

COFFIN MAKERS.—Coffin makers "must live," and people "must die," and the one necessity should be a sufficient apology for the other, if making a living by any honest employment required one. Dead people moreover, must have coffins. But as dead people cannot make them, why living people must take the job off their hands, and—altogether we *must* have coffin makers. Still, there is always such an air of desolation about a coffin shop;—and situated in a bustling thoroughfare, moreover, the singular contiguity of life and death can never fail to impress a disagreeably the passer by. Here seems a gaping tomb filled with all dismal associations of the grave, and, perhaps, next door is a tavern, where may be heard sounds of merriment and jollity.

We pass almost continually a shop of the kind, and have never failed to look in when crossing the door. It would seem as though the glance was as much a matter of course and of necessity as our perignation through the neighborhood. We have become familiar with all the objects and arrangements of the interior. We can tell if a coffin has been removed since we passed the day before. It is so seldom, too, that you see a soul about a coffin shop. The tenants are always away in the back rooms, where you may sometimes hear knives and plates rattling, or children romping at play away behind the old dusty coffins. This we have frequently heard, in passing the shop we mention, and the effect of it upon our feelings was very strange and unusual. The idea of hearing merry and buoyant childhood making such a place resound with gay evidence of life and joy, while every object in sight told of man's gloomy and certain doom, has in it something singular and startling enough.

And then the odd connection that you often observe by the strongly opposite pieces of furniture in immediate contact. The cradle and the crib are ever close neighbors of the coffin. The same mechanic makes them. You may see at one time, in a cabinet maker's shop things forming a complete and curious train of association, from earliest infancy to the period of infallible mortal decay. There is the child's cradle, the bedstead, the table, the *clock case*, and the coffin! Our whole progress through life is attended by the uses of these things. They are familiar to our notice during every step we take along our pilgrimage. Pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, care and excitement, all the changes and varieties that make up life, are connected by household association with articles manufactured by the coffin maker. Wisdom may be in the reflection. The bed upon which we repose, the table from which we eat, the clock case in which our flying moments are recorded by the time piece, all rest side by side with our wooden boxes in the *coffin shop*.

PHAZMA.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.—A letter from Philadelphia to the Baltimore American, dated on Sunday evening, the 7th inst., says:

"The westerly portion of our city was visited at an early hour this morning with one of the most destructive fires that has occurred for many years; no less than three of our most extensive forwarding and commission houses were entirely destroyed, and all believed to have originated in the work of an incendiary. About 2 o'clock a building, occupied as a stable in the rear of Messrs. Lister, Jones & Co.'s storehouse, in Broad street, near Arch, was discovered to be on fire; the flames spread with a strong wind, and soon enveloped the storehouse above named, which was filled with merchandise, mostly cotton and grain; the next building was occupied as a dwelling and a store for a large number of ice carts—the furniture burned, the carts saved. Adjoining was the large storehouse and depot of James Steel & Co., filled with flour, cotton, wool, &c.; this building, with most of its contents, was destroyed, and the flames were at a fearful height and spread across Cherry street, into the depot of Messrs. Craig, Bellas & Co., conductors of the Portable Transportation Line, where was a large quantity of flour, grain, wool, &c., a part of which was saved, but in a damaged state. Fortunately, most of the goods intended for the west had been sent from each of the stores on Saturday evening, and were thus saved. The loss is variously estimated at from \$40,000 to \$50,000, but it is believed that each house was wholly covered by insurance."

Conjugal.—A gentleman was waked in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned round drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night cap, and muttered, as he went to sleep again, "Ah, how grieved I shall be in the morning."

The Picayune tells the story of a snake that swallowed a mule twice. It kicked its way out each time, and finally killed the snake. The mule was bought from the Kickapoo tribe of Indians.

Mrs. C. Louise M. Mills, an eastern poet, puts the following questions to somebody:

Can't ever forget love, that soft summer night—
Will ever regret, love, that moment so bright
When trembling with rapture you dared to unfold
The secret your dear eyes had long ago told?
Do'st mind all the scene, love; the blue spangl'd sky,
The island so green, love, the moon riding high,
The echoes of music that broke on the ear,
The beautiful rivulet murmuring near?
Who could forget such a "nice time" as all that!

EUROPEAN THEATRES.—Mr. Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, finished a short but brilliant engagement at Brighton, on the 6th ult.; so much to the satisfaction of the public as to cause regret that it was not at present in his power to prolong his stay. He gave King Lear for his benefit.

Miss Cushman has appeared at the Brighton Theatre, as *Bianca*, in Milman's tragedy of *Fazio*, and although the audience was very scanty, her welcome was most enthusiastic. She intends to visit Dublin, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Fanny Ellsler, the danseuse, has bought a delicious residence on the banks of Lake Como. Taglioni has also a residence in the same beautiful spot, and the immortal Pasta has resided there for years.

Mr. Hudson Kirby has, according to the down-east phrase, "hitched teams" with a Miss Melville; an actress in the north of England.

Risley and his children, from the United States, have recommenced their popular performances at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and attract great crowds—indeed, as large as they did some months back.

"Prince John" a Fighting.—A fracas took place in the Circuit Court room, at Hudson, New York, between Mr. A. L. Jordon and John Van Buren, Esq., State Attorney, while conducting a case. Some strong language ensued between the parties, when Mr. Jordon called Mr. Van Buren "a liar," upon which the latter struck the former in the face. Three or four rounds occurred, and the affair was put an end to by Judge Edmonds committing both parties for contempt of court for twenty-four hours. The parties wished to be released on payment of a fine, but the court refused the application.

Acquisitive Fish.—A coin was found in a black fish recently taken at New London. On one side is the figure of a head, with these words around it—"FR: WILL: III: KO. V. PRU: SSEN"—and underneath—"IETTEN." It appears to be a Prussian grosh, and is worth about nine mills.

ITEMS.—Lord Melbourne, who has been lost to the world since he vacated the Premiership, emerged from his obscurity at a recent dinner party of the fish-mongers.

The representatives of the Morning papers, sent to the Continent to trace her Majesty's steps, and "dodge" her wherever she goes, for the especial enlightenment of John Bull at home, perform their duties with surpassing fidelity.

In July there was snow to the depth of upwards of three inches on the surface of a tract of country, three miles in extent, near Bangor in Wales.

At the Croydon assizes an action was brought by a Mr. Cook, an attorney, against the Rev. Mr. Weatherall, a minister of the Church of England, and rector of Byfield, in Northamptonshire, for criminal conversation with his own daughter, the wife of the plaintiff. A verdict of £3000 damages was returned.

Joseph Brelsford, an ex-custom-house officer, at Philadelphia, brother to the present coroner, has been arrested, charged with palming off fraudulent checks upon various banks, and held to bail by the Recorder. Lottery gambling "led to it."

The Knickerbocker publishes the following as the last letter written by the late Mr. Hood:

DEAR MOIR:—God bless you and your's and good-by. I drop these few last lines, as in a bottle from a ship water-logged, on the brink of foundering—being in the last stage of dropsical debility; but, though suffering in body, serene in mind. So, without reversing my union-jack, I await my last lurch. Till then, believe me dear Moir, Yours most truly,
March 13th.

In the case of *De Neufbourg, vs. McCadle*, the jury could not agree on a verdict, and were discharged. Mons. De Neufbourg will have to infuse other ideas of justice and humanity into the minds of the citizens of New Orleans than those they at present possess, before he can get a jury who will say that the press, in exposing the cruelty inflicted on the boy Sylvestre, libelled him.—[*Picayune*.]

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 18.

THE ANTI-MORMONS.—At last accounts, Backenstos, the Mormon Sheriff, had started alone towards the scene of riot, expecting, as he said, to "lay down his life." The *Anties* are reported to have continued their outrages, the Mormons remaining quiet and expressing their determination to do no more than defend themselves when compelled to do so by the last violence.

RECORDER'S COURT.—There were seven cases yesterday before this tribunal, for disturbance of the peace, in which fines of from one to five dollars were imposed.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.—The *Ottawa Free Trader* comes to us considerably enlarged and improved. We hope its success may follow suit.

The *Feliciana Whig* takes our articles without the slightest acknowledgement. The editor's name is Skipwith, which may account for it.

MR. DEAS—The Artist.—On our first page will be found a notice, from the *Anglo-American*, of some of Deas' recent works. Mr. D. stands alone in the striking and attractive path which his genius calls to. The paintings mentioned are indeed inimitable.

CITY MORTALITY.—The Register reports thirty-eight deaths for the week ending on the 15th inst., of which twenty-four were children under five years of age.

The seven slave pirates convicted in England and sentenced to death are likely to escape through a legal quibble, the crime having been committed on board a Brazilian vessel on the high seas, and therefore not within English jurisdiction. A new trial has been granted.

SORRY TO HEAR IT.—General Gaines, it is said, will be court-martialled for his late proceedings.

FOR THE WHITE HOUSE.—Messrs. Williams & Stevens, Broadway, N. York, have been manufacturing a set of cornice for the celebrated East Room of the President's House. The one for the centre window is completed. Its length is 16 feet, and in the front are carved the arms of the Union. Good judges pronounce it the most elegant piece of workmanship of the kind ever seen in this country.

THIRTEEN DEATHS IN ONE FAMILY.—Within a short time no less than thirteen individuals, of one of the oldest and most respectable families in Attakapas, La., have died of congestive fever. This mortality is certainly unprecedented.

DEATH WARRANT.—The Governor of Pennsylvania has issued his warrant for the execution of Jabez Boyd, convicted of murder in Chester county, to be carried into effect on Friday, 21st of November next.

FUEL ON THE ATLANTIC.—The steam ship Great Western was eighteen days on her last passage to Liverpool. This long trip was caused, it is said, by bad fuel—by using bad Cumberland coal that would not give sufficient heat.

SAVAGE.—David Curry, former sheriff of Marengo county, Alabama, was killed at Larendo on the morning of the 25th ult. by Thomas Gaines, the son of his wife by a former husband. Report says, that he killed Curry with a pistol after a rencontre with sticks.

BUSINESS.—The Landing.—The citizens of St. Louis have frequent moments of gratification in listening to the comments of their friends from a distance, as they walk the bustling landing, or tread the wide and extending streets of a city unequalled in its daily progress. "Ah, this is the place!" is the constant ejaculation, and with a hearty confidence does the citizen confirm it. At present the appearance of general activity is truly spirit stirring. The immense line of boats in constant employment; the piles of goods, the stores of produce, and the evidence of every man having "something to do" and being about it. All these combine to make the present prospect flattering as the future one is brilliant. Activity is the spice as well as the grace of life.

THE STEAMER BANGOR.—A gentleman who visited the scene of the burning of the Bangor, writes from Belfast, Maine, under date of 2d inst: "We visited the wreck last evening, and found her aground, and men employed in bailing her out and making preparations to get her afloat. The destruction of everything was complete—not a piece of wood of any description was left. The only signs of freight were casks of nails melted to a solid mass, and bunches of glass of the size of a barrel."

AMERICAN STEAMERS.—The first of the American Mail Steam Ships for Europe is now receiving cargo at New York for Liverpool. She is called the Massachusetts, one of Harnden & Co.'s new line, propeller, and will be able to make the passage out in about fifteen days. The Post-office Department is in treaty with the time for the transportation of the mail. The date of sailing will probably be the 10th and 25th of each month from New York, and the 12th and 27th from Liverpool.

FRANCE.—The Iron Business.—The French Minister of Marine has lately appointed a commission to inquire whether it would not be expedient, in consequence of the great demand for Iron, to cause reduction to be made in the import duties on foreign iron, so as to enable it to be employed extensively in ship building.

COMPROMISE WITH A SWINDLER.—The New York Tribune says, that the Germ an Koster, got off last year, it will be remembered, with \$200,000 or \$300,000, which he had swindled southern banks and brokers out of by drawing on New York against cotton, which he afterwards shipped to Europe. We understand that after being pursued through England, France and all over the Swiss Cantons, by the indefatigable agents of the swindler, he was at last brought to a compromise and disgorged twenty per cent. of his plunder.

EXPORTATION OF WOOL.—There have been shipments of wool to England lately to the extent of 100,000 lbs., and there are further orders in market. The reason of these shipments is, that wool can nowhere else be bought so cheap as in this country.

MIKE FINK.—We wish some one acquainted with the early history of the West would furnish us with some account, authentic, of the famous Mike, and his comrades. Mike was a native of this county, at all events. Indeed, a few years back his brother was residing, and is still perhaps, within a few miles of our city.

The story that he was shot by one of his companions, out in Missouri, has often been related, we know not with how much truth. [*Pittsburgh Ariel*.]

"The Death of Mike Fink," as published by the Reveille was authentic, our "senior" was *thar*.

WALKER OF "WALKER'S."—Louisville.—Our universally popular friend has been extending his well known establishment—should like to see it. The "Courier" says:

"The 'Exchange' is the largest and most complete establishment in the West, and equal to any in the Union, and reflects no little credit on the city, as well as its well known, enterprising, and popular proprietor. Every body in town will, of course, be at the 'opening.'"

A Fortune Under Foot.—Mr. J. L. Riddle, of Boston, the Post says, the other day picked up, in Congress street, opposite his store a plain pine box, which upon examination proved filled with five bags of sovereigns, \$16,000. Before he laid hold of it, a couple of foot passengers favored it with a kick. He caused it to be deposited in the Suffolk bank. It has been claimed by a Mr. Dorr, who says it dropped from his carriage, behind which he had placed it, in preference to trusting it to a handcartman.

Behind a carriage that had an inside to it!

FASHION AND PEYTONA IN GOLD.—Banks, the jeweler, of Broadway, New York, has made a sporting broach representing these two nags contending for victory on the Long Island course.

DECEASED.—Edward Dyer, Esq., Sergeant-at-arms to the United States Senate, died at his residence, near Washington city, on the 8th inst., of bilious fever. He was a respected and esteemed citizen.

CRIME AND SUICIDE.—We yesterday mentioned that a young man who refused to give any name, had been arrested for counterfeiting a check of \$1,500 on the Pennsylvania Bank, in the name of J. B. Smith, broker. From the Philadelphia papers we learn that on Sunday morning week, he was found in his cell in a dying condition, and he lived only until 5 o'clock in the evening. No post mortem examination had been made, and it was thought he had died from mental suffering and the agony of remorse, attendant, perhaps, on the first step in crime. His name remained unknown, and he had modestly refused to make any communication.

Com. Elliott has recovered from his severe illness, and is now out of danger. The *Sarcophagus* is still in the cellar.

A Growing Boy!—The Saco (Me.) Democrat states, that the son of Mr. Robert P. Barry, of Waterborough, aged only nine years, weighs one hundred and forty-six pounds.

Sixteen pounds a year, takin' it regular!

The nine dollar Captain mentioned below, the Louisville Times says, was a New York Yankee, and had run a boat on the Hudson nine years:

Two boats were up for St. Louis the other day, one asking nine and the other five dollars. About an hour before starting the spokesman for a large migratory party, who had taken seats on the five dollar boat, asked the nine dollar Captain why he charged so much, when the latter confidently whispered to the man as follows: "The fact is, my friend, that chap has obtained a large quantity of gunpowder as freight, at high rates, while I refused to endanger the lives of my passengers with it, so you see he can afford to take you cheaper than I can!" The spokesman returned to the cheap boat, whispered the "facts" to the passengers, and they all fled to the nine dollar boat like rats from a sinking ship! On landing at St. Louis it turned out that Mr. nine dollars had as much gunpowder on board as Mr. five dollars had!

Why has England become effeminate? Because she has lost her man-Hood.

A NEW KIND OF LIGHT.—A new mode of procuring light has been communicated to the French Academy of Science, which is to obtain and use the spirit resulting from the distillation of wood. Four parts of this spirit are to be mixed with one part of essence of turpentine.

FASHION'S COMPETITOR.—Since the withdrawal of Peytona, says the New York "Spirit," speculation is rife as to the horse which will first volunteer to "tackle" Fashion. If Cracovienne (in Mr. Kirkman's stable,) stands up to her work well she will undoubtedly be the nag, and a better one never looked through a bridle, it is said. But we think the likelihood of her giving way in training (for she has a game leg) is not very remote. Boston and Clarion, too, though now going well and looking like colts, are somewhat "shaky," each of them, on their pins. And so is Langford; yet they may all train on and come to the post as fine as stars. Mariner promises to be a very ugly customer during the ensuing campaign; he is in the same stable with Fashion, (his half sister,) and being quite sound, we do not see what horse is to beat him! If four mile heats, like sliding down hill! If he had a little more speed he would be a top-sawyer indeed.

SINGULAR AND MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—Judge Baylor, of TEXAS, recently met with a sudden and unexpected death, at Austin. A Mr. Rives, late of the State of Tennessee, having a revolving pistol in his hand, the hammer slipped through his fingers, causing the pistol to fire, shooting Judge Baylor immediately through the heart. He died instantly. Mr. Rives suffered greatly from agony of mind, and expressed the deepest sorrow on account of his being the cause of this fatal occurrence.

DEBATE ON SLAVERY.—Messrs. Blanchard and Rives, two talented divines, are to discuss in this city, about the 1st of October the question, "Is slaveholding in itself sinful, and the relation between master and slave necessarily a sinful relation?" They will talk a book-full on this, one for and the other against, and all who hear and read will hold their opinions as before.—[*Cincinnati Enquirer*.]

Exactly!

CAPON.—A bachelor rooster who never makes love to the hens; a person who "makes a virtue of necessity." Miss Priscilla Prude defines this word in her Low Pressure Polite Vocabulary, with Patent Safety Valves, as an amiable gentleman hen, naturally modest and reserved in the presence of lady biddies. She is good authority.

The Prize!—A correspondent has sent to us the following ancient 'un: "Was sent Rothschild, the Jew broker, in granting a loan, like Othello? Because he exclaimed 'Deres-de-money.'"—[*Bost. Post*.]

A discovery calculated to mitigate human suffering has been made at Florence. It is stated that the calculi of the human bladder can be dissolved by an electro-chemical process.

Nobility Mulcted.—The English papers say that the Duke of Brunswick has been cast in damages of £200 for libelling his own lawyer.

LETTERS.—The editor of the Spirit of the Times, Philadelphia, is about to visit Ireland, England, France, &c., and will give fresh descriptions of "Life Abroad."

Mr. W. Cullen Bryant has left Paris for Italy. He returns to New York in November.

ANCIENT NINEVEH.—Sculptures and inscriptions from ancient Nineveh, recovered by the Consul at Mossul, are en route for Paris, for the Government.

MODEL OF THE MOON.—Sir John Herschel, in the British Association, exhibited and enlarged upon the exceedingly beautiful model of the moon, the work of a female amateur astronomer. The figure of the mountains in relief were all taken by micrometrical measurements, and their precision in the model was most marvellous; the material employed was a composition of mastic and wax.