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VOL. XXXVI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1853. No. 49.

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THE 'MALIGNANT' PHILANTHROPIST.'

BY DR. OLIVER W. HOLMES.

The Moral Bully, though he never swears,
Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,
Though meekness plants his backward-sloping hat,
And non-resistance ties his white cravat,
Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen
In the same plight with Shylock's gaberdine,
Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast,
That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's chest,
Hears the same hell hounds yelling in his rear,
That chase from port the maddened buccaneer,
Feels the same comfort while his acrid words
Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds,
Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,
That all we love is worthiest of our hate,
As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck,
When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck.

Heaven keeps us all! Is every rascal clown,
Whose arm is stronger, free to knock us down?
Has every scarecrow, whose cachetic soul
Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on parole,
Who, though he carries but a doubtful trace
Of angel visits on his hungry face,
From lack of marrow or the coins to pay,
Has dodged some vices in a shabby way,
The right to stick us with his cut-throat terms,
And bait his homilies with his brother worms?

GOING DOWN HILL.

'That looks bad,' exclaimed farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and a broken fence, in one of his daily walks.

'Bad enough,' was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed. 'Neighbor Thompson seems to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember when everything around his little place was trim and tidy.'

'He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man,' rejoined the second speaker. 'I have a pair of boots on my feet this moment of his make, and they have done me good service.'

'I have generally employed him for myself and family,' was the reply, and I must confess that he is a good workman; but nevertheless, I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's this morning, and order a pair of boots, of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behind hand. There is generally some risk in helping those who won't help themselves.'

'Very true; and as my wife desires me to see about a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however—an idle, quarrelsome fellow.'

'And yet he seems to be getting ahead in the world,' answered the farmer, 'and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's. I will not detain you.

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who was the subject of their conversation. He certainly presented a rather shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard to economy which did not escape the observation of farmer White. After passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account book with a somewhat anxious air, as he charged the bit of meat—

'I believe it is time that neighbor Thompson and I had come to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends.'

'No time to lose, I should say,' remarked the farmer.

'Indeed! Have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?'

'No! I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you know; and I never trust any one with my money who is evidently going down hill.'

'Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind a little, but still I must take care of number one.'

'Speaking of Thompson, are you?' observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. 'Going down hill, is he?' I must look out for myself, then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit; but on the whole I guess the money would be safer in my own pocket.'

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the little village similar scenes were passing.

'I declare,' exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dressmaker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence she had been gazing on the passers-by; 'If there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps, with a parcel in her hand. She wants me to do her work, I suppose, but I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if I ever get my pay.'

'She always has payed us promptly,' was prosaic

The ... that was in the days of her ... ted further cannot afford to run any risk.'

She was evidently ... Thompson prevensal of Mrs. Bennett to do ...

but as great pressure of business at the refuded as an excuse, there was no ... her; said, and she soon took her leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dressmaker had suddenly become.

On ... way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met ... teacher of a school in the neighborhood ... there two of her children attended.

'Ah! Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you,' was the salutation. 'I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our little account this afternoon?'

'Our account?' was the surprised reply. 'The term has not yet expired!'

... half of it; but my present rule is to ... money at that time. It is a plan ... teachers have adopted of late.' ... aware that there had been any ..., and I have made arrangements to meet your bill at the usual time. I fear that it would not be in my power to do it sooner.'

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as she passed on in a different direction, she muttered to herself—

'Just as I expected. I never shall see a cent. Everybody says they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two for payment for this half quarter, if I manage right; but it will never do to go on in this way.'

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighbors grocery to purchase some trifling article of family stores.

'I have a little account against you.—Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?' asked the polite shopkeeper as he produced the desired article.

'Is it his usual time for settling?' was again the surprised inquiry.

'Well, not exactly; but money is very tight just now, and I am anxous to get all that is due me. In future I intend to keep short accounts. There is a little bill if you would like to look at it. I will call around this evening. It is but a small affair.

'Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now,' thought Mrs. Thompson, as she thoughtfully pursued her way towards home.

'It seems strange that all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expenses of the winter. I cannot understand it.'

Her perplexity was increased by finding her husband with two bills in his hand and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

'Look, Mary,' he said. as she entered.—Here are two unexpected calls for money: one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortune never comes single, and if a man gets a little behind hand trouble seems to pour in upon him.'

'Just so,' replied the wife. 'The neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer, and the other from the teacher.'

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad, who presented a neatly folded paper, and disappeared.

'The butcher's account, if I live!' exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and very little coming in; for some of my very best customers have left me, although my work always gave satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could soon satisfy all these claims; but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgement of my inability would send us still the downward path.'

'We must do our best and trust to Providence,' was the consoling remark of his wife. as a second knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of Uncle Joshua, a rare, but ever welcome visitor, presented itself. Seating himself in the comfortable chair that Mary hastened to hand him.

'Well, good folks, I understand the world does not go as well with you as formerly.—What is the trouble?'

'There need be no trouble,' was the reply, 'if men would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortunes, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well if those around me were not determined to push me in the downward path.'

'But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, or at least, a great majority, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will affect their own interests; and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances. Show no signs of going behindhand, and all will go well with you.'

'Very true, Uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months are pouring in upon me. My best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival, and nought but a miracle can save me.'

'A miracle which is very easily wrought then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of your debts which press so heavily upon you, and how soon in the common course of events could you discharge them?

'They do not exceed one hundred dollars,' replied the shoemaker; 'and with my usual run of work, I could make all right in three or four months.'

'We will say six,' was the answer. 'I will advance you one hundred and fifty ... for six months. Pay every cent ... money and with the remainder of the ... provement ... some slight addition or im- ... everything about ... shop or house, and put ... neat order. Try the grounds in its usual ... fect it has upon our worth and see what effect ... no, never mind thanking me ... bors. No, trying a little experiment on human ... only I know you of old, and have no doubt ... my money is safe in your hands.'

Weeks passed by. The advice of Uncle Joshua had been strictly followed, and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving men in the village, and many marvellous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs.

It was generally agreed that a ... ative had bequeathed to him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties. They had ever before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among her best scholars. The dressmarker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

'Just as I expected,' exclaimed Uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly, as the shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of six months, with the money which had been loaned him in the hour of need.

'Just as I expected. A strange world!—They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down, if they find that his face is turned that way. In future neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper.' And with a satisfied air, Uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket-book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, whilst he, whom he had thus befriended, with cheerful countenance, returned to his happy home.

DECISION ON THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—Attorney General Cushing has given an official opinion in an interesting question—a Fugitive Slave Law case, presented by Senator Bright, of Indiana. The facts in the case are briefly as follows:

"In June last, Peter Ellington, of the State of Missouri, instituted proceedings in due form at Indianapolis, in the State of Indiana, for the reclamation of John Freeman, a colored man, residing at Indianapolis, alleging that Freeman had escaped from service due to Ellington, in the State of Kentucky, and a warrant was issued by a Commissioner of the United States, directed to John L. Robinson, Marshal of the United States for the State of Indiana, commanding him to arrest Freeman, and hold him to abide the lawful decision in the premises. On a hearing before the Commissioner, it was proved satisfactorily that Freeman did not owe service to Ellington, and he was accordingly discharged and released; whereupon he brought suit against the Marshal for alleged malfeasance in the premises, in his arrest and personal examination; in view of which facts Mr. Bright inquires, in behalf of the Marshal: First, whether the case can be transferred from the Courts of the State of Indiana to those of the United States; and second: whether the Marshal may be authorised to employ counsel in his defence, at the charge of the United States.

On the first point the Attorney General is of opinion that both parties being inhabitants of the State of Indiana, there is no existing provision of law by which the case can be removed to the Courts of the United States, and he does not think it expedient, in this case, at least in the present stage of it, to suggest any other possible mode of bringing it before the courts of the United States. As to the second point, the Attorney General is of opinion that it would be proper for the President to authorize the employment of counsel, at the public charge, for the defence of the Marshal."

AMERICAN INGENUITY.—*Matter that Almost Thinks.*—Among the multitudinous objects in the Patent Office at Washington, and which evince what skill can do, "is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them all around with their heads up, and sticks them in papers in regular rows,—another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in tobacco leaves, and turning out the perfect article. One machine cuts cheese; another scours knives and forks; another blacks boots; another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.—Another patent is for a machine that counts the passengers in an omnibus, and takes their fare. When a fat man gets in, it counts two, and charges double. There are a variety of guns that load themselves; a fish line that adjusts its own bait; and a rat trap that throws away the rat, and then baits and sets itself, and stands in the corner for another."

CONVICTED OF THE MURDER OF A SLAVE.—Thomas Motley has been convicted at Walterborough, S. C., of the murder of a runaway slave. Two others are to be tried for aiding in murder, which, from the evidence, exceeded in barbarity anything ever heard of. The Charleston Courier says that the murdered slave was a runawy, whose owner was unknown; that the demons in human shape, who murdered him, first shot and whipped him—then put him in a vice and tortured and lacerated him with unexampled barbarities; next set him loose and ran him down with blood hounds, and finally, as was supposed, cut him up and fed the dogs with his flesh.

A SPANIARD IN CONGRESS.—The New Mexican papers inform us that the Senor Don Jose Manuel Gallegos has been elected delegate to Congress from the Territory of New Mexico, and he is commended to the kind consideration of the powers at Washington, as a Democrat of the purest water. Whether he is hard or soft, terrified or unterrified, is not stated. But at any rate the Hon. Mr. Gallegos is a Democrat; and the first of Spanish race that has ever been sent to Congress. The papers add that he does not understand a word of English.

NEWSPAPER CARRIER ELECTED TO THE LEGISLATURE.—The Pope's New York organ, the Freeman's Journal, announcing the election of Mr. Peter Dawson, the Democratic member elect of the Assembly for the Twelfth District, says, "We congratulate Mr. Dawson on his election, though we thereby lose a most reliable and excel- ... carrier of our paper."

From the National Intelligencer.

Letter from Major Downing.

PRIVATE DESPATCH TO GINERAL PIERCE,

To go through one of the *organs*—the *Union*, or the *Sentinel*, or the *Star*, or one of the other organs, if they've got agoing yet.

DOWNINGVILLE, State of Maine,
November 8, 1853.

Dear Gineral: I got back from my tower in Europe yesterday, and found Uncle Joshua, and Aunt Keziah, and Cousin Nabby, and Cousin Sargent Joel all well; and hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same blessing. I'm glad of one thing, and that is, that you aint troubled so much about organs as you was when I went away.—There was'nt any organ then, only the *Union*, and that was a disputed one; so I had to send my last despatch to my old friends, Mr. Gales & Seaton, and get them to forward it to you the best way they could. But I understand now that organs is getting to be as plenty as blackberries; and that seems to be lucky about this time, for, if what Uncle Joshua tells me is all true, it will need a good many of 'em to play tunes to suit all parties. If you could manage to have an organ for each member of the Cabinet, it would be a great help; for then each one could play *his* own tune, and no jarring; and harmony *is* what we need all round.—Mr. Marcy needs an organ all to himself, to fire off his 44-pounders at Austria and the rest of Europe, to keep matters straight over there. And Mr. Guthrie, I'm sure, needs an organ all to himself, to manage his New York correspondence. And there's Gineral Cushing, he ought to have a nice organ all to himself that would play military tunes, so that every body ... as they heard it, would feel as ... wanted to *march*. And Gineral ... ought to have a military organ ... so he said; he said Gineral Cushing ... playing very well with one organ between ... and that Gineral Davis could ... his flirtations on Mr. Guthrie's organ.

And then the different "sections" of the party needs different organs too. I never believed the same tune would satisfy the "Hards" and the "Softs" of New York; and from what Uncle Joshua tells me it's jest so. He says the organ has been pouring out delightful strains of harmony all summer, but the more it poured 'em out the greater was the discord between the Hards and Softs, till finally it worked 'em to a pitch of phrensy, and he says they are now fightin and pullin caps like mad. That shows clearly to my mind that the different "sections" ought to all have their organs, and I dont think there'll be any peace till they have. And that's why I'm glad to find that organs is growing more plenty.

But about my tower in Europe I've got a good deal to say, more than I can get into this despatch, and some of it I think would work well into your message to Congress next month, if I can get time to bring it, or send it on to you in time. You see, as I had your commission of Minister Gineral to go on my own hook wherever I pleased, and look after matters jest as I thought best, it gin me a capital chance to work to advantage. And Mr. Marcy's rules, too, about dress worked first-rate; for when I thought it best to go it a little on the sly, I could jest put on my drab surtout and broad brim hat, and sagaciate round among the ... whole biling of 'em ... they wouldn't ... who I was. So when I found out which way the cat was going to jump, and thought it was best to head 'em and bring 'em to a pint, I had nothing to do but to pull my commission out of my pocket and show it to 'em, and that did the business. The fact is, Europe's afraid of us. I think we are fast getting the upper hand. There aint another nation in all creation, without 'tis Russia, that hardly dares to say her soul's her own, for fear we shall be down upon her and take her soul away from her. And even Russia feels a little ticklish for fear that, when she gets into her high-falutin with Turkey, and the rest of Europe goes to take sides, we shall turn tu and lick the whole scrape and annex 'em to our modern Rome. I see somebody has put out a book that proves as clear as preachin that the United States is modern Rome; so when Gineral Cushing said in his speech we must march, march, march, and do as old Rome did, he was talking by the book.

About this war business in Europe, if there's any thing to be larnt in diplomatic circles, and I've sifted the whole of 'em, there's to be a tight scratch all round before it is over. The truth is, Russia is in real arnest after Turkey as ever a bear was to get into a cornfield. She clambered over into the field, like a great bear as she is, jest for the purpose of eating her way thro' from one end to 'tother. But she intended to do it all in a peaceable friendly way, marching coolly and slowly along, step by step, till she got down to the lower end of the field, and then she would swallow Constantinople just as quick as a cat could lick her ear, and poor Turkey never would know what become of her. The Czar intended to do all this in a very friendly quiet way, nibbling along at his leizure, and not have any fuss at all about it. But the foolish Sultan got frightened, and worked himself into a tantrum, and declared war, and told Mr. Bear to clear out of his cornfield in fifteen days, or he'd set the dogs arter him. Well, that made the Czar mad; and now he says, clear the track, for he's going down to Constantinople whether or no, let who will stand in the way, and there shan't be a Turk's head left any where, clear from Dan to Beersheba, that is, if the other nations will jest form a ring and see fair play, and not interfere. But the Czar is a good deal afraid England and France will be for having a finger in the pie; so he has agreed with Austria and Prussia, who are on his side, to keep quiet and declare themselves neutral, and not stir an inch as long as England and France will keep quiet. But if they begin to meddle, then all hands to fall to, and have a regular scratch and pulling caps all round.

Well, now, England and France don't mean to keep quiet. They are watching Russia jest as narrow as ever a cat watched a mouse; and before Russia gets half way down to Constantinople there'll be a terrible fuss. The French roosters will crow, and the British lion will growl and shake his mane, and if the Russian bear don't get licked or scared and turn tail to and run, but holds on and eats up one end of Turkey, then England and France will clap their heads together and eat up 'tother end, jest to keep it from spiling.

Now when all this rumpus get to its highest pitch in Europe, and all the nations get at it pell mell, it'll be just the time for us to strike, and go to annexin, and carry out our manifest destiny in a handsome manner. What's the use of our nibbling about among small fry near home and annexin little patches here and there, sich as Cuba, and little slices off of Mexico, when we might jest as well branch out and do something splendid—something that old Rome could'nt hold a candle to, something that Gineral Cushing himself could say was quite "up to the occasion?" Who wants to wait for our manifest destiny till one-half the present generation has died off? I say no; now's the time; we must strike when the iron's hot. So when the Czar and all his troops are away down south pepperin Turkey, let us whip round into the Baltic and annex St. Petersburgh, and put a navy and an army there that will command all Northern Europe. By that time England and France will get to quarrelling with each other to see which shall have Constantinople, and that will be the time for us to be down upon them like a thousand of brick. Take London, and then we shall have John Bull by the horns: take Paris, and that'll ... all the joining countries. Then sail up the Mediterranean, drive the English and French fleets all afore us, ... our way through the Darnin-needles, and get possession of that "golden horn" they tell about. Then, if I understand geography right, we shall have full sweep all over creation.

What's to be done on 'tother side, over the Pacific way, aint much. Commodore Perry has fairly got his wedge into the oyster shell of Japan, and that's half the battle. Just send word to him to annex China on his way round, and on his way home pick up the islands along on the Pacific, which will be jest as easy as to pick up so many bird's eggs. And after we get through our manifest destiny, I don't see what there need to be to hinder our enjoying peace and quietness at home and having a good time of it. We shall certainly then have enough for all hands and no mistake; offices enough for all them that wants offices, and spoils enough for all them that's hungry for spoils. And then let every man of us "set his face like a flint as well against right handed backslidings as against left-handed defections, which may prejudice or embarrass the onward progress of the Republic." Then there need'nt be no more quarrelling between the Hards and the Softs about which gets the most, for there'll be enough for the whole biling lot of 'em.

We ought to be going ahead with this business as fast as possible, for Uncle Joshua says the party has got into a terrible snarl, and nothing but a grand *coop da tat* can get 'em out of it. He says Collector Bronson, of New York, has lost his ... ... a little ... standing between him and Mr. Guth... They both tried to see which could stand up the straightest on the Baltimore platform, and they both agreed that the platform was the rule, and every thing ought to be squared up to it. Mr. Bronson was quite impartial, and Mr. Guthrie was a good deal more so. When Mr. Bronson took his seat at the head of the customhouse table, and all "sections" of the party come crowding and shuffling round to get the best places at the table and alongside the best dishes, he tried to give 'em all a fair chance, but somehow he thought it was no more than right to help round first them that had always stood fair and square on the platform, and if some of them that used to *spit* on it had to wait a little it might do 'em good. But the spitters made a terrible fuss about it, and kept up such a din in Mr. Guthrie's ears that he turned round and told Mr. Bronson right up and down that he mus'nt show *no partially*. If a spitter was'nt catched spitting on the platform *now*, give him his regular meal. This touched Mr. Bronson a little, and he said he was able to do the honors of his own table, and he would attend to the duties of his office if Mr. Guthrie would his. Mr. Guthrie said that was *rebellion;* so he brought him to the block and chopped his head off.

Uncle Joshua says it is a very misfortunate business, and has thrown the whole party into a high fever. The fever rages the hardest in the "section" of the New York Hards, and looks as though it might prove fatal. But Gineral Cushing, who is very skilful in such matters, has put a blister plaster to the Massachusetts Softs, in the hopes of drawing out the inflamation from the New York Hards. But Uncle Joshua says he don't think the party is out of danger yet. But as long as there's life there's hope; so let us all keep a stiff upper lip and go ahead.

Your faithful friend and Minister General.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

MR. VAN BUREN AND THE MIXED COMMISSION.—It is true that the United States and British Commissioners tendered to ex-President Van Buren the office of Umpire, under the commission to adjust claims between Great Britain and the United States. The post, the Albany Atlas says, was pressed upon Mr. Van Buren by both commissioners, and seconded warmly by Lord Clarendon, the English Foreign Secretary. The grounds of Mr. Van Buren's refusal are stated in a letter to the commissioners, dated at Florence, on the 22d October. He says that several years ago he withdrew entirely from all participation in public affairs, by which he secured that degree of repose and happiness suitable to one of his age, and that nothing could be more repugnant to his feelings than to enter again upon the discharge of a public trust.

From the San Francisco Herald, Oct. ...

JOHN MITCHELL, THE IRISH PA... RIOT.

Graphic Account of his Escape—... San Francisco, Etc.

John Mitchell, the Irish exile, whose escape from Van Dieman's land is noticed elsewhere, arrived here on Wednesday afternoon, accompanied by his wife and children, and is now lodging at Jones' Hotel.—No words of ours can express the delight with which we welcome this gallant and ... ling patriot to the shores of California. ... Robert Emmet offered up his pure life on the scaffold in vindication of his country's rights, no such man as John Mitchel has ever flung himself into the breach in defence of Irish independence.

The circumstances of his escape are briefly these:—

Mr. P. J. Smyth, of New York, (himself a rebel of 1848,) went to Van Dieman's Land with the express mission to rescue some one or more of the Irish State prisoners. Nothing could have been easier than to escape, if they could have thought of doing so clandestinely, and without regard to their promise; but in order to discharge themselves of that obligation, they felt it necessary to formally withdraw their parole before the proper authority, and present themselves to be taken into custody. The parole is to the effect that they would not escape from the colony so long as they held a "ticket of leave," which gave them a species of liberty within a certain designated police district; but this "ticket of leave" is a thing which may at any time be taken away by the convict authorities. ... ed by the prisoners.

Now, while Mr. Smyth ... was in ... man's Land, and before any move... whatever was made by any of the pa... ers, the logical government, by means some of their caves dropping detecti... had learned his real views, and Mr. Sm... was actually arrested, held in custody ... three days, and most ignominiously ab... under a warrant directed against Jo... Mitchel. Mr. Smyth, in short, was taken for Mr. Mitchel, under the false and insolent assumption that Mr. Mitc... was ... sconding, whilst he was all the ... quietly at the cottage in Bothwe... under parole of honor not to absco... was a gross outrage on Mr. Smyth, ... outrage hardly less gross on Mr. Mitchel. He now at length resolved to avail himself of Mr. Smyth's offers of assistance, and leave the island, not clandestinely, but openly. Accordingly he wrote and despatched the following note to the Lieut. Governor, Sir Wm. Denison.

BOTHWELL, June 8, 1853.

Sir:—I hereby resign the "comparative liberty" called "ticket-of-leave," and revoke my parole of honor. I shall forthwith present myself before the police magistrate of Bothwell, at his police office, shortly after this letter, and offer myself to be taken into custody. I am, sir, your obedient servant, JOHN MITCHEL.

The next day, the 9th June, Mr. Mitchel and Mr. Smyth rode in together to the township of Bothwell, went to the police office door, dismounted, ... walked in. They ... the magistrate in his room. The police clerk was with him, a constable was in the adjoing room, and another constable was as usual on guard at the door. The police barrack and watch-house stand opposite.

Arrived in the magistrate's room, Mr. Mitchel handed him an open copy of the above note, and requested him to read it.—The magistrate cast his eye over it a moment, and then looked up to Mr. Mitchel, who deliberately desired him to observe the purport of that note, and took the trouble of twice explaining to him that the parole was at an end, and that he had come to be taken into custody. As the official seemed either bewildered or frightened, the two gentlemen put on their hats; Mr. Mitchel wished the magistrate a good morning, and they left the office. Immediately when they turned their back, the magistrate made a loud uproar, and he and some of the ... stables rushed out, calling on them to ... and commanding every one to stop, t...

The constable on guard, however ... his hands occupied in holding two ho... the other inhabitants of the town looked ... laughing, and well pleased; and, in short, the two fugitives mounted their horses and rode off. They found no necessity to use, or exhibit arms, though both were well armed. After they left Bothwell, however, the true difficulty commenced. Mr. Smyth changed horses and coats with Mr. Mitchel, and then they parted and rode different ways through the forest. Bothwell is the ... police district of the island, and ... and the sea extend several lea... ... stations, to all of which intelligence ... ... conveyed by mounted expr... constables.

Mr. Mitchel remained six weeks after ... day in the island without being able to ... on board a ship, though one was imm... ately placed at his service by a patri... ship owner of Sydney. After many ... dred miles riding, and in several disg... he at length got off under an assumed ... in a British vessel, which, ... fortunately overtaken by the A... Julia Ann, bearing his wife an... der Mr. Smyth's escort, to Sa... At Tahiti Mr. Mitchel was tran... now stands free on American ...

ENORMOUS FOREIGN TRADE... ports of specie from New Y... month were unusually large, ... foreign exports greater than ... from that port in any single ... eleven millions; and exclusive ... bout six millions and a half. ... ties received at the same por... were seven millions, seven hu... and dollars, and for the whole ... past they have reached the ... sum of $37,486,128 00 ... York alone. ... cash duties ever... the same ...

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