PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRY.—The Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* says: "Why, then, do not our people make their own shoes, hats, fabrics and wares? Simply because they think they can make more money in growing cotton. Set before any people in the wide world a field of labor inexhaustible, certain of bringing an ample reward, and are they going out of it to venture upon trade experiments and projects, the results of which are altogether uncertain and doubtful? We tell you nay. New England would never have started a factory, or built or manned a vessel, *if her people* had before them one great certain money-making pursuit like cotton growing. Her ships, her seamen, her fisheries, and her factories, all sprang from her sterile soil, and are not the result of *election*, but of necessity!

"Now it is against a condition of things precisely the reverse of this, that great political and social reasons call upon the South to diversify her labor and achieve, as far as possible, the great end of sectional independence! What wonder that the response should be slow! It is a demand to take labor from where it is paying certainly and richly, and put it where it may pay nothing. It is literally swapping a bird in hand for a bird in the bush."

JINKS AND THE REBELS.—The Washington correspondent of the West *Chester Republican* says:

"I heard a good joke told of the celebrated 'Jinks,' whom Forney's *Press* has rendered immortal. 'Jinks' is a kind-hearted soul, and although his master hates certain personages, 'Jinks' does not. Very recently, 'Jinks' made a visit to the rooms of the member from the *sixth* district. He passed the evening cosily, and when he went away, with that true politeness which characterized him, asked the 'bloody sixth' to come up and eat pumpkin pie with him. *This* coming to the ears of a couple of wags, who spend many private hours with the President, they concluded to have some fun. Accordingly they turn informers, and tell the President that his favorite 'Jinks' had not only visited rooms of a belligerent rebel, but, horrible to relate, had invited him up to take pumpkin pie! Mr. Buchanan enjoys the joke, and lays his plans to have 'Jinks' brought up to the bull-ring. The next time he pokes his nose in the White House, he is arraigned as a culprit, and catechised as to how he dares to go into the den of a rebel and not only talk with him, but actually to invite him to eat pumpkin pie! 'Jinks,' as a matter of course, squirms awfully at this discovery, and the President presses him to the wall, until he becomes as scared as a chicken pursued by a hawk. 'Jinks' gets out of the way as soon as possible, and the venerable chief shakes with laughter at the affright of his quondam friend 'Jinks.'"

☞ The Washington police court, on Friday afternoon, was honored with the presence of Count Edward Hermann Jurowitz Ralletty, who was introduced by Officer King, of the police. The Count is a *man of about forty, six* feet high, of a singularly military air and manner, dresses in military style, wears a black Raglan, braided on the sleeves and back, a double-breasted frock coat, which he wears buttoned to the neck; a pair of light-blue pants, with double stripes of green material down the seams, and strapped under his boots, upon the heels of which appear a pair of silver-plated spurs. His face, too, is very remarkable, adorned, as it is, with a mustache, beginning under the nose, and stretching over a good part of each cheek, and a long goatee, thick and heavy. Mad. Duchinoir charged him with obtaining money under false pretences. Madame said she was induced to take the Count to her house by sympathy, he representing himself as an exile, and as a gentleman of noble family in Moldavia, where he has an estate which he is prevented from obtaining by an union. *His* statements relative to services in the late wars in Europe, under Garibaldi and in the Hungarian army, were so apparently truthful as to gain credence of even gentlemen who had served there. His first appearance was at Willard's, where, after a thorough investigation of the papers which he presented, and in brief stay, the proprietors rent him away. Upon the presentation of a number of his letters to Madame, they were placed in the hands of Mr. A. Shucking, who inquired fully into the origin of his Count, and concluded that he was an impostor, and, informing Madame Duchinoir, had him arrested. The Count was sent to jail for another hearing. He is said to have figured extensively at the North, under the title of the Count Askowski, Kisfalady, Chef d'Escadron, nephew to the late-lamented Princess of Struga in Moldavia, a near relative of Prince Ghika, Major of Cavalry, &c.

☞ The *St. Louis Republican* relates the following: "Kate Lecount, once one of the handsomest women in St. Louis, and some years ago worth $30,000, yesterday applied for admission to the county poor house. Five years since a man of the name of Wilson married her for her money. She supposed that she was married to him, but it seems that the marriage was a fraud—and he in some way got hold of her property, squandered it, and left her destitute. This was the beginning of misery."

Letter from John Wise, the Celebrated Aeronaut.

By the last mail steamer, Mr. Ames McCartney, of this city, received the following letter from John Wise, the celebrated aeronaut, and which was furnished to us some days ago for publication, but has been unavoidably crowded out until to-day. Mr. Wise, if will be seen, proposes to start from San Francisco on a new aerial voyage, *if sufficient encouragement* is extended to him from the citizens of California to do so.—*San Francisco Alta California.*

LANCASTER, Pa., Dec. 8, 1859.

Since my St. Louis trip, I had, and have, fondly hoped to be able to raise the means with which to build an outfit, for the purpose of demonstrating to the world that balloons can be used, economically, in making long voyages from west to east, in the temperate zone of the North, so as to carry passengers, and the lighter sort of merchandise, in such systematic order as to bring it, in a very few years, the favorite and popular means of transit across the continent, from California to the Atlantic seaboard cities, and across the Atlantic, as also across the European and Asiatic continents, and the Pacific ocean. I have some prospect of getting the means provided in New York, but am required to give freehold security to the reimbursement of the necessary outlay in the construction of the balloon and rigging, in case it does not pay for itself, which I am willing to do. My particular friends, however, (Professor Porter and Charles D. Wetherill, analytical chemist,) urge me to make my first main experiment across our own continent from the city of San Francisco to the Atlantic seaboard. They urge it with so much good reason and advantages, that I have, therefore, come to the determination to give their ideas a just consideration, and learn through you the probable encouragement and assistance that I might possibly secure in San Francisco, towards such an enterprise. Heretofore, and yet, my avenues to the San Francisco mines have been dearness, costliness of things in the Pacific States. It would probably run up to twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, while in the East, here, it can be done for six, or, perhaps, five thousand dollars—a mark within the reach of my property guarantee. I wish you could take time to make the requisite inquiry of the matter, and advise me of the prospects, and I will not fail to respond in a proper spirit to your admonitions in the matter. I write the more freely to *you* about this thing, because you know me so well, and because you know I never propose to do what I have any doubts of—that is, particularly, in the line of my profession. I wish you to understand that my object is not to make money out of it, but a *success*, *i. e.*, proof that ballooning has within its known elements the means of turning it to useful account. It only wants a few pioneer demonstrations, a little better time over St. Louis *manifestation*, because in that there is not a sufficient charity evinced by the popular mind for the storm we *incidentally* encountered. A trip from San Francisco to the Atlantic seaboard, within ten days, can be very easily made, and made in such a manner as to demonstrate that it can be made to pay in the establishment of a pioneer weekly line of postal transit. When you write me please inform me what the capacity of your gas-works are in gas storage, *i. e.*, gas-holders. Please also inform me whether there are any heavy Chinese silks imported into your city. There is a kind of heavy pongee that is good for large balloons, and if there is any in your city you will do me a great kindness by sending me samples, two inches square, with cost per yard, and the width of it. I have fully determined to make another demonstrative voyage next summer, from some place; and if I cannot get assistance to fit out in a very substantial manner, I will try it on my own resources, and give it effect in a *very cheap* outfit, which will render it somewhat more problematical as to its success than would be the case if I could get it in a more perfect mechanical shape. I should have written to you long ago about this matter, but for the abeyance in which I was held by the Lancaster, which eventually turned out to have been a quackery and inflated pretension, to say nothing worse of it.

Yours truly, JOHN WISE.

Failure of the Rhode Island Exchange Bank.

LARGE DEVALCATION OF THE CASHIER—$108,000 EMBEZZLED.

[From the Providence Journal, Feb. 11th.]

The community were startled yesterday morning by the announcement that Daniel C. Kenyon, the cashier of the Rhode Island Exchange Bank, at East Greenwich, was a defaulter to that institution to a large amount, as well as to the East Greenwich Savings Bank, of which corporation he was treasurer. The discovery of the embezzlement was made by the cashier of the Merchants' Bank in this city. That bank had received information from New York that the billet of the Exchange Bank had been hypothecated in Wall street, to raise funds. As there had been repeated charges against the bank, at the instance of the management of the Merchants' Bank, the cashier went down to East Greenwich on Thursday to satisfy himself of its actual condition.

The first evidence of wrong was in a discrepancy of a number of thousands of dollars in his account with the Merchants' Bank. But as soon as an examination of the note account was made, which disclosed a deficiency of some $25,000, concealment was no longer possible, and he confessed to Mr. Robbins that he was a defaulter. He also confessed that he had added to the crime of stealing the still greater crime of perjury. On the 6th instant, in the return he made to the State Auditor of the condition of the bank, he had sworn that the circulation was $19,285, when in fact it was $44,000. He also swore that the deposits were only $3,750, when they exceeded the sum of $12,000. The whole amount of his defalcation to the bank is about $72,000. The capital is only $60,000.

Bill-holders will not be losers by the dishonesty of Kenyon. If the circulation is not greater than now believed, the assets of the bank will pay it as well as the deposits. But if there should be a lack of assets, the stockholders, among whom are many men of large property, are personally liable for the deficiency.

Kenyon has also confessed that he has robbed the East Greenwich Savings Bank of $35,000, one half of the whole amount of its deposits. These deposits were the savings of the industrious poor in this neighborhood, and this faithlessness to a most sacred trust will bring upon him the execrations of many ready to perish.

The large sum which he has embezzled—$108,000—Kenyon alleges has been wholly lost in stock speculations. He commenced his stock gambling some years ago, and was at first successful, having made $10,000 in his early operations. His losses have been in Erie Railroad and in mining stocks. His dishonesty is the more surprising, as he has always borne a most excellent character, and his style of living prudent and befitting his station. His aged father, Mr. George Kenyon, well known in Kent county, is his bondsman to the bank for $15,000. Mr. James B. Pierce, the president of the Exchange Bank, is his bondsman to the Savings Bank in the sum of $10,000.

Governor Turner yesterday appointed Shubael Hutchins and Henry Anthony, of this city, commissioners to make an examination of the affairs of the bank. They will at once report its condition to the Supreme Court, when an injunction will undoubtedly be issued, and a receiver be appointed to wind up its affairs.

The Romance of Crime.

THE ALLEGED FORGER, J. BUCHANAN CROSS.

[From the N. Y. Times, Feb. 14.]

To the Editor of the New York Times: I observe in *The Press* a great many very romantic statements concerning the character and career of Col. Cross, who was recently arrested in Pittsburg, and is now imprisoned in Philadelphia on suspicion of numerous and heavy forgeries. He is said to be a person of extraordinary accomplishments—speaking all the modern European languages perfectly—to have served in the army at the taking of Sebastopol—to have a most accomplished and devoted wife, with a still more valuable and devoted slave—and to be in all respects one of those extravagantly gifted and fascinating creatures upon whose villainies the lovers of romance are expected to look with pity and toleration.

It is scarcely worth while to lavish *too* much admiration upon the fellow, or to exaggerate his personal qualities and exploits. A good many Americans who were in Paris during June and July of last year will remember him perfectly, though they will scarcely remember him under the gilded descriptions that are given by the reporters of the Philadelphia *Press*. He was staying at that time at the Grand Hotel du Louvre, and was decidedly the greatest "swell," for an utterly unknown man, of all the travellers of the season. His hat was the glossiest, his straw kids were the cleanest, his air and manner were the most pretentious, to be seen on the Boulevards. He pushed himself a good deal into American society—or rather into the company of American travellers, and was constantly asserting his great wealth, and his purpose of devoting three or four years to European travel. He had with him a very light mulatto, whom he constantly styled his *slave*, and whom he said he was educating, partly because he was so much attached to him and partly because he could thus make him more serviceable to himself. At the outset Cross claimed to have been a very extensive merchant of New Orleans, with a plantation in Louisiana; but after the arrival of one or two New Orleans families at the hotel, it was observed that his plantation and business pursuits went further *South*, and from that time forward he dated from *Brazil*. He used to ride frequently in the Bois, spent a good deal of his time playing billiards, and some in negotiating sundry small notes, checks, and drafts among the Americans who were either traveling or residing in Paris. He carried about with him, and was very fond of showing, a blank check book—very handsomely engraved—his own name being especially imposing; and he constantly referred to this as *prima facie* evidence of his substantial character and wealth.

I do not think he imposed upon many people there—though one or two suffered considerably from his acquaintance. But it was very generally taken for granted by the Americans there that he was a *humbug* at least, and many regarded him as a swindler. My own impression, in which I was not alone, was that he was a professional gambler, and that his pretended slave was a confederate—and apparently the sharpest fellow of the two. Cross' alleged accomplishments are all trash. He could speak no language whatever but English, and was neither educated nor intelligent. He attempted to study French, but was told by his teacher, after ten lessons, that it was quite useless to go on; that he made no progress, and could not learn the language without more application than he seemed capable of. He was, however, an elegant penman, and seems to have been determined to turn this, his sole accomplishment, to practical account. His visiting card was quite unique. Upon it was the small figure of a cross—inside of which were the letters "J. B." He apparently plumed himself upon this as a *chef d'œuvre* of taste and ingenuity. I think I have in my possession several of these curiosities, with which he favored me during my sojourn in Paris. I scarcely need add that he has none of mine in return.

Cross did not do things by halves. He had impudence enough for anything, and lost no opportunity of making himself conspicuous. He was very active in getting up the dinner at the Hotel du Louvre, by which the anniversary of American independence was celebrated on the fourth of July. He went about town urging the attendance of Americans, and holding out as a special inducement the fact that Colonel Keitt, of South Carolina, had promised to attend and make a speech on the occasion. Cross said Senator Sumner should not be invited. The affair went off respectably—as several resident Americans took part in the arrangements.

A very romantic story was put in circulation by somebody concerning his gallantry and prompt vindication of American honor. It was stated that as an American lady was going up the staircase of the hotel, she was followed by a Russian officer, who pursued her to her room, greatly to her alarm. She shut the door in his face, and afterwards going down to find her husband, met Col. Cross, to whom she related the affront and bolted out the offending Russian. The gallant Colonel, walking up to him, charged him with having insulted an American lady. The accused, not understanding a word of English, assented—whereupon Cross struck him in the face with his glove. Thereupon the Russian, the bystander who could speak French and English, invited Colonel Cross to his room, and, after taking down his sword and laying it upon the table, struck the Colonel with his fist, saying he never received a blow without returning it; whereupon ensued a prodigious row, growing chiefly out of the Colonel's intense desire to fight the offending Russian, either on the spot or at some more convenient time and place. But explanations were finally made which saved to each of the two countries concerned the life and services of its representative.

One of the newspaper statements referred to says that the Colonel's "slave" was at or near Solferino during the battle. Neither he nor his master was any nearer than Paris. Cross himself said that he went to Italy at the outbreak of the war, and had a very long interview with the Emperor Napoleon, in which that frank and communicative monarch unfolded to him his plans of the campaign, and expressed, without the least reserve, his opinions of the outrageous course pursued by the English Government. Nobody, however, attached any importance to any of these assertions, though it was said by some who seemed inclined to apologize for him, that Cross had been trying to dispose of the patent for some new military gun to the French Government. In Paris he was a warm partisan of Austria, and could not understand how any American could look with complacency upon a war led on by such a blood-stained usurper as Louis Napoleon.

His slave is reported to have said that he "missed" his master one day in Paris, and that he did not see him again until they met accidentally in Brazil, to their mutual joy. Several other persons "missed" the Colonel at about the same time. He went to England on business—business of a very urgent and pressing nature, after disposing of his drafts to the amount of about six thousand dollars; and although diligent inquiries were made after him by some of the friends he had left behind him, they were fruitless. His "slave," meanwhile, remained in Paris, and devoted himself to assuring all anxious persons that his master had gone upon business of the utmost importance; that he was a perfect gentleman and a good one, and that he would certainly return within a few days. The time the suspense became a little painful. The "slave" could not understand the reason of his master's tarrying, though still very earnest in his assurances that it was all right. And so, a short-cut gentleman, who went across the Channel expressly to discover some vestige of *the glittering* but evanescent Cross, came back under the melancholy conviction that he had taken a journey to Liverpool, under an assumed name, in one of the Quebec and Montreal steamers.

I have heard that meantime, during his stay in London, he effected an engagement of marriage with a wealthy young lady to whose parents and guardians soon afterwards became quite solicitous as to his whereabouts. Whether this has anything to do with the "young and beautiful lady," said to have been found in his company at the time of his arrest, Justice Welsh may know, but I do not.

These memoranda may not be without interest in connection with this swindler, inasmuch as they may also suggest the propriety of paying little more attention to the interesting *slave* who is so very solicitous to go South and *sell* or mortgage himself for the benefit of his master. It might be quite as well to *request* him to remain for the present in the neighborhood of Philadelphia—if not as a confederate, certainly as a very intelligent and competent witness. Yours, &c., TEMAX.

Funeral of William E. Burton.

[From the New York Times of February 14.]

THE OBSEQUIES CONDUCTED WITH PRIVACY.

The erroneous announcement, that the funeral of the late William E. Burton would take place from St. Thomas' Church, yesterday afternoon, attracted quite a crowd to that point, consisting of actors, authors, and artists, and others drawn to the spot by mere curiosity. Even the police, with unusual vigilance, came to the spot in large force, prepared to regulate the crowd which it was anticipated would be present. But no signs of sending the church were apparent, and, after loitering about the vicinity for some time the assemblage gradually dispersed—various explanations being given of the mystery. It was asserted positively that Mr. Burton had been interred on Sunday morning, but that, owing to the peculiar domestic relations of the deceased, the services were held privately, to avoid a scene; that Mr. Burton had requested his physicians to cover his corpse with a sheet immediately upon his death, and not to allow any one—even of his family—to view it.

The fact was, the time and place of the funeral were alike kept private purposely. In vain did many of Mr. Burton's intimate friends apply at his late residence for information; the invariable answer was that no one knew when the funeral would take place. As late as 2 o'clock yesterday the *Times* reporter was informed at the residence that no information could be given as to the coming ceremonies, though an hour and a half later the funeral procession left the house.

So strictly private were the proceedings that neither the officiating minister nor the sexton was notified as to the exact time until a few hours previous. The reason assigned for this was the earnest request of Mr. Burton immediately before he became insensible.

The only persons present at the funeral services, which took place at the house in Hudson street, at 3 o'clock, were the widow, the daughters, the adopted son, the physicians—Messrs. Crane, Clark, and Phillips—Mr. Edward Walker, a member of Mr Burton's Lodge, Mr. Cram, the legal adviser of the deceased, and the officiating clergyman, Rev. S. H. Weston, assistant minister of Trinity Church. The exercises consisted simply of the short service of the Episcopal Church, including an affecting and appropriate prayer.

The body was encased in a splendid solid rose wood coffin, with solid silver mountings. The following was the inscription on the plate:

"WM. EVANS BURTON,
Born Sept. 24, 1802,
Died Feb. 10, 1860."

Precisely at 3½ o'clock the funeral procession, consisting of four carriages and the hearse, started from the house, and wended its way slowly to the Hudson-street Cemetery, but a few squares distant; a large crowd accompanying it on the sidewalk. At the cemetery gate the procession formed in the following order, and walked to the grave:

The Sexton, Thomas Maslin.
The officiating clergyman, Rev. S. H. Weston, reading the service.
The widow, supported by Mr. Cram.
Other relatives and physicians.

The body was placed in a vault belonging to the sexton, where it will remain until a lot is purchased in Greenwood Cemetery—probably until April next. Mr. Burton's family vault is in Philadelphia.

The will of Mr. Burton has not yet been offered for probate. It is rumored that some difficulty may occur as to the disposition of his property.

The *Richmond Enquirer* says, of the fifty-one counties in Virginia whose proceedings of Democratic meetings for the appointment of delegates to the State Convention have been published, twenty-eight, polling 17,561 Democratic votes, have declared a preference for Henry A. Wise. Twenty-two counties, polling 12,855 Democratic votes, have expressed no preference, and one county, polling 298 Democratic votes, has expressed a preference for R. M. T. Hunter.

SAD AFFAIR.—It is our painful duty to chronicle the death of Col. W. D. Roy, senior editor of the *Sun*, and collector of customs for this port, by the hands of D. J. Sheppard, Esq. This lamentable act took place this morning, between 12 and 1 o'clock, on the corner near Hardaway & White's drug store. It is impossible at this hour to learn the exact facts in connection with this affair, in consequence of the many conflicting reports from which we are to decide. But the following seems to be the most reliable: Col. Roy and Mr. Sheppard met on the corner mentioned above, and after some words both drew their pistols. Col. Roy, being a little in the advance, and levelling his pistol, snapped it at Sheppard, who, while Roy was cocking his pistol the second time, fired his ball, passing directly through the heart of Col. Roy, causing his death immediately. Mr. Sheppard immediately had an officer summoned, into whose hands he delivered himself, and was conducted to jail.

This is truly most lamentable, since both are men of family, Sheppard having been married only a couple of months. Col. Roy leaves a wife and two children to mourn his untimely call hence. We do not state the above as perfectly reliable, since there are so many different versions that it is impossible to learn the true facts.—*Vicksburg Weekly Citizen, Jan. 23.*

IMPORTATIONS.

(Reported for the Press.)

PALERMO—Brig Geofredo, Auretimmo, 3000 cantara brimstone Powers & Weightman; 1000 bags sumac Isaac Jenney & Co; 600 do do do Alberis order.

TRINIDAD DE CUBA—Brig Model, Dow—296 hhds molasses 30 tcs do 58 bbls do S & W Welsh.

NEW BEDFORD—Schr Amelia, Marvel—1650 gallons bleached winter whale oil Hodgson & Keen; 1000 do Taw & Roery; 56 casks whale foots Thain & McKeone; 11 do G A & E A Landell; 30 do order.

PHILADELPHIA BOARD OF TRADE.

RICHARD WOOD, ISRAEL MORRIS, JOSEPH C. GRUBB, } COMMITTEE OF THE MONTH.

LETTER BAGS

AT THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, PHILADELPHIA.

Ship Saranac, Rowland.....Liverpool, March 1
Ship Island Queen, Ray.....New Orleans, Feb 16
Bark Joe Maxwell, Davis.....A'Layuyra, Feb 16
Bark Minnesota, Vescock.....Rio de Janeiro, Feb 16

FOR WEST COAST OF AFRICA—The brig Calvert, Capt French, will sail from this port on or about the 15th inst. for Sierra Leone, &c. All letters are requested to be handed for the American Squadron, or others on that station, will be forwarded, if left at the Foreign Letter Office, Philadelphia Exchange, prior to the above date.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF PHILADELPHIA. Feb. 15, 1860.

SUN RISES.....6 44—SUN SETS.....5 16
HIGH WATER.....9 15

ARRIVED.

Brig Geofredo, (Neap) Auretimmo, from Palermo, via Gibraltar Nov 28, with brimstone, sumac, &c, to Benj R Smith—towed up by tug America.

Brig Model, Dow, 11 days from Trinidad de Cuba, with molasses to S & W Welsh—towed up by tug America.

Schr Amelia, Marvel, 5 days from New Bedford, with oil to Hodgson & Keen.

CLEARED.

Steamship Keystone State, Marshman, Charleston, A Hunter, Jr.

Steamship Pennsylvania, Teal, Richmond, Thos Webster, Jr.

Schr G W Krebs, Emerson, Baltimore, T Webster, Jr.

BY TELEGRAPH.

(Correspondence of The Press.)

NEW CASTLE—PARACHICOLA, Feb 11.

Arrived, ship Kate Stretsland and schr Ralph Post, from Boston.

MEMORANDA.

Steamship City of New York, Boggs, hence, arrived at Boston yesterday morning.

Bark A J Drebert, Hewitt, hence, was discharging at Cardenas 4th inst.

Brig Loango, King, hence, arrived at Cardenas 4th instant.

Brig Phœbe A Page, Lewis, was loading at Cardenas 4th inst. for Philadelphia.

Brig Mary Cobb, Cornwall, for Philadelphia, was loading at Matanzas 4th inst.

Brig Ann E Thurston, Lampher, hence, arrived at Cardenas 4th inst.

Schr H Nutt, Baker, from Lavaca for New York, put into Key West 6th inst. for repairs, having encountered heavy gales.

Schr Fannie, Vance, for Philadelphia, remained at Havana 5th inst.

Schr P G Knight, Whirlow, hence, arrived at Trinidad de Cuba 31 inst.

Schr Robert J Mercer, Robinson, cleared at Matanzas for Philadelphia.

Schr Matthew Kinney, Crier, for Philadelphia, old at Cardenas 4th inst.

Schr Grace Darling, Paine, hence for Boston, ashore at West Sandwich, was discharged of 50 tons cargo 12th inst. The steamer Mystic left Boston 13th inst. to render assistance. She would probably be got off at high water same afternoon.

Schr Frederick Belden, Arnold, sailed from Fall River 11th inst. for Philadelphia.

Schr Hero, Terry, hence, arrived at Baltimore 13th instant.

Schr Margaret Reinhart, Peterson, hence, arrived at New Castle 11th inst.

Schr Marinah N. Gautier, hence for Newbern, NC, with ballast, ran ashore in the Shoals off the mouth of the Neuse river, on Tuesday night, 7th inst, and bilged. Will probably be a total loss of the hull. Captain and crew reached Newbern in the boat, and reported. Assistance would be sent to the vessel immediately. The N N Mus is a fly boat of 90 tons, built at Pennsgrove in 1849, and owned in Philadelphia.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SAMUEL HAZARD, JR., *724 CHESTNUT Street*, Offers for sale the following

NEW AND INTERESTING BOOKS:

A LIFE STRUGGLE. By Miss Pardoe, authoress of "Louis XIV.," "Francis the First," &c. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, $1. "Lillie Leigh" is the novel of the authoress of these charming books—Margaret Maitland, Lady Lee's Widow, Rose Douglas, &c.

GET A MAN IN THE CLUB WINDOW; or, The Habits of Good Society. A hand book for ladies and gentlemen, being a collection of the laws of good society, containing social observances, nice points of taste and good manners, and the art of making one's self agreeable. One vol. 12mo, $1.25.

EDGAR A. POE AND HIS CRITICS. By Sarah Helen Whitman. Illustrated from the Daguerreotype. English critics that Poe "had no friends," these pages are written in refutation of that assertion.

AN ANSWER TO THE ESSAYS, REVIEWS, AND GEOLOGISTS. By Thomas A. Davies.

MOTHER GOOSE'S QUEER GROWN FOLKS. A capital collection of parodies on Mother Goose's Melodies. A new and cheap edition.

MARY STANTON; or, The Pupils of Marvel Hall. By the author of "Footsteps of our Mystery Friends."

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES. By Darwin, the most powerfully-written book, and one exciting great attention.

THE NEW CLOCK AND WATCHMAKER'S ASSISTANT. By Saxton.

ALBORNE'S LIFE OF GENERAL SAMUEL DALE.

HENRY LYLBURN. Secretary. 1614

THE VOYAGE OF THE "FOX." LINDSAY & BLAKINSTON, No. 25 South SIXTH Street, above CHESTNUT, have just received a fresh supply of Capt. McClintock's Narrative of the "VOYAGE OF THE FOX." 12mo. fe9

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THE DOOMED CHIEF, or 200 Years Ago. By Philip Paul Cooke. One volume, 12mo., cloth. With a gift. Price $1.
GAUTGUBLEY; or, The Tempers of the Umbagog. One volume, 12mo., cloth. With a gift. Price $1.
LIFE OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE. By Carl B. Hartley.
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