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A CONFESSION OF LOVE.

IN MRS. BROWNING'S "AURORA LEIGH."

Could I see his face,
I wept so? Did I drop against his breast,
Or did his arms constrain me? Were my cheeks
Hot, overflooded, with tears or his?
And which of our two large explosive hearts
So shook me? That, I know not. There were words
That broke the utterance—then a kiss—
As long and silent as the ecstatic night,—
And deep, deep, shuddering breaths, which meant beyond
Whatever could be told by word or kiss.

But what he said—I have written day by day,
With somewhat even writing. Did I think
That such a passionate rain would intercept
And dash this last page? What he said, indeed,
I fain would write it down here like the rest.
To keep it in my eyes as in my ears,
The heart's sweet scripture, to be read at night
When weary, or at morning when afraid,
And lean my heaviest oath on when I swear
That, when all's done, all tried, all counted here,
All great arts, and all good philosophies—
This love just puts his hand out as in a dream,
And straight outreaches all things.

What he said,
I fain would write. But if an angel spoke
In thunder, should we haply, know much more
Than that it thunder'd? If a cloud came down
And wrapt us wholly, could we draw its shape,
As if on the outside, and not overcome?
And so he spake. His breath against my face
Confused his words, yet made them more intense—
As when the sudden finger of the wind
Will wipe a row of single city-lamps
To a pure white line of flame, more luminous
Because of obliteration; more intense—
To intimate presence carrying in itself
Complete communication, as with souls
Who, having put the body off, perceive
Through simply being. Thus, 'twas granted me
To know he loved me to the depth and height
Of such large natures, ever competent
With grand horizons by the land or sea,
To love's grand sunrise.

Kidnapping Coolies--Excitement at Shanghai.

A Shanghai correspondent of the Boston Journal, under date of August 1st, gives the particulars of an exciting scene which recently occurred at that place, caused by an attempt of some of the French merchants, residents of that place, to kidnap a cargo of Coolies for shipment to the Mauritus, on board the ship Gertrude.

In order to procure the complement, and to dispatch the ship, squads of four or five of the sailors were sent round the settlement, and into the old city, to take coolies wherever they could find them. Several boat loads were thus secured and sent off to the Gertrude in the night; the Coolies having their "Celestial tails" cut loose, so as to disfigure them.

On the afternoon of Friday, July 29, a band of four of these French sailors were taking off a Chinaman from the back of the settlement called "Marion," when they were set upon by hundreds of infuriated Coolies with bamboos, brickbats, &c.—One of the sailors was killed on the spot, his head being literally smashed to pieces with a large stone.—The other Frenchmen were obliged to flee for their lives, and, as it was, they received considerable bruising. In the midst of the affray two English gentlemen, Mr. H. Lay and Rev. John Hobson, of Trinity church, came up, and they too were set upon by the infuriated mob. Mr. Lay, being an interpreter in the Custom House, and speaking the Chinese language well, endeavored to quiet them, but received three stabs in the left breast and abdomen, nearly killing him on the spot. Rev. Mr. Hobson received severe wounds on the head from stones and bamboos, and was obliged to flee. Mr. Lay was rescued soon after by two policemen, and conveyed to his house, where he now lies in a very critical condition, and no persons but attendants are allowed to see him.

This seems to have been the commencement of the revolt. Soon after this another European, name not known, was killed near the race course, and his body taken to the police station.

The whole Chinese population seem to have been almost crazy from excitement, and thousands of them rushed out of the city gates with gongs and bamboos into the settlement along the Yang-King-pang creek. Such shrieking and yelling we have not heard before for five years, when the revolution took place here between the rebels and the imperialists. Orders were immediately sent by Mr. Meadows, English Consul, on board the English guardship "Highflyer," and by the French Consul on board the frigate "Du Chayla," for the protection of the foreign settlement. Sixty English marines with four brass howitzers were stationed at the lower end of the "Bund" by the Son Chon Creek, and forty French marines with field pieces guarded the French terminus of the Bund which runs directly up to the gates of the "old city." The alarm became general on hearing cannon and muskets clattering our previously peaceful Bund, and citizens turned out from all quarters, armed with rifles, double guns, pistols, cutlasses, &c. The citizen soldiery must have mustered about one hundred and twenty. Many of the residents, having wives and families, sent them on board the ships in the harbor for safety during the night.

The Chinese junks up the river about one-half mile began firing blank cartridges, which added to the excitement, and the Chinese inside the walls lit their signal lights, and beat their gongs furiously. A person can realize the noise and confusion which five thousand of these infuriated demons will make when thoroughly roused up.

During the excitement, all the "Sampans" or small China boats went up the river in a body to the fleet of junks for protection. There were probably over two hundred of them, and the junk men, thinking that it was a plan laid by the "barbarians" to attack them, commenced firing into the "Sampans," and before they had found out their mistake, had killed several of their own countrymen. It is rumored that four Frenchman were murdered near the walls yesterday afternoon; one of the bodies was brought down to the police station about 5 o'clock.

The Chinese of the Canton districts residing here are very much opposed to foreigners, and want to drive them all out of the country. It is very certain that the Chinese are very much elated at the results of the Peiho expedition, and they consider they have gained an important victory. This has tended in a very great measure to create the present disturbance. It is said they have been waiting for some time for a pretext to cause an outbreak, and the present case of kidnapping coolies has given them the opportunity.

Several Chinese servants and boys are missing from the foreign houses, and they have been, probably, taken on board ship. The English Vice Consul had his China boy taken by the French sailors, and put into bag, tied up, and sent on board the "Gertrude." One boy, belonging to a friend of the writer, had his teeth knocked out, and another had a bayonet run through his cheek by some of the sailors, merely for *amusement!*

SEEING IN A GLASS DARKLY:—Captain W. tells an amusing occurrence witnessed by him last week on board the Ocean, on her passage down.—An oldish and somewhat purblind gentleman, pacing up and down the upper saloon, stopped in front of a large full length mirror, and, after gazing at the figure presented for a moment or two, inquired in a very deliberate tone: "Is—your—*name*—*Brown?*" No answer. Question repeated louder. "Is—your—name—Brown?" Still no answer. "Well," said the questioner, "you are either no gentleman, or *very deaf.*" The saloon was in a roar.—*Providence Journal.*

The Funeral of Hon. John Y. Mason, U. S. Minister to Paris.

A letter to the Independence Belge, dated Paris, October 5th, contains a passage which we translate as follows:—

"The obsequies of Mr. Mason, Minister of the United States, took place to-day, at the American Chapel, Rue de Berry. Among the very numerous company that crowded to the ceremony were observed, besides the persons of the U. S. Legation, the Baron Lagus, master of ceremonies, introducer of the ambassador, who came in one of the court carriages; all the members of the diplomatic corps now in Paris; Count Sartiges, Minister of the Emperor at Washington; M. de Belling, chief of the cabinet of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; Col. Claremount, military attache of the British Embassay and a great number of persons of distinction. A detachment of troops, commanded by a superior officer, accompanied the procession. After the religious ceremony, the mortal remains of Mr. Mason were deposited in one of the vaults of the chapel, to remain until his family have made arrangements for conveying them to Virginia. Mr. Mason had held the highest positions in the government of his country. He had represented the United States at Paris since 1854.—His death has caused universal regret in the political world and in the high society of Paris, where he had attained to a quite distinguished position, as much by the charm of his talent (*esprit*) and the amenity of his manners, as by his official character."

The New York Times has a letter describing Mr. Mason's death and burial, as follows:

PARIS, Oct. 6.—You will have already heard of the sudden death of the American Minister at Paris, the Hon. John Y. Mason. Mr. Mason had never recovered from his first attack of apoplexy, which occurred four years ago, and which then came near terminating his life. An incomplete paralysis of the left side remained as a result of the first attack, but so entirely had his health of mind and body been restored in other respects, that there is reason to believe he looked forward to a prolonged life, and was far from anticipating so early and so sudden a death. To all, however, who knew the implacable character of the disease, and its tendency to a surer and more fatal return, the sad event was scarcely a surprise.

Thus, without the slightest premonition, and in a state of perfect health, was the deceased visited with the last fatal stroke. He retired to rest on Sunday evening after taking leave of a party of visitors who had dined at his house, and in his usual health. At one o'clock in the morning Mrs. Mason heard an unusual noise in her husband's room, and approaching his bedside found him in convulsions and unconscious.—He remained in this condition until he died, eight hours later, suffering intensely, although unconscious of surrounding objects. Several physicians were at his bedside, but they were unable to give any relief. The body of the deceased has been embalmed and will be taken home.

A CLERGYMAN ELOPING WITH HIS FRIEND'S DAUGHTER.—A correspondent of the Bangor Union states that great excitement exists in Dexter, in consequence of the absconding on Thursday week, from that place, of Rev. Wm. S. Cilley, taking with him the daughter of Rev. J. F. Wetherell, a lovely and interesting girl, about thirteen years of age. Mr. Wetherell has been in pursuit, but has not been able to get any trace of them beyond Augusta, which place they left on Friday. We understand that Cilley came by the lower route to Yarmouth, then took the Grand Trunk road, and met the girl at Danville Junction. He there made application to the conductor for a ticket to St. Louis.—*Portland Argus.*

Comments of the Press on the Insurrection.

The press in every direction is of course filled with comments on the late insurrection at Harper's Ferry. The New York Express takes the Post to task for its apparent sympathy for "Old Brown." It says:

"The sympathy which is expressed for Brown is, if we recollect his history aright, all misplaced. He was a man of blood in Kansas—one of the *Kill-ems* that the Rev. Mr. Beecher so facetiously spoke of in the New Haven Rifle Church; and if any of *his* were killed in Kansas, he was a *Kill-em* trying to do the same thing to others. We have no doubt *Kill-em* speeches in Rifle Churches had made a mad man of him, or else he would not have been in this Harper's Ferry double crime and folly; but they who made him mad were they who in the Kansas excitement supplied the rifles for the churches. As long as the Northern press is kept insurrectionary, of course there will be Brown in Kansas and Virginia to be sacrificed, but this prompt suppression—this rush of the white population to stop servile war—ought to teach all *irresistible conflict* men of the crime and folly of their malignant work."

The Washington Constitution indulges at length in some serious reflections, and then very pertinently asks:

"If the scenes at Harper's Ferry, which have given occasion to these reflections, had occured at a time when Mr. Seward occupied the Presidential chair, what would have been the result? With his avowed doctrines of 'higher law' and the 'irresistable conflict,' and his equally emphatic announcement that 'slavery can and must be abolished, and you (addressing himself to the Northern people) and I must do it,' in connection with his denial of the constitutional guarantee of slavery—with these principles, views and doctrines, what, we ask, would have been the course of Mr. Seward if he had been President at this critical juncture? There can be but one answer to the inquiry. He must either have been false to all his own professions, or false to the Constitution and laws of the land. With such a man in the Presidential chair to stimulate by his example and teachings the spirit of rebellion and treason, and to withhold from the support of the law the strong arm of the military, what would there be left but anarchy, blood and revolution."

The Tigers of Singapore.

The last number of the Comptes Rendus of the sittings of the French Academy, contains a curious communication from M. De Casteinau, French Consul at Siam, with respect to the abundance of tigers in the island of Singapore. He says:

In the little island whence I write this letter, the statistics of the police show that, on an average, a man per day is devoured by these terrible animals; and as the Chinese and Malays, who are almost the sole victims, seldom report to the magistrates the disappearance of their friends, we may, without fear of exaggeration, presume that about seven hundred persons are annually devoured in a single island which has but a few leagues of surface.

The most curious fact is, that when the English established themselves at Singapore, about 40 years ago, it was on record among the Malay fishermen who inhabited it that no tiger had ever been seen there, and, in fact, during the first five or six years, none appeared; but, contrary to what one would have supposed, in proportion as the island obtained considerable population, it received a numerous emigration of tigers, which swam across the Straits of Malacca. M. de Casteinau relates an extraordinary instance of the audacity of these formidable brutes, which appear to have become very much emboldened by the cowardice of the natives. Forty or fifty men had formed a sort of village in an island; a band of tigers swam to attack them, and, in spite of a desperate resistance, carried off twenty of the inhabitants of the village. Although a considerable premium is paid for every tiger's head, the natives dare not hurt them, and it is rare even that they attempt to defend themselves when attacked.

Southern Factories.

In an article on this subject, the New Orleans Picayune shows that the southern States have accomplished far more than they receive credit for in the way of manufacturing their own cotton and woolen goods, while a steady progress is making in this direction. It says:

"In South Carolina, as far back as 1850, there were eighteen cotton factories, which were worked with credit.

"In Georgia thirty-five cotton factories then were in full operation, with a capital of $1,736,156, producing 7,269,292 yards of sheetings, and 4,198,351 pounds of yarn.—Three woolen factories were also in full tide of successful experiment, manufacturing 340,660 yards of cloth.

"In Alabama were found thirteen cotton factories, with a capital of $681,900, and three woolen factories, which returned handsome annual profits.

"In Louisiana a beginning had been made; two cotton factories having commenced operations.

"Kentucky and Tennessee had embarked more largely in this species of industry, the former containing eight cotton and twenty-seven woolen factories, the latter thirty-three cotton and four woolen factories.

"These facts, true in 1850, do not present the condition of southern manufacturing companies in 1859. We have made a progress in this department of industry really creditable, and the influence of the success of such undertakings upon public sentiment will undoubtedly render our advance in manufacturing for our home wants a noticeable point of the next census."

SUBTERRANEAN FIRE IN BELGIUM.—The Union, of Charleroi, in Belgium, says:

For some days, and especially for some nights past, flames of a bluish color are to be seen in the neighborhood of the village of Falisole, and they leave after them a strong sulphurous smell. They come from the bed of coal called the Grande Mass, which has been burning under ground for about forty years, in spite of all efforts to extinguish or check the conflagration. The soil above the Grande Mass contains numerous crevices, from which puffs of heat often come; the crops on it ripen two or three weeks sooner than on other land, and in winter the snow always melts; while from an abandoned well smoke continually arises. This subterranean fire, the only one which exists in Belgium, is said to have been wilfully occasioned by some of the inhabitants of Falisole, as an act of spite to other inhabitants of the village for having extracted more coal than the former thought right—the pit being common property.

The following slanderous paragraph goes unrebuked: A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first of them as a secret.

A dandy with a cigar in his mouth entered a menagerie, when the clown requested him to take it out of his mouth, as he might learn the other monkeys bad habits.

"Are you the mate?" said an Irishman in New Orleans to the cook of a ship lying in port. "No," said he, "but I'm the man as boils the mate."

Some bachelors join the army because they like war, and some married men because they like peace.

☞A Planters' Convention was held at Nashville, (Tenn.) on the 10th inst, which passed resolutions recommending to the several Southern States the establishment of State Boards of Agriculture, with auxiliary county societies; the adoption of a plan for collecting and publishing annual agricultural statistics, and semi-monthly reports of the growing cotton crops in all the counties of each State; also appointing a committee to apply through Congress, to the Navy Department for a corps of engineers to survey the Mississippi Valley, with a view to the improvement of the levee system; also recommending the publication of a periodical to be devoted to the cotton and sugar interest. The next Convention will be held at Holly Springs, (Miss.,) on the first Monday of October, 1860.

A major of the rural militia, 65 years old, near Havana, Cuba, recently fought a duel with swords, and killed his adversary, a young man. The second then took up the quarrel, and he too was killed by a thrust of the major's sword; a cousin of the principal next stepped forward, and was also killed; lastly a friend of all the others felt bound to avenge their deaths, but, upon receiving a rather severe wound, declared himself satisfied. The victorious duelist, in full uniform, went to Havana and presented himself to the Captain General, who, without depriving him of his sword, pointed out a room for him to occupy, and placed a "guard of honor" at the door. It is believed he will be acquitted by the military court before which he is to be tried.

Cologne is not the only European city whose "speciality" is a smell. An American traveler who recently visited Berne, thus expiates upon the peculiar perfume which pervades the air of that city: "Did anything ever smell so bad as Swiss cheese?—You can imagine the delights of a residence in Berne, when I tell you that Berne is one great warehouse for Swiss cheese—that it is pervaded by a smell of cheese—that the fresh air of your morning walks, and the still atmosphere of your room, and the dignified enjoyment of your dinner, are all spoiled by the odor of cheese. Cheese is the Bernese ottar of roses."

A preacher lately said in his sermon, "let women remember while putting on their profuse and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

It does not necessarily follow that a man is a christian because he belongs to a church, any more than it follows that a man is a dog because his name is Growler.

Take good care of your cattle and horses, for they are your own flesh and blood.

A married lady in Loudon county, Virginia, is laid to weigh five hundred and fifty-three pounds. Her husband is *a great lady's man.*

Perhaps as a general rule complete ignorance is better than ill-digested erudition.

"I would thank you, sir, to let me alone." "I will, sir, if you will let me *a loan.*"

Practiced pickpockets and true philosophers take things easy.

What difference is there between a bantam cock and a dirty housemaid?—The one is a domestic fowl, and the other a foul domestic.

Why are many inkeepers' wives like generals?—Because they are *rulers of hosts.*

A coffin (said an Irishman) is the house a man lives in when he is dead.

It is a somewhat singular fact that, restless as is the ocean, the path of your ship is the only part of it that is really *a wake!*

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