



THE LAST OF SEVEN.

BY E. A. WILSON.

Oh, be not angry, child her not, Although the child has erred; Nor bring the tears into her eyes By one ungentle word.

When that sweet linnets sang, before Our summer roses died, A sister's arm was round her neck, A brother at her side.

But now in grief she walks alone, By every flowering bed; That sister's clasping arm is cold— That brother's voice is fled.

And when she sits beside my knee, With face so pale and meek, And eyes bent o'er her book, I see The tears upon her cheek.

Then child her not; but whisper now "Thy trespass is forgiven;" How canst thou frown on that pale face?— She is the last of seven.

MR. EDITOR.—The following narrative is from the pen of the late —, of our town, (whose name still lives in the "greenest spot on memory's page.") If you think it worthy of a place in your excellent paper, it is at your service. O. P. Q.

February 20th, 1842.

"Unhappy she, the wretched wretch in life, Whether decid'd, reluctantly consent'd, Or won by splendid views of affluent ease, Who enters Hymen's temple with a drunkard."

* * * There was a small cottage, situated on the eastern side of Shamokin. The rain fell in torrents, and I was urged to seek refuge in the dreary habitation. As I approached the door, I perceived an unfortunate, half-naked child peeping at me through the wide crevices of the cabin. At this sight, I was impressed with the belief that my visit could not fail to be disagreeable to the wretched family, and that my presence should cause the miserable inhabitants to blush at their situation. I paused—but the rain came with increased violence, and I was compelled to enter, however unwelcome.

I rapped at the door. No answer was received; but a bustle seemed to prevail within. I observed that a lady retired to a remote corner of the house; and after remaining a moment in profound stillness, I heard, in a faint and languid accent, "Come in!" With blushing reluctance I obeyed. Upon opening the door, a FLOOR OF EARTH was the first object which attracted my attention. Without the usual salutations I stepped forward and sat down upon a three-legged stool which stood immediately before the fire. Not a word was uttered. At length I turned myself upon the seat, and with apparent carelessness surveyed this uncouth dwelling and its solitary dwellers.

There was no bed to be seen in the room. A few rough boards, placed against the wall, which served as a dresser; a large table, and an ill-shaped cradle principally constituted the furniture. Three or four children, over whose shoulders hung the tattered remains of old garments, wholly insufficient to cover their nakedness, stood near, and with pitiful and anxious looks gazed upon me, and seemed greatly to admire the chain of my watch, the buttons on my clothes, &c. The scene was sufficiently impressive to have melted the heart of a stoic. The children were occasionally compelled to change their position on account of the rain which dashed in upon their nakedness. For a similar cause I was also several times compelled to remove my stool.

Upon an occasional glance at the mother of these truly miserable children who sat quietly, and in pensive dejection, in the farthest corner of the room, covered with a habiliment of rags, my heart became filled with commiseration and pity. She was young, and passing handsome. I could not suppress the idea that "Some are born—are doom'd to mourn."

I would have inquired the cause of their miserable situation, but did not wish to discover to them that I entertained a knowledge of their wretchedness. With cool indifference I made some observations respecting the state of the weather, the hour of the day, &c. My remarks were answered with a correctness, with a precision and acuteness which greatly surpassed all expectation. She evinced a desire to converse upon subjects of which I did not apprehend the unfortunate but lovely woman had the slightest knowledge. Her conversation convinced me that she had been well educated—that she had seen better times. I discovered that she was a strict observer of morality and religion—but that she belonged to the Society of Friends—but that to use her own expression, she had not heard a sermon for upwards of five years! After a moment of deep silence she observed: "Probably you may think this negligence, and that I am inexcusable; but, believe me, I could not leave my children, and indeed I have not had clothes sufficiently good to render me fit to appear in decent company!" [Her voice faltered, and her eyes filled with tears.] She proceeded: "My parents live in New Jersey, a few miles from Trenton. Their situation is different from mine; and I never knew while I lived with them what it was to want. There are very few more wealthy or respectable people in that state than my father, and I know if my mother knew the condition I am in at present she would send me relief. It is all idle to think about going there, for my husband will not listen to a word I say, and he seems determined to compel me and my children to

drag out our lives in this wretched hovel, as they now see us. When John and I were married we had plenty of every thing. He was in very good business in Trenton, and we might have lived happy had he only been satisfied; but no; shortly after our first child, (that boy standing before thee) was born, he resolved to remove to Northumberland county. His friends lived there, and he thought he could make a better living by farming. I opposed it as much as I could, or as much as prudence would allow; for indeed I loved him too much to do any thing contrary to his will. But all did no good. He made a vendue and sold our furniture; and sold all his tools. I had tables, stands, chests, bureaus, chairs, and every article necessary to furnish a house; but all was sold. When we came to this place he purchased a small piece of uncultivated land, and built this house on it. We lived with my brother-in-law until the house was in its present state of readiness. In 1813 we commenced house-keeping and here we have remained ever since."

"But," continued she, "as I have gone so far, I will not withhold from thee the real and the only cause of my present unhappy condition. Liqueur, that cursed stuff, (pardon me, I must call it cursed) together with a set of idle, drunken men about this neighborhood and in Sunbury particularly, have been the cause of our ruin. As long as John had a cent of money, every scheme and artifice were employed to coax him to the taverns, and to seduce him into intemperance and licentiousness. Alas! my dear friend they ultimately succeeded. He visited Sunbury two or three times a week, and every evening returned intoxicated. My tears, my entreaties, and my prayers to restrain his course were unavailing. He became more and more fond of liquor; neglected his business; and expended all his money. The few household articles which we purchased since we came here have been sold by the constable to defray tavern bills, and we are now destitute of clothing or even a bed upon which to repose!"

The storm had subsided; I possessed not the means of comforting the distressed family, and I left them, but not without exhibiting visible indications of my feelings for their unhappiness. But, gentle reader, look again at the painful narrative of this disconsolate woman! Willing would I be to say, it is a picture ideal and imaginary; but, alas! it is distressing reality. Oh! cruel man! Thou who hast, by thy folly and wickedness produced a scene so heart rending as that exhibited on the banks of Shamokin! And thou too, who hast, by thy artful persuasions, robbed the woman of amiableness of her companion or solace; blasted the fairest prospect of conjugal enjoyment, and infected the finer connections of parental endearment and cognition which cement the affections and strengthen the cord of moral obligation, go, repair to this dreary cottage, and visit the direful consequences of thy wickedness!

Who bloom'd so fair on Jersey's plain, 'Becomes a living sacrifice. Would't wed With all th' impassion'd language of affection, And man's sacred protestations, The blushing nymph consents. Indeed perhaps By vows and endearing tenderness, In the young hours of nuptial ecstacy, The fond illusion may be realized; But soon the days of novel transport fly, And habit, second nature, calls him back To haunts accustom'd and his old companions.— Thus to the mire the wallowing hog returns; The dog his vomit seeks. Ah! hapless mourner! What a deadly wound shall rend thy bosom, When, to domestic happiness and love, Succeed neglect, and apathy, and rudeness; And to the dove's soft plaint the serpent's hiss! Then thy fair form, once beauty's chosen seat, Shall like a lily droop, spending the widow'd night In sad regret and unavailing tears; While thy besotted lord in deep debauch, Shall riot with the refuse of mankind. Reclining home, perchance, beyond the midnight hour, With appetite inflam'd, and every tie Divine or moral, vanish'd to air, The nightly wanderer shall allure his steps To rank contagion in the common stews. Dignity thought! but heavier woes draw near, An ill-star'd progeny begin to rise, By bad example taught the downward path That to perdition leads. Ruin comes Profusion, bet, the turf, and desperate dice Have swallow'd more than all; business neglected No resource supplies; and debtors urge— Bankrupt in fortune, reputation, health, A prey to all the vultures of remorse, And spur'd by wretches who have been his fall, A jail his portion, suicide or flight; His hapless family turn'd alas! adrift On the wide world's foam, without a home: Bless'd if ever this his weeping partner die, O ye parents, dazzled with false greatness, Who think that wealth and happiness are one, Expose not to such scenes your lovely daughters; But rather let experience bid them shun The men addicted to this curse of ruin. And you, fair virgins too, yourselves beware, 'Tis a vortex man shall never escape from, A vice for which no virtue can atone."

COLY'S TRIAL will cost the city of New York about \$2000. We learn from the New York American, that a meeting of the Board of Supervisors the bill of E. C. Barton, for refreshments furnished to the jury and officers, on the trial of Coly, was presented, and excited much discussion. It amounts to \$400 50, which is at the rate of 75 cents per head for dinner, and 50 cents per head for breakfast and tea, including also a charge of \$22 50 for cigars, and \$12 or \$14 for beer!

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

Horrible Case of Crime and Suicide.

This morning about 6 o'clock, J. G. Boyd, Cashier of the Towanda Bank in Bradford county, of this state, committed suicide at the house of a Mrs. Seymour, in Schuylkill 7th st., a few doors below Vine st. by shooting himself in the head with a pistol, of which wound he died a few minutes after 10 o'clock. He committed the act in a front bed room on the second story, under circumstances that leave no doubt that he designed to take his life rather than submit to become an inmate of the prison. It appears that he has been in the city since Saturday last, and as was his practice made this house, the home of his mistress, his place of lodging. Yesterday morning he was arrested there while at breakfast, by officer Saunders of the Sheriff's office, at the suit of the Bank of Penn Township, involving a claim for thirty one thousand dollars, growing out of some transactions of his with that Bank, while he was connected with the Bank at Towanda. He remained in the custody of the officers during the whole day and night up to the moment of the act which hurried him into eternity. Part of yesterday he was at the office of Wm. L. Hirst, Esq., Counsel for the Bank of Penn Township, and last evening proceeded with the officer to the Bank for the purpose of effecting some arrangements in relation to the claim. They remained there until after ten o'clock and then proceeded to the office of Constantine Gillion, Esq., his Attorney, where he remained until after four o'clock this morning—the officer then procured a Cab with the intention of conveying him to the Debtors' apartment of the Moyamensing prison, but at Boyd's request went to the house of Mrs. Seymour for the purpose, as he said, to take his clothing and portmanteau with him. Here he packed up his clothes, and burning one or two letters, brought his clothing into the parlour down stairs. He then expressed a desire to go up stairs for 'one article more,' when the officer said you cannot go without me, and they both proceeded up stairs, Boyd entering the room while the officer remained at the door. In a moment the female in the room, who it appears had gone in about the same moment, exclaimed 'my God, he has shot himself!' when looking into the corner of the room he saw the unfortunate man lying there in reality a suicide. The whole tragedy was but the work of a moment, and so calm and cool was the deceased that no one suspected that he had any design upon his life. The report of the pistol was not louder than that of a percussion cap, and until the exclamation of the female the officer was not aware of any such deed. Medical aid was called in but no assistance could be afforded as it was evident that the injury sustained by him must result in death. No traces of the ball were ascertained except that it entered the roof of his mouth, and must have lodged in the vicinity of the base of the brain.

During the time he lingered, from 6 o'clock until 10, he was perfectly sensible, said nothing however of his circumstances or condition, and to the enquiry how he held the pistol he replied: 'I don't know, don't trouble me.' The deceased is supposed to be about 35 years of age, and has a wife and two children living in Covington, Tioga county, in this state.

His wife was a Miss Cleaver, and niece of Jonathan Knight, Esq. late President of the Bank of the Northern Liberties.

Boyd has not been connected with the Towanda Bank, as Cashier, since about the first of January.

The pistol with which he done the deed, was found by his side, and the fellow to it was taken out of his pocket loaded. It is evident, therefore, that he had them with him all the day and night while in custody of the officers, as no opportunity was afforded to him to obtain them any where or from any person, and that it was his intention to commit the rash act rather than to go to prison.

Up to the time our reporter left the house, the Coroner had not been there, and we can say nothing of the verdict of the jury. But from the circumstances, there can be no question of a verdict of 'suicide' being rendered.

From the Utica Observer.

The Freshet.

Immense Flood—Mohawk Bridge Swept Away—Remarkable Escape of George Woodford and John McGee, and other Incidents.

Thursday morning, 9 o'clock, February 9. The rain during the last night has put the snow upon a complete run, and the various streams are swollen to an immense height. The Mohawk has risen two feet above high water mark, and great fears are entertained for the safety of the bridge at the foot of Genesee street. The water is within 8 inches of the horizontal timbers. The rain has subsided; and the city authorities have employed men, with pikes, axes, &c., to prevent the floodwood and ice from collecting above the bridge, who are also loading it down with stone.

1 o'clock p. m.—The flood has risen 10 inches, and beats heavily against the bridge. Near 200 persons are about and upon it: and if it were at this moment to break away, a large number would perish.

The western train of cars forded the water a few miles from the city, while it covered the track nearly twenty inches.

Six o'clock p. m.—A guard of several men have been employed to protect the bridge from floodwood during the night. At midnight a heavy rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning: at half past three a piece of floodwood struck the bridge—a tremendous crash, succeeded by the cry of the guard for help, was

heard, and away went the bridge, carrying with it two of the guard, who had been unable to make their escape. The timbers floated rapidly down the current until they struck Miller's bridge, half a mile below, which it did with great force, when a part bilged under water. John McGee, a young man of great daring, made an extraordinary leap, and succeeded in saving himself.

Unfortunately Mr. Geo. Woodford was upon the sinking end of the bridge, and in imminent danger of being crushed. With great presence of mind, in an instant, he tore off his overcoat and dove deep into the water, passing entirely beneath the timbers, and not rising to the surface until he had passed both bridges. Not having been able to free himself from his boots and other garments, he became much exhausted by this wonderful feat; but at this moment he secured floating planks, and placing himself upon them, was carried down the stream at a rapid rate near half a mile, when his raft struck upon a quantity of lodged brush and floodwood. On this pile he endeavored to save himself; but in getting upon it, he lost his planks.

The horror of his situation may be imagined. The midnights darkness prevailed—he was in the midst of a rapid current, surrounded by floating ice, and a heavy rain was beating his bare head—he feels the pile beneath him giving way—in a moment all dissolved, and again he is compelled to swim for life. Becoming greatly chilled, he finds his strength fast failing him; he is borne down by the flood; one effort more; he makes for a tree; with the utmost difficulty he reaches it, and climbs into its branches. Here he commenced calling loudly for assistance, and fortunately was heard by Mr. Rogers and others, who were in search. Lights and a boat were procured, and Mr. W. was released from his perilous situation. Scarcely is recorded so remarkable an escape from death.

A Sound Decision.

In some remarks made by the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe, before a religious society in London, we find the following anecdote:

"It has been very much the fashion to abuse Mehemet Ali, but after all, to do him justice, he is a man of superior talents and energy, and fifty or one hundred years in advance of his own nation." I remember an anecdote which shows his liberality in a very striking light. Some little time before, there was a man who had been sent over to learn the engineering trade at Glasgow. He was a Mahomedan, and during his residence in Scotland, had been induced to embrace Christianity. By the Mahomedan law, apostasy from their religion is visited with the penalty of death. His enemies conspired his destruction, and accused him before Mehemet Ali. A day was appointed for hearing the case, and the facts were gone into. At length Mehemet Ali rose in order to deliver judgement, and said, 'The facts as it appears to me have all of them been established. It is very clear this young man has abandoned the faith of the prophet, and embraced that of Christ.—But before I proceed farther, young man, will you allow me to ask you why you have forsaken your own and embraced the Christian religion? The young man made an answer which did honor to his integrity and moral courage, and showed that the righteous is bold as a lion; and that he who feels the value of the principles he has embraced, will never be ashamed to avow them, but will make confession of them before kings and princes, and not be afraid. 'I embraced Christianity,' he replied, 'because I believed it to be true.' 'May I ask,' said Mehemet Ali, 'whether you have been influenced in your decision by any selfish motive or consideration whatever?' The young man replied he had not.—'Mehemet Ali then, addressing himself to his accusers, said, 'You have heard the facts; I sent this young man to Glasgow myself he is one of the most useful men in my dock yard, and is a faithful servant to me. He has turned away from the faith of his forefathers and has embraced Christianity, not from selfish motives, but because he believes it to be true. I leave that part of the subject; it does not fall under my province to inquire whether it is true or not. The matter lies between God and the young man's soul. I have no control over it.—Young man, you are acquitted; you may depart in peace.'

The Bunker Hill Aurora states that Gen. Hamilton has three several times taken a berth in one of the steamers for this city, and has each time forfeited the passage money. He last took passage in the Columbia, on her last trip, and left that vessel with the pilot, in the English Channel.

A CALCULATION.—It is estimated that London pays £20,000 per day more for its bread than it would have to pay, were the Corn Laws abolished.

The Rev. Mr. Giles, a Baptist minister of Liverpool, addressing a meeting at Manchester, on the Corn Laws, concluded his speech with the following new version of a part of the National Anthem:

O Lord our God arise: Scatter monopolies, And corn laws score; Confound such politics, On those our hours we fix; God save the poor!"

The same Mr. Giles, in the course of the same speech, said "the Corn Laws were anti-philanthropic and anti-patriotic. Charles Dickens—"Boz"—was his pupil, and he (Mr. Giles) said to him, a few days ago, "Charles, the world thinks you must have spent all your time in a poor-house." "No," he replied, "I have never entered a poor-house in my life; but England is, throughout, a poor-house."



THE AMERICAN.

Saturday, February 26, 1842.

We are indebted to the Hon. James Buchanan, for a copy of his speech on the veto power, in answer to Mr. Clay of Kentucky.

The legislature has done nothing further in relation to the resumption bill. A new bill is now before the House. It is hard to say, what will be done. The probability, however, is, that a bill will be passed, fixing the day of resumption somewhere between June and August next.

The New York Tribune thinks our story of the highway robber that was shot in Tioga county, though a good one, rather apocryphal. The Berwick Sentinel, in republishing it, says, "we learn from private sources that the tale, though strange, is true." Our informant was a man of the highest respectability and intelligence.

We get news from every where in abundance, except from Harrisburg. Our papers, when received, are generally three days old. There must be something wrong somewhere.

The "Youths Gazette," published at the office of the New World, in New York, will hereafter be published every two weeks, and will contain double the quantity of matter.

The last New World contains an able and very favorable review of Mr. Robert Tyler's new poem "Abasuerus."

The receipts upon the rail road from Pottsville to Philadelphia have averaged, since its opening, about eight hundred dollars per day.

The Philadelphians are fearful that the ice crop will fall far short of the demand next summer. The Bostonians have not more than enough for home consumption, and have sent to the coast of Maine to supply vessels partially loaded in that port. At Pottsville, it is said, large masses of ice are piled up, and shanties built over it, for the Philadelphia market next summer, which can be transported by the rail road to the city in six hours.

A meeting of the Stockholders of the U. S. Bank was held at Philadelphia on the 21st. Some of the stockholders wished to repudiate the two last assignments of the Bank. Others were for sustaining them. The meeting adjourned in confusion.

In Congress, Mr. Pope of Ky, has introduced a new project to raise money. His plan is to issue 3 per cent. Government Stock to the amount of 100 millions, not to be redeemable in less than forty years, unless at the pleasure of the government. This stock is then to be distributed among the different States and Territories according to their population, for the purpose of paying their debts, and interest on debts, and for the purpose of internal improvement. The project, however, never will become a law, as the people will never sanction a public debt of that magnitude in time of peace.

It is said that a great deal of specie is hoarded up by the farmers of Berks County. One farmer is known to have not less than \$30,000 in specie. This, however, is not uncommon among the farmers of this state.

THE FRESHET.—Much damage has been done in the neighborhood of Towanda, by the late freshet. The papers of that place inform us that several grist mills and saw mills have been carried away or destroyed. There were no lives lost, though several hair-breath escapes.

Bicknell's Reporter complains that the state creditors were only allowed 4 1/2 per cent. as the difference between specie and current notes, when specie was worth from 6 to 8 per cent., especially as state stocks are worth only one half. Now all other state creditors receive no premium at all, who are just as much entitled to it for work done, as for money lent. Besides, if the state pays her interest, even in current paper, the state stock is worth the full amount to every holder who does not wish to convert it into money.

Thos. Bradford, who was appointed by the President in place of Judge Hopkins, deceased, has been rejected by the Senate, by a majority of five.

Mr. Wise thus describes the character of the House of Representatives in Congress.

He said that there was, or seemed to be, a systematic attack to break down the dignity and respectability of this House. The papers rung with the charges of disorder and confusion that prevailed here. He admitted that there were sometimes scenes of disorder; all parties were liable for these. He, himself, was willing to admit, that as much as any one man he was guilty of this charge, but he said, if you were to introduce into the Senate Chamber 552 instead of 52 gray-headed men, there would be just as much and more disorder there.

Look at the House of Commons in Great Britain. There you might hear all sorts of cries—the braying of the ass, the crowing of the cock, the neighing of the horse—to cry members off their feet. Look at the Chamber of Deputies in France—see there the rush to the Tribune.

This House was as respectable, aye, more so, than any other legislative body on earth. What is the meaning of all this cry against the House, unless it is to make the Senate and the Executive every thing and this House nothing?

They have had a fight in the Medical School at Lexington, Ky. One of the pupils undertook to teach one of his teachers manners, by applying his cane to his ears. The professor in return drew his pistol, intending to "teach the young idea how to shoot," but he missed his mark. This was in the street. The school is likely to be broken up.

Miss Croghan, the great western heiress, who recently eloped with a British officer, is not entitled to any of her great fortune, if she marries without her father's consent. She was only 16. Her husband about 60. Her fortune about \$70,000 per annum.

A SPUNKY MISS.—A young lady in New York, rather than show her pretty face in court, to testify, sailed to Liverpool in the Great Western. Before leaving the country she addressed a letter to the court, in which she says she is resolved to go to Europe, "preferring the horrors of a sea voyage at this worst season of the year, rather than be made the object of attraction to a crowd of court room of impudent men, and suffer the unpleasantness of a severe examination by a pack of impudent lawyers, all the details of which must be spread over the daily papers." The case was postponed on her account.

The people of Pottsville are getting up a Home League for the protection and encouragement of American industry.

TRAVELING.—A meeting of stage proprietors was held in this borough last week, and a line of stages, &c. in connection with the Railroad, was arranged, extending to the Lake Counties, in New York, to take effect after the first of April next.

These arrangements, as far as we can learn, are as follows: The passengers will leave Philadelphia at half past 5 o'clock, dine at Pottsville, arrive at Northumberland about 7 o'clock, take the packet boat for Williamsport, sup on board and retire to rest, arrive at Williamsport early next morning, and take the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad as far as completed, and stages from that point connecting with the Lakes and the great Erie Canal. At Northumberland the line will also branch off to Wilkesbarre and North Pennsylvania, by means of packet boats and stages. It is believed that all the travelling from that section of the country will pass through this place next spring, it being the nearest, cheapest, and most expeditious route to Philadelphia and the city of New York.—[Miners' Journal.]

Preparations are now making to carry the above arrangement into effect. There will be, we understand, no less than four lines on this route. All persons travelling to the north or northwestern part of the state from Philadelphia, will naturally seek this route as the shortest, cheapest, and most expeditious. The whole distance between this place and Philadelphia will be by railroad, excepting 25 miles from Shamokin to Pottsville. Passengers will leave Northumberland at 4 o'clock in the morning, take the rail road at this place, and arrive at Shamokin for breakfast, then take stage 25 miles to Pottsville for dinner, and arrive at Philadelphia at 7 o'clock in the evening. New and commodious cars will be placed on the Railroad between this place and Shamokin. Passengers will not be incommoded by the train of burden cars, as the Passenger cars will leave this in the morning, and arrive at Shamokin before the train leaves that place, and in the evening, start for Sunbury after the burden train has arrived at Shamokin.

Byron, the greatest poet of his age, in his Ode to Napoleon, thus eulogizes Washington, who was truly "first in War—first in Peace," and will always remain "first in the hearts of his countrymen!"

Where may the wearied eye repose, When gazing on the great; Where neither guilty glory glows Nor desperate hate! Yes! one—the first, the last, the best—THE CINCINNATUS of the West, Whom Envy dared not hate, Bequeathed the name of WASHINGTON, To make man blush there was but one!"

Editorial Miscellany.

A bill has been introduced in the legislature to abolish the board of brokers in Philadelphia.

Mr. Dickens declines a public dinner at Philadelphia. A sensible resolve on the part of Mr. Dickens. They have festered him in New York, until he has got a sore throat.

The block of new stores lately destroyed by fire in Philadelphia, belonged to the U. S. Bank.

Cold Dicing.—A Vermontor who was cutting ice a few weeks since, dropped his axe through the hole, where the water was 16 feet deep. He immediately threw off his clothes, plunged to the bottom and brought it up, and threw it upon the ice.

Cochran, the inventor of the patent cannon, has sailed from England, at the request of the British admiralty, to instruct them in the use of his cannon.

The New York Journal of Commerce complains that there are so few applicants for Bankruptcy. It had expected a greater number of advertisers.

The Emperor Nicholas very frequently visits his people in disguise. He was however recognised on visiting on board of an American Frigate, in 1826. The Yankees were too cute for him, and saluted him accordingly.

At the marriage of the President's daughter, no wine or ardent spirits was used by the company.

Miss Selgwick says that the Campagna near Rome is not as she had supposed, a level, but presents an undulating surface, without mounds or stagnant water, or any thing that indicates unwholesomeness, except in its utter destitution.

At Antich, Miss, they have a list for scolders from the anti-boud prayers. They are said to be increasing fast.

A man in New York undertook to walk forty-eight hours without rest. He kept on his feet thirty-five, and then gave out. Another performed the feat, and won the wager.

A young Frenchman, the son of a merchant, thus commences his biography: "I am the son of