get it truly You shall have it all and a thousand things besides, that when I left home I never expected to realize—but once entered upon the scenes I have passed, there was no giving back. I see no danger, I confess, especially now, but my way is onward, and I shall go.

I write in haste, and have only time to add the assurance of my friendship.

THO. L. McKENNEY."

(From the Western Monthly Review)

THE NORTHERN LAKES AND NIAGARA FALLS.

This chain commences on the northeast with Lake Ontario. Its extent is 180 by 40 miles. At its eastern extremity is a group of islands, known by the name of the 'thousand islands.' From this lake we ascend by a strait, called Niagara River, a mile in average width, very swift and deep, and thirty-six miles long to Lake Erie. This is a broad and beautiful sheet of water, equally transparent with the former, but falling short of it in general depth. Its extent is 250 by 45 miles.—In varied central positions on this lake, the voyage is out of sight of land, as on mid ocean. It embosoms a number of considerable islands. Ascending still farther west, we find another strait, as the French word Detroit imports. It connects Lake Erie with Lake St. Clair, and is twenty seven miles in length. Lake St. Clair is another clear and beautiful basin of water, thirty miles in diameter—The strait between this lake and Lake Huron is thirty-two miles in length, and three-quarters of a mile in breadth, with a deep and rapid current. Lake Huron is the second on the continent in size, being 220 by 90 miles in extent. It has the usual cold, transparent and deep waters, is studded with many islands, and of a depth to be every where navigated by the largest vessels. At its western extremity, by the straits of Michilimackinac, it communicates with the singular lake Michigan. This lake seems to be a supernumerary, a kind of episode in the great chain, not appearing necessary for the expansion or conveyance of the waters collected above in Lake Superior. It is wholly in the limits of the United States, while half of the rest pertains to the dominions of Great Britain. Its extent is 300 by 50 miles. It receives forty considerable rivers, has valuable fisheries of sturgeon and white fish, and embosoms some islands towards its northern extremity.

Returning to Lake Huron, we find it connected with Lake Superior by a strait twenty-seven miles in length. The current of this river is shallow, rapid, and rendered difficult of navigation by huge masses of rock. Lake Superior is by far the largest collection of fresh waters on the globe, being 350 by 100 miles in extent, and reputed nearly 1500 miles in circumference. The water is transparent, and is deeper and colder than any of the rest. The shores, especially the northern, are walled with frowning and lofty precipices of granite rock. All the lakes abound, and this more than the rest, with fine fish. They consist of different kinds of trout, all of them delicious, sturgeon, pike, pickerel, carp, bass, herrings, &c. and the best kind, of all, white fish, which is found in this lake in greater perfection, than in either of the rest.—It embosoms some large islands. The principal rivers that discharge themselves into it, are the Michipicoten, St. Louis, Nipegon, and Pic. Beyond this lake and stretching itself still farther to the northwest, towards the frozen regions of Red River on the North, and the Arctic Sea, is the long and narrow Lake of the Woods, apparently the *Ultimate Thule* of our continent.

These lakes, from the circumstance, that their waters possess less specific gravity than that of the ocean, and the comparative shallowness of their beds, and it may be from other causes, when swept by the winds, raise waves, if not so extensive and mountainous, more rough and dangerous, than those of the sea. It has been repeatedly asserted, that they have septennial fluxes and refluxes. From the silence of the recent, and intelligent travellers, that have explored them, touching a fact so very striking, we should be led to doubt it. It has been affirmed, also, that they have perceptible diurnal tides. We doubt this also; for were it even true, that the same causes, which raised tides in the sea, operated perceptibly here, the surface that could be operated upon, is so small, compared with that of the ocean, any general movement of the waters would be so arrested by capes, points, islands, and headlands, that such a uniform result, as that of a diurnal tide, could hardly be calculated to take place in any sensible degree.

The waters of the lakes, in many instances collected from the same marshes, as exist at the sources of the Mississippi, filtered through oozy swamps, and nonberless fields of wild rice, where the shallow and stagnant mass, among this rank and compact vegetation, becomes slimy and unportable, as soon as they find their level in the deep beds of the lakes, lose their dark red color, and their swampy taste, and become as transparent almost as air. When the lake sleep, the fishes can be seen sporting at immense depths below. The low strata of the water never gains the temperature of summer. A bottle sunk a hundred feet in Lake Superior, and filled at that depth, feels, when it comes up, as if filled with ice water. Imagination cannot but expatiate in traversing the lofty precipices, the pathless morasses, and the dark and inhospitable forests of these remote and lonely oceans of fresh water, where the tempests have raged, and the surges have dashed for countless ages, unwitnessed except here and there at the distance of a hundred leagues by a few *red skins*, or more recently, Canadian *coureurs du bois* scrambling over the precipices to fish, or paddling their periogues in agonies of terror to find shelter in the little bays from the coming storm.

Hundreds of rivers, though none of great length, discharge themselves into these inland seas. Situated in a climate, generally remarkable for the dryness of its atmosphere, they must evaporate inconceivable quantities of water. It has been commonly supposed that the Niagara, their only visible drain, does not discharge the tenth part of the waters and melted snows, which they receive. They spread such an immense surface, and have so much of the grand levelling power of the ocean, that neither they nor their outlet, the St. Lawrence, have any thing of that flood and subsidence, that form such a distinguishing feature in the Mississippi and its waters.—Hence, too the Niagara has little of marked alluvial character in common with the Mississippi. It rolls down its prodigious volume of waters alike uninfluenced by droughts or rains, by the heat and evaporation of summer, or the accumulated snows and ices of winter.

Will the shores of these vast and remote waters be ever settled, except by a few wandering trappers, fishermen and savages?—Shoals of emigrants from the old world are continually landing at Quebec and Montreal. Upper canada is becoming populous. Wave is propelled beyond wave. Much of the country on the shores of the lakes is of an inhospitable and sterile character, never to be cultivated. There are, also, along their shores and tributary waters, sheltered vallies and large extents of fertile soil, sufficient for numerous and populous settlements. It is an inexplicable part of the composition of human nature, that men love to congregate and form the most populous cities and settlements in the northern and inhospitable climes, rather than in the country of the banana and the pine-apple. The astonishing advance of population and improvement, both on the American and British side of the country, has caused, that the bosoms of the remotest lakes have been whitened with the sails of commerce. The smoke of the passing steam boats is seen rising in columns among their green islands. The shores have echoed with the exploding cannon of conflicting fleets. The northern forests of the Ohio have already seen the red cross of a hostile squadron giving place to the *stars and stripes*. Roads are constructed to reach their shores. Canals are excavating to connect the whole extent of this vast chain with the Atlantic and the gulf of Mexico.—Is it too sanguine to predict, that within the compass of a century, their shores will count a hundred populous towns, where senates will debate and poets sing? That every nook of them will be visited by vessels and steam boats, and connected by roads and mail routes, and that the fisheries on them will become as much an object of national importance, as are now those of Newfoundland?

It is out of our plan to describe the rivers that empty into these lakes. But it will be expected that we shall notice the St. Lawrence, the next largest river in North America to the Mississippi and the counterpoise and rival of that mighty stream. Commencing his course for another ocean, and moving off in an opposite direction, he seems proudly determined to resemble his mighty rival in nothing but in bearing off the tribute of waters from a world. The former is continually swelling or subsiding, and in his spring floods, moving with a front many leagues in width he has no resemblance in his autumnal course in a deep channel and winding by beaches and sandbars. His alluvial forests are wide and dark with a vegetation of surpassing grandeur. His sides are marly and crumbling, and his bottom is oozy and of slime. His turbid waters, when united with those of the sea, discolor it for fifty miles from his mouth.

The other is perpetually the same, steady, full, clear, and his current always sweeping.—His bed is worn in strata of stone. His banks rise at once to the primitive soil. Bluffs of rock impede his course. Forests, in their season beautifully verdant, but bearing the more healthy, stunted and sterile character of the north, the larch, the pine and the white birch, bend over his waters, and before he meets the sea, vision can scarcely reach the opposite shore.

At the point, where this river issues from lake Erie it assumes the name of Niagara. It is something more than three quarters of a mile in width, and the broad and powerful current embosoms two islands; one of them, Grand Isle, the seat of Mr. Noah's famous Jewish colony, containing it is said, eleven thousand acres,—and the other Navy Island, opposite the British village of Chippeway.

Below this island the river again becomes an unbroken sheet, a mile in width. For a half a mile below, the river seems to be waxing in wrath and power. Were this rapid in any other place, itself would be noted, as one of the sublimest features of river scenery. Along this rapid, the broad and irresistible mass of rolling waters is not entirely whitened, for it is too deep to become so. But it has something of that curling and angry aspect, which the sea exhibits, when swept by the first bursts of a tempest. The momentum, may be conceived, when we are instructed, that in half a mile the river has a descent of fifty feet. A column of water, a mile broad, twenty five feet deep, and propelled onward by the weight of surplus waters of the whole prodigious basin of the lakes, rolling down this rapid declivity, at length pours over the cataract, as if falling to the central depths of the earth. Instead of sublimity, the first feeling, excited by this stupendous cataract, is amazement. The mind, accustomed only to ordinary phenomena and common exhibitions of power, feels a revulsion and recoil from the new train of thought and feeling, forced in an instant upon it. There is hardly sufficient coolness for distinct impressions; much less for calculations. We witness the white and terrific sheets—for an island, on the very verge of the cataract, divides the fall—descending more than 170 feet in the abyss below. We feel the earth trembling under our feet. The deafening roar fills our ears. The spray, painted with rainbows, envelopes us. We imagine the fathomless caverns, which such an impetus, continued for ages, has won. Nature arrays herself before us, in this spectacle as an angry and irresistible power, that has broken away from the beneficent control of Providence. When we have gazed upon the spectacle, and heard the roar, until the mind has recovered from its amazement, we believe, the first obvious thought in most minds is shrinking comparison of the littleness and helplessness of man, and the insignificance of his pigmy efforts, when measuring strength with nature. Take it all in all, it is one of the most sublime and astonishing spectacles, seen on our globe. The eye distinctly measures the amount of the mass, and we can hardly avoid thinking with the peasant, that the waters of the upper world must shortly be drained down the cataract. But the stream continues to pour down, and this concentered and impressive symbol of the power of Omnipotence proclaims his majesty through the forests from age to age.

An earthquake, the eruption of a volcanic mountain, the conflagration of a city, are all spectacles, in which terror is the first and predominant emotion.—The most impressive exertion of human power is only seen in the murderous and sickening horrors of a conflict between two mighty armies. These, too, are transient and contingent exhibitions of sublimity.—But after we have stood an hour at the foot of these falls, after the eye has been accustomed to look at them without blenching, after the ear has become familiarized with the deafening and incessant roar, when the mind begins to calculate the grandeur of the scale of operations upon which nature acts, then it is that the entire and unmingled feeling of sublime rushes upon it, and this is, probably, the place on the whole globe, where it is felt in its most unmixed simplicity.

It may be, that the beautiful and romantic country between Erie and Ontario receives a richer coloring from the imagination, excited so strongly to action by dwelling on the contiguity of the great lakes, and the deep thunder of the falls, heard in the distance.—Remembrances of the bloody field of Bridgewater will be naturally awakened by this view. Be the cause what it may, every one approaches the falls, finding the scenery and accompaniments just what they should be. Every one finds this to be the very place where the waters of the upper world should pour upon the lower. We have figured to ourselves the bloody struggle at Bridgewater by the uncertain intervals of moonlight, and the feelings, with which the combatants must have listened to the deafening and eternal roar of the cataract, which became audible whenever the crash of the cannon was for a moment suspended. Must it not have sounded as the voice of nature, mocking in her own sublime irony, the feeble and the mad wrath of man, in attempting these murderous and momentary imitations of her thunder and her power!

From the Albany Argus, Oct. 22

A RARE INSTANCE OF HONORABLE CONDUCT.—About ten years ago, a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits in the interior of this state, met with reverses, gave up all his property, compounded with his creditors, and was fully and unconditionally discharged by them. A few days since he called upon them respectively, several of whom reside in this city, and paid every farthing of the original debts, with interest to this time, amounting to near 20,000 dollars. We are happy to add that his creditors here, presented him with a service of silver plate, as a testimony of their high regard for him personally, and as their admiration of the exalted principles by which he had been governed.

The proprietors of the North River Steam Boat Line, (consisting of the North America, Capt. Cochran, Albany, Capt. Jenkins, & New Philadelphia, Capt. Benson) have reduced the fare from New York to Albany, to $2, meals included.

LETTER FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

We are much gratified in laying before our readers the following interesting letter from one of our townsmen, in the U. S. service, to his friend in this village. It bespeaks the true character of the American officer—alive to the interests of science, as well as all the local endearments of home and country.

[L. I. Star.

U. S. SHIP WARREN, SMYRNA (ASIA.) July 1, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR—I am now breathing the air in that quarter of the world, where the arts and sciences first flourished; where christianity first dawned upon the benighted mind of man—where hope was first enkindled in the human breast, to cheer us with the anticipation of bliss beyond the grave—where the gloom that overspread the imagination of man with the idea of an eternal sleep, a total annihilation was dispelled by the prophetic declarations that foretold the bright rising of the sun of righteousness, whose almighty power would invigorate the soul with a vitality that would give it life beyond the grave where our first parents inhaled the air, when placed by the Divinity in the garden of Eden, in a state of innocence and happiness—and where but too fatally true, they violated that divine law, whereby future generations became transgressors, even in the sight of Him who could well compassionate their infirmities, for his almighty fiat spoke them into being from the dust.

And why, you may ask, should I force myself on your notice, with so tedious a prelude of acknowledged facts? The only apology I can offer must be the excitement produced in pondering on the strange eventful history of what this country once was, in comparison with its present state. From the bay in which we are anchored, the eye is carried to the ruins of a church where the apostle Paul has often plead the cause of his master; and a few miles from this is but faintly delineated the spot where once stood the famous city of Ephesus. This last place I have not yet visited, but shall do so in the course of a few days.

Since we left the United States we have been to the ports of Gibraltar, Adra, and Almirea, in Spain—the islands of Minorca and Malta—at Scyracuse; in Sicily the Greek island of Milo, in the Archipelago, Cape Colonna, in Attica, (about fifteen miles from Athens) where are to be seen the remains of the once famous Temple of Minerva, of which there are at present thirteen columns or pillars standing. This building is on an eminence fronting the sea. It was erected in the proudest days of Athenian glory; from its commanding situation it was exposed to the view of the different nations navigating this sea, to the inspection of strangers and sacred to the Goddess of Wisdom, War, and all the liberal arts. From this fact there can be little doubt that the best architects and sculptors of the country were employed in its construction and more particularly, as in those days of credulity, according to the heathen mythology, Minerva was supposed to be produced from the brain of Jupiter, without a mother; could hurl his thunders, prolong the life of man, and bestow the gift of prophecy. Its present appearance (with all the disadvantages under which it is viewed after a lapse of so many ages,) bespeaks its former beauty. The pillars are about twenty-eight feet in height and three in diameter, formed of blocks of the finest Parian marble cemented together and have been highly adorned with the chisel. In our ascent from the beach to the eminence on which it stands the path was strewed with blocks and slabs of marble, which the hand of time, or more cruel hand of man, had removed from their original location. The hill was covered with shrubbery, and great varieties of the most beautiful wild flowers. Among the latter the *oleander* in profusion. While at Syracuse, I visited every thing worthy of note. The following were the most prominent.—The Temple of Minerva, a large edifice, and now a church bearing its original name. It is said this building was erected three hundred years before Christ. The Museum, where were the statues of Venus and Æsculapius, considerably mutilated—several pieces of workmanship in basso relievo, urns, jars, coats of male, &c. The cave, or Dyonisius's ear, is a great work of art, hewn out of the solid rock to the extent of two or three hundred feet, and about ninety feet in height, resembling, in its construction, the organs of hearing in the human head. There were confined the prisoners of that tyrant, and this cave the medium through which he became acquainted with every word they lisped. The noise from the experiment we made with a pocket pistol, was almost deafening; in fact, a leaf plucked from a small branch we took in, was perfectly audible at the mouth or ear of the cave. This place seems to have been well adapted to catch the most secret whispers of its unfortunate inmates. To the south of this is the ruins of a theatre; its calcareous limestone seats, the aisles, as well as the holes for the banisters and balustrades can be distinctly traced. Passing through a part of the theatre, is the ruins of an aqueduct thro' which the water is yet conveyed into the city. To the north are the remains of the amphitheatre, the ruins of which are more distant than those of the theatre. The passages to its seats are now under ground. The arches remain entire, and are on the plan of our theatres. To the west are the catacombs, of vast extent, and all subterraneous. We had guides to conduct us through them with lighted torches. The cemeteries were arched over, and contained in each arch, apartments for about twelve persons—When filled, the mouth of each was closed, and a slab on the outside informed the enquiring stranger the names of those who were once as animated and gay as himself.

I leave you to imagine what my reflections were in this place, where presided the stillness of death, with all the gloom of the grave. From thence I wandered over the ruins of the old city, saw the remains of other catacombs—went to the Temple of Diana and Jupiter Olympus, at the latter of which the Athenians had their encampment, and first rencontre with the Syracusans: and to Epipolæ, where are the ruins of the Athenian fortifications; and last, *but not least*, to the tomb of Archimedes. It is in the shape of an oven, merely a little earth arched with stone. How little respect for so great a man! Syracuse was founded about 732 years before the christian era, and the tyrant Dyonisus reigned 400 years before Christ.

While strolling through the catacombs, and over the ruins of cities and temples, I have often paused to ask myself—how has so much glory become eclipsed—so much work and art destroyed? Yet such is the fact. Thus in all former ages have perished the labors of man; thus nations and empires pass away, and leave but a faint trace of their original habitation.—Who, my friend, can stay the march of time? *Before it*, man himself, as well as the proudest monuments of his ingenuity and art, must crumble into the original nothingness from which they sprung.—All, all must give way that bears the impress of mortality—liked in point of duration with death and the grave. That Being only who triumphantly combatted them, will, we are assured, in his own appointed hour, terminate the career of time, stamp immortality on his own image, and confer rewards on ingenuity, art, and greatness of intellect, in proportion as they have been employed to benefit our fellow creatures and advance the glory of Him from whom these gifts emanated.

I have almost come to the conclusion, no man can be a *truly good* American unless he has visited other countries, and become, in some measure, acquainted with their government and laws—*I mean as they are generally administered.* This we cannot acquire so correctly with books, as by occular demonstration.—I am quite sure *no American* can love his country so well, nor duly appreciate her various institutions, when he has not contrasted them with others by personal observation. For my own part, I feel very proud of my country; and I hope, grateful to the great Disposer of events, that I first inhaled the air in a land where a general diffusion of knowledge had paved the way for the freedom of religious opinion—emancipated from royal servitude—informed those master spirits who asserted our independence, of the *solemn fact*, there was as pure blood flowing in the veins of the peasant as the prince—that all men were born free and equal, and taught *us, too*, to love our liberty as our lives. May we never forget its cost, and part with it only when hope in reality shall have raised the curtain of futurity to our eager view.—That you and yours may continue to live happy, and be above the frowns of the fickle jade Fortune, is the wish of yours truly and sincerely.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"I have seen an end of all perfection."

I have seen a man in the glory of his days and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. His mind was vigorous like his body, he was perplexed at no intricacy, he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigour of his understanding, & strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed.—And when I looked on him I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and amiable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

I returned—his look was no more lofty nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered; and his eyes gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The vigor of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed. His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted as enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful while his foot tottered on the verge of the grave. He said of his son—he is my brother; of his daughter—I know her not; and enquired what was his own name. And one who supported his own steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene—"Let thine heart receive instructions, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved; and there was harmony; when she floated in the dance, her light form like the aspen seemed to move with every breeze. I returned—but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but I found her not. Her eyes sparkled not there—the music of her voice was silent—she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train sable and slow paced, who bore sadly to an open grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence:—"Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the earth whence she was first taken, consign we the body of our sister." They covered her with the damp soil, and the solid clods of the valley: and the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave, and as he wept he said. "There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness that continueth in man: for this is the end of all glory and perfection."

I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and again it wept, but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears; still I said to my heart, 'It is beautiful.' It was like the first pure blossom which some cherished plant has shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dew-drop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge—it bowed its ear to instruction—it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, or envious, or stubborn, and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon, it, I remembered that our Saviour had said, "except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.

ASSASSINATION.

The New-Orleans Journal of the 27th ult. says that a dreadful event which took place on Sunday last towards half past 7 o'clock in the evening, has deprived a respectable family and numerous friends of Charles Laveaux, a young man of 21, who fell by the knife of an assassin.

It seems that the murderer, who goes by a good murdering name, Balthazar Azur, entertained an old grudge against his victim. On the day above mentioned, Leveaux was walking along Ursuline street, and stopt to speak with some one at the door of the Union Coffee House Balthazar who happened to be in that public house, judged the opportunity a fit one for the execution of his plan. He went to him, and told him, in a hypocritical tone, that he was desirous of having with him a private explanation on a certain business. Levaux, without apprehension, followed, Balthazar availed himself of an opportunity, stabbed him eight times with a long and sharp weapon (which Doctors Ker and Labatut recognized to have been a carving knife.)

The same paper adds, or rather a correspondent who overloads the story with so much verbiage, that we find it hard to get at the facts, that Balthazar, in his extreme ferocity, ran with his knife in his hand to stab some neighbors who had been called to the spot by the cries of his victim. Finally gorged with blood, he escaped, and has hitherto evaded the pursuit of justice.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE.

On the 21st ult. a negro lad, the property of Mr. Dunstan Banks, near this place, as he was returning from work, about dark, was bitten by a RATTLESNAKE, so severely that in a few moments he became entirely blind, and fell down—he was carried to the house, when a messenger was despatched to town for Doctor *James Guild*, who, in about an hour afterwards reached Mr. Banks'. At the time of his arrival, the boy was suffering the most excruciating agony, when he had a common black or junk bottle about half filled with the Spirits of Turpentine, made quite warm, and after scarifying the wound made by the Snake, applied the mouth of the bottle to it, and commenced pouring cold water on the bottle until the contents were perfectly cooled.—In about half an hour, and before the bottle was removed from the wound, the boy became perfectly easy, and fell into a sound sleep. Next day he was able to walk about, and the day following was at work as usual. We could recommend this simple and easy application, as it is in the power of almost every one to procure it sooner than almost any other, and its immediate efficacy is a great consideration. Any spirituous liquors would have the same effect; and even if that could not be immediately procured, *warm water would answer a very good purpose.*—[Tuscaloosa Chron.

CONSECRATION.

The Consecration of the Reverend HENRY U. ONDERDONK, D. D. late Rector of St. Anne's Church, Brooklyn, New York, to be Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, during the life of the present venerable and beloved Bishop WHITE, who has now held that office for more than forty years, and to succeed him on his demise, took place in Christ Church, in Philadelphia, on Thursday last, the 26th ult. There were present Bishop WHITE, of Pennsylvania; Bishop HOBART, of New York; Bishop KEMP, of Maryland; Bishop CROES, of N. Jersey; and Bishop BOWEN, of South Carolina. Morning prayer was, on that occasion, read by the Rev. Dr. *Abercrombie*, and the Rev. Dr. *B. T. Onderdonk*. The Sermon, which, we need not say, was eloquent and powerful, was preached by Bishop HOBART. The Bishop elect was presented for consecration by the Bishops of *New Jersey* and *South Carolina*. The certificate of his canonical election to the sacred office by the Convention of Pennsylvania, was read by the Rev. *W. H. De Lancey*, Secretary thereof. The instruments of consent from all the dioceses of the Union, were read by the Rev. *J. Kemper*, Secretary of the Standing Committee of Pennsylvania, to whose charge they belong.—The consent of all the Bishops, but one, who has not been heard from, being a majority, was officially declared; the presiding Bishop performed the act of Consecration, assisted by all the Bishops present.

WILMINGTON Oct. 26.

Extract of a letter dated Dover, Oct. 22.

Yesterday a gentleman drove into this place, in fine stile, with a most splendid horse and sulky, by the name of Ware. This same gentleman passed through this place for Lewis on Friday last lately from New York Pursuit was making for him by a constable from Sussex. It so happened that Ware came the road by Milton. The Constable came the lower road, and arrived here before Ware. The news of the constable's having passed through, rather startled the gentleman. He looked wild, got up, walked toward the back door of the tavern, where he was, opened it and ran for the creek. He was close followed by some of the citizens Immediately upon being overtaken, he told them—"Gentlemen, I know what you are after—you suppose that I am the man that forged a check on G. G. and S. Howland of New York, but you are mistaken. I am an innocent man. Upon being brought back, he was searched and 655 dollars found upon him. Immediately before he run from the tavern he was seen to pull from a breast pocket a roll which had the appearance of bank notes, and since his confinement he has acknowledged that he threw into the cripple as he run 2,800 dollars.

O Saturday night last the jail in this place was burnt to the ground It was set on fire by Solomon Greenly, confined on a charge of stealing a horse.—Greenly made his escape, but was overtaken and brought back in irons.

ROBBERY OF THE BANK

RICHMOND, October 24—We extract the following Advertisement from the Petersburg Intelligencer of yesterday morning. We have no further particulars to add for the present; but, we cannot forbear to express our deep detestation for the act which has been committed. The HUE AND CRY of the country being thus raised, it seems difficult for the accused to escape, unless he should get off into some foreign vessel. "Fifty years of age!—"hair very grey." What train of circumstances could have induced a man, like this, to betray his trust and ruin his reputation, by so mad an act? Compiler.

"500 DOLLARS REWARD.

Nathaniel Snelson, the Teller of the Office of Discount and Deposite of the Bank of Virginia in Petersburg, has stolen from the said Office about FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, chiefly in notes of one hundred dollars each, the property of the President, Directors and Company of the Bank of Virginia—and he absconded early on Sunday morning, having, as is believed, a very large portion of that sum with him. It is understood that he got into one of the steam-boats below City Point on the same morning. I am authorized by the Board of Directors of the said Office, to offer the above reward and all reasonable expenses, for his apprehension and safe delivery to the Jailor of this town.

Snelson is about fifty years of age; about five feet ten or eleven inches high; his hair very grey; his face red and full, with clear blue eyes. He hesitates, and generally appears embarrassed when speaking.

G. W. STAINBACK, Cashier.

October 23."

RICHMOND, October 27—We do not understand that the fugitive Teller of the Virginia Bank at Petersburg has been heard from. His conduct has excited much surprise and deep regret. He had been very much esteemed, and was married to one of the most respectable ladies in Petersburg. Before he disappeared he enclosed her 5000 dollars, which, it is understood, she promptly and honorably delivered to the bank. It is said, that he became embarrassed; and used some of the funds of the Bank, and dreading detection, he made off with more funds which he had purloined on the day of his departure (Saturday last.) It is reported that the sum missing exceeds the original estimate—and hat it will not probably fall short of $50,000. Messengers have been dispatched after him in all directions. Compiler.

A counterfeiting establishment on a large scale has recently been broken up in Philadelphia. The U. S. Gazette details the manner in which it was discovered:—

It is mentioned to us, that one of the members of the counterfeiting society had passed a fifty dollar note to a shopkeeper, (a female) in Second street, who the next day, in exhibiting it to a gentleman, learned that it was counterfeit—while they were examining the note, the person who had passed it was seen in the street; the gentleman left the shop, and followed him up the street, as far as Green street, near to which he turned, and was about to enter a house, when the person in pursuit beckoned to him, he stopped and enquired his business with him. 'I understand,' said the gentleman, 'that you have some counterfeit money to sell'—'a little,' replied the pursued—'and what do you ask?'—'twenty-five cents on the dollar.' 'And can you let me have sixteen hundred dollars at that rate?' The bargain for a smaller amount was made and the time and place for the consummation agreed on. The gentleman then directed his course to the Mayor's office—a warrant was issued, and when the note merchant was looking for his customer, the high constable popped in and closed his accounts. The detected man turned states' evidence, and criminated as we have before stated, a large number of his confederates.

From a Lancaster Paper.

A HINT TO LETTER STEALERS.

In the celebrated letter of Dr. Green, of Bethleham, to the Postmasters, he complains of many letters being stolen on their way to him, and concludes with the following remark:—

"That there must be all kinds of people to make a world, and of course there must be letter stealers, or it would not be a world."

These rancorous thieving rascals, will, at times have the *inward man* moved, so as to return the money. Such things have been! When they are on the balance of honesty, why a little thing will turn the scale; so that a little hint, now and then may do good; harm of course, it cannot do. I know a storekeeper, by name Stein, who had returned to him 75 dollars, which were stolen on their way to his merchant, in Philadelphia. Which 'tis reasonably to be supposed, was the effect of the spirit of which I have spoken.

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