

From the New York Knickerbocker, 1856.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

By Benjamin Matthews.

"The facts not otherwise than here set down."

VIFE OF MANTUA. THERE is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation. In the lanes and alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets and cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are frequent cases of misery, degradation, and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge nor conception. By mere chance, occasionally, a solitary instance of depravity and a fearful death is exposed, but the startling details that are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations. It is difficult for those who are unacquainted with human nature in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being—and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, tho' it might interest the philosopher, would be revolting to the general reader. There are, however, cases of folly & error, which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character. Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men,—and indisputable is the truth, that Death is the wages of Sin.

Twenty years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr L***; no lady was more admired and esteemed than his lovely and accomplished wife.—They had married in early life, with the sanction of relatives and friends, and under a conviction that each was obtaining a treasure above all price. They loved devotedly and with enthusiasm, and their bridal day was a day of pure and unalloyed happiness to themselves, and of pleasure to those who were present to offer their congratulations on the joyous event. The happy pair were the delight of a large circle of acquaintances. In her own parlour, or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, the lady was ever the admiration of those who crowded around her, to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or to enjoy the flashes of wit and intelligence which characterized her conversation.

Without the egotism and vanity which sometimes distinguish those to whom society pays adulation, and too prudent and careful in her conduct to excite any feelings of jealousy in the breast of her confiding husband, Mrs L***'s deportment was in all respects becoming a woman of mind, taste, and polished education. Her chosen companion noticed her career with no feelings of distrust, but with pride and satisfaction. He was happy in the enjoyment of her undivided love and affection, and happy in witnessing the evidences of esteem which her worth and accomplishments elicited. Peace and prosperity smiled on his domestic circle, and his offspring grew up in loveliness, to add new pleasures in his career.

The youngest of his children was a daughter, named Letitia, after her mother, whom, in many respects, she promised to resemble. She had the same laughing blue eyes, the same innocent and pure expression of countenance, and the same general outline of feature. At an early age her sprightliness, acute observation, and aptitude in acquiring information, furnished sure evidences of intelligence, and extraordinary pains were taken to rear her in such a manner as to develop, advantageously, her natural powers. The care of her education devolved principally upon her mother, and the task was assumed with a full consciousness of its responsibility.

With the virtuous mother, whose mind is unshackled by the absurdities of extreme fashionable life, there are no duties so weighty, and at the same time so pleasing, as those connected with the education of an only daughter. The weight of responsibility involves not only the formation of an amiable disposition and correct principles, but in a great measure, the degree of happiness which the child may subsequently enjoy. Errors of education are the fruitful source of misery, and to guard against these is a task which requires judgment, and unremitting diligence. But for this labor, does not the mother receive a rich reward? Who may tell the gladness of her heart, when the infant cherub first articulates her name? Who can describe the delightful emotions elicited by the early development of her genius,—the expansion of the intellect when it first receives, and treasures with eagerness, the seeds of knowledge? These are joys known only to mothers, and they are joys which fill the soul with rapture.

Letitia was eight years old, when a person of genteel address and fashionable appearance, named Duval, was introduced to her mother by her father, with whom he had been intimate from a youth, and between whom a strong friendship had existed from that period. Duval had recently returned from Europe, where he had resided a number of years. He was clothed with the family, and soon became a constant visitor. Having the entire confidence of his old friend and companion, all formality with reference to intercourse was laid aside and he was heartily welcomed at all hours and under all circumstances. He formed one in all parties of pleasure, and in the absence of his friend, accompanied his lady on her visits of amusement and pleasure,—a privilege which he sedulously improved whenever opportunity offered. Duval, notwithstanding his personal attractions and high character, as a "gentleman" belonged to a class of men which has existed more or less in all ages, to disgrace humanity. He professed to be a philosopher, but was in reality a libertine. He lived for his own gratification. It monopolized all his strength and directed all his actions. He belonged to the school of Voltaire, and recognized no feelings of the sacred. No considerations of suffering, or heart-rending grief, on the part of his victim were sufficient to intimidate his purpose, or check his career of infamy.—Schooled in hypocrisy, dissimulation was his business; and he regarded the whole world as the sphere of his operations,—the whole human family as legitimate subjects for his villainous depravity.

That such characters, so base, so despicable, so lost to all feelings of true honor,—can force their way into respectable society, and poison the minds of the unsullied and virtuous, may well be a matter of astonishment to those unacquainted with the desperate artfulness of human hearts.—But these monsters appear not in their true character; they assume the garb and deportment of gentlemen,—of philosophers, of men of education and refinement,—and by their accomplishments, the sagacity of their manners, their sprightliness of conversation, bewilder before they poison, and fascinate before they destroy.

If there be, in the long catalogue of guilt one character more hatefully despicable than another, it is the libertine. Time corrects the tongue of slander, and the generosity of friends makes atonement for the depredations of the midnight robber. Sufferings and calamities may be assuaged or mitigated by the sympathies of kindred hearts, and the tear of affection is sufficient to wash out the remembrance of many of the sorrows to which flesh is heir. But for the venom of the libertine, there is no remedy—of its fatal consequences, there is no mitigation. His victims, blasted in reputation, are forever excluded from the pale of virtuous society. No sacrifice can atone for their degradation, for the unrelenting and inexorable finger of scorn obstructs their progress at every step. The visitation of Death, appalling as is his approach to the unprepared, were a mercy, compared with the extent and permanency of this evil.

Duval's insidious arts were not unobserved by his intended victim. She noticed the gradual development of his pernicious principles, and shrank with horror from their contaminating influence. She did not hesitate to communicate her observations to her husband,—but he, blinded by prejudice in favor of his friend, laughed at her scruples. Without a word of caution, therefore, his intercourse was continued,—and such was the weight of his ascendancy over her, that she was unable to resist his schemes, and such his facility in glossing over what he termed pardonable, but which, in reality, were grossly licentious, indiscretions of language and conduct,—that even the lady herself was induced, in time, to believe that she had treated him unjustly.—The gradual progress of licentiousness is almost imperceptible, and before she was aware of her error, she had drunk deeply of the intoxicating draught, had well nigh become a convert to Duval's system of philosophy. Few who approach this fearful precipice are able to retrace their steps. The senses are bewildered,—reason loses its sway,—and a whirlpool of maddening emotion takes possession of the heart, and hurries the infatuated victim to irretrievable death. Before her suspicions were awakened, the purity of her family circle was destroyed. Duval enrolled on his list of conquests a new name—the wife of his bosom friend!

An immediate divorce was the consequence. The misguided woman, who but late had been the ornament of society and the pride of her family, was cast out upon the world, unprotected, and without the smallest resource. The heart of the high and noble broken by the calamity which rendered this step necessary, and he retired, with his children, to the obscurity of humble life.

At a late hour on one of those bitter cold evenings experienced in the early part of January, of the present year, two females, a mother and daughter, both wretchedly clad, stood shivering at the entrance of a cellar, in the lower part of the city, occupied by two persons of color. The daughter appeared to be laboring under severe indisposition, and leaned for support on the arm of her mother, who, knocking at the door, craved shelter and warmth for the night. The door was half opened in answer to the summons, but the black who appeared on the stairs, declared that it was out of power to comply with the request, as he had neither fire, except that which was furnished by a handful of tan, nor covering for himself and wife. The mother, however, too much inclined to suffering to be easily rebuked, declared that herself and daughter were likely to perish from cold, and that even permission to rest on floor of the cellar, where they would be protected, in some degree, from the "nipping and eager air," would be a charity for which they would ever be grateful.—She alleged, as an excuse for the claim to shelter, that she had been ejected, a few minutes before, from a small room which, with her daughter, she had occupied in a neighboring alley, and for which she had stipulated to pay fifty cents per week, because she had found herself unable to meet the demand—very reasonable for obtaining money having been cut off for the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by the demand—very reasonable for obtaining money having been cut off for the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by the demand—very reasonable for obtaining money having been cut off for the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by the demand—very reasonable for obtaining money having been cut off for the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by the demand—very reasonable for obtaining money having been cut off for the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

raised her hand to her mother's face.—"Mother," said she, in faltering accents, "are you here?" "Yes, child: are you better?" "No, mother, I am sick—sick unto death! There is a canker at my heart, my blood grows cold—the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me!" "In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless heaven, there is still one place which, thanks to the benevolent, will afford us sustenance and shelter.

"Do not thank heaven, mother: you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have sinned Providence from our hearts, and need not now call him to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!" "Be composed, daughter—you need rest." "Mother, there is a weight of woe upon my breast, that sinks me to the earth—My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred,—oh God! fatally erred,—and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, mother, for laying the snare by which I fell,—for enticing me from the house of virtue,—the home of my heart-broken father,—to the house of infamy and death; but oh, I implore you, repent; be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days."

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half-stifled sigh, "Promise me then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavor to make peace with Heaven." "Oh, do, do! But alas! my child, what hope is there for me?" "God is merciful to all who—"

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals were heard, and the penitent girl sunk into the quiet slumber of death. Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart harrowed by the smittings of an awakened conscience. Until the glare of daylight was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the colored woman, she answered with an idiotic stare. Sensibility had fled, the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason was thrown from her. The full incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the gloomy place, A MANIC!

The coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the body of the daughter. In the books of that humane and estimable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded.—"LETITIA L. *****"

HOW SUT. LOVENGOOD EXPLODED.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH SODA POWDERS. Sut related the story thus: "George, did you ever see Sicily Burns? Her dad lives at the Rutil Snak Springs, nigh to the Georgy line." "Yes, a very handsome girl." "Handsomer than red as a rose in any case; it sounds like calling good water key water, when ye ar at Big Spring and the still hows ten miles off, an hit a rain, I and yer flask only half full. She shows among women like a sunflower as compared to dog fence an smart weed an jimson.—But that ain't no use tryin' to describe her. Couldn't crawl thru a whiskey barrel with both heads stove out, if it wur hit study fur her, an good foot holt at that. She weighs just two hundred and twenty-six pounds, an stands sixteen hands high.—She never got in an arm cheer in her life, an you can lock the top hoop of a churn an a big dog collar round her waist. I've seed her jump over the top of a split bottom cheer, an never show her ankle or kech her dress onto it. She kerried eduf about her to fill a four hoss waggin bed, an a skin come at the inside of a frog-stool, checks an lips as red as a pecker's gills in dogwood blossom time; an sich a smiel Oh, I be dratted if it is any use talkin. That gal cud make me murder old Bishop Soul hisself, or kill man not to speak of dad, ef she jist hinted that she wanted sich a thing done."

"Well, to tell it all at onst, she war a gall all over, from the pint of her toe nails to the longest hair on the hiest knob of her head—gal all the time, everywhere—and that ov the excitin kind. Ov course I leaned up to her as close as I dar to, an in spite of long legs, appetite fur whiskey, my short scrape, and dad's actin hoss, she sorter leaned to me, an I war beginnin to think I wur jist the greatest an comfortable man on yearly, not excepting Ole Buck, or Brigham Young, with all his demmands—very reasonable for obtainin money having been cut off for the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by the demand—very reasonable for obtaining money having been cut off for the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by the demand—very reasonable for obtaining money having been cut off for the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by the demand—very reasonable for obtaining money having been cut off for the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

about the same number of white wags inter tuther tumbler, and put ni onto a pint ov water on both of them, and stirred em both up with a case knife, looking as solemn as ole jacks, in a snow storm when the fodder's all gin out. She hit wur while she told me to drink tuther; I wolowed it at wur run—tasted salty like, I that it wur port of the seasashun. But I mistakened, all ov the cussed infernal seasashun wur to cum, and it wurnt long at it, boss, you'd believe me. Then she gin tuther tumbler, and I sent it after the wur, race hoss fashion.

"In about wur moment an haf I tho't I'd swallered a thrashin machine in full blas ur a cupple ov bull dogs, and they had sot inter fin. I seed that I was coched agin—same famile disperition to make cussed fools ov them-selves every chance—so I broke ov my boss. I stole a look back an tho't Sicily lay on her back like a the porch, a kickin ov em together like she wur in the air, a kickin ov em together like she wur a tryin to kick her slippers off. But I had no time to look then, and thar wur a road ov fumed from the hous to the boss two foot wide an four inches deep—looked like it had been a snowin—popin, an a hiss, an a bilin, like a tub ov hot soap sud. I hed getered a cherry tree limb as I run, an I lit astraddle ov my hoss, a whippin an a kickin like mad. This wur the scary noises I made' (fur I wur a whistin an a hiss, and a sputterin, outer mouth, nose an eyes, like a steam engine) sot him a rarin and covertin like he was skered ov his senses. Well, he went the foam rolled, and the ole black hoss flew. He wur mizzled—scared ni tu death, and he jist I. So we agreed on the pit ov the greatest distance in the smallest time."

I aimed for Doctor Goodman's at the Hi-wassie Copper Mines, to get some thin tu stop the exploshun in my travels. I met a sercuit rider on his travels towards a fried chicken an a hat full ov ball biskits. As I cum a tarin along he hit up his hands like he wanted to pray fur me, but as I preferred phisic tu prayer, in my peccolier situashun at that time, I jist rolfed a-long. He tuck a skeer as I cum ni cu tu him, his faith gin out, an he dodged hoss, saddlabin, an overcoat, inter a thicket jist like you've seed a terkil stew water oven a leg wen a tarin big steamboat comes along. As he passed the ole man Burns, Sicily hailed him, and axed him if he'd met anybody in a hurry gwine up the road. The poor man thought perhaps he did and perhaps he didn't, but he'd seen a site, uv a spook, uv a ghost, uv ole Beelzebub himself, uv the komit, he didn't adactly know which, but takin all things together an the short time he'd for preprashun, he thought he met a crazy, long-legged shakin Quaker, a fleein from the wrath tu cum, on a black and white spotted hoss, a whippin ov him with a big brush, an he had a white beard wath cum from ni into his eyes to the pummill ov the saddel, and then forked an went to his knees, and then sometimes draped in bunches as big as a crow's nest to the ground, and hearn a sound like a rishlin ov mitty waters, an he wur miltly exercised about it enyhow. Well, I guess he wur, and so wur his fat hoss, an wur ole beelcey, wur exercised ov em wur I, myself. Now, George, all this beard an spots on the hoss, an steam, an fire, an snow, an wire tails, is ouddacious humbug. If all cum onto my iuards, droppin out ov my mouth without eny vomitin ur effort, an ef it hadn't I'd a busted inter more piecer than thar is aigs in a big catfish. The Lobengoods are all confounded fools and dad aint the wurst of em."

THE FINANCIAL TROUBLES IN NEW YORK. The Bank Defalcation and Stoppage.—The Failure of Beebe & Co.—The Erie Railroad Assisted Through, &c.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—There has been great excitement in Wall street to-day.—The defalcation of the paying teller of the Mechanics' Banking Association is stated to be the cause of the closing of the doors of the bank, though the Post of this evening learns that its affairs have been critically involved for some time. The bank had been running behind at the Clearing House, and committees of conference decided yesterday that it had incurred the penalty of exclusion. This, of course, was equivalent to its public disrepute.

The Commercial says that the paying teller is in custody at the bank, awaiting the result of a thorough investigation which is now being made. The accused denies that he has any guilty knowledge of the embezzlement, and treats the matter apparently with indifference. The suspension will cause inconvenience to depositors only, the circulating notes which have been taken on deposit by several other banks and brokers generally being abundantly secured by State stock. The Evening Express says the liabilities of the paying teller are not known to a certainty, and until they are known the directors decline to meet the obligations of the bank.

Beebe & Co., who failed to-day, were heretofore regarded as one of the staunchest houses in the street. The suspension is owing to large loans on stocks. It caused great surprise, and the feeling on the stocks exchange was one of general unsettlement and excitement, with prices irregular, but everything on the decline.

The liabilities of the Ohio Life and Trust Company are now stated as certainly over six millions of dollars. Several of the banks to-day acceded to the loan of \$600,000 to the Erie Railroad Company, which enabled it to pay the six months' interest on its bonds. There are many rumors circulating unfavorable to city banks, but they are believed to be false. Everything fell off at the second board this afternoon. Illinois Central bonds declined 3 1/2; Reading 2; Panama 2; Cleveland and Toledo 2 1/2; Michigan Southern, preferred, 5; Erie 1. John Thompson, the suspended banker, has made an assignment. The rumored deficiency in the accounts of the Mechanics' Bank is three hundred thousand dollars. The Clearing House this afternoon voted unanimously to expel it. The liabilities of Prentice & Co., fur dealers, are very large. The Erie & Co., locomotive builders, Jersey city, have also suspended. The banks have reduced their loans the past fortnight five millions. The deposits

decreased in the same time nearly eight millions. The money market is very tight.

EXITEMENT AT BURLINGTON, N. J.

The Trenton State Gazette of Monday says the citizens of Burlington were thrown into a state of intense excitement on Friday last, by the circulation of a rumor that Rev. W. B. Sutherland, of that city, had been guilty of the crime of seducing the daughter of a member of his church, who was turned of fifteen years of age. An investigation of the rumor led to the painful conclusion that it was, in all its enormity, too true to be disbelieved. It appears that on Wednesday afternoon last, Sutherland went to the house of the girl's father for his intended victim to come to him and assist some other girls in arranging some books in his library, it having been previously understood that several were to meet there for that purpose. The girl, not responding to the invitation, Sutherland sent again, and this second invitation she unfortunately obeyed. On reaching Sutherland's house, he invited her into the library, when she was surprised to find herself the only female present. He immediately commenced his advances and familiarities with her, drew her into a chamber and there succeeded in overcoming her. It is very remarkable that as the young victim of this man's seductions was leaving the house, she encountered Sutherland's wife, who was just at that moment returning home after an absence of some days. The wife noticed the flushed and excited appearance of the girl's countenance, and asked the cause, why she had been crying, &c., to which evasive answers were returned, and the outraged child hastened home to the house of her parents. On Thursday she related to her mother the particulars of the shame that had been practiced on her, and the mother immediately waited upon one of the deacons of Sutherland's church, and related the circumstances. He immediately called in a brother deacon and the two went directly to Sutherland's house, where they informed him of the charge made against him. Sutherland admitted that he had taken many liberties with the child, but denied the charge of seduction. His whole conduct and manner, however, was such as to convince the two that he was guilty, and they informed him at once that he had further intercourse with him as pastor of their church, was at an end.

In the meantime, the father of the girl was made acquainted with the atrocious crime, which had been perpetrated on the virtue of his child. His exasperation became uncontrollable, and arming himself for the purpose of making a summary vengeance on the destroyer, started in pursuit of him. But an intimation to Sutherland that his life was in danger, enabled him to escape over the back fence of his garden, only a few minutes in advance of his justly indignant pursuer.

This clerical hyperite is about thirty years of age, and has been in charge of a church at Burlington, since last year. He was a member of Lord's near Jersey City, but when he is now gone, no one can tell the victim of his arts is barely fifteen years of age, and has borne an unblemished character. His family also are of unimpeachable standing, and enjoy the respect and esteem of all who know them.

MRS PARTINGTON.

"Your husband, I think, was always a man of liberal theological views," said the Rev. Mr. Sniffle to Mrs. Partington the other morning, as he dropped in on a tract peddling excursion. "Oh yes, Paul was very free in his logical opinions all his life, but I think more so than ever to the close of it," said the dame. "I buried him when he was nigh on to seventy-seven, and during his latter days he was more of a libertine than I ever knew him afore." She bent her eyes on the corporal over the mantle piece with a loving expression, and her spectacles began to grow dim. "Your husband was quite a liberalist, was he," said Mr. Sniffles. "I am happy to be made acquainted with that fact, as these tracts treat—'yes he was, not only a federalist, but a regular black cockade federalist, wood dyed,'" said the dame, who at that moment rose and looked daggers at like. He had got behind the Rev. gentleman and popped a big bumble bee in the pocket of his coat. I ket met the Rev. gentleman an hour after on Boston Common with a rag round his finger.

SEIZING FALSE BRANDY.

A serious commotion was produced upon the "bogus" French brandy manufacturers in this meridian on Friday last by the vigilance of Mr. E. B. Hart the surveyor of the port. It has been the custom, it seems, or a long time to make the casks here, as well as the false eau de vie, and by means of imitation brands to sell and ship them as "genuine imported." Surveyor Hart seized forty-five such casks along-side the vessel in which they were shipped to a distant port. They were American casks, but the hoops were really of the French willow, which gave them a sufficiently Gallic appearance. Instead of the custom-house brandy they had an ingenious imitation on their viz: "New York, March, 1854—Lucy Jones—Bordeaux—J. Cochrane, surveyor." Mr. Cochrane's name was intentionally spelled in this manner to avoid a prosecution, and is often spelled by these importers in a variety of ways for the same purpose. The seized casks, which were the property of a large distillery firm in this city and Williamsburg, were deposited in the cellars of No. 27 and 29 Pine street, but were released yesterday by the collector, as no fraud could really be put in evidence by the Government. It appears that we are not by any means the only nation humbugged with fictitious beverages.

VERMONT ELECTION.

MONTPELIER, Sep. 1. The general election in this State took place to-day. The vote appears to have been small. The returns show large republican majorities. Out of 32 representatives, one democrat is elected, being a democratic gain.

FOREIGN GOLD AND SILVER COIN.

Table listing various foreign gold and silver coins and their values at the mint. Includes items like Austria-Quadruple ducat, Ducat, Sovereign (for Lombardy), etc.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

LETTERS composed of one or more pieces of paper, not exceeding half an ounce in weight, sent any distance by express, 300 miles, 3 cents; over 3000 miles, 10 cents. Double rate if exceeding half an ounce, treble, if exceeding an ounce; and so on charging an additional rate for every additional half ounce, or fraction of half an ounce. All letters to be paid for by the sender, from and after April 1st, 1855. From and after January 1st, 1856, all letters between places in the United States must be pre-paid, either by postage stamps, or stamped envelopes. Letters dropped in the post office, for delivery in the same place, 1 cent each. Letters advertised are charged 1 cent each, besides regular postage. Drop letters are not advertised. Circulars, 1 cent for 3 ounces or less to any part of the United States, to consist of but one piece of paper—pre payment optional. Daily newspapers weighing three ounces or less, 45 1/2 cents per quarter, when sent from the office of publication to actual and bona fide subscribers any where in the United States. Postpaid newspapers sent anywhere within the United States, 1 cent for three ounces or less. When the article to be mailed is a circular, pamphlet, or newspaper, it should be enveloped as to be open at one end—otherwise, it will be charged as a letter.

BRITISH POSTAGE ARRANGEMENTS.

LETTERS posted or charged in the United States will be rated at a half ounce to the single letter; over a half and not exceeding an ounce, as a double letter; over an ounce and not exceeding an ounce and a half, as a treble letter; and so on, each half ounce or fractional excess constituting a rate. The single rates to be charged on each letter posted in the United States addressed to any place in Great Britain or Ireland, is 24 cents; the double rate 48; and so on. Said postage on letters going to any place in Great Britain or Ireland may be pre-paid, if the whole amount is tendered at the office in the U. S. where mailed, at the option of the sender. Newspapers may be mailed at any office in the United States to any place in the United Kingdom on the pre-payment of 2 cents, and may on receipt from any place in Great Britain or Ireland, be delivered at any office in the United States, on payment of 2 cents for each newspaper. These are to be sent in bands or covers, open at the sides or ends, and to contain no manuscript whatever. Persons mailing letters to foreign countries, in which the United States have no postal arrangements, are reminded that it is necessary for them to pre-pay the proper postage, or the letter cannot be forwarded.

GEORGE R. FRENCH, MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER, AND SHOE FINDINGS. No. 11, MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C. March 6.

WINTER HATS AND CAPS. A FULL AND VARIED ASSORTMENT of all the different styles of Business Hats and Caps now open, comprising SILK, FUR AND WOOL HATS, CLOTH, PLUSH AND SILK GLAZED CAPS, INFANTS HATS AND CAPS, MISSES BEAVER AND FELT HATS, BOYS AND YOUTHS SOFT HATS AND CAPS, UMBRELLAS, CANES, BELTS.

W. G. MILLIGAN, MARBLE MANUFACTURER. NORTH WATER STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C. Monuments, Tombs, Head and Foot Stones, and all kinds of Marble Work furnished to order on reasonable terms. June 5.

HENRY NUTT, FACTOR AND FORWARDING AGENT. Will give his personal attention to business entrusted to his care. Sept. 8, 1856.

OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION.

The following rates of postage on letters have been agreed upon between the government and the German States, Prussia, &c. Bremen, 10 cents; Oldenburg, 13; Altona; Austria Empire, (including Hungary, Galicia, Lombardy and Venice) Bavaria, Brunswick, Hamburg, Hanover, Mecklenburg, Schleswig, Stralsund, Kingdom of Prussia, Kingdom of Saxony, Kingdom of Saxe-Altenburg, 15; all other German States, cities and towns, 25; Switzerland and the Netherlands 25; Denmark and Schleswig, 27; Poland and Russia, 29; Constantinople, Greece and Sweden 33; Norway 37—pre-payment optional. Alexandria, Corfu, Island of Malta, Wallachia, 30 cents; Italy, (except upper part) 33; pre-payment required. Newspapers and Circulars, 2 cents each to be prepaid.

MAILS TO THE PACIFIC.—For a single letter, not exceeding half an ounce in weight, from New York to Chagres, 20 cents; to Panama, 20—postage to be prepaid. Postage to California and Oregon (being U. S. possessions) need not be pre-paid. HAVANA MAILS.—A line is established between Charleston and Havana, the steamers touching at Savannah and Key West. The postage of which is from the point of departure to Havana 10 cents on a single letter, not exceeding half an ounce in weight, with an additional 10 cents for each additional half ounce or fractional excess, half an ounce—to be pre-paid. Postage on each newspaper to Havana, 2 cents, also to be prepaid as on letters.

RATES OF POSTAGE To the East Indies, Java, Borneo, Labuan, Sumatra, the Moluccas, and the Philippine Islands.

We are authorized to state that, arrangements having been made by Great Britain for collecting in India the British, and other foreign postage on letters between the United Kingdom and the East Indies, whether transmitted via Southampton or Suez, or by sea, in the British mail, hereafter the United States postage only should be prepaid in this country on letters for the East Indies to be transmitted by either of the above routes, viz: first, the single rate when via the Atlantic conveyance is by British packet, and twenty-one cents when by United States packet. Owing to a reduction of twelve cents in the British postage beyond England, which took place on the 1st of February instant, the single rate of postage between the United States and Java, Borneo, Labuan, Sumatra, the Moluccas, and the Philippine Islands, will hereafter be as follows: To Java, via Southampton, 33 instead of 45 cents the half ounce; and via Marseilles 33 instead of 75 cents the half ounce; pre-payment required. To Borneo, Labuan, Sumatra, the Moluccas, and the Philippine Islands the rate will be 41 instead of 55 cents when sent via Southampton, and 61 instead of 73 cents the quarter ounce, or 71 instead of 83 cents the half ounce, when sent via closed mail via Marseilles or prepayment required. The rates above mentioned are chargeable on letters for the Island of Java will provide for their conveyance by British packet as far as Singapore, but they will afterwards be subject to a Netherlands rate of postage on the Island of Java. By the Prussian Closed Mail, the rates for these countries remain unaltered.

SILVER COINS.

Table listing silver coins and their values. Includes Austria-Rix Dollar, Florin, Twenty kreutzers, Lira (for Lombardy), Baden-Crown, Golden or coin, etc.

WINE! WINE! WINE!!! IT IS TRULY SAID that George Myers has the best Champagne wine in the world in this city. They need but a trial from those who have not used them—to supercede all other brands. THE PERIL OF BRANDY. A case, the "fine plus ultra" of all wines from 1 vineyard of Bouche, Filz at Drott. A story without. Healed brandy and pils. Beeche brand. Crown brand. Star brand. Also, Brandy of the very finest quality. Pure Holland Gin, duties paid at Custom House, Wilmington, N. C. and every variety of Wines, Liqueurs, and every possible variety of Wines, Liqueurs, Cordials, &c., &c. in wood or glass. Truculous. A case of choice Old Baker Whiskey, the choicest article ever offered before in this market. Call and examine, at the Original Family Grocery, No. 11 and 13, Front Street, Wilmington, N. C. GEO. MYERS. July 21.