

the house of Jacobs penniless, leaving me and my companions—who he had all but stolen from a barbarian, only to be tricked in his turn—the property of the Jew.

As Jack reeled his way towards his ship, Miriam consigning her jetties locks to the close imprisonment of paper, glanced at the rocking ship on the watch, and for a moment ceasing to hum a tune read—'Such is life.'

CHAPTER III.

FLAMINGO, THE COURT FEATHER-MERCHANT.—THE DUKE'S PINEAPPLE.—BIRTH OF A PRINCE OF WALES.

My next remove was far westward. I became the property of the feather-merchant to the court; or, as the tradesman himself delighted to blazon in gold letters over his shop-door, 'Plumassier to their Majesties.' I confess I felt myself somewhat humiliated by the ill-report of Mr Flamingo, who, in his dealing with Miriam Jacobs—on this occasion ambassadors from her sire in the Minorities—protested that I was the inferior article of the whole lot; and that no pains of cleaning and dressing would ever enable me to return sixpence to my purchaser. This melancholy feeling, however, gave place to better hopes when, on the departure of the Jewess—Miriam had been compelled by the hard chaffing of the feather-merchant to throw a green monkey into the bargain, for the especial delectation of the youngest Miss Flamingo—my new master selected me from my companions, and shaking me tenderly, asked the wife of his bosom, 'if I wasn't a perfect beauty!' This pleasing flattery was, moreover, adequately responded to by Mrs Flamingo, who, with glistening eyes, declared me 'quite a love!'

I have already said, Mr Flamingo was feather-seller to the court of Great Britain. He felt, intensely felt, the surpassing importance of his position. His very soul seemed plumed with the dignity. Hence, like my parent ostrich, he would, when full of the consciousness of his greatness, sincerely tread the shop-floor, but raised upon the wings, or winglets, of his self-conceit, half-fly, half-walk. It was the religion of Peter Flamingo, that the whole moral and social condition of man depended solely upon feathers. Nay, I believe it to have been his inner creed that plumes were not so much designed for kings and nobles, as that potatoes and peers were especially sent into this world for plumes. I say, inner creed; because my experience of mankind has convinced me that there are some people who have an outside faith—covering a faith, in the same way that jugglers have a box within a box, the last in its small sanctuary generally containing the conjured shilling.—When Peter Flamingo read or heard of the possible perfectibility of man, I am certain that man appeared to him like a Poland cock, with a natural crest of feathers. With this faith, it was consequent that Mr Flamingo should pay profoundest reverence to those privileged to wear the artificial glory, such reverence being at the prime cost of those whom fate had rigorously denied that proud advantage.—Hence the reader can imagine the separate places of the Marchioness of Mannersville, born to the right of a plumed coronet, and of Patty Butler, also born to the duty of dressing feathers—can conceive their separate conditions in the mind of Mrs Flamingo. The marchioness was a creature apart—a glory to be numbered with the stars of heaven; the feather-dresser, a mere weed of earth, millions of miles away from that stary presence. Therefore, like a good penny-turning Chaldean, Flamingo thought, to properly worship the star, he must tread upon the weed.

Mr Flamingo, in the observance of this faith, did at times forget the mere naked meaning of words, substituting another set of syllables for the only set rightly called for by the occasion. In homespun phrase, Flamingo was a liar; but then his lies, if I must call them so, were used to the very best advantage. He dressed himself in falsehood, but then he looked all the better for it. He made positive gold leaf of his untruths, which cast a lustre upon him, covered, as he would still be covered, with borrowed radiance. Being feather-seller to the court, he was, of course, intimate with the whole peerage. He would, at a moment, cast you up the number of dimples to be found in the cheeks and chins of countesses—would minutely describe to you the hangings and furniture of every best bedroom of every nobleman's mansion in the kingdom, he in the course of his glorifying profession, having been an honoured guest thereat. With him true friendship was a flower that was only to be plucked from the gardens of nobility; and this flower Flamingo was forever twisting between his lips, or sporting in his button-hole. 'My friend, the marquis,'—'My most excellent friend, the duke,'—'My worthy acquaintance, the baronet!'

Thus continually spoke Flamingo; and so speaking, he thought he let fall diamonds and rubies from his tongue for the world to wonder at.

A man with so many, and such friends, had, of course, frequent evidences that friendship was not what the poetic cynic calls it, only 'a name.' By no means; to Flamingo, it was sometimes a turbot—sometimes a turkey. His friend the marquis would now and then appear upon the leather-dresser's table in the not less attractive though twin shape of a brace of pheasants: his most excellent friend the duke has smoked upon the board, in the solid beauty of a haunch of venison. Of all men in the world, Flamingo would have been the last to deprive the peerage of their proxies. More: how often did some exalted dowerer appear in a rich and candied preserve—how often some early daughter, the last out of the season, sent a basket of peaches, ripe and pulpy as her own lips! At least, if these gifts were really not made by the exalted people praised by Flamingo for their generosity, it was not the fault of the feather-dresser; no, the more his virtue to preach up the necessity of liberality to the world, even by apocryphal examples of true beneficence.

It was sometime after I had passed from the hands of the feather-merchant, that I heard a story illustrative of this his theoretical virtues. As, however, I may not find a fitter place than the present for the story,

I will here narrate it; the more especially as the occurrence took place whilst I was yet Flamingo's property, albeit then ignorant of the history I have to speak of.

Peter Flamingo gave a dinner. I should say he rather presided at a dinner given to him; for there was no dish upon the table that might not have borne above it the banner of the noble house from which it emanated. Believe Flamingo, and the banquet was no other than a collection of offerings made to him by the English nobility; he could have pointed out the representatives of the peerage, from the noble who came to cut throats with William the Conqueror, at Hastings, to the last baron ennobled for cutting the throats of his constituents at Westminster. How Flamingo's guests—benevolently picked out by him from the very mob of tradesmen—wondered at the banquet; how they praised their host for his high connections; and how they hated him!

The dinner passed off with excessive cordiality. The wine, every drop of it from the cellars of the peerage, made, at all events, a passing call at the hearts of the drinkers, ere it mounted into their heads; and all was sincerity and noisy happiness.

The dessert appears. Was there ever seen such magnificent pine-apples! Flamingo drops his eye proudly yet lovingly upon the fruit, and says, with a soft voice, so modulated that not one man shall lose one syllable—'Ha! my dear Duke of Diddleton—be it, indeed, a friend; all—from his own gracious piny!'

'Bless my heart! Well, you are a lucky man! cries Brown.

'Was there ever such a duke in the world?' exclaimed Johnson.

'It's a shame to put a knife into 'em,' remarks Field, directing his looks, sharpened to a very keen edge, towards the crown of the ducal gift.

'Pooh! pooh! what are pines grown for, if not to be eaten?' cries Flamingo, handling his knife, looking full at the pines, but only looking at them.

'Don't cut the duke's gift—it's a shame! I wouldn't touch a bit of it,' says Robinson; 'but there's a couple of little ones, there, that—'

'Well, if you prefer them—they're not so large; but their flavor is delicious!—They were sent by—yes, I think by him—by Sir Harry Bargate, a baronet of the last batch will you venture?' And without waiting for a reply, Flamingo cuts into very, very small pieces the smallest pine.

And still all proceeds with increasing felicity. The bottle goes round and round, and at length the heads of the drinkers begin obediently to follow it. The laugh increases—the shout swells—and all is boisterous merriment.

Brown jumps to his legs. 'It's no use,' he cries; 'I've fought against it long enough; I must have a cut at the duke.' So saying, Brown seizes the largest pine, and, with furious precipitancy, strikes his knife into it; Flamingo's blood running cold to his very toes.

'And so must I!' screams Field; and the third knife enters the duke's third pine.

'And I, too,' shouts Robinson, rising to commit execution; but Flamingo, restored by the third attack to something like consciousness, snatches up the pine, and Robinson, missing his mark, falls sprawling on the table.

The charm of the night is broken; Flamingo looks sulky; and the guests, a little sobered by a sense of their attack upon the dukes gifts, depart.

'We were wrong,' says Brown, 'to demolish those pines; for if Flamingo had had to buy 'em, what would they have cost?'

'I wonder what's the market-price now?' says Johnson—'let's ask.' And as he spoke, he turned into a celebrated fruiterer's. 'What's the price of those pines?'

'Three guineas each, sir,' answered the tradesman.

'They're very small,' said Johnson.—'Have you none bigger?'

'Yes, four—very large; five guineas each. But I can't show them now; for the fact is, they're out on hire for a night to my neighbour, Mr Flamingo!'

And so, the Duke of Diddleton was the shop-keeper; and so Flamingo paid fifteen guineas (he saved one pine) for a lie, certainly if there be any means of testing the value of lies, not worth half the money.

This little banquet took place on the 11th of August, 1762. With much Melancholy did Peter Flamingo rise on the 12th. His bile, however, was blown away by the Park guns, for they announced the birth of Queen Charlotte's first-born, the Prince of Wales.

The 'rudiments of an angel' were begun in George the Fourth. Did Peter Flamingo rejoice at the birth of a Prince of Wales! I think so, but certain I am 'his heart leapt up' at the fine prospect for feathers.

*In the Yorkshireman of Jan. 14, 1843, is the report of a meeting of "The Stockton Mechanics' Institute." William Bailey, Esq., in the chair. The Chairman, in introducing the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal, said—"Reverence in the son the future man, and in the prince the future king. Destroyed not in either royal scion the rudiments of an Angel."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

Three weeks later from Europe. The steamer Great Western, Capt. Mathews arrived yesterday morning, bringing Liverpool papers to March 29th inclusive, and London to the evening of the 28th.—The dates are 21 days later than before received.

Parliament had adjourned for the Easter holidays. The duty on cotton had been repealed. Cotton has declined just about to the extent of the reduction of duty, and the market was heavy from an enlarged impression about new crops.

The new Tariff, as Brought forward by Sir Robert Peel, had gone into operation. The only change from what he proposed, was some slight alteration in the standard for sugars.

The news of the passage by Congress of the resolutions for the Annexation of Texas, had created considerable sensation in England, and also the paragraph of President Polt's Inaugural Address relating to Oregon.

The Swiss Diet had adjourned, without adopting any decided measures for the expulsion of the Jesuits. England, France, Austria and Prussia had each addressed a strong note to the Swiss government, recommending peace, concession, &c. No fresh outbreaks had taken place.

From the Liverpool Chronicle.

Liverpool, March 29.—The news which has come to hand this week from the United States is more than usually important. The Senate, by a majority of 25 votes, consented to the annexation of Texas, and resolutions were passed by Congress, and had received the sanction of the President, for the reception of that country into the Federal Union. Thus far the matter has proceeded smoothly.—The thorny path has yet to be trod. It remains to be seen whether the people of Texas will consent to the union—whether the Mexican government, which claims the country as its own, will tamely submit to the arrangement—and whether the European powers will all interfere. Some remarks which fell from Sir Robert Peel recently in the House of Commons, implied that the annexation would not be palatable to this country or to France.—But the primary consideration is, what is the feeling of the Texans themselves? If they desire the amalgamation, it would be folly on the part of any European power to interpose an obstacle. We have a greater interest in the question than any other nation, and it would not assuredly be worth our while to declare ourselves against it.

THE WOODSTOCK AGE.

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 24.

258—259—260!

At 260, 3 weeks, the present volume of the Age expires.

We do not intend to dun those of our subscribers who have paid us up to the last year, but those who owe us for the Age issued previous to the last year, we do intend to dun. It is but little to you, gentlemen, what you owe us, but all your titles put together make a large sum to us. Let us have a few dollars from you.

We are much obliged to those who have paid us.

A BEAUTIFUL RESOLUTION.

A friend has sent us, from Bethel, the following resolution passed at a Pinkeye meeting held in that town on the 11th inst.

Resolved, That the so called Liberal party is a conglomeration of Rum-sellers, Rum-drinkers, and the refuse of all parties who by pretending to be the wise, prudent and judicious temperance party are in fact using all their influence for the defeat of temperance and for the creation of party capital.

The truth, beauty and classic elegance of this Resolution are truly unsurpassed by anything that has fallen under our observation for a long time. None but a Pinkeye could ever have "got off" the like of it. We are happy to hear, however, that the Liberal party in Bethel have not been snuffed out, but are still in the land of the living.

Just such low and vulgar abuse, on the part of a portion of our citizens, now and former denominated Pinkeyes, drove the other portion into a system of self-defence and into the organization of a party for that purpose, which is now called the Liberal party. This party has no eye, whatever, to National Politics. It is formed of that portion of the people who are opposed to a system of regulating the bowels of the community by act of Legislation

—who look upon intemperance as a great moral evil, but who still believe that it is best to meet its evils by moral suasion, rather than by legal force. There is the indulgence of another opinion, which distinguishes the men of the Liberal party from their opponents, and that is this: It is their opinion that they have a right, a perfect and undoubted right, to inculge in and undoubted right to express it at the ballot box, without being bullied by brawlers or frightened by Pink votes. They have been most heathenishly traduced and abused by a set of narrow-minded, bigoted and self-righteous people, who have set themselves up to be the guardians of public and private morals and the regulators of the people in matters of conscience, saying and decreeing what they shall eat and drink and where-withal they shall be clothed; and they are fully and decidedly determined not to submit to it. These men form the Liberal party—and this party had its origin in the attempt of a few meddling bigots, and another few, whose zeal is not according to knowledge to interfere with things that do not concern them, and to force people by law, to conform to all their whims and foolish notions.

We see that an attempt is now making on the part of the Pinkeyes to lull the Liberal party into security by ostensibly backing out of their vile course. At the same time, however, they bow and scrape and endeavor to appease those they have traduced, they have not cunning enough to keep such resolutions as we have published in this article from getting into the wind and blowing, plainly, that the old serpent still lurking under the folds of the quiet and peaceful garb they have assumed. The Liberal party, however, understand the whole matter, and will not, we apprehend, abandon one inch of the ground they have gained in the late contest, and we apprehend too, that they will remember the men and the

papers that have vilified and abused them through the struggle and that too, without regard to old political associations and prejudices.

One thing is certain that just so long as the Pinkeye party exists in the State just so long will the Liberal party exist, and just so long as they exist just so long will they be victorious.

The Pinkeyes have urged the subject of Temperance to the ballot box, and at the ballot box let the question be decided. If they do not get enough of that play before a thousand years, then we mistake the people of this State.

Hon. Franklin Pierce.—This gentleman has been appointed, by the President, Attorney of the U. S. for the State of New Hampshire. In the appointment of Col. P. the President has both honored the man and dignified the office. Among the worthy democrats of New Hampshire, Col. Pierce is deservedly popular and it is by the appointment of such men to office that the President of the People commands for himself and his party the respect and confidence of the Nation.

A big 'un.—A friend writes us from Springfield that on the 19th, in company with several friends he dined at Winchester's, upon a pickered caught at the mouth of Black River, weighing nineteen pounds.

TRANSFER OF THE GLOBE.—The Globe of Monday the 14th contains the agreement entered into between Blair & Rives and Ritchie and Heiss for the transfer of that establishment by the former of the latter. The good will and subscription list are transferred without charge, the building, types, &c. being paid for according to the appraisal of disinterested persons. Blair & Rives assign as a reason for the transfer the known fact that the paper under their management has incurred the enmity of a portion of the party, and they remark that "it is the good fortune of the conductor of the new official organ not to have offended any portion of those whose adherence to the party is necessary to its safety and success."

Obedience to Legislative Instructions.—Time was, when this used to be insisted upon as a cardinal feature in the democratic creed. In their course upon the Texas question, however, the Loco Focos have violated this, as well as every other well-established principle of Democracy. Senators Allen and Tappan of Ohio—without whose votes Annexation could not have been consummated,—although instructed in the most direct and positive terms, to oppose the measure, gave it their warm support. And for this willfully setting at defiance the instructions of the Legislature, and the wishes of the people of Ohio, Messrs Allen and Tappan receive the encomiums of the consistent Loco Foco press!

Our whig contemporaries throughout this State, have copied the preceding article, some with very indignant comment. They, no doubt, find it convenient not to remember while animadverting upon the conduct of the Ohio Democratic Senators, that the Legislature of Vermont, two years ago, unanimously instructed our Senators in Congress to vote for the passage of a one day election Bill, and that the Senators both disobeyed their instructions—voted against the Bill and by their votes defeated its passage!

That War! The federalists fell into extatic convulsions, the other day, at the rumor that Mexico had declared war against the United States. It is really suprising with what joy these worthies always hail a prospect of trouble to the country. If we should become involved in a war, we hardly think they could contain themselves for joy, and if we should happen to get defeated they would huzzah and shout as they did over our disasters in the last war. Patriotic citizens, worth Republicans, these men!

Verily James K. Polk exhibits dimensions far beyond what his warmest admirers imagined or predicted, and we have great hopes for the future from the brief experience of the past.

N. Y. Eve. Mirror.—The whigs will find out who James K. Polk is, by and by.

A FACT.—Willis says in his 'Mirror': 'Some women dress for men's eyes, and this style is both striking and economical. Other women, (most women indeed,) dress for ladies' approval only. This style is studiously expensive, sacrifices becomingness to novelty, and is altogether beyond male appreciation.'

In intellectual labor there is another claim—we become more acquainted with our own nature. The heart and the soul grow friends as it were, and the affections and aspirations unite. Thus we are never without society, we are never alone. All that we have read, learned or discovered, is company to us.

'Do you know where this road goes to?' asked a traveller of a man in the street. 'I find it here in the morning when I come to work, and it stays here all day; I don't know where it does go in the night,' said the fellow, scratching his head.

Mississippi U. S. Senator.—The Governor of Mississippi has appointed the Hon. Jacob Thompson, to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate occasioned by the resignation of the Honorable Robert J. Walker.

From the Pittsburg Post of April 11.

TREMENDOUS CONFLAGRATION IN PITTSBURG—20 SQUARES OF THE CITY IN RUINS—FROM 1,000 TO 1,200 HOUSES DESTROYED—LOSS ESTIMATED AT \$10,000,000!

It is our painful duty to record one of the most terrible fires that ever devastated any city on this continent. A great portion of our busy and populous town is in ruins! More houses have been destroyed by this single and horrible conflagration, than have been consumed by all the fires that have ever occurred in the city before.

Those acquainted with the plan of Pittsburg will realize the extent of the terrible calamity we have suffered, when we state that nearly all that portion of the city extending from Ferry street up to the Mon. river to the city line, and thence to the head of the entire suburb called "Pipetown," (Kensington) has been destroyed. The fire reached up Market street as far as the south side of 3d street and up Wood street as far as the south side of Diamond alley. The boundaries of the burnt district may be thus described:—From Water street up Ferry to Third street, (the old Presbyterian church was saved,) up Third to Wood; up Wood to Diamond ally, both sides; up Diamond alley to Smithfield street, and thence down Smithfield to Fourth street, both sides; up Fourth street to Ross street, and thence to the head of Pipetown; including, as we have estimated above, about twenty squares, and comprising from ten to twelve hundred houses; many of the warehouses contained goods of immense value—they were grocery, dry goods and commission houses, and their spring stocks had just been laid in.

The fire originated in a frame building over an ice house belonging to Wm Diehl, near the corner of Second and Ferry streets. The wind was blowing stilly from the north-west, though it frequently veered to other points, and owing to its variations, the fire extended up Wood street farther than it otherwise could have done. It was discovered about 12 o'clock, and was not materially checked till five in the afternoon. Even while we write, at 9 o'clock, P. M., the engines are playing vigorously in Wood street.

We can give no adequate idea of the distress which prevades our stricken community. The progress of the flames was so fearfully rapid, that many persons had not time to remove their goods—others, again, had got their property into the street, when the flames seized it there, before it could be removed to a place of safety. Others still, would not believe the devouring elements could reach their dwellings, and did not think of removing until it was too late to save their furniture. And we saw many persons who escaped with nothing but the apparel they had upon their persons. At dark you might see, in every direction, families sitting without shelter, guarding such portions of their household furniture as they were able to save from the flames, and not knowing where they would lay their heads, or procure a morsel of food. Of course the kindness of their more fortunate fellow citizens did much to alleviate their sufferings, and we believe all were provided for as well as the melancholy nature of affairs would allow.

The council met in the afternoon, and attempted to devise some means to stay the conflagration. It was proposed to blow up houses that seemed in the way of the flames. The deliberations, however, were ineffectual results, and we believe but one or two buildings were blown up. It seems to us, indeed, that there scarcely could have been time to accomplish any thing in the way of destroying houses, so terribly rapid was the progress of the fire.

There is abundant reason for thankfulness that so few lives were lost. There are many rumors of men being killed, and burnt and wounded—but they are not authenticated. One woman is certainly burned, and we saw a poor old man tottering along with the help of two friends, his face badly burned. The loss of life, however, cannot be learned in the awful confusion which prevails.

We know not how to express our sense of the lively gratitude to which the fireman are entitled from our afflicted and ruined citizens, as well as those they saved; nothing in the shape of reward can compensate them for the incessant toil they had to undergo—and for the unyielding, heroic firmness, which they manifested under the appalling terrors which surrounded them on every side. If they had had a sufficiency of water during the whole time, they could have saved much more property—as it was they prevented the destruction of an incalculable amount.

The following are the principal public buildings, manufactories, and offices destroyed:—

Globe Cotton Factory, corner of Second and Ferry.

Fire Navigation Insurance Office, Market between 2d and 3d.

Fireman's Insurance office, corner of Market and 3d.

Bank of Pittsburg, 4th between Market and Wood.

Office of Daily Chronicle, do.

Job Printing Office, of J. B. Butler, 2d between Market and Wood.

Merchants' Hotel, corner of third and Wood.

A. Kremer's Exchange office, do.

Jones and Sibbet's Exchange office, corner of 4th and Wood streets.

Wm. A. Hill's Exchange office, between 4th and Diamond Alley.

R. & R. H. Patterson's Eagle and Bazaar lively stable, Diamond Alley and 4th street.

Associate Reformed Church, 4th near Grant; Baptist Church, Grant st.

Blackwell's extensive glass works, Water above Grant.

The Monongahela House destroyed, with all the furniture.

The Monongahela Bridge, entirely destroyed. The Dallas iron works, in Pipetown, entirely destroyed.

The loss sustained in the destruction of the above buildings is immense, but its mall when compared with the destruction of merchandise in the warehouse on Water, Wood, First and Second streets. We

hear rumors of many lives being lost, but as none of the reports are authentic we refrain from giving them until we receive more reliable information.

THE PITTSBURG CALAMITY.

We have the Pittsburg Gazette of the 14th, from which we copy a few paragraphs containing farther information respecting the late fire in that city.

A committee appointed by the Councils, after a full examination of the burnt district, having minutely visited every part of it, has arrived at the following result.

282 buildings burnt, value, \$1,586,500 Value of personal property burnt 913,450

Total \$3,476,950

This does not include money or personal property of young men not keeping house.

In calculating the value of real estate, the Committee have estimated the cash value of the improvements as they were before the fire, and not what it will require to repair or rebuild them, which must exceed the above estimate at least 25 per cent.

The burnt district covers fifty acres in the city, and six acres out of it.

Terrible Accident.—Steamboat Elizabeth.—We are indebted to the officers of the steamboat Wave for an extra of the St. Landry Whig, of April 3d, containing the following distressing particulars of the explosion of the boilers of the Elizabeth: The Elizabeth started from New Orleans on Sunday evening last, and when entering the Courtaublean from the Atchafalaya, her boilers collapsed, and completely tore her upper works to atoms.—The explosion took place about 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning, to which may be attributed the preservation of many lives, as her entire works above the boilers were swept away, together with her boilers and deck fixtures. Shortly after the accident the Wave came up, rendered all the assistance in her power, and towed the wreck up to Washington.

We insert the subjoined list furnished us by the clerk who escaped uninjured: J. H. Gordon, captain, very badly scalded and bruised.

Daniel York, mate, killed.

Freeman B. Lamb, first pilot, leg fractured.

John Parish, second pilot, injured.

James Marquette, first engineer, very badly scalded.

Nelson Hill, second engineer, missing.

Charles M. Jones, barber, injured.

Mr. Ireland, carpenter; steward, cook and cabin-boys, uninjured.

Rhodis, deck hand, missing.

One negro fireman slightly scalded, and one fireman, missing.

Passengers uninjured, except a few who were slightly bruised.

We regret to learn that Capt. Gordon is in a very critical state.

The steamer Highlander reports the steamer Hannah nearly dry on a bar at island No. 14, with no possibility of her getting off until the river rises. The steamer Walnut Hills was reported at Memphis to be hard aground on the bar at Riddle's Point, and the stern being in deep water had settled down and broken her in two.—St. Louis Repue, Apr. 4.

Loss of life in Pittsburgh.—The Gazette says five persons are now pretty certainly supposed to be lost in the great fire. Samuel Kingston, Esq. and a woman employed as a servant in the family perished in the house on Second street.—A poor woman, of German extraction, perished on third street. A married woman, the mother of two children, named McGowly, perished on third street, and a man named Johnson, is supposed to have been lost in Wood street, having last been seen in a burning building. Many persons, it is feared, have perished; how many may never be known until both earth and sea give up their dead. Such was the intense heat of the fire that it consumed the remains of its unfortunate victims in most instances entirely.

When the news of the complete triumph of Loco-focoism in our City Election reached Blackwell's Island, the prisoners in the Penitentiary spontaneously gave three cheers.—N. Y. Tribune.

That party over whose defeat the inmates of Penitentiaries rejoice must be rather a hard case.

Pretty.—Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

The New England Washingtonian says that in New Market, New Hampshire, they have a rum-shop, where, to evade the law, they charge three cents for trying on an old hat! and then give a glass of liquor! This beats the "striped pig" by a long way.

A want stronger than Hunger.—An old man, who had borne an irreproachable character up to the age of seventy-two was lately brought before one of the tribunals of Paris for stealing a piece of lead worth eight cents. He admitted that he was wholly without means, and, for the first time in his life, knew not where to find a single sou—but it was not hunger that drove him to steal. After considerable questioning on the part of the judge as to what could be stronger than hunger he confessed that it was tobacco for his pipe!

At a meeting of the Directors of the Bank of Windsor Co. held on the 15th inst. O. P. Chandler, Esq. was elected President.

Who swallowed that Mexican war humbug—any body in these parts?