

THOS. W. ATWIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Which is the better? OR A SUMMER AT THE SPRINGS.

A worshipper in fashion's train, I labored at Saratoga Springs. It was not a place I felt happy or contented in, for divers reasons, the most plain of which was that there Emma Somerton was not; and though I had often thought to direct the world to me, still all "the world" of fashion were phylophrosal, (coinage of words is no felony) then how could I be away? I had remained about two weeks, and the garden of my digestive powers had been well watered at the Congress Fountain—the seed of renovated health began to sprout out in full bloom, as I felt very much inclined to transport myself to some other hot bed of fashion. While debating which way to direct the head of my tandem leader, circumstances which I am about to relate, occasioned my detour.

I was seated waiting the return of my servant, whom I had sent to the post office to see if Emma had thought of answering my last, when I found myself adverting in something like the following strain: "This is probably the last season of my bachelorship—next summer the golden girl will be tied, and I enrolled a victim. Well, Emma Somerton, what do I sacrifice for your love! No more the look, oblique, leer, anxiety, or the slight indescribable, will be lavished on me—farewell the crowded ball-room, the 'spit-firing' cotillon, 'the leap-fencing' waltz, and 'all the pride, pomp and circumstances of glorious' bachelorship, 'farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!' I was interrupted by the entrance of my servant.

"No letter, sir; but a young lady has scribbled her name," said Simon, handing the embossed and crumpled article to me. "Miss Susan Wheatley"—oh, what brings the charming Miss W. to my apartment? "Show her up, Simon."

Oh, he went—I mechanically drew my fingers through my hair, and cast a furtive glance at the mirror, and satisfied that all was right, and that I looked sufficiently killing, awaited the approach of my fair visitor. "My dear Miss Wheatley, the condensation—"

"Oh, Mr. Jenkinson, I shall expire!" "Be seated, pray!" "How rude in me! what will the world say!" "How can I serve the amiable friend of Miss Somerton?"

Such was our first expressions at meeting. The young lady was evidently much embarrassed, and after various preface attempts at introducing business, at length commenced. "Mr. Jenkinson, everybody knows your kindness—your attention to our sex—your—"

Simon was summoned and dispatched to request Mr. Wheatley's presence in my room. The old gentleman, as may be imagined, was struck with my intelligence, but my conversation with the Earl of Liverpool and a considerable fortune, soon made him recommend to his protegee, son in law.

"Well, sir," said he, after all had been explained, as Miss Wheatley had requested, I accepted of your alliance. Sue, you begged, why didn't you tell me of your preference? I should have made no objection. Sit-in-law, have my carriage discharged, and then retire on."

My father-in-law took my wife under his arm and left my apartment. Rumination convinced me that I was happily fixed—but I always craved my mind, and so I determined to take matters as cavalierly as possible.

At this moment another equipage darted to the door—I saw the steps opened by the obsequious servants, and my city friend, Mr. Faulkner, alight. I expected next to see him turn round and hand out his charming daughter Julia, who by the way, had been an old flame of mine; but a little to my surprise, the carriage door was closed; he was alone. I turned from the window to go down and meet him when, sans ceremony, my door was opened, and Miss Julia Faulkner herself stood before me.

"Oh, my good friend!" she cried breathless with delight and haste, "I am in such terror—such an equivocal situation."

"Actually so," thought I, for the young lady had turned the key in the lock, but whether through agitation, inadvertence, or what, I could not presume to say.

"Oh, sir, do pity and relieve me!" "How, my dear Miss?" "Speak your wishes, and whatever a friend of yours, and the betrothed of Miss Emma Somerton can in honor do, shall be willingly performed."

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The U. S. brig Truxton had captured an American slave, the name of which is not mentioned. She was hauled out at New Orleans, and was found in the Rio Nunez, a notorious haunt for slaves.

Deaths at Monrovia—April 14, Thos. Harbottle, aged 24, infant of William and Susan Harbottle, both of the city of New York, died at Monrovia, 21st May, and was buried on the 23rd for the windward. U. S. S. John Jay, sailed on the 27th April for windward, having received from leeward 20th April.

From the New York Tribune. Great Fire in Newport. The "Ocean House" burnt to the ground—Death of Samuel F. Gardner, Esq., and probable loss of several other lives. Newport, Sunday, Aug. 2, 1845.

DEAR SIR:—We arrived here in the "Massachusetts," this morning at 4 o'clock, and were very greatly surprised to find the "Ocean House" full and overflowing with people—more than a hundred being turned away. We tried with similar bad luck the Atlantic and Bellevue House, and then spent four or five hours in trying to gain admission to a private house. At length we were obliged to tolerate comfort at Townsend's Hall.

Probably no watering place in the United States so crowded as Newport is the present season. There were over three hundred fifty strangers in the Ocean House alone, and every place in the city full.

But it turned out that our regret at being excluded from the Ocean House was foolish and wicked. At about one o'clock to-day, while the fashionable throng were dressing for dinner, the clock-house, a small building adjoining the eastern wing of the Hotel, caught fire and blazed from the floor, where it fell, to the roof.

In an instant the cry of fire was given, and such a scene of confusion and distress ensued as no man could wish to see twice. The boarders were running from room to room, screaming for their friends, brothers, husbands, wives, and children, and all inquiring with white lips the cause of the alarm. There was a most pitiless lack of water, and the flames seized with fury upon the extremely dry and combustible material of which the clock house as well the whole building was composed.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Carroll will survive. The furniture of the house was worth \$25,000—two-thirds saved; \$9,000 insured.—Mr. Weaver, the owner of the Ocean House, has already taken a bath, which will accommodate fifty, and which he will open in a few days. There's entertainment for you!

It was said that there was a gentleman in the second story of the Ocean House, who was last seen at the burning, and who is certainly known to have given three or four other victims to the flames.

An express was sent to Providence for the Massachusetts to come here and take off the passengers to-night. We are now waiting for her. Meantime I despatch an express to you. She will come through if he is alive.

A Sermon at the Grave. The esteemed Editor of the United States Gazette, is again off on his summer rambles, communicating pleasant descriptions and wholesome reflections to his "Dear Arm Chair." He thus discourses of a funeral at a grave-yard near Portsmouth, N. H.

The Sexton and his assistant took the coffin from a poor peasant, and laid it in a "sculpture hewn out of a solid rock," that end of the grounds having only a slight layer of earth over an immense stratum of granite.—Not a being of the whole following left the carriage to go near the grave. There were a few words uttered, and no sign given by the clergy or laity. Nothing broke the stillness of the place, but the loud wail of a little child, a girl. She had been silent amid the almost inaudible sobs of the older mourners, but when, from the window of the carriage, she saw them bearing away her mother and laying that form in the earth, she forgot the lesson of quiet under which she had left the house. She remembered only the beam on which she had sealed, and she "lited up her voice and wept." There was grief besides—deep-seated and silent grief—that will live while the mourner lives. The service had been performed—that is, a prayer had been offered at the house; so the train of carriages passed onwards and conveyed some to their home, new left desolate, and others to a home which may lack that lesson to make it better.

"Are there no services at the grave here?" said we to the sexton. "None unless it be 'the Church'; they have service at the grave, but we do not."

"Customs differ with climes," said we, glad to meet one person with whom we could converse. "I have seen a funeral followed by the sexton, and I have found that funeral customs varied in every part, and even in the same part, among different climes."