, Clerk, 162 to 35. Asa P. Cate from No. 4, was chosen President of the Senate unanimously, and Moody Currier, of Manchester, Clerk.

The official canvass shows the following result for Governor:—

J. H. Steele	23,406
Anthony Colby	15,579
Daniel Hoyt	5,786
Scattering	344

Making Steele's majority over all 1047

An extremely sagacious Pinkey cotemporary has made the astounding discovery that the Democrats are seriously divided upon the subject of a candidate for Governor. Every intelligent politician in the State knows that there is but one opinion among the democracy about this matter.

Rail Road Accident. We are extremely pained to state the cars on the Woodstock & Windsor Rail Road ran off the track, just below Taftsville on the night of the 11th, by which deplorable misfortune, we are happy to state no lives were lost, and no bones broken. By the extreme and powerful agility of the "cow-catcher," the cars were soon on the track and the engine went on towards Barnard whistling, "out of the way old Dan Tucker."

The accident is supposed to have been caused by the carelessness of one of Taft's workmen in leaving an old scythe across the track over night.

Bishop of Pennsylvania.—The Albany Argus learns that Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D., has replied to the committee at Philadelphia, and signifies his acceptance to the Episcopate of the Diocese, to which he was recently so unanimously elected.

NEW POSTMASTERS IN VERMONT.

OLIVER WALCOTT, E. Barnard.
DAVID HAMMOND, Reading.
IRA DAVIS, Norwich.

REUBEN WELD, Hartland.
WOOSTER DOWNER, Sharon.
A. B. MORGAN, Stockbridge.

A. L. CHAMBERLAIN, Pomfret.
C. S. MASON, Ludlow.
S. S. KEYES, Highgate.

S. S. HEMENWAY, Barton.
W. S. MELCH, Cambridge.
JOHN KELLOGG, JR. Benson.

E. D. BARBER, Middlebury.
J. C. FULLER, Danville.
H. CURTIS, E. Randolph.

E. JACKSON, Brandon.
GEO. F. STOWELL, Middlesex.
J. N. PARLEY, Troy Furnace.

M. B. CULLIN, Orwell.

The following is from the Union of the 12th.

IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.—Mr Van Ness has resigned the Collectorship of New York—the resignation to take effect on the 1st of July next. The President has accepted his resignation, and appointed Cornelius W. Lawrence to this most important office. It is believed that no appointment could be made, more satisfactory to the Democracy of all classes, than that of Mr Lawrence. It is due to Mr Van Ness to say, that he has discharged the duties of the office with great ability. He retired with the best wishes for the success of the Administration, of which he has always been an efficient supporter, and retains, in his retirement, the respect and confidence of all our friends at this place.

Hoggens met the schoolmaster one morning. "I say," said he, "do you know you are the only person in town for whom the minister prays on Sunday?"

"No," answered the pedagogue, "how is that?"

"Why he prays for the heads of all colleges and inferior institutions of learning—and if you don't keep an inferior one, I don't know who does."

It is not necessary that men should say all they think—but it is important that they should think all they say.

Barnstable Pat.

The celebrated Quoit Club, which has existed so long at Richmond—and of which the late Chief Justice Marshall was a prominent member, up to the period of his death—still holds its meetings at the appropriate season.

Capt. Fremont arrived at St. Louis May 30th, and would join the expedition to be under his command, destined for a survey of the country west of the South Pass, and between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific.

The Largest Letter in the World.—Mr J. R. Peters, jun., who accompanied the American Embassy to China, arrived this morning in the ship Bazaar, and informs us that the Emperor of the Celestial dominion has written a letter, in the Chinese and Mantchou languages, to the President of the United States, which is six feet long by three feet wide! Mr Peters saw the letter. It is written on yellow paper, enclosed in a yellow silk case, and is now in the hands of Dr Parker for translation. It is expected that it will be sent home in the next ship.—N. Y. Com. Ado.