FOREIGN NEWS.

The President arrived at this port this morning at ten o'clock, and by the politeness of Capt. Keene, we received our papers and letters in great abundance at the same hours. This steamer brings out 145 passengers.

The news is of greater importance than any that we have had from Europe for years. Every thing wears the aspect of a general, a long, and bloody war, throughout Europe and Asia, although many of the English journals insist upon it, that the preliminary fighting in the East will strengthen the prospects of peace.

The substance of the news is this. As soon as the advanced division of the English fleet reached the Chinese seas, they went to work and battered down all the forts at the Bocca Tigris, and up the Canton river. They then landed a force and sent it up to Canton to destroy that place. The English fleet in the Mediterranean bombarded and nearly destroyed Beyrout, drove out the Egyptians, landed a force, and took possession of it. It is also stated that Com. Napier has seized several Egyptian vessels, and that he has stopped all supplies from going to the coast. On the other hand the French have sent two line of battle ships and two war steamers to reinforce their Mediterranean fleet; and have ready at one port alone thirteen other large men-of-war, to send off. All this time it is said that the Turkish Government has refused the propositions of Mehemet Ali; that the latter has therefore resolved to succumb and accede to the terms of the Four Powers and also that he is laying dangerously sick at Alexandria.

In France an additional credit or 50,000,000 francs has been opened to pay the increased expenses of the navy and army. Louis Napoleon is still on his trial. Madame Laffrage has been found guilty, and sent to hard labor for life.

The war in Africa still continues.

The King of holland has abdicated in order to marry his former mistress.

The Princess Augusta is dead.

An attempt has been made to destroy the dock yards at Sheerness and at Plymouth.—The line of battle ship Salavera, and the frigate Imogene, have been burnt.

Bombardment and Destruction of Beyrout

We copy the following important intelligence from the London Morning Herald of October 3.

PARIS, Oct. 2, half-past 8,
Friday Morning.

"I hasten to inform you that the French Government have received the following most important telegraphic despatch:

MARSEILLES, Oct. 1 half-past 9.

MALTA, Sep. 27.—The Prometheus, which left Beyrout on the 20th, announces that, after a bombardment of nine days, which reduced the town to ashes, the Egyptians evacuated the town in the night, and the allies took possession of it.

Ten thousand additional troops have been ordered to embark at Constantinople for Cyprus. We have already stated that Mehemet Ali either was or feigned to be seriously indisposed. His disease is said to be a bile on the spine, an affection peculiar to the Nile. His late apparent humility to the Sultan, and his offer through Rifat Bey to surrender Candia, and Adana, are believed to have been a mere *ruse* to gain time, and had his offers been accepted, he would probably not have abided by them.

Refusal of the Pacha of Egypt to accede to the terms offered by the Combined Powers.—The following is an extract of a letter received at Lloyd's from their agent at Constantinople, dated 9th September.

"A Turkish streamer has just arrived from Alexandria, bringing, it is reported, the Pacha's positive and final refusal to listen to the arrangement which the four Combined Powers have agreed upon with regard to his difference with Porte."

INDIAN FIGHT.—The steamboat Malta, from Bellevue, on the Missouri, brought intelligence to St. Louis on the 7th inst., of a battle that had taken place betwen a small party of Sioux and about 250 Pottawatomies, the news of which came in while the boat lay at Bellevue. There was one Sioux and two Pottawatomies killed; when the latter danced "the scalp dance" for three successive days over the dissected Sioux, whom they had literally cut to pieces.

MURDERER CONVICTED.—A man named Jas Boteler has just been tried at Upper Marlboro, Prince Georges County, for the murder of James Bridewell, near Blandensburg, perpetrated as far back as the 4th of July 1825. The trial occupied two days, Tuesday and Wednesday last, and the case was submitted to the jury on the evening of the latter day, and after a short absence they returned a verdict of "guilty of murder in the second degree." The prisoner was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for 8 years and 8 months.

A REMINISCENCE.—You will immediately upon the receipt of this, *burn that fort* and repair with the men under your command to head quarters.

[*Harrison to Croghan.*

Your orders come too late. We CAN defend this fort, and BY HEAVENS WE WILL.

[*Croghan's Answer.*

The fort was defended, the British repelled with great loss, the stores at Cleveland and the naval armament at Erie preserved, and an immense frontier protected from the ravages of a British and savage foe.

Nice Analysis.—Marsh's apparatus for detecting the presence of arsenic, recently employed in the examination on the trial of Mme. Laffrage, Paris, will detect the presence of this poison when operating upon only *one* drop of arsenical solution containing the *one hundred and twentieth part of a grain of arsenic.*

A LOVE SCENE.

"Wha da lor, Miss Susan Ann, how do you get you wholesome? I'se not saw you a ore, da lor, I don't when!" said the elegant Mr. Jonsing last evening, happening to meet the divine Miss Susan Ann Snowdrop in Canal street, drawing her infant master in a wicker chariot.

"Wall, I'se no particular dispicion to any conflagration ob my solar system. I tank you Mister Jonsing," said the lovely Susan Ann, opening, with irresistible effect, her whole battery of ivories on the gallant Jonsing.

Jonsing slapped his tight pantaloons with his steel cane, lifted his hat just hal an inch higher on the left side of his head, and then casting one of his own peculiarly killing glances at Susan Ann, he turned facetiously on his heel *a la Jim Crow*, and burst out into a subdued and chastely modulated cha, cha, whew!

"Wall, I clare," said the blushing Susan, "Mr. Jonsing, you ar the most diffusing moral as I ever *did* see—pon ma wor you fairly insiniwate me—you do indeed, Mr. Jonsing."

"Dats becos yous ob de tender sec, Miss Susan Ann; you see it is the circumflus law ob nature dat, dat de weaker vessel should be translated to de man. Dats de reason, Miss Susan, dat de squisite sentimentations ob de female boozum so fructificates at de appearance ob de, ob de fond object of de——"

"O Mr. Jonsing, now you laffin at me, I know you is.

No, lubby Susan, I—pon honor I speaks de pure extabilities ob dis fond boozum. I assures you, Miss Susan Ann—"

"Susan!" said a female voice from a balcony above.

"Goo night, Miss Susan," said Jonsing.

"Goo night."

"Goo night, Mr. Jonsing," said Susan.

"Goo night," said Mr. Jonsing, bowing and backing out till he bumped himself furiously against the lamp post.—*Picayune.*

POLITICAL COURTSHIP.

The New York Sunday Mercury tells the following Yankee anecdote. Jonathan walks in, takes a seat, and looks at Sukey. Sukey rakes up the fire," blows out the candle and *dont* look at Jonathan. Jonathan hitches and wriggles about in his chair, and Sukey sits perfectly still. At length Jonathan musters courage & speaketh—"Sewke?" "Well, Jonathan"—"I love you like pizen and sweetmeats." "Dew tell!" "It's a fact and no mistake—wi—will—now—will ye have me, Sewke?"—"Jonathan Higgins, what am your politics?" "I'm for Van Buren straight."—"Wall, sir! then you can march straight hum, cors I wont have nobody that aint for Harrison—that's flat." "Three cheers for old Tip!" sung out Jonathan.—"That's your sort!" says Sukey, "when shall we be married, Jonathan?" "Soon's old Tip is elected." "Ahem! A-a hem!" "What's the matter, Sewke?" "Sposin' he aint elected?"

Jonathan didn't go away till the next morning, but whether he answered the last question, this deponent knoweth not.

COURTSHIP.—Courting a pretty girl when *both love*, is a very interesting affair. Not a doubt on that. But if *you* love and *she don't*, then fare-well fair dreams. The hope to win her wears away into a weary task, and perseverance then may pass, "in that behalf" to toil no more. Yet there are those who think to win success in such "*a case*" by coaxing and kind words. Vain hope! A humming bird, upon its tiny, tireless wing, coquetting with the sunlight and the flowers, or dashing in its dreamlike beauty—like a thought—from opening bud to fragrant blossoms, were easier caught than such an unloving fair one in the gladness of her morning bloom. Win first the love of her you love, and courtship ceases to be a mere humming bird chase—formality warms into fervency, and a happy termination in a happy marriage is the pleasant end and "upshot" thereof.

ANOTHER SAILOR GIRL.

A singularly romantic affair, says the Bombay Times of the 6th ult. has just been brought to our notice namely, that of a female sailor having arrived here some days ago in the ship Bucephalus. She is a very comely, interesting girl of 18, the daughter of a British officer, and related to an English nobleman, who having the misfortune to lose her mother at an early age was placed in an English convent, with the view ultimately of taking the veil. Whilst a boarder in this place, she, for the sake of her health, visited occasionally some friends in the neighborhood, where in the house of one she first met the object of her attachment, now an officer in one of the native regiments. Subsequently she was consigned to a convent in Dublin, to the end that she should take the veil. Here she remained some months, but resisting every argument to induce her to do so, privation, suffering and cruel treatment at the hands of the lady superior were her lot. She fell sick, and was conveyed to the hospital, whence, through the connivance of a young English lady, an inmate of the convent, who supplied her with means, she made her escape in the disguise of a boy, and formed the romantic resolution of coming out to Bombay in search of the young officer above mentioned. It would occupy a volume were we to recount all her wanderings and the sufferings and privations of the poor young creature in her endeavors to get on board a ship bound for Bombay. This at last she accomplished. A few days after the ship sailed, "the strange boy" on being questioned by the captain whence he came, proved to be a young lady. A cabin was humanely allotted to her at once, and she was treated exactly as a lady passenger.—"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction"—and here is romance in real life that decidedly elucidates the saving of the poet.—This young lady's history has excited considerable interest and admiration among the society of Bombay. Probably the whole ample page of faction could present an instance of greater determination and constancy than is exemplified in this case.

DISGRACEFUL FIGHT IN THE COURT ROOM, NEW YORK.

By the cars last night we received the New York Herald of yesterday which contains several additional columns of testimony on the election frauds. We have only time to give the following disgraceful closing scene in the Court Room on Monday evening, to obtain possession of a bundle of papers, which it is said contain documentary evidence of the frauds committed in 1838, with the names, opinions, and receipts of the several parties, implicating many respectable persons.

At the close of the day a number of strange hard looking men, who *appeared* as if they came there to fight, kick down, break up the Court, or do any desperate act, and many quiet men wondered who brought them there. Among other new characters in the drama, were the Mayor, the Sheriff, Mr. N. B. Blunt, Mr. Glentworth and several who were not there in the morning.

The Recorder produced a paper in which was written his decision. In his decision, he stated his determination *to read the papers openly before the court*, that they might be published in order that the really guilty might be known and the innocents at once freed from suspicion. In support of this decision, he quoted several authorities. At this decision, Glendsworth turned pale and red by turns; and the sheriff, who had taken up a standing position immediately behind Glendsworth, appeared rather uneasy. A slight motion was also made by several of the rough looking men towards the Recorder.

The long looked for & mysterious papers of Glentworth were then produced by the court and passed from hand to hand between the Recorder and the Mayor, that the seals might be examined, in order to see that they were unbroken. It was satisfactorily shown that the seals were all correct. The counsel for Glentworth then asked to be allowed to examine the seals also. The Recorder said very politely, "Certainly, sir, by all means; there's no objection to that." All this time, the Sheriff had a writ of replevin in his hand or his pocket, and kept *standing close behind Glentworth*, who was very close to the recorder; but, the Sheiff said not a word about his writ of replevin; and up to this moment had not made any demand on the court for them. He however, kept his eye fixed on the mysterious and awful bundle of "Glentworth papers," and from the curious looks and movements among some of the audience, it was evident that an explosion was about to take place in a few minutes.

As the Recorder was about to hand the papers to Glentworth, by council, simply for inspection, to see that the seal was unbroken, with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, the hand of Glentworth violently and forcibly grasped the papers and seized them as fire, he thrust them rudely in his bosom, crying out, "I've got them; *and no man shall get them from me alive!*" The Court were thunder-struck. The Recorder rose and laying his hand on Glentworth's shoulder or collar, told him he must not violate the peace of the court—that he must not take forcible possession of those papers, and that he must immediately give them up. Upon this Glentsworth struggled violently, and struck at the Recorder. The Sheriff rushed up to the assistance of Glentworth, and appeared as if he struck at the Recorder, or grappled at or pushed him off from Glentworth, by the collar, at the same time crying out, "I take possession of the papers by writ of replevin." Several of the rough looking men closed up to the assistance of of Glenthworth and the Sheriff, crying out "support the Sheriff—support the Sheriff," and one struck a blow at the Recorder and hit him, and would have knocked him down had he stood alone. On seeing this, the Mayor rose to endeavor to restore order, and some persons cried out "support the Recorder, support the Recorder—keep the peace—for God's sake respect the Court." "D—n the Court—down with the d—d loco-foco scoundrels." Here several persons struck a blow at the Mayor, and he was hit once or twice. Justice Matsell then interfered to try to prevent the Recorder and Mayor severely from being beaten, and he was struck, and the coat nearly torn off his back.

By this time the confusion and outrage was terrible, almost all in the room were pushing, striking or defending. At one time it appeared as if the Mayor and Recorder were both knocked on the ground; and some one struck at the Sheriff, and we believe hurt him and tore his clothes. Blood was drawn, flesh was bruised, clothes were torn, some knocked down or fell down, and the demon of disorder reigned supreme for several minutes. In the midst of this outrage, the papers disappeared; and some of the rough looking characters made a derperate rush to the door. The recorder and Mayor cried out "close the door—close the door—let no one leave the room." The Reporter of the "Journal of Commerce," who was near the door, attempted to close it; when two desperate scoundrels struck at him, and getting him between the door and the door post, jammed him severely. By this time the officers succeeded in closing the door.

The Recorder and Mayor also by this time had struggled themselves clear of their assailants & did not appear the worse for their blows and rough handling. The Sheriff cried out "I am in possession of the room."

The Recorder (calmly)—No, sir. As your superior officer, I am in possession of the room, and I command you as Sheriff of this city and county, to keep the peace.

The Sheriff (angrily)—Never, till I get hold of those papers.

The Recorder.—Mr. Sheriff, I command you to keep the peace.

The Sheriff then laid his hand, on the table, looking greatly excited, with the writ of replevin crumpled up in it, and said, "Gentlemen I command the peace here. And now, sir, (turning to the Recorder) I demand those papers by virtue of this writ of replevin."

The Recorder.—Now, sir, you have done your duty, and I'll do mine. I have not got those papers; they have been taken from me by force in this affair—I now wait your pleasure—you have served me with that writ, and I consider myself in your custody, and am ready to abide your further action, whether you choose to arrest me or otherwise.

The Sheriff.—I do not consider you as in my custody.

The Recorder.—That is of no consequence, sir. You have served me with a process of law, and I submit to it, and abide your action on it.

The Sheriff.—I demand those papers.

The Recorder.—They have been taken forcibly from my possession.

Mr. Blunt.—I appear as counsel for the Sheriff—the papers must be given up.

Glentworth's Counsel.—Have you got the papers Mr. Mayor?

The Mayor.—I have not, sir.

Counsel,—Have you, Mr. District Attorney?

District Attorney.—I have not sir.

Some few more bitter words and angry looks passed, and the District Attorney rose and made a very fair statement of all that passed. Mr. N. B. Blunt remarked rather warmly to the District Attorney, that he had included him (Mr. B.) as among those who had just committed the outrage. The District Attorney replied to the effect that he (Mr. B.) was one of them. Mr. Blunt cried out, angrily, across the table, "What you say is false, sir!" The District Attorney made no reply, but sat down.

A proposition was now made by the Recorder to search all in the room for the mysterious papers. The Comptroller, who was there, said, "You shall not search me." Finally, the matter was compromised by the taking down or every man's name. Then, in the matter of the writ of replevin, (issued, we believe, from the Court of the Circuit Judge) the Recorder entered into a compromise or agreement, to appear before the Circuit Judge at 11 or 12 o'clock this day, (Tuesday) and answer in the matter of the mysterious papers. The Recorder then told the officer to allow the Sheriff, and a certain number of his friends to pass out of the room, which they did, some with their clothes torn, and looking rather worse for the row and fight, some laughing and some looking sad and sorry.

The Court was thus entirely broken up; the Recorder declared himself unable to proceed with the business of the Court, and therefore adjourned it forthwith. The Mayor's friends then got round him and asked him if he was hurt, "No," said the Mayor, "I'm not much the worse for it; and I can stand a few hard knocks although I am getting old."

So thus ended this singular affair, and the investigation stands adjourned till to-day. Who was to blame we cannot pretend to [illegible] to the public to decide, after reading this statement, which we have endeavored to make as impartial and correct as possible.

WISCONSIN.

The election in Wisconsin is just over. There are four-fifths if not more of the members of both Houses in favor of the present Administration. There are some counties however that did not elect upon political grounds—but the politics of the members are known. The late unwarranted and unprecedented conduct of our delegate in Congress, J. D. Doty, is about to be canvassed in a Territorial Convention called for that purpose, which meets at the Capitol (Madison) on the 12th instant.

IOWA.

She Starts in the good Democratic Track.

A letter from a friend in Burlington, Iowa, and a note from Bloomington, brings the gratifying news of the election of Augustus C Dodge, son of General Dodge, as Delegate in Congress from that Territory. The election was contested on strict party grounds, and the violence of the coon skin faction was up there in all its bitterness, but it was no go. Iowa plants herself in politics as in geography, alongside of Illinois and Missouri.—New Era.

The Little Rock (Arkansas) Time of the 18th ult. states that JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Esq. had reached that place on his route to visit the western Indians, for the purpose of completing investigations of their history and habits. He travels under a special passport from the Secretary of War, and recommendatory letters to all Indians Agencies, from the Indian Department.

THE N. E. BOUNDARY.—A letter from Bangor, Me., dated Oct. 23, published in the Boston Merc. Journal, states that two of the young men who accompanied the Boundary Commissioners, have arrived in that city. The whole ground has been carefully examined, and the Commissioners are on their return. Their report will probably come to us by the way of Washington, and until we get it, we must put up with such information as may casually fall from those connected with the expedition. The writer of the letter is informed that there is not a doubt upon the minds of the Commissioners, that the line claimed by the Americans is the true line; and that no person who makes examination with the intention of ascertaining the truth, can arrive at any other conclusion.

BANK FRAUDS.—The frauds that have been discovered in different Banks within *the last year*, amount to nearly $4,000,000! yet the refrom federal Harrisonians never mention this horrible swindling to the people. They are opposed to all BANK REFORM, as it would break up one source of their profits, in plucking the profits of labor like old ladies pluck geese.

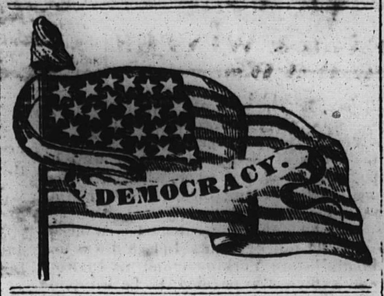
HARD TIMES.—It is said that three thousand visiters at the Saratoga Springs, echoed back Mr Webster's lamentations of hard times. Only fancy how hard must be the times for the three thousand visiters at Saratoga Springs.—*Globe.*

DARNES CONVICTED.—Wm. P. Darnes who killed A. J. Davis, the editor of the St Louis Argus, in a political quarrel, has been tried, convicted, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment in the penitentiary.

THE WHIG.

EASTON, MD

TUESDAY MORNING, NOV. 3, 1840.



☞The Annapolis Republican of Wednesday last states that Mr. Cornelius Mc Lane, late Secretary of State, has been appointed Recorder to the Court of Chancery, *vice* Alexander Randall, resigned. Mr. James Murray has succeeded to the office of Secretary of State, *vice* Cornelius Mc Lane, resigned.

DEATH OF HON. JOHN S. SPENCE.—We regret to learn that the Hon. *John S. Spence* U. S. Senator for Maryland, died at his residence in Worcester county, on Thursday last.

☞We are requested to say that Mr. Schmidt proposes giving a Concert in Easton, in the course of a week or two.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Below we give all the returns that have come to hand. We delayed issuing our paper until this morning to enable us to present to our readers the earliest news we could obtain. In reference to Pennsylvania the Baltimore Republican of yesterday has this paragraph.

The returns from this state show a Democratic majority of 2,692—thirteen counties to be heard from; should those counties vote as they did on the 13th, the Democratic majority will be 3,364.

We have not been able to get correct returns from Queen Anns and Caroline. The Whig majority in the latter county is reported to be larger than it was at the October election. Dorchester is reported to have given a Whig majority of upwards of 500.

TALBOT COUNTY.

	DISTRICTS. Easton.	St. Michaels.	Trappe.	Chapel.	Total.
WHIG TICKET.					
For Electors of President and Vice President.					
David Hoffman,	187	282	178	106	752
John Leeds Kerr,	188	282	178	106	753
Thomas A. Spence,	187	282	178	106	752
Theo R. Loockerman,	187	282	178	106	752
George Howard,	187	282	178	106	752
John P. Kennedy,	187	282	178	106	752
Richard J. Bowie,	186	282	178	106	751
Jacob A. Preston,	186	282	178	106	751
James M Coale,	187	282	178	106	752
William T. Wootman,	187	282	178	106	752
DEMOCRATIC TICKET.					
For Electors of President and Vice President.					
William A. Spencer,	185	221	132	149	684
Henry G. S Key,	185	221	132	149	684
Cathel Humphreys,	185	221	132	149	684
Edward Lloyd,	187	221	132	149	686
Otho Scott,	185	221	132	149	684
Benjamin C. Howard,	185	221	132	149	684
James Murray,	185	221	132	149	684
William P. Maulsby,	185	221	132	149	684
Charles Macgill,	185	221	132	149	684
Walter Mitchell,	185	221	132	149	684

BALTIMORE CITY.

	Van Buren.	Harrison.
First Ward,	452	547
Second Ward,	448	404
Third Ward,	729	602
Fourth Ward,	842	433
Fifth Ward,	524	773
Sixth Ward,	601	534
Seventh Ward,	284	684
Eifth Ward,	750	517
Ninth Ward,	339	700
Tenth Ward,	718	546
Eleventh Ward,	666	805
Twelfth Ward,	1008	750
Total	7331	7295

Vote on 7th Oct.—Dem. 7,342—Whig, 7,072.

ANNAPOLIS CITY—We learn that the Harrison majority in Annapolis is 49—at the Delegate election the Whig majority was 22.

BALTIMORE COUNTY—We have received returns from the First District, in which the vote stands for Van Buren 405—for Harrison 196. At the Delegate election the vote was Van Buren, 358—Harrison, 190; being a Van Buren gain of 41 votes.

In Govanstown, the vote was for Van Buren 257; Harrison 165.

THE GREAT CONTEST.

What the two great political parties are contending for—Are the Whigs for the privilege of living in log cabins? Is there any despot in the land who prevents them from pulling down their mansions of brick, of granite or of marble, and putting up log cabins in their places? Do they desire and design to blow up the President's house and demolish the Capitol, that they may build log cabins for the accomodation of congress and the President on their ruins? Are they denied the privilege of painting log cabins upon ladies' fans, stamping them upon their handkerchiefs, impressing them up on their buttons, or branding them upon their foreheads. Or has some tyrant dashed the gourd from their lips, knocked the hoops off their barrels, and denied them the right to drink hard cider. Are they making so fierce a war to recover the lost liberty of getting drunk on whatsoever beverage they please. Or has a despot interposed to prevent their assembling together in as many thousands as they can collect, hauling pig styes and little boats, rolling balls and waving coon skins, climbing into forks of trees, braced up in carts chattering like monkeys, cawing like crow, barking like dogs, whooping like indians and yelling like devils, to their hearts' content? All these *blessed privileges* they now enjoy unmolested; and many are improving them with exhuberance of zeal and delight which shows how highly they are prized.

For all these things the leading whigs care nothing. They do not mean to live in log cabins. Except with such as have in the mean time become incorrigible drunkards, all their hard cider drinkers and the mumeries which attend them will cease with the election. They are only the *arguments* by which the leaders of the party expect to induce an intelligent people to vote for their candidate. The objects which they hope to attain through such means are far different, and it behooves a jealous people to look beyond the log cabin and see what they are.—*Extra Globe.*

EVERY WORD TRUE.

The following extract from a letter in the N. Y. Post, dated Mobile, August 11, shows that at the south as well as the north the whig strength exist only in the bank-ridden sections of the country, were the electors are too much the slaves of corporate power to give free expression to their will, while every where the strong holds of republican liberty are among the honest hard working yeomany, who do not loo upon a state of labor as a state of dishonor, and who spurn far from them the gilded bubbles with much the aristocrisy would amuse the people while they sap the foundations of freedom:

"An examination of the results of this elections exhibits the most striking moral characteristics of the pending political struggle.—Wherever banks are strongest, and bankruptcies most abundant—wherever debts rules the hearts of dissappointed men, and extinguishes the love of principle, of equal rights and liberty—whenever sordid passion have had their riotous sway, and the people are suffering under the consequences, republicanism is weakened—the present distress is the whole burden of complaint, and whole masses of men wheel from their party, excuse themselves by their necessities, and consent to be willing dupes to the profuse and insincere promises of party charlatans. But whenever simple habits prevail—where industry is frugal and conscientious—among the independent farmers and incorruptible yeomanry, the detections of bank ridden and luxurious cities are more than made up—and democracy triumphs. Whiggery cannot live in the pure air of the mountains, or among the rural valleys where the strong-handed and high-hearted husband till his soil and looks with honest scorn on the devices to tive without work which from the subsistance of whig politics."

DISTRESSING SUICIDE.

On Thursday, at about 6 o'clock in the morning, Daniel Welch, foreman in the hat manufactory of Messrs Clapp & Cole, in Saratoga street, shot himself through the heart with a pistol, and died immediately. He had given orders to the colored porter of the establishment to make a fire, complained of being sick at heart, passed into the yard, seated himself on a box, was seen by a boy to put his hand on his heart, and immediately he fired as stated. An inquest was held by Seth Pollard, Esquire, coroner, and the jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts. Deceased was about forty nine years of age, and had been 15 years in the employ of Clapp & Cole. He sustained an excellent character among his acquaintance, for honesty, sobriety and good moral conduct; and maintained by his industry a wife and four children, three girls and a boy, the oldest a girl about fourteen years of age, and the youngest, also a girl, apparently of 2 or 4 years. There is no doubt that the conjugal infidelity of his wife, undeniable proof of which became recently known to him, was the cause of the suicidal act. He had known her to be for some short time past, on, as he supposed, a visit at the house of Joseph Mountgarety, keeper of the Ferry bar, Spring Gardens; but some of her and his relatives supposed the visit to be for any but an innocent purpose, Mountgarety's wife being absent, and they having other good reasons for suspicion.—On Sunday last the heart-breaking truth burst on him, in a letter from his faithless wife, who informed him that she would return no more, but would keep the two oldest children, leaving the two youngest with him. Here was the blasting evidence of his ruin—the withering proof that the altar he had reared within his heart was desecrated, and his children disgraced in the world's eye, by the reflection of their mother's shame. The weight of his affliction was greater than he could bear; his mortal and mental fortitude sank beneath it, and he hastened out of a world, which he conceived to have no more happiness for him, even at the risk of whatever might be his fate in the unknown and eternal future. Yes, he shot himself through the heart; but did not his faithless wife and her wicked paramour, by their conduct, load the pistol, and point it to his breast? What must be the feelings of the guilty pair, during the remainder of their days! and how will that mother dare to look in the face of those children, whose father her shameless conduct has laid in a suicide's grave. Had she but seen those children crying around their father's corpse, and rending the hearts of those present—had she seen the *youngest climb up to the coffin*, struggle to get into it, and scream, as if her little heart were bursting, when she laid her hand on his face, and found as she said, that "pa is *cold!*"—had she seen—but she has no heart, or if she has it can never beat in happiness again.—*Balt Sun.*

PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—On Monday evening, John Townsend, the celebrated pedestrian, who recently accomplished an arduous six days' task on the Prescot road, undertook to perform, for a benefit, on the bowling green of the High Park Coffee House, the following feat:—To pick up 100 stones, each a yard apart, with his mouth, and deposit them in a basket without touching them with his hands;—to run a mile;—to walk three miles forwards, and three miles backwards; and, finally to run a hoop two miles;—the whole to be accomplished in three successive hours. He commenced operations soon after five o'clock, and accomplished the feat with great ease within sixteen minutes of the prescribed time. He afterwards, by way of afterpiece, picked up 40 stones in the same manner as before in almost 11 minutes. This extraodinary pedestrian is upwards of 50 years of age. A vast number of persons witnessed the feat.—*London paper.*

CHEAP AND QUICK TRAVELLING.—Now a-days in crossing the Atlantic, which is three thousand miles broad at one place, and twenty-five hundred at another, we can eat dinner in New York, on the ocean, and in London or Paris, on three consecutive Sundays, and have a day or two to spare here and there with per-