

THE CALEDONIAN.

BY A. G. CHADWICK.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Daily Advertiser and Express.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

One half the world, it is truly said, are ignorant of the means by which the other half live. One of the greatest mysteries in the eyes of a man unused to a large city is, how so large a number of inhabitants can manage to pick up a living; existing, as many of them appear to, by eating each other up, somewhat after the manner of the Kilkenny cats. Of the whole ten thousand expedients resorted to, one motive seems to govern all actions, and that is—to enjoy as many benefits as possible by contributing the smallest degree of labor. While it is the easiest thing in the world for men of peculiar capacities to get rich, to others it is the most difficult thing to get bread. The former dashes through all obstacles, surmounts every difficulty, and overcomes all opposition, till he has attained his object; while the other only grubs, as it were, through life, content with any mode of livelihood that will satisfy his animal passions. Or, as Byron has happily described the existence of man, it is—

"A fierce contest betwixt
Base wants and lofty will."

The population of this city is not much short of 300,000 souls, or 60,000 families, the heads of which, with the exception of a very few individuals, have recourse to their wits for the daily sustenance of their dependents. Every man, high or low, other than the cultivators of the earth, lives by his wits, and every other means resorted to for a livelihood are mere expedients or substitutes; rendered necessary, it is very true, by the usages of society, and requiring generally a degree of labor equal to that of the husbandman, and often surpassing it. But to live by one's wits, one must have something of a stock in trade to set up upon; and where wits are the stock in trade, it is very natural that business should be divided into a great many branches, as it is in a city. Some taking to merchandize, some to loafing, some to writing, some to begging, some to "going out to day's work down here," and others to courts and courting—to the *Even Facies*, and *Copias satisfactum*.

It is not unprofitable now and then to cast one's horoscope abroad over one's city, and to see how many people exist,—for which purpose we have prepared the following article on life in circles but little known even to New Yorkers themselves.

Pat Waters was hunted at the foot of Rector just after the late war, desperate and penniless, without a farthing in his pocket or a friend in the country.

He commenced by picking up all manner of bones and pieces of meat around the markets and in the streets which he boiled out. The fat extracted in this way he sold to the soap boilers, and the bones to the button makers, until he raised the means of buying a litter of pigs, which he fed upon the liquor in which the bones had been boiled, with the addition of such articles of garbage as he could fall in with among the huxters in the market. By the proceeds of his bones, fat, and pigs, he became enabled in time to purchase a cart, with which he monopolized all the swill of a large neighborhood—extended his pork factory, shipped his bones to Europe, where he met with a ready sale—built a large establishment out of town, where he carried on his business, and in the course of a few years amassed an independent fortune. Thousands since his time have followed the same pursuit, but competition has unfortunately divided the profits into too many hands to enable his successors to retire with the same success.

Store sweepings and street gleanings of every description if they have not founded many fortunes, have been the means of feeding many a hungry mouth. An observer would be surprised at the large amount of rubbish, seemingly of no value, that is picked up, assorted, and systematically disposed of, by the various degrees of *chiffonniers*, and kennel scrappers, who are constantly on the alert with their bags and baskets, particularly early in the morning, in search of old rags, paper, metals, broken glass, bones, coal cinders, &c. for all of which they find ready purchasers, in the various junk shops, and factories, in the city.

But by far the most numerous and at the same time most indefatigable idlers are the various classes of mendicants. From the squalid street beggar up to the fashionable borrower, not one of them solicits for the mere necessities of nature, but all, more or less make mendicancy a matter of trade or speculation.

Cold victuals, which is frequently implored from the charitable housekeeper in accents of the deepest despondency, and accepted with demonstrations of the most profound humility and gratitude, are also converted into merchantable articles—the fat pieces are selected out to undergo the process of the fry kettle; the vegetables are culled out to feed hogs, and the daintier bits of fish, flesh and fowl, are sold to the keepers of boarding houses, and cook shops at the Five Points, at the foot of Dover street, up to the Hook, and other places of similar reputation. The amount thus disposed of is incalculable. The persons who traffic in this way, prepare their children like netors for the various parts they have to play. The smallest with baskets and bags, dressed in tattered garments, are despatched to solicit broken vands from door to door; the big boys prowl about the wharves, sampling coffee bags, sugar hogsheds, tea boxes, cotton bales, &c.; the girls each take an infant by the hand; the mother borrows a sick baby to excite the sympathies of the humane, and scattering themselves around the most frequented parts of the city, with the most doleful expressions and the most pitiful lamentations, solicit charity from every passerby. The father of this interesting household figs himself up to counterfeit lameness or blindness, or afflicts his limbs with fictitious ulcers to excite pity and extort a charitable tribute from the way-farer; and after having disposed of the products accumulated in their

various peregrinations, they all meet together at night to drink and make merry at the expense of those who had compassion upon them in the day time.

In Elm street, near the Five Points, there is a rendezvous or retreat for vagabonds of every description. It is located about thirty or forty feet below the surface of the street—the apartment is some ten or twelve yards square, into which the light of the sun is never seen. In the middle of this subterranean recess, in cold weather is placed a furnace of embers, the fumes from which find no difficulty in escaping through the multiplicity of apertures in the apartment. At the door sits an old black woman, who demands from the lodgers as they enter, three cents, for which sum they are permitted to lay upon the floor with their feet toward the fire around the furnace. When the circle is complete the old woman locks the door, puts the key into her pocket and goes to sleep herself, leaving the sleeping radii, composed of both sexes, all colors and all habits, to repose together till morning, when they are all turned out again in the street to pursue their various avocations. Some will be found at the markets, cleaning fish, or helping the huxters, sweeping streets, hating and discharging cargoes, carrying baggage, gathering paper, rags and old junk—fiddlers, drummers, pappers, and panders,—all are again in motion, and all enabled to bring some kind of grist to the mill in their own way, and all very anxious, seemingly to be well thought of by their fellows, and to live as long as they can.

The various cries that assail the ears of the stranger when he first visits New York, convey to him an idea of their employments. Long before day-light is heard the shrill musical rattle of the little ragged chimney sweeper, contrasted with the hoarse, deep intonations of his master on the opposite side of the street. Science, however, has made serious inroads in this as well as almost every other branch of industry, since the patent sweeper with his rods and wags, will cleanse in half the time and for half the money that his rival can, besides being far more musical. Milkmen, cartmen and bakers' vehicles, rattling and screaming through the streets—the blast of the ash-man's horn, and the rumbling of the butcher's cart over the devoted pavements soon announce to you the approach of breakfast time. Breakfast! as Jeremy Diddler says, Delightful sound—by far the most interesting period of the day to some. Aye, to hundreds who rise not knowing where or how one may be procured.—With those that have the means, nothing is more easy, and breakfasts may be obtained for almost any price. If you go to Delmonico's it will cost just ten times the amount that you can buy one for at Sweeney's; at the former place you may breakfast for any sum up to a dollar, and a hungry man will not feel much distress in devouring that amount,—while at Sweeney's you may surf for an Alderman with half the sum. At the markets you may get a so-so breakfast for sixpence, and at Loder's Hall, in Water street, you may get a comfortable warm *déjeuner* (if you are not over particular, and like hash), for threepence New York money. Lodgings, at the same place, for three cents upon the floor; for six cents in a bank, with only two companions—and only one shilling for a whole bunk and clean straw.—Blessed be the peace-makers, for nothing more contributeth to humble, poor, soulful humanity than the boarding and lodging of Loder's Hall.

Whole communities live upon the proceeds of the sales of loco-foco matches, scented soaps, penny combs, penny newspapers, almanacs, and in the season, radishes, green corn, strawberries, and various other fruits and vegetables, hawked about the streets by children of all ages and colors. Poor gentlemen, *i. e.* lazy vagabonds, generally of illustrious foreign origin, often lay the wall disposed under severe contributions, or by means of subscriptions got up in their behalf by a set of sympathetic idlers, who seem to think their duty done when they have obtained the sum required, without adding any thing of their own to the fund. These services are frequently requited by the interesting stranger walking off with a silver snuffer stand or soup ladle, while his obliging *protégé* is in the next room writing him a letter of recommendation for employment.

Puffers at Auctions—drummers for traders—decoy ducks to sear stores—talisman in courts—procurers—protectors, and bullies of various kinds—sham husbands—foundling nurses—forestallers—bond-signers, and even the vile informer, and the shady, subtle, scurrilous penny-a-liner, all receive their per diems for the different parts they have to perform in the every day of life. Crockery and tin ware squatters, who locate themselves upon the corners around the markets; old hat traders; itinerant umbrella dealers; organ grinders; water carriers and ice servers; key fitters; glaziers; private night watchmen, and public dock wall-poppers, are all tolerated in this way, and like the rest of their fellow citizens, live upon one another—every one has his market, and every one is in demand.

COFFEE.—This most celebrated beverage of modern times was unknown to the ancients, and was not used in Europe till after the 13th century. It is said to be a native of Abyssinia, and is found wild in great abundance, from Caffa to the banks of the Nile. Bruce, the African traveller, informs us that the Gualala, a wandering nation of Africa, when they are going on a long excursion, carry nothing with them to eat but coffee roasted till it can be pulverized, and then mixed with butter to a consistency that will suffer it to be rolled up in balls, and put into a leather bag. One of these, about the size of a hen's egg, keeps them in strength and spirits, during a whole day's fatigue better than a loaf of bread or a meal of meat. Coffee was first brought into Europe from Arabia. It is said by some that the use of it was first introduced by the prior of an Arabian monastery, who being informed by a goatherd of the effects produced on his goats, when they happened to browse on the coffee tree, gave an infusion of the berries to his monks, to prevent the inclination to sleep, which frequently interfered with the due performance of their nocturnal prayers. In Turkey, this article is considered of so much importance, that the Turks have a particular officer who is a coffee inspector. A refusal to supply a wife with coffee, is even said to be among the legal causes of a divorce.

EXTRACT of a Letter from England by a visitor of the Wakefield Lunatic Asylum:—

The establishment is lighted throughout, by gas, which, as well as the beer, bread, shoes, clothes, cloth, for external garments, consumed by the patients, are manufactured on the premises.—The number of patients is, at present, three hundred and thirty-four, rather less than half of whom are women. Fifty or sixty of the men labor regularly, either in the manufacture of the articles above mentioned or in gardening, or some mechanical trade.

All the utensils used by the patients at their meals unless necessarily metallic, are made of wood. The working patients are furnished, besides their regular meals, with two drinkings during the day, each of them consisting of three-fourths of a pint of beer and four ounces of bread. Nearly two hundred dollars per annum is paid for tobacco, which is also divided among the laborers, each being entitled to an ounce per week! The Institution is endowed with a fund which enables it to furnish those patients who recover, with means sufficient for their support until they can find employment. The wards, or galleries, unlike those in the Asylum at Worcester, have bedrooms only upon one side. The bedssteads, like those in several public institutions which I have visited are made of iron.

One of the patients, after having entreated us to give him some tobacco, showed us a piece of cloth upon one side of which, he had written in large letters, "Millennium." Green, blue, and yellow united, and upon the other, "Victoria 1st, 28th, 1837. Virgin Queen of Peace. Amen. Aquila." "Eh, eh," said he looking up with a piercing glance and a significant smile, "do you know what Aquila signifies in English?" Being answered, "Well, sir," he added, "I am the Eagle. I, sir, was Jupiter's Eagle, I have perched on Olympus, Shildav, and Mount Blanc;" and he struck his sides with his arms, as a bird flaps its wings, as if to demonstrate to a Q. E. D. that he was really what he pretended to be. "There, sir," continued he advancing close to us and putting a finger of each hand to the eye of the corresponding side, "where, sir, look at my eyes—they are cast-steel, they were made on purpose for the Eagle; with these, I look the sun out of countenance." This singular hallucination is not much more profitably amusing than that of the individual, who, as related by the late Dr. Rees, of Philadelphia, imagined his stomach, was occupied by a Hottentot, whom he had swallowed while at the Cape of Good Hope, and in this manner transported him across the Atlantic.

The women were supping when we went into their wards, each eating her ration from a small wooden dish, similar to a pail. That air of neatness and comfort, which reigns throughout the establishment is particularly conspicuous in this department. One of the women who had been refractory, had her arms confined. In the men's department, we also observed that confinement by straps, in chairs and beds, is resorted to in case of violent mania.

"Who are you?" inquired one of the women after scrutinizing me with the wildness of a lunatic, "are you a Methodist Minister?" "No," said I, "I am an American." This answer was perfectly satisfactory, and no sooner was it uttered than a half a dozen of the patients started up, "O you are from America—then you know my brother," said one. "Do you know J. P.?" inquired a second. "Have you ever seen—" "I asked a third,—"he's my husband's brother." "I have a sister in America," said a young woman, looking up with a smile so gentle and an expression of countenance so calm and subdued, that one beheld in it more of the innocence and beauty of sane and healthy childhood, than the fierceness and wildness of confirmed lunacy.

Among the various institutions, which have originated as legitimate consequences of superior civilization, more extensive and widely diffused knowledge, and a more enlightened philanthropy, not the least conspicuous are those, the object of which, is the amelioration of the sufferings of the insane. Formerly, the unfortunate person afflicted with maniacal hallucination was supposed to have infringed the laws of heaven, and thus incurred the displeasure of a Creator, the phials of whose wrath were, consequently, poured out, in this manner, as a just retribution, upon the offended. But the feelings, the sentiments of the community have changed. The lunatic is no longer "a reproach and a bye-word;" his family are no longer shunned as being particularly implicated in his unknown offence; but, as a sufferer under one of the most affecting maladies to which our race is subject, the former receives that kindness, which the human heart alive to the sufferings of our fellows, can bestow, and the latter partake of the fountain of sympathy, freely gushing from a thousand bosoms.

In England and Scotland, although some Hospitals had been established, the condition of the maniacs previously to 1815, were according to Halliday, equally miserable. Speaking of Bethlehem or Bedlam, the London Asylum, that author says: "It formed one of the lions of the metropolis, and the patients, as wild beasts, were shown for six pence for each person admitted."

Formerly, a fundamental error existed in reference to the nature of insanity. It was believed that the mind is itself diseased, instead of the organ through which it is manifested; and since mind is invisible and intangible, it was thought that no remedies could be administered to it. But Disease is the minister of Death; and the mind, a scintillation from the fire of Heaven, being free from the latter, is consequently exempt from the former.

Once acknowledged that insanity is produced by an affection of the brain, and that, generally, of a merely functional nature, it follows that the disease is, like most others, within the reach of medical treatment. But chains and a dungeon are miserable prescriptions to a deranged state of the most delicate organ in the human frame—an organ which is called constantly into action by an invisible, but powerful and controlling agency. On the contrary, as might be inferred, experience has fully proved, that a mild and gentle treatment, bringing about the patient the comforts of life, the sports of boyhood, and the beauties of nature, and art, manifesting to him the affection of a brother, and humoring rather than opposing his vagaries, has a most decided and powerful influence in effecting a recovery. In order fully to develop a system of treatment founded upon these principles, Asylums are almost indispensable.

The following article is from the climate and glowing imagination of Doct. T. N. Caulkins, editor of the Coldwater Observer.

OUR COUNTRY IN 1857.—What will this Union be fifty years from this day! The cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, for the world to follow in their march of civilization and refinement. The morning of 1857 will dawn upon this nation doubled in extent, with Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa as the centre of civilization, and the unbegotten states of Oregon, Macedon, Columbia and Pacific, stretching along the ocean, called the Pacific states, with another tier of the sisterhood lying along the Rocky Mountains, known by the name of the middle states. What now are known as the western, will then receive the appellation of the eastern states, while the western will be those bordering on the Pacific ocean. Fifty millions of freemen will look upon the light of that morn, and glory in the name, yielded by France, of the "Great Nation."

Splendid cities will then exist where now the Indian, the lord of the dark forest around him, lies prone upon his copper face, dreaming of the happy hunting grounds of his fathers, with whom must soon dwell the whole Indian race. On that day a mere handful will be lingering on the borders of the great deep that must at length engulf them. Where will then be the capital of Michigan? In some inland city near her centre, will its columns rise in magnificence and splendor. Branches of the University of Michigan will then be flourishing and imparting their cheering influence in every county throughout the State. Each county will have its temple of liberty, whose altar is the Printing Press, and each town its temple of worship and its numerous schools, the nurseries of freedom, instructed by a well-taught teacher, at fifty dollars a month.

Then, perhaps, the schoolmaster will be esteemed equal to the cook on board the steam boat—a happy epoch in the march of human improvement. Where then will be the capital of this Union? Possibly in the valley of the Mississippi—St. Louis may be the favored spot, or even the unbroken wilderness still farther west. And where, alas, will be the present citizens of our great Republic? Then will—

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The pale forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The present dwellers of the earth will have then ceased their toils—but little space will be held by them, and a new race of men—our children and our children's children will then manage the machinery of the world.

Thereabove is not the language of prophecy, but that of rational deduction from a knowledge of the past and present. Even the boldest flights of imagination, fifty years ago, could scarcely have been equal to the reality at the present hour. And may Heaven permit us to continue our glorious career till all the nations of the earth become even as we are—"except" in the language of the great apostle—"these bonds," the bonds of the once proud sons of Africa, the rival of imperial Rome.

Davy Crockett had a wonderful memory, of which Col. A., whom he once run against for Congress, lately gave the following anecdote in proof. "When we began our electioneering campaign," said Col. A., "not being able to speak very well extempore, or rather not at all, I wrote out a speech with great care and committed it to memory. I delivered it at three several meetings, and was a good deal gratified in believing it was pretty well received. I had always spoken first, but at the fourth, which was a very numerous one, Crockett proposed that he should take the lead. He accordingly mounted the stand, and to my utter amazement recited every word of my speech, and only changing, very slightly, a sentence or two to suit his own case. I have never felt more awkward in my life. My turn to speak came, and my speech was gone—stolen—used up—and I was left without a word to say. And to complete my mortification, the rascal was chuckling and laughing as if he had done the cleverest thing in the world."

AN EXTRAORDINARY MONUMENT.—The celebrated De Lamarine, on his return from a visit to the Holy Land, in 1833, whilst approaching Servia, the last town on the Turkish frontier, says, "I saw a large tower rising in the midst of the plain, as white as Parian marble. I sat under its shade, to enjoy a few moments repose. No sooner was I seated, than raising my eye to the monument, I discovered that these walls which I supposed to be built of marble or white stone, were composed of regular rows of HUMAN SKULLS, bleached by the rain and sun and cemented by a little sand and lime, formed entirely the triumphal arch which sheltered me from the heat of the sun. A number of Turkish horsemen, men, who had come from Nesse to escort us into town, informed me, that the skulls were of those fifteen thousand Servians, who had been put to death by the Pacha in the last insurrection of Servia. I paid my tribute of respect to the memory of those heroic men, whose decapitated heads are the boundary of the independence of their country!"

WHEAT AND FLOUR. Wheat is abundant at \$1 per bushel which is a shade too high when it is considered that flour will not command \$5 per barrel in large quantities. The great quantities of flour in stores at various points, and the unusually large crop of wheat last year, added to money being very scarce, and daily growing more so—all these causes justify the belief that grain of every kind, flour and other produce, must yet experience a still further decline. Indeed we are assured by intelligent farmers, that the country is full of every thing, and if our currency was better, our market would be overflowing with all kinds of produce.—*Pittsburgh (Penn.) Intelligencer.*

NEW EXPRESS MAIL.—An ingenious Yankee wishes us to end the attention of Amos Kendall to his new project for running an express between this city and Washington in eight hours. His plan is to harness up a dog, a cat, and a rat, in such wise that it will be impossible for them to deviate from a direct line when under way. The cat is to precede the dog, and the rat is to be placed in advance of the cat. In this order they are to class each other through at the rate of 30 miles per hour. This reminds us of the Dutchman who tied an ear of corn upon the end of his waggon-tongue, to entice "Old Dobbin" along.—*New Yorker.*

CONSUMPTION.—It is stated in the N. Y. Star that within the last thirty three years this disease has carried off 21,883 persons in the city of New York. Are there no means of checking the ravages of this fatal disorder, which often select the young and the gifted for its victims?

A man in Rowley has raised a hog which weighs one thousand pounds. He is only two years old, in good condition, and his owner thinks he can get three or four hundred weight more pork out of him yet.

Congressional.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.

WASHINGTON Feb. 27th.

The last offices of kindness, of remembrance, of honor and attention, to the remains of the late Mr Gilley, have been performed by the Officers of the General Government. Every thing in the form of eulogy, of pomp, parade and pageantry, and of deep and abiding sympathy, has been done to testify a proper regard for the memory of the dead.

The Speaker, between eleven and twelve o'clock, after the corpse had been brought into the House and placed in the centre aisle, called the House to order. The Chaplain of the House opened with a brief and appropriate prayer, and was followed by the Chaplain of the Senate, who, after reading some appropriate texts of Scripture, commented severely upon a practice which had led to a fatal tragedy, and to the death of a member of the House. The Chaplain of the Senate, after some appropriate remarks upon the death of Mr Gilley, and the manner of his death,—the bereavement to his wife and little children,—he concluded by exhorting those before him as men in the highest authority,—as the law makers, and as the guardians of the law,—as the exemplars of the law, and as the Senators and Representatives of a great people—in the name of religion and of suffering humanity—by their love of country, and by their hopes of happiness here and hereafter,—as a friend of the widow and of the orphan child not to give countenance to a practice which was against the laws of God and of man. The warning and admonition of the Chaplain seemed to have a visible effect upon most of the Members of the House and upon the audience at large. Tears were shed as freely as water, and every one present seemed to be affected. The Chaplain having concluded, the coffin was taken from the House.

About 125 carriages followed the remains to the grave, and probably more than six hundred people. The two flags over the two wings of the Capitol, were kept at half mast during the day, and the city seemed to have been almost a city of the dead.

February 28.

The events and doings of a moment it may take a year to undo or they may never be undone, is a fact which I believe has passed into the currency of a proverb. The duel of Saturday has made the latter and the worst half of the proposition true, and the first and least important part is approximating to a fulfillment. Two days have been spent in mutual obscenities of a deceased member of the House, and to-day the House has laid out for itself work enough to consume the time of the House itself, and a Committee of the House, perhaps for a month or two to come. The debate before the House upon the Resolutions of Mr Fairchild to investigate the circumstances of the duel and to instruct the committee to report a bill for the suppression of duelling, occupied most of the day. In the Senate, Mr Prentiss of Vermont has given notice that he will to-morrow introduce a bill having in view the same subject.

March 1.

The two Houses of Congress to-day have gone through their usual round of motions, resolutions, bills, speeches and so on. Mr Davis of Massachusetts, has finished a strong and unanswerable speech in opposition to the Sub-Treasury, or Government Bank Bill, before the Senate. Mr D. is one of the Goliath's of the Senate, with a giant mind, well stored, well cultivated, and distinguished by his good sense and close observation. If you or your readers stumble over his speech during your or their miscellaneous reading, they will acknowledge the strong and unquestionable evidence of two facts laid down by Mr Davis—first, that the Sub-Treasury Bill, or the still imposing additional duties upon certain officers of Government, &c. as it is misnamed, is nothing more or less than a bill for making a Treasury or Government Bank,—a real bona fide Behemoth—and secondly, that such a Hamoth Government Monster was designed by General Jackson, as soon as he became the President, and was fixed in his notions of "a settled policy."

Mr Strange of N. C. who was made a Senator when old Rip Van Winkle was asleep, has the floor in the Senate to-morrow. Mr S. is a day working politician, and will talk at least four hours to prove, first that we have had a United States Bank—and secondly, that a *chop* called Nick Biddle, with horns, hoof, hide and tail, was the President.

In the House the bill to prevent the abatement of pending suits against the United States Bank was passed, *nam. con.* by the aid of the previous question. The bill gives the bank a kind of charter, and Mr Adams in one of his good tempers warned the House to keep a sharp look out and not charter another monster by the aid of the previous question. This bill has passed the Senate.

The bill making the annual appropriation for pensions came up after the vote upon the above named bill, and gave rise to a long debate about pensioners, pension agents, commissioners of pensions, pensions, and some other matters connected with this subject. Mr Curtis, of N. York in a spirited speech exposed some gross inequities on the part of some of these Sub-Treasuries.

The Neutrality—Mortality—Bill comes up to-morrow, for the defence of the Northern Frontier.

The following Select Committee on the resolution to inquire into the circumstances which led to the death of the late Mr Gilley, was read from the journal this morning:

Mr Toucey of Conn, Mr Potter of Penn, Mr Briggs of Mass, Mr Elmore of S. C, Mr Bruton of N. Y, Mr Harrison of Missouri, and Riden of Indiana.