# The Burlington Free Pr

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# Burlington Free Press.

**GEORGE W. BENEDICT,**
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THIS truly celebrated remedial preparation, efficacious alike for each and every description of RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS, is already too well known and esteemed throughout the United States to require any lengthy notice of its paramount virtues. IT ERADICATES this heretofore incurable and distressing disease from the system, and STANDS UNRIVALLED IN THE PHARMACY OF MEDICINE.

We do not propose to make unqualified statements, or to FORCE A NOSTRUM before the public, but simply to request those most interested,

## Sufferers Themselves,

to procure from the Agent in their vicinity a circular and not only read the testimony of those who have experienced its invaluable curative powers, but to write to, or call upon, the convalescents, so that the statements may EMANATE FROM THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD; a course which will satisfy the most incredulous, and one by which the reputation of the REMEDY is certain of being sustained. Write also to the Proprietors, who will accord every information, and furnish names of undoubted character from every section of the Union, numbering among them some of the most eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Editors, and prominent citizens, rendering the reliability and efficiency of the remedy beyond the reach of doubt or distrust.

## MORTIMORE'S RHEUMATIC COMPOUND

is a Vegetable Extract an Internal Remedy, prepared expressly for this ONE DISEASE; and that it WILL cure in every form, either inflamatory (Acute) or Chronic, no matter of how long standing.

Sold by T. A. PECK, wholesale and retail; also by A. C. SPEAR, and G. P. SANBORN & CO Burlington, Vt., and G. W. HORTON, Winooski.

The above have also for sale

## The Great Alterative,

## MORTIMORE'S BITTER CORDIAL AND BLOOD PURIFIER

This invaluable preparation has obtained a popularity wherever introduced, unprecedented in the history of any other preparation brought before the public. The multiplied thousands who have used it, and have realized its marvellous effects in removing disease and

## Restoring the Nervous System,

now herald it to the world as possessing the most superior virtues known in the Materia Medica. Physicians of the first standing in the profession use, and prescribe it as the most effective

ALTERATIVE AND BLOOD PURIFIER EVER KNOWN.

Neuralgia, General Debility, and Nervous Affections, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Nervous Headache, or Flow of Blood to the Head Costiveness or Irregularities of the Bowels, Pleurisy in the Side, Flatulency Palpitation of the Heart, Difficult Breathing, Prostration of the Nervous System, or Numbness, Night Sweats, or Affections of the Lungs, Jaundice, Diseases of the Kidneys, Derangements, Irregularities, especially with FEMALES, producing Debility and Prostration of the Nervous System, Cutaneous Eruptions or Humors of the Blood—these Complaints are readily removed by the use of this *Cordial*.

*To the Sedentary it has proved itself*

## THE BALM OF GILEAD

## Especially to Females,

In every conceivable condition of life, it recommends itself as far superior in point of efficacy to any of the numerous compounds, concentrated under the comprehensive name of "SARSAPARILLAS."

It acts as a fine TONIC, corrects the *tone* of the *stomach*, strengthens the digestive organs, stimulates the liver to healthy action sufficient to throw off the impure and poisonous secretions, imparts purity, richness and vitality to the blood, circulates it freely, neutralizing and removing impure deposits, strengthens the nervous system, restores the constitution to all its strength, and imparts a *glow of health and beauty of complexion*.

This is a *Vegetable Spirit*, pleasant to take, and perfectly safe to be used in any state of health, even by the most delicate FEMALE OR CHILD.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

*,* SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY. Wholesale and Retail Druggists will be supplied on application to the Proprietors

**W. V. ALEXANDER & CO., Proprietors.**
*No. 1 Barclay Street, (Astor House,) New-York.*
May 10, 1853. w45w1y

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## A. P. HODGES,

## ATTOREY AT LAW

JER'CHO CORNERS, VT.
January 25, 1853. w3mo

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## M. OSTHIM,

Importer of

## WINES AND LIQUORS

**43 Front Street,**
*(Two doors from Coenties Slip.)*
NEW YORK.
May1, 1851. d&wif

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## From New York.

MRS. RICE, (147 Church St.,) two doors South of Howards, has received this day from New York, a beautiful assortment of Bonnets, Ribbons, and Fancy Goods. She has made arrangements to receive from New York and Boston, weekly supplies of the most tasty and modern Styles.

Please call and examine before purchasing.

Bonnets bleached and repaired on the shortest notice.

MILLINERS furnished at wholesale prices
April 11. d&w3mo's

## WALDENSIAN PEDLAR-MISSIONARY.

In the middle ages pious Waldensian pedlars used to carry in their bosoms, or in the bottom of their baskets, portions of the Word of God, which they sold as they found opportunity. The following beautiful hymn, descriptive of such traffic, is said to be from the pen of Mr. Whittier, one of our American poets.

O, lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom
Which beauty's self might wear.
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way:
Will my gentle lady buy?

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view
His silk and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly turned away:
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"O, lady fair, I have yet a gem
Which a purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown
On the lofty brow of kings;
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay;
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her youthful form was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks waved
Their clasping pearls between;
'Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old;
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold.'

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book
Unchased with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took:
'Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as such to thee!
Now, keep thy gold—I ask it not—
*For the Word of God is free.*"

The hoary traveller went his way—
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from her pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In its beautiful hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray walls
Where an evil faith hath power,
The courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God!

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We take the following article from that interesting and valuable publication, the "Sailor's Magazine."

### The Mysterious Disappearance of American Cruizers.

A correspondent of the Portland *Advertiser* gives the following interesting reminiscences of vessels of the American navy, that have from time to time disappeared, leaving no clue to their fate. Vessels of war are, of course, subjected to certain risks from their magazines, not shared in by the mercantile marine, as Cooper has suggested, it is probable that some which suddenly disappear have been blown up at sea. A stroke of lightning reaching the magazine, a sudden squall, or a heavy gale, weakness from preceding encounters with an enemy, or a sudden collision with another vessel at sea, in which both perish, are the several fates by which these disapperances can only be accounted for.

The first on the list is the Saratoga, 16, Captain Young, which vessel disappeared in October, 1780. In that month and year, after capturing a ship and two brigs, two of them well armed, the Saratoga made sail to convey her prizes to the Capes of the Delaware. The following day the prizes were re-captured by the Intrepid, 74, and though the Saratoga escaped, it was only to meet a worse fate, as she was never heard of more.

In July, 1780, the frigate Insurgente, 38, Capt. Patrick Fletcher, recently captured from the French, and refitted, sailed from the Capes of Virginia, with instructions to keep between longitude 61 deg. and 68, and to run as far south as 20 deg. north latitude, and to return within eight weeks to Annapolis. A higher power ordained she should never return: as with the exception of a few private letters forwarded by vessels spoken with, she was never seen or heard of after.

In August, of the same year, the Pickering, 14, Capt. Benj. Hillar, sailed for the Guadaloupe station, never to return, as in the case of the Insurgente, all on board perished—"not one was left to tell the tale." Vague rumours were set afloat at the time, that the two vessels run afoul of each other in a gale—a tale, however unsubstantiated, as the Pickering was sent to a station which the Insurgente would be little likely to visit or seek.

The next loss of this kind which I find recorded, is that of Gun Boat, No 5. She sailed from New-York, commanded by Lieutenant Ogilvie, May 4, 1805, for the Mediterranean, but springing her mast returned to refit, and sailed a second time, June 20th, after which she was never heard from. This vessel was sloop rigged and carried two heavy 32's.

In 1814, the United States sloop-of-war Wasp, 18, Capt. Blakely, after capturing the Reindeer and Avon, both 18's, in two separate engagements, the last on the first of September, continued her glorious cruize until the 21st of the same month, when she put the present Commodore Geisenger and a crew of 9 men on board a prize brig, intending to continue her own cruize to the Islands of the Azores. This, for years after, was all that was known of her fate, though various rumors got afloat respecting it. It was said that an English frigate went into Cadiz, very much shattered and crippled from an engagement with an American corvette, which suddenly disappeared in the night, and it was thought sunk. Another story prevailed, that the crew were prisoners to the Arabs, the ship having been lost on the African coast.

Several years after, the melancholy interest in the fate of the Wasp and her brave defenders was revived by an examination of the log book of the Swedish brig Adonis, from which it appears that having Lieut McKnight and M. Lyman, late of the Essex, on board, as passengers, on October 9th following, being then in lat. 18 35 north, long. 30 10 west, the Adonis spoke with the Wasp and transfered these passengers at their request to her, which is the last account of her being seen, or that was ever known of her fate, or of the two gentlemen who embarked on board. At this meeting the officers of the Wasp reported her recent action with the Reindeer, and also that they had sunk another vessel, without being able to save a single person, or even learn her name.

This was 900 miles further south, and 600 west of where Mr. Geisenger had left her 16 days before; and it is presumed Capt. B. intended running down the Spanish Main, and through the West Indies, in obedience to his orders. There is only one other rumor respecting this ship that has any plausibility. It is that two English frigates chased an American sloop of war off the southern coast, about the time the Wasp should arrive, and that the three ships were struck with a heavy squall, in which the sloop of war disappeared.

In July, 1815, the brig Epervier, 18, commanded by Lieut. John Templer Shubrick, sailed from Algiers on her return to the United States—having on board as passengers several citizens recently released from captivity in Algiers, and bearing the treaty that had been concluded with that power, on the 30th June, preceding. She is known to have passed the Straits of Gibralter, about the 10th of July, and that is the last ever seen or heard of her. There was a vague rumor that she was seen in a tremendous gale, in the month of August, not far from the American coast, but it is of a character too questionable to be relied on. The Enterprise, Lieut. Kearney, was making a passage at this time, and experienced a heavy blow, which was said to be tremendous a little farther to the east of her, and it is probable the Epervier was lost in it. In her perished Lieut. Yarnell, who was Perry's first lieutenant in the battle of Lake Erie, and other officers. Shubrick had been present at no less than six regular sea fights, five of which had been between vessels of a force as heavy as frigates, he had also participated in the celebrated chase of New York—yet when he met his unknown fate, he had been only nine years in service, and was about 27 years of age. A mysterious providence had decreed no happy termination to his useful and brilliant career. Within probably a few day's sail of his native land, returning on the wings of fame to reap the well earned reward of his valor, he was cut off in his bloom, and on the field of his glory found the grave of his hopes. Congress had voted him two medals, and his native State, South Carolina, and the cities of Charleston and New York had each voted him a sword—none of which he was destined to receive.

The next disappearance of this kind from the navy list is believed to be that of the schooner Lynx, 6, Lieut. Commanding John R. Madison, in 1821, in West Indies. I have, however, no account of her fate, and am not certain but she was stranded, and some of her crew escaped, though my impressions respecting her, are to the contrary.

The next loss we have to record is probably familiar to many—it is that of the Hornet, in 1828, then attached to the West India squadron, under the command of Captain Otho Morris. The Hornet was sent by the commodore to cruize off Tampico, during the season of the autumnal equinox, which is known to render those seas the most dangerous on the globe. The Hornet's presence was necessary to protect American property, during the riots that attended the invasion of Barradas. The day before her loss a considerable sum of money was received on board, and a number of residents visited her on a party of pleasure, which was destined to have a fearful termination. The weather became threatening and the Hornet put sea, carrying her ill-fated guests with her. The prognostics proved true—the blast came—one of the most awful ever known in that region of violent convulsions, overturning all before it. The vessels anchored within the smooth river of Tampico, and sheltered by its bank were either stranded or overturned; and those lying in the roads without, driven to sea, or foundered at their anchors. There was a schooner in company with the Hornet, the master of which states, that with nothing but his slender masts, his vessel was nearly blown over by the hurricane—and that a ship with her tall masts, though every sail was furled, could never have withstood it. As usual, rumors tell of the shrill pipe of the boatswain's whistle, and the creaking of blocks and spars being heard from a neighboring schooner, above the howling of the storm, and a glimpse of a tall ship, under bare poles, scudding before it, being revealed by a glance of lightning—and also of a hat with the name of the ship on its ribbon, having been picked up at sea. But through the twenty years and more that have [illegible] since the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie, on which she disappeared—of the thousand floating objects that are apt to cast themselves lose from a sinking ship, and swim upon the surface, not so much as an oar or handspike has ever been found to tell the fate which time as surely tells. Capt. Norris, the commander, bore a high character as a cool and collected officer and seaman; and his first lieutenant, Daniel H. Mackey, left no superior behind him. Picked up on the docks at Liverpool by a charitable American captain, and commencing as a cabin boy in a merchant ship, he had worked his way from the hawse hole aft to the position he held when the sea closed over him and his career.

Nearly ten years after the loss of the Hornet, in May, 1839, the pilot boat schooner Sea Gull, commanded by passed midshipman J. W. C. Ried, and attached to the South Sea exploring squadron, sailed from a little harbor near Cape Horn, in company with her consort, the Flying Fish, with the intention of doubling the Cape—a terrible storm came on; the Flying Fish regained her harbor, but the Sea Gull found a rest only in the deep blue waves of that stormy ocean. She was never heard of after. It may be here remarked that passed midshipman Bacon felt a presentiment of his fate, even before leaving the United States, and was urgent to get relieved from his orders, but without effect. Her crew consisted of fifteen persons. Her officers were passed midshipman James W. C. Ried, of Florida, acting lieutenant commanding, and passed midshipman Frederick A. Bacon, of Connecticut. The Flying Fish a smaller schooner, afterwards attained the high latitude of 70 14 S. (a higher latitude than any vessel that had ever preceded her,) and completed the circumnavigation of the globe.

Not quite four years after the Sea Gull's disappearance, on the 20th of February, 1843, the schooner Grampus, 10, Lt. A. E. Downes commanding, sailed from Norfolk, with orders to cruise in the Gulf Stream for a short time, and not to visit any port until her return to the place of her departure, unless from necessity. The captain, purser, and other officers, were well known in this vicinity. On the 17th of March, she was off the bar at Charleston, and her master, Mr. Isaac K. You, came up to that city and remained until the 25th, with his friends who resided there, when he returned to the schooner. She had been encountering a series of storms, was known to be leaky, and is supposed to have foundered in a storm that almost immediately succeeded his return. One of the latest letters received from her, concludes thus: "Do not fail to write, so that I may receive a letter on our arrival at Norfolk. *Date your letter April 1st*—not later." Alas the lines of affection penned to meet him, were destined never to reach his hand, or renew the home associations of his heart.—With the Grampus we come to the conclusion of our list, though, if we mistake not, the Sylph, lost in 1841, and perhaps one or two more might be adduced to extend it. At this moment, perhaps while the reader is quietly perusing these sentences, the sea in some parts lashed into fury, is engulfing some tempest tossed mariners. More than five hundred vessels are wrecked and lost yearly, as has been ascertained by carefully prepared statistics—and of these one-tenth disappear and leave not a trace behind. Furthermore, it is stated that "for every 16 sailors who die of disease, 11 die by drowning or in wrecks." True, indeed, writes the poet:

> "From out their watery beds, the ocean's dead,
> Renewed, shall on the unstirring billows stand
> From pole to pole, thick covering all the sea."

## What Love will Accomplish.

"This will never do," said little Mrs. Kitty; "how I came to be such a simpleton as to get married before I knew how to keep house, is more and more of an astonisher to me. I *can* learn, and I *will!* There's Bridget told me yesterday there wasn't time to make a pudding before dinner. I had my private suspicions she was imposing upon me, though I didn't know enough about it to contradict her. The truth is, I'm no more mistress of this house than I am of the Grand Seraglio. Bridget knows it, too; and there's Harry (how hot it makes my cheeks to think of it!) couldn't find an eatable thing on the dinner-table yesterday. He loves me too well to say any thing, but he had such an ugly frown on his face when he lit his cigar and went off to the office. Oh, I see how it is:

> "One must eat in matrimony,
> And love is neither bread nor honey;
> And so, you understand."

"What on earth sent you over here in this dismal rain?" said Kitty's neighbor, Mrs. Green. "Just look at your gaiters."

"Oh, never mind gaiters," said Kitty, untying her "rigolette," and throwing herself on the sofa. "I don't know any more about cooking than a six weeks' kitten: Bridget walks over my head with the most perfect Irish nonchalance; Harry looks as solemn as an ordained bishop; the days grow short, the bills grow long, and I'm the most miserable little Kitty that ever mewed. Do have pity on me, and initiate me into the mysteries of broiling, baking and roasting; take me into your kitchen now, and let me go into it while the fit is on me. I feel as though I could roast Chanticleer and all his hen-harems."

"You don't expect to take your degree in one forenoon!" said Mrs. Green, laughing immoderately.

"Not a bit of it! I intend to come every morning, if the world don't whirl off its axle. I've locked up my guitar and my French and Italian books, and that irresistible "Festus," and nerved myself like a female martyr to look a gridiron in the face without flinching. Come, put down that embroidery, there's a good Samaritan, and descend with me into the lower regions, before my enthusiasm gets a shower bath;" and she rolled up her sleeves from her round white arms, took off her rings, and tucked her curls behind her ears.

Very patiently did Mrs. Kitty keep her resolution: each day added a little to her store of culinary wisdom. What if she did flavor her first custards with peppermint instead of lemon? what if she did "baste" a turkey with saleratus instead of salt? what if she did season the stuffing with ground cinnamon instead of pepper? Rome wasn't built in a day—cooks can't be manufactured in a minute.

Kitty's husband had been gone just a month. He was expected home that very day. All the morning the little wife had been getting up a congratulatory dinner, in honor of the occasion. What with satisfaction and the kitchen fire, her cheeks glowed like a milkmaid's. How her eyes sparkled, and what a pretty little triumphant toss she gave her head, when that big trunk was dumped down in the entry. It isn't a bad thing sometimes, to have a secret even from ones own husband.

"On my word, Kitty," said Harry, holding her off at arm's length, "you look most provokingly 'well-to-do' for a widow 'pro tem.' I don't believe you have mourned for me the breath of a sigh. What have you been about? who has been here? and what mine of fun is to be prophesied from that merry twinkle in the corner of your eye? Anybody hid in the closet or cupboard? Have you drawn a prize in the lottery?"

"Not since I married you," said Mrs. Kitty; "and you are quite welcome to that sugar-plum to sweeten your dinner."

"How Bridget has improved," said Harry, as he plied his knife and fork industriously; "I never saw those woodcock outdone, even at our bachelor club room at ——House. She shall have a present of a pewter cross, as sure as her name is McFlanigan, besides absolution for all the detestable messes she used to concoct with her Catholic fingers.

"Let me out! let me out!" said a stifled voice from the closet; "you can't expect a woman to keep a secret forever."

"What on earth do you mean, Mrs. Green?" said Harry gaily shaking her hand.

"Why, you see "Bridget has improved" *i. e.* to say, little Mrs. Kitty here received from my hands yesterday a diploma, certifying her Mistress of Arts, Hearts and Drumsticks, having spent every morning of your absence in perfecting herself as a housekeeper. There now, don't drop on your knees to her till I have gone. I know very well when there is a crowd, or, to speak more fashionably, when I am "*de trop*," and I am only going to stop long enough to remind you that there are some *wives* left in the world, and that Kitty is one of 'em."

And now, dear reader, if you doubt whether Mrs. Kitty was rewarded for all her trouble, you'd better take a peep into that parlor, and while you are looking, let me whisper a word in your ear confidentially. You may be as beautiful as Venus, and as talented as Madame de Steel, but you never'll reign supreme in your liege lord's affections, till you can roast a turkey.—*Olive Branch.*

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SYMPTOMS. When you meet a friend, about dinner time, near his own house, and he stands gossipping with you on the door step, without any demonstrations to enter, you may take it as a symptom that your company to dinner is not particularly desirable.

When you drop in for a *half* hour's chat at a friend's house, in the evening, and after you have been there three mortal hours, your friend yawns and looks at his watch, and his wife packs up her needle-work and says, in a pointed soliloquy, "Well, I believe it is about time to give over for to-night," you may take it as an infallible symptom that you are a *bore*, and the sooner you depart the better.

When in a deliberative assembly you see a member rise, and preface his remarks by an emphatic declaration that he intends to occupy the attention of his hearersbut "one single moment"—or that he has "only one word" to say relative to the subject under debate, you may regard it as an unerring symptom of an unusally long and perhaps tedious and prosy harangue, covering the whole subject under discussion, and many things beside.

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CURIOUS EPITAPHS.—In a country graveyard in New Jersey there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a beautiful young lady, with only this inscription upon it:

"Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17th, 1839, aged 19."

One stone, more conspicuous than the rest, has this singular inscription upon it:

"Here lies the body of JohnJones, *who never held an office.* An honest man."

A Sharp Transaction—Wall street Shaved.—Some days since, as a financier was just leaving his office in Wall-st. after a busy day of stock and banking operations, (which had evidently been satisfactory, since his countenance wore that pleasant expression which is compatible only with unqualified success,) he noticed a countryman, with slouched hat, homespun coat and thick mud-covered boots, driving along a cow and calf. The cow's udder was brimming full, so that fine streams of the lacteal fluid were running from her teats. The thought of pure country milk crossed the broker's brain, and the temptation to secure such a luxury induced him to pause.

"I say," cried he to the countryman.

"Hello, yourself" replied the rustic,

"That's a fine cow you have there."

"Waal, yes; pretty smart animal, I reckon."

"Where do you come from?"

"Dutchess County, a leetle back of Pokeepsy. Been drivin' all day round town; consarned tired, eny how."

"Is your cow for sale?"

"Don't know; hate to part with her, but mought dicker. Like to buy?"

"Perhaps so. What's your price?"

"Look here, Mister, you can't have the calf. That's half Devonshire and more'n a quarter Durham. I want her.

"Well, I don't want the calf. What will you take for the cow?"

"What a thunderin' big house," soliloquised the countryman, as his glance rested on the Exchange. "Must a cost a heap of pewter!"

"Oh, if you won't sell, I'll go," observed the gentlemen.

"Waal, I don't like to part with Old Bet; but if you'll give sixty-five dollars in Californy shiners, you can take her. Look at that," continued the Yankee, pointing to a little pool of milk that had gathered on the pavement, "that's true Old Dutchess grass juice. two-thirds cream and the rest sweet buttermilk."

The financier thought the price rather high, but the sight of the milk—and such a bag full—convinced him that the bargain would be a good one, so he stepped into his office and produced the gold, which the Yankee carefully counted, hefted, bit, &c., to make sure that it was good, observing that "folks are pesky sharp down here, and somebody said this was Wall-st., so I'd better look out." Having satisfied himself that the gold was good he turned away with the calf, almost crying at parting with Old Bet, who, he said, he loved "more'n he did his brother."

The Wall-st. gentleman hired a Hibernian to drive old Bet to his home, across the river. That night there was rejoicing in Brooklyn. Great was the flow of pure country milk, so abundant that the broker began to think that he had tapped the Milky Way. New pans were purchased, the children were filled up like demijohns, even the cats had a lick extra, and Biddy called in all the helps around to talk over the new wonder. The proud owner and his wife congratulated each other a hundred times, and went to sleep only to dream of sailing in a huge tin pan over an ocean of milk. Old Bet was fed on corn meal, and petted like a pet dog. Next morning, instead of fifteen quarts, she gave but three; next day about a pint, and in a week she was as dry as a book of logarithms.

The Wall-st. financier was completely sold. The Yankee never saw Dutchess Co., but had got an old farrow cow, just drying up, borrowed a calf, set him to nursing until the flow was somewhat stimulated, then kept the cow without milking for a week, when she was in proper order to appear "on 'Change," when he dressed himself for the occasion, and made his debut in Wall-st. The done-brown broker has since sold his cow to a butcher for some twenty dollars, and taken the milk-pans to his office to pitch pennies into.

A Good One.—The best political joke we have heard of lately occurred in Elmira a few days since. The Republican says that Ex-Senator Dickinson, who had been attending court there for some days, was sounded as to his feelings towards the general administration by some presumptuous individual who came to the point as follows;

"Well, Senator, where do you stand now a days in the political field?"

"Why, sir, I stand as I always have stood on the reliable platform of national democracy."

"You support the administration of Gen. Pierce don't you?"

"Yes, sir—*as well as he does himself!*"

*From the Patent Office Report.*

## Exhausting the Soil.

"Eight million acres [in the State of New York] are in the hands of three hundred thousand persons, who still adhere to the colonial practice of extracting from the virgin soil all it will yield, so long as it will pay expenses to crop it, and then leave it in a thin, poor pasture for a term of years. Some of these impoverished farms, which seventy-five years ago produced from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat, on an average, per acre, now yield only from five to eight bushels. In an exceedingly interesting work entitled "American Husbandry," published in London in 1775, and written by an American, the following remarks may be found on page 98, vol. 1.: "Wheat, in many parts of the province, (New York,) yields a larger produce than is common in England. Upon good lands about Albany, where the climate is the coldest in the country, they sow two bushels and better upon an acre, and reap from *twenty to forty*; the latter quantity, however, is not often had, but from twenty to *thirty are common*; and with such bad husbandry as would not yield the like in England, and much less in Scotland. This is owing to the *richness* and *freshness* of the land."

"According to the State census of 1845, Albany county now produces only seven and a half bushels of wheat per acre, although its farmers are on tide water and near the capital of the State, with a good market, and possess every facility for procuring the most valuable fertilizers. Dutchess county, also on the Hudson river, produces an averages of only five bushels per acre; Columbia, six bushels; Rensselaer, eight; Westchester, seven, which is higher than the average of soils that once gave a return larger than the wheat lands of England even with "bad husbandry."

"Fully to renovate the eight million acres of partially exhausted lands in the State of New York, will cost at least an average of twelve dollars and a half per acre, or an agregate of one hundred millions of dollars. It is not an easy task to replace all the bone-earth, potash, sulphur, magnesia, and organized nitrogen in mould consumed in a field which has been unwisely cultivated fifty or seventy-five years. Phosphorus is not an abundant mineral anywhere, and his *sub soil* is about the only recourse of the husbandman after his surface-soil has lost most of its phosphates. The three hundred thousand persons that cultivate these eight million acres of impoverished soils annually, produce less by twenty-five dollars each than they would if the land had not been injured.

"The aggregate of this loss to the State and the world is seven million five hundred thousand dollars per annum, or more than seven per cent interest on what it would cost to renovate the deteriorated soils. There is no possible escape from this oppressive tax on labor of seven million five hundred thousand dollars, but to improve the land, or run off and leave it."

A Remarkable Incident.—In a quiet village situated on the shores of a beautiful lake, lived a man of some wealth and of independent manners. He disregarded the Sabbath entirely, and pursued the business of pleasure as best suited his convenience. He commenced building a boat principally for pleasure excursions on the lake. While he was proceeding with the enterprise, which, it was whispered abroad, would afford opportunity for Sunday sailing, he was waited on by a minister, who enquired about the boat, and expostulated with him, as the enterprize would increase the wildness and immorality of their village. "I am afraid," said the minister, "your boat will prove a Sabbath-breaker." The man looked him in the face, and with much assurance said, "Yes, it will; that's just what I'll name my boat. I have been thinking some time what to call her, and you have just hit it. I thank you for the suggestion. The boat shall be called ***The Sabbath Breaker.***" As he said this he bade the minister good day, with a chuckle at his evident surprise and mortification.

The building went on, especially on *Sunday*. She was soon ready to be launched, and was launched on *Sunday*, and named the Sabbath-Breaker, amid the cheers of some twenty or thirty half-intoxicated men. An old sailor or two shook their heads at the way she struck the water, but the folly usual to such an owner hid his eyes to the truth. She was rigged and fitted for an excursion. She must go out on Sunday. A general invitation was given, and numbers crowded on board. On the streamer was floating the name in large letters, "The Sabbath-Breaker." She put out. Several, seized by an indefinite dread, as they read the name over them, sprang on shore; others would have done so, but she was off. She sailed well enough for a while. The timid felt re-assured, and music and mirth began. But scarcely four hours had elapsed, when the boat was struck by a flaw of wind which came very suddenly upon her. Confusion now reigned on board. Scarce an effort was made. She keeled almost instantly over, and went to the bottom. Now, what an outcry! but soon all was over. Forty souls, mostly youth, had found a watery grave: and just above the surface of the lake floated the flag bearing the inscription,

"The Sabbath Breaker,"

proclaiming to all passers-by, that there is a God in Heaven who judgeth righteously.—*California Christian Advocate.*

## Breaking Ground with Gold and Silver.

On the 14th ult., the first ground was broken by the Mountain Lake Water Company, San Francisco. The ceremony was carried out on a grand scale. The *Alta California* thus describes it:

"A silver shovel, banded with gold, costing a thousand dollars, was then presented to Mr. Purdy, who, on the part of the company, shoveled up earth, and placed it upon a silver salver with some of the wild flower plants so abundant. Joshua Havens, Esq., President of the Board of Aldermen, on behalf of the city, then advanced, and then in like manner having used the shovel, addressed the assemblage for a few moments in his usual off-hand manner. The band then resumed its music, the procession re-formed and returned down the hill to the tent, where a fine collation had been prepared. Wine was abundant, so was good feeling and pleasant hopes. A portion of the company then proceeded to the green sward, and to the sound of merry music devoted a pleasant time to the mazy and exhilarating dance.

One thing should be particularly mentioned, more especially for the benefit of our eastern cousins. It is this: The same shovel which had been used in the ceremony of breaking ground, was employed at the dinner table in shoveling into the plates of the ladies present, generous quantities of large ripe strawberries from a half bushel measure which was filled with this rich fruit, gathered in the vicinity. Only think of the combination: Ladies feasting upon strawberries shoveled with gold and silver into their plates. What a rich quartette!

Thus this pleasant affair ended, all appearing pleased, and the thinking very hopeful."

Humph! If the result proves to be like that of some of the public works in this part of the world, that a good many wot of, they will need the *gold and silver* shovels to pay for the *iron* shovels used, long before they get through.

Casualties, etc., on the Massachusetts Railroads, during the Last Seven Years. The following facts are gathered from the Annual Railroad Reports to the Legislature, from 1846 to 1852, inclusive:—

During the seven years ending with 1852, *fifty five million, three hundred fifty-seven thousand, four hundred and fifteen* (55,357,415) passengers were carried over the railroads in Massachusetts.

*Forty-two* passengers were killed,—*twenty* of the number in consequence of their own heedlessness, in attempting to get upon, or jump from, the trains while in motion, or standing on the platform of the cars, contrary to the published and well-known rules of the different roads.

*One hundred and fourteen* (114) persons were killed while walking or *sleeping* on the tracks of the roads. Of these, several were *deaf and dumb*, and some are reported to have been "partially blind."

In *one* year, *seven* persons were killed while walking or *sleeping* on the track of the Boston and Providence Railroad, and during that year, no accident of any other kind occurred.

*One hundred and twenty* (120) employees were killed,—*thirty two* of the number by being brought in contact with bridges. *Two* were killed in consequence of the explosion of boilers.

In the year 1852, *three thousand nine hundred and ninety two* men were employed in working the railroads in the state, exclusive of those engaged in construction. [Herald.]

A Novel Method of Measuring Forensic Tediousness.—A member of the bar of one of the eastern states, was noted for possessing all the attributes of a good advocate but one; he never knew when to stop; indeed, in sometimes seemed if he never would stop. On one occasion he had completely exhausted the patience of the court, the jury and the other counsel; still the stream of his eloquence ran on as glibly as ever. At last he made a splendid peroration; every one present experienced a feeling of relief, and every eye was turned towards him, expecting to see him take his seat. But at this moment, to their astonishment and horror he started off afresh on a new track. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "astronomers tell us that there are some stars situated at a distance so remote from this earth that their light, though it left them on the morning of creation, and has been travelling ever since, has not yet reached us." "Never mind, brother T." interposed the opposing counsel, "*it will be sure to get here before you have done!*"—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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CONTEMPT OF COURT.—An amusing incident occurred in a court-room, some years since in one of the back counties of Missouri. The court was seated and a cause about to be tried.

Now, his honor the Judge, was a man well stricken in years, yet he could ride a race, shoot a rifle, and shuffle and deal as well as the next man, and he who presumed to trifle with the dignity of the court, on these occasions, generally suffered some.

Well, as I was saying his honor was seated, and a cause about to be commenced, when, in a voice of thunder, the sheriff proclaimed silence. There was a pause—the Judge looked over and saw an old gentleman who had not yet uncovered his head. The court could not brook such disrespect to its dignity, and his honor called out in an authoritative tone:

"Mr. Sheriff—remove that old gentleman's hat."

That functionary, who had until now stood in a corner leaning upon his rifle, stepped up, and politely knocked off the offender's hat with that murderous instrument; whereupon Mr. Badger (Badger was the offender's name,) seized the hat, and clapped it upon his head, loudly exclaiming:

"Judge—I'm bald!"

"Mr. Sheriff," said the indignant court, "we instruct you again to remove that hat."

The order was instantly executed, and no sooner done than Mr. Badger replaced the hat on his head a second time, again insisting that he was bald.

The offended Judge now waxed warm and rising up in his seat, ordered the clerk to enter a fine of five dollars for contempt of court, and to be committed till the fine was paid.

Mr. Badger was thunder-struck. He deliberately walked up to the bench, and laying down a half dollar before his honor, in a solemn manner thus gave his views:

"Your sentence judge, is most ungentlemanly—but the law is imperative, and I reckon I'll stand it; so here is four bits, and the four dollars and a half that you owed me when we stopped playing poker this morning just makes us square."

## 'Burial Clubs.'

From Kay's 'Manufacturing Cities of England.'

'In our large provincial towns, the poor are in the habit of entering their children in what are called 'burial clubs.' A small sum is paid every year by the parent, and this entitles him to receive from £3 to £5 from the club, on the death of the child. Many parents enter their children in several clubs. One man in Manchester has been known to enter his child in *nineteen* different clubs. On the death of such a child, the parent becomes entitled to receive a large sum of money; and as the burial of the child does not necessarily cost more than £1 10s., the parent realizes a considerable sum after all the expenses are paid!

'It has been clearly ascertained, that it is a common practice among the more degraded classes of poor in many of our towns, to enter their infants in these clubs, and then to cause their death either by starvation, ill-usage, or poison! What more horrible symptom of moral degradation can be conceived? One's mind revolts against it, and would fain reject it as a monstrous fiction. But, alas! it seems to be but too true.

'Mr. Chadwick says, 'officers of these burial societies, relieving officers, and others, whose administrative duties put them in communication with the lowest classes in these districts,' (the manufacturing districts,) 'express their moral conviction of the operation of such bounties to produce instances of the visible neglect of children of which they are witnesses. They often say, 'You are not treating that child properly; it will not live: *is it in the club?*' And the answer corresponds with the impression produced by the sight.'

An English paper 'gives it to' the Roman police in the following style:—'The severity of the Roman police has even gone so far as to take notice of a little dog, belonging to an English lady, who was taking a walk in the Villa Borghese on Saturday last. The lady had taken a sprig of myrtle from a tree, and twined it round her favorite's neck; after finishing her walk, on coming to the gateway to meet her carriage, her servant was peremptorily ordered, by some sbirri stationed there, to take the green wreath from the dog's neck—an order with which the lady immediately directed her servant to comply, supposing that no flowers or plants were allowed to be abstracted from the villa: but she was not a little surprised when, on inquiring from her servant whether that really was the motive of so uncourteous an act, he gave her to understand that the dog was white, his tongue red, and the wreath green, thus completing the Italian tricolor, and rendering the unconscious little favorite a canine revolutionist.'

NEGRO STAMPEDE. Slaves are running away from Missouri, at the present time, in battalions. Three belonging to Mr. R. Meek, of Weston, ran away on Wednesday of last week—two of whom were afterwards apprehended. They were making for the Plains.—Fifteen made a stampede from Ray county the week before, and took the line of their march for Iowa. Several were captured in Grundy county, but the large number made good their escape. It would be a glorious thing for Missouri, if all her slaves should take it into their heads to run away. If she only knew it, they are one of the greatest drawbacks to her advancement and prosperity.—*Alton (Ill.) Telegraph.*

☞ Mrs. Bloomer must feel flattered when she sees how beautifully her theories work, when reduced to some sort of practice. We don't know with whom the following paragraph originated, but it is truthful and first-rate. The writer says:—

Mrs. Bloomer imagines that the reason that women differ from men, is because they are schooled and educated differently. Nothing however, could be more unfounded. Girls differ from boys, not identically, but radically. The first thing a boy does after he is weaned, is to straddle the banisters, and ride down stairs. The first thing a girl sets her heart on is a doll and a set of half fledged cups and saucers. Girls are given to neatness and hate soiled garments, of all kinds; boys, on the contrary, set a high value on dirt, and are never so happy as when sailing a shingle ship, with a brown paper sail, in a mud puddle. Mrs. Bloomer may reason as she may, but she will find in the end that Nature is stronger that either philosophy or suspenders.

## Rutland & Burlington Railroad.

The annual meeting of this corporation was held at Bellows Falls, on Wednesday last.—The attendance was large, and a harmonious feeling generally prevailed. The following Board of Directors were elected:

W. R. Lee, John Howe, Harrison Fay, C. J. Henlee, B. F. Reed, Boston; J. A. Conant, Brandon; Wentworth, Bellows Falls.

A vote was passed authorizing the issue of a second mortgage of the Road, to the amount of $1,200,000. It was resolved to petition the Legislature for authority to consolidate this with other connecting railroads.—*Rutland Co. Herald.*