

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, July 31, 1843.

The first thing that every one does, after picking his cabin, and following his baggage across the green to his tenement, is to ask "for the Springs," and start off down the slope towards it. Now there is but little need to ask where is the Spring, for it is within a hundred yards of it, only "follow your nose" and you come to the spot. "First impressions are strongest," it is said. If so, mine were very strong: when I brought up at the edge, and looked down into the pure and limpid basin, I verily thought I had trodden into a nest of addled eggs! Most portentous and diabolical of smells, is sulphuretted hydrogen! You have ridden, however, four hundred miles to get at this reservoir of secrets; and with grim desperation you seize the rattan dipper with a tumbler in the loop, and plunge it in the spring; as you bring up the tumbler to your mouth, the indignant nose curls upwards—you force an agonizing grin—there are half a dozen seasoned boarders watching your face—you give one desperate gulp, and down slides the water. Palt! Gun barrel rinsings are palatable to this; "some civet, good agogheary." You feel like chewing a piece of assafatida to sweeten your breath, and you pelt headlong up hill, in horrid consternation at your fate, of being doomed to drink such "damnable decoctions." And this, oh reader, is your first drink at the White Sulphur.

It comes to pass, however, and it is a refreshing illustration of that novel remark, "that tastes differ," that at your next trial, you find under the dome a group of ladies. See! absolutely, that delicate girl has a tumbler full at her mouth, and with the crook of the elbow, in passes, "twixt her pearly teeth," the sulphur water. What, again! Even so; another dip, and another quaffing, and then a rich-ringing voice peals in your ear—"how refreshing it is!" If every feminine here be not a "Brimstone Bess" there is no virtue in sulphur, and all matches matrimonial, here made, are blessed by Lucifer, past doubt. Strange as it may seem, in some three days' time you take to the water, or rather it takes you, and from thence, henceforward, you suck in the distillment like mother's milk, to the rate of some dozen half pint tumblers per day.

Next to the water in strangeness, stands the "band" which does the harmonies. As wind instruments they are unsurpassed. All the bulls of Bashan, with each his particular colic, could not so roar and groan like that trombone and horn. Banks blow up, so do steamboats, and ditto locomotives; "hilers" have been known to "bust," and history records an exploded frog, but that leader cannot blow out! They play you into dinner too for the express purpose, no doubt, of setting your teeth on edge. I have heard many melodies, but never, until of late, did I hear Jim Crow, Hail Columbia, the Cracovienne and the Marseilles Hymn, mixed up like chowder for an original melody.

Touching the table and fare—the great resource of this pleasure-hunter—I am constrained to say, it is very bad. This failure in eatables has always been the fault of this place, and, so long as it remains in its present ownership, will probably always continue. The old Mr. Caldwell gives no attention, and his seven sons, having each his particular hobby, appear to regard the Springs as established for the purpose of finding them in company and pocket money. The cooking is infamous—nothing well boiled, baked or roasted, that I have yet found, and no variety. We have no venison; but plenty of hot bread, tough beef and mutton, with potatoes, form the standing dishes. The tables are clearly served, and thus far there has been enough, such as it is. The pastry is hot pies, of green apples and dried peaches, with star-formed chunks of stubborn paste, scored on their tops with a drop of sweetmeat; and called tartlets. The crying evils, however, are the private servants and private dishes—two shameful abuses at a public table. A wealthy invader brings his servant with him at his chair back, and the sole business of this harpy is to pillage the table of its best viands for his master's benefit. Those who bring no servants soon discover "this won't do," and bribe the waiter in their vicinity, who runs off to the kitchen, selects a dish, brings it before you, and the dish is your "private property," being specially paid for—and you are justified in "kicking up a shindy" with any interloper in your mess. Besides these, there are a set of young port, and impudent mulatto girls, who cater for the various inmates of the cabins who do not choose, or cannot come to meals; and these damselfaces race about the dining room, emptying a milk picher here, carrying off a butter plate there, and foraging in all quarters for their waters, which you soon perceive balanced on the head, and crossing the green. Now if a man does not bribe or behave like a wolf, and snatch and growl while he is eating what becomes of him? I advise no despicible to come here unless his pockets be full, and it is to me a serious question, if the benefit I derive from the water be not counterbalanced by the errors of diet I must commit, or else starve. Great is the pity that this beautiful place should be thus injured. The bedding and rooms are excellent, and so is the other attendance, but the "table has ever been, I am told, bad—and is the cause of the gradual decay this place is undergoing. I hear there is a prospect that the property will pass into other hands; Heaven speed it, say I, if it reforms the dining room. Mr. King, the general manager of the place is a courteous gentleman, civil and obliging, and well merits all the praise he receives, and I lay the sins of the

dining room on other shoulders than his. The fault is with the proprietors, for all the other Springs have excellent tables; they deserve to be lashed, for they charge the highest, and have been remonstrated with over and again, that if they would not give a rich table, at least to set a plain table of well cooked food. To which, the answer is: "We sell you the water and give you the eating!"

Reduction and Rescues

The N. Y. Courier says: "On Thursday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, a shore boat rowed by one man, and containing a young female, came alongside the U. S. ship Independence, lying off Ellis Island, and on being hailed, the female desired to know if Midshipman —, was on board. On being answered in the affirmative, she insisted upon seeing him, but the officer of the deck, told her it was impossible, as not only the regulations of the ship, but the rules of the service forbade it. She urged, implored and entreated, but the officer, actuated by a stern sense of duty, was still compelled to adhere to his original resolution of refusing her admittance on board. Finding that he was inexorable, the young girl, without a moment's thought, sprang from the boat, in which she had been standing, and sunk. A seaman who had been standing in the fore chains, listening to the girl's conversation, saw her make the spring, and as she touched the water he sprang overboard after her, and a few lusty strokes brought him to the spot as she arose. He seized her, and holding her up, the shore boat dropped along side of them and took in the unfortunate girl and her gallant preserver.

The officer of the deck had her brought on board, and surmising that something extraordinary must have occurred to induce the female to attempt suicide, he summoned the first lieutenant. When he reached the deck he drew from her a history of the causes which brought her out at that hour of the night in such a place, and it was one of love, confidence, rain, and subsequent desertion.

The Midshipman who was the cause of the poor girl's troubles was called on deck, and being confronted with her, was at once recognized. What steps the first lieutenant then took with the recreant officer we are ignorant of as yet, but the young girl was sent on shore, having first given her address, with the assurance that full and ample justice should be done as soon as the Commodore arrives.

STATE IMPROVEMENTS UNITED BY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.—Next to the Erie Railroad, we know of no improvement which is of so much importance to the Southern and Western part of New York as the completion of the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad. This road, 25 miles of which are already completed and in operation, unites the Chemung division of the Erie Canal at Elmira with the Pennsylvania Canal at Williamsport. The road passes through the iron and coal regions of Pennsylvania, and will afford altogether the cheapest and best route for the conveyance of these articles into the western and middle parts of New York; while plaster and salt will find its way from this State, over the same road, into the heart of Pennsylvania. We are informed that it is in contemplation to push the work on to completion without delay. We will recur to the subject again in a day or two.—N. Y. Tribune.

BRITISH ESPIONAGE.—The New York Herald says:—We have in our hand a circular of the English government, signed by Lord Aberdeen, and addressed to all its commercial and other agents in this country, requiring the most minute information in relation to slaves and slavery in all its details—the physical force of the negroes—their relations to their masters—their general treatment, general character and propensities, &c. &c. with very full statements as to sources of information, means of judging, &c. The end and object of all this espionage has not transpired; but it is pregnant with meaning, if we consider the many points in dispute between the two countries. The circular appears to have been issued immediately on the promulgation of the threat in the United States Senate in relation to the Oregon question.

A CHARLESTOWN BOY.—It happened at the commencement of the late war, when the English held possession of Boston, that a garden of a widow woman in Charlestown, lying near Charles River, was wont to be robbed at night by some one who passed in a boat. Her son, a mere boy, and little of his age, asked leave for finding out and securing the pilferer, in case he should return, which being granted, he concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A British grenadier, a strapping highlander, came and filled his large bag; when he had it on his shoulder, the boy left his covert, came softly behind him, cocked his gun and called out to the fellow, "You are my prisoner; if you attempt to throw down your bag, I will shoot you dead; go forward in that road." The boy kept close to him, threatened, and was always prepared to execute his threat. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp; where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down the bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was most horribly mortified, and exclaimed—"A British grenadier made prisoner by such a brat! by such a brat!"

Girls who eat heartily love heartily also—so says the Aurora—a fact which establishes a remarkable sympathy between the stomach and the heart.

Pretty Good.—An exchange paper asks, Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop?—and answers, Because it contains foul in pieces.

Not Dead, But Married.—Major Nish's new paper has been united with the Sunday Times.



Saturday, August 12, 1843.

FOR SALE.—A fresh supply of printing paper, viz: 100 reams similar in size and quality to the sheet on which this is printed. Also 60 reams of super royal, 21 by 28 inches, all of which will be sold at the mill price.

V. B. PALMER, Esq., at his Real Estate and Coal office, No. 59 Pine Street, Philadelphia, is authorized to act as Agent, and to receive and receipt for all monies due this office, for subscription or advertising.

On our first page will be found a number of interesting articles. Among them is a letter purporting to be written by Audubon, from the Rocky Mountains, describing a new species of animal, which he discovered. The whole thing is of course a hoax, as glaring, and about as probable as the celebrated moon story.

GREAT FLOOD.—In another column we publish an account of one of the most destructive floods that has ever occurred in this state. The rain, though heavy in this neighborhood, did no damage that we have heard of, but on the contrary is exceedingly beneficial to the growing crops. Great damage was done in Philadelphia, by unroofing a number of houses and demolishing others. Forty or fifty vessels, lying in the harbor, were more or less injured. The greatest violence of the tornado was, however, spent in and about Chester. Upwards of fifty bridges were carried away, and in some instances, houses swept off by the flood before the inmates could escape.

During the Sessions on Monday last, Judge Donnel distinctly stated, while passing sentence in a case of Assault and Battery, that hereafter, in all such cases when the person is convicted, he will have mercy on him, not only a fine, which has been the usual punishment, but an order, by which he will be enabled to take board and lodging in the jail, and familiarize himself with the rules and regulations of the Institution over which Sheriff Mauer, at present, presides.

CONGRESS.—The democratic convention of delegates to nominate a candidate for Congress, met at New Berlin, on Monday last. The Hon. JOHN SNYDER was nominated by the large vote of 26 to 10 over his competitor, Gen. Abbot Greene. The township delegates for this county will be elected this day, (Saturday,) and assemble in convention on Monday next, at the court house, in this place.

UNION COUNTY.—Col. Reber was almost unanimously nominated by the delegate convention, for Assembly. Henry C. Eyer, Esq. was elected the senatorial, and John Cummings, Jr., the representative Delegate to the convention, to be held at Harrisburg on the 5th of September, to nominate candidates for canal commissioners. Wm. Cameron, Esq. and Capt. John Forster were appointed congressional aids, to meet the conferees of Northumberland, Lycoming and Clinton counties.

UNION STAR.—This paper, formerly conducted by Israel Gutelius, has passed into the hands of Michael H. Weaver, Esq.—Mr. Weaver is a shrewd and intelligent observer of events, and will no doubt conduct the Star with ability, and credit to himself.

Two Pirates, named David Babe and Geo. Mathews, were arrested a few days since in New York, by the marshal.

The Boatmen on the Lehigh refuse to come to any terms whatever, except such as they choose to dictate. The employers have agreed to pay them hereafter in part funds, but they refuse, unless higher rates of freight are also given. The Boatmen have blocked up the navigation with their boats, and refuse to permit any one to pass. The civil authorities are not strong enough to act in the matter, and the military refuse to take any part. On Wednesday last, the Directors of the Company held a meeting, at which they resolved that on Saturday they would cease to make any further attempt to conciliate the boatmen, but proceed at once to stop all business, by drawing the water from the canal, and discharging all the miners, laborers, and lock-tenders in their employ.

Cloaks, it seems, are not fashionable in Ireland, except with the poor women, many of whom have nothing but a blanket to cover themselves with.

Mr. Weed, the editor of the Albany Evening Journal, who is now travelling in Europe, has written several entertaining letters from Ireland. In his last letter, dated at Dublin, he furnishes the following anecdote:

"The afternoon was wet and cold. In going out, I wore my cloak—prized more from the fact that it was a New Year's present (in 1835) from much valued Whig friends, than for its intrinsic value.—Finding myself an object of that attention that proves any thing but agreeable, I returned to the Hotel, and asked the civil porter who stands in the hall, what there was about me that made people stare! 'It's your honor's cloak, sir. Sure, it is a very decent garment, but the gentlemen have given them up intirely. Nobody wears cloaks now, but the poor women creatures!' So that in this particular, at least, I shall have to change my habit."

They make nearly a million and a quarter yards of cotton cloth at Lowell, per week; employ about 9000 operatives—(6375 female)—and use 434,000 lbs. of raw cotton per week. The annual amount of raw cotton used is 22,568,000 lbs., enough to load 50 ships of 350 tons each, and of cotton manufactured, 70,275,910 yards—100 lbs. of cotton will produce 89 yards of cloth.

At a meeting of the members of the Bar of Northumberland county, held in the court house in Sunbury, August 9th, 1843, Hon. CHARLES G. DONNEL was called to the chair, and James Pollock, Esq. appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting having been stated, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas we have heard, with much regret, of the death of JOSEPH EVERARD, Esq., a member of the Bar of this county. Therefore

Resolved, That whilst we deplore the sudden and unexpected death of our late fellow member, Joseph Everard, Esq., whose amiable and gentlemanly deportment endeared him to all who knew him, we would still bow in submission to the dispensations of that Providence, whose ways, though mysterious, are always just and wise.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved widow of the deceased, and his aged and widowed mother, and would commend them to the protection of that God who has promised to be the husband of the widow, the orphan's stay and the stranger's guide.

Resolved, That the members of the Bar be requested, as a testimonial of respect to the memory of the deceased, to wear crapes on the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings, signed by the officers, be forwarded to the widow and mother of the deceased. C. G. DONNEL, Chairman. JAMES POLLOCK, Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Editorial, Condensed and Selected. The Locusts have entirely disappeared from Virginia.

A canal boat arrived at Rochester, N. Y., from Buffalo, with 3500 bushels of wheat.

Senator Tallmadge and family are in Wisconsin, and think of settling near Milwaukee.

Willis insists that D'Orazay and Blessington are in this country. Who killed Cock Robin?

The editor of the New Haven Daily Herald, has peared, taken from a tree full two hundred years old.

Bountiful Donation.—A messenger, says the Christian Watchman, entered the rooms of the General Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions in New York, and counted out ten one thousand dollar bank notes, saying it was for the mission to China, and no questions were to be asked as to the donors.

The New York Express says that the owners of the steamers Portland and Fairfield, are to receive \$4000, for towing the U. S. ship Franklin from New York to Boston.

Lemonade Sugar.—An establishment for the manufacture of this article has been opened in New York. This sugar, with which the acid juice of the lemon is chemically combined, needs only to be put into water to make excellent lemonade.

A grocer of Cincinnati was recently mulcted in \$50 for kicking a man, named Bang, out of his store. The defendant remarked that he thought it hard that he should be fined for using his foot as a Bangstarter.

Paying Dear.—A leading member of the French Chamber of Deputies, asserted in a late debate that the death of Arab, in the war at Algiers, had cost France thirty-three men and one hundred and fifty thousand francs.

A beggar, 60 years old, was recently arrested near Paris, on whom 14,000 francs in gold were found.

Wooden clocks, manufactured in this country, have a ready sale in England. Two thousand were taken to Liverpool in one vessel recently.

Every time a beautiful woman looks into a mirror, she breaks the second commandment. She makes a likeness of herself and worships it.

The officers of the U. S. ship Levant, have abolished the use of wine, and the crew have stopped their gag. Excellent.

A flash of lightning fired two guns and exploded a powder flask, in the house of Mr. T. B. Dawson, of Talbot county, Md.

Seventy-two of the crew of the U. S. steamer Missouri, have signed the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

Mr. Cushing's Coat.—The Washington correspondent of the N. York True Sun, says that coat did not cost \$700—\$105 was the price paid, exactly.

Lady Blessington has said that "a love match is an alliance formed by people who pay for a month of honey with a life of vinegar." Yes, doubtless, in her case.

The ship Berlin just loaded at Boston, for N. Orleans, carries out the largest cargo which has ever gone from that port during the past three years! Estimated value, \$450,000.

Broad as it is Long.—Dixon H. Lewis, said to be the broadest man in Alabama, is now running as a democratic candidate against Col. Henry C. Lea, the tallest man in the same State.

Among the new enterprises recently started in Cincinnati, are three establishments for the manufacture of lined oil, which turn out 1500 gallons per day.

London.—The average number of deaths in London per week, is about 900. This average is obtained from the official report of the three years past.

Two jet black dogs, without a particle of hair recently arrived at N. York, from Canton, and are spoken of as great curiosities.

The drought has been so severe in the Connecticut Valley, that some of the farmers have been obliged to feed out hay to their cattle, there being no grass in the fields.

The Scottish seceding clergyman cannot be accused of interested motives. It is stated that the value of the revenues they resign is estimated at a million and a half sterling annually.

The circulation is about one million—the whole banking capital being \$7,500,000.

The lamp-posts in Cincinnati are all to be taken down, and the city is hereafter to be lighted with live pig tails. The pigs squeal at one end, and give light at the other. We always expected to see a great light in the West, but we never thought it would come from such a source.

Killed.—John H. Rice, of Ashby, Mass. had his brains blown out on the 29th, by undertaking to blow the smoke out of the just discharged barrel of a double-barrelled gun, while the other barrel remained loaded. This was somehow discharged, killing him instantly.

Safe Seal.—A letter closed with the white of an egg, cannot be opened by the steam of boiling water, like a wafer, as the heat only adds to its firmness.

We select for the benefit of ladies the following directions for the removing fruit stains and iron mould from linen and cotton. Moisten the part stained with cold water, then hold it over the smoke of burning brimstone and the stain will disappear.

Yankessa heat out.—A fellow has been arrested at Oswego, N. Y. for counterfeiting fresh Perch by sewing the heads of those fish to the bodies of suckers.

The Mississippi river is rapidly falling off, and we fear will not only be confined to its bed, but also extremely low before the close of the sickly season.

Chelsea Walking Match.—The Boston Transcript says, Elworth and Fogg have nearly accomplished their first 100 miles, both in good condition and health.

The Tallahassee Fire.—A man of the name of John Daly, who was cook at the Washington Hotel at the time of the great fire in Tallahassee, has been arrested and committed to jail, charged with having confessed, on different occasions, that he set fire to the town.

Quicksilver Mine in France.—M. Arago recently imparted to the Academy of Science information of the discovery of a quicksilver mine in the neighborhood of Toulouse. The announcement is said to have created some sensation in the public mind.

The use of opium is said to be fast gaining ground in the manufacturing districts of England, to allay the pangs of hunger.

A PROPER AND IMPORTANT DECISION.—A London paper says: "Sir J. K. Bruce gave judgment in the Vice Chancery's Court last week on a point respecting wills. A testator in 1834 made a will, by which he gave a share of his estate to his daughter and her issue; but by a codicil, added in 1836, he provided that his property should pass over to other persons if his daughter should ever marry. The daughter did marry, and the other persons stepped forward to claim the money.—The Judge said that all such restraints upon marriages were void by the English law; and the declaration of the Court was that the lady should keep the money.

From the Philadelphia Ledger. TERRIBLE STORM AT PHILADELPHIA. On Saturday, this section of country was visited by the most terrific storm that has been witnessed for many years. The rain commenced falling about 8 o'clock in the morning, and continued, with but little intermission, throughout the day. About 7 o'clock in the evening, however, it was at its height, pouring down in torrents, overflowing the streets in every direction, and flooding the cellars of houses in various portions of the city. The rain was accompanied by lightning and heavy claps of thunder. Dock street, from Third to the river, was one sheet of water, about four feet deep, filling the cellars along the whole line, and destroying a large amount of property. The basement at the corner of Third and Dock streets, occupied by Mr. Henry Jordan, as a publication office, was overflowed, and the books and papers were floating about. We understand that Mr. J.'s loss amounts to about \$200. Among the sufferers were Messrs. Webb & Pool, grocers at the corner of Second and Dock streets, their cellar being full of water, and a quantity of sugars, &c. were injured. The cellars in that neighborhood were filled, and the lower floors of the houses had about two feet and a half of water in them.

The basement stores at the corner of Fourth and Market streets, to which so much injury was done last year, were again inundated. Mr. Fritz, who occupies the basement, No. 6, as a whip store, had, as he thought, secured his premises from intrusion, but the water entering the store No. 8, filled it, and the pressure was so great that the partition walls, which separated it from Mr. Fritz's, were burst in and the inundation became general. A large amount of property was destroyed in these cellars, consisting of silks, &c. under the store of Messrs. Wood & Inskeep, whips, &c. in the store of Mr. Fritz, and hats and caps in the store of Mr. Oliver Thatcher.

At the corner of Eighth and Market the cellars were overflowed. Also the cellars at the corner of Six and Race streets. At Fourth and South streets the water rose to a considerable height, overflowing the pavements, and the cellars in the neighborhood have about eight feet of water in them. The cellars of a row of brick houses in Spruce street, below Twelfth, were also filled, and in several places the arches of the pavement have caved in. The brick work of the areas has also given way. The water rushed down the streets in torrents, and when the currents intersected, it arose to an enormous height. In Sixth street, near Catharine, the flood rushed into the doors of the poor people in that neighborhood, setting the furniture, &c. completely adrift. The house of Mr. Hanly, on Passayunk road, a short distance above Christian street, was unroofed for the purpose of adding another story to it, and the result was that the rain broke through the awning which had been hoisted over it as a protection, and flooded the whole house, injuring his furniture, and doing about \$1000 worth of damage to silks, &c. which he had in his store.

Great Flood at Chester, and Loss of Life and Property!

The storm of Saturday last prevented the Southern mail from reaching this city by the regular route. The following letter, which we have received from Chester, by a private hand, gives a full account of the terrible disasters in that neighborhood. It bears the date of Sunday, and comes from a gentleman who was in the vicinity at the time.—

Chester and its vicinity are howled down beneath the chastening hand of Providence. The borough and its neighborhood present scenes of desolation, such as the absence of the terrors of war, have never been witnessed in this State. Our shores are strewn with wrecks, our streets filled with ruins, and from every acion we hear tales of terror and desolation and death, sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. The recent rain had fully saturated the soil, and that of yesterday flowed from the surface. In the afternoon the rain began heavy beyond description. It fell as if in a mass. The very hills were sheeted with water; and in the valleys, runlets became creeks and creeks were swollen into rivers. A freshet was, of course, anticipated; but a flood, such as ensued, could not have been apprehended. It is said that the passengers in the afternoon boats saw a water-spout burst upon the heights between Ridley and Chester Creeks; but, though an ordinary fall of rain, however copious, seems inadequate to have produced the subsequent flood, there is no satisfactory evidence of the existence of a water-spout. About six o'clock, it was found that Chester Creek was rapidly rising. Every effort was instantly made to place such property as was movable out of the reach of danger; but so instantaneous was the swell of water, that the next moment left no feeling but the instinct of self preservation. The stream rose, it is said by some, six feet in five minutes; others aver that it rose six feet in one minute. The water poured down as if a wave of the sea had been swept on by an earthquake. In about two hours it had risen twenty-three feet. The neighboring creeks were swollen in the same proportion; and the roar of the impetuous torrents rang for miles through the country. The floods swept irresistibly onward. The dams built for its restraint were as reeds before the ocean that rushed by: the channels were lost, and the vast volume of water spread over the plain, tearing up the largest trees, and sweeping factories and buildings, like bubbles, upon its surface.

Fortunately this took place before dark, or the scene would have been even more terrible than it was. In Chester, the torrent rose as if by magic, and swept angrily through the streets. The buildings which were most frail were swept away; and from others, females were borne through the angry and rushing waters, half dead with fright. Houses, dams, bridges, boats and an immense mass of lumber, furniture, mill-wheels, &c., shot by upon the rain; the rail road bridge, built at an enormous expense, was lifted from its foundations and flung down the stream. The next to follow was the suspension bridge. This structure was one of which every enlightened American was proud, as it was the first chain-bridge built in the world. Europe has since claimed the invention; but here stands a! alas! it stands no longer!—the proof, erected thirty years ago, that to America belongs the credit of having invented and constructed the first suspension bridge. When the mass of matter, which shot upon the straggling and roaring torrent, struck the bridge, it swayed and groaned, and at length after a moment's resistance, its vast iron fastenings gave way with a crash, and the chains, as they grazed upon each other, sparkled and flashed like lightning. It swung heavily for a moment and fell into the flood.—The water now swept through several of the lower streets. I saw this morning a house in the middle of one street, and a shallop in another, left there by the receding stream. The nature and extent of the injury done could not then be estimated; but it was with a dismay which approached despair that citizens saw the flood roll into the storehouses and sweep their hard earnings away. This morning, however, disclosed in part the extent of the ruin. It was found that the wharves, tan-yards, machine shops, storehouses, lumber and coal yards, &c., had been carried off by the flood or ruined by the inundation. Messrs. Eyles, Kitts, Broshon, Paxton, &c., are severe sufferers. But the consequences in Chester are trivial in comparison with those which have occurred higher up on the Chester and Ridley creeks. Every bridge, or nearly every one on those two streams, have been carried away. Many of these were costly and substantial structures, and it will cost an immense sum to replace them. Most of the mills and factories upon those streams have shared the same fate.

The factory of Mr. Crozer, of Mr. Dickson, of Mr. Kiddle, and others, have been swept away. Immense numbers of bales of cotton, boxes of goods, barrels of dyewood and barrels of flour, have been carried down to the Delaware, or scattered upon the meadows into which the flood, in its fury, broke and deposited its spoils. It is believed that all the dams are gone. The pecuniary loss to individuals is frightfully great; and that which has fallen upon the county is not less appalling. The lowest estimate of loss is \$250,000; but this is made up, to a great extent, upon conjecture. The county will probably be constrained to raise, by loan, the means of reconstructing her bridges, as all intercourse between the different sections of the country is now cut off.

But the loss of property, terrible as it is, is inconsiderable to the loss of life with which this affliction of Providence has been attended. It is believed that not less than twenty, and probably as many more, persons have been drowned. At one place on the Chester creek, an entire family, that of Mr. Rhoads, consisting of himself, wife and two small children, found it impossible, so instantaneous was the rise and rush of the torrent, to escape the house and all perished. At the Flower Mills, a devoted, mulatto woman, finding that Mr. Flower was in great danger, attempted to rescue him, but the sud-