VOL. X

CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

"THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE."

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BY D. P. HOGE.

—TERMS.—

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POETRY.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

To ————.

I looked upon thy face, but while
It seems so bright and fair,
I ask me if that sunny smile
Is wont to linger there?
I ask me if thy bosom's heave
Hides not a heart that's doomed to grieve,
And whither in despair?
I ask if peace or joy can be
With beings desolate like thee?

I knew thee not, thou fallen flower,
While virtue marked thy growth;
I knew thee not in thy bright hour
Of purity and truth.
I knew thee not, 'till treacherous ways
Had dimmed the sunshine of thy days—
The freshness of thy youth;
And *then* I met thee in thy shame,
Without a friend—without a name.

An outcast from thy happy home,
A blighted, joyless thing;
Thy journey onward to the tomb
A rayless wandering.
Uncheered by hope thy bosom heaves,
Yet like the roses' scattered leaves
Some sweets still round thee cling,
And dimly through thy ruins shine,
Like ivy on the shattered pine.

There's beauty still upon thy brow,
And kindness in thy heart;
That smile is with thee even now,
All hopeless as thou art.
But sorrow's wave too soon will chase
The light of beauty from thy face,
And thou wilt then depart,
As bends the lily to the blast,
Unknown, unloved, thou'lt sink at last.

God cheer thee on that awful day,
For none will watch thy bed—
None sigh to see the pass away,
Nor grieve for thee when dead.
None seek the lonely, silent spot,
Where all forsaken and forgot,
Reclines thy lovely head.
The turf—alas! will soon be green,
And few will know that thou *hast* been.

J.

TOO HANDSOME FOR ANY THING.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favourite with both his parents, that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. 'Never,' says the Greek Tragedian, 'reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end.' A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too,—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to Ferdinand's parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy the propriety to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them;—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. 'What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!' said she to her husband.

'Pooh, my dear, it is no use to take pains with *him!*

'And why, love?'

'Because he is a great deal to handsome ever to be a scholar.'

'And that's true enough, my dear!' said the school-master's wife.

So, becau- he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form!

They took our hero from school.—'What profession should he follow?' said his mother.

'My first cousin is the Lord Chancellor;' said his father, 'let him go to the bar.'

The Lord Chancellor dined there that day: Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him; his Lord-ship was a little, rough faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man; who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

'Send him to the bar!' said he; 'no, no, that will never do! Send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer.'

'And that's true enough, my lord!' said the mother So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a coronetcy in the——— Regiment of Dragoons.

Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzory had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding school, and every body laughed at him.

'He is a d——d ass!' said Coronet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; 'A horrid puppy!' said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; 'If he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!' said captain Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; 'If he does not ride better, we will cut him!' said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinent; 'I say, Mr. Bumpemwell (to the riding-master), make that young-ster ride less like a miller's sack.'

'Pooh, sir, he will never ride better.'

'And why the d——l will he not?'

'Bless you, Colonel, he is a great deal too hand-some for a cavalry officer!'

'True!' said Coronet Horsephiz.

'Very true!' said Lieutenant St. Squintem.

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of suspectibility—he quitted the———Regiment, and challenged the Colonel. The Colonel was killed!

'What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!' said the Colonel's relations.

'Very true!' said the world.

The parents were in despair! They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they spunged hard upon the crabbed old uncle.

'He is very clever,' said they both, 'and may do yet.'

So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in Parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitions, and desirous of retriving his character. He fagged like a dragon—conned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and notes on the English constitution.

He rose to speak.

'What a handsome fellow!' whispered one member.

'Ah, a coxcomb!' said another.

'Never do for a Speaker!' said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heard!*—Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

'Told you so!' said one of his neighbors.

'Fairly broke down!' said another.

'Too fond of his hair to have any thing in his head,' said a third, who was considered a wit.

'Hear, hear!' cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse; and many a county member had been declared a phœnix of promise upon half his merit.

Not so thought the heroes of corn laws. 'Your Adonisir never make orators! said a crack speaker with a wry nose.

'Nor men of busines either,' added the chairman of a committe, with a face like a kangaroo's.

'Poor devil!' said the civilest of the set. 'He's a deused deal too handsome for a speaker! By love, he is going to speak agin—this will never do; we must cough him down!'

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven, or eight-and-twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

'We have nothiug to leave you,' said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it. 'You are the handest man in London; and you must marry an heiress.'

'I will,' said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a-year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses.

Heavens! what an uproar her relations made, about the matter. 'Easy to see his intentions,' said one; 'a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!' 'Handsome is that handsome does,' says another; 'he was turned out of the army, and murdered his Colonel.' 'Never marry a beauty,' said a third; 'he can admire none but himself.' 'Will have so many mistresses,' said a fourth;—'Make you perpetually jealous,' said a fifth;—'Spend your fortune,' said a sixth;—'And break your heart,' said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover; especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly, she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope; and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor, and coach-maker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for.

Now, then our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolulus;—the former though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business;—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

'If I make you my heir,' said he, 'I expect you will continue the bank.'

'Certainly, sir,' said the nephew.

'Humph!' grunted the uncle, 'a pretty fellow for a banker!'

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. 'It is a dangerous thing,' said she, timidly, 'to marry a man so admired,—will you always be faithful?'

'By heaven!' cried the lover—

'Heigho!' sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumilion entering, the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricle. By Appollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences—'Cheer up, my Ferdinand,' said she, 'for your sake I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumilion!'

Adorable condescension! cried our hero;' 'but Lord Rufus Pumilion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony.'

"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy,' was the reply.

Away goes our hero to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

'I leave, said the testator (who, I have before said was a bit of a satirist), 'my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to'—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eye with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brode*) 'my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew Ferdinand my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker, his good looks will, no doubt, win any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing case, a thousand pounds'

'A thousand devils,' said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress, She was not at home. 'Lies,' says the Italian proverb, 'have short legs; but truths, if they are unpleasant have terribly long ones. The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

'I wish you every happiness,' said Miss Helen Convolvulus. in conclusion—'but my friends are right, you are much to handsome for a husband!

And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumilion.

Alas! sir,' said the bailiff, as a day or two after the dissolution of Parliament, he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney-coach, bound to the King's Bench, 'Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!'

THE QUIET MAN.

[BY THEODORE S. FAY.]

You would have been delighted with him. He was so unobtrusive, so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of stillness. He was a living rebuke to every thing in nature. His tongue was a superfluity.—The rose that unfolds its soft leaves noiselessly in the green-house, and blooms, and withers, and says never a word, had an existence that he might have envied, or a stream that lapses along delusively without a ripple, his abhorrence of confusion, exercise and riot, was so deep rooted. I have seen him walk fifty yards around an old cow, reclining in the shade, rather than disturb her cogitations. At school, he used to let the birds out of the cages, the mice out of the traps. He would rather suffer any privation than speak.—It was wonderful. He was a statue.—A bustle acted on him like a spell. A stranger put him on the rack. He closed up in company like a sensitive plant; and the equisitively susceptible leaves of his mind drew themselves in and shrunk, the moment he was driven from the atmosphere of his own circle.—Poor, dear Alfred, to what excrutiations he must have been exposed!—How the rattle and thunder, the jolting, pushing pulling, and all the everlasting agitations and discords of this restless world, must have jarred upon his gentle spirit! What loathings and thrillings, what tremblings and shudderings, must have made up the history of his existence? Have you never observed, my attentive reader; if you are afflicted with any wound, a broken arm, a gash upon your finger, or a foot encumbered with one of those visitations of humanity which defy philosophy to tell the use of; what a tacit and unanimous consent appears to prevail among all your acquaintance to bring themselves violently in contact with the affliction? So it was with Alfred. Every disturbance pursued him. He went to a remote country village, and a barrel of powder exploded under his window. He visited a vessel of war in the bay, but no sooner had he set his foot on deck than orders were given for a salute. He spent a month in the West Indies and was driven away by an earthquake. He was on board the steamboat ———, when the boiler burst, and in the Albany stage when it overturned. They have lately enlisted him in the milita, though a drum sets his teeth on edge. Poor dear Alfred! my heart bleeds for him. Yet in a private corner, who ever spoke more to the purpose?—Who ever amassed a greater fund of observation? Who could unbosom himself to a friend more delightfully? Who could whisper in a womans ear more persuasively? How he pours out his very soul in a letter! What a companion he would make in a prison! What a husband!—What a farther! What an ornament to society, if he could *but* talk! What a happy fellow, if nature had given him a nerve to bear the crash and riot of worldly life.

I met him one morning last summer, on my way to the Albany steamboat, and was pleased to learn that he was bound on the same journey.

"I am going," said he "to fly from the hubbub of the city, and indulge myself for a month with a country life. Nothing like rural quiet! I shall *live* till I come back to this infernal bedlam."

As we approached the ferry, a gigantic, ruffian-looking personage grasped his arm, with

"Have a hack, sir?"

"Any oranges, to day, sir?" said a boy.

"Buy a paper?" screamed another.

"Out of the way!" thundered a cartman, as the wheel passed within an inch of our feet.

"Clear the road!" bawled a traveller, panting and dripping with haste, thinking he was too late for the boat.

"All on board?" shouted the captain. The man rang the bell. The steam was let off, bursting by fits from the pipe, the wheel turned and splashed, and the dusty throng gave way to the green waves.

"Thank heaven!" said Alfred, uncovering his ears, and taking a long breath. "Now for the country." A shower came up suddenly, and drove all the passengers into the cabin. Babies screamed. A lap dog banished by the corporation law, began to bark. A gentleman at our back favored us with random passages from Cinderella, out of tune atrociously. Alfred had armed himself with a book, and was striving to read; but five worthies, on the same bench, commenced talking politics, and after a few civil preliminaries on the subject of the general state of the country, Poland, the Reform bill, the three days, and the doctrine of nullification, started off upon General Jackson and Major Eaton, with that calm and dispassionate temper which peculiarly distinguishes American gentlemen on board steamboats, when discussing the affairs of the nation. Alfred shut his book leaned back, folded his arms, and closed his eyes. Resignation is a virtue. I felt for him from my soul. He is the gentlest of all human creatures. But if Major Eaton had shown himself at that moment, I would scarcely have answered for the consequences. Indeed a little miniature dandy, with plaid pantaloons and a ratan, offering at the same time, his silver snuff-box, asked him if he did not think Major Eaton had been sadly misused?

"No, sir," replied Alfred I wish they had hanged him; he has been ringing in my ears these six months."

Alfred shut his mouth; the person shut his box, and the bell rang for breakfast. Accepting an invitation to accompany him to his retreat, we landed at Newburg, crossed over the river to a farm house, at some distance in the interior. I had only time to spend a day and night with him. He was fond of reading, and had brought with him a few choice authors, to be enjoyed in uninterrupted seclusion.

"Now," said Mr. Alfred, as we seated ourselves beneath the low, moss-covered shed, which formed the piazza of this humble habitation, "I am entering upon a kind of new existence. 'Happiness,' says Addison, 'is an enemy to pomp and noise;' and believe me, there is no quiet like that of an obscure farm house. Here the thunder of carts and stages over the trembling pavements is never heard.—The beating of drums, the shuffling of crowds, and all the innumerable noises of the town are strangers; and where can a man expect to find a more delightful shelter from these pests than here? Where can his memory more clearly recall the passages of his past life, or his wisdom conceive plans for the future? Here for a time, evil passions loose their hold, a holy influence deadens our hatreds, and defines more strongly the outlines of our manly friendships. I look down on the world from this scene of repose. There is no enemy to whom I would not here extend my hand; my bosom owns an unwonted yearning for those who, however beloved, are overlooked and neglected, in the revel and riot of the town; and; what lofty temple softens the heart to adoration like this simple and lovely landscape reposing in a peaceful beauty, untainted with the evils of the world? Here no troubles disturb, no interests clash, no accidents terrify. There is nothing like rural quiet."

We were startled by a sudden shout from friend Simon, the farmer. After a pretty profane ejaculation, and a sudden rush by us, so as to nearly overturn the chair on which my friend was seated, he went on shouting.—

"Jacob run, you lazy scoundrel; the hogs are in the corn. Here, watch; here, watch; seize em, boy. Run Jacob, seize 'em boy; run, Jacob; let down the bars."

An enormous house-dog, just from the pond started through the entry at the call, & shaking the contents of his saturated hair over Alfred, laid his course, barking furiously, toward the intruding, and now alarmed quadrupeds. Simon and Jacob shouted; the pigs squealed; Watch added to the clamor; the cows bellowed; the geese hissed; the ducks, Guinea hens and the inhabitants of the farm-yard joined the confusion.

"Nothing like rural quiet!" thought I.

At supper, we were interrupted by the screams of Jacob. Friend Simon was promoting his education with the end of a rope.

"Poor Jacob!" said Alfred.

"Poor Alfred!" thought I "No interests clash, no toubles disturb!"

We retired to rest early. In the room allotted to us was a clock.

"What a happy thought!" said Alfred. "A clock, remind us that time flies, as it proclaims the passing hour!"

We were just sinking into a sleep, when the clock struck ten. A rattling noise preceded the operation, and the bell might have been heard through the whole house. It awakened us regularly throughout the night, at the termination of every sixty minutes.

"What a happy thought?"

The next day was intensely hot. The sun glanced down fiercely The leaves hung on the trees motionless. The dog lay panting in the shadow, with half a yard of tongue hanging from his mouth. The hens, &c. gathered in silent meetings under the carts and hedges. Alfred took his Shelley, and handed me Milton.—Every thing was silent enough. A woman interrupted us with a mop.

"Will the gentleman please sit on the other side of the house?"

"Why what are you going to do?" inquired Alfred looking up from his book.

"Going to wash the stoop," said the fair intruder, dashing a pail of water over the boards.

We had no sooner fairly settled in another situation, than Jacob came by with a load of wood.

"Pretty Poll," said Jacob.

"Pretty Poll," screamed a voice at our shoulder, in such a discordant tone that Alfred again put his hands to his ears.—It was a parrot, whose tongue, thus set in motion, regaled us with such choice specimens of colloquism as "Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll! Ha, ha, ha! Huzza, huzza!

Alfred looked resolutely at his Shelley. There was a dead silence. He went on with his book, and turned to me to read a passage of rare beauty.

"Go to work, go to work," said Poll.

"The devil take the fool," said Alfred, flinging down the volume in a passion.

"Stupid fool! Stupid fool!" screamed the bird. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Huzza! huzza!"

Poor Alfred! he must soon learn that there is no refuge from a misfortune, the source of which is in himself. Instead of seeking to fly from tumult he must strive to become familiar with it. The world was not formed for the fastidious or the refined. There is only one place of rest and long may it be ere he lies in its stillness.

FEELING OF A HEADLESS MAN.

The New York Era has the following:

"Some of the emminent physiologists of Germany and France are pertinaciously arguing the very curious question as to whether a man feels after his head is off, and this inquiry is considered by its conductors to be of more than physiological interest, because it involves a refined principle of humanity with regard to the punishment of death by the guillotine.

"It is considered on all sides that the body does not feel one instant after decapitation; for the brain being the seat of sensation to the whole frame, through the medium of the spinal marrow, every part of the body beneath the joint at which may be divided, must be deprived of feeling. But it by no means follows that the head is deprived of sensation immediately after decapitulation, nor that it may not retain its consciousness, and, like the head of the Irish Knight who was killed by Saladin in the Holy War, get up and declare that it never was cut off by so sweet a scymetar before; nor like that of assassin Legare, swear roundly at the executioner for not keeping a keener axe; but it is quite possible that it may be troubled with very serious reflections upon irrevocability of its fate, and the awfulness of its deprivation.

"In support of this upleasant theory many facts are adduced, with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others, is the most unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move, in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner had performed his duties. Windt states that after having put his mouth to the ear of a decapitated criminal's head, and called him by his name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and this is attested by Fontenelle Mogore, Guillotine, Nauche & Aldina. On the word murder being called in the ear of the criminal, executed for that crime at Coblentz, the half closed eyes opened wide, with an expression of reproach on those who stood round.

"This is recorded in the Medical Gazette for April last; but whether it be believed or not, we see nothing either in theory or recorded fact to lessen the physiological possibility of consciousness after decapitation. In diseases of dislocation of the spinal marrow, the mind remains in full possession of its faculties, although the lower limbs are utterly devoid of feeling; and at that point of separaation are we justified in saying that the mind must loose all its rational powers? If the brain retain the images of vision, and the forms of touch long after the objects which created them are withdrawn, why may we not suppose that it retains them after a sudden operation of the axe or guillotine? Like the thigh of an amputated leg, which feels its throes for days, and even weeks after the operation, it may remain in imaginary possession of all its corporal members, until the curtains of oblivion are gathered around its fading visions, and it sinks to repose in the chamber of death."

A poetical description of the Falls of Niagara—Fanny Kemble had some power of description, but she did not dare to describe the Falls of Niagara. An English tourist who has recently visited this country, has no such foolish fears. Hear him.

"I visited the celebrated falls of Niagara, but really could not see any thing so very imposing about them as I had been led to believe. The great breadth takes away from the hight; and I must say I have seen as striking an effect produced *by the fall from a common mill dam at home*, or in one of those that run across the Hudson to supply the canals. Poets and travellers call it sublime; and I am aware that the frothy appearance of the water, after it has fallen gives it a rapid like appearance for a considerable distance; but we may observe this in a minature in the commotion caused by the paddle wheels of a steamboat, or in any of the falls in Britian."!!!

We are indebted for the above extract, to the Philadelphia Gazette. That paper informs us that the work of that self-confident tourist, "caps the climax of thrice sodden stupidity." If the above extract be a fair specimen of the book, its author must take rank with the reverend Mr. Fiddler, whose work on this country, has heretofore borne off the palm for unadultered leaden stupidity.

The yard stick criticism of the tourist about the breadth, and the height of the of the falls, is vastly amusing.

MISISSIPPI.

GOV. LYNCH, in his message to the Legislature, recently convened to devise a remedy to the existing pressure, expresses the opinion, that post notes, issued for thirteen months, bearing interest from date, and made receiveable in debts to the state, would serve a convenient purpose, and tend to ward off the disastrous blows that are daily and hourly protracting the energies of the state.—For the furtherance of this object, he recommends that the surplus revenue be divided among those banks that will come into the measure, and that they may be amply secured for the bonds so issued.

As another means of getting out of the present difficulty, by avoiding new engagements, the message represents the passage of an act, prohibiting the introduction into that State, of slaves as merchandize— thus shutting up for the present one great drain of its capital.

If it should ever fall to the lot of youth (says Sir Walter Scott in his Autobiography) to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science.

From the New York Herald.

Yesterday afternoon the failures continued as fierce as ever. Another batch of ten or twelve of our heaviest houses went by the board, for an amount of several millions. Among them was S. & F. Dorr & Co., large importers—Stone, Swan & Co. importers and commission merchants. Bankruptcy and failures are so frequent, that all fastidiousness and delicacy are gone. During the present week, proflably 20 or 30 large houses have gone, for an amount equal to fifteen millions. Every arrival from Europe brings back bills, and down goes a whole block in one crash.