EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL AT PARIS.

A suit between M. de Pontalba and his wife, lately pending in one of the French courts, is thus sketched in the Moniteur:—"M. de Pontalba is one of the greatest proprietors of France. His son had been a page of Napoleon, and afterwards a distinguished officer, aid-de-camp to Marshal Ney; and a protege of the Duke of Etchingen. He married the daughter of Madame d'Almonaster, and for some time they lived happily; but on the death of her, mother Madame de Pontalba began to indulge in such extravagance that even the enormous fortune of the Pontalbas was unequal to it.

This led to some remonstrance on the part of the husband: on the morning after this she disappeared from the hotel, and neither he nor her children had any clue to her retreat. At last, after an interval of some months arrives a letter from New Orleans, in which she announces that she means to apply for a divorce: but for eighteen months nothing more was heard of her except by her drafts for money. At last she returned, but only to afflict her family. Her son was at the military academy at St. Cyr—she induced him to elope, and the boy was plunged in every species of debauchery and expense.

This afflicted in the deepest manner the grandfather, who revoked the bequest which he had made him of about £4000 a year, and seemed to apprehend for him nothing but future ruin and disgrace. The old man eighty two years of age, resided in his chateau at Mont Leveque, whither in October, 1834, Madame de Pontalba went to attempt a reconciliation with the wealthy senior.—Then and there occurred the most extraordinary and unaccountable scene that though we have read one hundred French novels, we have ever met with.

On the 19th of October, the day after Madame de Pontalba's arrival, she found she could make no impression on the father-in-law, and was about to return to Paris, when old M. de Pontalba, at the age of eighty two, observing a moment when she was alone in her apartment, entered it with a brace of double-barrelled pistols, locks the door, and approaching his astonished daughter-in-law, desires her "to recommend herself to God, for that she had but a few minutes to live;" but he does not even allow her one minute—he fires immediately, and two balls enter her left breast. She starts up and flies, her blood streaming about, to a closest, exclaiming that she will submit to any terms, if he will spare her. "No no you must die!"—and he fires his second pistol.

She had instinctively covered her heart with her hand—that hand is miserably fractured by the balls; but saved her heart. She then escapes to another closet, where a third shot is fired without effect—and at last she rushes in despair to the door—and while M. de Pontalba is discharging his last barrel at her, she succeeds in opening it. The family alarmed by the firing, arrive, and she is saved. The old man on seeing that she is beyond his reach returns to his apartments and blows out his brains.

It seems clear that he had resolved to make a sacrifice of the short remnant of his own life, in order to release his son and his grandson from their unfortunate connexion with Madame de Pontalba. But he failed—none of her wounds were mortal; and within a month after, Madame de Pontalba, 'perfectly recovered, in high health and spirits, radiant and crowned with flowers, was to be seen at all the fetes and concerts of the capital."

In the meantime a suit for restitution of conjugal rights was pending between her and her husband and toward the end of last October a final decree of the Court enjoined that Madame de Pontalba should return under martial authority, and should reside in such of her husband's houses as he should appoint—excepting only—with admirable delicacy—the Chateau de Mont Leveque, where the bloody scene had been acted!"

THE FEVER IN THE SOUTH.

The Augusta Board of Health on the 2d inst. announced *sixteen* deaths in town and country on the three previous days, including that on which the report was made. Among the deaths we notice that of Edward Deaver, of Maryland.

In Charleston during the week ending on the 29th ult., there were but *four* deaths by the yellow fever.

The last date from Mobile is the 28th ult. The Journal of that date says:—"The state of the public health remains without improvement. The number of interments within the few days past have diminished, but this arises more from the decreasing population, and the diminished number of subjects for disease to act upon, than any diminnution of virulence in the epidemic. We reported in our last, the number of interments for the month of September to include the 19th, at 284. since then we have buried an average of 10 per day—making 70 the past week, amounting to 363 during the month of September to include the 29th. We would reiterate the caution, that it would be madness in our absent friends to think of returning before we are visited with frost.'

There has been a manifest diminution both in deaths and cases in New Orleans On the three days previous to the 28th ult., there were but seventeen deaths and it was apprehended that the epidemic would be entirely abated in a short time.

From Natchez the accounts are worse. We learn from the Free Trader of the 24th. Sept. that the deaths from yellow fever were *five* each day for the four previous days. The number of cases is on the increase. The banks have resolved to remove their offices to the suburbs of the town.—The Adams County Criminal Court adjourned in consequence of the prevailing epidemic, without transacting any business. Wm. F. Stanford, one of the late proprietors of the Free Trade died on the 22d.

UNEXPECTED BIRTH.

We were invited yesterday, by Mr. De Selding of the Museum, to look at the progeny of the large rattle snake which in its wire cage has often attracted the notice of visiters there. This serpent gave birth, a few days ago, to four young ones, lively little creatures, each about six or eight inches long. The old one has been in the Museum about two months. She is more than usually fierce since the birth of her young, violently agitating her rattles and darting out her tongue, when any one molests the cage. What is singular respecting this reptile, we are told that during the two months in which it has been in Mr. De Selding's possession, it has eaten nothing, although small animals, such as mice and birds, have been frequently put into the cage.—*Balt. Amer.*

DEATH OF SAMUEL YOUNGS.—It becomes our melancholy duty to record the death of another Revolutionary Soldier. For the following brief notice we are indebted to a friend at Tarrytown, who is intimately conversant with the life and public services of the deceased.

Died at Irving, Westchester Co., on 13th inst. SAMUEL YOUNGS, Esq. an officer of the Revolutionary Army, in the 80th year of his age. No man has been more identified with the history of this country from the commencement of the Revolution to this day, than Mr. Youngs. He entered the Army a Lieutenant, when about seventeen years of age, and was engaged in some of the most daring and trying scenes of that day. On several occasions he was associated with the Dyckmans and others, making frequent attacks upon the enemy below the lines, and on one occasion, he was taken a prisoner and carried to a British Post on York Island. The next night being dark, he made his escape, swam across the Harlem River, and, to the surprise of his company, the next day joined them.

His father and family were Whigs, his father's house being occupied as head quarters by the American officers. The British made an attack, burned the house, and the family fled with barely sufficient clothing to protect them from the inclemency of the winter season. General Washington gave him several important trusts to execute, which were done in the most faithful manner. He continued in the army to the close of the revolution, operating in this county, near the lines except for a short period he was at Ticondaroga, and at an American post near Herkimer. After the declaration of peace, he commenced the study of law in New York, with Messrs. Troop & Harrison. When his studies were finished, he returned to this county where he commenced the practice of law, which he followed for many years, making the most liberal charges to his clients, charging nothing to those who were poor. About the year 1800, he was elected a member of the legislature from this county; afterwards he held the office of Surrogate and Master in Chancery. All his official duties were discharged in the most satisfactory manner, with the strictest regard to integrity—He commenced his public life a Whig, he remained a Whig, and he died a Whig.

Notwithstanding all his patriotic services and sufferings during the revolution, still they were no barriers against the poisonous fangs of Locofocoism—During John Quincy Adams's administration, Mr. Youngs received the appointment of keeper of the light-house at Throg's Point. But when that glorious reform of Jacksonism came upon us, he was invited to resign, and he obeyed.—A few years after he held the office of master in chancery. Again his former services were no protection. Governor Marcy removed him for no other cause than that he remained the same faithful friend of those principles which his youthful days had been spent in establishing.

[Hudson River Chronicle.

INTERESTING REMINISENCE.

It was a saying among the soldiers of the Revolution that the lady of Washington heard the first and last gun of every campaign through the war of independence. She regularly visited the camp just as the troops were going to winter quarters, and remained with the General until the opening of the campaign. She was always received with acclamation. The veteran forgot his toils; the gloom of the camp cleared off: and joy and hilarity reigned, when she arrived.

Nor were these greetings confined to the army—Her movements were noticed in the journals and a most cordial welcome was extended, wherever she moved. The following account of her reception at Williamsburg was circulated through the newspapers of that day.

'WILLIAMSBURG, August 8, 1777.

'Last Tuesday, the Hon. Mrs. Washington arrived in this city amidst the ringing of bells, several discharges of artillery and vollies of small arms from the troops stationed here, and the cordial good wishes of all the inhabitants, who have the greater respect for her ladyship's own personal merit, and a grateful sense of the eminent services rendered to the United American States by her illustrious consort.

At a meeting at the Common Hall in this city, Friday, the 1st inst. to take into consideration the arrival of Gen. Washington's lady, they came to the following resolutions'

Resolved unanimously, That the most respectful testimony be presented to her on the occasion, of the high sense this Hall entertains of Gen. Washington's distinguished merit, as the illustrious defender and deliverer of his country.

Resolved unanimously, That a golden emblamatical medal be prepared, to be presented to the General's lady, as the most suitable method of carrying that design into execution; and that the Mayor be desired to form the device, and agree with some proper person to execute the same.

Resolved unanimously, That the freedom of this city be presented to General Washington, through his lady; and that the Mayor be desired to wait upon her with the same; and with a copy of these several resolutions.'

THE GREAT RACE AT LOUISVILLE.

Correspondence of the Balt. Chronicle.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 20, 1839.

For the last week each steamer and stage that reached this hitherto quiet town came heavily laden with human beings—all anxious to behold the mighty effort that this day came off at Oakland, the most beautiful race-course in America.

So great indeed has been the crowd, that for the last few days, tavern and boarding-house keepers have been reluctantly obliged to cry 'hold, enough!' And many is the votary of pleasure in whose ears the accursed sound of 'Sorry I can't accommodate you, sir,' will ever ring as he again enters the portals of a crowded tavern. I pitied the poor fellows, but from my soul I could not but laugh at their misfortunes. As each face approached the landlord, it brought to mind the expression my own has oftimes wore, when on discount days I've made my bow to one of those polite and amiable gentlemen yclept cashiers—for cashiers, like landlords, have countenances radiant with smiles, and they sometimes can assume almost as patronising an air—and as it costs not much they too will smile and pity e'en whilst they refuse one.

With the aid of steamboats and private houses, these strangers were accommodated—for the mighty crowd that was this day upon the course, told that but few had departed. I had never yet seen so many congregated together,—Louisville added almost her entire population to the vast assemblage. So great indeed was the excitement, that, when the race came off, the town was as quiet as the grave. Judges vacated the bench, the lawyer and the merchant his desk the physician forsook his patients, and the mechanic his tools—all were to-day at Oakland! Even matrons, for the day forsook the duties of domestic life, and with their smiling faces matronised as proud a galaxy of beauty as could by any possibility be met with beyond the boundaries of old Maryland.

The ladies made a great turn-out, and being true to old Kentucky, lost heavily in gloves, pocket handkerchiefs, &c. on the race. At a quarter to one o'clock, the bugle called the horses to the stand Heavens, what an excitement! The South having backed their favorite *Wagner*, and this State being cock sure of their favourite Gray Eagle, bet all they could raise upon him.

The loud huzzas from 15,000 throats proclaimed the entrance of the horses.—They are brought to the stand—the drum starts, and all four are off—(Wagner, Grey Eagle, Hawk Eye, and Queen Mary.) During the first and second rounds of the first heat, Hawk Eye promised much, but as soon as old Wagner thought he had played sufficiently long with them, he gallantly took the lead and won the first heat (4 miles) in 7. 48. The bets were now four to one on Wagner—a number of which were taken. Then came the tidings for another heat.—tap goes the drum, and off they fly—Grey Eagle in the lead, which he holds until the last quarter of the 4th mile, when Wagner gave him the brush and gallantly wins the money—(about 17,000.) His owners and friends, most of whom are from our own State, have won largely, and if no ill luck befalls them this week, they will have money to lend on their return.

'This was the most beautiful race I ever beheld; the most perfect order was observed, and that without the aid of one hired officer, a corps of gentlemen selected by the club from amongst themselves, acting as stewards. These gentlemen were mounted and uniformed (green coat red vest, light breeches and fair-top boots) and their orders were respected as law.

[From the Pittsburg Advocate.]

MONEY MATTERS AND FARMERS.

There is likely to be a general fall in the prices of every species of agricultural produce. This is rendered inevitable from two causes—the abundance of the present year's product, and the scarcity of money. The pressure that for two years has been weighing so heavily up on the merchants and manufactures of the country is now, for the first time, reaching the agriculturists. In 1837 and '38 this country presented the anomaly of high prices of the products of the soil at the same time that there existed a distressing scarcity of money. It was a severe time on the consumers, but a golden harvest to producers. Now, however, the scale has turned the other way; and although the people of the cities are still crushed under the all pervading pressure in the money market, they are relieved from the exhorbiant exactions imposed upon them by the necessaries of life. *The disease brought upon the country by the reckless experiments of the late and present National Administrations is extending itself to the most numerous and important class of our citizens*—the farmers—a class who, until now, have remained unscathed by the desolating scourge of a ruined and depraved currency, and a breaking up of the most perfect system of domestic exchanges the world ever saw. They are at last destined to feel that pressure of which they have only heard; and as they have been the last to experience the evil, it is fair that they will be the last to find relief.—Had they heeded the warnings and entreaties of the merchants and others who stand in the front ranks of the community and who, from their position, are the first to perceive approaching danger, as well as the first to experience the effects of the storm, they could easily have arrested the mad career of the men who, under the promise of 'a better currency,' set every thing afloat, without the knowledge, skill, or power to direct their courses; who, regardless alike of the teachings of experience, or the dictates of common sense, undertook to tamper with what experience has shown they knew nothing about.

Far be it from us to exult over the depressions that is coming upon the farmer! We know that when he suffers the country is not in a healthy state and that if any deserve prosperity, it is he; yet we cannot but indulge the hope that, since it has come upon him, it will lead him to reflect more closely upon a series of measures that have brought such a country as this upon the verge of bankruptcy; that it will induce him to give more heed to the experience of the past then to crude dogmas of the present day; to see that his steady prosperity and that of his fellow-citizens are identified and that the storm that wrecks the merchant will sooner or later shake his citadel; and that he will see the necessity of sustaining the *Credit System under which this country has long prospered*, and through the derangement of which it is now suffering. By the credit system we do not mean any particular system of banking much less do we mean the wild and reckless speculation of 1835 (that only indicated the breaking up of that system,) but we mean that HAPPY STATE OF CONFIDENCE WHICH EXISTED PRIOR TO THE PROMULGATION OF THE MAD DOCTRINES OF THE EXPERIMENTERS—when all the wheels of business moved quietly and without jar: when the Goverament did not war with the banks nor the banks with the Government—when each minded his own business, and the interests of the People were not crushed by their rude collissions—when we felt all the benefits of both banks and Government, without hearing much about either—BEFORE GENERAL JACKSON UNDERTOOK TO GIVE US "A BETTER CURRENCY," AND TRANSFERRED MONEY MATTERS FROM THE COUNTING HOUSE TO THE GROG SHOP OR THE POLITICIAN'S STUMP—when a man might travel from Maine to Louisiana without being *shaved*—and when the consumers of merchandise were not taxed from three to fifteen per cent. in addition to the ordinary profits of the merchant to pay for the difference in exchange—when we heard no bladerdash about gold and silver, and yet every man could have his money converted into that shape, without loss, if he choose to do so—The truth is we were well, very well, but because some folks wanted to make a little capital, and had no other means whatever to do it, they persuaded us that we ought to be BETTER—we listened to them and followed their advice; they made their political capitals but WHERE ARE WE?

From the New York American.

A SHORT AND TRUE STORY.

Dedicated (without permission) to the exclusive "hard currency' folks, by one who tells it as he saw it.

Sam Stanton was a true-blue Loco-Foco of the *hard currency*" school—catch him taking any other money but hard money. Nothing would he handle but what would, as he said, "jingle on a tomb stone;" *Sam* had been pretty fortunate in business; and when the period arrived to leave the southern country, and return north for the summer he sold out and turned all his remaining stock in trade into hard dollars, and took his passage. The first few days out from Mobile our voyage was prosperous; and many a long argument wore away the time, on the relative security of *"hard money"* and "paper money." *Ezra Tupper*, one of our passengers on board the 'Susan and Eliza,' was *Sam Stanton's* main competitor. Ezra had invested his earnings in good bank drafts on the north, and Sam would jeer Ezra pretty often about "paper promises." "This is the stuff," says Sam," "that will redeem its own promises any where. No protest for non payment here," says Sam, holding up one of his bags of dollars, weighing 56 pounds at least, & tumbling it over on the floor—"that's the music—huzza for Tom Benton and the Sub-Treasury, and down with the Bank." Well, on he went, and a few days brought us round the point of the Floridas, and by lat. and long. we found ourselves a little south of St. Augustine, heading northward and homeward. The weather up to this time had been mild and amiable, and now it began to look sour and squally; and Captain Crowel looked anxious and some of the old salts" on board began stripping ropeyarns down over their hats and around their peajackets; and things assured "coming trouble." All that night the wind increased, and the *"Susan and Eliza"* rolled about like a little boy with a stomach-ache in green apple time. The next morning she had not canvass enough on her to cover a tent pole, and the wind whistled though the rigging, and the salt water splashed up over us as if they did'nt care a fig for *Sam Stanton Ezra Tupper*, the *"Susan and Eliza,"* nor any thing else, not even the bags of dollars or the bank drafts.

Presently there came a real smashing sea tumbling along, and by the time Capt. Crowel called out 'hold on," smash it came on board of us, and swept off the cook-house, and the poor cook in it, and the hencoops and all the chickens in them, and set the pigs adrift, split and broke the rudder from its hangings, and left us in rather a *pickle*—(for all of us were soaked with salt water.) A moment after and we were told a sad leak had occurred—and the cry was raised to clear away the "long boat" and then came a scramble. Every body who had anything to save, hurried with it on deck, & up came *Sam Stanton* with his bags of dollars, and up came *Ezra Tupper*, sticking a small "wallet" in his breeches pocket. The boat was by this time alongside; and the captain got a compass from the binnacle, and a big bag of bread from the storeroom, and the mate rolled along a cask of water, and others brought chunks of pork and beef, and others blankets and pea jackets, and the boat was soon pretty well loaded. "Now jump in, my boys," says the captain, "and trusting to Providence, let us hope for a safe deliverance." But when we all got in, it was found that the boat was overloaded, and the next thing was to lighten her—and now came the rub. *Sam Stanton* was sitting on three considerable sized bags in the bottom of the boat, and the Captain thought they contained bread, or beef, or some other necessary of life; but on discovering that they contained *heavier ballast*, he decided at once to lighten ship by throwing them overboard. The parting scene was a sore struggle for Sam Stanton; but *over* they went, and *down* they went. Sam looked at Ezra Tupper, and Ezra felt sorry for Sam; and by way of cheering him, said to the Captain: "Now Captain" says he "since my friend *Sam* has made a sacrifice for the public good, I'll throw this wallet overboard, too—it contains just as large an amount in Bank drafts, as Sam's bags of dollars amount to—and I'd just as leave do it as not, for I sent duplicates on by mail before I left, and ordered the triplicates to follow by the mail, after, to guard against such *a sacrifice* as this."

It was no time for a joke; but rememing the spirited arguments we had had on the passage regarding the relative security of transmitting money by the "credit system," and the "hard money" system," I was almost disposed to laugh out-right—but poor Sam Stanton looked so streaked. His "hard dollars" had gone to the bottom *a dead loss*—no matter who owned them—and he had'nt a word to say. It was concluded that Ezra Tupper should not throw his Bank drafts overboard, as the weight was not material: and it was well he did not, for they served, on our landing, to procure us means of comfort. We had a tight pull at the oars for a day and a night after leaving the wreck, and got into St. Augustine. Ezra Tupper found a trader, who wanted a good draft on the north, and paid him a good premium for one—and he generously supplied our wants out of it, and upon the whole, we had a merry time of it, on by railroads and steamboats. The subject of *currency* was occasionally introduced—but it was evident that *Sam Stanton* had got a new wrinkle by the late voyage, and he was heard to say that "hard currency" was a good thing to talk about in Congress and at political meetings—but develish poor reliance on salt water in a long boat: and if any man ever attempted to humbug him again with that matter, he'd just tell him the story of the voyage he made on board the brig "Susan and Eliza," Captain Crowel—and if that did'nt convince him, he might try his hand at it.

GREAT FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

From the National Gazette of Saturday afternoon we copy the following particulars of the extensive and distressing calamity which has befallen our sister city:

EXTENSIVE FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.

About eleven o'clock last night, a fire was discovered in the basement story of W. J. Stroup's Provision Store, No. 14 South Wharves, between Chesnut and Market streets, facing the Delaware river. Three Custom House Watchmen, William Abel, Pierson Horn, and James Lenten, broke open the door, and state that a few buckets of water would have extinguished the fire, but the draught created by opening the door instantly increased it, and extended to various combustible merchandize. In a few minutes the flames burst out & reached the adjoining provision store of D. W. Prescott. This house was built back to Water street, facing No. 19 on that street. In the same range the store of George Merrill took fire immediately afterwards

Although the Fire Companies were promptly on the ground, the progress of the flames was so rapid, that the prospect of arresting them was, even at that early hour very doubtful. The grocery stores of C. Cheeseborough and Geo. A Wood, No. 15 South wharves, the oil store of Newlin and Allibone, and the commission store of J. Elm, No 17, the iron warehouse of Andrew M. Jones & Brothers, the office of the Merchants' Transportation Line, and the general commission warehouse of C. King & Co., No. 19 were successively enveloped in the flames.

The tavern kept by George Nealis was next attacked and thence the fire communicated to the large Oil warehouses of Shober, Bunting & Co., No. 21, extending through to Water street. At this point the conflagration became terrific. The ship Chandlery of A. H. Hinkle, No. 22 South Wharves, and the commission warehouses of Newbold and Haverstick, and of Smith & Johnson were in succession consumed.

Here the fire reached the corner of Chesnut street. Returning to Water street, adjacent to Mr. Prescott's store, the fire is traced to John Harding, Junior's extensive grocery, No. 17: thence to a very large wholesale grocery of White, Stevens & Co. No. 21, and the store house of the same firm 23; thence to H. Sloan's general commission warehouse, No. 25, and thence to the large fire-proof store-house, occupied by W. R. Thompson & Co. Next to this building stood the Fulton House, kept by J. Meyers, at the corner of Water and Chesnut streets, which with all the houses above mentioned were utterly destroyed. The buildings on the opposite or west side of the street then took fire. In this range were William R Thompson and Co's. store-house, (a second building occupied by that firm;) the Hibernian tavern kept by J. Fitzpatrick, and between the latter and Chesnut street three houses occupied as taverns & clothing stores, the names of the owners of which we could not learn. At the northwest corner of Water and Chesnut streets, the clothing store of Gaskill & Barnes was next consumed.

From the rear of the latter row of buildings the fire communicated with those facing on the east side of Front street, there William Steel's Starch Factory, No. 27, was partially injured; Davis's Suspender Manufactory, No. 29, and S. & E. Davison's Sacking Bottom Factory, No. 31, were also injured; Jas. L. Mifflin & Geo. Hill's Commission houses, Nos. 33 and 35, totally burnt; Francis G. Smith's Commission store for the sale of Dupont's Gunpowder, No. 37; John Mee, Spice Factor's store, No. 39; William R. Thompson's large warehouse and counting house, No. 41; Patric Donnelly's Tavern, No. 43; Dennis Lahey's Tavern, No. 45; John Lloyd, Tobacconist's store, No. 47; and John Loughead's Coopper shop, No. 49, were entirely destroyed.

The house at the north east corner of Front and Chesnut streets, occupied by Thomas Diehl, S. C. Bunting, Thomas M. Clark, and Paynter and Slack, Commission Merchants, was much damaged. The intense heat of the flying cinders set fire to the roofs of the stores of George W. Richards & Co; and of Richards & Bispham, on the west side of Front street. The upper stories of the former were burnt, the latter partially injured. Here the fire was checked in this direction, beyond the expectation of the spectators. Meanwhile the flames had extended to the Steamboat Hotel, on the south side of Chesnut street at the corner of Water. Next door a cooper's shop was destroyed, and the office and baggage depot of the Camden and Amboy Line was materially injured.

At the south-west corner of Water and Chesnut streets the fire reached the clothing store of Enoch Allen; next the barber shop of William Gorgas, next, to Martin's tavern, No. 57 Front street & to the German commission house of Meissgies and Unkart, No. 59. These houses were wholly consumed. The other stores in the same range, of J. B. M'Ilvan, Wm. P. Hanna, and Charles Field and Son, were slightly injured.

The sparks set several buildings on fire in Taylor's alley. J. Rowland's Liquor store was seriously damaged, and large four story building also injured.

In Chesnut street above Front the store of Durden B. Charter was considerably burnt, and store of Henry Risbrough partially.

We have not yet been able to ascertain the names of the owners of the buildings which were injured or destroyed by this calamitous fire. All which were within the circle of the flames were burnt literally to the ground. Not a particle of wood work is left in them, and the walls of many have fallen entirely. There prevailed during the whole night a strong north-east wind, which rapidly extended the conflagration and greatly increased the difficulties of operating against it efficiently.

In several of the stores, the oil, liquors and other combustibles, blazed for hours with intense violence. Explosions were frequent, and several are said to have been kegs of gunpowder. At six o'clock this morning, the indefatigable and daring exertions of the firemen had reduced the flames, and further destruction of property ceased to be apprehended. It is impossible to commend, in terms too ardent or grateful, the labors of the firemen on this occasion.

When they had no opportunity of working at the engines, or performing other duties, they got drays and carts in the neighborhood, loaded them with goods and furniture, and dragged them with infinite toil to places of secure deposit. The Mayor and the whole body of watchmen were on the ground, protecting the property scattered about the streets, and preserving order among the thousands of spectators who thronged to the disastrous scene.

The amount of property of various kinds thus destroyed, it is impossible to estimate with precision, but it may be reasonably stated at about 600,000 dollars. This loss is most untimely. Never, we learn, have the merchants of this city stood more in need of regular and prosperous trade.

The extensive warehouse of David S. Brown, Commission Merchant, we omitted to mention above among the buildings slightly injured. Although greatly exposed, it was saved by the use of wet blankets on the roof and in the windows.

The most painful portion of this recital yet remains. *Several, we know not how many, have been killed or severely wounded.* At eight o'clock this morning the walls of Enoch Allen's house fell with a tremendous crash, and buried in the ruins as we learn positively a fireman named W. Moreland, a member of the Good Will Engine. He was instantly killed. Others it is feared were also mortally hurt. Two of the wounded were carried to the hospital.

William Field, a Fireman, was severely injured.

James Smiley, a member of the Diligent Hose Company fell into a burning cellar, and had his head much cut and his hands burned.

James Barber & John Douglass, members of the Good Will Engine Company, and a member of the Hope Hose Company; whose name we did not learn are missing, and the worst is feared concerning them.

Bernard Timmins, also of the latter Company, is severely burnt.

Jacob Kugler, Fireman, badly burnt.

We have just learned that *Thomas* not *James* Barber, was an engineer at the Mint and not a Fireman. He was taken to the Hospital and died in about

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