Oh, you're not asleep then. What did you say, Mr. Caudle? You wish I had said no! Caudle, I cannot endure this! I can't. If I were not a patient Christian, I should die under the burden!

I suppose when you get through at that Club of yours, you tell those pretty fellows there,—that you'll go home and make fun of your wife—or catch a bedbug! O, that I should ever live to be made fun of. Don't tell me! I've no doubt you say so. You talk all the time, and I can hardly speak a word for myself. But the time will soon come, Caudle, when you will not have your poor Margaret to find fault with, and make fun of. I feel it coming on. Caudle, I am breaking down. You may laugh and kick round, but you'll find it so. I aint a stock nor a stone! Done the best I could, as I have, and then be twitted because we have no boys among our little ones—as though that was my fault—as though my Clementina, and Arabella, and Ariminta, and Zuabella, and Sophiama, and Angelico, are not better than all the noisy, hallowing boys in the kingdom.—Oh, Caudle, you are cold hearted—making fun—bed-bug—broken hearted—angel.

[At this time, says Caudle's MS, my wife's tongue rested—and soon after I fell into a troubled sleep—in which I saw visions of dirty faced boys—Mrs. Caudle in fits—and thought a bed bug as large as an elephant rested on my breast!]

LIFE IN PARIS.—An American in Paris, who writes frequently to the editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser, furnishes the following graphic description of the scenes witnessed in that capital on the occasion of the *Fete du Roi*, the anniversary of the birth of Louis Philippe:

PARIS, May 2, 1845.

Deputations from all classes of people waited yesterday upon the king to wish him health and happiness and many joyous returns of this his natal day.—Fetes are not for the rich and powerful, but the poor, we will therefore leave the palace behind us, and accompany the crowd to the great square of the Champs Elysees. The way conducts us through the garden of the Tuilleries, and as the immense multitude obstruct rapid locomotion, we linger beside the basins of water and admire the jet which glitters in the sunbeams, the numerous gold and silver fish which sports in the ripples, the merry faces of the children who stand around, feeding the pretty sparkling finny creatures with bread and cake crumbs. When fatigued with this, we turn to another scene, where the graceful swan floats lightly as a snow flake on the blue water, arching his long neck to collect donations cast to him. Before us a most magnificent prospect opens. Round us and before us, far as the eye can reach, a double row of trees lines the long avenue;—the elm with pendant limbs, and the horse-chesnut, now in the pride of its beauty. By constant pruning and attention their symmetry is rendered perfect. The branches, which, when bare and leafless in winter, have such an air of prudery, now clothed in gay attire, and adorned with their finely contrasted blossoms, present a rare object of elegance. At the extremity of this grand avenue, two or three miles before us, relieved by a back ground of remote blue hills, stands the pride of art, the proud Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, 152 feet in height, seeming even at this distance, still more immense. Nearer to us, surrounded by golden lamps, rises the obelisk of Luxor appearing to pierce the great arch of the Arc de Triomphe. The remainder of the way to the great "porte" of the palace is embellished by a host of marble statues of great value. It is the sight of such beauties and objects of splendid luxury as these, which surround and grace the palaces of monarchs, that can awaken in my bosom any love for royalty.

But while we loiter here, the amusements of the day are commencing. In the Place Concorde, the Tritons and sea-nymphs (altogethr too handsome though for fisherwomen) still hold fast their bronze dolphins, from whose mouth a jet of water is thrown into a basin above, to fall again into a thousand pellucid sparkles below. Not all of it however thus escapes. Not a little of it goes to fill the tin vessels borne about upon the backs of many a man and woman, which, half-boiled by the sun and sweetened with "radix glycewhizæ," or liquorice root, is drank by any one that chooses (not I) for a sou the glass. A little bell, incessantly tinkling like that borne on the neck of a grazing cow, keeps you perpetually aware of the presence of these sweet itinerant pedlars. This is the best proof I have at command of the fact, that the French are a liquorish people.

As we proceed up the Champs Elysees, the crowd increasing at every step, we find its sides lined with booths of every description. Here one plays "rouge et noir" for maccaroons, or swings a ring suspended from a cross tree ten feet perhaps in height, attempting to catch it on some hooks placed in front; and his success is to be rewarded in the same coin, differing in amount with the number placed upon the hook. If fond of sporting, take a gun, whose crooked barrel, one would imagine, was intended to shoot round a corner, and fire little rockets at a bird hanging from the top of a pole 20 feet high. If of a warlike, destructive disposition, near at hand is a stuffed man, with a wooden heart, hit it, if you can, at three feet distance, with a pop-gun cross-bow. If you are not content with an exhibition of your skill without doing any damage advance to the next. The scene before you represents in a moment an army of Moors, each man a foot distant from his neighbor. "Pick off the officers" was Gen. Putnam's order at the battle of Bunker Hill, so you aim at the Captain. Ah! you have knocked him over, and in his fall he touched a spring and out runs an old woman with a long red nose, and a pail in her hand. Kill the corporal, and another rushes into the scene mounted on a pig, whose tail looks as if it had not yet done curling, to such intensity is it twisted. When you have thus done it effectually for Abdel Kader and all the hostile Arabs in Africa, behold no dead are to be found. The attendant woman sets them up, and they are quite as sound again as ever.—Like many other warriors, victorious without results; let us go to the next, where the damage we may do, cannot be so easily repaired. Rough and fragile images of crockery are here, pieces of glass with figures painted on them. Now give the organ of destructiveness the rein. The fragments jingle, as they fall into the basket below. Is'nt it delicious? And all for two or three sous; a good investment. Novelties thicken, as we proceed. What keeps them laughing so perpetually in this quarter? Why at one extremity of the circle, perhaps I should say one of the foci of the eclipse, there is a post, to which a tin pot is attached.—At the other focus 15 feet off, we see a young man give a sou to the proprietor, who in return presents him with a stick. He places on the youth's head, concealing it entirely, a horrid looking mask, the eyes of which look crosswise. With this he can see nothing. Confident of success, where so many others have failed, he advances, thus blindfolded, to strike the pot with his cane. He proceeds very cautiously in a direct line as he supposes, but following as the bystanders well know, each eye of the mask by turns, till getting near the object by his computation, with deliberate care he deals the blow, which he is confident will make the old pot ring, like a church bell. But the only sound, which reaches his ear, is the universal merriment of all around. The mask is removed, and he is astonished to perceive, that he has "missed the wrong house" by a long distance. Notwithstanding the shortness of the space, and the apparent ease of the performance, I saw but one hit the mark among several essays, made during my stay. Do you wish to know your temperament? A man is ready to give you the information with a hand thermometer. This has two glass globes united by a hollow tube and filled with a liquid. The warmth of the hand to run from one ball to the other, and the height, to which it ascends, indicates the temperament. Changing hands, he counts in a loud voice, 5. 10. 15. 20. as long as the liquid rises, and this shows the degree. Men are content to spend 5 sous in order to learn that they are 10 degrees of "sanguinity" *or something else.*

Arrived, at length, at the Grand Square, maugre the innumerable obstacles, which impede or attractions, that divert, in the midst of an ocean of heads in constant motion to catch a glimpse, but always interposing before, behind, around, every where, one may possibly succeed in seeing the stage of one of the temporary theatres, erected only for the day. In these are enacted battles, fights, and other diverting pastimes, guns and cannon are fired, drums beat, prisoners are taken and miraculously escape, and the French come out always victorious, the enemy retiring in a laudable and regular manner, after discharging their muskets at, and dangerously frightening sundry peaceable and thoughtless crows, which were innocently flying over the unroofted stage. The spectators were very numerous, and very quiet—when they can see—but when the view is obstructed by one taller than themselves, they are easily amused by throwing small stones at his hat, and often with an accuracy not altogether pleasant to the wearer. Short people are decidedly below par in such a place. I did not see the stage perfectly but twice, once when lifted from the ground by the pressure of the crowd, and thus elevated above the world. But I could not turn my good fortune to much account, for unfortunately my attention was very much distracted by the instant necessity of inventing some new method of breathing, as my chest was so wedged and compressed, that the old one would not answer. My hat too obstructing the prospect of those behind, was vigorously saluted with a copious shower of the aforesaid gravel. The second time, just at the climax, when the savage Bedouin was about to destroy his captive, a French girl of birth, I felt a hand at my coat pocket. The fellow was disappointed, however, for previous to leaving home, I took the precaution to leave there watch, pocket book, and every thing else of value. But the incident drew off my observation of the stage, and after all, I have therefore lost the pleasure of informing you, what became of the beautiful heroine.

In the centre of this place was erected the "mat de Cocagne." This is a pole of as great length, as can be obtained, and perfectly straight, resembling in this respect the lofty hickory and ash poles, planted during the late election throughout the United States. This is entirely denuded of bark and branches, and made as smooth as possible. To render it still more slippery, it is plentifully besmeared with soft soap and other unctious matters—To the top of this a large wreath is drawn up, to which is attached prizes of various sorts. On this occasion there were a gold watch, a cup of silver, a "couvert," or silver fork and spoon, and a silver mounted pipe.—The first ascension is the only difficult one, those coming afterwards mount with comparative facility. The first essay was made by an athletic man who stripped himself almost to the state of nature, entirely, save a piece of cloth around his loins. He carried, with him suspended on each side, a bag filled with a kind of powder, or dust with which he covered the slippery pole, as far up as he could reach. Then hitching up as far up as he had dusted, he held by his feet and one hand, while with the other he renewed his anti lubricating process. He ascended not more than fifteen feet, when his bags were exhausted, and casting a longing look at the glittering prizes, far above he slid down again. The second climbed some thirty feet, when his strength was exhausted, and his ammunition failed, and, projecting also a Fox and Grapes, Tantalus looking, regard at all that was dear, he too "declined the honor."—The third was a dexterous climber, and was also fortified by a double supply of the "all in all" without which it would be as vain to think of rising, as to get up in the world without that other yellow dust called gold. His cap too, served to wipe the path before him. After a struggle of nearly half an hour, he attained the summit, seized the flag placed there, exultingly waved it round his head, helped himself to the gold watch, and descended very quickly. The track once prepared, it was easy to follow, so the other prizes were taken without difficulty, and on that account were of far inferior value. This sport attracted a large crowd, who divided their regards between it and the neighboring theatres. A young American physician, extremely agile and muscular, who now resides in Boston, is said to have gained this prize some years ago. This is a real example of genius overcoming difficulties and of talent elevated above the crowd.

Before the "Parillon de Horloge" was erected a stage covered with crimson velvet, where at 7½ by forcing through a crowd of artisans in dirty blouses, smelling vehemently of Cheese and Garlic, one could hear a band play the "Marseillois" or the "Parissienne," and by walking toward the Seine, have a view, in one of the upper stories of the palace, of the Indians from Oregon now visiting here with Mr. Catlin. By order of the king they had been placed in the vacant apartments of one of the absent princes, commanding a view of the gardens, the quai de Tuilleries, the Pont Royal, and the immense assemblage that thronged every avenue in this quarter.—From this point, also, a favorable view of the fire works was to be had. The adjoining room is devoted to the accommodation of Gen. Tom Thumb.

It was amusing to hear the speculations of the multitude in regard to these red skins, who in all the pride and pomp of paint and feathers were very conspicuous at the windows, and arrested the gaping notice of vast numbers. The lower classes of the community are as ignorant of geography, as the aborigines of America, when discovered by Columbus. One imagined they were Patagonians, another surmised they were Chinese, a third Egyptians, and, when informed they were from the back woods of the U. S. from Oregon, they innocently replied, that "they thought all the Africans were black."

As the shades of night descended, the lamps arranged in triangular groups of thirty-six on lofty stands, and placed at intervals of forty feet perhaps along the green fringed walks, were lit up. This exhibition, extending even to the arc d'Etoile, and to every little avenue around was almost magical. At such a moment it was easy to have any quantity of poetical imaginings of diamonds and such like that could be wished. Poetry is a description of fancy. This is the reason, as I take it, why calling red hair golden, oil lamp lights, diamonds, and talking of silver moon and pearly teeth, is being poetical. To those who live in the garret, gold and silver, diamonds and pearls exist but in the imagination.

When the twilight had entirely melted away, there commenced from the Quai d'Orsay a shower of rockets, which with their bright light of various colors illuminated all around. Being of large size, the noise of their explosion was very great, as they burst high in the air, pouring a deluge of brilliant sparkles on every side. At the moment when the first rocket shot up commenced the discharge of the great guns at the battlements surrounding the Hotel des Invalides. Had this captive Prussian and Austrian ordnance been as faithfully served in times gone by, as they were this evening they might have changed the destinies of nations, and not been left, as now, to illustrate the prowess of French arms. At every report, I beheld in imagination the vetrans who now served them, at the battles of Lodi, Wagram and Austerlitz, their hearts burning with a fire scarcely less vehement, than the flame which consumed their power. Those heroes, who then protected the body of the Great Warrior, now surround and guard his mouldering ashes.

Near the quai, high in the air, was a beautiful cross of variegated lamps of large size, which was the object of universal admiration. On the Pont de la Concorde rose two lofty monuments of fire, while from their base flashed Roman Candles and flames, of every description.

For half an hour an unbroken succession of rockets, wheels and other productions of pyrotechny were played off without the least intermission. No delay in the preparation of the pieces fatigued the spectator, and there was no parsimonious apprehension of burning too many at a time.—The air was in a continual blaze with sheets of fire in inexhaustible profusion. The final piece was an immense bouquet, extending the entire length of the bridge, of every hue and of surpassing lustre; thus closing an exhibition exceeding in magnificence any thing of a similar kind, which it has been my fortune ever to behold.

No report has been made of any accident happening during the day, notwithstanding the vast number assembled. Three or four hundred thousand persons were undoubtedly spectators of these fireworks. Indeed there were 15,000 troops of the line in active service in and near the garden, besides numerous other grades of "guardians of the peace." The crowd was of the most orderly character, and though they were required to rest 5 or 10 minutes in the midst of a "squeeze"—a trying moment—near the outlet and the Pont Royal, I did not hear a complaint escape. Thus ended the day, and I close this description with my best wishes for the health, long life and prosperity of Louis Philippe, the wisest of modern kings.

From the Savannah Republican, June 9.

Our city was thrown into considerable excitement on Saturday evening last by the following occurrence:

A boy by the name of James Mercer, an articled seaman on board the U. S. Revenue Cutter *Crawford*, Capt. Fatio, on Friday evening obtained leave to visit his brother, a seaman on board the ship *Colombo*. Mercer not returning according to his permit on Saturday morning, and Capt. F. having been informed that it was his intention to desert, despatched an officer to the *Colombo*, where, after search, the boy Mercer was found and returned to the *Crawford*. His brother accompanied him to the Cutter, and demanded his release as a British subject. Words ensued, the boy was flogged for desertion, and his brother put ashore.

Capt. F. soon after came on shore and was assailed by a number of British sailors who grossly insulted him and pursued him with clubs for the purpose of attacking him. After calling upon them repeatedly to desist, and warning them that if they did not do so, he would fire upon them; and two of them persisting in the attack, he drew one of Colt's revolving pistols and fired twice. The first ball missed, but the second took effect, striking the ringleader near the right eye, and passing out at the side of the head. The wound, though rather severe, was not sufficiently so to prevent the receiver of it from indulging in violent threats against the life of Capt. Fatio, on account of which he was arrested and imprisoned by the civil authorities, as also was his accomplice. The allegation of the sailors against Captain F., was that he had flogged a British subject, to which he replied that the boy Mercer had, by his own act, gone into the service, and consequently was subject to its descipline. The whole affair is undergoing an investigation before, the proper authorities.

LATE FROM TEXAS.—The steamship New York arrived at New Orleans on the 6th instant from Galveston, which place she left on 4th inst.

Gen. Lamar & Major Donelson arrived at Galveston on the 31st ult. The U. S. revenue cutter Woodbury arrived there on the 3rd instant with despatches for the U. S. Minister.

Capt. Elliott, the British Charge to Texas reached Galveston on the evening of the 30th ult. in a French man of war brig. The Civilian says it is understood that he brought further overtures from Mexico for an acknowledgement of the independence of Texas. He proceeded to the seat of Government immediately. The precise character of the propositions brought is not known, but if they be of the nature intimated, they will probably, says the Civilian, "be laid before the public in a very short time." The same paper adds:—"The decision of the question of independence or Annexation, belongs exclusively to the people, & the Government has manifested its entire willingness to allow the matter to be decided by them."

The U. S. squadron, under Commodore Stockton, was at anchor off Galveston on the 4th instant.

The New Orleans Picayune says—

We have received verbal intelligence by this arrival to the effect that the Mexicans are really concentrating a large force on the Rio Grande, preparatory to war in case Texas should agree to Annexation. Our informant states farther that the feeling in the latter country is thoroughly warlike—the talk is of nothing else than a brush with Mexico if she wishes it—and in addition that the propositions of Mexico and England will be promptly rejected. Many think, and with good show of reason, that the movement of troops towards Rio Grande is instigated by England.

From the New Orleans Tropic.

Captain Elliott, the British minister, arrived at Galveston on the 20 h ult. from Vera Cruz, in a French vessel of war, and set out for the seat of Government immediately. The papers state that Elliott was the bearer of propositions from Mexico, acknowledging Texan independence. In relation to this matter, the News says:

"The purport of the treaty, according to Elliott's statement to a friend of ours, is simply the recognition of our independence, without regard to limits, upon the condition that we renounce annexation to the United States, leaving us at liberty to be annexed to England or any other government."

The most astonishing item of intelligence received by this arrival is contained in a paragraph i the Houston Telegraph, which in reference to the statement in the message of Cuevas to the Mexican Congress, that Texas had made proposals to Mexico to obtain an acknowledgment of her independence says: "We have been assured by Col. Allen; our Secretary of State, that President Jones has made no proposals to Mexico, and authorized no agent to proceed to Mexico, with proposals." The Galveston News, speaking of the endeavor to represent President Jones as a friend of annexation, says that such inference cannot be drawn from existing facts; and in reference to the above extract from the Telegraph, remarks:

"This to say the least of it, is a most extraordinary mode of explanation, and challenges no small share of credulity especially as at this moment Capt. Elliot is in Washington, and probably again in secret conclave with the president."

This declaration by the Telegraph in the face of existing facts, appears to us strange and inexplicable. There is some mystery about this affair which we would like to see elucidated.

THE MEXICAN INDEMNITY.—Benjamin R. Green, Esq., late Charge d'Affaires at Mexico has published a letter in the Washington Union, in which he states what he is confident are the facts in relation to the Mexican instalments due on the 30th of April & the 30th of July, 1844. In this letter he says that Mr. Voss the American agent specially commissioned to receive the instalments, obtained from the Minister of the Mexican Treasury drafts upon the departmental treasuries of Guadalara, Guanagiuato, and Zacatecas. "He took these *drafts*," adds Mr. Green, "to the house of Tayleur, Jamison & Co., one of the best English commercial houses in Mexico, and requested them to be sent on for collection. They were sent on; and the reply was, that the drafts were good, and would be paid as soon as any revenue could be collected for that purpose. In consequence of the revolution, and the distracted state of things in Mexico since they have not yet been paid." Mr. Green further states that when Mr. Voss received the drafts above referred to, he told Mr. Shannon, that he was confident the money would be paid, and that in fact he might write home that it had been paid. Both Mr. Shannon and Mr. Voss felt confident the money would be paid, and hence the notice of payment published in the United States.—*American.*

DEATH OF GENERAL JACKSON.

[From the Baltimore Clipper of Monday.]

The paragraph below from the Louisville (Kentucky,) Journal, of Wednesday last, leaves us little room to doubt the death of the venerable statesman and hero, Major General Andrew Jackson, ex-President of the United States. His death is reported to have occurred on yesterday week, at the Hermitage in the presence of his family and a number of friends. This mournful but not unexpected intelligence will be received throughout the whole country by all parties with deep unaffected and universal sorrow, as no man of his day ever rendered more signal a service to his country upon the field of battle while his memorable acts in the councils of the nation however their policy may have been questioned are admitted to have been dictated by a sincere and patriotic desire to promote the prosperity and glory of our common country. We trust his spirit is in a better world! His name will be revered by his countrymen for ages to come!

Death of Gen. Jackson. An express arrived here this morning from Nashville with intelligence that this eminent man died at the Hermitage on Sunday last, at 6 o'clock, P. M. he had swooned in the morning, and for a time, was supposed to be dead, but he soon afterwards revived. His death will no doubt create a great sensation throughout the country.—*Louisville Journal.*

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE DEATH OF GEN. ANDREW JACKSON.

We give below all the additional particulars of the death of the venerable old hero Gen. Andrew Jackson, which have reached us since yesterday morning.

The following letter from General Houston, published yesterday morning in the Washington Union, extra, was received in this city through Morse's Telegraph.

HERMITAGE, June 8, 1845.
12 o'clock, P. M.

My Dear Sir:—In deep sorrow I address you this hasty note. At six o'clock this evening Gen. Jackson departed this life. He retained his faculties to the last hour. I lament that I was denied the satisfaction of seeing him in his last moments. I was unfortunately detained in ascending the Mississippi, so that I did not reach Nashville until half-past six o'clock this evening.

I immediately procured a conveyance, and came out with my family, having understood that the General's health was exceedingly precarious, and being anxious to administer, if I could, some comfort in the closing scene of his eventful life.—On my way, a few miles from the city, I met the family physician, who informed me that the General was no more.

About three hours before his departure he conversed for some time with his family and took an affectionate leave of them as also of his domestics. His physician represents the scene as most affecting and remarkably touching; that he departed with perfect serenity of mind, and with a full faith in the promises of salvation through a Redeemer.

I have seen the corpse since my arrival. The visage is much as it was in life.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. A nation will feel this loss, as a nation has received the fruits of his toils during the best years of his life. Very truly, your friend:

SAM. HOUSTON.

JAMES K. POLK.

We received through the Telegraph last evening, the following official order of the President:

WASHINGTON CITY, June 16, 1845.

OFFICIAL. Andrew Jackson is no more. He departed this life on Sunday, the 8th inst., full of days & full of honors. His country deplores his loss, and will ever cherish his memory. Whilst a nation mourns it is proper that business should be suspended at least for one day in the Executive Departments, as a tribute of respect to the illustrious dead. I accordingly direct that the Department of State, the Treasury, the War, the Navy, the Post Office, the Office of the Attorney General and the Executive mansion, be instantly put into mourning, and that they be closed during the whole day to-morrow.

JAMES K. POLK.

[From the Nashville Banner of the 9th.]

GENERAL JACKSON DEAD! We learn, just as our Weekly paper is going to press that General Jackson died at the Hermitage yesterday (Sunday, 8th of June) at 6 o'clock P. M. He has been in feeble health, as our readers are aware, for a long time, and his disease, which was accompanied by repeated hemorrhages of the lungs, termited in dropsy.

We understand that he preserved his intellect to the last, and that, in his dying moments, he requested that he should be buried in an unostentatious manner & without any Military parade. His funeral will take place at the Hermitage to-morrow (10th instant) 11 o'clock, A. M.

We hear that the Mayor and Aldermen of the town have requested that the citizens shall meet this afternoon at 4 o'clock to take into consideration the most appropriate manner of testifying their respect for the distinguished dead.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE DEATH OF GEN. ANDREW JACKSON.

The News of the death of ex-President Jackson has created a profound regret wherever it has been received. The Philadelphia papers of yesterday, of all parties are clad in deep mourning and their comments on the character of the deceased show that however they may have differed with him on political questions during his life, all animosities are now buried and forgotten. This is as it should be, and shows that the services of our distinguished warriors will ever be held in grateful remembrance by their countrymen. We notice also that all the courts of Philadelphia, and public buildings of every description, were closed, and the flags hoisted half mast, on the reception of the news in that city.

The Secretary of the Navy has issued an order in relation to the demise of ex-President Jackson, which contains the following directions:—

Officers of the army, the navy, and marine corpse will wear crape on the left arm and on their swords; and the colors of the several regiments will be put in mourning for the period of six months. At the naval stations, and on public vessels in commission, the flags will be worn at half mast for one week, and on the day after this order is received, twenty one minute guns will be fired, beginning at 12 o'clock. At each military station, the day after the reception of this order, the national flag will be displayed at half-staff from sunrise to sunset; thirteen guns will be fired at day break, half-hour guns during the day; and at the close of the day a general salute.—The troops will be paraded at 10 o'clock, and this order read to them, on which the labors of the day will cease.

FUNERAL OF GENERAL JACKSON. The funeral of ex-President Jackson took place on the 10th inst., at the Hermitage. The Nashville Banner of the 11th says.

Yesterday every place of business was closed and our citizens, for the most part went up to the Hermitage to pay the last solemn rites to the distinguished dead. A very large concourse assembled from the town and country, and a most impressive and eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Edgar. The body was borne to the grave by the pall-bearers appointed by the meeting on Tuesday, and, without ostentation or parade, but in the midst of silence and tears, was placed by the side of her whom in life he had loved so well.

The Banner in some very effective remarks in reference to the deceased says: "Few men excelled him personal address and he impressed all who approached him with the opinion that they were in the presence of a being of no ordinary character. We well remember to have heard a distinguished diplomatist assert that, in his carriage and bearing as President of the United States, he seemed to possess intuitively, and to display, without an effort, qualities which other individuals did not exhibit whose whole lives had been passed in the most refined Courts of Europe. He had the power, beyond most men of infusing his own spirit and opinions into those who came near him, and of arousing their personal attachment. Many of his companions in arms, who endured privations with him on the plains of Alabama & Florida, and shared in his glory & success at New Orleans, however, much they may have afterwards differed with him in political opinion, have never forgotten the charm and dignity of his manners, his readiness to divide with them the last morsel of bread in his knapsack or the last drop of water in his canteen, and the cheerfulness, with which under whatever disadvantages or troubles they may have been laboring for the time, he directed their thoughts to a day of final triumph and victory, and once more revived their drooping spirits by bright pictures of their distant homes and of future happiness.—And, in whatever part of the country these old soldiers may be, when they hear of the death of their General, tears will involuntarily spring into their eyes, and their busy thoughts will conjure up the stirring scenes, through which, under his guidance, they have passed.

From the Phila. North Amer of yesterday.

FIRE—THE ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS BURNED DOWN.—Last evening a little before eleven o'clock, the alarm of fire was given, it proved to be the Academy of the Fine Arts. The fire was the work of an incendiary, who had effected an entrance in rear of the building, and communicated the fire underneath the Statue Gallery, which was entirely destroyed with all its contents. The fire spread to the Library room, and a large number of pictures were destroyed before they could be removed in consequence of the dense smoke.

With great efforts, the valuable Library, chiefly a present from Napoleon Bonaparte was saved, though considerably injured. The fire communicated to the pictures in the Rotunda, and several were destroyed—some of them of great value.—Among the number were Murillo's great picture of the Roman Daughter valued at $3000 & Dugald Stuard by Raeburn! Most of the pictures were removed from the Rotunda and North Gallery. Allston's picture of the Dead Man Restored, was saved, and Death on the Pale Horse, in a mutilated condition.

About one o'clock the whole of the North Gallery was in ruins.

Thus the torch of an incendiary has nearly destroyed the largest and best collection of works of art in the United States—and which has been the labor of near forty years in collecting. The loss is irreparable, and will be felt by a large number of artists and amateurs of painting and sculpture.

We trust that a liberal reward will be offered by the Mayor for the detection of the incendiary, and that every effort will be made to bring him to condign punishment.

We learn from the Philadelphia papers that another attempt had been made to fire the Academy of Fine Arts in that city on Monday night last. The fire was discovered before material damage was done.

We find the following paragragh in the Richmond Compiler of Tuesday last:

Great Fire in Fayetteville, N. C.—We learn by a passenger in the Southern Cars yesterday morning, that a Fire occurred in Fayetteville, N. C., Thursday night, by which half the place, principally the business portion—was destroyed! He could not give particulars further than the calamity was attributed to an incendiary.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-0690.jpg