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LOUDON:

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20,

The Cleveland Dispatch of 13th says, while at the pleasant neighboring town of Charleston, on Monday morning, we learned that Bacon could not be had at that place for less than 70¢ cents, per lb hog round, and \$1 @ 84 for sides and hams.

From Dye's Bank Mirror.

Below is a list of Broken Banks, with the prices annexed at which we are buying them at our office, corner of Third and Walnut streets, Cincinnati.

Bank Name	Price
Cochituate Bank—Boston	50
Atlas Bank—Clymer N. Y. Notes must be presented before the 6th December, 1854—otherwise worthless.	50
Stock, notes redeemed at 95 cts. Real Estate notes	70
Farmer's Bank of Oundandiga, N. Y.	50
James Bank—Jamesville, N. Y.	50
Merchant's & Mechanic's Bank—Oswego, N. Y.	50
City of Pittsburgh	50
Alleghany City and County Scrip, (1849)	50
Relief Notes of Northampton, Berks County and Lewistown Banks	50
Tide Water Canal Co.	50
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co.	35
Bank of St. Mary's	30
Bank of Massillon	25
Bank of Wooster	50
Bank of Norwalk	50
Bank of Granville	50
White Water Canal Co., Cin.	50
Washington Bank—Miamisburg	25
Bank of Hamilton—Hamilton	50
Urbana Banking Co—Urbana	50
Miami Exporting Co—Cincinnati	50
Branch at Cincinnati	no sale
Commercial Bank of Scioto—Portsmouth	75
Mallison & Indianapolis R. R. Land Scrip	20
Walsh & Erie Canal Scrip	25
Indiana State Scrip, (1849)	25
" " (1842)	60
K&W & Woodburn's Checks—Madison	50
White Water Valley Canal Co—Connersville	25
State Bank of Ill—Springfield, and branch	50
Bank of Ill—Shawneetown	40
Ill and Mich. Canal Scrip	36
Bank of Chicago	25
New Orleans Municipalities, Nos 1, 2 and 3	50
State Bank and branches	35
Real Estate	30
St. Louis County and City Scrip, all with red have forged Signatures	25
American Iron Mountain Ckts of James Harrison on F. Choteau & Co.	50
Bank of St. Clair (endorsed by Smith)	35
Republic of Texas	15
City of Toronto Scrip	75
Hamilton	75

More Banks Gone Under!

The following Banks had better be refused, as some of them have failed, and others have been discredited. Let them show that their affairs are all right!

Bank of Milford, Delaware; Washitena Bank Ann Arbor, Michigan; Lewis Co Bank N. Y.; Bank of Commerce, Carmel, N. Y.; Farmers Bank of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Sacketts Harbor Bank N. Y.; Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank of Kent Co. Md.; South Royaltan Bank Vt.; Bank of Milledgeville, Ga.; Merchant's Bank of Macon Ga.; Farmer's and Merchant's Bank Memphis, Tenn.; Commercial Bank, Memphis, Tenn.; Atlanta Bank, Ga.; Manufacturer's and Mechanics Bank, Ga.

Dry Weather—stoppage of Saw-mills—the Fires not raging so badly, etc.

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 4, 1854.—We have had no rain yet in this vicinity, although the indications for it have been strong for a day or two. Most of the saw mills at Oldtown, Stillwater, and other places on the river have stopped from the lowness of the water.—The fires are not raging so badly as they have been for some time past.

The contributions for the Waller's sufferers, in the churches of this city yesterday, were thirteen hundred dollars.

ANNEXATION OF CUBA.—John Quincy Adams while Secretary of State under Mr. Monroe said, "Looking forward to the probable course of events for the short period of half a century, it is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our federal republic will be indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself."

The Washington Star has learned from headquarters, doubtless that the Secretary of the Interior is about to restore to "market" all the land held from sale on account of the contemplated rail roads running through or near them except, of course, in cases where Congress had actually made the grants for rail road purposes asked. A large body of very desirable lands will thus become subject to private entry at \$1.25 per acre or to location with land scrip. This is important to be speedily and widely known by way of preserving special action in them.

THE KNOW NOTHINGS.

A gentleman whom we take it is opposed to this new party has furnished us the following expose of their platform.—[Times.]

"1. Repeal of Naturalization Law."
The following signers of the Declaration of Independence are foreigners, who pledged their "lives, fortunes and sacred honor" for the liberty of the colonies:

1. John Witherspoon, from Scotland.
2. James Wilson,
3. Matthew Thornton, from Ireland.
4. George Taylor,
5. James Smith,
6. Robert Morris, from England.
7. Francis Lewis,
8. Burton Gwinnett,

"2. Opposition to the Roman Catholic religion, because that institution is in opposition to the spirit and letter of the government."

The following signers of the declaration were members of the Roman Catholic Church:

1. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, (son of an Irishman.)
2. Thomas McKean,
3. William Paca,
4. George Read,
5. James Stone,
6. George Taylor,
7. George Taylor,
8. Matthew Thornton.

On the other hand we have on record the opinions of some of the greatest men our nation ever boasted, seeming to favor the Know Nothing platform, as follows:

"Against the insidious wiles of Foreign Influence, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake. It is one of the most baneful foes of a Republican Government."

"I hope we may find some means in future of shielding ourselves from Foreign Influence, in whatever form attempted. I wish there were an ocean of fire between this and the old world."

"It is time we should become a little more Americanized; and instead of feeding the paupers and laborers of England, feed our own we shall soon become paupers ourselves."

"Foreign Influence is truly a Grecian Horse to the Republic; exclude its entrance."

"If ever the Liberties of this country are destroyed, it will be by Roman Priests."

THE HEAT IN ST. LOUIS.—The Intelligence of the 2d says:

Late yesterday afternoon Joseph Eck Auctioneer, and a well known citizen, died suddenly from congestion of the brain, superinduced by intense heat. The day previous three persons died of sun-stroke.

The Crops.—The United States Economist is inclined to think that there is a disposition to exaggerate the loss by the failure of the crops, and to promote an unnecessary and hurtful alarm. It says that the damage done may cause a diminution of the quantity that can be exported, and may sustain prices for the year above the level they usually range, after a year of high prices like the last, but that is the worst consequence to be expected. It is very evident, adds the Economist, from the general excitement excited, and the vast consequence which depend on a commercial and financial point of view upon the actual products of the soil, that the most important service which Government could do all branches of industry, would be to institute an independent bureau by which accurate and reliable returns should be made annually of the breadth of land and acreable yield of all crops.—[R. Dispatch.]

A correspondent of a Georgia paper writing from Ducktown, in East Tennessee, says the amount of Copper produced from the mines from the date of their discovery is 18,566 tons, the average value \$192 per ton, making an aggregate of \$3,564,672.—[Memphis Whig.]

OUTRAGED MURDER.—The Lexington, Miss. Advertiser says.—Mr. Neal a cousin of our townsman, Mr. M. F. Nesbitt, was recently most feloniously murdered and sunk in the Yazoo river, near the dwelling of a man by the name of Browning in Sunflower county. Circumstances pointing to Browning and his son as the perpetrators of the foul deed. Poor Neal it seems, had made his will, and it was thought had given his property, amounting to some two or three thousand dollars, to the Brownings and it is supposed they wished to hasten the reception of the legacy.—They are not, however mentioned in the will.

A Vegetable Curiosity.—We saw a few days since an ear of corn, or rather the cob, grown we understand in the garden of the Deaf Dumb and Blind, which is precisely similar in shape to a human hand—the palm thumb and four fingers being fairly represented.—[Stanton (Va.) Spectator, Aug. 23.]

GREYTOWN.—In view of the fact that the Boscawen, a British ship of the line, has been sent to Greytown to protect British interests in that quarter, would it not be well for our government to send there a ship of the same size, to protect American interests? The two sloops of war ordered to Greytown are not able to cope with a ship of the line.—The best way to avoid a difficulty is to be ready to meet it. As other vessels of the British West India squadron may be concentrated in the same quarter, an American line of battle ship, the two sloops of war already ordered, and, if necessary, the whole West India squadron of the United States ought to be at once ordered to Greytown. This is the best way to avoid a collision, or, if it is forced upon us, to come out of it with honor.—[Richmond Dispatch.]

Breakfast House.

By the late change of schedule on the E. T. & G. Railroad, passengers on the morning train eat breakfast at Athens. Having partaken of an excellent breakfast, at Mr. Briggs's, on Monday morning, we can recommend his house as No. 1.—[Cleveland Dispatch.]

A Gas Well has been discovered near Bloomington, Ill. In digging a well for the railroad station, a volume of gas broken into, and has since continued to flow through an iron tube burning a clear light, and in such quantity that the proprietor is about converting it into fuel for a mill.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

This subject has been dwelt upon by the divines of almost all religious denominations—and Temperance Champions have gone forth in its defence, for the last thirty years, until it is called old or stale; yet, when there is a great evil existing in the country it being of long standing, should not shield it from the indefatigable efforts of the philanthropist and the lovers of good order. Had the veterans of the revolution ceased their efforts in that day that tried men's souls, and have said that the war was a State affair they might have let the enemies of liberty triumphantly spread their tyrannical sceptre of power over brave Columbia's land.—Thank God, they persevered even until victory was gained at Trenton's bloody field, and this Republic was established, that has now become one of the most powerful nations on earth; we therefore intend to make war upon the rate and manufacture of Intoxicating Liquors. We will war upon it in spite of its age and hoary head, for it is traveling through the land shaking from its miserable locks, (like some infernal ghost) sickness, disease, and death, and marring with its plagued spots, the fair face of our Church and State.

That the manufacturing and sale of intoxicating drinks, produce evil in our country, no one perhaps will deny. Yet, we contend that it is one of the greatest evils known amongst men, especially considering its associate vices, and the Catalogue of crimes accruing therefrom. The Catholic and private suffering from the traffic, bear ample proof of the evil. It is uttered in words of agony on every hill and in every valley it mutters in the grated cell of the convict, it burns the eyes of the maniac, it is mumbled from the idiotic lips; the ragged shaver's part utter it. The griefs and groans of heart broken wives, daughters, mothers and friends, all will come in as evidence.—Religion and the Church is clad in mourning for her deserted altars and ordinances, and for her rained children. Thousands, torn from God, from Hope, and from Heaven, and driven helpless and miserable, to eternal despair, realized its existence. Then is it not a great evil?

Yet, in noble, chivalrous Tennessee—Tennessee, that has ever (until now) been ready to repel any and all invasions from our land—there are some who are conniving at this evil of evil, and giving aid and comfort to the enemy of our race—the enemy of peace, good order, and religion. Yea and some of this is found in the Church, and even some of the (should-be) pious Ministers are acting thus, opposing Prohibitory Law; some from the fact that they love the *critter*, but say it is "unconstitutional," merely for an excuse; showing their opposition in patriotism and pretended fidelity to the constitution. While the U. S. Court composed of nine judges, appointed by the President, constituting the highest authority in the Government, from which there is no appeal, and in whom is rested the right to determine on such occasions; these, all these have concurred in the judgement that it is in perfect harmony with the constitution. Hear this ye lovers of the constitution? But, we fear the constitution, you so much love is frequently carried in barrels, bottles, flasks, &c.—We say shame upon a professor of religion, if he drinks whiskey, or aids in furnishing it for others to drink; and now Parson, if you must drink, and oppose the Temperance Reform, be consistent, and doff your sacerdotal robes, and come out, unmasked, and let the world see which side you are on—virtue or vice?

We to the drunkards of Ephraim (and Louisville too) God's word says you shall be cut off under the vine; the Priest and the Steward, the Deacon and Elder have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are in vision, they stumble in judgement (honestly). Wonder not therefore ye whiskey loving and selling men of Louisville, if ye eat the bread of adversity, and drink the water of affliction, for we is promised against those who put the intoxicating bottle to the hands or mouths of their neighbor—look out, his word is true.

A few have battled long and hard at Louisville, for freedom from liquor and liquor-sellers, with their long dark Catalogues of crimes and usurpations, and we yet have a small army here who have never bowed the knee to the Arabian God, (Alcohol), and who never will, but will be found antipodise to bowing at such a devilish shrine all stained with blood and woe with the souls and woe of injured innocents. Though some of our band, like Judas, when he saw a chance to make the pieces of silver, have betrayed the cause they had espoused in sight of our enemies, but thank God not into their hands; they went out from amongst us, that it might be made known, that they were not of us, any further than the loaves and fishes were concerned. One of the apostates has since put up a Grocery in this country; his career was short, but eventually, he soon fell (by prearrangement) into the judicial notice of Judge A.—for selling the *critter* illegally; this caused him to net the part of a true patriot, i. e. he left the country, for his country's good, and has felt that the way of transgression is truly hard. We have lately had laid in for our supply thirty barrels of spirits; by this we expect that Spirit Rappings will be common, as ours is only a one horse town; thirty barrels is the largest stock we have ever taken at one time in the liquor trade, this is a very fair stock, considering a large majority of us are opposed to railroad subscription by the county. Why we dip into the liquor so strong at this time we cannot tell, as we have not conversed with any of the Directors, without it is owing to the drought and scarcity of corn &c. Some of our Louisville folks are very sensitive on the subject of Prohibitory Law; never do to mingle Temperance and politics, just as though Intemperance and politics had never been united. Every one knows that badfalls has presided at civil elections for years. All the liquor influence has been brought to bear on such occasions in elections from Justice of the Peace up to the President.

There are men now in office who bought the votes that elected them with whiskey and mean whiskey at that. Others buy them an office with potatoes, notes of hand, goods, wares and merchandise of various kinds, and last, but

by no means least, whiskey, good rectified with buckeye, tobacco and fishberries. All ye hollow hearted long faced hypocrites, you can mingle such principles with the political interests of the country. But when we say candidates for office must be sound on the prohibition question, you are ready to exclaim with uplifted hands, that will never do! You will defeat our party. What a party of drunk scamps who riot in their bacchanalian councils at four and eight dollars per day?

You surely don't mean the democrat or whig parties when you thus speak; if they rest on such principles, there is nothing to lose in breaking them down, and the sooner the better. If to advocate the best interest of our country and to dry up the most prolific source of human suffering and woe,—if to wipe out the foulest spot that has ever marred the fair face of our country is antagonistic to party interests, in the name of God let them go down! And let every thing go with them that cannot hold up their head in a nation of sober, moral, and intelligent freemen. You might just as well let us come in, for we will not vote for your man be he whig or democrat unless he is in favor of a prohibitory law.

While this state of affairs has existed for years, Temperance organizations have risen up and are preparing the way for the next year, which time some have been appointing from the different organizations, and going back ten fold more the child of drunkenness and disgrace than before, and ardent spirits still used for political ascendancy, and moral decadency, degradation and shame, the world is ready to say that the Temperance efforts have been entirely abortive, and some of the weak friends of the reform are ready to admit every thing, by some means or other, by their head a nation of sober, moral, and intelligent freemen. You might just as well let us come in, for we will not vote for your man be he whig or democrat unless he is in favor of a prohibitory law.

Let us see the statistical report of the year 1810; population of the U. S. was six millions; liquor annually consumed thirty millions of gallons, equal to five gallons to each person; the proportion it stood with very little change until 1830; now bear in mind that the Temperance folks began to do "nothing" in or about the year 1825. Now see how it stands, in the year 1840; population fourteen millions five thousand, at five gallons to each person, (the same population of 1810) the amount of intoxicating liquors would have been seventy millions, but by some means or other, it is reduced to forty-two millions five thousand, and falling off twenty eight millions five thousand of gallons. Now let us see how it stands in 1850, population twenty millions, liquor consumed forty six millions five thousand, amounting to two and four tenths of a gallon to each person; by this it is plain to see, that had it remained in the same proportion up to 1850, there would have been six millions of gallons more consumed, the amount of liquor consumed in 1850 would have been more than double what it was,—or one hundred millions. The forty six millions of gallons that was used is competent to fill thirty thousand of our race and bring them to a detestable grave and bury them in the sea; it is but for the interest of our race, that we should stop the liquor traffic, and let our race be saved from the bottomless pit? Come friends be calm, this is nothing more than blotting out the "nothing" that has been achieved by the friends of Temperance in the last thirty years. By the value of order, sobriety and truth, and the happiness of our race be persuaded to examine the matter in the light of truth, but in the appearance of the full grown insect, with its fiery red eyes, and red-edged wings, drooped like those of an enraged game-cock. Fit messenger of vengeance it is indeed; an army of locusts would be a far more dreadful sight than—a company of New England militia! Lui looks over my shoulder and says, "Miss B. wanted us to catch one yesterday to see whether their wings bore the letter P—or W. Seventeen years ago she says they bore the letter P—which signified peace. We caught one, and there was a letter W. on its wings, as plain as could be." So, Lui, you think we shall have a seventeen years' war now? "Oh I don't know—I did not say—may be so," and she returns to her sewing.

The shed is noisy again, after two or three days quiet, for the wrens are preparing their nest for a second brood. For a week or two, there was no peace about the house. Mrs. Wren did not wish her rising family to leave the nest till they were sufficiently fledged to leave it for good, and they, young-America-like, were for going ahead, and accordingly, every time she visited the nest they clamorously declared their intention of leaving, and she vociferously laid her commands on them to stay where they were, telling them in the most shrewish of tones, of the kitchen door gaping to receive and engulf them, and of the terrible

A Diary of Life in the Country.

BIRD'S NESTS—THE VALUE OF SHADE TREES.
June 10th. Birds' nests every where. From their inaccessible nest in the shed, the wrens keep up a constant shrill cry, sometimes, when I have a headache, cutting like a knife with its sharp piercing sound; the robin on the cherry tree has outgrown their nest and deserted it in the poplar; a nest of young yellow birds just hatched has been discovered to day, and to-day too we have found a pretty hanging nest on one of the peach trees, with four little black and white spotted eggs, which I fancy belongs to my little black-throated favorite. So much for having trees about the house. As our trees have increased in number and size, so have the birds increased in numbers and variety. Fourteen years ago there was but one robin, twenty rods of the house, and only one within a quarter of a mile, and no birds but a wren and an occasional bluebird or lark—now we are shadowed by trees, young, it is true, but affording sufficient shade for multitudes of songsters to riot and make music in. More than one half are total strangers to me, but will not long remain so.

CLOVER AND THE BEE—THE HUMMING BIRD AND ITS NAME.
15th. "You are really living in clover, I see," said a friend looking out of a window, which almost seems to be overlooking the war of the roses,—only they are clover blossoms and not roses, which look and smell so charmingly all round the house. Yes, we are living in clover and sharing it with thousands of honey-bees, who neglect the red, but busy themselves most luxuriously with the white. Hundreds of bumblebees prevent the red from feeling slighted. As Webster permits the said bee to be called *bumble*, as well as *humble*, I prefer the former; for it is what we little girls used to call them, in the years before the spiteful musicians were known or supposed to possess humility. And I can scarcely look out without seeing one or more humming-birds. Most unearthly little beauties are they—more like embodied sunbeams than anything else. I should think farmers would try to cultivate, and increase their varieties as they do tulips; they would be a great addition to the charm of the flower-garden, and I would propose to call the red-throated variety already in existence, the *Sauzet*. I saw a curious conflict yesterday, between two of them—I should hardly say conflict, for I really could not make out whether it was a courtship. The one which I should call the lady, was considerably smaller than a bumblebee, sat upon a twig and chattered after a fashion which, if it had been one of my canaries, I should have called scolding; while the other, with a loud angry-sounding hum flew backward and forward, diving towards her at each turn as if intending to strike. On his leaving, she busied herself about the clover as usual, but on his return, instantly alighted again, chattering sharply, and presenting her bill still more threateningly.

THE DEATH-SONG OF THE GRASS—LOCUSTS.
17th. How pleasant it is, the soft sighing of the grass and clover, as the sharp steel sweeps through it, pleasant than its song to the breeze in its days of strength; like the swan, its death-song is its death-sigh. I wish people had not written on rural subjects ever since writing was invented, that I might say something new, when I apostrophize the new mown hay—how delicious it is!

22d. My poor humming-bird and butterflies and bees! How could I enjoy the sight of the falling ranks, or the smell of the fresh hay, or even the musical ring of the scythe as the mower whetted it, when it was to deprive me of these! Once or twice a humming-bird has whizzed across the yard, and I have seen an adventurous bumble-bee creeping among some fallen grass blades to get at a clover blossom, but all else has been silent and lone.—But that hateful locust, he has kindly volunteered to give his delectable presence. The wondrous and curiously fat first fly, has changed to a constantly increasing dread and dislike, and increasing acquaintance does nothing to dispel them.—The first time we heard it, Nina exclaimed, "Ha, do tell me what makes such a hateful noise," and I, laughing at the energy she infused into the opprobrious epithet, answered that I did not know. I knew it now very well; hateful, savage, vicious,—what of these expressions is lacking in the sound, is amply made up in the appearance of the full grown insect, with its fiery red eyes, and red-edged wings, drooped like those of an enraged game-cock. Fit messenger of vengeance it is indeed; an army of locusts would be a far more dreadful sight than—a company of New England militia! Lui looks over my shoulder and says, "Miss B. wanted us to catch one yesterday to see whether their wings bore the letter P—or W. Seventeen years ago she says they bore the letter P—which signified peace. We caught one, and there was a letter W. on its wings, as plain as could be." So, Lui, you think we shall have a seventeen years' war now? "Oh I don't know—I did not say—may be so," and she returns to her sewing.

MRS. WREN AND HER FAMILY.
The shed is noisy again, after two or three days quiet, for the wrens are preparing their nest for a second brood. For a week or two, there was no peace about the house. Mrs. Wren did not wish her rising family to leave the nest till they were sufficiently fledged to leave it for good, and they, young-America-like, were for going ahead, and accordingly, every time she visited the nest they clamorously declared their intention of leaving, and she vociferously laid her commands on them to stay where they were, telling them in the most shrewish of tones, of the kitchen door gaping to receive and engulf them, and of the terrible

birds who did not wear feathers, who would certainly catch them. And to prove her words true, not a person could step to the door without receiving a vigorous shower of abuse from her scold's tongue. But one rainy day, the most adventures took advantage of her absence to flatter from the nest, and into the kitchen he came snare enough. Here, after driving him from behind the sink and under the stove, in both of which places he was in imminent danger of committing suicide, I succeeded in cornering and catching him. *Maitane La Mere* stood on the well house, as I went to the door and commenced scolding as usual. As he flew towards her, she alighted on the ground beside him, exchanged a short twitter of congratulation on his wonderful escape, then hastened to the nest, while he flew in triumph to the fence, after which I lost sight of him. Half an hour after, another followed, clinging to the side of the shed like a bat, then running like a mouse under the eaves, but keeping clear of the door, and eyeing me very suspiciously. Then came another, and another, and in the course of the afternoon Mrs. Wren glanced at me as coolly as if I had been a bluebird, without uttering a syllable, then picked up a screw and carried it to the nest! That same evening, I heard the old birds and the young conversing together in a low tone about the events of the day from the branches of the old crab-tree. In the shed silence reigned profound until now, when its sleeping echoes are reawakened, and I suppose the eye will be re-enslaved with variations.

GOON BY TO THE LOCUSTS AND LUL.
20th. The Locusts are leaving,—we have scarcely heard them for a day or two,—and yet the forest is green as ever, and other insects, and the frogs, are merry. And the desolation I feared—where are they? It is thus we magnify unknown dangers we, I say,—not all far there are those who will not believe in danger until they see it. And is it thus, that God watches over us for good, and causes his blessings ever silently to fall upon us, preserving us from the evils we fear, and from how many unknown and unsuspected dangers!

And Lui is leaving us! Lui, with her fairy figure and queasily air, dashed with a gypsy independence which might be dangerous to meddle with unnecessarily,—what shall we do without her? Nina, throwing aside her usual quiet dignity, and showing herself back in mock agony, laments that she must now *always* be a lady, for she will have no one to romp with her. She is in no danger, I think. *IDA.*—[Co. Gen.]

ESCAPE FROM ELBA.—If given to the *Times* exquisite pleasure to learn from the *Times* that Napoleon Bonaparte has escaped from Elba! At the last accounts, the Emperor was approaching Genoa, and the vessels of the multitude surrounding the little *Corse* were visible from the ramparts of the city! *Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!* There is now every reason to expect another great battle, probably at Waterloo. We shall look with confidence to Napoleon for all the partisans. If he is slow to a snail, he is sure to die. Nevertheless we feel sorry that the life of Napoleon should be thus proscribed to feed the appetite of the Larpies. We are reminded of poor Titus stretched on the flat of his back on the collar of Tartarus, with an everlasting sardonic grin on his face, which culture, like Abbati's Napoleon, grew as fast as it was eaten.

APPOINTMENTS OF STATE PROXIES AND DIRECTORS—VIRGINIA.

The following appointments of State proxies and directors, were made by the Board of Public Works at their recent meeting being the time for making the annual appointments:

Alexandria, Loudon and Hampshire Railroad Company.—John Bruce, John Luke and George H. Smoot proxies; John Powell, Jos. P. Dyer and Jos. Janner, directors.

Fredricksburg and Charlottesville Railroad Company.—John Seaton, Dr. J. R. Taylor, and S. G. Daniel, proxies. O. M. Crutchfield, John Lee and A. K. Phillips, directors.

Manassas Gap Railroad Company.—Hiram Martz, Philip Pittman, George W. Brent, proxies. Charles L. Hunton, William H. Irwin and Andrew Pittman, directors.

Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad Company.—Chas. H. Shield, Thomas H. Daniel and Jas. H. Johnson, proxies. A. P. Leonard, Josiah Willis and Walter H. Taylor, directors.

Orange and Alexandria Railroad Company.—Nathaniel J. Welch, B. H. Berry and Henry Shackelford, proxies. James Horner, Silas Burke and John Willis, directors.

Richmond and Petersburg Railroad Company.—Wm. F. Watson proxy. Francis E. Rivers Chas. Elias and Roscoe B. Heath, directors.

Richmond and Danville Railroad Company.—E. F. Garret, Wm. M. Tredway and T. W. McClellan, proxies. J. B. Stovall, B. M. Jones, and Lewis E. Harris, directors.

Richmond and York River Railroad Company.—Beverly B. Douglas, Samuel P. Harwood, and Lemuel J. Bowden, proxies. Wm. B. Tallaferris, H. B. Tomlin and Roger A. Fryor, directors.

Ronoke Valley Railroad Company.—Tucker Carrington proxy. Henry Wood, Jas. E. Haskins and Robert C. Nelson, directors.

South Side Railroad Company.—Thomas Wallace, E. G. Booth and Henry F. Bececk, proxies. James Alfred Jones, John Sturdivant and John S. Thornton, directors.

Virginia Central Railroad Company.—John Hartman, Wm. F. Gordon and John Echols, proxies. Wm. Overton, S. Carpenter and Samuel B. Brown, directors.

Virginia and Tennessee Railroad Company.—Chas. L. Crockett, John M. Preston and Benjamin Wilcox, proxies. Thomas L. Preston, Wm. T. Anderson and Wm. A. Reed, directors.

Winchester and Potomac Railroad Company.—Dr. Robert T. Baldwin, John R. Tucker and George B. Beall proxies. Jas. P. Riehl, Jas. M. Mason, and Andrew S. Hunter, directors.

Dismal Swamp Canal Company.—C. D. Newton, Tazewell Taylor and Simeon Wheeler, proxies.

At Hagerstown, Md., corn retails at \$1 25 per bushel; potatoes bring \$2 per bushel; and flour \$9 25 a bl.