

THAMES TUNNEL.

To the Editor of the Morning Courier & Enquirer: Sir,—I have been induced by the accurate and pleasing account of the *Thames Tunnel*, in your paper, to give you a short personal narrative as a companion to it.

Being in England in 1807, on a visit of observation, this great excavation, then in progress, was a very popular subject of conversation, and I made frequent visits to it, not only with a view to examine the tenacity and depth of those beds of the tertiary formation, through which it was carried under the river, but also to study the construction of the work. The main shaft was sunk at Rotherhithe, a short distance from the Thames, in the following novel manner. The curb, I think one hundred feet high, was built gradually upon the ground, and sunk into the main as fast as the digging and removing of materials inside could be effected. When the curb was at a sufficient depth and finished, it became a regular shaft, with a spiral staircase, leading to the lateral excavations, constituting the parallel passages or galleries you have spoken of. One fine day I conducted a party of friends, including some ladies, into the tunnel, which was then vigorously going on, and had advanced, I think, (I have not my notes with me,) about six hundred feet from the shore, which is less than one half the whole distance. The galleries, to a certain distance, were finished and stuccoed, and almost resplendent with gaslights, which had already been introduced into this excavation. I could read small print with the greatest ease. The vista thus illuminated, its extent, the novelty of their situation beneath the bed of the river, communicated a calm and pleasing tone to the minds of the party, which almost seemed to forbid apprehensions of a painful nature. The extreme end of the gallery, and to which the gaslight did not extend, were imperfectly visible to us by the lights belonging to the shield or buckler in the compartments of which the workmen had their stations. Young Mr. Brunel, whose generous conduct you have so justly described, had the kindness to accompany me to the extreme end, and gave me another opportunity of examining the mineral substances. On our return to the party, I stopped at a stream of water, proceeding from a temporary wooden conductor, and which appeared to me on our way to the workmen, to be unusual. The discharge was thicker than my arm. In answer to a remark I made to him, Mr. Brunel simply said it was *drainage*: by his manner I did not feel encouraged to make further enquiries about it. It frequently, however, passed through my mind, that I had never observed so great a quantity before, and that it was not a favorable indication of the soil in the central parts of the river, and I spoke of it to my friends as such.

The next day I was at dinner at Woolwich with some friends of the Artillery, when an officer arrived from London with the intelligence that the river had forced its way through the roof of the tunnel and filled it. It was subsequently ascertained that the *drainage* had gone on increasing, until the beds were unable to resist the pressure of the river. Every body in London spoke of this sinister event, as a calamity. The celebrated Dr. Woolaston, who was beloved of every body, was the chief patron, and one of the principal stockholders of the undertaking. There was much sympathy for him in this disappointment. His life had been, as it were, one great act of usefulness to mankind, and this was a new and brilliant field for his philosophic mind. But he met the event with equanimity, and applied the powers of his very inventive mind, in concert with Mr. Brunel, to examine the nature of the disaster, and consider the proper means to remedy it. The result was determination to stop the hole if possible, by means of an extensive tarpaulin to be stretched over it, and loaded down with iron and ballast to resist the action of the tides. A diving bell was immediately conveyed to the spot, and the work prosecuted in the river, whilst a steam engine was applied to the main shaft to carry off the water, with which the tunnel was full. After contending for some time with the tides, the tunnel as you have stated, was lowered so as to give eight feet clear to the roof, and admit a boat.

Whilst these operations were going on, I used to visit Rotherhithe every day, and as soon as matters were in the favorable state just described, and admitting of our free examination of the inundated work, I proposed to some friends to devote a day to it, and having apprized Mr. Brunel of our intended visit, Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge, Roderick Impey Murchison, Esqr., the two distinguished ex-Presidents of the Geological Society of London, and Prince Charles Bonaparte, who had made the voyage to England with me, and myself, drove down, and were instantly, on our arrival, taken by Mr. Brunel, Jr. on board the craft where the diving bell was. Mr. Brunel first went down with Professor Sedgwick and myself. None of our party had ever descended in a bell before, and it certainly was a moment of unalloyed enjoyment to us. The admirable system adopted by Mr. Brunel, and which enabled him by certain strokes upon the metal to communicate every instant our situation, satisfied us we were in no danger, and therefore left us entirely at liberty to make our observations, standing comfortably on the bottom of the river, and both on our descent and ascent to laugh heartily at the pricking sensation produced in us, and the crackling in our ears, from the pressure and subsequent expansion of the air. With me it never amounted, as with others, to any thing painful, and even the inconvenience of it was soon remedied by giving a slight artificial action to the lungs. On our return, ad summum aures, it became the turn of our friends to descend. One of them had suddenly got into a quandary; he believed himself subject to apoplexy and so forth, but we would not listen to these misgivings, and told him that although the Bonapartes did not succeed very well by water, yet they were perfectly safe in an English river, and so go he must: he very good-naturedly complied with our wishes, and on his favorable emersion, thanked us for persuading him into the enterprise.

Our adventures did not end here. Mr. Brunel now took us to the main shaft which we descended, and entered into the boat: he had previously sent a man to put up a light at the furthest end. We had no light in the boat, it was entirely dark around us, and when we had got some distance from the main shaft, the contrast it afforded between the moment I had last visited it, lighted up in all its beauty, and the scene enlivened by the admiration of a gay and fashionable party, was extreme: indeed, we seemed rather like a group of unfortunate ghosts, cautiously groping along in the dark on our way to the Court of Minos and Rhadamanthus, with our imaginations not a little busied with "misshapen dangers to come."

—When we were perhaps about 200 feet from the light, Mr. Brunel ordered the man to stop the boat, and told us that every thing was perfectly safe, and that it was only from excess of precaution he suggested to us, that if the river should again break in to the Tunnel during our examination, the safest plan was for each of us to leave the boat as quick as possible, and swim to the main shaft, because the boat, as soon as the tunnel should fill, would jam up against the roof, and keep every body there who should unfortunately be in it. It was now discovered that some of our party could not swim, and a provision was made to return. There was however a majority against it. Mr. Brunel undertook to save the Prince, I was to aid Mr. Murchison, and Professor Sedgwick being a person, it was concluded Heaven would take care of him. On therefore we

went, laughing and scolding, all of us unquiet, and each telling the other to sit still, when on a sudden a most unexpected and appalling splash was heard which brought all our nerves into action. "The River, the River—jump out," was the cry, and still greater was the confusion. It was a trying moment for us all; we believed at first the river to have broken in; but being tall, and finding I was not nearer the roof whilst standing up in the boat than I was before, I came to the conclusion that the water was not rising; neither did the noise upon reflection appear to me to correspond to our apprehensions. I therefore prevented, by main force, the most timid of our friends from jumping overboard. In the mean time, Mr. M. who took this incident in his usual cool manner, hearing a noise of struggling near the boat, put his hand out and caught hold of a man's head, which we soon got on board with his person along with it. It was young Mr. Brunel! Our confusion had rocked the boat, he was standing forward to look out, and had fallen into the water. This terminated our excursion; it was necessary to return to procure a change for our amiable young friend, whose conduct during the day endeared him very much to us. Dr. Woolaston dined with us, the same day, and in his quiet way made a good deal of our adventure.

This was intended to be an amusing, rather than an instructive letter. I will however mention that Dr. Woolaston informed me that the breaking in of the river was owing to the imperfect geological examination, its bed had received, previous to the commencement of the excavation; and Mr. Brunel added, that he had directed borings to be made in a proper manner along the whole line of the work, and that the individual appointed to this important examination, having affected borings on each side of the river, had taken it for granted the whole bed of the river was of the same thickness, and had sent in a report accordingly. Whereas the real state of the case was, and which would have been known, had he faithfully executed his duty, that the clay beds thinnest off towards the centre, and that there was a sort of quick sand where the river broke in both times.

If ever in the progress of constructions in this country, capitalists should turn their attention to a tunnel either at New York or Albany, there is no tertiary formation to deceive them. They will have to adopt the expensive but secure mode of cutting their way through the primary rocks, which underlie the waters of those districts. G. W. F.

An Uncommon Wedding.—About a fortnight ago a wedding took place at the Collegiate Church, under circumstances which we should suppose are without a parallel in the annals of matrimony. The parties we are told reside in the neighborhood of St. George's road; and, as our information goes, some weeks since the bride declared in a company of female acquaintances, that she would give three pounds to any one who would marry her husband and take him off her hands. "Will you?" cried one of the company, "I'll do it," and without further ceremony the bargain was concluded. When the husband was consulted he expressed himself quite willing to make the transfer of his "troth" to the adventurous damsel, and on the 19th ult. they proceeded to the Collegiate Church in a body, the wife officiating as bridesmaid, and the uncle as groomsman to the happy pair. At the altar the self-dispatched wifetook the ring from her finger and presented it to the bridegroom to place upon that of his new bride, and when the nuptial ceremony was ended, she duly paid over to her successor the three pounds, which had been agreed upon as the price of her liberty, and presented the new married couple with a cart-load of furniture towards the formation of a new domestic establishment! Of course the peculiar circumstances of the case were not made known to the clergyman who performed the ceremony.

London paper

SEA ANECDOTES.—A Captain of a ship observed in crossing the Atlantic that whenever there was an appearance of a squall, that the first Mate was always under the influence of liquor—he told the ship steward, who was a smart intelligent fellow to watch the Mate and see where he got the spirits: A few evenings after, the wind blew fresh and the steward saw the mate take from the chest, a large jug, pour some liquor into a glass, drink it off, then put the jug in the chest, and hastened upon deck. The Captain was soon informed of the result by the steward; he kept, however, his own counsel, watched an opportunity and put into the jug a tolerably strong dose of *tartar emetic*, which he shook so as to incorporate with the rum.—In the next gale of wind the Mate appeared on deck and soon showed he had taken freely of the delightful beverage, as it began to operate pretty powerfully. The Captain excused his attendance and permitted him to retire to his birth. Next day at dinner the Captain handed the rum bottle to his Mate, but he turned from it with disgust, and during the remainder of the voyage abstained from all intoxicating liquors, and became afterwards remarkable for his temperance. The jug was emptied of its precious elixir by the steward, who had received orders from the Mate. But he thought it a pity to waste so much liquor, therefore gave a large bowl of it to the Cook, who, in consequence was unfit for duty the next day, as the Captain gave him a dose of medicine to remove his *bile*, which he gave as the cause of his sudden indisposition, being ashamed to avow the truth. It appeared, afterwards when Black John was offered a drink he refused: "No massa, dat rum is not good, it makes me bilious." John had a strong aversion to rum in consequence and could not be induced again to drink any, as he thought it stirred up the bile.

A case similar in some respects to Mrs. Chapman's recently occurred at Pottsville. On the 8th inst. a man named Smith died suddenly, and was buried the same afternoon. This with some other circumstances created suspicion, and the body was disinterred on the following Sunday, in the presence of two physicians and some other persons. It was found swollen and black, and exhibiting indications of poison. The stomach was taken out and forwarded to Dr. Mitchell for analysis. No opinion has yet been given.

Doylestown Democrat.

COLUMBUS, IND. SEPT. 21.
At the time our last paper went to press, the sentence of the law had not been pronounced on John Jones; and the trial of Cader Heron was then progressing. About dark on Friday evening the jury retired to their room, and in two or three hours returned into court with a verdict of *GUILTY*.

On Saturday morning, the prisoners were brought into court, when Judge Morris pronounced the sentence of death upon them.

The day set for their execution is *Friday* the *eleventh* of October next.

The trial of Jesse Williams, indicted for perjury then came on, and after a patient investigation of the case, which lasted till near night, the jury retired, and after a few minutes returned with a verdict of *GUILTY*; he was sentenced to three years imprisonment in the State's Prison and fined one dollar.

Chronicle.

IMPORTANT LETTER.—The following letter, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, from Mexico, is not only of a late date, but from a high and authenticated source.—The writer has opportunities of acquiring information, and forming opinions, possessed by few.

"MEXICO, 17th July, 1833.—We are once more in civil war, and how long it may endure none can predict. The leaders in the new plan (so called) are among the most distinguished and popular officers in the whole Mexican army, and have already attracted to their standard most of their regular troops. Several affairs have already occurred between the army of the Government and the revolutionaries, but terminating always in the defeat of the troops of the government. The President, General Santa Anna, has taken command of the army in person and much is expected from him. His star may once more gain the ascendancy, and like Bonaparte, he relies on his star—but in nothing else is he like the hero of a hundred battles. My own opinion is decidedly that Santa Anna must be beaten, and he will either fall in with the views of the pronunciados or be put down. Strong suspicions are entertained, and rumors are already abroad, that the Revolters and the President understand each other; that he secretly favors their plan and connives at their movements. The basis of the new plan is the creation of a Dictator with the powers of the Autocrat of all the Russias, and perhaps the title of the Executive may, in a short time, be changed to King or Emperor, but we know the style or title, matters little, so the Executive has the power, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

"Those who pretend to know the President best,

say he has always hankered after royalty, and we shall very probably see that problem solved in six or eight weeks."

Enter deril. Copy Sir!

Enter A. I missed my paper this morning sir, I don't want to take it if—

Enter B. There's a letter o turned upside down in my advertisement this morning sir! I—

Enter C. You didn't notice my new work, my treatise on a flea, this morning! You have no literary taste! Sir you—

Enter D. Sir your boy dont leave my paper sir—I live in blind alley: you turn out of—st, to the right, then take a left hand turn—then to the right again—then go under an arch—then over a kennel—then jump a ten foot fence—then enter a door—climb five pair of stairs—turn fourteen corners—and you can't miss my door—I want your boy to leave my paper first—it's only a mile out of his way—if he don't I'll step—

Enter D. Sir you have abused my friend, the article against Mr.—as a candidate, is intolerable, it is scandalous—I'll stop my paper I'll cane you—I'll—

Enter E. Mr. Editor you are mealy mouthed, you lack independence, your remarks upon Mr.—the candidate for Congress, are too tame. If you dont put on harder I'll stop my—

Enter F. Your remarks upon profane swearing are personal, d—n you sir, you mean me, before I'll patronize you longer I'll see you in

Enter G. Mr.—we are very sorry that you do not say more against the growing sin of profanity. Unless you put your veto upon it more decidedly, no man of correct moral principles will give you his patronage; I for one—

Enter H. Bad luck to the dirty soul of him, where does he keep himself? By the powers, I'll strike him if I can get at his carcass, and I'll kick him any how! Why do you fill your paper with the dirty lies about Irishmen at all?

Enter I. Why dont you give us more anecdotes and such Irish stories and them things—I don't like long speeches—I—[Curtain falls.]

SCENE, an Editor's closet—Editor solus.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS.

Well, a pretty day's work of it I shall make. News, I have nothing—Politics, stale, flat, and unprofitable—Miscellany, enough of it—miscellaneous bills payable, and a miscellaneous list of subscribers, with tastes as miscellaneous as the tongues of Babel. Ha! footstep! drop the first person singular, and don the plural, we must now play the Editor.

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Lowell Jour.

It was not long since India rubber was applied to no purpose but effacing pencil marks from paper; but its uses are now numerous and various. It is the material of which water-proof cloths are fabricated, air beds and pillows, elastic suspenders and garters, surgical bandages, and many other similar articles. The cutting the India rubber into a fine and uniform thread, preparatory to its being woven into cloth, is accomplished with such ease and precision by the aid of machinery invented for the purpose, that an extensive manufactory in England, where a great variety of articles of India rubber are made, it is stated that two girls can cut out into threads not much coarser than thick sewing thread, 210,000 yards per day, 80,000 yards of which weigh a pound. The thin cloth—as thin almost as bank note paper oftentimes—is manufactured by a different process. This article is also susceptible of extensive application in the useful arts.

By the means of an intermediate lining of this substance, boots, shoes and hats are rendered impervious to water. A trunk, lined with this material, might be exposed weeks to the most pelting storm, without its contents suffering any injury from dampness; and the story of the Yankee Sailor, who carried on a regular trade between some eastern port and Turks Island, swimming to and fro, carrying out a cargo of "choirs and notions," and making the homeward voyage with a bag of salt on his shoulder, might by the aid of coulache, be quite realized, at least so far as the water-proof sack was concerned. In this city, the article has lately been employed in the construction of portable bathing tubs—an ingenious contrivance, made to fold up like a cot bed, and so light that they may be carried in hand from one apartment to another.

In England, they have a method of restoring strength and elasticity to rotten India rubber, and the substance has lately been brought into use for whale fishing lines, and elastic cables and ropes, the superior excellence of which for many purposes is highly spoken of. *N. Y. Standard.*

Tea Miles of paper.—Paper used to be sold by the sheet, the quire or the ream; but in the march of improvement, stationery will not remain stationary, and so it is now sold by measure. The following order was received from a pottery firm the other day. The writer it will be observed, gives his orders with as much indifference as though they were not at all extraordinary:—"Gentlemen—Please send us ten miles of your best printing tissue paper, in length; 6 miles to be thirty inches broad, 4 miles 22 inches broad—to be wrapped on wooden rollers according to the plan given by Mr. George Fourdrinier." The object of having the paper of such a great length is, that it may be printed from engraved cylinders, in the same way as calicoes, &c.

London Paper.

The Dog.—The Richmond Whig, in condemning the war of extermination in that city and Philadelphia, of this devoted animal, relates the following anecdote of the faithful among the faithless:—

A bold free negro who lived in an adjoining country owned a dog, which during the whole course of its life, had probably never had the benefit of a hearty meal. It was a perfect anatomy, the very skeleton of shadow, remarkable for nothing but its ghostly appearance, and its apparent devotion to its owner. It was likewise a cur, race usually considered the most unpromising of all the canine species. The master died, and the affectionate creature followed him to the grave. Upon returning to the house, he hid himself down upon an old coat, which had belonged to his deceased master, and no effort of force or persuasion, could induce him to quit it.—Whenever an attempt was made to coax him away, he howled so pitifully, that those who heard him, declared it was distressing to hear him. But when force was used, he met it with savage and ungovernable fury. The neighbors, taking compassion on him, gave him food every day, but the faithful creature rejected it with indifference. He clung to the only memorial which he possessed of his master, with the tenacity which nothing could shake until death at last came to relieve his broken and affectionate heart. Who can hear [adds the Whig] of instances of such noble affection, affection which can possibly have its origin in no mean or interested motive, and not feel his sympathies deeply moved for the whole race.

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