



Remarkable preservation from death at sea.

Mr. Editor—I send you a translation of a most interesting letter addressed to a German gentleman now resident in Hamburg, from whom I received it with permission to make what use of it I should think proper.

Dear Friend—You have often asked me to describe to you on paper an event in my life which at the distance of thirty years I cannot look back to without horror.

I was you know on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years, spent in unintermitting toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a singular fatality.

About eight o'clock in the evening I went on deck. The ship was sailing upon a wind, at the rate of seven knots an hour, and there was a wild grandeur in the night.

I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body, and a hurried leaping of my heart, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, & afterwards a sensation of the icy chillness from the immersion in the most waves—but nothing resembling a fall or precipitation.

What a war of passions perturbed my soul! Had I for this kept my heart full of tenderness, pure, lofty and heroic, for my best beloved and long betrothed?

That I had awful thoughts of the Eternity into which I felt gradually sinking, is certain; but it is wonderful how faintly I thought of the future world.

ever appeared the most hideous, and of which I had often dreamed till the drops fell down my forehead like rain, had now in good truth befallen me: but dreadful as all my dreams had been, what were they all to this? I felt as if all human misery were concentrated in the speechless anguish of my own one single heart.

All this time I was not conscious of any act of swimming; but I soon found that I had instinctively been exerting all my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship.

This was but a momentary gladness. The ship I knew could not be far off, but for any good she could do me, she might have been in the heart of the Atlantic ocean.

Was it not strange that during all this time the image of my beloved friends at home never once flashed across my mind? My thought had never escaped beyond the narrow and dim horizon of the sea, at least never beyond that fatal ship.

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The night before I had had a severe rheumatism in my head, and now remembered that I had somewhere about me a phial of laudanum. I swallowed the whole of it—and ere long a strange effect was produced.

personal identity soon gave way to those wilder fits, and I drifted along through the moonless darkness of the roaring night, with all the fierce exultation of a raving madman.

During one of these delirious fits, whether it was a dream or reality I know not,—but methought I heard the most angelic music that ever breathed from Heaven; it seemed to come on the winds—to rise up from the sea—to melt down from the stormy clouds.

This delirium, I think, must have gradually subsided during a kind of sleep, for I dimly recollect mixed images of pain and pleasure, land and sea, storm and calm, tears and laughter, I thought I had a companion at my side, even her I best loved; now like an angel comforting me, and now like myself needing to be comforted, lying on my bosom cold, drenched, despairing, and insane, and uttering, with pale quivering lips, the most horrid and dreadful imprecations.

I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, and for all my friends on earth.

I awoke from insensibility and oblivion with a hideous racking pain in my head and loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say, "Praise the Lord."

Obituary. DIED, on Friday, the 13th instant, Mrs. KITTY HONTZBERGER, widow of Peter Hontzberger, deceased, leaving six small orphan children to deplore, in her death, the early loss of their last earthly parent.

The circumstances of her death are of more than usual interest, and calculated at once, to smite the breast with the liveliest feelings of sympathy in her fate, and astonishment at the conviction that so forcibly impresses on the mind, that the tenure by which we hold every boon of life itself, is flimsy indeed.

After taking breakfast on the morning of the day on which she died, she repaired with her father and family to the field, to assist in raking and binding their oats; but had proceeded but a short distance, until she was bitten by a large rattlesnake, rather above and behind the inner ankle of the right foot.

From the Kingston (Jamaica) Chronicle. Death of old Hope.

This extremely old man, and well known character in this city (having been selling fruit therein for upwards of half a century, an occupation which he continued to a very recent period,) breathed his last at Hope estate, Liguana, on Monday last.

State Bank at Trenton.

Reports injurious to the credit of this bank, originating in malice or mischief, having obtained circulation in Philadelphia, and reached this place on Monday afternoon last, produced, on Tuesday and Wednesday, a considerable press for specie.

Of the wickedness or wantonness of this attempting to destroy or injure an institution, the public will form a just estimate.

A sailor was met on the high way, by a foot-pad, who demanded his money, with a threat if not delivered that he would blow out his brains.

From the (N. Y.) National Advocate. Domestic Economy.

I have often mentioned, that being man of easy fortune and a native of the city, respectfully born and successfully educated, I had free admittance into the houses and at the tables of the most respectable, or, as the foolish nomenclature of the world would indicate—the first people; by which we mean the most wealthy, not the most meritorious, because the order of things reversed in this curious age.

A hunchback of Toulouse met a person who had but one eye, very early in the morning—"Good morning, friend," said the one eyed man; "you have got a heavy load upon your shoulders very early."

A crooked gentleman, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another what place he had travelled from? "I came straight from London," replied he.—"Did you so?" said the other; "then you have been terribly warped by the way."



