The North Carolina Whig.

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Poetry.

From the Washington Metropolitan.

HYMN TO AUTUMN.

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS

AIR—"*Ave Maria.*"

Fading, still fading!—the flowers are dying,
And over their death-beds the Westwind is sighing;
The pale lonely Moon looks tearless and cold,
And the sunset is tinged with the purest of gold;
The Summer's harsh thunder no longer alarms,
For Autumn has come with her desolate charms:
Hail! to thee, Autumn,
Hail! to thee, Autumn,
Hail! to thee, Autumn,
Sad emblem of life!

Fading, still fading!—the loved ones are sleeping,
Where the Angel of death his nightwatch is keeping;
No sunshine illumines their dark dreary home,
Where the ghoul, and the worm, and the night-spirit roam;
No gay flowers bloom on the earth o'er their head,
But Autumn has scattered her leaves o'er their bed:
Hail! to thee, Autumn,
Hail! to thee, Autumn,
Hail! to thee, Autumn,
Pale mirror of Fate!

Fading, still fading!—our years are but few,
As others have gone, so we must go too;
When the Springtime was blushing in its fresh virgin bloom,
Ah, little we reeked of the shroud or the tomb;
But Autumn has come with her features so wan,
And she points us afar to the bright Spirit Land!
Then, Hail! to thee, Autumn,
Hail! to thee, Autumn,
Hail! to thee, Autumn,
Moments of Death!

Miscellaneous.

From the Weekly Post.

ELLEN WRIGHT;
OR,
Honesty Triumphant.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The year 1837 will long be remembered by the commercial community as one of great distress and depression in business. Confidence was lost, and they who were esteemed the most safe fell into the vortex of bankruptcy. Men retired at night with visions of wealth and splendor, to wake in the morning and find themselves ruined.

John Wright was a merchant doing a large and extensive business in New York, and when the pressure became general he was among the first to fall. Visionary speculation, and becoming security for other's debts, were the principal means of his downfall. Day by day, one hope, one resource faded into another, futurity grew darker and gloomier, and as by little and little their stock of money melted away; starvation stared them in the face.

Vain were his applications for work, and though he made every attempt, yet all were useless. To see his family starve, he could not and, therefore, when he was offered a situation in the west, he resolved to go, leaving them to the mercy of God. Bitter, indeed, was the parting, and for a short time after, his wife fell into a state of perfect indifference, and it was only owing to the cheerfulness and energy of character of her daughter Ellen, that her drooping spirits were revived.

Ellen was as yet but seventeen, but upon her devolved the support and maintenance of her mother. With much difficulty she procured work, and though the wages were small, yet by a studied system of economy, they were made to purchase the necessities of life with some few of its luxuries.

Ellen Wright was, indeed, a treasure; not only had God endowed her with personal beauty, but He also gave unto her sterling qualities of heart. Her opening years had been warned by the sunlight of a mother's affection, and watered with a mother's tears; and she deemed no sacrifice unworthy, so that she might, in some way, repay the debt of kindness.

Diligently she toiled, and when at evening she greeted her mother with a kiss of love, she was well repaid for her self denial, by the prayers of a thankful and grateful spirit.

Weeks and months rolled by upon the wheels of time, and at length a letter was received from the absent father: he had succeeded in making a little money and would soon return for his wife and child. Joyful, indeed, was this intelligence to the anxious wife and the dutiful daughter—visions of coming happiness floated before them—"alas," that they should be shrouded in the gloom of disappointment.

But such is life, its hopes and its prospects. Our brightest joys are often surrounded by the blackest dangers. The cup of bliss is dashed to earth ere yet it has reached the lip. It is but a step from the house of joy to the house of desolation. To-day men may be gay, happy and blessed with existence; to-morrow, the door of the tomb may be opened and a place prepared for him in the chamber of death.

The vessel in which the father of Ellen was to arrive reached her point of destination. He entered the cabin with health and life; he was taken thence to his family—dead.

As the wife gazed upon the lifeless corpse of her husband, she fell on the body, and gave vent to her agony in shrieks, in tears. Two days after, she joined in the unknown world, and Ellen was left an orphan—alone in her misery. "*Alone!*" those who have never felt the bitter reality, can never know the pain and sorrow contained in that word, can never realize the desolation of heart that it symbolizes.

Ellen was now alone, and in her straightened circumstances was obliged to remove her residence, and engage a small room in a poorer part of the city. She was tempted to envy the fashionable ladies who passed her daily in their finery; but the voice of conscience spoke so sweetly and so softly, that she felt contented at her own humble lot. Now that adversity had thrown around her its train of evils, the nobleness and majesty of her nature were shown forth. Now, when external forces would crush and blight her young heart, its strength was most powerfully developed: and, like a palm tree which shoots upwards when a weight is placed on it to crush it, so her pure heart rose above the accumulated burden of her woes. She had succeeded in obtaining a permanent situation as seamstress in one of the manufactories of the city. Attention to her business, always ready to assist her fellow-workers, and of an obliging disposition, she soon won the good opinion of her employer, and the love of her associates. Not long after she entered upon her duties, she was promoted to the charge of the apartment in which she was engaged. The former mistress, Miss Mary, had been discharged on account of strong suspicions being entertained against her, of petty thefts. She still was employed in the house, but all looked upon her with dread and abhorence. On Ellen being appointed to fill her former task, she vowed to be revenged, and under a pretended friendship, cherished an implicable hatred.

One day Ellen was in the act of weighing a quantity of silk thread, she accidently let fall a parcel, which was by her unnoticed. Bundling up the rest, she was preparing to take her seat, when Mary came up and pointed out the accident. Ellen was about to correct, when Mary whispered.

"Surely you are not going to put that bundle back?"

"Certainly I am," replied Ellen, "why not."

"What's the use, put it in your pocket, it will not be missed. Nobody will know it, and when nobody knows it, it will do them no harm," was the suggestion of the tempter.

"No I will not," replied Ellen; "this would be stealing. If no one would miss it, my conscience would check me. God would know it, and he tells us; 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

A blush rose upon the cheek of Mary, and she said, pertly.

"Well, miss conscience, take your own way. Advice is thrown away upon a fool."

No more passed between them; but Mary resolved yet to humble her rival and destroy her reputation, while Ellen, in the consciousness of her own right, made up her mind to break up all intercourse between them.

It is easy for us to bear up with a stout front and even cheerfull face, when sympathy and love sweeten and brighten poverty, but the true indomitable heroism of the heart sustains its hardest struggles, and shines forth most triumphantly and brightly, when it rests upon its own strong and heavenly foundations. It was so with Ellen Wright; the purpose of honest integrity which warmed her soul and kept it fresh and green, never wavered or faltered, amid the darkest gloom of privation, or the strongest sense of unsympathetic loneliness. She toiled on day after day, saving now and then, a few dollars from her labor, and making friends wherever she went.

It was not long after the conversation between Ellen and Mary, before complaints were made, that different articles had been stolen. Suspicions were fastened on two or three of the girls, but in the absence of positive proof the master (Mr. Read) felt unwilling to discharge any of them, lest he might fix upon the innocent.

He, however, determined to keep a strict watch over all, and see if he could not fathom the mystery. In the room over which Ellen was mistress, there had been placed a quantity of silk, and the next morning it was missing.

Ellen was the last in the room at night, and the first in it next morning. Suspicion, was of course, pointed to her. Before proceeding to extreme measures, Mr. Read, who was a kind hearted man, inquired if she knew of the article.

"No, sir, as God is my witness, I do not;" and she met his gaze with a clear, calm, unshrinking eye, conscious of her own integrity.

"Well, Ellen, you have always borne a good character, but the evidence is so strong against you, and I have met lately with so many losses, that I am determined to bring the offender to justice. Besides, Mary says she saw you take it."

"God forgive her," was the meek reply, "I am innocent."

She was committed to prison, and as she was borne off, a gleam of feindish triumph lit up the countenance of Mary.

Poor orphan—friendless and alone—she was in the coils of the snake—in the clutches of a revengeful woman.

She was taken to jail—and now, indeed, she feared that God had forsaken, her, but still she bore up, though in the struggle, her heart was almost broken.

Poor Ellen passed many hours of the weary night in prison, thinking of the disgrace of the accusation, and imploring assistance from on high to sustain her in this unlooked-for trial.

Towards morning she fell into a soft slumber, and she had scarcely awakened, before an officer appeared to take her into court.

She trembled violently when she entered the gloomy courthouse, with its high arches and gothic windows. The judge was seated upon a large arm chair covered with scarlet cloth. The clerk was seated before a large table, with a pen in his hand, and looked remarkable grim and morose. The judge put a great many questions to Ellen, all of which she answered conformably to the strictest truth. Tears—bitter tears, were falling in torrents upon her cheeks, and again and again she protested her innocence.

"But," said the judge, "do not deceive yourself. It is useless to deny what can be so easily proved, therefore, confess at once."

"I have nothing to confess," replied Ellen," while sobs broke her utterance, "I know nothing about it."

"You were seen with the bundle in your possession; what do you say to that?"

"Impossible—who is my accuser?"

"Bring out Miss Mary Davis," cried the Judge.

"Witness," said the judge, "you are now on your oath, tell us what you know of this case."

While the judge was speaking, her heart beat violently, and her knees smote together, but she paid but little attention to the words of the speaker or the voice of conscience.

"I saw her take it myself," she said, in trembling accents. "It was on the night before they were missed."

"It is a falsehood, I never took it;" and poor Ellen wept as if her heart would break.

"Stand aside witness," said the judge; then turning to Ellen, he inquired if she had anything to say in her own defence, as the evidence was strong against her.

"I stand here a poor friendless orphan," answered Ellen. "No one will speak in my favor, and I must wait that punishment which others merit. I am innocent, and may God forgive my enemies."

"That's more than I'll do," said a voice, and a man was seen struggling in the crowd, and elbowing his way up to the bar.

"Who are you?" inquired the crier, as the man came up bowing and scraping.

"I am a witness, please your honor," replied the stranger, nothing daunted.

All eyes were directed upon him who now stood in the witness box. He was a middle aged individual, and by his appearance, was a laborer. Ellen gazed upon his features, and the more she gazed, it seemed as if they were familiar to her. Memory was now at work, and at last she knew the person, who thus unculled, had appeared among the crowd. She remembered, that some weeks ago, she had assisted a poor hod carrier, who was about to be expelled from his home on account of being in arrears for rent.—The circumstance was by her forgotten as soon as accomplished, and now again was presented to her mind by the sudden appearance of the humble laborer.

"You are a witness, you say; who is it for?" continued the crier of the court.

"Who for? Why for that little Miss there," and he pointed to Ellen.

"Let him mount the witness box," said the judge, "and we will hear what he has to say."

He was sworn—and casting his eyes around the crowd he awaited the questions of the judge.

"What is your name?" inquired that personage.

"What is your honor's will?"

"I asked your name, my good fellow."

"Charles Roberts, please your honor."

"Well, Mr. Roberts, what have you got to say about this business."

"Take your time your worship. Give folks enough rope and they'll hang themselves; and here he cast a side glance at Mary, the accuser of Ellen.

"Come to the point at once, my man," said the Judge, "our time is precious. If you have got anything to say let us have it at once."

"Well your honor, to make a long story short, I'll tell you all. You see that I had some business with Sam Johnson, and as neither of us are members of Temperance societies, it was late before we parted. At last I made an attempt to go home, for it was awful late, and I was afraid of a Candle lecture from my wife. So down the stairs I creeps, as soft as a cat, not liking to disturb anybody. Well your honor, after I had got down one pair of stairs I saw a door open—standing on a jar—and I heard a whispering between a man and woman. Thinking it was some chap taking leave of his gal, I was just going to pass by when I heard the woman say; "Glorious; Ellen Wright is done for now." "Yes, replied the man," she will trouble you no more. "I guess, said she, the slut will be put in jail for six months at the least." But Mary said he, "how in conscience did you get in the room?" O, that was bravely done, said she, no one suspects me. But the bundle, what are you going to do with it, said the man. "Hide it in the clock until she is convicted, then I'll sell it,' she replied. I waited to hear no more your honor, I went home, understood that Miss Ellen was charged with the crime, and now am here to defend her."

As Roberts was giving his evidence, in his own rough way the countenance of Mary became ghastly pale, and once or twice she nearly sunk to the ground. When he closed she stood up, and yelled out, it's a lie—all false. They are accomplices and want to screen themselves.

"My word on that, said Roberts," it is true. "If your honor will but send a constable to the house and let him examine all the clocks, my story will be proved."

"I'll go with him your worship, said Mary and she trembled violently."

"Stay where you are,' was the harsh reply.

The constable departed, and in about fifteen minutes returned with a bundle. It was speedily opened, and found to contain the missing articles. As Mary, thus witnessed the proof of her guilt, she fell upon the ground in convulsions.

"It seems," said the Judge, that this woman Mary Davis, has out of jealousy and revenge, attempted to ruin the character of a helpless girl. The attempt has failed; God has protected the innocent, and now gentleman, we will discharge the accused and confine her false accuser for the day of trial. The court is dismissed.

"Ellen forgive me for the pain I have caused you, but I was forced to it by Mary," said Mr. Read.

"I have nothing to forgive," was her reply, "you but did your duty." The fiery ordeal was passed, and she came forth purified by the flames which were kindled to consume her.

Four years flew by, and Ellen Wright was the happy wife of Mr. Read, and the doating mother of two sweet children. She had trusted in God, and he had not deserted her. The malice of her enemies recoiled upon themselves, and she, in continuing in the paths of virtue and honesty, at last reached a prominence where no shafts of envy or slander will reach her. *Her's was the reward of honesty.*

UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF MR. WEBSTER.

The following beautiful letter we have been permitted to copy from a large collection of letters of the private life of Daniel Webster, by Charles Lanman, Esq., now in the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. It was addressed to his New Hampshire overseer.

WASHINGTON, March 13th, 1822.

"John Taylor:

"I am glad to hear from you again, and to learn that you are well, and that your teams and tools are ready for spring's work, whenever the weather will allow you to begin. I sometimes read books on farming; and I remember that a very sensible old author advises farmers 'to plow naked and to sow naked.' By this he means that there is no use in beginning spring's work till the weather is warm, that a farmer may throw aside his winter clothes and roll up his sleeves. Yet he says we ought to begin as early in the year as possible. He wrote some very pretty verses on this subject, which, as far as I remember, run thus:

"While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
The frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams, yet now, from precipices run—
Even in this early dawning of the year,
Produce to plow, and yoke the sturdy steer;
And goad him till he sinks beneath his toil,
And the bright share is bomed in the soil."

"John Taylor, when you read these lines, do you not see the snow melting, and the little streams beginning to run down the slopes of your Punch brook pasture, and the new grass starting and growing in the trickling water, all green, bright, and beautiful? And do you not see your Durham oxen smoking from heat and perspiration as they draw along your great breaking up plow, cutting and turning over the tough sward in your meadow in the great field? The name of this sensible author is Virgil; and he gives farmers much other advice, some of which you have been following all this winter without even knowing that he had given it.

"But when cold weather, heavy snow and rain,
The loitering farmer in his home restrain,
Let him thresh at his ease the ripened grain,
Which then a huddled up in the skies are fair;
Then let him mark the sheep, and what the shining share
Or hollow trees for hoats, or number o'er
His stocks, or see sure, his increasing store;
Or sharpen stakes, and mend each rake and fork,
So to be ready, in good time, to work—
Visit his crowded barns at early morn,
Look to his granary, and shed his corn;
Give a good breakfast to his numerous kine,
His shivering poultry and his filthering swine."

"And Mr. Virgil says some other things, which you understand up at Franklin as well as ever he did:

"In chilling winter swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recount for more;
The farmer to full to, six invites his friends,
And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends;
Drawing chairs around the fire, and tells over more,
Stories which often have been told before,
Spreads a cheerful table, with things good to eat;
And adds some moistening to his food and meat;
Thus pleased, his hospitality and feed
They shall sleep better after such a meal!"

"John Taylor, by the time you have got through this, you will have read enough. The sum of all is be ready for your spring's work as soon as the weather becomes warm enough, and then put your hand to the plow, and look not back.

DANIEL WEBSTER."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S PRIVATE LIFE.

WASHINGTON, March 17th, 1852.

"John Taylor:

"Go ahead. The heart of the Winter is broken, and before the first day of April all your land may be plowed. Buy the oxen of Captain Marston, if you think the price fair. Pay for the hay. I send you a check for $100, for these two objects. Put the great oxen in a condition to be turned out and fattened. You have a good horse-team, and I think in addition to this, four oxen and a pair of four-year-old steers will do your work. If you think so, then dispose of the Stevens oxen, or unyoke them, and send them to the pasture, for beef. I know not when I shall see you there, but I will before planting. If you need anything, such as guano, for instance, write to Joseph Buck, Esq., Boston, and he will send it to you.

"Whatever ground you sow or plant, see that it is in good condition. We want no *penny-royal crops*. 'A little farm well tilled,' is to a farmer the next best thing to 'a little wife well willed.' Cultivate your garden. Be sure to produce sufficient of useful vegetables. A man may half support his family from a good garden. Take care to keep my mother's garden in good order, even if it cost you the wages of a man to take care of it. I have sent you many garden seeds. Distribute them among your neighbors.—Send them to the stores in the village, that everybody may have a part of them without cost. I am glad that you have chosen Mr. Pike representative. He is a true man; but there are in New Hampshire many persons who call themselves Whigs, who are no Whigs at all, and no better than disunionists. Any man who hesitates in granting and securing to every part of the country its just and its constitutional rights, is an enemy to the whole country.

"John Taylor! if one of your boys should say that he honors his father and mother, and loves his brother and sisters, but still insists that one of them shall be driven out of the family, what can you say of him but this, that there is no real family love in him? You and I are farmers; we never talk politics, our talk is of oxen; but remember this; that any man who attempts to excite one part of the country against another, is just as wicked as he would be who should attempt to get up a quarrel between John Taylor and his neighbor, old Mr. John Sanborn, or his other neighbor, Captain Burleigh. There are some animals that live best in the fire; and there are some men who delight in heat, smoke, combustion, and even general conflagration. They do not follow the things which make for peace. They enjoy only controversy, contention and strife. Have no communion with such persons, either as neighbors or politicians. You have no more right to say that slavery ought not to exist in Virginia, than a Virginian has to say that slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire. This is a question left to every State to decide for itself; and if we mean to keep the States together, we must leave to every State the power of deciding for itself.

"I think I never wrote you a word before upon politics. I shall not do it again. I only say love your country, and your whole country; and when men attempt to persuade you to get into a quarrel with the laws of other States, tell them 'that you mean to mind your own business,' and advise them to mind theirs. John Taylor, you are a free man; you possess good principles; you have a large family to rear and provide for by your labor. Be thankful to the Government which does not oppress you, which does not bear you down by excessive taxation, but which holds out to you and to yours the hope of all the blessings which liberty, industry and security may give. John Taylor, thank God, morning and evening, that you were born in such a country. John Taylor, never write me another word upon politics. Give my kindest remembrance to your wife and children; and when you look from your eastern windows upon the grave of the family, remember that he who is the author of this letter must soon follow them to another world.

"DANIEL WEBSTER."

THE SLAVE CASE IN NEW YORK.

The Boston Commonwealth furnishes the annexed Report and Proceedings in this case, the decision of which, has resulted in a decree for the Plaintiffs, the negroes who have been freed from their owners.

THE SLAVE CASE IN NEW YORK.—The arguments in the case of the women and children claimed by Mr. and Mrs. Lemmon, were made on Tuesday. Mr. Lobough, counsel for claimants, read the amended return to the writ of habeas corbus, which states that they are on their way from Virginia to Texas; and got on board the steamer by accident which brought them to New York; that the laws of Virginia and Texas authorise the holding of slaves, &c. A claim is therefore made for said slaves.

Mr. Culver in the behalf of the slaves, maintained that they were entitled to their freedom on various grounds, and presented authorities to show that by the principles of the common law that enslaved persons brought into free States are free. The same was shown to be the statute law of New York.

Mr. Lobough, in behalf of the claimant, insisted that persons owning property in one State have a right to pass with it through any other State, and that the State of New York had no right, according to the Constitution or the law of nations to prevent it. He quoted from the Constitution of the United States, that the laws of one State shall be respected in another. He contended that as the persons here recognized as property in Virginia, they should be, by the Constitution, so considered in New York while they are passing in transitu through it, and quoted points from the law of nations, discision, &c.

Mr. Clinton followed by Mr. L., urging also, the idea of the clause in the Constitution as to the laws of one State being respected in another, &c.

Mr. Jay concluded the argument in behalf of the motion for the discharge of the persons. He said the principle in this case was settled by Lord Mansfield in 1776, in the case of James Sumerset. He read the statute showing that if slaves are brought into the State under any pretence whatever, they are free. He said the only doubt that could exist would be the constitutionality of the law relative to which the Court would decide. He contended that the parties were entitled to their liberty.

Judge Paine said, as argument had been presented and authorities quoted, he would take a short time to consider the subject, and will render a decision on Saturday morning, the women and children, &c., still to remain in the care of the officer.

The New York Day Book referring to the matter, appropriately remarks:

One of the most horrible pieces of cruelty ever perpetrated in a civilized community is about being commenced by the abolitionists in this city. The case is no more nor less than robbing an American family, on their way from Virginia to Texas, of all their property. Two colored women with their three children and three colored men are about being taken away from their masters and turned out upon the cold charities of the world for support—the women to become dwellers at the Five Points, the children to become thieves, and the men to hang around and get a job here and there in a strange country and among a strange people whenever and wherever they can. All this is done under the protence and in the name of "philanthropy." Horrible!—most horrible! A family robbed—mothers and children destroyed, and honest, faithful men turned out of doors, and out of LIVING.

This is abolitionism. God grant that whatever judgment he has in store for us, we may not be left to the philanthropy of abolitionists. If these lunatics should ever take it into their heads that our children would be better off wandering about the streets of New York, picking up rags and burrowing with vagabonds in cellars in the Five Points, than with us in our own house and home, we suppose that under a Seward dynasty we should have to submit, but we would know what we would'nt do."

THE SLAVE CASE—DECISION OF JUDGE PAINE.

The New York Journal of Commerce reviews the Lemmon slave case, and Judge Paine's decision and trusts the New York statue, on which that decision was mainly based, will be repealed at the coming session of the Legislature of that State, and that the Legislature will, also, appropriate the sum of $5,000 to repay Mr. Lemmon for the property robbed from him. In the mean time, the Journal recommends a subscription of $5,000 for Mr. Lemmon, as he is now stripped of property—the same to be refunded when Mr. Lemmon shall be able to refund it. The anti-slavery statue alluded to by the Journal, was passed under Seward's administration. The following statement from Mr. Lemmon, shows that a deliberate plan had been formed to rob him of his property, on his arrival at New York.

"On the 12th day of October last, I left my home in Bath county, Virginia, with a view of emigrating to Texas, taking with me my wife, seven children, and eight slaves. I reached Richmond on the 30th day of October, and remained there until the Tuesday following, endeavoring meanwhile to engage a passage in some vessel for New Orleans. Finding that no passenger vessel would be sailing from that port to New Orleans for some three weeks hereafter, I went to Norfolk, and took passage in the steamer City of Richmond, for the port of New York to New Orleans; having no idea before leaving Norfolk, that there could be any difficulty in going to New York with my slaves, and proceeding thence to New Orleans. I had been told and believed that I could do so with entire safety.

"Mr. Ashmead, who was a clerk in the City of Richmond, told me, on the voyage to New York, that I need not be at all uneasy about losing the slaves; that the law was in my favor in New York, and was bound to protect me in the possession and property of my slaves; and that the Mayor of that city would see that it was done, provided any difficulty should occur. Mr. Ashmead promised me, whilst on our way to New York, that he would immediately after the City of Richmond got into the harbor of New York, procure a passage for myself, family and slaves, in some ship going at once from that port to New Orleans.

"Under these circumstances, and thinking that all was right, I arrived in the harbor of New York about half past four o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th inst.

"When the City of Richmond had thus arrived at New York, Mr Ashmead went ashore, telling me he was going to procure a passage for us in a steamer ready to sail for New Orleans. After an absence of about an hour or an hour and a half, he returned and stated to me that he had been unable to find the man whom he went to see in regard to obtaining the passage, but handed to me a piece of paper which he said contained the name of the person, and directed me to go with it to a place in South-street. I went there accordingly, and at the door met a man who said to me that he was the individual named in the paper.

I told him that I wanted to engage a passage for New Orleans in a vessel proceeding at once to that port, upon which myself, family and slaves could be placed that night. He replied that he would immediately transfer all of us that night to the steamer Memphis, which would sail for New Orleans the next morning. I then went with him inside the office, where passage tickets were given me. He then stated that he would send round for my family, slaves and baggage, to the City of Richmond, and transfer every thing on board the steamer Memphis. He and I went to the City of Richmond, and very soon two hacks came there, which he stated had been ordered by him, and into which myself, family and slaves got, under his direction, he saying to us that they were to convey us to the Steamer Memphis.

"The hacks, then, instead of proceeding to the steamer Memphis, drove round to his office in South street. Here I was told that I must pay our fares before being put on board of the Memphis. I then paid the amount, being $161. As soon as this money was paid the hack drivers refused to take us to the steamer Memphis, but carried us, against our earnest protest, to a house No. 3 Carlisle street, dropped us down upon a sidewalk, and drove off. It was dark, and we being utter strangers in the city, were compelled to stay at that place till morning. The next morning, the 6th inst., the steamer Memphis sailed, leaving myself, family and slaves and whilst she was departing from the wharf, word was sent me that my slaves had been taken into court. The result of the proceedings in court has deprived me of all my property, amounting at least to $5,000.

JONATHAN LEMMON.

"New York, Nov. 17, 1852."

If this is a correct statement, as the Journal presumes it is, it shows that an innocent man has been robbed of his property, some $5,000 in value, being all that he had in the world, for no other offence than crossing at the port of New York, in his transit from one slave-holding State to another slave-holding State; and further, that the robbery was effected by means of an infamous fraud. Who sent those carriages professedly to take Mr. Lemmon and his family to the steamer Memphis, but in reality to drop them down in Carlislie street, strangers in a strange city, that they might not be able to depart in the steamer Memphis? Or had the drivers been tampered with by the abolitionists, and bribed to carry the strangers to Carlisle street, instead of going to the dock where the Memphis was lying? It is clear that somebody told a string of falsehoods in order that a $5,000 robbery might be committed under the forms of law. We hope that the authors of the mischief, whoever they may be, will be ferreted out and punished as they deserve.

APPEAL FROM JUDGE PAINE'S DECISION.

The case of the Lemmon slaves has been appealed to the Supreme Court of New York, which is to meet in New York city on the 11th of December next. If Judge Paine's decision should be reversed, it is not at all probable that the slaves will be within reach, nor would Mr. Lemmon, says the *Journal of Commerce*, have an objection to relinquish all claim to them, after receiving the indemnity money which is in process of collection, were it not that such informal relinquishments *at this time*, would render it impossible to test the important legal question involved, by prosecuting the case in the higher courts.

POSTAGE AND STATISTICS.

"An important movement is now in progress in England and upon the Continent for the establishment of uniform rates of postage over the whole civilized world. The British Society organized to promote this object is entitled 'International Postage Association.' It is a utilitarian project growing out of the World's Fair of 1851. Its President is Earl GRANVILLE, and among its members are many of the most distinguished and useful men of Great Britian.—J. C. G. KENNEDY, Esq., Superintendent of the Census, is an honorary member of the Society. I have seen a circular addressed to him, containing the outlines of a plan for realizing the scheme of uniform postages. The principal feature is the prepayment in every country which shall enter the proposed postal union of letters intended for other countries within the Union; each country to retain the whole of this postage, and to deliver, without any charge, the letters received from countries coming into the arrangement. In this way accounts will be simplified, the expense of keeping them will be greatly reduced; and the inhabitants of each country will know the cost of communicating with their correspondents abroad. I have no doubt that if effected such an arrangement would be beneficial to every country adopting it; but the difficulty of commending it to the favor of the Continental Governments may be found an insuperable obstacle to carry out the plan on a scale sufficiently extensive to test its efficiency. The London Association urge that efforts be made to organize a similar body in the United States.

"Hon. R. H. BAYARD, American *Charge* at Brussels, writes that the statistical Congress proposed to be held in that capital during the present year is postponed until 1853. The Belgian and other European Governments which have patronized the scheme have decided the members of the Convention must be appointed by the executive authorities of the countries to be represented. Learned societies may send delegates; but it seems they will not have the same privileges as the others. The object of this meeting is one in which the statisticians and savans of Europe and England manifest much interest. That we may derive essential instruction from the result of its labors is evinced by many facts in the daily experience of our own Government.—*New York Courier.*

HENRY CLAY'S OFFICE.

N. P. Willis, in a letter to the Home Journal, has the following notice of his visit to the office of Mr. Clay:

"You will readily see the association of memories by which I turn from Downing's working-place to the working place of Henry Clay—his law office—which I visited a few days ago at Lexington. It was a small room opening directly upon the side-walk of a street much frequented. A large livery stable was just opposite, and its long line of unhoused vehicles extended along in front of the office door, while a group of stablemen and their hangers-on were discoursing of horse flesh in tones that must have been habitually audible to the great statesman at his desk. There was no one in the office, and the door was open. A small and common desk, with a leaf which turned up by a hinge, formed, with two chairs, the only furniture—a naked room, indeed, for a mind so plumed and equipped! Yet there was something within the bare walls which made me feel that my head should be uncovered while standing with them. The suffusion of blood over the heart, which one feels at a great thought suddenly expressed, or at the sound of a trumpet, came over me. Mr. Clay was still living, but the morning's news had pronounced his recovery hopeless.—Never more would that tall form with the knightly port and mien, enter that humble door to unlock that humble desk, at which his, the most princely spirit of the age, had patiently achieved his fame. A resentful thought at the weapons with which modern chivalry must achieve its triumph, if at all, was mingled with the tearful homage with which I remembered him who had there used them.

LEGISLATIVE WIT.

The following is a report of a portion of the proceedings at the late Session of the Legislature of Wisconsin, as given in the Milwaukee Sentinel:

The bill introduced by Senator Alban, on behalf of some of his constituents, exempting a rifle or a shot gun from execution, and which passed the Senate [illegible] so as to include "[illegible] being uncocked, [illegible] powder-flask and a shot-pouch," was taken up in the committee of the whole the other day, and amended by including in the exemption a pocket pistol, (restricted to the capacity of a pint,) a brace of pointer dogs, a pair of high boots for wading, and various other things. In this form it was killed this morning, to the great disappointment of the sons of Nimrod, the mighty hunter."

ASKING TOO MUCH.

A young couple was sitting together in a romantic spot with birds and flowers about them, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it at thy feet."

"Oh! sir, you are too kind! But it just reminds me that I wish you'd stop using tobacco."

"Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded."

"Very well, sir, since this is the way you lay down your life for me, and as you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take good care you are never wedded to me, as it would be bigamy."

CURIOUS SUIT.

A few days since, in St. Louis, Mo., a game chicken escaped from his owner, ran into a drug store, flew against a bottle upset it, and thus set evaporating *eight ounces of otto of roses*. The druggist has sued the owner of the rooster, laying his damages at $50, the value of the perfume wasted.