'That was better than all,' said the recorder.

'I know who wrote that toast,' said the prisoner.

'You may go,' said the recorder.

[New Orleans Sun.

THE ROMANCE OF BROADWAY.

'I have earned three shillings, York this blessed afternoon!' I exclaimed with ill-suppressed exultation, as I threw down my pen, which I had been diligently using for four hours—(I was penning an article' for a certain 'monthly,' dear reader)—pushed my closely written manuscripts from my hat, which I have made my chief pocket since my fifth year, the time, I believe, when my discriminating parents exchanged my infant cap for the manly castor. Three York shillings have I made this blessed day, heaven be thanked! and now I can conscientiously take a little 'ease in mine inn!' Whereupon, I ignited my cigar with a self-kindling aparatus, a gift from my considerate landlady—pray heaven she charge it not in her bill—to save her candles, and ascending the three steps to my window, I seated myself in my accustomed chair, and forthwith began to speculate on things external. It was that calm, lovely time, which is wont to usher in the twilight of a summer evening. The roll of wheels beneath me in Broadway was ceaseless. Bright forms flashed by in gay carriages! The happy, the gallant, and the beautiful, were all forth to take the air on the fashionable evening drive! Why was I not with the cavalcade? Where was my Rosinante? Where was my 'establishment?' Echo answered, 'where?' I puffed away silently and vigorously for a few seconds, as these mental queries assailed me; and, blessed soother of the troubled, oh, incomparable cigar! my philosophy returned.

Diagonally opposite to my window, stands one of the proudest structures on Broadway. It is costly with stone and marble, lofty porticoes and colonades. This edifice first attracted my attention, by its architectural beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery, that seemed, to my curious eye, surrounding one of its inmates! But I will throw into the story-vein what I have to relate, for it is a nouvellette it itself. I can unveil you the mystery, lady!

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion! and for aught I know to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was seated at the drawing room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle. Broadway exhibits of a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my dormant nook, and was struck with her surprising loveliness. Every evening I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler, a mere penny-a-liner, aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshrined in dollars and cents? No! I worship like the publican, afar off. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.' But she was not destined to be so worshipped by all. One afternoon she was at her window, with a guilt leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted, and sat his horse like an Arabian! He was what the boarding school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well bred man of the world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black penetrating eye, and a moustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure and the most perfect address, he was, what I should term, a captivating and dangerous man. His air, and a certain indescribable *comme il faut*, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came opposite her window, his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated with her beauty! How much lovelier a real lovely creature appears, seen through 'plate glass!' Involuntarily he drew in his spirited horse and raised his hat!—The action, the manner, and the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment, the 'hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen backward upon his rider, had he not, with remarkable presence of mind, stepped quietly and gracefully from the stirrup to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently upon his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her chair and screamed convulsively. The next moment he had secured and remounted his horse, who was only slightly stunned with the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause (unless beauty were a crime,) by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The next evening the carriage was at door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was seated upon his box. I was, as usual, at my window.—The street-door opened, and, with a light step, the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment—(some men surely are born under the auspices of more indulgent stars than others)—the stranger rode up, bowed with ineffable grace, and—(blessed encounter that, with the omnibus wheel!)—his bow was acknowledged by an inclination of her superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents even in the 'cannon's mouth.' He rode slowly forward, and, in a few seconds, the carriage took the same direction. There are no inferences to be drawn from this, reader! All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of riders and drivers repassed.—The lady's carriage—(it was a landau, and the top was thrown back)—came last of all!)—The cavalier was riding beside it! He dismounted as it drew up before the door, assisted her to the *pave*, and took his leave. For several afternoons, successively, the gentleman's appearance mounted on his noble animal, was simultaneously with that of the lady at her carriage. One evening they were unusually late on their return. Finally the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have sworn the equestrian was not the stranger! No! he dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the *gentleman* and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man! occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this *amour* for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One day, however, about three o'clock, P. M., I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self possession which characterized him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps of the portico—pulled at the bell. The next moment he was admitted, and disappeared out of my sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attick has it advantages! The blinds of the drawing room were drawn, and impervious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to let in the light of heaven and my own gaze! I could see through the spaces, directly down into the room, as distinctly as if the e was no obstruction! This I give as a hint to all concerned, who have revolving leaves to their venitian blinds. Attick gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment he was in the room his hand upon his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet!—Sir—would that I had language to paint you the scene! Lady—I then learned the 'art of love!' I shall have confidence, I have so good a pattern, when I go to make my declaration, the declaration, the confession, the acceptation, all passed beneath me, most edifyingly. Then came the *labial seal* that made his bliss secure. By his animated gestures, I could see he was urging her to some sudden step. She, at first, appeared reluctant, but gradually becoming more placable, yielded. In ten minutes the landau was at the door. They came out arm in arm and entered it! I could hear the order to the coachman, 'drive to St. John's Church.' 'An elopement!' thought I. 'Having been in at breaking cover, I will be in at the death!' and taking my hat and gloves, I descended, as if I carried a policy of insurance upon my life in my pocket, the long flights of stairs to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau which I discerned just turning the corner of Canal street! I followed full fast on foot. I eschew omnibuses. They are vulgar! When I arrived at the church the carriage was before it and the 'happy pair,' already joined together were just crossing the *trottoir* to re enter it! The grinning footman, who had legally witnessed the ceremony, followed them!

The next day about noon, a capacious family carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion, followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building to see if it stood where it did when he left it for the Springs. Then came, one after another two beautiful girls; then a handsome young man. 'How glad I am that I have got home again,' exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. 'I wonder where Jane is, that that she does not meet us?'

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds in to the drawing room. *There* was a *scene!*

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was striving to prevent him! "You sha'nt?"—I will!"—'I say you sha'nt!"—'I say I will!' —were interchanged as certainly between the parties, as if I had heard the words. The gentleman, or rather husband, prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street door. The young ladies started back at the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, 'Who in the devil's name are you, sir?'

'I have the honor to be your son in law!'

'The devil you have! and *who* may you have the *honor* to be?'

'The Count L —— y!' with a bow of ineffable condescension.

'You are an impostor, sir!'

'Here is your eldest daughter, my wife,' replied the newly-made husband, taking by the hand his lovely bride, who had come imploringly forward as the disturbance reached her ears. 'Here is my wife, your daughter!'

'You are mistaken, sir, she is my house keeper!'

A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's house keeper. She had spread the snare, and like many a wiser fool he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterwards, a hack drove to the servant's hall door, and my heroine came forth, closely veiled, with bag and baggage, & drove away. The Count for such he was, I saw no more. I saw his name gazetted as passenger in a packet ship that sailed a day or two after for Havre. How he escaped from the mansion, remaineth yet a mystery.—Henceforth, dear reader, I most conscientiously eschew matrimony.

THE STEAM FRIGATES.—The New York Commercial says: 'We understand that the keel of one of the new steam frigates was laid at the Brooklyn navy yard, on Thursday. We are told, also, that the engines for both the frigates are ordered from the Cold Spring Foundry of Mr. Komble.'

A WEDDING AT SEA.—A Paris correspondent of the New England Review, gives the following sketch of an interesting scene which occurred on board the ship in which he sailed from this country.

"A novel circumstance took place while on our passage which I must relate: There was a Mr. H., on board who was formerly a merchant in Massachusetts, since in Connecticut, and late of New York. He was a kind, open hearted fellow, full of fun, and withal very intelligent as well as handsome. His age about twenty seven. He came on board an entire stranger to us all, but as we made it a point to have *but one family* on board, and as we soon discovered his amiable qualities he was very soon made a welcome member. On our sixth day out he came to me and enquired the name and circumstances of an elderly gentleman passenger who was accompanied by his daughter, with whom Mr. H. seemed deeply smitten. For my own part I could see nothing exceedingly attractive about Miss J., save that she was very agreeable in her manners and highly intelligent. I informed him, and at his request, gave him a formal introduction which terminated in the following manner.

Soon after the introduction it became evident that a mutual liking and affection existed between Mr. H. and Miss J. who, from the open expressions of fondness, began to attract the attention of all and the admiration of many of the passengers. They were frequently observed in their close conversations and a game of whist was scarcely ever played in which they were not partners. On the second Sunday of our passage, we solicited the Rev Mr. G. who was on his way to Italy to preach a sermon. By the politeness of Capt. N. a large awning was spread above us, seats were prepared, and a congregation of seventy-six persons, including the steerage passengers and sailors, was collected to participate in the religious exercises. A small desk was formed into a pulpit, and a choir was formed by 'going into a committee of the whole.' The text was read and the sermon delivered, of which I need not speak. At the conclusion of the sermon, our minister rose and read the following card which lay on his desk:

'WM BENTLEY H——, Esq., *of New York, intends marriage with* Miss MARIA LOUISA J——.' We were more surprised at the novelty of the thing than at the fact itself, and, indeed, such was the feeling created by the sudden and unexpected announcement made, that we all forgot the serious impressions made on our minds by the minister, in our hearty and vociferous congratulations of the happy pair. But it did not end here. A proposition was made to the parties to have the affair consummated that evening, which was cheerfully acceded to by them to the great pleasure of all on board. Accordingly things were arranged to order, the best state room was to be given up to them, and every one felt gay and happy as the hour approached which should witness the consummation of their nuptial vows. The evening was calm and delightful; not a sail fluttered in the breeze; not a voice was heard; not the least stir or hustle about the deck, & the moon looked down in loveliness on that tranquil scene. As at noon, every soul on board gathered to the temple, which had been erected for religious worship, and in less than fifteen minutes the marriage ceremony was performed by our worthy minister, who made a few remarks and closed with prayer.

The scene was truly as sublime as romantic. The fair bride came out, dressed in a robe of pure white satin, leaning on the arm of her lover, bound to the altar, and heard her marriage vow pronounced where only an hour or two before she had uttered her vows to God. Many a tear of joy stole down the cheeks of those who looked on, and not a care cast the shadow of its wing across that scene of triumphant love and bliss.

The novelty of this affair had thrown us all into an excitement, and nothing was to be talked of but weddings, wedding parties, marriages at sea, love, honey moon, &c., and I was at times half tempted to make a similar proposition myself to the queen-like Miss C. if for nothing else but the purpose of *having the joke pass round.*'

From the Knickerbocker.

REV. MR. BASCOM'S SKETCH OF THE GREAT CATARACT.

The following picture of Niagara is from the pen of an eloquent divine, with whose high reputation our readers are not unacquainted. To those who have seen the falls, it will recommend itself for its vivid truth; and those who have not, we commend the writer's introductory note to the editor:

"My Dear Sir—In complying with your request to furnish you with the following letter for publication in the Knickerbocker Magazine, I must claim the protection of one of the most indulgent canons of criticism; that which suggests that every production, claiming to be a mere revelation of personal impression and private feeling should be judged of mainly in view of the mind's peculiar state in giving it birth. The annexed sketch, except the last paragraph, was written on an angle of "Table Rock," at the instance, and for the exclusive gratification of a friend, and without the least reference to publication, then or subsequently. It was produced under the influence of a high wrought feeling, and does little more than reveal the heart's mythology, in presence of one of the most fearful manifestations of the power and grandeur of physical nature. If the *feeling* which gave birth to the fragment you have asked for publication be responded to by the reader, I have nothing to regret, and nothing farther to hope for.

Very truly and sincerely.

H. B. BASCOM.

New York, Feb. 1839."

My Dear E——:—I have seen, surveyed, and communed with the whole and awed and bewildered, as if enchanted before the revealment of a mystery, I attempt to write. You ask me in your last for some detailed, veritable account of the falls, and I should be glad to gratify you; but how shall I essay to paint a scene that so utterly baffles all conception and renders worse than fruitless every attempt at description? In five minutes after my arrival, on the evening of the 5th, I descended the winding path from the "Pavilion," on the Canadian side, and for the first time in my life saw this unequalled cascade, from "Table Rock;" the whole indescribable scene, in bold outline, bursting on my view at once. I heard and read much, and imagined more, of what was before me. I was perfectly familiar with the often told, the fartravelled story of what I saw; but the overpowering reality on which I was gazing, motionless at the rock on which I stood, deprived me of recollection, annihilated all curiosity; and with the emotions of sublimity, till now unfelt, and all unearthly, the involuntary exclamation escaped me, "*God of grandeur! what a scene!!*"

But the majesty of the sight, and the interest of the moment, how depict them? The huge amplitude of water, tumbling in foam above, and dashing on arched and pillared as it glides, until it reaches the precipice of the *shute*, & then in one vast column, bounding, with maddening roar and rush, into the depths beneath, presents a spectacle so unutterably appalling that language falters; words are no longer signs, and I despair giving you any adequate idea of what I saw and felt. Yet this is not all. The eye and the mind necessarily take in other objects, as parts of the grand panorama; forests, cliffs and islands; banks, foam, and spray, wood, rock, and precipice, dimmed with the rising fog and mist, and obscurely gilded by the softening tints of the rainbow. These all belong to the picture; and the effect of the whole is immeasurably heightened by the noise of the cataract, now reminding you of the reverberations of the heavens in a tempest, and then of the eternal roar of ocean, when angered by the winds!

The concave bed of rock, from which the water falls, some two hundred feet, into the almost boundless reservoir beneath, is the section of a circle, which at first sight from Table Rock, presents something like the geometrical curve of the rainbow: and the wonders of the grand "crescent," thus advantageously thrown upon the eye in combination, and the appropriate sensations and boom of the waters, render the sight more surprisingly sublime than any thing I have ever looked upon or conceived of. As it regards my thoughts and feelings at the time, I can help you to no conception of their character. Overwhelming astonishment was the only bond between thought and thought; and wild, and vague' and boundless, were the associations of the hour! Before me the strength and fullness of the congregated "lakes of the north" were enthroned and concentrated, within a circumference embraced by a single glance of the eye.

Here I saw, rolling and dashing at the rate of *twenty five hundred millions of tons per day*, nearly one half of all the fresh water upon the surface of the globe! On the American side I beheld a vast deluge, nine hundred feet in breadth, with a fall of one hundred and eighty or ninety, met fifty feet above the level of the gulf, by a huge projection of the rock, which seems to break the descent and continuity of the flood, only to increase its fierce & overwhelming bond. And turning to the "crescent;" I saw the mingled rush of foam and tide dashing with fearful strife and emulation—four hundred yards of the sheet rough and sparry, and the remaining three hundred a deep sealike mass of living green—rolling and heaving like a sheet of emerald. Even imagination failed me, and I could think of nothing but ocean let loose from his bed, and seeking a deeper gulf below! The fury of the water, at the termination of its fall, combined with the columned strength of the cataract, and the deafening thunder of the flood, are at once inconceivable and indescribable—No imagination, however creative, can correspond with the grandeur of the reality.

I have already mentioned and it is important, that you keep it in view, the ledge of the rock the verge of the cataract, rising like a wall of equal height, and extended in semi-circular form across the whole bed of the river, a distance of more than two thousand feet, and the impetuous flood, conforming to this arrangement, in making its plunge, with mountain weight, into the great horse shoe basin beneath, exhibits a spectacle of the sublime, in geographical scenery, without perhaps a parallel in nature. As I leaned over the Table Rock, and cast my eye downward upon the billowy turbulence of the angry depth where the waters, tossing and whirling, coiling and springing, with the energy of an earthquake and a rapidity that almost shocked my vision, I found the scene sufficient to appal a sterner spirit than mine; and I was glad to turn away and relieve my mind by a sight of the surrounding scenery, bays, islands, shores and forests, every where receding in due perspective. The rainbows of the 'crescent,' and American side, which are only visible from the western bank of the Niagara and in the afternoon, seem to diminish somewhat from the awfulness of the scene, and to give it an aspect of rich and mellow grandeur, not unlike the bow of promise, throwing its assuring radiance over the retiring waters of the deluge.

"The "rapids," which commence nearly a mile above the cataract, and sparkling in the sun, spread out like a sea of diamonds, seem admirably to give notice of what awaits below; and, when examined from a position on Goat Island, become extremely interesting, from the dash and foam of the broken flood, the noise which, distinct from that of the great fall, would remind you of the murmurs of an Alpine forest, in the rising swell of the coming storm. In crossing the river below the falls you have one of the richest views of the whole cascade that can possibly be imagined, and the rising bank and mossy rock, the lofty trees and luxuriant shrubbery, on either side, are in fine keeping with the scene, and are essential to the unity and completeness of the picture. But what most interested me, here was the tumultuous tossing and whirling of the water, where its depth must be more than two hundred feet, and its width at least seven hundred yards. The whole mass seems to be heaving with infuriate life. A thousand counter currents and eddies meet break and mingle, in the general 'torrent and whirlwind" of the water. Within a circumference of two or three hundred yards, near the American shore, this singular action of the element gives the water an elevation of from five to seven feet above the ordinary level: and the strong conflicting currents are seen tossing and struggling with volcanic force like the Adriatic turned up from the bottom by a tempest.

But the most appalling combination of wonder and awe was felt when after descending the spiral staircase of Table Rock, I passed under the great falling sheet. Divesting myself of the most burthensome part of my clothes, and girding an oil-cloth mantle about me, with a hood for the protection of the head, I entered the hollow space, half luminous, half obscure, between the projecting rock and the boundless mass of water pouring over in arch, like a sea of molten lead. In this way I proceeded one hundred and fifty or sixty feet, to "Termination Rock," a point beyond which no human being has ever penetrated, and here amid a tempest of wind and spray, almost depriving me of respiration, I paused to look up and around, awed and agitated by the stirring grandeur and sombre mysteriousness of all I could hear or see.

The edge of the precipice, over which the water falls is a projection of about 50 feet over the base where I stood. After remaining here for several minutes, & selecting some pebbles from the path at my feet, with an increased sense of danger, I effected my retreat, sincerely thankful that I had not purchased the gratification of my curiosity with the loss of my life. I spent four days and nights with the exception of a few hours for rest, in the examination of the falls, and in solitude with the majesty of the engrossing scene—a majesty all its own—untyped and unshadowed by aught I had ever seen before; and having surveyed the grand object of my visit, from nearly an hundred different points of view, I was more than satisfied, that the cataract of Niagara is a wonder in nature, wholly unique in its kind, and affording a rich if not an unequalled harvest of interest and observation to every beholder. Indeed nature seems to have done her work here in a mood and a scale of the most creative prodigality; consulting alike, as the Pagan poet would say, "her own amusement and the admiration of man."

My last look at the falls was a night view from the upper portico of the Pavillion: the brilliant lamps and mooned loveliness of an autumnal heaven adding to the splendor of the vision. From this point amid the tremulous shaking of the earth and the heavens in silent communion with the *mighty* cataract, the eye takes a more extended range—the most magnificent of prospects. The whole scenery, diversified and yet one is spread out before you in living beauty and picturesque majesty. You see the plains and forests, above the cliffs, and rocks and islands around: the dreadful precipice and the bold sweep of the watery mass, while the fall of the vast pervading column strikes your ear, like the thunder chorus of the 'vasty deep,' warring with its bound!

I felt about me a heart-reaching, a spirit-stiring influence, that detained me till midnight; and when I retired, fatigued and exhausted, and threw myself upon my pillow, it was only to feel the more intensely, the power and expression, the oneness, the depth, the nameless grandeur of the scene; and ear and thought still linger to catch and commune with far off chidings of the flood, as they wailed to the one the requium of the departed waters, and murmured to the other the melancholy dirge of their passing sway!

Cataract of Niagara, September 9, 18—

PHRENOLOGY.

The following is JOHN QUINCY ADAMS' opinion of Phrenology. There is not much argument in it, but there is, doubtless, some truth.

Washington, April 5, 1839.

Dear Sir:—I have read with great satisfaction your two Lectures upon the Science of Phrenology, which I have never been able to prevail upon myself to think of as a *serious* speculation. I have classed it with alchymy, with judicial astrology, with *augury*—and as Cicero says, that he wonders how two human augurs could ever look each other in the face without laughing, I have felt something of the same surprise that two learned phrenologists can meet without the like temptation.

But, as it has been said of Bishop Berkley's anti-material system, that he has demonstrated, beyond all possibility of refutation, what no man in his senses can believe, so without your assistance I should never have been able to encounter the system of thirty three or thirty five faculties of the immortal soul, all clustered on the blind side of the head I thank you for furnishing me with argument to meet the doctors who pack up the five senses in thirty five parcels of the brain. I am glad that your Lectures have been so successful; and hope that they will be yet more so, in recalling the sober sense of the *material* philosophers of our age to the dignity of an *imperishable* mind.

J. Q. ADAMS.

To Dr. THOS SEWELL, Washington

SABBATH SCHOOL JUBILEE.

From the New York Sun.

Undoubtedly the most interesting and pleasing of the incidents of the 4th, was the 'Patriotic Festival' of the Sabbath Schools of this city, held at Staten Island. And a glorious incident too, will it ever be in the history of these United States. Who would credit the assertion, that fifteen thousand belonging to Sabbath Schools in this city, met at the rendezvous on the Island? Accompanied by delegations from some of the neighboring towns, and with the schools of the island, amounting in all, to about twenty thousand!

The following, as nearly as we can ascertain, was the order of arrangement for the day. The Sabbath Schools assembled at an early hour, at their respective places of meeting; as soon as organized, they proceeded to the places of embarkation, viz: foot of Hubert street, on the North River Side, and foot of Pike street, East River. At the moments the boats left the Wharf 'Hail Columbia, happy land,' burst forth simultaneously from many thousand voices. The effect was enchanting; and a glorious sight were those splendid steamers and barges so tastefully decorated and shaded with evergreen, and the children all decked in holiday attire, looking so joyous in anticipation of their delightful exercises.

When the song was ended, and all was hushed the office of prayer was heard in each boat. The Jubilee hymn was then sung; and recitations by young orators, with odes prepared for the occasion, occupied the remainder of the time, till the boats reached the island. A more exciting scene can hardly be imagined, than that presented by the dis embarkation of so many thousand, and the after winding among the green hills of Statan to the rendezvous amidst the wavings of banners and bursts of music.

In the midst of the woods was raised a large tent, where the President of the United States and Governor Seward were received, with the officers appointed for the occasion. Other large tents were erected around this principal one, and when all, were seated, dinner was served up, if we may so express it. Recitations, Singing, Salutary Speeches by the youth, and music by the two bands, occupied the time till 3 o'clock, when all re-embarked for home—A short excursion was made down the bay; salutes were fired from ships at anchor, and returned by deafening 'hurrahs' from the barges. A more enlivening scene was never witnessed. About six o'clock the Sabbath schools disembarked in safety at New York; not one accident having happened among the congregating of so many thousands.

THE GREAT SUNDAY SCHOOL GALA IN NEW YORK.

The teachers and friends of Sunday schools made grand preparations to celebrate Independence. The Journal of Commerce states that the arrangements were all on a great scale, as it was necessary they should be; for it was found on Wednesday evening that the number of children who would go, would be from *twelve to fourteen thousand*; and of parents and teachers, some two thousand more. To accommodate this Lilliputian army, the following provision had been made:

4 Steamboats.
9 Towboats, averaging 400 tons each.
2,300 lbs. of corned beef, boiled.
200 neats' tongues.
6 pigs, roasted whole.
2,300 loaves of bread.
20 bbls. of sugar and butter crackers.
40 hhds. of pure water.

BEAUTIFUL COINCIDENCE.—During the morning service on Sunday last, at Christ Church, Salem st., an incident occured which would have been interpreted, by the ancients, as a signal of Divine approbation. The Rev. Mr. Marcus of Nantucket, the officiating minister, gave out to be sung, the 84th Psalm, in which is the following stanza:

The birds more happier far than I,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

Whilst he was reading this Psalm, a dove flew in at one of the windows, and alighted on the capital of one of the pilasters, near the altar, and nearly over the head of the reader. A note of the Psalm and Hymn to be sung had been previously given, as is customary, to the choir; otherwise, it might have been supposed that there was design in the selection, for the minister announced for the second singing, the 75th hymn, commencing,

Come, holy spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

The preacher was uncouncious of the presence of the bird, until the close of the services; and then the innocent visiter was suffered to 'depart in peace.'

[Boston Transcript.

[From the Christian Advocate & Journal.]

AN AWFUL PROVIDENCE.—On the 20th of April, at a small village in this county, viz: Ellsville, a man named J. P. S. was killed suddenly. He was a profane swearer. He was in one of the stores talking about moving his family to another house in the village that day, though the rain poured down in torrents on the earth. A friend said, 'Surely you would not take your family out in such a rain.' He swore by the "Lord Jesus Christ that if it rained pitchforks with the prongs downwards, and if it rained hell fire he would go:" so saying he sprang from the door, walked about ten steps, and was struck in the mouth by lightning—

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