

BISHOP OTEY IN ENGLAND.

The Memphis Eagle contains the subjoined interesting letter from Rt. Rev. Jas. H. Otey, Bishop of Tennessee, who is now in England for the recovery of his health.

My Dear Friend: Upon my landing at Liverpool on the 5th of May, understanding that it would be difficult to procure lodgings in London, without engaging them beforehand, I went with Mrs. E. and her party to Manchester, and through Derbyshire and the Midland counties of England, and so spent a week on the way to London.

The residences of the noble and gentry of England, in taste, convenience and luxury, exceed any thing I had ever imagined. I visited Chatsworth, the residence of the Duke of Devonshire, one of the richest peers in England. It was the realization of all that fancy had ever depicted in the description of eastern magnificence and splendor.

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being bound round with silver, he had converted into a "drinking cup." He refers to this circumstance in his poems, if which begin—"Start not nor think my spirit bold!"

The next most remarkable object I visited connected with the history of the past was Kenilworth Castle, rendered famous by the novel of Sir Walter Scott, which bears that name, and which no doubt owes more of its celebrity to the fiction of the great writer than it ever could have done to the unadorned and naked facts or incidents which he has so embellished.

The execution of young "Pharaoh," at the early age of twenty, for the crime of murdering a young woman for the sake of her gold watch, ought to furnish a lesson for the improved education of the youth, and their employment in useful industry, that will place them above the temptations of idleness, poverty, or want.

In the neighborhood of Chatsworth is an old baronial castle, called Haddon Hall, the property of the Duke of Rutland. I went through all its now deserted and tenantless apartments. Its ample halls are as desolate as those of Tara.

From the neighborhood of which I have been speaking I passed on to Newcastle Abbey, once the seat of George Gordon, Lord Byron, and which derives its chief interest from its having been the residence of that great poet, but most eccentric man.

MAJOR BLUFFTON'S COURTSHIIPS.

From the South Carolina "Southern Patriot." Air—"Paddy's Wedding." Good folks dwell near, and you shall bear the courtings of our rich young heir, whose gallantry and chivalry the people talked of every where.

The Major had an eye to the times, it is true, but his chief object was to enter into such an alliance as promised a strong family influence. He determined, it seems, to seize upon the family inheritance, and appropriate it to his own use; and he very well knew so great an outrage upon law and justice required backers and bullies.

Our hapless lad while was said, and kept his chamber for a week; until his kin came kindly in, and urged him still a wife to seek; and even said a buxom maid was waiting there to be his bride.

The following is a good story and true. In a certain part of this State there lived a worthy citizen who kept a country store. He was "properly co-operationist."

A great "Moral Principle."—Shortly after the Buffalo platform had been set up, under John Van Buren's superintendence, he happened to be indulging in the recreation of a game of billiards.

Our Government having adopted this system, of course all others must follow suit if it is not small honor to our own to have an invention of such unquestionable importance and value to military nations.

London at Midnight.—Mr. Greely, in one of his recent letters to the N. Y. Tribune, says:

Walking home from a soiree at the West End, through Regent street, Haymarket, and the Strand, once at midnight, I was struck, though accustomed to all manner of late hours in New York, with the quiet and wide-awake aspect of London at that hour.

The policemen were alert on nearly every corner; sharpers and suspicious characters stepped nimbly about the cross streets, in quest of prey, and innumerable wrecks of womanhood, God pity them! shed a deeper darkness over the shaded and dusky lanes and by-ways whence they momentarily emerged to salute the passer by.

London.—If the streets of London were put together, they would extend 3,000 miles in length; the main thoroughfares are traversed by 3,000 omnibuses and 3,500 cabs, employing 40,000 horses.

Crime in New York.—The report of Mr. Mattell, Chief of the New York Police, states that within the quarter ending with June there have been ten thousand arrests made in that city.

Worth Knowing.—A young lady while in the country some years ago, stepped on a rusty nail, which ran through her shoe and foot. The inflammation and pain were of course very great and lock-jaw was apprehended.

Importation of Foreign Merchandise.—We have noticed the interest which has been manifested of late in regard to the amount of the importations of foreign merchandise, and the belief that there is a material reduction this year as compared with the last.

YANKEE SILSBBE IN LONDON.

"Yankee Silsbee" now on a professional tour in England, has commenced writing a series of letters home, to the Detroit "Daily Advertiser." His first letter is capital. We make an extract from it:—

"Well, I've been in London over a week, and have made good my time. I've not stood with my hands in my pockets wondering where I should go, or who I should go with, as some of the Yankees do.

At the ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, during the first week in September, the receipts were as follows:

There is a decrease in 1851 during this period at New York of about \$200,000, and an increase at each of the other large ports.

A Southerner describing Philadelphia says that "it is a place where all the servants are engaged in washing of the pavements, and all the masters and mistresses riding in omnibuses."

"Big Men."—In many a foot-tramp in Western Virginia and Little Tennessee, we have had occasion to remark the height of the men; but Gov. Floyd, in a flourish of July speech he made at Richmond, eclipses anything we have there seen.

ONE OF THE GOVERNOR'S HELPERs. A retired Governor of one of the United States was very fond of improving his farm stock by the importation of the very choicest cattle, sheep, hogs, etc., and he was quite as notorious for his liberality in circulating the best bloods among his friends, as he was for ordering them from foreign climes.

The following lines, inscribed on a board, have been put up at the Table Rock (Niagara) on the spot where Miss Rugg fell and met her death:

WESTWARD HO!

The numbers emigrating from the North boring country exceed those of any former season. Verily, North Carolina is a goodly and mighty stream to the great West, carrying away the whole product of the labor in their wagons and pocket books.

Among other distinguished places I have visited, was the Tower, the great Tower, where Anne Boleyn and several other wise people were affectionately invited to leave their heads, and which they did much against their will, although I suppose they made their wills before they went.

"What are you looking for, sir, may I enquire?" at length said he; "we've got trophies from all nations," and he pointed to a number of interesting specimens with their mouths gaping open like hungry bulldogs.

"No, nor the Chinese," said I, "but I see you have got so much stuff laying about here, where's all that was captured from the Americans, eh?"

"I'm nothing else, sir," said I, "and as for that old stuff you took at Yorktown and several other places I might mention, I'll tell them to send it over to you when I get home."

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A Street Fight.—A fight lately occurred at Winchester, Tenn., between the Hon. Hopkins L. Turney, the U. S. Senator, and Geo. W. White, Esq., editor of the Independent. The News says:

Shakespeare Society.

A very curious and valuable discovery has recently been made among the papers and volumes of the Mostyn family. It is an original play of the time of Shakespeare, and entitled 'The Merchant of Venice.'

"Never despair in adversity. Work and persevere. When a wheel is going round, the bottom must turn upward—some time it will."

"Well, sonny, how near did you come to it?"

"Why, I axed Mr. Holton if he wanted to buy my pig, and he said no—but if he'd a said yes, how nice I'd have had him."

"What has become of the fine animal I sent you, Governor, some months since?"

"That is a beauty, to be sure," exclaimed the Governor-in-fact, proud of his stock.

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