

MARRIAGE.—In this city, on the 31st ult. by the rev. Mr. Black, Mr. Peter Smith, to Miss Phoebe Cavers, the daughter of Mr. James Cavers, all of this city.

The above announcement appeared in our columns of yesterday, and we have this day to record the untimely death of those two individuals, so lately made one through life, and whose fate it was to be undivided in death.—On the morning of the first of April, they left this city in a carriage, along with the father of the bride, but whether for their home or on a pleasure trip, we do not know. When at the mouth of the Chateaugay river, the father was in the leading carriage, and at a certain place one of his horse's feet went through the ice. So soon as he passed over the spot, he turned round to warn his daughter and son-in-law of the circumstance, when he saw them sink through the ice to rise no more. His feelings may be imagined—they cannot be described.—*Mont. Herald.*

MURDER.—A strong sensation was produced in the city yesterday, by the discovery of the body of a murdered man in Wheeling creek, near the bridge, in the eastern suburbs. His name was Jesse Chrisman formerly of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, but lately of Illinois, where he has left a wife and seven children. He was a machinist, and spent the last winter in selling clover machines in Ohio, as the agent of Messrs. Pluke & Co. of Pittsburgh. He arrived here on Saturday, supposed to have some money with him, and on Monday sold a horse and carriage for \$105. On that evening he was asked to walk out by two men whom he fell in with at his lodgings, and complying with their request, was inhumanly murdered in his absence. The two men, with two others, were arrested as soon as the murder was discovered, and the examination in reference thereto, held privately yesterday afternoon. Of what then transpired we are ignorant.

Friday morning, Further particulars. Confession.—We stated on Wednesday that four men had been apprehended on suspicion.—One of them, named Boon Long, this morning made the following confession, in substance.

He says that on Monday afternoon his accomplice, Thomas Wintringer, told him that Chrisman had a pile of money, and that he would get it; to which the other replied, with an oath, that "he would knock him to hell." He asked Long to join him, and share the money, to which he seemingly assented. At night Wintringer took Chrisman to the theatre, and after the play was out, Long joined them at the corner of Main and Monroe streets. It was now half past ten o'clock. Wintringer proposed that they should go to a house of ill fame in East Wheeling, which was agreed to. After getting apparently beyond the suburbs, and near the creek, Chrisman asked, "where is the house?" These were the last words he spoke. In reply, Wintringer struck him with a brick he had in his hand, and felled him; then jumped on his body, and gave him two more blows, which despatched him. Wintringer rifled his pockets of his money and watch, handing the former to Long, and then dragged him to the creek and threw him in. The amount of money was only 124 dollars. The watch was in the possession of Wintringer when he was apprehended, and was dropped by him unobserved while on his way to jail. This is the substance of Long's confession, upon the strength of which, with other corroborating evidence, the coroner's inquest have returned a verdict of murder against both.

Wheeling Gaz.

A convicted murder buried with military honors.—That there is a growing disposition among the people of this country, to exercise a most morbid sympathy for malefactors, we have long been convinced. There is, in the first place, a false philanthropy abroad in the land, which professes to feel conscientious misgivings as to the propriety of "taking the life of a human being" for even the most atrocious crimes; and, in the next place, another large portion of our people, who perhaps, would hardly do away with the law which inflicts capital punishment, but who are ready, the moment that a murderer pays the forfeiture of his crimes, to sanctify his memory. They would acknowledge, probably, that he was justly punished, but every pains is taken to convince the culprit himself, as well as all others, that he had become "a saint in heaven," the instant that the halter had made one rogue less on earth. The scaffold, according to these people, is the very stepping stone to glory, and a felon's expiation of guilt upon the gallows, is a matter that is to be "improved" for the edification of those he has left behind. No matter what may have been the amount of his turpitude, no matter how heinous may have been the particular offence for which he suffered; he merely "fell a victim to the rigor of our laws;" and the maudlin sentimentality sure to follow guilt to its grave, has actually taken half the terrors from the consequences that fall on those who have made up their mind to commit a crime! Every villain knows that he is sure of scores of sympathizing friends, if he is detected; and if he can get off clear, so much the better for him. If he escapes, he makes a thrifty business of his wickedness; if he is punished, he becomes conspicuous; and is, moreover made a martyr and a saint! His good qualities are recorded, and his bad ones glossed over and forgotten. The court of Justice which convicts him is little less an object of horror to the philanthropists, than the hangman who fixes the rope about his neck, for a sum of money. His fate is pitied; and his death is lamented, that of the very victim of his

atrocious is cared very little for. Nay, nine times in ten, that victim becomes the theme of the vilest and most unfeeling posthumous calumny. There is no extravagance in these remarks. They are warranted by the actual history of the last twenty years. Every part of our country has been disgraced by these scenes. The moral elements of our society have been poisoned by the practices of a canting pretension to sublimated philosophy; and there is really some danger, that ere long, crime will become the readiest road to the good opinion of our contemporaries. A scene of recent occurrence in Louisiana, has impressed these considerations upon us with more freshness and more force than any thing of the kind that has ever yet taken place in this country.

One Washington Whitaker, represented as a brawling brackling of the worst description, was sometime since convicted in New Orleans of one of the most unprovoked and atrocious murders that has ever been perpetrated in the United States. He was wealthy, had wealthy and influential friends, and every possible exertion was made to rescue him from the consequences of the deed; but after a fair and patient trial a jury found him guilty, and the court sentenced him to death; and the governor of the state had the firmness to resist the importunity to pardon him. The day of execution was fixed, and Whitaker, to shun the ignominy of the gallows, stabbed himself to death with a knife.

Now comes a scene such as we hope for the honor of the country, may never be enacted again, at least so long as we claim to be a civilized nation. The body of the felon was taken to his mother's plantation, the militia of the state is called out, a martial procession formed, military music is provided and the body carried to the grave with all the honors that could have been bestowed upon a general officer who had fallen in glorious battle.—A volley was fired over the grave, and a major general pronounced a labored eulogium upon his character! The court that convicted him was termed an "inquisition," the governor abused in most unmeasured terms for refusing to pardon the culprit, and the people of New Orleans indiscriminately stigmatized in the grossest language that calumny could muster for its purposes. A meeting was organized on the spot in order to embody an "expression of the public opinion" and the proceedings signed by a president and secretary, and ordered to be published.

This is unquestionably the grossest violation of every thing that is decent and decorous that ever occurred in this country, and the citizens of New Orleans could not receive a more emphatic compliment than is bestowed upon them by the abuse of such an assemblage as gathered around the grave of Washington Whitaker.—*New York Inq.*

A choice family party.—A girl named Elizabeth Waggoner was tried in Cecil county, Md. a few days since, for the murder of her father; the principal witness against her being her own brother, and the principal one for her, her mother. The murder was committed in the most shocking manner, the head being severed from the body with an axe. The jury committed the prisoner on the ground of insanity, though there was no doubt of her having perpetrated the deed. The trial appears to have created the general impression that the whole family were participants in the murder, and each member anxious to get off by convicting one of the others. The murderess was immediately recommitted to prison at the suggestion of the brother, who swore that his life was in danger, if she was left at large.

The iron mountain in Missouri.—It appears by a report of congress, by Mr. Featherstonhough, that there is actually a mountain of iron in Missouri, of very great dimensions, and capable of yielding more ore than will be wanted from this time to the end of the five hundredth century. In the emphatic and somewhat poetical language of the enthusiastic geologist, it is impossible to estimate its value "by any other terms than those adequate to all a nation's wants." This is a pretty broad assertion to be sure, but we feel no disposition to controvert its correctness. We recollect hearing of a great deal of fun that was once poked at Mr. Jefferson, (we deny being old enough to acknowledge it as contemporaneous history,) for his description of a salt mountain—but there is no mistake about the iron mountain. It is a bonafide, and will be the making of Missouri; a state which, by the way, is already rich in resources of all sorts—especially in a whole mountain of brass in the person of her senior member of the United States senate.—

A man named John Howard, was convicted in Talbot county Georgia, a short time since, of the murder of his own brother. No other cause is mentioned for his most brutal and unnatural deed, than besotting drunkenness.

A most ungallant premium.—The Schenectady Reflector offers a premium of sixty dollars for the two best tales, but annexes one of the most barbarous conditions that civilized literature ever dreamed of. There must be no female characters introduced. We are astonished at such savagism as this, and we don't know of any thing that compares with it, except a practice that used to obtain among certain Visigoths in New England. They sometimes mustered a three stringed fiddle for what in that region is technically termed a "frolic," in which they danced at some country tavern

during the whole night, without "gals," as those savages used to call the blue-eyed damsels of Piquay. These male junkettings were denominated "White Oakers," probably in allusion to the skim-milk cheeses bearing that title. The Schenectady man's prize literature ought to be called skim-milk tales, sans cream, sans comfort, sans every thing.—*N. Y. Inq.*

A chance for Phrenology.—A gentleman in Boston has a potato in his possession which is a perfect *lusus naturæ*, according to the *Mercantile Journal*—being a most correct resemblance of the human face, with a high forehead, a pair of eyes and Anglo-Greek and African nose, [are those noses generally alike, Mr. Mercantile?] with nostrils complete.—This is a prodigy in our opinion; for though we have seen several physiognomies bearing a most inveterate resemblance to a potato, we never saw one of those respectable esculents that had such a "high forehead." It must according to this inventory of its features, be an intellectual potato, and we commend it to the attention of the bumplogists. They will probably find the organ of roastiveness fully developed.—*Id.*

A negro fellow named Jacob Fountain, living in Elkton, Md. sold his wife to a speculator a few days since. She was a free woman, and measures were taken immediately for her restoration, which was effected; but the racial himself, had gone to "parts unknown."—Really, these Maryland gentlemen of color are getting to be almost as great barbarians as the marketers of wives at Smithfield, in old England.—*Id.*

Shaker sheep.—A sheep raised in the Shaker village, in Watervliet, was sold in Troy for the handsome sum of thirty dollars. The animal weighed two hundred and sixty-five pounds—certainly one of the most corpulent sheep that we ever heard of in the country; and there were two others from the same village, one of which weighed 188, and the other 195 pounds, and which sold for 22 dollars a piece.—*Id.*

The Globe says: "The whole of the Neapolitan and French indemnification money has been ordered home in gold." Yes, and to the great mortification, loss and injustice of, and towards the claimants under the French treaty. On the 2d of February the secretary of the treasury instructed Baron Rothschild, when he received the instalments due by France, to ship the amount to the United States in gold. The effect of this order will be, a loss to the claimants, of from five to seven per cent. Their agents, or some of them, have objected to this procedure, and have used their best efforts to induce the secretary to adopt a different course which they have suggested, and by means of which they would be protected against this loss. The Secretary, however, does not feel himself authorized to make the change, "as he understands the law," or, as the president understands it for him, and thus five millions of dollars in gold, is to be brought into the country by the government, against the will of the rightful owners, and to their damage at least three hundred thousand dollars. An attempt is now making, by one or more of the agents, to have a section added to some appropriate bill, pending before congress, giving to the secretary the authority to protect the claimants under the French treaty, from future unnecessary and injurious sacrifices in collecting their money. I may again notice this subject; but shall wait to see whether this attempt will succeed. I doubt it.

House of Representatives.—It has been said, that "time is money." If this be true members of the house of representatives are incurring a heavy debt with their constituents, for they appear to keep no note of time but by its loss. The account of daily proceedings presents little more than a succession of motions to suspend rules, and to call the yeas and nays. The method of proceeding appears to be radically defective. Rules seem to have been multiplied, until they have become so complicated as to be unintelligible even to the speaker—and hence arises a continual dispute as to their interpretation, with the accompaniment of appeals, yeas and nays, &c. &c.—This kind of farce has occupied about one half of the session—and the consequence is, as might have been anticipated, that the public business has been grossly neglected, and the session unnecessarily protracted. We predict that unless these things be corrected, the long sessions of congress will soon last until the short ones commence. Would it not be an improvement to limit the duration of all sessions of congress to a period not exceeding three months. It would cut short many a long winded harangue, uttered and designed for home consumption. This, although perhaps, a grievance to members, would be a relief to their constituents—who are bored almost to death with partizan speeches. Many members give "all talk and no cider"—chaff, without a single grain of wheat. We should like to see this practice reformed altogether.—*Balt. Chron.*

The surplus money in the deposit banks continues to increase. By the latest returns, according to a report of the secretary of the treasury to the senate, the amount in the affiliated banks to the credit of the treasurer of the United States was \$33,291,024, and the amount to the credit of public officers \$3,477,252; making a total amount of public money of thirty-six million seven hundred and seventy-one thousand dollars in the deposit banks, subject to the absolute and uncontrolled pleas-

ure of the president of the United States as to the particular banks who shall enjoy the advantages of these deposits, the amount of which in some instances far exceeds the whole capital of the bank. Is it possible that congress can think of adjourning and leaving things in this state?—*Nat. In.*

The horrible massacre on board of the ship Awashonks.—The particulars of this tragedy are chiefly confirmed by the Nantucket Inquirer, since received. It appears, however, that the massacre took place at Brinyard's or Bannan's Island, one of the Kingmill's group, and not at the Feegee Islands. The Inquirer adds: "The individuals who have thus fallen victims to the ferocity and treachery of those South Sea demons were all natives of this town and have numerous near and dear relatives to lament this melancholy event. The commander, Prince Coffin, has left parents and an orphan child—his wife and one child have died since the commencement of his voyage.

The first officer, Mr. Alexander Gardner, was a young man of high promise, son of Albert Gardner, esq. to whose family this loss is irreparable, and the second officer Wm. Swain, was a son of Capt. Swain, of ship Susan, of this port—now in the Pacific ocean—he was married a short time previous to his departure on the voyage and was a truly estimable young man. The Awashonks belongs to Falmouth and had 650 bbls of oil at the time of the massacre. She will probably not pursue her voyage, but return home forthwith."

Extraordinary death.—The following extraordinary death lately took place at the town of Studley, near Trowbridge England. A number of men were sitting together in the tap room of a tavern, when one of them named Holland, proposed to another named Smith, to bet that he (Smith) could not carry him (Holland) across the room on his shoulders. The former was not a man of remarkable weight, though Smith was of rather small frame.

The bet was accepted, with the certainty of winning it with perfect ease. Smith placed himself in a position to receive Holland on his back, ridiculing the absurdity of the bet on the part of the latter. They were the last words that he ever uttered. Holland placed himself on his back in this manner: passing his arms under the armpits of Smith from behind, he brought his hands together behind the neck of the latter, clasped them firmly together, and forcing Smith's head downward, till his chin was pressed violently upon his chest; he then raising his feet from the floor, suspended his weight upon the shoulders of the latter. Smith instantly fell dead beneath him. On a surgical examination, the neck was frightfully dislocated, and the vertebral arteries, &c. lacerated. The coroner's jury that sat upon the body found a verdict of manslaughter against Holland, for the ruffian brutality which, though there was no intention to take life, he had displayed to win his bet.

The Louisville Journal on the authority of a gentleman from Texas, gives an interesting account of the manner in which San a Anna, stormed the fortress of San Antonio, the tyrant brought with him 1500 convicts from the Mexican prisons. On arriving at San Antonio, he placed the whole body of them as a forlorn hope in advance of the rest of the army, half encompassing them in the rear with 3,300 infantry and placing still further in the rear 2,200 cavalry, with orders, that each convict, who attempted to retreat, should be instantly shot or cut down. He then ordered the convicts to storm the fortress, setting before them liberty and promotion if they succeeded, and immediate death in the event of their failure.—They rushed forward with the fury of devils, and, in less than an hour, every man in the garrison was massacred. The carnage among the convicts was dreadful. Out of the fifteen hundred, all but three or four hundred were either killed or mortally wounded.

From the coast of Africa.—Capt. M'Donald of the brig Elizabeth, from the coast of Africa and the Cape de Verdes, states that on the eleventh December an insurrection broke out among the slaves (at the Cape de Verdes) who committed great depredations, but were finally put down, and the ringleaders shot. Capt. M'Donald further states that the brig Pearl, Capt. Blackman, on her passage from Boston, to the Cape de Verdes, was boarded by a Spanish Guineaman and robbed of dry goods to the value of \$1600.

General Sessions.—A protracted session of this court was commenced yesterday before the Recorder and Alderman Labagh and Purdy, for the purpose of trying Henry Faulkner and twenty-five others (journeyman tailors) on the indictments found against them for conspiracy. Messrs. Westing, Whiting and Brady, of counsel for the defendants; appeared in court, and expressed themselves willing to go on the trial, but Mr. Blunt, one for the prosecution (specially retained by the association of master tailors) moved that the indictments be transferred for adjudication to the court of Oyer and Terminer, on the ground that many questions of law would arise during the trial which could be best disposed of by Judge Edwards. The opposing counsel did not object to the removal of the indictments, and they were therefore sent to the Oyer and Terminer. There was no other business before the court, and it will be adjourned immediately after the Grand Jury shall close their investigation in the case of young Robinson, charged with the murder of Ellen Jewett.

N. York Jour. of Com.

From the New York Mirror. STREET CHRONOLOGY IN NEW YORK.

March, 1836.—City six inches under water. Rope ladders sold at auction for crossing the street.—Eight small children drowned in front of St. Paul's church, the poor little victims fell out of a sleigh.—A large pig cut his throat by a attempt to swim from Wall street to Maiden Lane.—A fat gentleman fell opposite Grace church, and slid down the ice to the Battery, where, the gate being unfortunately open, the struggling sufferer glided through, and would have been drowned on the outer pavement, had not his powerful impulse floated however, so that he fell into the bay, and saved himself on the ice. The street inspector was observed standing by a pile of ice and snow in Beckman street, seventeen feet nine inches high, with two small men, each armed with a pax-axe. A gentleman remarked that it reminded him of the Englishman who once subscribed five pounds towards paying off the national debt of Great Britain. A pupil of Sam Patch jumped off Trinity church steeple, and came up unharmed.—A pleasure yacht, sailing up Rector street, was carried down and out to sea, by the current.—Mr. Smith, the India-rubber over shoe merchant, retired from business with a fortune of seven millions sterling, and introduced gondolas.—Street inspector lynched. Corporation resigned and retired to the Sandwich Islands. The large bridge across Chatham square commenced. Swimming taught in the colleges instead of Greek. While caught on the platform in front of the City-hall. Sea-serpent thrust his head into Walter Bowne's bed-room. Child born web footed. Governor Duck elected on account of this appropriate name. Mr. Astor resigned his hotel, and invested his capital in boat building. Five beds of oyster, discovered in the lower corridor of the City-hall. Lobsters swam into the garret window of a house in the swamp. General rise of the water.—The new street inspector escaped from an enraged mob, and fled to the Himalay mountains, in Asia, governor Duck drowned. Citizens, in consternation, retire in ships and boats to Weekaw heights. Second sudden rise of the waters. Judge Swanton escaped in a fishing smack out of the City-hall cupola window. Shark swallowed the spire of Trinity church steeple. City of New York visited by a committee, in a diving bell!!

SETTING OUT IN LIFE.

The anxiety of accumulating something for their children, if not enough for their entire support, at least enough to set them well afloat in life, is very common among parents. It is injudicious, and arises from paternal weakness. Educate your children well, and you have done enough for them; let them take care of themselves, teach them to depend upon their own strength; and this can only be done by putting them upon their own strength—and in no other way can they acquire strength.—Setting a young man afloat upon the wealth accumulated by his father, is like tying bladders under the arms of a swimmer—or rather one that cannot swim without them—ten chances to one he will lose his bladders, and his sole dependence, and then where is he?—Teach him while young to swim a little with his own strength, and then chuck him into the stream of life to take care of himself without any extraneous helps. Under such circumstances, he will be likely to buffet the waves with far more success.

From the New York Mirror. A VERY SMALL PIECE.

The affliction of the times! This phrase so common at dinner-tables, is the most unmeaning in the language, or rather it has a meaning almost diametrically opposite to its apparent signification. A man who has eaten nothing for six hours, qualifies his demand for turkey with "a very small piece," when in fact, he wishes "a very large piece," and before he leaves the table appropriates as much quadrupled to the appeasement of his appetite.—The reader remembers an old anecdote of the lady who exclaimed: "Dear me sir! you have helped me to a cart load," when the carver presently perceiving that she had cleared the dish, begged leave to send her "another cart load!" To carvers we hint the true meaning of this phrase. "A very small piece," if applied to a turkey, means three slices of the breast, a wing, and two spoonfuls of the dressing, and a "little" of the gravy. There is no reason to be ashamed of an appetite. It is one of the most valuable gifts of nature. A little boy who honors us some times by becoming the companion of our leisure hours, was the other day offered, at a friend's house, piece of cake, which he refused. After we had departed he complained of hunger, and to our inquiry why he had declined the cake, replied, "Why I wanted it very much, but I thought it more decent to refuse." This, now, is a sort of duplicity in the garb of a virtue. He should have been taught not to refuse, but to have accepted with frankness, and have partaken without excess. For, after all, where is the sage, the poet, the philosopher, the student, the lover, the belle, above all the soft anxieties and pleasing agitations of a really good dinner.

Most foul.—Mrs. Bristol, a young woman only 19 years old, was murdered a short time since at St. Antonio de Zilib, about 200 miles from Quebec, by her husband! She was very beautiful and had been married to this brute about 18 months. He was bound to the U. S. and a reward is offered for his apprehension.