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THE NEW RECRUITS.

They have gone from our midst, the public and
brave,

God, in country for thee,
That the flag we love might proudly wave,
O'er a land united and free.

They were the pride of many homes,
The joy of many hearts,
And we could not check the flowing tear,
As we saw the loved depart.

And daily, hourly, will rise the prayer,
Father, if it be thy will
O shield them with thine own strong arm,
And spare them to love us still.

And ever round about their path
May guardian angels stand
To comfort when the heart is sad,
And cheer the public land.

And when the welcome sound of peace
Our nation's heart shall thrill,
May the noble dead once more
Return to their native hills.

East Rupert, Oct. 4. M. L. E.

FROM THE FIRST VT. CAV- ALRY REGIMENT.

Camp 1st Vt. Cavalry Regt.,
Co. G, near Washington,
Sept. 30, 1862.

Messrs. Editors:—I have been ly-
ing in my tent this afternoon, thinking
what I could do to pass away the time.

I have been very unwell for the past
five weeks, and the time seems very
long and lonesome; but thinking of
the Manchester Journal which I have
so often read with pleasure, I thought
I would write a few lines for a col-
umn of the same.

We have been in camp about six
weeks, and it seems very different to
what it does to be on the advance and
have a smart skirmish every day with
the gray backs, and stand on picket
every night.

Our regiment is very small now;
not more than 350, all told, and not
more than 200 fit for duty. There
are a great many sick. We lost one
of our best boys this morning—priv-
ate Nathan A. Robinson, of West
Dorset. He had been ill for two
weeks, and died this morning at four
o'clock. He was a fine young man,
about 21 years of age, and an excel-
lent soldier.

Our regiment went out about a week
since on a reconnoitering expedition.
They came upon the enemy's pickets
at what is called Ashby's Gap. They
drove the pickets in, and came in con-
tact with 400 rebels; Co. G, being
in advance, they rushed upon the en-
emy with drawn sabers, under a mur-
derous fire, and went in every man
for himself. The Capt. of Co. H was
shot dead; the 2d Lieut. of the same
Company was wounded in two places.
Three men in our Company were
badly wounded, and a number of others
slightly wounded. There were
only about 50 of our men in the
charge, but they drove the rebels in
all directions, killing 7 or 8, and took
17 prisoners, including a Lieut. Col.

The prisoners that were taken from
our regiment at Banks' retreat have
been paroled and are encamped with-
in two miles of us. They were a hard
looking set, hungry, naked, and looked
almost forsaken. They were very
glad to get back, and we received
them with hearty cheers. I think we
will have Yankees enough here pretty
soon to give the rebels what they
need. There are from fifty to seven-
ty-five thousand new troops arriving
here every week. We will make
them lay low for black ducks this
time. I don't think of anything more
of interest at present.

I remain
Very respectfully yours,
F. W. C.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMA- TION IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A

writer in the Wilmington Journal says
in regard to the effect of the emanci-
pation proclamation in North Carolina:

"The President's proclamation,
freeing all slaves after January 1st, is
well received by the opposition Union
party in this State and its papers, a
majority of which say that if North
Carolina is not back in the Union by
that date she will have no one but
herself to blame. The non-slave-
holders within our lines are to hold a
great Union mass meeting at Beau-
fort, in honor of the event, in which
all the counties in those two congres-
sional districts are to be largely rep-
resented by the men, women and chil-
dren, who are to bring their camps
with them and have a three day's
celebration, a North Carolina barbe-
cue included. All the candidates for
congress in both districts are to be
present and address the people on the
occasion."

The poor have little—beggars none
—the rich, too much—enough, not one.

SUGGESTED BY OCTOBER.

"All through the night
The subtle frost hath hid its mystic art,
And in the day the golden sun hath wrought
True wonders; and the wings of morn and
even
Have touched with magic breath the changing
leaves,
And now, as wanders the flitting eye
Altogether the varied landscape circling far,
With gossamer, what blizzards, what pomp
Of colors, burst upon the ravished sight."

GALLAGHER.

The sad leaves are now falling,
sere and withered, from the branches
which so recently they adorned; the
wailing wind sighs through the forest,
and speaks with more than Ciceronian
or Demosthenian eloquence, of decay
and death. But nothing is lost to
human happiness, or the advancement
of society, by this change from activi-
ty to torpor. Nature suffers no dimi-
nution of her powers—no declension
of her glorious prerogatives, by hybernating.
In the beautiful economy
of nature there are no harsh antago-
nisms, for in every department every
development tends to a common end.
Not so in the human mind and char-
acter. The alchemy of vice not only
transforms,—it destroys.

We have read somewhere of an
artist, who, meeting with a child of
exquisite loveliness, desired to pre-
serve its features for fear he should
never meet such loveliness again. He
painted the face upon canvas and sus-
pended the picture upon the wall of
his studio. To him, in his sombre
hours, that sweet, gentle face was like
an angel of light, filling his soul with
the purest aspirations. If ever I
find, said he to himself, a perfect con-
trast to this lovely countenance, I
will paint that also, and suspend the
two, side by side, as an ideal of heav-
en and hell.

At length it chanced that, in a dis-
tant land, he beheld in a prison the
most hideous and revolting object he
had ever met—a fierce, haggard fiend,
with glaring eyes, and forehead fur-
rowed with the lines of lust and
crime. The artist remembered his
vow, and painted a picture of the
loathsome form to hang beside the
lovely portrait that already adorned
his studio walls—the picture of the
lovely boy. The contrast was per-
fect, but most revolting; his dream
was realized—the antipodes—the two
extremes of human character, were
vividly before him. But what was
the surprise of the painter when he
ascertained the history of this dis-
gusting abortion, to find that it was
the lovely boy whom he had painted!
These pictures—the Angel and the
Demon—now hang side by side in a
Tuscan gallery. Let us look at the
effects of vice upon men, and on so-
ciety, and we shall see changes equal-
ly as marked and mournful as that
which realized the idea of the paint-
er's dream. We need not travel to
a foreign gallery to see illustrated the
transforming power of vice upon our
physical and moral nature.

"Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

"That brazen-faced, wanton-look-
ing wreck of womanhood, was once a
sweet, modest little girl, that blushed
at the slightest indelicate allusion.
The obese, bloated, brandy-burnt vis-
age, was once a joyous, light-hearted
boy. What strange alchemy has
brought this bestial transformation?
They have been in the hard battles of
appetite, and bear the scars of many
campaigns." When the dark clouds
of winter have passed, the energies of
nature, unlike those of the human
soul impaired and prostrated by the
palsying touch of vice, will revive
like the energies of a healthy person
strengthened and refreshed by sleep.

Has it ever occurred to our female
readers, how important are the du-
ties imposed upon them by their do-
mestic and social relationships? How
momentous are the consequences that
may ensue to the young of their house-
hold from even a partial neglect to
satisfy those obligations which they
should habitually recognize in prac-
tice, and the performance of which
ought to constitute the first and sweet-
est pleasure of their lives. A late
writer has observed that, "In the baser
cells of inebriety, many youthful
forms are sitting for their portraits.
The demon artist of lust and intem-
perance, is gradually moulding them
into fiends. The young may steal
secretly into those halls of inebriety
and lasciviousness, and their friends
may not suspect their wayward pro-
clivities. But vice cannot long re-
main concealed; the soul has no
place in which to hide. Soon the
fiery flame—through some vent or fis-

sure of the body, will find expression.

"The inmost loves, affections and de-
sires of the soul, will mould the plas-
tic child into a corresponding like-
ness. The body is a flesh and blood
statue of the spirit, and the counte-
nance the play-ground of the spirit."

The influence of woman is great.

Who can estimate, adequately, the aid
and comfort they are capable of fur-
nishing their husbands and brothers,
simply by manifesting an interest and
sympathy in their labors? Nothing
sweetens toil like sympathy. The
richest reward of the farmer's toil is
not bread alone. It is the approbation
of those whom he respects and
honors—self-respect and the cordial
approbation of his fellow-men.

Home education, where there is a
union of sentiment between the pa-
rents, leaves its impression vividly
and strongly stamped upon the soul
and heart, and can never be totally
obliterated. If the example of the
father is in unison with the teachings
of the mother, the most determined
will, in every situation of life, be in-
fluenced by it. It haunts us through
every stage of its pilgrimage, like a
good genius, and ceases only when
the mind itself, changing beneath the
mystic cloud, ceases to appreciate and
respond. During the long evenings
of winter, the altar of home should
be illuminated with its brightest
lights. The mother should labor to
find to usefulness and happiness, the
minds committed to her charge, and
to prepare them by the best moral
training possible, for the duties and
trials which await them in the trial
fields of life.

We have sometimes feared, that
among the many innovations of mod-
ern refinement, those healthful influ-
ences which the young so much need
in forming their minds for usefulness,
might be too much neglected, and fi-
nally become obsolete. The romance
of home-life, like every other kind
of romance, will, in time, wear out;
the heart will be disenchanted, and
the merry sports of Christmas and the
"Old Osken Bucket that hung in the
Well," as well as the realization of
"Love in a Cottage," become a pic-
ture of almost fabulous antiquity, and
exist only in rural fancy.

The changes occurring everywhere
around us, naturally lead to the train
of thought in which we have in-
dulged. Spring, with her genial sun-
shine and showers, will restore the
verdure which autumn frosts have
now laid low—but the blight occa-
sioned by neglect and vice, may re-
quire years of culture and repentance
to restore the charms of peace and
satisfaction to the blighted soul.

"Solemn, yet beautiful the view,
Month of my heart! thou dostst here,"
to beautify, instruct, and prepare for
a winter of rest to the vegetable
world. Let us apply this lesson of
nature to ourselves, and so live that
"our virtues shall blossom in the
dust."—New England Farmer.

THE EMANCIPATIONISTS IN THE BORDER STATES.—It was to be ex-

pected that the slaveholders and pro-
slavery men of the border states, how-
ever sound in their loyalty, would re-
ceive the proclamation of emancipation
with much misgiving, if not with de-
cided opposition. Not so the men
in those states already heartily com-
mitted to emancipation. They wel-
comed the proclamation with delight.
They see that the destruction of slav-
ery in the rebel states makes its con-
tinued existence in the border states
impossible, and they have long seen
that their highest interests would be
rapidly promoted by opening their
states to free emigration, as they never
can be opened while slavery is tol-
erated. In Missouri the proclamation
has given a new impetus to the em-
ancipation cause. The Missouri Demo-
crat, an able republican paper, en-
gages in it with great energy and
earnestness. Emancipation clubs are
formed, and an emancipation con-
vention is to be called to nominate of-
ficers for St. Louis County. Union
clubs have existed there for some
time, and some of the hunker mem-
bers have endeavored to exclude from
them the subject of emancipation.
But at a recent meeting in St. Louis
the Democrat informs us that the
great feature of the meeting was that
Samuel Knox responded to the call
of the meeting in the boldest and
most radical endorsement of the
president's proclamation, and carried
the meeting with him; and a resolu-
tion was passed endorsing the procla-
mation.

We print below an extract from a
leading editorial in the Democrat,
and commend it especially to the at-
tention of men who have the notion
that the President has done an im-
prudent and dangerous thing. It is a
voice from the very battle-field of
freedom, and while our friends wage
the war for liberty there, it is not
manly for us to falter here. Let us
rather bid our sister Missouri wel-
come to the circle of free states, upon
whose blessed soil no traitorous foot
shall ever stand again—and where
the minions of slavery shall commit
no more outrages:

"We should meet the issue as bold-
ly as it is tendered. We should
avow ourselves at once as emancipa-
tionists. We should write the word
emancipation upon our banners; we
should place it at the head of our
tickets; we should inscribe it every-
where as the name under which we
will rally, and under which we will
fight. We should not shrink the
challenge, nor seem to seek to do so,
by the adoption of meaningless
names, or the presentation of subor-
dinate issues, for the sake of tempo-
rary expedient, or out of favoritism
to particular individuals. The Presi-
dent has shunned no responsibility
and no odium. He has sought only
to be true to the occasion. Those
who would sustain his action can only
do so efficiently by being equally true
to the principle. If we intend to
support him at all we should do so
ungrudgingly and unreservedly. The
avoidance of the direct issue can only
be construed into evidence of covert
hostility. In the choice of candidates
particularly, we should give our sup-
port only to men who are known from
sentiment to be in favor of the pres-
ident's policy."—Spring Republican.

A MOURNING FATHER.—Mr. Geo.

D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville
Journal, a staunch patriot, whose clar-
ion note has always been true to the
Union in the western border states,
announces the death of his son Wil-
liam Courtland Prentice, a young
man of many good points, who was
led into rebellion against the flag his
father loved so well. The keen wit
and solid ability of his father have
made his name as familiar as house-
hold words throughout the country,
and thousands whom he never saw,
will mourn with him the sad fate of
his erring boy. In closing a notice
of his death the agonized father ex-
claims:

"Oh if he had fallen in his country's
service, fallen with his burning eyes
fixed in love and devotion upon a flag
that for more than three-fourths of
a century has been a star of worship to
his ancestors, his early death, though
still terrible, might have been borne
by a father's heart; but alas, the re-
flection that he fell in armed rebellion
against that glorious old banner, now
the emblem of the greatest and hol-
iest cause the world ever knew, is full
of desolation and almost of despair."

A PATRIOTIC WAR HORSE.—A

member of the 1st Massachusetts cav-
alry writes concerning a horse belong-
ing to the Magruder Battery, (former-
ly commanded by the rebel general of
that name) as follows: "The old horse
went to James Island and was so
wounded as to be unfit for battery use;
he was turned loose, and, as the bat-
tery refused to own him, he hung around
our camp, eating with our horses when
they were fed. When we went out to
drill or to ride on the beach he would
trill along beside us. One day when
the battery was out drilling he fell into
the ranks on the gun with which he
used to drill, and went through the
whole exercise. They intended to
leave him on the island when we left,
but the patriotic veteran had no idea
of following the example of his for-
mer commander and going over to the
rebels, or of being taken by them, and
so crowded in with the other horses
when they were put aboard."

A Western Editor lately called his

"devil" to him and told him he could
not afford to hire his services any longer,
unless he would agree to take
ninety cents per week or share equally
the profits of the paper. The boy
concluded to stay, but unhesitatingly
chose the ninety cents for his wages.

Sailors are so scarce in New York
that \$30 per month has been offered in
several cases without effect, and ves-
sels are now lying in the harbor load-
ed, and cannot sail for want of seamen.

THE BATTLE OF CRAMP- TON'S GAP.

An army correspondent of the New
York Tribune writes an account of
the engagement under Gen. Frank-
lin at Crampton's Gap, on the same
day with the battle of South Moun-
tain. This brilliant affair has been
generally overlooked, in consequence
of the great interest excited by the
decisive movements elsewhere. It
will be remembered that while Burn-
side and Hooker forced the enemy's
position on the right, Franklin held
the left of our advance line:

"He had followed the line of the
Potomac and hugged its shore closely.
On Saturday he gained Sugar Loaf
Mountain, surrounded it with his cav-
alry, cleared it of rebels, and from a
rebel signal station changed it into a
look-out for our own signal corps.
Leaving Sugar Loaf Mountain on
Sunday morning he passed through
the small village of Burkettsville, and
had advanced but a mile before he
came in contact with the enemy's
pickets at the top of the South Moun-
tain range, and near Crampton's Gap.
The enemy was strongly entrenched
at the base, on the sides, and in
strong force with infantry behind the
mountain. Howell Cobb's division of
12,000 held the Gap. Eight pieces
of artillery planted high upon the
slope of the mountain immediately
commenced firing upon our most ad-
vanced division, under the command
of Gen. Slocum. Gen. Slocum's di-
vision consisted of three brigades, un-
der the command of Gens. Bartlett,
Torlitt and Newton. The entire di-
vision was formed in line of battle
and ordered to advance up the side
of the mountain and take the batto-
eries. The brigades of Gens. Bartlett
and Torlitt had advanced but a short
distance before they came under fire
of the enemy concealed in strong
force behind a high stone wall, run-
ning along the base of the gap. At
this point a desperate fight occurred,
and it was nearly an hour from the
time the first shot was fired, until the
rebels were seen flying from the
charge of the New Jersey brigade of
Gen. Bartlett. Once routed the rebels
did not stand again until they gained
the crest of the mountain. When
there they turned and prepared to
hold our advancing column at bay.
But up the steep mountain rushed the
gallant New York, New Jersey, and
Pennsylvania boys, led by both their
division and brigade-generals. The
top of the mountain gained, another
fierce struggle ensued; but the enemy
finally gave way and rushed in great
disorder down into the valley beyond,
leaving in our possession 400 prison-
ers, their regimental colors, two pieces
of artillery, and 3000 Springfield
rifles. The rifles are now used by
the New Jersey brigade in place of
the muskets they carried before.

In this battle at Crampton's Gap
our loss, according to official report,
is 105 killed and 448 wounded; no
missing. The loss of the enemy was
over 1000. Gen. Slocum told me to-
day that the dead upon the battle-field
of Antietam nowhere lay so thick as
behind the stone wall at Crampton's
Gap. This victory at Crampton's
Gap was also important in its rela-
tions to the battle of South Moun-
tain. Both battles were fought and
both victories won on the same day
and almost within the same hours. I
was present at the battle of South
Mountain, and saw how magnificently
all our troops behaved, and the great
obstacles they had to overcome, but
from all I can learn the hardest hand-
to-hand fighting was at Crampton's
Gap."

EXPORTS OF PRODUCE.—The cir- cular of Mr. Edward Bell, containing

a table of the exports of breadstuffs
since 1847 (the year of the Irish fam-
ine), shows that we sent off a greater
quantity during the year ending Au-
gust 31st last than in any previous
year. The aggregates were as fol-
lows: Flour, 2,672,515 barrels;
wheat, 25,754,709 bushels; corn, 14,
084,168 bushels. The first is slightly
in excess of the quantity sent the year
before, but falls short of 1846-7 by
343,064 barrels; and the last falls
short of the same year by 3,075,491
bushels. On the other hand, last year
shows an increase of 21,754,350 bush-
els of wheat exported, which will do
much more than make up for the
deficiencies in flour, meal and Indian
corn. About two-thirds of the flour,
five-sixths of the wheat and nine-tenths
of the corn exported were shipped
from this city.—N. Y. Paper.

THE BALDWIN CONTENT CASE.

—In the United States Circuit Court,
on Tuesday, Judge Smalley decided,
in the proceeding against Marshal
Baldwin for contempt, that the or-
ders of the War Department, under
which Lyman, Barney and Field
were arrested, were in violation of
the provisions of the Constitution of
the United States, and were therefore
illegal and void. That if under the
provisions of the Constitution, the
President of the United States had
the power to suspend the writ of ha-
beas corpus, he could not delegate the
power to his subordinate officers.
That the Constitution made the Presi-
dent commander-in-chief of the mili-
tary forces of the United States, and
that this, with the provisions of the
laws of 1795, which had been de-
clared to be constitutional, conferred
on the President power to declare
martial law—and martial law having
been declared by the President's
Proclamation of the 24th of Septem-
ber, ipso facto the writ of habeas cor-
pus was now suspended. Therefore
if the said Field was now produced
before the Court, he could not be dis-
charged—but would have to be re-
manded to the custody of the Marsh-
al. On the first of September, how-
ever, when the proceedings were in-
stituted against the Marshal the writ
of habeas corpus was not lawfully
suspended, and it was no justification
to him that he acted under the orders
of the War Department, those orders
having been issued without due au-
thority of law. The court therefore
directed that an order be entered—
that C. C. P. Baldwin—the marshal,
was guilty of a contempt, and that
he pay to the clerk of the court a fine
of one hundred dollars, and until the
payment of said fine he be prohibited
from acting in this court as officer
thereof.—Rutland Herald.

SERVICE SUSPENDED BY STEAM.

—A very singular interruption to the
religious exercises of the First Pres-
byterian Church, Troy, occurred dur-
ing morning service, yesterday. Rev.
Dr. Beeman, the venerable pastor,
who was conducting the worship, had
just commenced reading a selection
from Scripture, when a loud, hissing
noise made itself manifest, as if one
of our river steamers was moored
near the building, and was letting off
steam very violently. The pastor
paused in his reading, waiting for the
noise to stop; but as it still continued
he said: "This is very annoying.
Cannot something be done to remove
the cause of this disturbance?" One
of the congregation suggested that
the windows be closed. This was done,
yet the noise continued with unabated
effect. Several prominent gentlemen
thereupon started to ascertain the
cause of the trouble. They returned