

## RUN ON THE BANK.

The subject is a good story well told. It is copied from the New York Commercial.

A letter from Washington gives an amusing account of a run concerted by the Cabinet upon the Branch Bank of the United States in the city of Washington. It seems, by hook and by crook (principally by the latter), the members of the department had scraped together the enormous amount of two thousand dollars, in full of the United States Bank, and determined forthwith to shake that tottering fabric to its foundation. Accordingly, Francis P. Blair, the editor of the official organ, was constituted the agent to accomplish the work of destruction. With a parlor and wheelbarrow he repaired to the Bank, and instead of applying the said \$2000 in the payment of the \$10,000 which he owes that institution, he pompously demanded the specie! Strange to tell not a check blinched at the announcement of the demand—but the teller very composedly commanded the specie to the bank door, who with as little solemnity deposited it in the wheelbarrow, and marched off in advance of it, as grave and heroic as the Sultan would from a massacre to his seraglio.

One of the clerks, having perhaps a sprinkling of Yankee blood in his veins, was cautious enough to observe its destination, and soon ascertained that it was wheeled off to another bank, doubtless for safety. By way of humoring the joke, therefore, the officers of the bank forthwith despatched their messenger with two thousand dollars of the bills of the bank that was in the act of receiving the new acquisition, where Mr. Blair had the pleasure of seeing his two thousand dollars rolled back again to the hated Branch from whence it came.

This is the first run we have heard of upon the institution—and reminds us of a similar occurrence in relation to the bank of England. Some years ago a jack tar, (Blair's prototype) having been paid off at Sheerness, received for his wages, a £10 bank of England note. Repairing with all speed to London, to spend it, but with all having much of the obstinate kindness of the sailor about him, he dashed into the bank, and eagerly inquired for the President. The functionary being for the time engaged, the sailor paced the room with evident impatience and perturbation; but declaring that he had private business of great importance with the President, he was at length ushered into the room occupied by that officer. A Director being with the President, Jack beckoned the President into a corner, where cautiously and stealthily unrolling his bill, he showed it to him, and said in a whisper: "Now, blast my eyes, Mr. President, I don't want to hurt your honour, you see nor break the bank; but just give me £5 now, and I'll give you a wide berth for a week."

An Excellent Sentiment.—I have long been convinced, said the patriot, John Jay, that human fame was but a bubble, which, whether swelled by the breath of the wise, the good, the ignorant or malicious, must burst with the globe we inhabit. I am not one of the number who give a place among the motives of their action. Neither caring nor dreading the public opinion, on the one hand, nor disregarding it on the other; I joined myself to the first associates of the American cause because I thought it my duty; and because I considered caution and neutrality, however secure, as being no less wrong than dishonourable.

A swearing Justice, and a sworn marriage.—The Lynn Record relates a laughable anecdote of a justice of the peace, residing a few years since, in the western part of Massachusetts, which is too good to be lost. The magistrate aforesaid was called the swearing justice, and the sequel shows that he had a fair claim to the title. At a certain March meeting, having been unusually laboriously engaged through the day and until late in the evening, chiefly in administering the oath of office, he returned home overcome with fatigue and the effects of transient stimulants, and throwing himself into his arm chair, dropped to sleep—the form of the oaths administered by him through the day, continued to buzz in his ears, like the sound of the life and drum in the head of a soldier the night after a battle; when a wedding couple and suit presented themselves at the house for marriage. His good wife a little discomposed by this sudden and unexpected visit, ran to her husband, and calling him by name, shook him violently by the shoulder, and repeated "Mr. C., Mr. C., do pray wake up! here's a couple come to be married." Mr. C., partly waking and rubbing his eyes, looked upon the couple who were standing before him. "Are you the couple?" said he addressing himself to the hymenial candidates. They nodded assent. "Well, hold up your hands." The bashful couple obeyed.

The justice proceeded. "You severally swear, that you will perform the duties of your respective offices, faithfully and impartially according to your best skill and judgment, to help your neighbors." The confused couple, and their witnesses and friends, waited as if for something further.—That's all, says the justice, except my fees for administering the oath. The fees were paid, and the astonished couple, with their associates, retired, alternately agitated with anxiety, laughter and doubt at the strange occurrence, while the justice never dreamed of any thing out of the way till informed by his faithful spouse, when it was too late to rectify the mistake.

Singular Transaction.—On Sunday morning last, a monkey belonging to a medical gentleman of this city, broke loose, and after wandering about a short time, rambled into the cathedral during the 7 o'clock morning service. The liberated quadruped got behind the altar, and pushed his dingy head through the carved work, in sight of the clerk, when the terrified man, supposing it to be a visit from some evil spirit, ejaculated, with trembling gravity—"In the name of the Lord why dost thou trouble us?"—The brute scampered off, leaving the clerk and the congregation in a considerable state of alarm, and afterwards seated himself beside the monument of General Sumner, with his paws encircling the neck of the General. It then found its way into St. Sidwell's, where he was surrounded by a party of young Grecians, and enquired, but he contrived again to make his escape, and paid a visit to the village of Winton, whence he travelled, the next morning, to the Cavalry barracks, and having gratified his curiosity by taking a peep at the evolutions of the gallant first dragoon, he made his exit, and has not since been heard of.—Eng. Paper.

Mysterious Vault.—There is a vault in Barbadoes in which no one now has courage enough to deposit the dead. In 1807 the first coffin was placed in it, and since that period, in 1808, 1812, 1818 and 1819, several others have been placed there. At each time, however, notwithstanding every precaution to prevent its occurrence, the coffins have been found thrown out of place in the utmost confusion. The door of the vault requires the effort of six men to open it, and yet this inviolable vault has been penetrated. There is no secret passage to the vault nor is there any possible way of explaining the mystery.

During Robbery.—Mr. Edward Burke, of North Moore street, was walking in Frankfurt street, between Chatham and William streets, between 7 and 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, when met by a foreigner, either a Frenchman or Italian, apparently understanding but a few words of English, who begged to be directed to Broadway. Mr. Burke having spent three or four minutes in trying to make him comprehend his directions, the villain, in return, knocked him down, and robbed him of a heavy French gold watch, having a longlinked gold chain, a chrestal seal, and a small gold ring attached to it. Mr. Burke recovered sense in time to see the other running in the direction of the swamp, and gave chase, but was unable to overtake him. He was a short, thick set man, about five feet five inches high, with a full round face, dark hair, but no whiskers, and dressed in a light drab frock coat. He was apparently about 25 years of age.

N. Y. Com. & Eng.

The Almshouse boy.—A youth who was brought up at the almshouse was lately taken into the family of Mrs. in Pearl street, to run errands. The first day he became an inmate of her house, the following dialogue passed between them: "Are you not sorry, my dear?" said Mrs. "to leave home?" "No," answered he, "I don't care." "Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?" resumed she. "No," replied the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body." "What not these who are good to you?" rejoined she. "Nobody ever was good to me," said the boy. Mrs.—was touched with the child's answer, which strongly painted his helpless lot, and the cold indifference of the world. The tear stood in her eye. "My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you? have you no friend, my dear?" "No, for old dusty Bob, the ragman died last week." "And was he your friend?" "Yes that he was," replied the boy. "He once gave me a piece of gingerbread?"

John P. Langdon, the postmaster at Sullivan, Me., who was recently detected in robbing the mail, has been convicted, on his own confession, before the U. S. Court at Wiscasset, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the jail at Castine. A petition has been gotten up for his pardon; but it is very much to be hoped that it may be unsuccessful.

## DREADFUL SHIPWRECK.

By a passenger who arrived in a steam vessel last night from Calais, we learn the following particulars of a most melancholy occurrence which took place during the tremendous storm on Saturday night, within half-a-mile of the port of Boulogne:

Early in the afternoon of that day, our informant thinks between 2 and 3 o'clock; a vessel said to be the *Amphitrite*, Hunter, commander, bound for Eotany bay, 125 female convicts on board, and several children, grounded about half-a-mile to the right of Boulogne, and within a short distance of the shore. Assistance was promptly tendered, but was refused by the captain in the most positive manner.

It is said that he even carried a pistol in each hand threatening to shoot any person who should attempt to come on board. His obstinacy is supposed to have proceeded from the hope that the ship would be got off on the return of the tide; and he is represented to have been further stimulated by the surgeon, who insisted, that as the custody of the women had been confided to him by the Government, it was his duty to take care that no communication should take place between them and the shore. The captain is said to have been a young man; not more than 25 years of age, and to his inexperience the fatal event must be attributed. The possibility of the vessel becoming imbedded in the sand seems not to have occurred to him.

For a considerable time the vessel lay within a furlong of the multitude who had collected on the spot; every individual on board might have been handed with perfect safety, and the prisoners might have disembarked next day, if the vessel had remained safe. The rashness of both Captain and Surgeon is, therefore, unaccountable: the violence of the storm continued unabated; and as the ship did not float, the perilous condition the crew could no longer be concealed. The women who were shut under the hatches are said to have forcibly burst open the place of their confinement, the majority of them congregating in the cabin.

A little before ten o'clock, the waves broke through the poop, and swept away in an instant every soul in the cabin. The work of destruction was soon completed; in a few moments the ship went to pieces, and out of 151 persons on board only three escaped to land, and one of these died a few hours afterwards.

The Captain is stated to have got on the same raft which bore to the shore one of the survivors, but a wave carried him off, and although he swam for some time, he ultimately perished. The surgeon and his wife also met a watery grave.

On the following morning the shore was strewn with the wreck, many parts of which furnished evidence of ungroundness. The vessel is said to have been built nearly 30 years ago, and altogether unfit to have been employed longer in any service. A rigorous investigation on this head will, it is hoped, be instituted.

Owing to the distance at which the British Consul resides from the port, he was not apprised that the vessel had struck until several hours afterwards, but he then repaired to the spot, and doubtless rendered all the assistance in his power.

The bodies of 95 women and one man washed on shore in the course of Saturday night.

Melancholy Suicide.—Our readers will perhaps recollect the account of a gentleman, by the name of Joseph Ingham, leaping from an upper story, and impaling himself on the iron balustrade in front of Tremont house to Boston, some time during the last summer; and who, on his recovery, explained the occurrence stating that in a temerary delusion, while packing his trunk for a journey, he thought he was in a stage, and that in throwing himself out the window, he supposed he was leaping over the counter. This unfortunate individual put an end to his life between 4 and 5 o'clock yesterday morning, in his room at the City Hotel, (where he had been a guest since the first of the month) by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. It appears that he discharged the pistol twice before effecting his purpose—the ball, on the first fire, passing through the palm of his left hand (with which he was probably supporting his head) and lodging in the bed after its rebound from the wall of the room. From the traces of blood, it would seem that he then stepped out into the passage, (for the purpose, as some conjecture, of leaping out of a window) but immediately returned, re-loaded the pistol with two balls, and discharged it through his head—the balls entering over the left eye, and passing out at the right side behind. His manner and conversation since his arrival in the city have been uniformly rational, though occasionally evincing low spirits. Several letters on business dated the evening previous, and left

unsealed, are said to be written with perfect correctness, and to contain nothing indicative of an intention to terminate his existence. He had, indeed, made arrangements for leaving the city at 8 o'clock in the morning. We understand that he was about 30 years of age, a man of wealth, and engaged in extensive mercantile transactions. The Coroner's jury, we learn, attributed the act to a temporary fit of insanity.

N. Y. Courier & Eng.

Robber arrested.—We understand that the villain who knocked down Mr. Burke in Frankfurt street, and robbed him of his watch, last Sunday evening, was yesterday arrested. He is a Portuguese, by the name of John Plum, and recently out of the state prison at Sing Sing.

Theft.—Two black men were taken up by the watchman at the Five Points night before last, with a load of earthen plates evidently just taken from a crate, and probably stolen. They remain at the police office to be claimed by the owner.

N. Y. Com. & Eng.

Extensive robbery.—A gentleman by the name of Miles L. Landon, from Trumbull Co. Ohio, while coming from on board the steamboat Ohio, yesterday morning, had his coat pocket cut open, and his pocket book taken out, containing \$7,000. A reward of \$1,000 is offered for the thief and money.—N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

Mortality among Printers.—The Louisiana Phoenix says that the present season has been marked by more mortality among printers than usual. One mail, it says, brings to its notice the death of seven. Four of whom died in New Orleans, and three in Natchez. Within the last four or five months three others have died in the latter place.

A country editor, in his notices to correspondents, says one half of their communications he cannot read, and the other half he cannot understand, so that between the two faults they are more plague than profit. We should think so.

Murder of Mr. Jennings, Post Master, Fort Gibson.—The Correspondent of the 14th, gives the annexed account of this brutal assassination:—"One of the most lamentable occurrences that ever afflicted any community, took place in this town, on Monday last. As John Jennings, Esq. was passing from the Court House to DeFrance's tavern, and when about half way between the two, he was fired upon with a pistol, by a man named Jacob Skinner, after a deliberate aim. The ball entered his body a little below the navel, and passed out at the hip, with so much force as to make a large indentation in the brick wall on the Court house about twelve paces distant. He lingered about five hours, and died. Mr. Jennings was not observing Skinner at the time, nor was he aware that he harbored towards him any intention of the kind. After he had perpetrated the deed, Skinner attempted to escape, but was soon apprehended, and is now in confinement, awaiting his trial."

In the county of Essex, Va. a small boy upon a visit to an aunt, who was earnestly solicited by her lover to attend him to the hymenial altar, very attentively watched the motions of the wooing pair, and upon his return home, expressed himself to the mother in the following manner:—"Mother, Mr. S. does love aunt Liddy, he sits by her, he whispers to her, and he hugs her." To whom his mother replied:—"Why E—your aunt don't suffer that, does she?" "Suffer it mother," replied the child, "his mother, she loves it. You know my little pig when I scratch him, how he leans to me—That's the way aunt Liddy does to Mr. S."

A strange evidence of something like a disordered intellect is exhibited in the present career of Joseph Buonaparte. Excluded, with the rest of the Napoleon family, from the confines of France, by a national edict, he nevertheless lingers about her borders, with the vain hope of ultimately entering the realm, and regaining in some way, his ancient sway and dignity. Poor delusion! Since the time that his illustrious brother passed his opinion upon him, in the defence of Paris—since the day when his Spanish diadem slipped from his "bald, disrowned head,"—his reputation as a sovereign or a general, has been of the most meagre kind. How much sorer the Bonapartists may regret the decline and fall of the family, yet it cannot be denied that the fortunes of that house rose and fell with the ex-Emperor trod the deck of the Belerophon; and when to the fact that the Duke de Reichstadt is in his grave, and the adherents to his family know how little the First Consul values the capabilities of the ex King of Spain, is superadded the consideration that some of the Bonapartes are, seemingly at least, warmly interested in the Eboracian principles so popular in France, the

expectations of Joseph,—if they are such as have been with a great show of reason imputed to him,—are baseless as air.

Emigration.—The tide of emigration which somewhat slackened during the season of harvest, again flows on with its wonted rapidity. The State of Ohio will probably receive a greater accession of population this year from emigration, than for many years before. Although the current has been considerably turned towards Michigan and Illinois, this State is receiving her full share. Here although land is a trifle higher than in states and territories further west, the emigrant finds advantages, sufficient amply to compensate him for the difference in the price of land. Here he finds himself in a well regulated society and in the immediate neighborhood of all the necessities and comforts of life. He finds a climate and soil adapted to the raising of all the necessities, and many of the luxuries of life and which will yield him ample reward for his labour. He finds himself in the vicinity of ready market for his surplus products at a fair price. In short he finds most of the advantages with comparatively few of the privations usually attending the settlement of a new country, and which the pioneers of the "far west" are subjected to.

Cleveland Advertiser

From the Columbus (Ind.) Chronicle.

EXECUTION OF JONES AND HERON. On Friday, 11th instant the sentence of the law was executed on these unfortunate convicts in the presence of an immense concourse of persons. The gallows was erected at the north end of the town near the State road leading to Indianapolis, to which great numbers crowded at an early hour of the day.

A ring had been formed under the direction of the sheriff about fifty yards in circumference, into which none were permitted to enter.

At about twelve o'clock, the criminals were brought from the prison to the gallows, escorted by the Columbus Rifle Corps and the Officers of the regiment of Militia of this county, who were on drill. The prisoners were on foot (of their own choice) and advanced with a firm step to the scaffold, which they ascended in company with several clergymen. At the request of Jones a religious discourse was delivered by the Rev. Uriah M. Queen, after which, several hymns were sung and prayers offered up to a throne of grace in their behalf by the Rev. gentlemen in attendance.

The religious exercises continued until a few minutes before 3 o'clock when Jones addressed the multitude; but the distance from where we were situated, to the gallows, was so great, that we could not distinctly hear his remarks. We are informed, however, that they were merely declamatory of the truth of the statements he had prepared for publication, and alleging that the act for which he was about to suffer had been committed in self defence—but expressed his willingness to die, and the most perfect resignation to his fate.

He received the parting salutations of his acquaintances with great composure and apparently much affection; he seemed to participate fervently in the religious devotions of the clergymen.

Heron manifested no uneasiness upon the subject; on the contrary, he exhibited the appearance of the utmost indifference to his situation and every thing around. No satisfactory answers were made to questions put to him. This is generally attributed to a partial insanity under which he is said to have suffered several years past.

At five minutes before three o'clock, Jones requested that the scene might be closed, when the caps were drawn over their eyes; the fatal blow was given to the cords to which the drop was attached—it fell! and they were launched into eternity.

On the first instant a slight quivering was observable in both; a slight heaving of their bodies took place about one minute after they were swung off, when they were still in death.

After hanging for thirty-five minutes the bodies were cut down; that of Jones was given to his friends; none claimed that of Heron, and he was interred in the neighborhood by the sheriff.

The number of persons assembled to witness this tragical scene, is variously estimated. We presume not less than five thousand—the computations of some greatly exceed this number.

It gives us pleasure to state that the most profound silence reigned throughout the multitude during the execution, and the most perfect propriety and decorum marked the conduct of the spectators.

We cannot refrain expressing our admiration of the conduct of the Sheriff throughout this awful scene. It may suffice, however, to say, that he granted every indulgence to the prisoners which the most feeling humanity could dictate. He performed his various duties connected with the transac-