not appear to much advantage on horse back: he leaned towards the mane of his horse very much in the posture of a person who had never been on horseback before, and who was afraid lest, at every movement of the animal, he should be thrown in the mud. He sported a robe of black velvet, over a lower dress of ermine, and wore his coronet set with variegated plumes. The Marquis of Waterford, who appeared as the Knight of the Dragon, had the oldest armour in the field, being of the reign of Richard the Third. It was a suit of polished steel, fluted. His horse was caparisoned in blue and white. Lord Glenlyon, the "Knight of Gael," was of course attended by his Athol "followers," a body of men whom it would be difficult to match in this or any other country. It was, however, rather difficult to account for this Celtic appendage in a tournament, as we believe no instance can be given in which either Highlander or Lowlander ever appeared in the Highland dress at a tourney before.

Of course, the "Queen of Beauty" was an important personage in the ceremonies. She, and her ladies in waiting, are thus described:

"The Queen of Beauty, and her guard of lady archers in green velvet dresses, trimmed with ermine, now rode their palfreys. The Queen herself wore a coronet and caul of gold net-work richly gilt, over the neck and breast, a crimson robe trimmed with ermine and richly embroidered guantlets. Miss M'Donald, lady in waiting on the Queen, wore a rich crimsom velvet dress, trimmed with ermine, which was much praised. Lady Montgomery was attired in a black velvet dress, richly trimmed with gold. The Countess of Mexborough wore an eastern costume, which attracted much attention, as did, also, a very handsome dress worn by Miss Stuart de Rothsay."

The tilting could not have been *very* furious. A London paper thus speaks of it:

"The tilting was then commenced. Two Knights ran towards each other, at a very moderate pace, indeed, and attempted to poke each other with their poles, misnamed lances, in a manner so utterly harmless that a child need scarcely have dreaded the encounter.—The poles appeared to be made of the most frangible wood that could be got, and they generally fell in two at a very slight stroke.—Not a single knight was unhorsed, or even made to reel in his saddle, and the soft saw dust might very well have been dispensed with. But to proceed to particulars: the first knights who encountered each other were—'The Knight of the Swan,' the honorable Mr. Jerningham, and 'The Knight of the Red Rose,' J. R. Lechmere, Esq. Having taken their places at the extreme ends of the barrier, the knights advanced upon each other, (one running along each side of the barrier,) the Swan brought his lance to bear upon the helmet of his opponent, breaking the lance by the stroke. The combatants both rode on to the end of the barrier opposite to that from which they started, and again took up their position, a new lance having been put into Mr. Jerningham's hand by his esquire. A second rencontre took place in the same way as before, but nothing decisive occurred. The combatants passed each other very harmlessly, and at the end of the barrier, the armor which covered the neck and head of the Knight of the Swan's horse, flew off upon the saw dust This was the only incident worthy of notice in the first tilt."

The National Gazette, speaking of the Tournament, says—

"It seems that the weather was very ungallant, and the spirits and clothes of the company were dampened by two days of rain.—The amount of money expended on this gay fete might have been laid out with profit if spent on the legitimate drama. Imagine Shakespeare's heroes—his chieftans and their armies, (the latter now personated by four boobies aside, between the flat and the footlights,) imagine them bedecked with a truth splendor equal to that displayed by the knights of the tournament, and how perfect would be the charm of such a theatrical presentation! But we must not expect the lords or ladies in question to dress up other actors than themselves. Their desire to behold the chivalric past revived for a moment, stopped this side of disinterestedness. They were content to have by gone scenes cleverly traversified, provided they themselves figured as the principals, and the spirit of rigid feudalism was exhibited for the nonce. And there an end.—[Alexandria Gaz.

The New Orleans Louisianian, in speaking of the death of Col. Richard R. Keene, of that place, who recently died at St. Louis, while on a visit, has the following:

"The deceased formerly made a figure in the political world, as attorney of the United States for the Orleans Territory, and a conspicuous character in the disputes which grew out of the Burr conspiracy. He afterwards resided several years in Spain, where, during the war with Napoleon, he bore the rank of colonel in the Spanish service. He received a good education at the College of Princeton, and was a scholar of respectable attainments. He was born in Dorchester county, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. His first wife was a daughter of the celebrated Luther Martin, of Baltimore; his second, who survives him, is a native of Spain. The life of poor Keene was chequered by many and singular turns of adverse and prosperous fortune, and he closed his career possessed of little of this world's wealth, but rich in the affections of the amiable and interesting lady to whom he was united."

DOMESTIC AFFECTION IN HIGH STATION.

From a publication now making in London, of the private correspondence of Wm. Pitt, the great Lord Chatham, the following letters are taken of which the remarks prefixed will explain the occasion:

On the 14th January 1776, the houses met again after a short adjournment, and on the address being moved, Mr. Pitt made a most powerful and eloquent speech, in which, after denying the constitutional right of the country to tax her colonies for the support of her domestic expenditure, he concluded with recommending an immediate repeal of the act that had occasioned such complaints. Many and vehement were the debates that ensued on this question. A bill was, however, ultimately carried for repealing the obnoxious measure, and on that occasion we have the following pleasing letters between Mr. Pitt and his wife.—N. York American.

Lady Chatham to Mr Pitt.

"HAYES, past 9, Saturday, Feb 22 1776.

"Joy to you my dear love. The joy of thousands is yours, under heaven, who has crowned your endeavors with such happy success. May the Almighty give to mine and to the general prayers, that you may wake without any increased gout, or any cold that may threaten it, by-and by! I will hope that Mr. Onslow may have been a true prophet, and that what you saw yesterday, and what Johnson tells me you heard, the gratitude of a rescued people, have cured you.

"I cannot tell you with what pleasure my eyes opened upon the news. All my feelings tell me that I hate oppression, and that I love zealously the honor of my dear husband. I must not be sorry I do not see you to day; it would be too great a hurry, and it is fit you should rejoice with those that triumphed under you.

"I hope that little Hester's cough is something better; much I cannot say, but as it has begun to yield, I trust we shall soon get the better of it. She and John are by no means indifferent to the news. Eager Mr. William I have not yet seen. A thousand thanks for your dear note of yesterday. The hounds are just discovered in Dock-mead, and have animated us into a charming noise; which would be inconvenient if I had more to add, than that

"I am your ever faithful and loving wife,

"CHATHAM

"You will keep Smith as long as you please till it is convenient for you to see him I do not understand the House dividing at half past 12, and your not being at home till half past 2."

Mr. Pitt to Lady Chatham.

"Feb. 22, past 4, 1776.

"Happy, indeed, was the scene of this glorious morning, (for at past I we divided) when the sun of liberty shone once more benignly upon a country too long benighted My dear love, not all the applauding joy which the hearts of animated gratitude, saved from despair and bankruptcy, uttered in the lobby, could touch me in any degree like the tender and lively delight which breathes in your warm and affectionate note.

"All together, my dearest life, makes me not ill to day after the immense fatigue, or not feeling that I am so. Wonder not if I should find myself in a placid and sober fever, for tumultuous exultation you know I think not permitted to feeble mortal successes; but my delight, heartfelt and solid as it is, must want its sweetest ingredient (it not its very essence) till I rejoice with my angel, and with her join in thanksgiving to protecting Heaven, for all our happy deliverances.

"Thank you for the sight of Smith: his honest joy and affection charm me. Loves to the sweet babes, patriotic or not though I hope impetuous William is not behind in feelings of that kind. Send the saddle horses if you please, so as to be in town early to-morrow morning. I propose, and hope, to execute my journey to Hayes by 11.

"Your ever loving husband

"W. PITT."

The pride of country and of woman's affection in the letter of Lady Chatham, and the manly return made to such love by her husband, are fairly illustrated in those manifestly confidential letters.

Rev. Mr. Felt, formerly of this city, and for some time a respectable clergyman in this county, is constantly employed in the honorable and useful work of illustraung our history and antiquities. Under the auspices of the present administration of Massachusetts, he has arranged, made accessible, and secured the preservation of the invaluable papers and documents belonging to the public archieves in the State House. Those who have examined the scene of his labors in this field, and the result of them, speak in the highest terms of the research, judgment, and intelligence he has manifested. What was before a bare mass of confused and perishing rubbish, is now reduced to order, collected, arranged, and bound in volumes, and although constituting a very extensive collection of the most miscellaneous character, the whole is made accessible, and revealed to view on the slightest inspection, by skilfully constructed and complete indexes. The archieves of the State, as thus arranged by Mr. Felt, ought to be placed where every visiter to the State House might explore them. They would excite the admiration and repay the curiosity of all intelligent persons.

Mr. Felt's valuable Histories of Salem, Ipswich, Essex, and Hamilton, are well known and justly appreciated.

He has recently added to his reputation, and to the amount of his public services, by an Historical Account of Massachusetts currency. This is a beautiful volume of about 250 elegantly printed octavo pages, and exhausts the records, of all that can be ascertained of the state of the currency in Massachusetts from the beginning of its colonial history to the present time. The subject is an instructive and important one. It unveals the real, social, domestic and present condition of the country, from time to time, much more clearly and fully than wars, or the other topics which have generally afforded the chief materials of history, can do.

This subject is particularly deserving of the consideration of the patriot and republican, as well as of the political economist, or financial politician. It is a curious fact that the spirit, which finally broke out in the war of American Independence, was kindled and kept alive by a perpetual struggle between the colonies and the mother country on the subject of the currency. The mother country insisted upon forcing *hard money* upon the American people, and the American people insisted upon a paper currency. How strange it is that, while the friends of liberty, the true democracy, have for so many generations fought for the privilege and convenience of banks and paper money, the self-styled "*democratic*" party should now be so fierce against such accommodations for the people, and in favor of enforcing the exclusive use of hard money!

The question which now divides the political parties of this country is the the same, about which the colonies struggled from the beginning until the war of the Revolution, against the government of Great Britain. The royalists were for having no other currency than gold and silver—and the patriots and republicans persisted in claiming the right to enjoy the convenience of a well regulated paper currency.—Why the "democratic" party now should take the same ground that the royalist party has ever occupied before, is a question worthy of the consideration of the people, and which it becomes a Benton or a Bancroft to answer.—[Essex Register.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

Cautions have again and again been published against the danger of descending into wells without first carefully ascertaining whether they contain the mephytic gas which is so fatal to human life. The following occurrence, which took place in Chambers County, Alabama, about the middle of September, affords another instance of the melancho'y consequences resulting from a disregard of the precaution referred to:

It appears that a well, in the neighborhood of Standing Rock, in the county above mentioned, having failed to yield its usual supply of water the owner determined to have it cleaned out. A person was let down by the well bucket and rope, but showed no signs of action when at the bottom—he was called to, but did not answer. A second proposed to go down and ascertain what was the matter, and he also, as soon as he arrived at the bottom, became supine and silent. A third proposed to go down, with the understanding that he was to be drawn up as soon as he called out, the persons present then suspecting for the first time that there was some mephytic gas at the bottom of the well. He went down, but it was only to join his unfortunate companions. When he got nearly to the foot of the well, he called to be drawn up; but when about half way up, he fell from the bucket! A fourth then proposed that he should be lashed fast, and he would descend, with the understanding also that he should be hauled up as soon as he called out.—He had descended but little more than half way when he gave the word; they drew him up quickly, but had barely time to unlash him before life was extinct. The other three were then taken out of the well with grapples, but none of them showed the least signs of life—the vital spark was forever extinguished! This melancholy catastrophe happened on Thursday and the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were all consigned to the grave on Friday last.

Thus have four human lives been destroyed, and their spirits hastened to eternity, for the want of a small share of caution. A well should never be descended, when there is the least haze or appearance of vapor within it, without first trying it by introducing therein a lighted candle or torch, if the light will continue to burn there is no danger, but if it is extinguished in its descent or as soon as it arrives at the bottom, the utmost caution should be observed in descending.

MOST SHOCKING MURDER!

The Philadelphia papers contain the particulars of a most shocking murder, committed by a father on his daughter in that city on Monday morning.

From the Philadelphia Herald.

MURDER.

About ten o'clock this morning our usually quiet city was thrown into a state of confusion by a rumor that a Mr. Wood a confectioner in Chesnut street, opposite Independence Hall, had deliberately shot his daughter. It is unnecessary to say that the entire population were smitten with horror at the commission of an offence for which no name can be found in any language Determined, however, to clear away the rubbish with which the prejudices of the multitude were fortified, we have made a careful enquiry, and now submit the following statement as entitled to the credit of our readers.

Mr. Wood the keeper of a confectionary store in Chesnut street, opposite Independence Hall, had an only daughter, just verging into womanhood. Few of our readers who have ever visited his elegant and fashionable establishment, could have failed to observe the delicate taste and retiring modesty with which they were received by this lady. For a long time past, she has been addressed by a young man by the name of Peak, a bootmaker, in Sixth street, near Chesnut. Every effort had been tried by Peak to gain the assent of her parents to their union, but all proved unsuccessful. The great and overpowering objection on behalf of Mr. Wood, was the want of moral character in the person who proposed to become the guardian of the future happiness of his only daughter. Peak from time to time persisted in his efforts to gain admission to the lady, with like ill success. The fathers orders were imperative. At length, watching the time when Mr. Wood stepped out, he seized the opportunity of entering the store and conversing with the lady. Frequent interviews of this nature ripened their fondness into affection, and about the fifteenth of last month, they were clandestinely married.

On Friday night last, she quitted her parental roof and remained absent all night. On her return in the morning an explanation took place, in which she was forced to declare herself a wife.—From that moment her father was a maniac. He saw the daughter whom his affections had so long cherished, united to a common gambler. It was too much for frail nature. The instant the condition of Mr. Wood was discovered, the house was closed, and so remained all day, on Friday, Saturday and yesterday, the doors hung with crape, denoting some dreadful calamity. Yesterday morning, Peak sent a messenger demanding his wife. The deep, dark and damning injury had deprived Wood of his senses; the insult restored him to partial reason

From a condition of phrenetic fury he became suddenly calm. He desired the messenger to say to Mr. Peak that he should have his wife at 10 o'clock, and directed her to prepare herself. Leaving the house he repaired to Tryon's gun store where he purchased and charged two pair of pistols.

He then returned home, entered the apartment of his daughter, where he waited until the approach of ten o'clock, at which hour, immediately after embracing her with tears, he placed one of the pistols to her head and blew out her brains. The ball entered her forehead over the left eye, and came out at the top of the head. A sound so unusual drew a crowd instantly, among the first, entered Sheriff Fitler. He found the idiotic father fondling on the corpse of his child, whilst a little boy stood by, clinging to his father, declaring, that "he (his father) did not mean to do it." Mrs. Wood had swooned at the fearful sight. On the entrance of the Sheriff, Wood raised himself at the head of the corpse, with a pistol in his hand and said 'I shot her! I shot her! I am the man! I am the man!' Sheriff Fitler placed him instantly in the custody of two of his officers, who conducted him to an adjoining room where he laid down on a bed and occasionally asked if "she were dead," stated that if she were, she was happy, and adding "when they hang me I wish to be buried in the same grave with my daughter.

He was conveyed before the Mayor and subsequently to Moyamensing. Mrs. Wood has since relapsed from one convulsion into another until doubts are entertained of her recovery. We have but one word of comment. The lady was lovely beyond description, and the idol of her father. He found her married to a wretch whom he had long spurned for his vices, and this discovery deprived him of reason. In this state he committed murder. The mother is sinking into the grave—the father in prison—the daughter a corpse.

The following information was elicited respecting the manner in which Sarah Ann Peak came to her death by the witnesses examined before James Gregory, the Coroner, and the Jury last evening.

Mr. Sill—I was attracted this morning about 11 o'clock, to the back gate of Mr. Wood, and shortly afterwards saw the gate open, and the two children beckon me. I rushed directly up stairs after them, where I saw Mr. W. and some of his family standing over the body of the daughter, who was lying on the floor weltering in her blood. My first object was to see in what state she was. She was still breathing and I was in hopes something might be done for her relief. I knelt down and supported her head upon my lap, and requested a gentleman present to get some water. I then wiped away the blood and discovered the wound under her eye. I sent directly for Dr. Rush, who immediately came. He said nothing could be done, as she was in a dying state. Previous to his coming I unloosened her clothes, in hopes it would give her freedom to breathe. I remained with her until the Doctor said it was useless. Mrs. Wood was in the room all the time, she was apparently unconscious. Mr. Peak came in, & there appeared to be a scuffle between him and Mr. Wood. Mr. Wood was soon after taken into the front chamber, where he was put to bed. He raved very much, exclaiming, 'I did it—I murdered my own child!' I did'nt see the pistol in his hand; I thought she was sensible, she made no effort to speak. I think he repeated more than once that he had shot his daughter. I don't recollect who was in the room. I believe Mr. Cook was there. I did not hear the report of fire arms. I had no conversation with Mr. W.; he appeared to me evidently beside himself. I would not have considered him competent to transact his ordinary business; he always appeared kind to his daughter. She was lying near the bed, on the floor, when I entered.

VERDICT.

That Sarah Ann Peak came to her death by being shot through the head by a pistol ball by the hands of her father, James Wood.

A waggish fellow, somewhat troubled with an impediment in his speech, whose quips and quibbles have been heard and relished by many of us, while one day sitting at a public table had occasion to use the pepper box. After shaking it with all due vehemence, and turning it in various ways he found that the crushed pepper corns were in nowise inclined to come forth. 'T-thi-this p-pe-pepper box,' he exclaimed with a facetious grin, 'is sothing li-like myself.' 'Why so?' interrogated a neighbor. 'I'-poor poor delivery,' was the reply.

'Bill, Bill,' said an urchin, 'daddy's fairly dead.' 'Is he? well, I'm darned sorry; but he'll never lick us again for latharing the old cat, and shaving her.'

We understand that a gentleman has invented a new use for the alarm clock When he goes to bed, he ties a bottle of liquor to the alarm cord, and sets it at the hour when he expects to be dry, and goes to bed. At the set time the alarm runs down, the bottle hits the gentleman on the head as notice that it has come; he drinks off the contents, and goes to sleep again.

The Portland Argus chronicles the following awkward accident, which happened in that city:—A man in one of our churches yesterday had on a new pair of pants so tight that he couldn't sit down. And this wasn't the worst of it—as he was going home, one of the straps broke suddenly, and with a shock which upset him into the gutter, to the great horror of the bystanders, who had to cut his other strap before they could make him stand erect.

'Do you snore in your sleep, marm?' 'Not as I knows on. Do you?' 'Well I can't say, I never lays awake long enough to find out.'

Many amusing anecdotes are recorded of Sir S. Garth. On one occasion when he met the members of the celebrated Kit-kat Club, he declared that he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but on some excellent wine being placed on the table, and conversation becoming interested and animated, the doctor soon forgot his professional engagements. His friend Sir Richard Steel, however thought it his duty to remind the doctor of his poor patients. Garth immediately pulled out his list upon which were fifteen names 'It is no great matter whether I see them to-night or not,' said he, 'for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them.'

Miss Pope was one evening in the green-room, commenting on the excellencies of Garrick, when amongst other things she said, he had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that would penetrate through a deal board. Ay, cried Wewitzer. I now understand what they call a gimlet eye.

A gentleman, with a glass eye, was about to execute the right of suffrage, when he was accrosted by a political opponent with. I say Mister what are you a doing here?—you can't vote, you're not natural *eyed* The joke was taken in good part and created some merriment.

It was remarked by Prince Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna, when somewhat severe measures were proposed against the King of Saxony for his adhesion to Bonaparte when all the other Powers of Germany rose in indignant opposition to the foreign tyranny, that after all the unlucky King had done nothing worse than being too late in joining the coalition. 'His watch,' said Talleyrand, was only one hour slower than that of his brother sovereigns.'

A BANK DIRECTOR.—With variations, the following from a Cincinnati paper, will answer for any latitude:

'What is a Bank Director?' inquired a school master of a little girl, a few days since. 'Pa says that it is a man who borrows all the money out of the bank to put up pork.' 'Take your seat child, you have answered correctly.'

CROPS IN NEW ENGLAND.

One of the Editors of the New York Express, who has had occasion to travel through different parts of the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, says that in each of these States, and also in Vermont, the harvest will be unusually abundant. He thus gives the results of his observations:

In Maine the Wheat Crop will be very large,—much more so from outward appearances than during any previous year. The Potato crop in Maine will be large but the quantity may not exceed that of last year, and the quality will be inferior. The season has not been a good one for Corn, and there are but few places in Maine where it is a certain crop. September, however, has done wonders to increase the growth of the kernel and to ripen it for the harvest.

In N. Hampshire we saw hundreds & hundreds of acres of Corn, looking as well almost as we have ever seen in Virginia. In the interior of the State, the crop will be very large, and the quality very superior The Potato crop in New Hampshire will yield a sufficiency to supply all the demands of the people there for home consumption, and admit also of large exportations. In Maine and N. Hampshire, both, several vessels had been chartered, and were loading with Potatoes for a Southern Market. The farmers generally sold their crops at prices ranging from 25 to 33 cents—according to quality and convenience of location. Some of a better quality brought more than this.

In Massachusets and Connecticut the Grain crops all appeared well, and the Massachusetts farmers,—excepting the few who are never content appeared to be satisfied with the harvest prospects.—Some injury had been done to the Corn in consequence of damp weather, but the bad effects would be counteracted by the abundance of grass.

In Connecticut, Corn would yield a tolerable crop only—not so large by one third or one fourth as in a continued warm season. But little Wheat, except Buckwheat, had been raised. The Morus Multicaulis fever showed itself in various parts of the State in the form of fields liberally sprinkled over with sprouts and trees.

Upon the whole we may draw these conclusions from the facts stated in regard to the crops. First, that the production in New England will nearly, if it does not go beyond consumption there. The exports will exceed the imports in value. Maine, instead of paying out a million and a half of dollars for foreign wheat,—that is flour grown out of the State,—will have a sufficiency of grain to feed all her people.—or if, of necessity there would be a falling off in consequence of the numerous towns and cities upon her coast which make the market for the farmer, as the producer, and for the numerous army of fishermen, manufacturers und merchantmen, as the consumers, the amount of imports will not reach the exports of produce raised in Maine.

Secondly, the result of the harvest, all things considered, will prove the Agricultural capacity of New England beyond almost any other period of time,—for the reason that the Agricultural resources have been more fully developed by an increased attention to Agriculture, and by the cultivation of larger quantities of land. What New England is capable of, however is a question we shall not now consider. There will be a period,—and that is not far distant,—when that power will be known, and being known, it will exceed the sanguine expectations of those who have expected the greatest wonders from the products of the soil.

THE CASE OF THE AMISTAD'S CREW DECIDED.—The New York Journal of Commerce, Saturday, 2 P. M. has the following postscript.

'We learn that a member of the Grand Jury arrived in New York on Saturday morning in the steam boat from Hartford, and states that Judge Thompson decided, that in view of the facts presented by them, *the Courts of this country had no jurisdiction in the case, and that the transaction was to us the same as if taking place in Havana* Consequently the Grand Jury found no bill against the prisoners.'

PENNSYLVANIA LOAN.—The Harrisburg Key Stone states that Internal Improvement loan was taken 'on terms the most favorable to the State that the law authorising it would justify.' The Berks County bank took $200,000 of it, and the U. S. Bank $1,851,000.

RETURN OF A RUNAWAY.—The Alexandria Gazette says: 'A runaway slave returned to the Arlington estate, in this vicinity, a few days ago, of his own accord. He declares that he had enough of it, and that the North is not the place it has been cracked up to be for colored people. This is the second instance within a few years.

A New Surgical Case.—A few days since, a boy belonging to the British School, Trawbridge, broke a black lead or slate pencil into his ear, and so far had it gone in, and still so short was the piece, that it bid defiance to the attempts of our eminent medical man to extract it, and a second would not make the attempt, but recommended the mother to take him to Bath, where he would, at the hospital, be sure to meet with proper attention, and be judiciously treated. —Accordingly, she was preparing the boy for a jaunt, and was preparing due ablutions on his face, when the boy not behaving quite so well as his mother thought he ought, she gave him a smart box with the palm of her hand on the ear (but not the ear that was affected,) when, strange to tell, out came the pencil! The cure was wrought as if by magic the journey saved, and by a good sound box on the ear.

It appears from an English paper that Mr. O'Connell has given notice of his intention to propose an address to the Queen, early next session, praying that she would direct her Ministers to make an agreement with the government of Mexico to place at the disposal of England a portion of the unoccupied territory on the Northern frontier of Mexico, to be set apart as an independent asylum or free State for persons of colour. It does not appear from what quarter these coloured settlers are to come.

NEW ORLEANS.—During the week ending on the 22d ult. the deaths in New Orleans were 167; of which 83 were by yellow fever.

MOBILE.—Respecting the health of this city, the Chronicle of the 21st ult. has the following statement:

Another week has passed, and we are not yet authorised to speak more favorably of the health of the city. The mortality continues most appalling, considering the paucity of our present population, the interments it will be perceived elsewhere amount to 293 for the month of September, including yesterday. As large as the number of interments are, they hardly convey an adequate idea of the amount of sickness—for we differ from some in respect to the general result of the disease, we believe that under the skilful management of our Physicians to whom the epidemic is perfectly familiar, presenting no unknown feature or characteristic, a very large proportion of cases recover, we should say from our observation, that they have been most happy in their practice, and whether they receive it or not, are entitled to the warmest gratitude for the skill, humanity, and unceasing devotion to duty, which have so nobly characterized their conduct. The great misfortune as we have several times remarked, has been the very limited number of the faculty, entirely insufficient to meet the emer-

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