

Boston, Sept. 11, 1846.

Editors of the Picayune:—In my own native city, a refugee from the fury of the Abolitionists, I address you on a grave subject, though it has placed me in the midst of many a comical and ludicrous scene.

I cleared at your port on the 9th, and sailed on the 10th of August, in command of the brig *Ottoman*, for Boston. Seven days out a mulatto slave was found secreted in the fore peak; I kept a look-out at the mast-head, in the hope of finding some vessel by which to send him back, but unfortunately did not succeed; kept on my way, and arrived off Boston light at 1 on the morning of the 7th.—Here I placed the runaway on board of a pilot-boat for safe keeping till 1, A. M., the next day, when I arrived from town according to agreement, and took the ducky in my boat, which contained, besides myself, a trusty friend, a boy of sixteen, and a boatman. Agreeable to arrangements in town, I was to await the bark *Niagara*, to sail next day for New Orleans. That night an easterly gale commenced, and next day no *Niagara* came. Unable to weather it any longer in the lower harbor, I kept her away for Spectacle Island. There, as ill-luck would have it, while taking "a drop of consolation" at the hotel, the negro gave me the slip, and with the boat made sail for South Boston Point; post haste we followed in another boat, but he landed about ten minutes ahead. We took after him, through corn-fields and over fences, till finally, after a chase of two miles, I secured him just as he reached the bridge. Accusing him of theft, I marched him, arm in arm, towards the Point, followed by a crowd of men and boys—a friend came up with a team, when I drove to the Point, and we took to our boats and were off.

The news of the escape and capture spread through the city—officers were despatched in all directions—\$100 reward was offered for the "kidnapper-captain and pirate-boat Warren." That night we lay at anchor under Lovell's Island—the easterly blow continued—we dared not venture farther out. Next morning our case was desperate. Out of water and provisions, I beat down to the outer island in the harbor, (an uninhabited pile of barren rocks,) landed with the darkey and boy, and sent my companions to town for supplies and another boat, while we remained hid in the gullies of the rocks. They returned at night with the "Vision," the fastest sailer in the bay, and took us off. So hotly were they pursued in town, that the only refreshments they were enabled to obtain were gin and crackers, and on these we subsisted during the remainder of the expedition. We now stood for sea, and waited for the *Niagara* till 2, P. M., the next day, (the 12th,) when she came out in tow of a steamer. I put him on board as the steamer left, giving Capt. Rea letters explanatory of the whole affair. No sooner had I left the bark than I discovered a steamer making directly for us.—Knowing she could chase but one, I steered a course opposite to the *Niagara*, till the steamer came up and ordered me to heave to; this for some time I refused to do, wishing to delay them as long as possible, in order to give the *Niagara* a chance to get clear. Bayonets glistened in all parts of the boat; darkies were there of every hue, crying out, "Run him down," "Fire into him," &c.—After this was hushed, and I had brought them to terms of civility, I hove to, and received on board two officers, who examined the craft; not finding the objects of their search, they went on board the steamer and put off for the bark; but they had wasted too much time with me—the *Niagara* was well out to sea, with a fine breeze. The abolitionists, after chasing her a few miles, became sea-sick, and commenced casting up their accounts; the balance was in favor of returning home, and back they went, to wreak their vengeance on your humble servant—humble enough, God knows, though elevated to garret life.

Stigmatized as a slave-stealer at the South—branded as a kidnapper at the North—my situation is anything but enviable. The journals here are bitter against me, and accuse me of interested motives. On the contrary, with a hundred dollars reward against me, I have been obliged to spend a like sum in order to re-ship the negro to his master. John H. Pearson, Esq., a merchant of this city, well known for his integrity, is the owner of the *Niagara* and *Ottoman*, and sanctions my proceedings. This is my lengthy story; lay it before your readers, that they may know we are not all abolitionists, and that the reputation of our beautiful city may not suffer through their disgraceful proceedings.

Very respectfully yours, gentlemen,
JAMES W. HANNUM,
Master brig *Ottoman*.

SELECTIONS.

STEAM AND ROMANCE.—Wherever the steamboat touches the shore, adventure retreats into the interior, and what is called romance, vanishes. It won't hear the vulgar gaze; or, rather, the light of the common day puts it out, and it is only in the dark that it shines at all. There are no cursing and insulting of *Giaours* now. If a Cockney looks or behaves in a particularly ridiculous way, the little Turks come out and laugh at him. A Londoner is no longer a spittoon for true believers; and now that dark Hassan sits in divan and drinks champagne, and Selim has a French watch, and Zuelika perhaps takes Morrison's pills, Byronism becomes absurd instead of sublime, and is only a foolish expression of Cockney wonder. They still occasionally beat a man for going into a mosque, but this is almost the

only sign of ferocious vitality left in the Turk of the Mediterranean coast, and strangers may enter scores of mosques without molestation. The paddle-wheel is the great conqueror. Wherever the captain cries "Stop her!" civilisation stops and lands in the ship's boat, and makes a permanent acquaintance with the savages on shore. Whole hosts of crusaders have passed and died, and butchered here in vain. But to manufacture European iron into pikes and helmets was a waste of metal; in the shape of piston-rods and furnace-pokers it is irresistible; and I think an allegory might be made showing how much stronger commerce is than chivalry, and finishing with a grand image of Mahomet's crescent being extinguished in Fulton's boiler.—*Tilmarsh's Cornhill to Cairo*.

THE WAGES OF AGITATION.—Wm. Wilberforce began life as a country gentleman, with an income of £12,000 a year. He toiled through more than thirty years of Parliamentary strife, paying largely, year by year, the expenses of his warfare with slavery; and died at last, having just witnessed the triumph of the cause to which he had sacrificed his life and fortune, and having just sold his last acre! An offer was made to him, at the close of his career, to purchase for him, by a private subscription, a new estate, as the gift of the grateful British people. The other was thankfully but firmly declined; though he who refused it had to take shelter under the roof of his son's parsonage.

"PUT DOWN THAT NOVEL."—It is giving you wrong views of human life, of mankind, of domestic relations, and of social duties. It is awakening emotions far from serious or proper. It is consuming that time which you might occupy in the perusal of some standard, historic, or scientific, or religious work, which would furnish you with solid information. It is enfeebling your mind, instead of giving you that wholesome nutriment which it needs. It is forming an indisposition for secret prayer, and for all self-denying duties. It is drawing the heart away from holiness and God.—*Churchman's Magazine*.

BIBLE AND NO BIBLE.—Tell me where the Bible is and where it is not, and I will write a moral geography of the world. I will show what, in all particulars, is the physical condition of that people. One glance of your eye will inform you where the Bible is and where it is not. Go to Italy—decay, degradation, suffering, meet you on every side. Commerce droops, agriculture sickens, the useful arts languish. There is a heaviness in the air; you feel cramped by some invisible but mighty power. The people dare not speak aloud—they walk slowly—an armed soldiery is around their dwellings—the armed police take from the stranger his Bible, before he enters the territory. Ask for the Bible in the book-stores; it is not there, or in a form so large and extensive as to be beyond the reach of the common people. The preacher takes no text from the Bible. Enter the Vatican, and inquire for a Bible, and you will be pointed to some case where it reposes among prohibited books, side by side with the works of Diderot, Rousseau, and Voltaire. But pass over the Alps into Switzerland, and down the Rhine into Holland, and over the Channel to England and Scotland, and what an amazing contrast meets the eye! Men look with an air of independence; there are industry, neatness, instruction for children.—Why this difference? There is no brighter sky—there are no fairer scenes of nature—but they have the Bible; and happy are the people who are in such a case, for it is righteousness that exalteth a nation.—*Dr. Adams*.

DAMP WALLS.—The question of "damp walls" is one intimately connected with domestic economy, and in which the invalid is especially interested. When damp walls proceed from *deliquescence* in the case of muriate of soda, &c., an intimate combination with the sand used for the mortar, it is merely necessary to wash the wall with a strong solution of alum. This converts the *deliquescent* salt into a *efflorescent* one, and the cure is complete; or alum may be added to the plaster in the first instance. When dampness arises in the walls by capillary attraction from the foundation, it resolves into a question altogether different; but, in the majority of cases, the dampness springs from the employment of sea sand, or, at any rate, sand impregnated with a *deliquescent* salt.—*Mining Journal*.

VALUE OF COB MEAL.—It has been the opinion of most farmers that corn cobs were of little or no value, and they have generally thrown them aside as of no use except for manure. The experience of some who have formerly fed corn and meal, and the anticipated scarcity of hay, have led nearly all our corn-growers to turn their cobs into food for their stock. To show something of the extent to which it has been used here, the following will give you some data to judge from. One mill in this town has, within the last three months, ground more than 5,000 bushels of cobs, besides a large quantity of corn in the ear. This fact, I think, proves quite conclusively that cob meal is valuable as an article of food for stock. Indeed the opinion which is expressed by those who have used it, is altogether in its favour. When they get out their corn, it is not threshed entirely clean; some three to fifteen bushels of corn are left on the cobs. They are kept clean as possible till ground into meal. Cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs, eat it readily without adding other grain. When fed to cattle, in addition to hay, a marked difference in their condition and appearance is seen from those fed on hay without the meal. Some feeders mix it with other grain, roots, &c., with marked profit and success. When fed with oil-cake it is found to answer an excellent purpose, as it takes up all oil without waste.—*Albany Cultivator*.