

Besides which, Mercury don't like it. Prefers carriage exercise.

"To be sure," says Mr. Bucket. "That makes a difference. Now I think of it," says Mr. Bucket, warming his hands, and looking pleasantly at the blaze, "she went out walking the very night of this business."

"To be sure, she did! I let her into the garden over the way."

"And left her there. Certainly you did. I saw you doing it."

"I didn't see you," says Mercury.

"I was rather in a hurry," returns Mr. Bucket, "for I was going to visit a aunt of mine that lives at Chelsea—next door but two to the old original Bun House—ninety year old the old lady is, a single woman, and got a little property. Yes, I chanced to be passing at the time. Let's see. What time might it be? It wasn't ten."

"Half-past nine."

"You're right. So it was. And if I don't deceive myself, my Lady was muffled in a loose black mantle, with a deep fringe to it?"

"Of course she was."

Of course she was. Mr. Bucket must return to a little work he has to get on with up-stairs, but he must shake hands with Mercury in acknowledgment of his agreeable conversation, and will he—this is all he asks—will he, when he has a leisure half hour, think of bestowing it on that Royal Academy sculptor, for the advantage of both parties?

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

ONE winter evening, when "norland winds were piping" loudly, but harmlessly around the walls of our old substantial dwelling, our whole family, consisting of four persons—namely, my father and mother, my sister and myself—were sitting before a cheerful fire, enjoying that dim delicious hour that intervenes between the night and the day, ere shutters are closed, or candles placed on the table. On the present occasion, this hour was spun out to an unusual length, and yet not one of us felt inclined to have the lights brought in. My father, was peculiarly animated in his narration of the various scenes he had witnessed, and our questions ever and anon stimulated him to some fresh recollection. A pause at last ensued, however; and the close of the twilight enjoyment seemed inevitable, when my sister put a question which prolonged it for a considerable time further. "What," said she, "was the happiest passage, father, in your life?"

"I shall tell you, my children," said our father, "what passage in my life gives me most satisfaction in the retrospect. Soon after your mother had united her fate with mine, I fell into a respectable and profitable business in New York, where, as you are aware, that competency was earned which now enables me to pass the evening of life in comfort. The occupation which I followed required my daily presence for some hours in the centre of that city, where I

met the parties with whom I had business connections. The time which I generally chose for this purpose was the hottest part of the day, when every one almost is within doors, and there was less chance of missing my object. The streets at this period of the day are often remarkably empty, only a straggler being visible here and there. It was on one of these business visits that I saw, in a back-street, two men, an Irishman and a negro, jostling, or rather struggling with each other. There was no other object in the street to divert my attention, and I therefore almost involuntarily kept my eyes fixed upon the men. The negro was a powerful, athletic man, and had evidently the better in the struggle, which speedily became a complete wrestle. The Irishman felt his inferiority, and, becoming irritated, raised his arm, and gave his opponent a tremendous blow, which felled him to his knees. The Irishman after this threw himself into a defensive attitude, and on the black raising himself from the ground, blows were rapidly interchanged by the parties. All this passed almost instantaneously, and the issue was equally speedy. The negro struck his adversary on the side of the head with sufficient force to drive him to the ground. The unfortunate Irishman's head came in contact with a stone, and his skull was fractured. Within a few moments after the fall, he was dead!

"No one was near enough to witness the course of this affair but myself. A crowd, however, soon collected on the spot; and as the street was chiefly inhabited by the laboring Irish, the assemblage was principally composed of that nation. The wounded man was carried into a house to receive medical assistance, and I, losing sight of the negro, proceeded on my way home.

"My own affairs occupied so much of my time and attention, that the unhappy incident I had witnessed passed almost entirely from my mind. A few mornings after it happened, however, I was much shocked to perceive by the newspapers, that the negro had been committed to prison on a charge of willful murder, several Irishmen having sworn before the coroner, that they had seen the black *strike the deceased with a stone*. To give color to this assertion, one of them had the audacity to bring forward what the newspapers called 'the fatal stone.' Horrified at such villainy as this, I instantly formed the resolution of going forward at the trial, and telling the truth as I had witnessed it. Your mother and my friends attempted in vain to dissuade me, on the ground that I would inevitably incur, by such conduct, the hatred of the lower orders of the Irish, who, disappointed of their victim, might wreak their revenge on me. A sense of duty to the negro and to justice enabled me, thank Heaven, to resist these representations, though reason admitted their feasibility. 'The poor negro is, like myself, in a land of strangers,' said I; 'he is far from the hearth of his infancy, and perhaps has not one

friend in the world. He is of a persecuted and despised race; and, come what may, I am resolved that he shall at least have the advantage of having the truth stated regarding the melancholy accident in which he has been involved.' Recollect, my children, that this was only my duty, and that the peculiar circumstances of the case alone gave my resolve—if, indeed, it did possess it—any merit.

"On the morning of the trial, I was in attendance at the court-house. On applying for admittance to the grand jury-room, I was informed that a true bill had been found against the negro, and that the gentlemen on the jury had given orders for the admission of no more witnesses, being perfectly satisfied with the evidence laid before them. I was not to be put off; however, in this manner, but forced my way, almost in spite of the attending official, into the room, and after relating the whole of my story to the grand jury, was admitted as an evidence. At the same time, the true bill already found was held still as the conclusion to which these gentlemen had come, and the poor negro's life was thus left dependent on the effect of my testimony at the trial.

"The cause came on. Witness after witness swore to the same facts, until the jury were thoroughly satisfied, and the court impatient to hear the sentence pronounced against a wretch so vile as the black seemed to be. He, poor fellow, seemed more thunderstruck at the deliberate falsehoods uttered, than alarmed at his dangerous predicament. No voice was lifted up in his favor; no eye glanced on him with compassion or sympathy; friendless and hopeless, he sat like a being of an inferior kind among his fellow-men. I was called at length, and gave a plain and full statement of the facts of the case: 'That I was the only person in the street, beside the deceased and the prisoner, at the time of the occurrence; that I knew neither of the parties; that the Irishman struck the negro first, bringing him on his knees with the blow, and causing the blood to gush from his nose; that the black rose, and wiping the blood from his face with his left hand, after a short struggle, with the same hand gave the Irishman a blow on the side of the head, which drove him to the ground, where his head, striking the curb-stone, was fatally injured; and that no stone could possibly be in the negro's hand without my observing it.'

"I feel pleasure, my children, in stating, for the honor of human nature, that a buzz of satisfaction ran through the court-room at the conclusion of my story. My own character and station in life, together with the total absence of interested motives, caused the entire overthrow of the previous evidence, and compassion and sympathy for the accused took the place of anger and abhorrence in every breast. The counsel for the prosecution alone, as was natural perhaps, acted as if unsatisfied. He cross-examined me very closely, and made me repeat so often the manner in which the negro struck the

deceased, and with which hand he did it, that my patience became in the end exhausted, and I brought matters to a conclusion by suiting the action to the word, and applying my fist pretty smartly to the side of his own head. The solemnity of the occasion could not restrain the laughter that broke forth, and the barrister sat down, satisfied, it appeared at length, and somewhat chop-fallen. The jury, without the slightest hesitation, acquitted the prisoner of the charge of murder, and returned a verdict of manslaughter. He was sentenced to be imprisoned for some months; but this was merely formal, for in a few days he was restored to perfect liberty."

"Did you ever hear of the negro afterward?" interrupted my sister.

"I never saw him more than two or three times. The first time was about a month after the trial, when, in passing an oyster-shop or cellar, a voice called out: 'Massa G——! Massa G——!' I turned, and recognized in the owner of the store the unfortunate negro. His gratitude for the service which accident had enabled me to do for him, was written in every line of his countenance. He compelled me to taste a few of his oysters, and anxiously pressed me to inform him of my residence, that he might carry thither his whole stock as a present for me. 'Ah, massa,' said he, 'when me stand at bar without friend, and when me saw 'pectable gentleman go in box, me tink, what! you going to hang me too! But when me heard massa speak true, me tank God for sending one gentleman to speak my cause. De blessing will be answered from de sky which poor nigger speak for Massa G——. Me could not help cry de first time many year.' And the tears again ran down his cheeks as he spoke.

"This passage of my life," continued my father, "if not the happiest at the time, is at least one of the most pleasing to look back upon. And this, my children, is the best test of all happy passages in life."

"Did you suffer nothing for your behavior from those wretches of Irishmen?" asked my sister—"those vindictive—"

"Hush, Betsy," said my father; "do not vent general reflections, as I fear you were about to do, upon a nation which has shown so many great and good men in the list of her sons, and whose every error has been owing to ignorance, and, it may be, hard usage. Those Irishmen who were connected with the affair I have described, were beings who had never enjoyed opportunities of education, and their errors ought not to be assumed as a ground for general reproach to their country. You will, I hope, see such things more clearly as you grow older."

Dear little Betsy *did* see these things more clearly as she grew older, for she is now the happy wife of as good a man as ever lived, and he is an Irishman. Heigho! how time flies!—her eldest girl, I fear me, will make me some day soon a granduncle!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE affair of the Mesilla Valley, of which mention was made in our last Record, threatens to result in a collision between Mexico and the United States. The whole spirit of Santa Anna's administration is decidedly hostile to this country; and if we can place any reliance upon the indications afforded by his conduct, he is prepared to run the risk of another war. It is certain that troops have been sent to take military possession of the disputed territory. An article in the *Washington Union* is supposed to be so far official as to indicate the views of our own Government in the matter. It assumes that the line run between New Mexico and Chihuahua by the Boundary Commission has not been confirmed by the authority required by the treaty, and that, therefore, "no line has been run which the Government of the United States can rightly recognize;" that the Mesilla Valley has always belonged to New Mexico, and as such was transferred to the United States by treaty; and that, consequently, "the armed occupation of the Valley by the Mexican troops, is wholly in violation of the rights of the United States, and of every principle of international law." The question is one to be settled by negotiation, and the Mexican Government must not insist upon settling it by force. The policy of the United States, says this document, toward Mexico, is "one of forbearance and peace;" and "it is to be expected that in response to such a spirit the Mexican authorities will, upon due reflection, abandon their purpose of holding the Mesilla Valley by arms." The course of the Governor of Chihuahua in taking military possession of the Valley is pronounced not to be "an admissible proceeding;" and the "United States can not submit to it as a permanent disposition of that territory." "We have no doubt," concludes this article, "from all that has been announced of the foreign policy of the Administration, that all suitable measures have been taken, and will in future be taken, to place the whole question, both before the Mexican authorities and the people of the United States in its proper position." The inference from this is, that our Government are determined, unless Mexico withdraws her troops from the Valley, also to send forces there. In opposition to these views, it is strenuously maintained that the Valley in question was formally and in proper manner adjudged to belong to Mexico, by the authority created by solemn treaty.—Apart from this affair, there is little of special interest in the department of general political intelligence. The Legislature of New York is sitting in special session; the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts has convened; and a Southern Convention is assembled at Memphis, Tenn., to consult upon the interests of the South.—The principal diplomatic appointments have been made, with the exception of that of Minister to France, which is still vacant, and are as follow:

MINISTERS PLENIPOLENTIARY.

JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pennsylvania, to Great Britain.
THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, of Connecticut, to Russia.
JAMES GADSDEN, of South Carolina, to Mexico.
PIERRE A. SOULE, of Louisiana, to Spain.
PETER D. VROOM, of New Jersey, to Prussia.
SOLOM BORLAND, of Arkansas, to Central America.
WILLIAM TROUSDALE, of Tennessee, to Brazil.
SAMUEL MEDARY, of Ohio, to Chili.
JOHN R. CLAY, to Peru.
THEODORE S. FAY, Minister Resident in Switzerland.

CHARGES D'AFFAIRES.

J. J. SEIBELS, of Alabama, for Belgium.
AUGUSTE BELMONT, of New York, for Netherlands.
RICHARD K. MEADE, of Virginia, for Sardinia.
ROBERT DALE OWEN, of Indiana, for Two Sicilies.
HENRY R. JACKSON, of Georgia, for Austria.
CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY, of N. H., for Bolivia.
HENRY BEDINGER, of Virginia, for Denmark.
WILLIAM H. BISSELL, of Illinois, for Buenos Ayres.
JAMES S. GREEN, of Missouri, for New Granada.
SHELTON F. LEAKE, of Virginia, for Sandwich Islands.

CONSULS.

CHARLES L. DENMAN, of California, at Acapulco.
EDWARD D. LEON, of South Carolina, at Alexandria.
DAVID S. LEE, of Iowa, at Basle.
JOHN M. HOWDIN, of Ohio, at Bermuda.
ALFRED GILMORE, of Pennsylvania, at Bordeaux.
WILLIAM HILDEBRAND, of Wisconsin, at Bremen.
DENNIS MULLINS, of New York, at Cork.
M. J. LYNCH, of Illinois, at Dublin.
WILLIAM H. DE WOLF, of Rhode Island, at Dundee.
ALEXANDER M. CLAYTON, of Mississippi, at Havana.
S. M. JOHNSON, of Michigan, at Hamburg.
JAMES KEENAN, of Pennsylvania, at Hong-Kong.
BENJAMIN F. ANGELL, of New York, at Honolulu.
GEORGE W. CHASE of Maine, at Lahaina.
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, of Mass., at Liverpool.
JAMES M. TABLETON, of Alabama, at Melbourne.
GEORGE SANDERS, of New York, at London.
THOMAS W. WARD, of Texas, at Panama.
DUNCAN K. MCRAB, of North Carolina, at Paris.
ROBERT G. SCOTT, of Virginia, at Rio Janeiro.
CHARLES J. HELM, of Kentucky, at St. Thomas.
WYNDHAM ROBERTSON, of Louisiana, at Trieste.
JOHN HUBBARD, of Maine, at Trinidad de Cuba.
REUBEN WOOD, of Ohio, at Valparaiso.
DONALD G. MITCHELL, of Connecticut, at Venice.
GEORGE F. GOUNDI, of Pennsylvania, at Zurich.

The amended Charter of the City of New York proposed by the Legislature, and submitted to the popular vote of the city, June 7, was accepted by a vote of 36,672 yeas to 3351 nays. The principal provisions of the Charter are those intended to guard against the bribery and corruption of public officers:—Directing leases and contracts to be given out only by public auction, to the most favorable bidder, after due public notice:—Increasing the number of one branch of the Common Council, which is also to be chosen from smaller districts; this branch to have the sole power of originating appropriations of money:—Granting to the Mayor a veto power, which can be overruled only by a vote of two-thirds of the Common Council:—Taking from the Aldermen the duty of sitting as Judges in the Criminal Courts:—Laying restrictions upon the expenditures of public moneys.

Two expeditions of unusual interest have just been dispatched from this country. The first, that fitted out by Mr. Grinnell, to continue the search for Sir John Franklin, sailed from New York, May 31. It consists of a single vessel, the *Advance*, with a company of only seventeen persons, under the command of Dr. Kane, who was attached to the previous expedition. They go with provisions calculated for two years, independent of what they may gain by hunting. Their immediate destination is Smith's Sound, the farthest point to the north yet reached. Thence, if the ice permits, they will push their way into regions hitherto unexplored. If the northern passages are blocked up, they intend to have recourse to dogs, using their boats as sledges, in order to make a thorough exploration of the region, in search of traces of the lost navigators. The other expedi-