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THOMAS LORING, Editor and Proprietor; TWO DOLLARS Per Annum, invariably in Advance.

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THE OLD SURTOUT.

had taken a place on the top of one of the coaches which run between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of commencing a tour in the highlands of Scotland. We rattled along Prince Street, I had leisure to survey my fellow-travellers. Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies of the order, dressed in white great coats and cher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, which they puffed away with a servile complacency.

beside me sat a modest and comely young man in a widow's dress, with an infant at nine months old in her arms. The appearance of the youthful mourner and her companion indicated that they belonged to the class of society; and although the dandies occasionally cast a rude glance at her, she was invariably, at such times, cast a her child, seemed to touch even them, to disarm their coarseness.

On the other side of the window sat a gentleman of plain yet prepossessing appearance, who seemed especially to attract the eye of the dandies. His surtout was not lately threadbare, but it had evidently worn more than one season, and I could give many contemptuous looks thrown at it by the gentlemen in Belcher hankchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand—so small, indeed, that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. This article appeared to arrest the eyes of the dandies of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, I probably, were more voluminous; and they were paid for or not, might be a question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Dalrymple, for the purpose of taking in a passenger, the guard, observing the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, asked leave to put it in the boot, to which he immediately consented, and it fairly into the centre, guard," said the dandies.

"Why so, Tom?" inquired his companion, may capsize the coach," rejoined the young man, "I am not so foolish as to go on a sally at which both indulged in a fit of laughter; but of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood merrily into his cheek, took no notice whatever."

While we were changing horses at the station of Uphall, an aged beggar approached and held out his hat for alms. The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave a few half-pence, and the young gentleman, as she seemed, was about to do the same, the young gentleman in the surtout laid down gently on her arm, and dropping a crown in the beggar's hat made a sign to depart. The dandies looked at each other.

"How odd, Jack," said one, "to be so successful at our last benefit, you rejoined the other, and both again into a hoarse laugh.

"His allusion to his supposed profession, had again mounted into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment continued silent.

He had not left Uphall many miles behind, when the wind began to rise, and filtering clouds indicated an approaching shower. The dandies began to prepare umbrellas; and the young gentleman, surveying the dress of the dandies, and perceiving that she was but indifferently provided against a change of weather, addressed the guard in a tone of indignation, "Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy, "I would give half of my coat to protect you so far," said he, "and, if I could, I would give you a pair of shoes."

The widow thanked him in a modest and grateful manner, and said that, for the sake of her infant, she would be glad to have it if he would not suffer for the want of it.

When we had entered Glasgow, and were approaching the Buck's Head, the inn at which our conveyance was to stop, an open travelling carriage, drawn by four beautiful horses, drove up in the opposite direction. The elegance of this equipage made the dandies spring to their feet.

"What beautiful grays!" cried one: "I wonder who they can belong to?"

"He is a happy fellow, anyhow," replied the other. "I would give half of my coat to call them mine."

The stage-coach and the travelling carriage stopped at the Buck's Head at the same moment, and a footman in laced livery, springing from behind the latter, looked first inside and then at the top of the former, when he lifted his hat with a smile of respectful recognition.

"Are you all well at the castle, Robert?"

"All well, my Lord," replied the footman. At the sound of that monosyllable, the faces of the dandies became visibly elongated; but without taking the smallest notice of them or their confusion, the nobleman politely wished me good morning, and descending from the coach, caused the footman to place his cloak and despoiled portmanteau in the carriage. He then stepped into it himself, and the footman getting up behind, the coachman touched the leader very slightly with his whip, and the equipage and their noble owner were soon out of sight.

"Pray what nobleman is that?" said one of the dandies to the landlord, as we entered the inn.

"The Earl of H—, sir," replied the landlord; "one of the best men, as well as the richest in Scotland."

take any refreshment, and upon her answering in the negative, he proceeded to enter into conversation with her as follows:

"Do you travel far on this road, ma'am?"

"About sixteen miles farther, sir. I leave the coach about six miles on the other side of Airdrie."

"Do your friends dwell hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, they do. I am on the way to my father's house."

"To your father's?"

"Yes, sir," said the poor woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbing audibly; "I am returning to him a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."

"Is your father in good circumstances?"

"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, sir, while he has strength to labor for us; but he is himself in poverty—a day laborer on the estate of the Earl of H—."

At the mention of the nobleman's name, the young gentleman colored a little; but it was evident that his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature. "What is your father's name?" said he.

"James Anderson, sir."

"And his residence?"

"Blinkbonny."

"Well, I trust, that though desolate, so far as this world is concerned, you know something of Him who is the Father of the Fatherless, and the Judge of the widow. If so, your Maker is your husband, and the Lord of Hosts is his name."

"O, yes; I bless God that, through a pious parent's care, I know something of the power of Divine grace, and the consolations of the Gospel. My husband, too, though a tradesman, was a man who feared God above many."

The remembrance of that must tend much to alleviate your sorrow."

"It does, indeed, sir, at times; but at other times I am ready to sink. My father's poverty and advancing age, my baby's helplessness, and my own delicate health, are frequently too much for my feeble faith."

"Trust in God, and he will provide for you; be assured he will."

By this time the coach was again in motion; and though the conversation continued for some time, the noise of the wheels prevented me from hearing it distinctly. I could see the dandies, however, exchange looks with one another; and at one time the more forward of the two whispered something to the young gentleman, in which the words "Methodist parson" alone were audible.

At Airdrie nothing particular occurred; when we got about half way between that town and Glasgow, we arrived at a cross road, where the widow expressed a wish to be set down. The young gentleman, therefore, desired the driver to stop, and springing himself from the coach, took the infant in his arms, and then, along with the guard, assisted her to descend.

"May God reward you," said she, as he returned the baby to her, "for your kindness to the widow and the fatherless this day."

"And may he bless you," replied he, "with all spiritual consolation in Christ Jesus."

So saying, he slipped something into her hand; and the widow opened it instinctively. I saw two sovereigns glitter on her palm, she dropped a tear upon the money; and turned around to thank her benefactor; but he had already resumed his seat upon the coach.

She cast upon him an eloquent and grateful look—pressed her infant convulsively to her bosom, and walked hurriedly away.

No other passenger wishing to alight at the same place, we were soon again in rapid motion towards the great emporium of the west of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The young gentleman sat with his arms crossed upon his breast; and, if I might judge by the expression of his countenance, was evidently resolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The dandies regarded him with amazement. They had also seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and seemed to think that there was more under that shabby surtout than their "puppy brains" could easily conjecture. That in this they were right, was speedily made manifest.

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"What beautiful grays!" cried one: "I wonder who they can belong to?"

"He is a happy fellow, anyhow," replied the other. "I would give half of my coat to call them mine."

"The Earl of H—!" repeated the dandy, turning to his companion; "what asses we have been! There's an end of our chance of being allowed to shoot on his estate."

"O, yes! we may burn our letters of introduction when we please," rejoined his companion; and silently and crest fallen, both walked up stairs to their apartment.

FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.

The San Francisco Correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, in his letter of the 1st October speaks as follows of the unprecedented success of some of the cultivators of the soil in California:

The news from the interior is of the most cheering character; and you may expect such returns from the miners during the rainy season as will astonish the world. Immense piles of earth have been thrown up, and every preparation made for a bountiful supply of water to wash out their summer gatherings. In addition to this, we have the great agricultural wealth of the State poured into our laps.

But your readers will not believe half that might be narrated. The reports are almost too big to be true. I have exhibited to me this day, by Mr. C. A. Shelton, onions weighing two pounds each, raised by Robert Smith, at the San Jose Mission. He has two acres of them, averaging 1½ pounds to each onion. He thinks the yield will be 2,500 sacks averaging 82 pounds each, say 205,000 pounds as the product of the two acres of land! Mr. Smith brought 50 bags of them to market this day, for which he demands 20 cents per pound. Supposing he gets but 15 cents per pound for his entire crop, we find that it amounts to the sum of \$30,750 as the simple product of two acres of wild land. And this is but the average yield of the onion crop throughout the Santa Clara valley. The potato crop will average 300 bushels to the acre, worth to-day six to seven cents per bushel. Doctor Bushum, of Santa Clara, is said to have raised last year 800 bushels of potatoes to the acre; but this was on well cultivated land.

It is stated that Gen. Vallejo sold his standing grass for fifteen thousand dollars cash. The party purchasing it expended an additional twenty thousand dollars to cut and cure the same, and has now realized the sum of one hundred thousand dollars profit for the hay.

The market price for hay opened here this fall at \$40 per ton, advanced to \$50, but has now declined to \$25 per ton for oat hay, and \$30 for best "Burr clover." At these prices it will not pay first cost and expenses of bringing to market.

The arrivals of barley are also large from the interior, and it commands about 5½ cents per pound. Immense quantities of all kinds of vegetables are now being brought to market, and, generally speaking, command high prices; quality superior.

There is no country in the world which can hold out half the inducements that California can and does present to the industrious emigrant of every nation to come over and help us. The ordinary wages paid to a good "hand" on the farm is \$75 per month and board; while in the city \$150 per month is paid, say \$5 per day, for common laborers; to say nothing of the miner's life, which will now fully average \$8 per day.

Our city continues to be very healthy, with the exception of a disease among the Chinese, which is confined exclusively to them, and was reported to be cholera, but it is now known to be scurvy, contracted while on their passage here, and fostered by their manner of living. They come to this country from China, packed into the hold of a ship as thick as herring into a box. Although generally very cleanly in their habits, it is not possible for them, under the circumstances, to preserve health, and living as they do upon light food, are just the subjects which scurvy would be apt to attack. One vessel which arrived here a few weeks since brought no less than five hundred passengers. On landing they bundle into houses like sheep into a pen, where they almost stagnate; hence the great mortality among them.

A KEEN YANKEE.

"Falconbridge" tells the following, in his Life of Dan Marble:

"Andy Cummins, who used to live out here near Framingham, was a cute 'Down Easter'—a real live Yankee—always ready for a joke, and hard to beat. He was one day in a country bar-room 'down South,' where several were assembled, when one of them said—

"Yankee Cummins, if you go out and stick your penknife into anything, when you come back I'll tell you what it's sticking in."

"Ye can't do no such thing," responded Cummins.

"I'll bet ten dollars of it," said the other.

"Wall, I rather guess I'll take that 'ere bet; here captain (turning to the landlord) hold stakes, and I'll just make half a sawhorse in less than no time."

The parties disposed an X a-piece, and C. went on his mission, but in a short time returned, saying—

"Wall, nabor, what is it stickin' in?"

"In the handle," replied the southerner, as he reached out his hand for the stakes.

"Guess not, just wait awhile," said the Yankee, as he held up the handle of the knife, minus the blade. "kalkilate the blade can't be in the handle, when its drive clean up in an old stump aside of yer road out thar."

Cummins of course won the wager, and the southerner sloped to parts unknown, amid roars of laughter.

FACTORY DESTROYED.

Troy, N. Y., Nov. 13.—The salaratus manufactory of Hutchinson & Co. was consumed by fire last evening. The stock was insured for \$5,000.

BURSTING THE UNION.

The following lines are given in the editor's table of the Knickerbocker Magazine for July.—They are introduced with the assertion that they were composed by a western poet, in "one hour by a Connecticut clock."

What! bust this glorious union up,
An' go to draw'n triggers,
Just for a thunderic' passel of
Emancipated niggers?
The eagle of Ameriky,
That flew across the seas,
An' throw'd the British lion
Ker-slump upon his knees!
Say! shall we rend him 'lim' from 'lim',
Wun wing wun way, an' wun t'other,
An' every sepperit pin fether
A flyin' at the other?

WHAT WE LOVE TO SEE.
We love to see a flock of sheep,
All feeding on a mountain;
We love to see a drunkard drink,
From out the crystal fountain.
At first upon his knees he gets,
And then he sticks his nose in;
But soon he slips, and then ker souse,
His head and shoulders goes in!

WILL CONSIDER YOU SOMETHING.
In a certain seaport town, away down
East here lived, some two or three years
since, a shoemaker who rejoiced in the patronymic of Green, although not so verdant as the name would seem to indicate, he being noted for his wit, but more particularly known as a man who always made the best end of a bargain.

One fine morning, early in the spring as our worthy son of Crispin was sitting at his work, striving in his humble way for the benefit of his fellow sinner's soles, a tall, lank, down East skipper who had just arrived in the harbor with a schooner load of wood, entered his shop, and said—

"Good morning; I've got a load of wood which I'd like to sell you."

"Ah, good morning," says the shoemaker, "what do you ask for it?"

"Suffice it to say, they agreed upon a price, and all that remained to consummate the bargain, was the manner in which the wood was to be paid for."

"There, Skipper," said the shoemaker, "is a choice which I should like to sell you"—which by the way, was a vehicle of rather antiquated iron and which bore marks of somewhat hard usage—just the thing for you to take home. If you don't want it yourself, you can sell it to some one of your neighbors, and double your money on it."

"What do you ask for it?" inquired the skipper.

"Fifty dollars is cheap for it, but being as it's yours, I'll take forty-five, and if you're not perfectly satisfied with your bargain, when you come this way again, I'll consider you something."

The bargain was closed, the skipper delivered his wood, took on board his chaise, hoisted sail, and was soon on his way home.

On arriving home, he became perfectly satisfied that he had been a little bit in the trade, but contented himself that the shoemaker would certainly "consider him something" on his next trip up.

The next winter, as the shoemaker sat on his bench, smoking a pipe, and discussing politics with a crowd of fishermen, who made his establishment their head quarters during the winter months, our skipper entered.

"Good morning," says the skipper, slapping the shoemaker on the shoulder.

"Eh! good morning," replied the shoemaker, barely turning his head, and recognizing the victim of the chaise trade.

"I believe you and I had a trade a spell ago," says the skipper, touching him again.

"Oh, yes," says the shoemaker, without turning round.

There was a dead pause for a few minutes. At length the skipper said—

"You said you would consider me something if I didn't like the chaise, and the darned thing wouldn't go anyhow; and as for selling it, I couldn't give it away."

"Eh! replied the shoemaker.

Well, what are you a going to consider me?"

The shoemaker rose from his bench and looking his victim full in the face, said—"Why, I consider you a darned fool!"

The skipper left, and never since has he brought wood to that market without having his pay in hard cash, well remembering how he was considered.

Destructive Fire and Loss of Life—One Hundred Persons Thrown out of Employment. PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.

This evening at six o'clock, Bruners cotton and woolen factory, at corner of Nixon and Hamilton streets, was destroyed by fire, in which about one hundred persons were employed. So rapid was the progress of the flames, that several persons are supposed to have perished. Two dead bodies have since been found, supposed to be those of Edw. Crosby and Mary Ann Brown.—Several narrow escapes were made by jumping from the windows. The lower story was occupied by Faulkner & Lewis, merchants, the second story by David & James Donnelly, spinners and wool carders, the third story by Bernard McNutt, manufacturer of cotton and woolen goods, and the fourth and fifth stories by Bruner, woolen manufacturer. Nothing but bare walls are left standing. The loss is \$30,000, upon which there is a partial insurance.

THREE GREAT SHIPS OF THE LINE.

The Boston Courier reminds us that there are now in that harbor three great ships of the line—the Ohio, the Vermont, and the Virginia—each said to be remarkable for its model, its size, and accommodations, the excellence of the materials of which it is composed, its strength, and fitness for sea and battle. They are called 74's, but are capable of carrying one hundred and ten guns each, together with a complement of one thousand men, and all the provisions, stores, and munitions for a three years' cruise, not omitting twenty tons of powder for each vessel. These costly and splendid floating citadels are at the yard in Charlestown, and never fail to attract the attention of stangers and others, as varying their position somewhat with the tides, they seem to extend themselves like leviathans, and loom up over the waves.

EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY.

On Monday afternoon, as the Morris and Essex railroad train was returning to Newark, when within about a half a mile of the depot an infant was discovered lying or crawling on the track. A large Newfoundland dog, belonging to James Bishop, Esq., rushed forward, and, seizing the child, bore him to a place of safety, the locomotive almost grazing the dog.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

Escape of Witnesses in the Treason Cases.

On Sunday morning, about 4 o'clock, two of the most important witnesses in the Christiana treason cases, confined in the debtor's apartment of the Moyamensing prison, made their escape, in connexion with a white man. They had taken the shutters, which are made like a blind, from their cell, and with pieces of blankets fastened them together. This enabled them to reach the top of the north wall, from whence they descended to the ground by means of other pieces of blankets, having used the material of four beds. Their names are Josephus Washington and Peter Woods. Washington is an old man, and has a family near Christiana. Woods is rather a young man. There is little doubt but that had assistance from without.—*Phila. Bulletin of Monday.*

Snow.—It commenced snowing here yesterday morning just after daylight, with the wind blowing strongly from the north-eastward. Towards noon the wind hauled more northerly and moderated, and the snow changed to rain and sleet, which continued through the rest of the day.

The White Mountains, for several days past, have been covered with snow as entirely to appearance, as in the depths of winter.

Portland Advertiser, Nov. 11.

Protection of Vessels from Destruction or Damage by Lightning.

At different periods for a series of years, we have stated in the columns of the Journal of Commerce, that no case of damage by lightning has occurred to vessels belonging to the Navy of the United States, that were furnished with conductors. Our advice to this effect, received from time to time from the Navy Department, come up to date of December 1st, '48, and we have now before us a letter, bearing date "Navy Department, Bureau of Construction, &c., Oct. 25, 1851," from Commodore Skinner, chief of that Bureau, in which he says: "No report of injuries sustained by lightning have been made to the Department since my last communication on that subject."

To my knowledge, no claim has ever been made to Underwriters for damages by lightning to a vessel furnished with conductors, nor have I ever known of a loss of life by lightning in a building, or vessel, furnished with conductors reared for the purpose of protection.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, Oct. 31, '51. E. M.

It is estimated that from 30,000 to 40,000 bushels of Salt are made annually at Key West by solar evaporation. The salt is said to possess superior qualities for saving meat, and is much sought after. The business is now carried on to a small extent, but can easily be extended a thousand fold, as the natural salt ponds are very extensive. It is predicted that it will become a very important trade in a few years at Key West.

SYDNEY SMITHISM.

Edinburg is entirely deserted now by the Scottish nobility, and no more peers are to be met there than at a republican town in the New World. A Scottish gentleman, who had shown much hospitality in the Northern metropolis to Sydney Smith, said to him at parting:

"I am happy to think how much you seemed to have enjoyed the society of Edinburg."

"Yes," replied Sydney Smith, "it always reminds me of a game at whist, without any court cards."

Sydney Smith, being annoyed one evening by the familiarity of a young gentleman who, though a new acquaintance, was encouraged by the Dean's jocular reputation to address him by his surname alone; and hearing him tell that he must go that evening to visit for the first time the Archbishop of Canterbury, the reverend gentleman pathetically said:

"Pray don't clap him on the back and call him 'Howly!'"

Sydney Smith said, of a great talker, that it would greatly improve him if he had, now and then, "a few flashes of silence."

An old maid was heard to exclaim, while sitting at her toilet the other day—"I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardships, and withstand the changes of fickle fortune; but, oh! to live, and droop, and wilt, and die like a single pink—I can't endure it; and, what's more, I won't."

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COMMERCIAL.

New York, Nov. 11, 1851.
Bolding, the fugitive slave who you may remember was recovered at the Atlantic Hotel in this city last summer and purchased by subscriptions made throughout the State, has at length returned from South Carolina. His former master resides at present in New Jersey.

The Slave holder, who together with the mulatto young woman manumitted by him was baptized at the Brick Church, a few weeks ago, may now be seen every Sabbath with his family, worshipping in that place.

Rev. Dr. Spring's second lecture last Sunday morning upon *The Glory of Christ* was attended by a large audience, some of whom (I judge from the white cravats) were clergymen. There was a sprinkling of various denominations, for since the days of President Edwards, the Evangelical sects have not had a Theologian of greater ability than Rev. Dr. S. The theme of this second lecture of his series of 19, was the Divinity of Christ, which he proved by numerous quotations from both the old and new Testament.

There were other reporters present, better able than I to give the press a synopsis of this discourse, and I will not attempt it. I will only venture to mention one of the prominent points viz: If Christ was not a person of the God-head why are such expressions as these applied to him in the Bible: "In Jehovah shall all the seed of Israel be justified." "Jehovah whom they pierced." Paul Zachariah. "And thou Jehovah," says St. Paul in writing of Christ to the Hebrews. The 107th Psalm alludes to his eternal existence and immortality "of old &c. &c." Again can any being save God be omnipresent? Yet Christ says, "where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst." I am Alpha and Omega. "Before Abraham was, I am." He is styled "The Lord of Glory"—"king of kings"—"God from heaven"—"the mighty God" &c. &c. There was Isaiah's glorious prophecy of the coming of the Savior, hundreds of years before he was incarnate in the flesh: "Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given: His name shall be called wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

If I am correctly informed, an eloquent and distinguished Unitarian Clergyman of this city is about to deliver a course of lectures (enabling him to introduce his theological views) before the famous Lowell Institute of Boston. As this is an age and land of toleration, it is but fair that we should hear both sides.

By the way, a large and interesting meeting of Evangelicals was held yesterday forenoon in Beekman Street, for the purpose of a further inquiry into the expediency of establishing the custom of out-door or street preaching. It was attended by some of the most experienced and distinguished ministers of the Gospel, several of whom were the most aged declare their willingness to address audiences in the open air, in the parks, on the Battery and piers, and public squares. A committee of 15 gentlemen were appointed to devise a plan of action. It is designed to call a meeting of the City, to secure co-operation.

A thorough system of street-preaching, if thought, will bring the Gospel to many souls which would never enter the churches under the old arrangement. The celebrated Whitfield you know, achieved his greatest successes, under God, by field-preaching. Should this become a custom, our bronchitic exhorters would be in the vogue, but the superior salubrity of the labor in the open air, and the increase of extemporaneous speaking, obviating the irksome chest-caving toil of writing sermons, would promote the health, and consequently the intellectual energy and originality of the clergy. It was John Knox's fashion, and Luther's, and the bells of Scotland, have rung with the sturdy tones of the Covenanters.

I laid down my pen a few minutes ago to pass the time of day with the Agent of Dr. H. P. Lee, the venerable author of Lee's pills, a medicine quite famous as long ago as my own boyhood.—Dr. Lee is now nearly 80 years of age, but very active, for he is still dependent upon his daily labors for his subsistence. He is a very agreeable gentleman of the old School, and enjoys a practice (especially for the cure of the gravel and kindred complaints) which attracts to him people from all parts of the Union. His poverty arises from two causes, one is that he gives away much of his labor, but the most important reason is, that he will never advertise. And why not? Simply, because quacks have got rich by it. If such reasoning were correct, our wives and daughters could be equally reasonable in peremptorily refusing to wear costly silks, (I think I see them doing it!) because the richest styles are worn by the most abandoned characters that *traps* through Broadway.

I have two good reasons for believing that our communication with California is becoming more and more lucrative. One is that Adams & Co.'s California Express Office just opposite my own, has been crammed with freight, which a dozen men have been preparing there for shipment on board the Ohio to day. The other is that the Gold Dust Office of Messrs. M. N. Cobden & Co., next door, has looked as full of buzz and bustle as a hive. Last week, Cobden & Co. were beset day after day, from morning till night, by swarms of returned Californians selling their piles of "dust" and "rocks" at from \$17.40 to \$17.65 per ounce.

The Steamer Mississippi has arrived with 41 good looking Hungarians, but Kossuth (pronounced Kossuth) will not arrive till about the 20th inst. Capt. Long, as I expected, entirely denies the truth of the complaints against Kossuth.

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