The Rowan Whig and Western Advocate.

"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

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THE GREAT CONVERSATIONISTS.

Jefferson—the Sage of Monticello.

To the Editor of the New York Daily Times:

In my last, I painted Chief Justice Marshall; not at the full length of his public character, but in the miniature of private life; for such is the whole scope which I propose to myself, in these limnings of remarkable individuals. Were I to aim at more each of these sketches would swell in spite of me, to a biography Next to the great light of our law comes, in my youthful recollections, he who did more than all others to subvert, or at least, to confuse it; I mean the author of the doctrines of Nullification, of debt and charter repudiation, and of that general system of political gibberish which has now obtained the name of Virginia Abstractions; but is, after all, quite as little abstruse and altogether as practical as many a favorite kink of other regions, which I will not now more directly specify, lest I should tread on toes that I must respect; your own, for instance.

Almost from infancy I was accustomed to see Mr. Jefferson. It was with reverence; for I was a son of those men of ninety-eight, who regarded him as the greatest of all civil geniuses, the very impersonation of philosophic statemanship; but it was without affection. For, though possessed in an extraordinary degree of the exterior arts which conciliate the mature, he had none of that naturalness, those unstudied sympathies, which please children; to whose instinctive judgment, wily people, because less on their guard, usually betray the most their lack of heart. A child at the breast would have nestled to the arms Judge Marshall; I have seen John Randolph, when at the height of his sarcastic fame in Congress, the favorite playmate of my next elder brother, seating himself by him on the floor at his call, and entering with delight into all his childish sports; but nobody, I imagine, ever saw Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Calhoun pay the slightest attention to a child. Their attentions were a matter of the head, not heart. They had brains, I think, but no soul. I doubt if they ever felt any strong emotion towards their own offspring, save those of their idea—that fantastic procrea ion of their wits, when in a vagary of political illumination.

A little later, as the pupil of Mr. Jefferson's favorite nephew, Pete Carr, and, by-and-by, as youthful visitor at Monticello, I had opportunity enough to admire and to study him. Captivated at once by his boundless reputation among those from whom my early opinions wer e derived, and by the remarkable charm of his incessant conversation, I heard and I observed him with not less of reverence than of curiosity. My last and best occasion for doing so occurred in 1833, during a stay of two days which I then, in company with but an elder friend, made at his mansion on the mountain top, from which he seemed (so wide was the prospect) to look down from his abdicated realm of Virginia, a philosophic monarch, who had, like Charles V. and Diocletian, exchanged the crown for a cloister and cabbages. In its size, its shades, its singularity of design, its seclusion, the character of its grounds, and every thing but piety and fasts withing its walls, Monticello looked no little the monastery; and as to the cabbages, in culture of which the self-unhinged Roman placed his consolation, they were supplied to the sage by more modern fancies of husbandry, which amused not only him, but all his neighbors; at one while upon some new conception of profit, he laid down all his plantation in Irish potatoes; at another, he sowed it in black-eyed peas,—making always excellent but rather imaginary crops, which he could neither sell nor consume. Meantime he was obliged to buy bread-corn for his negroes, while his outless horses were, by the laughing farmers around, affirmed to be fed with philosophy. I cannot aver that such was their provender though their usual condition did not manifest any munificence of vittle. It could not be said of him, however, as by Dryden of another State reformer,

"Cool was his kitchen, though his brain was hot,"

for there was much good entertainment at Monticello, for man, if not for horse. The hospitality there was most perpetual; the cheer elegant, but rather skilful than profuse. Their table was never one for which dainties seemed to have been collected, as if they were the master's main solicitude: but it was made up of good things, and looked (as one would have it) unstudied though refined, as if the result of taste and habit, not of a particular effort or expense. In that realm of good living, where, on many of the old estates it is an incessant feast, I have seen boards far more lavish and luxurious than the sage's; but few, on the whole that better hit the mark of what just sufficiently ministers to the palate. His learning in some other matters, to which (classical and scientific) he made pretensions, might be questioned; but in eating he was certainly an adept, admirably a friend of the belly. No man in the country ever better than he understood all the French principles, whether the Religion, Morals, Politics, or Cookery. He had materialized as far as he could, every thing, sacred and civil; to complete the total subversion, it was only necessary to sensualize; and, for this purpose, the aptest means were to bring about a revolution of the kitchen, unteach the Ancient Dominion of all its old English ideas of roast and boiled, and let it down from joints and solid surlion, hog and hominy, to frog, fricassee and ragout. To give the last blow, therefore, to our institutions and manners, he imported a French cook, taught the Gallic science to his sable ministers of the mouth, and set up the reform of the larder, which Patrick Henry dreaded as sure to lead to degeneracy, and denounced to the common people, in the contest of Ninety-eight, when he told them (as he was wont,) in their dialect, that "they should beware of this man, who had got so many outlandish ways and lived in Paris till he had so Frenchified himself that he could no longer eat the vittles they were all fotcht up on; and so he had brought back to old Virginny a white Frenchman, to cook for him." If the great Patrick—fitest of all men to deal with either usurping kings or pernicious demagogues—had lived a little longer, the story of Ninety-eight and the whole Jeffersonian history would probably have been a very deffercnt one.

So much for the administrative order which reigned at Monticello, without and within. The mansion stood half-embosomed in fine trees, many of them the ancient natives of the spot, but mixed with others of exotic growth, whose presence gave the necessary air of cultivated and arranged beauty to the scene. The habitation fronted the east, and stretched north and south, in a long, low range, terminating in their turn, each by a small pavilion, that served at pleasure for a still quieter place of retreat to the master of his family, when studiously disposod. These, with a lawn, occupied the artificially-levelled crest of the mountain—a space of some six acres. On the north and east, this fell off into abrupt and wild declivities, on the south, in a falling garden, was, I think, much better situated than worked. For the sage was strong in executing them. In the rear—a slight depression, such as the uplanders call a bench, intervening, where crosses a road to the neighboring town of Charlottesville, there joined by that to the mansion—rose the superior elevation of Cartor's Mountain, celebrated else-where in Federalist ballads, as the scene of the sage's two military exploits—his flight, as Governor of Virginia from Tarleton's dragoons. His escapade at Richmond, before the hang-dog array of Arnold, was his other warlike achievement of the Revolution. One may, no doubt, be a patriot without being a hero: for these were the only occasions, during that great and often forlorn struggle for freedom which called up all the valor and virtue of our land, when the "Apostle of Democracy" ever saw the face of the foe; and, both times, he, (the Apostle) took to his heels. No matter: he lived to denounce, as "sold to England," as "tories," traitors," "monarchists," "aristocrats," "enemies of liberty," Washington and nearly all the brave men who had won it for us on the battlefield and confirmed it in a good and sober government: yea, he not only lived to slander them out of the popular affections and into their graves but to set his heels and those of every parasite of nonsense and falsehood upon them, in shocking triumph from that day to this! So much for having served rather than flattered the people; who, after all, are quite as apt as Kings to take the worst men for their favorites, provided they make the loudest professions to them of admiring their power and adoring their persons. To proceed, however: for I am playing the small historian, and must not trench upon the province of the greater, in pronouncing the award of time on men's deeds.

There could be no spot more enchanting than that in which the patriarch and political theorists had thus fixed the retreat of his old age. It seemed designed by Nature the very seat from which, lifted above the world's turmoil, one who had exhausted what it can bestow of eminence might look widely down upon it, withdrawn from its personal troubles, but contemplating at pleasure the distant animation of the scene. It was a place scarcely less fit for the visionary abode of the philosophic speculatist than, by its far-spread and shifting beauties of the landscape, to inspire a potes senses with perpetual delight. I am familiar with the wildest views which our mountain ranges, the softest picture which our vales afford, from Maine to the Missisippi. Nowhere have I seen them more charmingly at once blended and contrasted them in the prospect which on all sides greets the eye from Monticello. Had you ever looked forth, as I have often done, from the cloven diadem of vast rocks that crown the conical Peak of otter-like Monticello, an outwork (but a still greater one) of the Blue Ridge, projecting into the Plain of Lowland Virginia—I could only tell you that this does not exceed it, except in the height from which you gaze. But you are, no doubt, acquainted with the valley of the Hudson, as beheld from the Catskill Mountain House: I do not think the view thence, though from a much loftier elevation, by any means as wide, or as variously picturesque as that from this Appalachian watch-tower of Virginia. At a single point only is the prospect shut in—by Carter's Mountain, on the West. In every other direction the nearest limit of the vision is the fantastic range of the Blue Ridge, in its closest approach, some twenty-five miles off; but visible, north-east and south-west, until, full eight miles away, the airy line of its bold pinnacles is at last lost in the clouds. Along its base stretches a sylvan scene the most agreeable—that vale of the famous Red Lands of the Old Dominion, noted for its fertility of the two plans by many esteemed to have been anything but blessings to the soil—Tobacco and Presidents. Some three miles off, in this vale, lies the pretty town of Charlottesville; behind which rise, in a long quadrangle, on a flattened hill, the many-columned porticos and domes of the University. From this side comes wandering along by the mountain's foot the quiet stream of the Rivanna, seen here and there only, in an occasional gleam through the trees that border its course. Straying on by Shadwell, the Sage's birthplace—now, alas! descerated by a cotton-mill—and through the small town of Milton, which is, in spite of its name, a very unpoetical place, the river, in a very indolent kind of a way, as if (like a genuine Virginian) it neither knew nor cared where it was going, or had lost itself in some abstraction, proceeds to disappear in the vast champaign which, stretching away from East to South in endless perspective, till it fades in the dim distance, lies spread before you, like an immense garden, laid out with a fanciful avoidance of regularity, dotted with pigmy habitations and woods and fields, in gay variety, that look like interminable pleasure grounds. The country is not flat but a gently-waving one; yet, from above and afar, its inequalities of surface vanish into a map-like smoothness, and are traceable only in the light and shade cast by hill and plain.—The prospect here has a diameter of near a hundred miles; its scope is therefore such that atmospheric effects are constantly flickering over it, even in the most cloudless days of a climate as bright if not quite so soft as that of Italy; and thus each varying aspect of the weather is reflected, all the while, from the features of the land-scape, as the passions are over the face of some capricious beauty, that laughs, and frowns, and weeps, almost in the same breath. Near you, perhaps, all is smiling in the sunlight; yonder broods or bursts a storm; while, in a third quarter, darknest and light contended upon the prospect, and chase each other. The sky itself is thus not more shifting than the scene you may have before you. It takes a new aspect at almost every moment, and bewitches you with a perpetual novelty. Among the novelties is often seen, about sunrise, the phenomena which science calls mirage and sailors "looming." I never witnessed, and have only been told the fact; for I indulge in few of the popular errors, and least of all in that of early rising. The distant and detached pinnacle of Willis's Mountain—which, alone, some fifty miles off, due south, cuts with its singularly sharp cone, the otherwise unbroken line of the sea-like horizon—is the object on which is chiefly exhibited the optical illusion in question. Through it that insulated peak takes a hundred fantastic shapes; sometimes shooting up into the air, like a tower or a column; then suddenly disolving away, or perhaps changing to the figure of a huge tree, or a montrous gians, or a big wind-will, such as Don Quixote himself would not have dared tilt with. I am inclined to think that there was also a backward illusion, by which those below saw the philosopher of the mountain himself, in the same misty, magnified multiformity of shapes. For nobody among us ever knew better than he, the use to be made of airy doctrines—the advantage of a politician's showing himself through a vapor. He was an able cloud-compeller, and certainly befogged mankind with not a little success.

I have been minute in my description.—The rare beauty of the scene never, I think so exactly delineated—must justify me; nor less the celebrity which the spot has borrowed from the master. Were it but a common one, it would still be full of interest, as the habitation of one of the most remarkable men ever produced by this country, exuberant as it is of remarkable productions—especially in the line of self-sacrificing patriots and philosophic statesmen.

Led away by the natural wonders of the place, I have only said of the building that it was long and low. It was of red brick; the main entrance, by a handsome enough portico; while a sort of cupola, half dome, surmounted and lighted the central hall, its gallery and stairs. To this the access was by the portico. Its floor was tessellated; its sides adorned with some works of art, and many objects of Natural History; conspicuous among which were bones of mammoth, and gigantic horns of the elk, moose, &c. Behind it lay a reception room its walls covered with pictures, portraits, and lofty mirrors. Corridors from the hall led, right and left, to other apartments and wings—to other parlors, a dining saloon, the library, the Sage's workshop, (he tinkered much in other wheels, levers, balances, checks, and curiosities of motion, besides those of political mechanism,) his chambers, and those for visitors—more than it would please either me or you to describe. As for the upper story, (the only other of the house) it was indescribable, and indeed from its peculiarty of structure, I may say, uninhabitable. For—doubtless, upon the great projector's favorite principle of sacrificing all orders and gradations to the lowest—he had, in building his first story no regard to the second; but giving to each room of the ground floor, a height of ceiling proportioned to its size, had of course made the superior floor all up and down, high and low, a mere series of break-necks, from one room of which, to another, (though in the same story,) you could only get by clambering. The very rats, who could only agree to dwell there, must have cursed this philosophic improvement in architecture.

I have led you with some delays, into the presencee of the sage himself. But when the principal object is grand, its accessories that should be previously examined, must be many. To a noble residence, the approach, can fitly be only by a long avenue. when you visit a renowned general in his camp, you cannot expect to be carried to headquarters, without calling at the outposts. It would be both provoking and stupid if, in going to see an obscure person, one were detained by ushers, and ceremonial; but when you are about to pay your court to a sovereign, you like to see him in all his state, and you judge of his dignity in proportion to your detention.

Dressed, within doors, as I saw him last no longer in the red breeches, which were once famous as his favorite and rather conspicuous attire; but still vindicating by a sanguine waistcoat, his attachment to that Republican color; in gray shorts, small silver knee buckles, gray woollen stockings, black slippers, a blue body-coat, surmounted by a gray spencer; tall, and though little of person and decidedly graceful and agile of motion and carriage, yet long and ill-limbed, Mr. Jefferson's figure was commanding and striking, though bad, and his face most animated and agreeable, although remarkably ugly. His legs, you perceive, by no means shunned observation; yet they were scarcely larger at the knee than at the ankle, and had never been conscious of a calf. Still, though without strength, they had always borne him along with vigor and suppleness. These bodily qualities and a health almost unfailing, he preserved, in a singular degree, to the very close of his long life. At the time I speak of, when he was in his eighty-first year, he not only mounted his horse without assistance and rode habitually some ten miles every day, but, dismounting at a fence breast-high, would leap over it, by only placing his hand on the topmost rail. He then walked not only well and swiftly, but with lightness and springiness of tread, such as few young men even have. It was a restless activity of mind, which informed all this unusual mobility of body; and the two, I think, were in him, greatly alike. For his intellect had, like his person more size than shape, more adroitness than force, more suppleness than solidity, and effected its ends by continuity of action, not mass of power, by manipulation not muscularity. You may batter to pieces with a small hammer that which a cannon ball would not shiver. He was never idle: nay hardly a moment still. He rose early and was up late, through his life; and was all day whenever out on foot or a horse-back, at study, at work, or in conversation. If his legs and fingers were at rest, his tongue was sure to be a-going. Indeed even when seated in his library in a low Spanish chair he held forth to his visitors in almost endless flow of fine discourse; his body seemed impatient of keeping still for his mind, shifted his position all the while, and so twisted itself about that you might almost have thought he was attitudinizing. Meantime, his face, expressive as it was ugly, was not less busy than his limbs, in bearing its part in the conversation, and kept up all the while, the most speaking by-play an eloqacnce of the countenance as great, as ugly feautures could well have. It stood to his conversation like the artful help of well-imagined illustrations, to the text of a book; a graphic commentary on every word that was as convincing to the eyes, as was his discourse to the ears. The impression which it conveyed was a strong auxiliary of all he uttered; for it begat in you an almost unavoidable persuasion of his sincerity—a virtue of the appearance of which he made great use, and had vast need.

You have seen his portraits, his busts, the bronze statue—faithful enough, except as to the limbs—which the Israelite navy-captain bought in Paris at the price of old clothes, and offered to Congress, but which it put by with disdain, as a stroke of speculation, meant to procure professional advancement not earned in any other way. From all these, one gets a just enough idea of the mere mould of his physiognomy; but none, of course, of that nobility which was its only fine quality, nor of the oddity of his complexion. This was much, in its general tint, of the color of cream; but as that substance is one of which you good people of the great city of Gotham, conceive only as a modification of prepared chalk, let me explain by what they have oftener seen—the fruity part of a pumpkin pie.—The face looked as if it were buttered with such a paste; but, in addition to this ghastliness of hue, it was besprinkled with small poz-pits, all of which were of a lively purple. Bad as was the uncontrasted, you may imagine what its beauty became, when set off by such a foil. As to the features, he had not one that was good; except the eyes; they were a greyish blue, clear and sparkling. His head was well set and well carried, but had the Jacobinical shape and air; his hair was originally reddish, but turned to an ill-bleached foxiness; his forehead was large, but not well modelled in those main frontal regions which bespeak loftiness of thought and creativeness of imagination; it indicated clearness not greatness. His brows were neither strong nor soft, but irregular and uncertain, as those of one who was wanting in will, and yet had not much feeling. His nose was mean—a small tube ending in a small bulb; it was much cocked up, and derived from that shape a character of pertness and vulgarity. His mouth was rather large, but the lips thin and not well cut, the expression sitting on them bland but not benevolent, conciliating rather than kindly; its meaning assigned his emotions to the manners, not the heart—to policy, not the temper. The chin was, like the forehead, broader than it was strong. Such were his lineaments in detail; quite indifferent, separately; and yet altogether, very expressive and agreeable. As his motions, light and easy, were the contradiction of his ill-made limbs, so was his pleasing and animated countenance that of features, of themselves, ignoble apart.

Lastly his conversation; he certainly was one of the best talkers I have ever listened to; copious in the extreme, without ever growing tedious; easy yet compact; flowing but never loose; very variously, and to all aspearance soundly informed, and continually dealing out his information, but rather as if to gratify you, not himself; his mind seemed to me, then the great repository of the knowledge that is gotten from others, and of the wisdom that must come from one's self. Trained in what was once its best school—Parisian saloons—he understood conversation thoroughly as an art; and he made the most of it, as an engine of personal influence and for the propagation of his party opinions. Towards the inculcation of these, his conversation, whatever the subject, was usually bent, except when a scientific matter was in question; either he knew no literature, law, history, philosophy, morals, nor theology, or he could not talk of them, unless as connected in some direct, or indirect way, with Democratic theories. His power, indeed, of winning and of controlling men, always lay chiefly in his skill of personal communication; for, even in public bodies, he rarely made speeches; nor have we any record of his having ever shone as an orator. In short, not feeling strong enough to attack men's convictions by the front gate of manful eloquence, he stole in by the back-door of addresses and of insinuation in private.

At least, however he got in; which is, no doubt, the great end; and when the end is great, few people are delicate about the means. His were perhaps, a little burglarious; but then I must confess that the picklock of his talk was admirable.

H. SECRETARIO.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAPITOL.—A Washington correspondent of the Concord Democrat says:

"Yesterday, in the House, a poor lady over 60 years of age, who had been for six years prosecuting a claim on Congress, in the name of her mother, a woman of 89 years of age, was the occasion of quite a scene. The bill at last, after so many days of hope, deferred, and anxious poverty, was brought up. The lady herself, who was present, in a scant attire of sable, listened to the debate with painful interest, and when at last the indications that the bill would pass became too evident to be doubted, the long pent emotions of her heart were stronger than her strength, and she fainted and fell insensible on the floor. The claim, amounting to some $2,000, was put through instanter. Never did woman faint in better time. There was hardly a show of opposition.

The Public Lands.

The land bill reported by Mr. Bennett at the last session of Congress, still remains unacted upon. The bill provided for distributing, among *all* the States of the Union, the proceeds of the sale of the public lands, to be applied to the construction of works of internal improvement. The justice of the provisions of the bill, apart from the great public advantage which would result from its being made a law, ought to have secured for it the early action of Congress and their cordial adoption. But it still lingers, undecided upon, and in the meantime other acts are passed giving public lands to some of the new states for their local benefit. The following paragraph from the Republic will show what has been done in this way:

The Report of the Public Land Commissioner, presented to Congress last session, shows that upwards of 81,000,000 acres had been granted to the new States and Territories for purposes of local benefit. Of this quantity more than 40,000,000 acres were for schools; more the 28,000,000 were swamp grants, and more than 13,000,000 were for internal improvements. To the last item Congress last session added largely, Missouri being the gainer: and an item of 5,000,000 acres has already been added this session on account of Arkansas.

There are, we say, other objects pending before Congress looking to the disposition of the public lands for local improvements in particular States; and another absorbing one is proposed—to cede the public lands to the States in which they lie. To the object sought to be attained by the first of these propositions—internal improvements in the new States—we make no objection. We are in favor of the object, and would have Congress grant lands to secure it. But we would have this done justly—by distributing the public lands equally, and equitably among all the States. Then the new States would have the proper shard of the public lands to aid in carrying out their improvements, and the old States—the old thirteen among others, by whom the independence of the States was established, and the right to dispose of the lands secured to Congress—would have their share for their improvements, which are essentially necessary to the full development of the resources of the Union.

These will be secured by the passage of Mr. Bennett's land bill. It is therefore just to all. Let then this Congress, by passing the bill, show that it is moved by a sense of justice, and it will have nothing to fear.—*Balt. Pat.*

The Works Of Daniel Webster.

It speaks favorably, we think, for the intelligence and sound national feeling of the people of this country, that Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have been called upon to issue the sixth edition of Mr. Webster's works. We have been struck with the justice of the opinion expressed by a distinguished clergyman of Philadelphia, in a discourse on the character of Mr. Webster, that "the best thing we can do for training our young men is to place in their hands the works of this great statesman;" and also of his remark upon the influence of that recommendation, "I feel that I have rendered every family a useful service, which may have been induced through my recommendation to give it a place among their household books." From a general conviction of the truth here expressed, in addition to the interest which every intelligent reader who once enters upon the persual of any of Mr. Webster's speeches or writings, either from the importance of the subjects treated, the soundness and force of the views expressed, or from the charm of the style and manner of discussion, we have no doubt that these works will attain a much wider circulation and a far more general persual than those of any other American author. The excellent manner in which the work is published, and the reasonableness of the price, recommend it to a general circulation.

We learn that an idea has been entertained to some extent that the edition above referred to, edited by Mr. Everett, may be hereafter superseded by another and more complete edition.—This is a mistake. This edition was compiled and edited with great care during the lifetime of Mr. Webster, with all the assistance which he could afford for rendering it complete, and no new edition can supersede it. Should there be a further publication of correspondence or miscellanies, it will be in the form of an addition which will in no degree impair the value of the present edition, but will tend to increase its interests.

Boston Advertiser

The Press Indispensable.

The newspaper, at the present day, is not consulted only for events that are transpiring all over the world, or for interesting essays, or instructive and pleasant reading. It is consulted as eagerly in regard to the wants of the community, or its redundancy—as for any other matter of information. The advantage is reciprocal. I have an article to sell—some one, perhaps many, are in want of that very article. They patiently await the issue of that map of "moving incidents by flood and field," the newspaper, and there find what weeks of personal, anxious enquiry, have otherwise failed to disclose, that the article they want the ship, the house, the goods are with me. A half dozen of times a trifling sum expended, have saved that purchaser the trouble that otherwise ensued, and of days time lost. Both parties are pleased and benefitted—the medium of exchange passes from one to the other, and new enterprizes go on. Indeed so indispensable has this system become, that a business community of the most modest size, would be almost thrown into chaos if it were broken up. Men consult the morning sheet, and more business is done through hints gathered from that, than by all other hints put together. That sheet has become as indispensable as the ledger, and is now as implicitly studied and heeded by the mercantile community.

Important Movement.

The Baltimore Patriot announces positively that the wealthiest, and most influential organization in Europe, has determined to send out an agent whose visit is for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the cotton-growers of the Southern States are disposed to throw off the Liverpool monopoly, of cotton—and, thereby, by a conjunction with the planters of the cotton districts, to create a continental depot for cotton. The Patriot has seen a communication from a distinguished foreign minister on the part of his Government to the President of the Company, now enlisted in this momentous scheme. This company, writes as such to an official journal in this country stating that they are disposed to carry out the plan proposed in a continental depot for cotton. According to the Patriot, there is no doubt that a powerful European organization for trade is about making responsible and definite propositions to the planters for the establisnment, by direct shipment, of a depot of cotton on the continent. There is no mistake about this.—

The evidence is of the highest character. It is intended that the agent visiting America shall proceed to the planting districts, see the planters—for which purpose they will be invited, to meet at certain accessible points—and ascertain exactly what the disposition for direct shipments is—the ability of planters to act—the difficulties, the opposition if any, and every thing else necessary, for the information of the company. This prelimary step is taken and there have been two representations made in Europe; one that the planters are irresponsible and indisposed to co-operate; the other, that they can be relied on, and are determined, if furnished with the facilities and responsible agencies, to make direct shipments. The thing no doubt will be tried, as the company in Europe are very much interested in its success, and every way disposed to favor the movement. If it is carried out, and a depot for cotton established on the continent, very important results must follow. It is confidently believed by the continental powers, that they will meet with a hearty co-operation from the cotton interest, which is supposed to be not overfond of Liverpool. We watch this movement with interest.—

Richmond Enquirer.

Rev. Albert Barnes.

We learn from the New York Evangelist, that a most touching and interesting scene occurred at the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, a few evenings since, in the congregation over which the Rev. Dr. Barnes has exercised his pastoral care for more than twenty years. Dr. B. it is known, has tendered his resignation upon the delicate ground that from the partial loss of his eye-sight, he was unable to fulfil his part of the contract between himself and the congregation, and hence that it was just that it should end. But the members of that congregation unamimously declined accepting his resignation, and have promptly adopted resolutions by which a co-pastor is to be appointed to relieve Dr. Barnes—he still continuing to be regarded as their pastor, with no change in their relations except such as are forbidden by the calamity above referred to, and for which he should obtain the rest he needed. The congregation, it was stated, had ceasod to regard their respected and beloved pastor in the light of a business contract; he had served them with all his strength and ability for more than twenty years; during the best days of his useful life—and they could not consent to seperate from him now that by those very efforts he had nearly lost the inestimable blessings of sight. Such conduct on the part of the congregation is highly praiseworthy, and is an example worthy of imitation.

MOBILE, Feb. 11.

HEAVY DEFALCATION.—Much excitement has been occasioned here to-day by a rumor that the Postmaster has been discovered to be a defaulter to government in the amount of $20,000.

DECLINE IN IRON.—Late English papers state, that Iron speculations have received a check. There had been a decline in Scotch pigs, in a fortnight, from 73s. to 60s., these being the highest and lowest quotations.

G. Hamilton Jones, private secretary to Hon. W. R. King, left Washington on Friday, for Havana, via Charleston, under an appointment from the Senate, to inform Mr. King of his election.

Sidney Webster, Esq., of Concord, N. H., has been appointed private secretary to the President elect.

Hon. Humphrey Marshall, the United States Commissioner to China, on reaching Malta, was joined by the British Envoy and the two ere this are in China.

The bill to remove the Seminole Indians has passed the Florida legislature, notwithstanding the Governor's veto, and the troops will be organized forthwith.

Bishop Soule, of the Methodist Episcopal church South, left Nashville on the 8th inst., for California, via New Orleans.

The colored citizens of Ohio held a State Convention at Columbus, Jan. 19th and 20th. About 200 attended.

You will not anger a man so much by showing him that you hate him, as by expressing a contempt of him.

"Here lies the body of John Watson,
Read not this with your hats on,
For why? He was the Provost of Dundee,
Hallelujah! hallelujee!"