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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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All orders addressed to the publishers, post-paid, will receive prompt attention.

From the Southern Ladies' Book for June.

HENRY CLAY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

With voice and mien of stern control
He stood among the great and proud,
And words of fire burst from his soul
Like lightnings from the tempest cloud;
His high and deathless themes were crowned
With glory of his genius born.
And gloom and ruin darkly frowned
Where fell his bolts of wrath and scorn.

But he is gone, the free, the bold,
The champion of the country's right;
His burning eye is dim and cold,
And mute his voice of conscious might.
Oh no, not mute—his stirring call
Can startle tyrants on their thrones,
And on the hearts of nations fall
More awful than his living tones.

The impulse that his spirit gave
To human thought's wild, stormy sea,
Will heave and thrill through every wave
Of that great deep eternally;
And the all-circling atmosphere,
With which is blent his breath of flame,
Will sound, with cadence deep and clear,
In storm and calm, his voice and name.

His words that like a bugle blast
Erst rang along the Grecian shore,
And o'er the hoary Andes passed,
Will still ring on for evermore.
Great Liberty will catch the sounds,
And start to newer, brighter life,
And summon from Earth's utmost bounds
Her children to the glorious strife.

Unnumbered pilgrims o'er the wave,
In the far ages yet to be,
Will come to kneel beside his grave,
And hail him prophet of the free.
'Tis holier ground, that lowly bed
In which his mouldering form is laid,
Than fields where Liberty has bled
Beside her broken battle-blade.

Who now, in danger's fearful hour,
When all around is wild and dark,
Shall guard with voice, and arm of power,
Our freedom's consecrated ark?
With stricken hearts, Oh God, to Thee,
Beneath whose feet the stars are dust,
We bow, and ask that Thou wilt be
Through every ill our stay and trust.

From the American Union.

A THRILLING SCENE.

BY CHAS. RAND.

The following narrative—a true one—describes a scene that actually took place not many years since, in a country town in the State of Maine.

One evening in the month of December, eighteen hundred and thirty-four, a number of townsmen had assembled at the store of a Mr. Thomas Putnam, to talk over 'matters and things'—smoke—drink—and in short do anything to 'kill time.'

Three hours had thus passed away. They had laughed, and talked, and drank, and chatted, and had a good time, generally; so that about the usual hour of shutting up shop, each of the party felt particularly first rate.

'Come,' said Charles Hatch—one of the company—'let's all liquor, and then have a game of high-low Jack.'

'S-I say,' exclaimed another—'who's got the cards?'

'Fetch on your keerds,' drawled out a third, his eyes half closed through the effects of the liquor he had drank.

After drinking all round, an old pine table was drawn up before the fire place, where burned brightly a large fire of hemlock logs which would snap and crackle—throwing large live coals out upon the hearth.

All drew up around the table, seating themselves on whatever came handiest. Four of them had rolled up to the table some kegs, which from their weight, were supposed to contain nails.

'Now,' said Hatch, 'how shall we play—every one for himself?'

'No—have partners,' growled one man.

'I say, every one for himself,' exclaimed another.

'No, hang'd if I'll play so,' shouted the former, bringing his fist down upon the table, knocking one candle out of the stick, and ano her upon the floor.

'Come, come,' said Hatch, 'no quarreling—all who say for having partners, stand up.' Three arose.

'Now, all who say, each one for himself—stand up.'

The remaining four immediately got up.

'You see, Barclay,' said Hatch, 'the majority are against you. Come will you play?'

'Well, as I don't want to be on the opposite side, I'll play,' answered Barclay, somewhat cooled down.

Mr. Putnam was not in the store that evening, and the clerk who was busy behind the counter, had taken very little notice of the proceedings. About half-past ten, Mr. Putnam thought he would step over to his store, and see that every thing was safe.—As he went in he walked up towards the fire.

When within a few steps of where the men were sitting, he started back in horror.

Before him sat seven men, half crazy with drink and the excitement of playing cards.—There they were, within a few feet of the fire just described—and four of them *seated on kegs of powder!*

Barclay—who was a very heavy man—had pressed in the head of the keg on which he sat, bursting the top hoop, and pressing the powder out through the chinks. By the continual motion of their feet, the powder had become spread about the floor, and now covered a space of two feet all around them.

Mr. Putnam's first movement was towards the door, but recovering himself, he walked up towards the fire. Should either of them attempt to rise—he thought—and scatter a few grains a little further into the fire-place, where lay a large quantity of live coals!

At that moment Hatch looked up, and seeing Mr. Putnam, with his face deadly pale, gazing into the fire, exclaimed,

'Good God, Putnam, what ails you,' and at the same time made a motion to rise.

'For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, do not rise,' said Mr. Putnam, 'Four of you sit on ...s of powder—it is scattered all around you ly... movement might send you all to eternity the bar... are two buckets of water behind ... on are ... your seats for one minute, ... ve, and you are dead

In an instant every man was perfectly sobered—not a limb moved—each seemed paralyzed.

In less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene, Mr. Putnam had poured the water and completely saturated the powder on the floor, and extinguished the fire, so that an explosion was impossible. Then, and not till then was there a word spoken.

Before those seven men left the store that very night, they pledged themselves *never* to taste another drop of liquor or play another game of cards.

Written for the Musical World & Times.

SUNDAY MORNING AT THE DIBDINS.

"JANE," (suddenly exclaims Mrs. Dibdin,) "do you know it is nearly time for your Sabbath School to commence? I hope you have committed your hymns and commandments to memory.—Put on your little jet bracelet, and your ruffled pantalettes. Now, say the third commandment, while I fix your curls;—it does seem to me as if your hair never curls half as well on Sundays as on week days.—Mind, you ask Letty Brown, where her mother bought that cunning straw hat of hers; not in Sabbath school, of course; that would be very wicked, but after it is over, as you walk along to church.

"Jane; What's the chief end of man?—Don't know? Well, it's the most astonishing thing that that Assembly's Catechism don't stay in your head any better! It seems to go into one ear and out of the other. Now pay particular attention while I tell you what the chief end of man is. The chief end of man is—is—well—I—why don't you hold still? you are always putting a body out! You had better run up stairs and get your book Here, stop a minute and let me tie your sash straight.—Pink is very becoming to you, Jane; you inherit your mother's blonde beauty.—Come away from that glass, Jane, this minute; don't you know it is wicked to look in the glass on Sunday?—See if you can say your "creed" that your Episcopal teacher wants you to learn. Come; "I believe"—(In less than one week your toes will be through those drab gaiters. Jane) Goodness! if there isn't the bell!—Why didn't you get your lesson Saturday evening?—Oh! I recollect: you were at dancing school. Well—you needn't say anything about that, to your teacher; because—because there's 'a time to dance,' and a time to go to meeting, and *now* it is meeting time; so, come here, and let me roll that refractory ringlet over my finger once more, and then, do you walk *solemnly* along to church, as a baptised child should

"There! stop a bit! you may wear this coral bracelet of mine, if you won't lose it. There, now you look *most* as pretty as your mother did, when she was your age.—Don't toss your head so, Jane; people will call you vain; and you know I have always told you that it makes very little difference how a little girl *looks*, if she is only a little christian. There, goodbye;—repeat your catechism, going along; and, don't let the wind blow your hair out of curl."

SUNDAY NOON AT THE DIBDINS:

(Mr. Dibdin reading a pile of business letters, fresh from the Post Office; Mrs. Dibdin, in a pearl colored brocade and lace ruffles, devouring "Bleak House")

Mrs Dibdin.—"Jane, is it possible I see you, on the holy Sabbath day, with Mother Goose's Melodies? Put it away, this minute, and get your Bible. There's the pretty story of Joseph building the ark, and Noah in the lion's den, and Isaac killing his brother Cain, and all that."

Jane.—"Well, but, mamma, you know I can't spell the big words. Wont you read to me?"

Mrs Dibdin.—"I am busy reading, now, my dear; go and ask your papa."

Jane.—"Please, papa, will you read to me in my little Bible? mama is busy."

Mr. Dibdin—"My dear, will you be kind enough to pull that bell for Jane's nursery maid? she is getting troublesome."

* * * * * * *

EXIT Miss Jane to the nursery, to listen to Katy's and her friend Bridget's account of their successful flirtations with John O'Calligan and Michael O'Donahue. FANNY FERN

Cherries without stones have been produced in France by the following method:—In the Spring, before the circulation of the sap, a young seeding cherry tree is split from the upper extremity down to the fork of its roots; then, by means of a piece of wood in form of a spatula, the pith is carefully removed from the tree, in such a manner as to avoid any excoriation, or other injury; a knife is used only for commencing the split. Afterwards, the two sections are brought together, and tied with wooden, care being taken to close hermetically with clay, the whole length of the cleft. The sap soon reunites the separated portions of the tree, and, two years afterwards, cherries are produced of the usual appearance, but, instead of stones, there will only be small soft pellicks.

A QUADRUPED CHICKEN.—The Germantown Telegraph publishes the following extract from a letter of a gentleman of Columbia, to a citizen of Germantown:—"One of my Shanghai hens had a few chicks, hatched a few days ago, and one of them, which toddles about and eats heartily and seems to thrive, *has four legs* For the first day, "Quaddy" (as we call him from quadruped,) didn't know which pair to go upon. The hind pair made him rear up, and the front pair made him kick up. But, after balancing the thing in his mind over night he settled next morning on his "all fours" boldly, and persists in that mode of locomotion.

Had General Scott been elected President, we do not think, that for the sake of 'fusion,' or 'harmony,' or 'party purposes,' he would have appointed to lucrative offices, or favored in any manner, either Abolitionists at the North or Disunionists at the South.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, has received his reward for his services in aid of Pierce at the last election. He has been appointed Superintendent of the improvements on the Tennessee river.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT "POOR BUT HONEST PEOPLE."

We have just read, in a newspaper issued in a minor town in an adjoining State, a very pathetic obituary notice of a gentleman lately deceased, of whom it is said that, "born of poor *but* honest parents," he ever regarded with kindness, "even in the midst of unusual prosperity," the "humblest of the people in the community around him," &c. We doubt not, from the description given, that he was a very kind and worthy old gentleman, and we trust he is now happy in the society of his eccentric parents, who so strangely blended, as the panegyrist assures us, the attribute of honesty with the circumstance of poverty.

But we hear somewhat too much of this thing, and it is exceedingly ill-timed in this nineteenth century, and out of place in this republican country. It is time we had learned better things—that poor men should very readily be deemed honest, and working men respectable.

Poverty is an accident or incident that we would advise all to get the better of as soon as they can; but, rich or poor, he who is not in a proper sense a working man is a burden upon the community and a disgrace to society. All good men are either working men, invalids, or superannuated. Some labor harder than others; the task of some is of a rougher character than that of others; and some get better paid than others. But just and rational men hold all alike in their esteem, except as the individual honors or dishonors the calling he pursues. Distinctions based upon the artificial rules of European countries, but more especially of the Celestial Empire, (where work is fortunately becoming very pressing just now,) are contemptible absurdities in this country. A greater degree of prosperity may here attend one pursuit than is realized in another, or a greater amount of information may be essential to the practice of one occupation than another; but as these things are not hereditary and perpetual, the idea of the recognition of castes can only linger in the crania of fools.

It is a great thing to be an eminent lawyer, physician, divine, or merchant, but it would be a very little thing to despise in consequence one's own kindred in the pursuit of less profitable duties. The relatives now among us of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, SHERMAN, and GREENE are no doubt justly proud of the fame of these men; but unless some of them, of whom we have never heard, are tenants of mad-houses or candidates for admission, we presume there would be no affiont in telling them that WASHINGTON was a county surveyor, FRANKLIN a printer, SHERMAN a shoemaker, and GREENE a blacksmith. If it were otherwise, it would but prove the tendency of families to degeneracy in moral and intellectual stature under the influence of worldly prosperity

Who is he, no matter how exalted his position, who has not relatives in the humblest? The writer has himself seen members of the immediate families of two Presidents of this Republic toiling for their support in the severest of employments; and it is probable that no man has occupied the White House who has not been aware that many of his kindred, unless relieved by himself, were reckoned among the poor, if not the honest of the land! The only brother of the great CLAY was a cabinet-maker; WEBSTER, the giant of statesmen and the ornament of his country, had a brother-in law who never learned to read until after completing the period of three score and ten; and a majority of the first statesmen of the present time are the energetic and ambitious sons of "poor but honest parents."—EVERETT (who will never blush to hear it) was discovered in his younger days in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—the difficulties of poverty, though they presented to him but slight impediments on the road to renown.

The web of social life in this country so infallibly binds together in sympathy and interest the whole people, that he who fancies the possibility of other distinctions than those arising from the possession of wealth, intelligence, and moral worth, but betrays the folly and ignorance that darken his own perceptions and expose him to the contempt and derision of rational beings.

Whether in the rough scramble of those who are over-zealous for the accumulation of wealth, or the far more happy and tranquil pathway of such as are content with a prompt and liberal response to the petition for "our daily bread," the upright, the independent, and the noble-spirited, rich and poor alike, disdain to think of the existence of puerile partitions in society, manifested either by the exhibition of pride and hauteur on the one side, or of envy, jealousy, and conscious inferiority on the other.

But it is not the wealthy who most frequently betray a consciousness of any difference between themselves and those who are less fortunate; nor is it those who, in the pursuit of the right means, are likely to become wealthy. Both of these descriptions of persons are too busily engaged, the one enjoying and the other garnering up the means of independence. It is the poor in spirit, as well as in purse, whose weak resolutions and feeble exertions sufficiently evidence their inability to climb, and who would fain revile the possessor of that which they are unworthy to obtain. How well would it prove for them and for society could they but arouse from the lethargy of soul that overpowers them, and by industry and economy gloriously win the prize of success, the possession of which by others casts a jaundiced hue upon every thing they contemplate, and obliterates every just and noble feeling of their nature. In the midst of the prosperity around us, even the shadow of an envious thought should be repelled as a disgrace; action should take the place of idle murmurs; and a due regard to economy should banish the vulgar desire of ostentation. Thus would happiness be increased, prosperity secured, and every angry and unworthy emotion subdued.

There was a time in which demagogues could enkindle these unworthy feelings for their own advantage; but we trust that it has forever departed, and that the self-respect of every citizen is adequate to protect him from their pernicious influences.—*Wash. Republic.*

PATRONAGE DEMANDED.

We expressed some days since an apprehension that the policy of bestowing patronage upon the disaffected might stimulate dissatisfaction with the Administration, and occasion violent expressions of animosity, with the hope of attracting attention and receiving reward.

We now find in the New York Legislature a violent assault upon the Administration by Mr. Cooley, Democrat, which we publish to show that the harmonious acquiescence described by the Democratic organs is chiefly amongst those who have received office, or assurance of office, and is by no means universal. We italicise to save comment:

"The illustrious political renegades of 1848 believe themselves the Administration; and really, *as matters are going now, the claim seems worth something, for the Administration patronage, State and national, seems bestowed upon the renegades who sat on the negro Buffalo platform.* Mr. C. in very bitter terms characterized those who had deserted the nomination of Mr. Cass in 1848, and declared that their *perfidity seemed to find favor with the National Administration.* The great effluence of the Senators from the first and second seemed to be that they utterly refused to come upon the Buffalo platform, and turn to the Barnburners. It was no wonder they were denounced by the Senator from the ninth, who for a long series of years had held a dull axe on the people's grindstone—a sort of dark lantern—a spirit rapping office-holder. His speech has inundated the first and second senatorial districts. This antediluvian ought to have lived about six hundred years ago. He would have made a far greater sensation. It seems his effort to procure office from the General Government failed—certainly very singular, *since it seems to be the policy of Gen Pierce to lavish most of his patronage on those who have labored to create dissension between North and South—on political renegades, to the neglect of faithful National Democrats.* It is a matter of astonishment that the Senator from the ninth was unsuccessful.—As for himself, he (Mr. Cooley) never belonged, or professed to belong to, or sympathized with the Barnburners—a reckless band of disorganizers—a mongrel mass of fag-end chippings and waste, from every faction, clique, and party that has existed since the foundation of the country—a black banner Union destroying party. Mr. C. then read from the Albany *Evening Atlas* of October 3, 1848, where Mr. Jones appears as one of the Presidential electors of Martin Van Buren and Seth M. Gates. Mr. C. held it up for the admiration of the Senate. *It included the name of John A. Dix, for whom, said Mr. C. a Democratic Government could not find honors enough to shower on him to reward him for his perfidy.* He then reviewed the history of the bolt of 1848 reading and commenting upon Mr. Van Buren's letter, the young Van Buren's speeches, &c., and considered the Barnburner party to have dwindled down to a little clique in the garret of the *Atlas* office.

"Mr. Jones would not descend so low as to reply to this long tissue of personal abuse and unparalleled assault. It is out of respect to the honorable body that no reply is made."

Whilst we should by no means approve the appointment to office of any man who would degrade his own position as a gentleman and a legislator so far as to employ the impunity of a deliberative hall in personal abuse of an unresisting antagonist, it would gratify our philosophical curiosity to see the sedative of a few mint drops upon the palm of this outrageous patriot. We have no doubt he would subscribe the test, and employ the remnant of his days in chanting hosannahs to that power which he now blasphemes.

LOUISIANA DEMOCRACY.—The Democracy of this State appear to be in a bad way. They certainly are, if we take for granwhat they say of each other. They are not only quarreling, but some of them positively and unequivocally charge the rankest and vilest corruption upon their fellows, which, if facts ought, for ever to disgrace the individuals so charged, and lead to an absolute withdrawal of the confidence of the people. The Clinton *State Paper*, of the 21st, one of the ablest and strongest of the Democratic journals of Louisiana, says:

Amid the desolating simoom of political corruption which has recently swept over the Democracy in this State, in the way of local federal appointments, and the fitting sequel of the late senatorial fraud, which has chilled the heart, sickened and paralyzed the energies and debased the character of the Democratic party of Louisiana, there is *one* green spot which has escaped the poisonous and destroying blast—one honored name that stands out prominently and cheeringly, affording some relief to the dark and dismal back ground of the political picture which has been presented, during the last six weeks, before the astonished gaze of the Democracy of Louisiana.

Rather strong!

THE ANTI BIBLE CONVENTION.—It is an instructive fact that the leaders in the recent Anti-Bible Convention at Hartford, are nearly all of them prominent Abolitionists. The resolutions were moved and advocated by William Lloyd Garrison, the great gun of abolitionism. Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, William Stillman, and other noted Abolitionists were present and assisting. What is the explanation of this phenomenon? Probably this, that they find in the Bible various passages regulating slavery, and prescribing the relative duties of master and slave, just as if it were a lawful, and might be a proper relation; whereas, according to the Abolition creed, it is a horrid crime. Consequently, as that creed is unchangeable, and as the Bible does not tally with it, the Bible, of course must give way.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

WHOLESALE INDICTMENT.—The Grand Jury of Essex county, Mass., have indicted the Boston and Maine Railroad, for causing the death of the son of President Pierce, last fall. It would be a curious fact if the entire company should be convicted of manslaughter, and sent to the penitentiary.

DEATH OF GEN. RILEY.—A telegraphic despatch, dated Buffalo, New York, June 10, announces that Brigadier General Riley died at that place on Thursday evening. The news will occasion deep regret throughout the country The nation has lost a faithful and most gallant soldier, whose distinguished services won its grateful acknowledgements, and will long be proudly remembered.

Bennet Riley was a native of St. Mary's county, Maryland, where he was born about the year 1790. In 1813 he entered Forsyth's regiment of riflemen, and in the spring of that year joined the army at Sackett's Harbor.—He served until the close of the war, in which he displayed the courage, coolness, and skill for which he became afterwards famous, and received many honorable testimonials from the officers under whom he was placed. In 1821, he was attached to the infantry, with the rank of captain, and in 1823 was promoted to the grade of brevet major for his brave conduct in a battle with the Anichoree Indians, on the Mississippi frontier. In 1829, as a reward for his valuable services and heroic conduct, in guarding the Santa Fe traders on their march to and from St. Louis from the Indians; he was presented with a sword by the Legislature of Missouri.

In 1831 he engaged in the Black Hawk war, and remained with the army in that field until the termination of hostilities. In 1837 he received a full Major's commission, and in the next year proceeded to Florida, from whence he shortly after was ordered to Fort Gibson. In 1839 he was made a Lieutenant Colonel, and went immediately to Florida, where he participated in the protracted and sanguinary conflicts with the Seminoles, and won, by his valor, the brevet of a Colonel.

In July, 1846, he entered upon that campaign in Mexico in which he did such gallant service, and achieved his brightest laurels.—At Cerro Gordo and Contreras he commanded a brigade, and was among the most prominent and active officers in both engagements. His assault on the entrenched camp of Valencia, at the latter place, was one of the most brilliant incidents of the war. Riley had got in the rear of the enemy's position, and when they turned, and saw him rushing down upon them from the heights behind, a panic seized them, and they broke and fled in wild affright. The action lasted but a few minutes, and General Scott, in speaking of it in his official report, says:—"The opportunity afforded to Col. Riley by his position was seized by that gallant veteran with all the skill and energy for which he is distinguished. The charge of his noble brigade down the slope, in full view of friend and foe, unchecked even for a moment, until he had planted all his colors upon their furthest works, was a spectacle that animated the army to the boldest deeds."

On the same day Riley distinguish himself by his assault on the hacienda at Churubusco, and was again honored with the compliments of Scott and Twiggs. Being retained with the division of the latter officer, at the gates of the Tacubaya road, Riley was not present at the battles of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, but contributed in his position to the capture of the Mexican capitol. His splendid services throughout the campaign were rewarded with the brevet of Brigadier General, which rank he held at his death.

As a man, he was endowed with virtues of character which won for him the warm regard and admiration of all who ever enjoyed his friendship and intercourse; while as an officer he was idolized by his men, respected by his associate officers, and possessed a reputation in the army as high and honorable as that of any of the many eminent men who compose it. His mortal career is ended. His fame is a part of the proud history of his country, and will not die while an American heart is left to remember it.—*U. S. Gazette.*

THE COLLIERS OF ENGLAND.

It was in the early dusk of the evening that we took a walk with a friend to see the laborers as they came up from a coal mine, where they had been delving from early dawn to that moment, some 300 feet under the surface of the earth. The mouth of said mine was a pit or well, down which, of course, the eye could penetrate but a short distance.—The operatives were drawn up in a basket or car, suspended by a strong rope, after the manner of a bucket in a well, the motive power being a steam engine, which was at work hard by. They came up some half-dozen at a time, men, women, and children, clothed in rags, besmeared with dust, and black with coal, conversing in a jargon which to us was entirely unintelligible, although they called it English. The friend who was with us (an Englishman) informed us that the women were employed chiefly as carriers; that is to say, they carried the coal in baskets from one shaft to another, and up the long ladders that extended from one vein to another, until it was landed at the foot of the "main shaft," whence it is drawn up by steam as they had just been drawn up. Some of the veins, however, were so low that they could not stand upright in them, and in those cases the burden was upon a car, and drawn by a woman creeping on all fours, with a belt about her waist, to which the rope of the car was fastened. He said, moreover, that probably many of these women and children had not seen the sun for months; that the children generally tended the gates that were placed at intervals in the veins, and that they were for the most part in total darkness. He further informed us that so close was the confinement of the mines, that the workmen in that mine could not understand half that should be said to them by one from another mine five miles distant; and he assured us, as a positive fact that at that very mine an officer went to arrest a man, and on inquiring of a girl some dozen years of age, she knew no such man; but on hearing a description of his person, replied, "Oh, yes; the man's old Snooks;" and that same "old Snooks" was her father, but she did not know him by his real name.—Whether all this was true or not, one thing is certain, and that is, that nowhere upon the face of God's earth have we ever seen a set of men, women and children who bore such unmistakable evidences of stolid ingnorance, inordinate labor and utter brutality. We have been on some plantations where it was evident that the negroes had a "hard master;" but we solemnly declare we have never seen anything to compare at all with these colliers. In all intellectual and physical points of view, the slaves of the South are immeasurably in advance of them.—*Gospel Herald.*

THE TRAINER CASE IN BROOKLYN.

Some weeks since a Mrs. Porter, of Alabama, arrived in N. York, accompanied by a young colored girl. She was very soon arrested on the plea, we believe, that she had abducted the child. On investigation it turned out that Mrs. Porter had set the girl free, and that the latter was voluntarily accompanying her to California. Mrs. P. was then charged with intending to sell the girl into slavery, and the abolitionists demanded that she should be delivered up to her father, a free colored man from Alabama, who had followed Mrs. P. to New York. But the child is attached to her former mistress, and refuses to go back with her father. The case, after having been acted upon in New York, is now transferred to Brooklyn, where Judge Barculo had it under consideration. In the course of the proceedings on Wednesday last, the child was examined, and spoke as follows:

Jane Trainer, the child was then called, but not sworn, and examined by Mr. Culver—Didn't know her age; had been to school—Sabbath school; her father's name was Chas. Trainer, and her mother's Emma Trainer; was living at Mrs. Morrison's when her mistress left Alabama; had one brother; his name was Henry; she was the oldest. Q.—Think again. Are you the oldest? A.—Yes; I live at No. 101 Mercer street, with my Misses; I never saw my father there and didn't want to see him (laughter:) my "Misses" does not let me play about with the children, because she fears that the abolitionists will steal me. (Loud laughter, in which the child joined) Q—Do you love your mother? A—No. Q—Your brother? A.—No; I love none but my "Misses." Q.—What did they tell you the abolitionists would do when they stole you? A.—They would take me away and give me nothing to eat. (Laughter.) Q—Would you rather be a slave or free? A.—I am free now; my "Misses" made me free before I left Alabama, but I would rather go back there than go with my father; I didn't call him my father, for he is not. When Miss Porter went out I used to lock myself in the room with Mrs. Parker's child The door was not locked outside on me.

Not long since a family going to Texas was deprived of their slaves in New York, because they happened to take passage in a vessel which went to that port, although they had no design to remain there longer than was necessary to transfer themselves and slaves to a vessel bound to Texas. Now, a female is arrested and harrassed, because she is going to California accompanied by a negro girl whom she had set free. If these proceedings be continued, southern people will certainly avoid touching at New York in their journeyings—for, although they may not sustain any personal injury by visiting that city, they may be subjected to much expense in resisting groundless suits brought against them by the abolitionists.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

NEW YORK, June 13.

The Trainer Girl.—The Trainer girl, about the custody of whom there has been so much litigation, has been awarded to the custody of her father.

GREAT DEFALCATION.—It is reported in high quarters in Washington, that important developements will soon be made, touching a financial operation, by which the Treasury has been made to bleed. The Democratic version of this story is as follows:—An Ohio man, named Minor, obtained from Secretary Corwin, upwards of a year ago, a transfer draft on New York, for the sum of $100,000, Minor agreeing to place the amount in proper hands in New Orleans within a specified time. This he failed to do, alleging that the institution in which he deposited the money had failed. Minor was recommended to the Secretary as responsible and honorable, by the President of a Bank or Insurance Company in Ohio; and several letters in relation to him passed between Mr. Corwin and other parties. Five thousand dollars of the money have been recovered, but the balance, it is said, will be a total loss.

ACCIDENT TO GENERAL SCOTT.—We regret to learn that General Scott met with an accident last night which is likely to prove somewhat serious. As he was passing down the Fifth avenue, between Eighth and Ninth streets, about half past nine o'clock, he stumbled against a flagging stone that had been raised above the surrounding pavement, and fell headlong. He was assisted promptly by some gentlemen who were standing near, and taken home. When they offered to support him by the arm, he said, "Don't touch that, I believe it is broken." The arm was not broken, but very much bruised, and his shoulder badly dislocated. His face was also badly bruised, though we have not yet learned all the particulars. The night was quite dark, and the irregularity was not visible.—*N. Y. Post, Thursday.*

TAMMANY HALL RIOTERS UN-SENTENCED. The New York Commercial Advertiser says that the persons who were convicted in that city some time ago of rioting at Tammany Hall and cruelly beating Mr. Augustus Schell are like to escape punishment. The two Aldermen who sat as Associate Justices of the Court of General Sessions on the trial can never be got on the bench together; some excuse is monthly devised for the absence of one of them; and as the other makes it a point to disagree with Judge Beebe as to the measure of punishment to be awarded, no sentence can be pronounced.

ARREST OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—Henry Kenner, a slave of Mr. Wm. Ward, of Frostburg, Md., who made his escape about five years ago, and has since been wandering about, was arrested at Louisville, Ky., a couple of weeks ago. Joseph Anderson, who was bringing him back to Maryland, was attacked by him near Covington, Ky., and dangerously beaten. Kenner was afterwards committed to Covington jail.

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