

or encouragement to his companion, though always expressive of the deepest agitation and disorder of mind. They proceeded in this way for several moments, until even the miner himself, believing that if they were in error they had crawled far enough to reach the pits, became convinced his employer was in the right path; when suddenly the clang of one of the stones cast by Wright, falling as if on the solid floor, was succeeded by a rushing sound, the clatter of loose rocks rolling down a declivity, and then a heavy hollow crash at a depth beneath.

He called to Wright; no answer was returned; all was dismal silence; not even a groan from the wretched employer replied to the call. His fate the terrified miner understood in a moment; the first of the pits was, at one part of its brink, shelving; on the declivity thus formed the stone cast by Wright had lodged, but Wright had slipped from it into the pit, and slipped so suddenly as not to have time to utter even one cry of terror. The poor miner, overcome with horror, after calling again and again without receiving an answer, or hearing any sound whatever, turned in the opposite direction, and endeavoured to effect his own escape from the cave. He wandered about many hours, now sinking down in despair, now struggling again for life, until at last yielding to his fate, in exhaustion of mind and body, incapable of making any further exertions, a sudden ray of light sparkled in his face. He rushed forward—it was daylight shining through the mouth of the cave! The alarm was immediately given. Mr. Gatewood, with a party of his laborers, hurried to the cave, and to the pit, on whose shelving edges were seen evidence enough of some heavy body having lately rolled into it. The offer of a reward conquered the terrors of one of the workmen, who was lowered with ropes to the bottom of the pit, a depth of fifty or sixty feet, and Wright's lifeless body was drawn out.—*American Magazine.*

FINE ARTS.

OBJECTS OF CURIOSITY, TASTE, AND VERTU.

Among the varied attractions of the metropolis there are few which excite so many reminiscences, or give rise to such a train of associations, as the *vertu* and curiosity establishments at the west end of London. A recent visit to one of these *magasins de curiosites* has supplied us with materials for this disquisition on matters and things in general appertaining to the fine arts.

Mummies from Cairo, richly incrustrated vessels from the Etruscan potteries when grass grew on the spot where Romulus in generations afterwards reared his walls, sculptured ebony figures, were mingled in strange contrast with stuffed crocodiles and monkeys, while boa constrictors were seen through painted windows of old mansions or churches, as if they were threatening to swallow busts, or gliding after china jars and twining round lustres. A Sevres vase, on which was a painting of Napoleon, by Madame Jacquot stood close to a sphynx dedication to Sesostris; the beginning of things and the events of yesterday were thus blended together in grotesque propinquity. A life-guardaman's broad sword was suspended from a crossbow of the middle ages. Madame Dubarry, done in enamel by Latour, with a star on her forehead, and literally in *nubibus*, seemed to ogle most suspiciously an Indian idol, and to set her wits to work to divine the utility of the spiral convolutions with which he wound his way towards her. Every trade, art, and profession, appeared to have bequeathed the curious implements of their vocation to ornament this receptacle of all that was odd and strange; and although the collections of Strawberry Hill and Fonthill have been more extensive, they could not have been more *recherche* than the one in question, where the instruments of death, poignards, elaborate pistols, and secret arms, were thrown pell mell with the utensils of living, such as tureens of the most admirably painted porcelain, Saxony plates, cups from Cathay, and sweetmeat boxes of the feudal ages. An ivory ship, in full sail, was placed on the shell of a motionless tortoise; and a syringe stood near a statue of Augustus, as if ready for any one who meditated the crime of *lese-majeste* against the imperial dignity. Abundance of portraits of French courtiers, as petulant as they were during life; Dutch burgomasters, dull looking as their originals; and English squires, in full-bottomed wigs, cambric steinkirks, and steel breast-plates, looked down upon this chaos of antiquities, with a pale, cold, and empty stare.

Every climate seemed to have sent a fragment of its sciences, a sample of its arts, an emblem of its manners, to this philosophical alembic, in which nothing was wanting to charm the imagination, from the savage's calumet, and the green and gold slipper of the *seraglio*, to the yatagan of the moor and the fetish of the negro. Its peculiar symbol seemed to give a substantial identity to each country, and to personify the individual connected with his history. Mysterious Egypt might be supposed to rise from among its sands, represented by a mummy swathed in dark bandages, and the Pharaohs, who wasted generations of their fellow-creatures to construct a tomb, stalked in solemn grandeur over the scene which the imagination conjured up, attended by Moses and his Hebrews, and surrounded by the solitary expanse of the Desert. A marble statue, fresh and graceful, resting against a broken column of dazzling whiteness, recalled the voluptuous fables of early Greece and its Ionian colonies; while the singular superstitions of the emigrants of Hesperia were represented on the brown surface

of an Etruscan vase by a red complexioned nymph dancing before the deity of Lampæcus, and saluting the emblem with a joyous and frank hilarity. A head of Cicero summoned as by a spell the recollections of Rome still free, and unrolled the pages of the Livy, while the SPQR filled the living forum. Swift as thought the Rome of Christianity appeared, with the skies open, and the Virgin Mother floating in a golden cloud, surrounded by angels, eclipsing the glory of the sun, listening to the sorrows of the unfortunate, and sending consolation in her sympathising smile. A Mosaic composed of the lavas of Vesuvius and Etna, transported the spectator into the warm atmosphere of Italy, and renewed the origins of Borgia, with thoughts of Apennine heights and the solitudes of the Abruzzi, peopling the fancy with Italian dames and their pale faces and long dark eyes, and all the tales of passion and romance they have furnished to poets and dramatists. These thoughts received a more vivid impulse by the sight of a dagger of the time of the middle ages, the handle of which was elaborately worked, like a piece of lace, while the rust upon its slender blade looked like stains of blood. A salt-cellar from the hands of Bevenuto Cellini, carried the gazer back to the court of France when the arts and sciences flourished under the patronage of a royal protector, when sovereigns amused themselves by ecclesiastical disputations and the burning of heretics, and sanctioned decrees for the celibacy of priests in the boudoirs of beauty. The conquests of Alexander were reproduced upon a cameo; the massacres of Pizarro were represented by a Spanish matchlock; a morion gave life again to the cruel, impetuous, desperate, and abominable religious wars of France, the Low Countries, and the English rebellion; while the gay images of chivalry were reflected from a richly damasked and burnished armour of Milan, through the vizzor of which the eyes of a Paladin still seemed to glitter. This ocean of furniture, of inventions, of fashions, of fragments, and specimens of every object of reverence to the mind and the feelings, would afford materials to a vast poem, and a subject for a history which would embrace each phase of the human soul, and each epoch of the world's revolutions. Man appeared in all the pomp of his misery, in all the glory of his Titanic littleness; ages were compressed into the vision of an hour; and the many-coloured scenes of mortal existence in all times and climates were vividly realized to us while wandering through the emblems and relics which have survived their uses, or have been superseded by simpler and less costly inventions.

Any one imbued with a love for the arts, and who has speculated upon their philosophy or meditated upon their annuals, cannot fail to be impressed with emotions analogous to the foregoing when paying a visit to the places where similar objects are open to public inspection. It is a task which never palls, and although an expensive, is certainly an intellectual and refined enjoyment.—*London Atlas.*

RESIGNATION EXTRAORDINARY.

(Edmund Quincy of Boston, recently resigned, by letter to the Governor of the State, his commission of Justice of the Peace, and withdrew his allegiance to the Republic, on account of conscientious scruples. We take a couple of passages from this curious document:)

"I cannot feel myself discharged from the sin of rebellion against the Government of God, without a public abjuration of all allegiance under which I may have laid myself to any existing human government. I do, therefore, in the presence of Almighty God, and before you, as Chief Magistrate of this Commonwealth, hereby abjure and renounce all allegiance which I may at any time have acknowledged myself to owe to any government of man's institution. And I call upon Him and you to witness that I have put away from myself this inquiry for ever!

"Permit me, in conclusion, to invite the attention of your Excellency to the consideration of the great question, which is now beginning to agitate the community, and which is destined to make this country and the world rock to the centre,—whether God has given to man the right of taking the life of man whenever he may deem it necessary for his own safety and advantage? Upon the answer to this question, of course, depends the rightfulness of all institutions resting upon the life-taking principle.

"I cannot conscientiously discharge the duties imposed by the office of a conservator of the public peace, which necessarily involve the assumption of the right on the part of the community, delegated to me, of taking human life; which assumption, whether made by individual or nations, I believe to be a sin against God. Again, I wish by this act to absolve myself from the guilt I incurred by taking the oaths of allegiance to the Anti-Christian Constitutions of this State and of the United States, at the time I accepted the office."

There are 56 churches in Baltimore, it is said, of which 15 belong to the Methodists, 7 to the Roman Catholics, 5 each to the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, and 4 to the Baptists. The first Baptist church cost \$50,000; Cathedral of the Roman Catholics, \$200,000; St. Paul's Episcopal, \$142,000; Unitarian, \$100,000. The quantity of Salt used in the United States, perhaps in all is about twelve millions of bushels annually, of which half may be imported and half domestic. The English give fifteen millions of bushels annually to their sheep alone!

THE PHILADELPHIA TRAGEDY.

(Philadelphia papers give the following particulars of a late dreadful instance of the madness, caused by a false ambition and pride, of one who apparently made wealth and aggrandizement the great aim of his existence. Wood was an Englishman. In what horror has his insane worship of the world played the unhappy man and his family. His chief assistant, and beloved daughter, murdered,—his other children and his wife overwhelmed with grief,—himself in a dungeon, instead of enjoying the abundant comforts which tedious years had accumulated about his home!)

"The daughter of Wood had been for some time addressed by a young man, a mechanic, who gained her affections, and on the 15th Sept. they were married without the knowledge or consent of her parents. The union was kept secret, until about the middle of the week, when an anonymous note, informing of the marriage, and addressed to the eldest son of Mr. Wood, reached the hands of his father. This note he treated as a silly hoax, and said nothing to his daughter on the subject.

On Friday last, in the afternoon, the daughter did not appear in the front shop as was her daily practice, and the father on going to her chamber found she had left the house. This step, convinced the father that the contents of the note must be true. He immediately became frantic with rage, had his shop and houses closed, and raved with passion to such a degree as to bring on convulsive spasms. The attentions of his neighbors for the moment seemed to assuage his anguish, but the night of Friday was passed by him in a state of great excitement. Through the kind offices of friends, the daughter was on Saturday, with the consent of her husband, induced to return to her father's house. This produced an apparent calm, and she continued with him the remainder of that day and the whole of Sunday.

On Monday morning the father received either a verbal or written demand from the husband for the restoration of his wife, and a notice that in case of refusal legal measures would be taken against him. To this demand Wood replied that he would give a definite answer by twelve o'clock. Immediately or very shortly after the receipt of the husband's message, the father went up stairs to his daughter's chamber, and instantly the report of a pistol was heard. The members of the family, running to the room, found Wood in a raving state, pacing the floor, exclaiming, "I did it—I killed her—now she is happy," while his daughter lay prostrate, bleeding and insensible.

It was found, on examining the wounded girl, that the bullet had entered the face at the inner angle of the right eye, and passed through the head, fracturing the upper part of the skull. She lingered until eleven o'clock, when she expired.—Very soon after the perpetration of the murder, the sheriff and coroner entered the chamber, and had Wood removed to another room, when he threw himself on a bed and soon fell asleep. When the mayor entered the room Wood was roused from his slumber, and immediately asked 'Is she dead?' On being answered affirmatively, he exclaimed, 'Then she is happy,' and raved about his willingness to die, the act of friendship that it would be to dispatch him, and the hope of being buried in the same grave with his murdered daughter.

To a question by the Mayor, he replied that he had before the commission of the crime drank three glasses of brandy, but had not taken any laudanum. On being conducted by the police officers to the carriage, going to the prison, he manifested some reluctance to enter, but this was soon overcome without the use of force. On the way thither he was perfectly silent, but on entering the prison he began to rave in much the same way that he had done before being removed, and it was necessary to use some degree of force to place him in one of the prison cells.

The unfortunate husband of Wood's daughter is Edward Peak, and was lately the proprietor of a boot and shoe store in one of the Shakspeare buildings. His wife, on leaving her father's house on Friday afternoon, escaped through the trap door of the roof, descended through an adjoining building, and repaired to her husband's boarding house.

On Saturday Wood purchased two pairs of pistols. Accounts from Moyamensing prison, say that Wood is in a composed state of mind, and deeply affected with sorrow for the events of yesterday.

The affair adds one more to the many instances on record which prove the close approach of virtue to crime. It shows that love for offspring, unrestrained by fixed principles of morality and religion, may be transformed to fiendish revenge."

"Mr. Wood was habitually temperate, mild, and affable, in manners. Very successful in business, he some years since purchased the house in Chestnut-street, and fitted it up in a most splendid manner. His children, in all, were three sons, and the daughter whose untimely death we have just recorded. She was about 22 years of age—a mild and modest girl, with fine eyes, and a tolerable share of personal beauty. She was constantly in attendance at the store, or engaged in some matter of business connected with the establishment; and apparently mingled but little, if any, in female society.

The Pennsylvanian gives an explanation of the feeling, or motive, by which Mr. Wood was driven to the frightful act that has in a moment destroyed the happiness of all connected with him. It says that he was ambitious for this daughter; that the main