East Saginaw Courier.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY. TERMS: $1.50 PER YEAR; INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. GEO. F. LEWIS, PUBLISHER.

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Business Directory.

East Saginaw Courier.

GEO. F. LEWIS, Proprietor.

Published every Thursday morning at the City of East Saginaw, Michigan.

TERMS:—$1.50 a year. Invariably in advance

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (16 lines or less) 1 week,	$1.00
" " each succeeding week,	25
One fourth Column, 1 Year,	$20.00
" half " "	30.00
" whole " "	50.00
Business Cards, 5 lines or less,	3.00

Other terms made known on application at the office.

Yearly advertisers will be entitled to a card in the Business Directory gratis.

JOB PRINTING.

Connected with the *Courier* office is a New and Extensive JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, wherein Plain and Ornamental Printing of every description will be done in the latest and most fashionable style.

Patronage is solicited. GEO. F. LEWIS.

Post Office Notice.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern Mails daily at 6 P. M.
Portsmouth & Bay City mail daily at 6 P. M.
Way mail from Flint daily at 12½ P. M.
Vassar & Tuscola, mail semi-weekly, Tuesday and Fridays.
Saginaw City mail daily at 2. P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern mails daily at 8 P. M.
Portsmouth & Bay City daily at 7 A. M.
Way mail to Flint daily at 1 P. M
Vassar & Tuscola, Semi-weekly mail Mondays and Thursdays at 1 P. M.
Saginaw City Mail daily at 12 M.
Office hours from 7 A. M. to 12½ P. M., and from 1 P. M. to 8½ P. M.

G. G. HESS. P. M.

East Saginaw, August 4, 1859.

Travelers Directory.

GOING EAST.

Bow & Burrell's Stage leaves daily for Flint and Holly, at 6 A. M., and 2 P. M., connecting with D. & M. R. W. to Detroit.

W. L. P. LITTLE & CO.,
Bankers and Exchange Brokers, buy and sell Exchange, Bank Notes, Gold and Silver, &c. Will give prompt attention to Collections, and remit drafts at current rates. Taxes paid for non-residents, and all matters connected with a Land Agency promptly attended to. EAST SAGINAW.

CURTIS, BLISS & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Clothing, Hats, Caps, &c. EAST SAGINAW.

W. L. SHERMAN.
Exchange Office, will buy and sell Notes, Mortgages, Drafts, &c., and uncurrent money. All collections promptly attended to. Office at Bay City, Bay County, Michigan. BAY CITY.

WEBBER & WHEELER.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law and Solicitors in Chancery. Agents for buying and selling Lands, paying Taxes, &c. Office, corner of Water and Genesee streets. EAST SAGINAW.

SETH WILLEY,
Justice of the Peace; office with Dillingham & Robinson, will attend promptly to the regular business of his office, conveyancing executing of papers collections, &c. EAST SAGINAW.

BYRON B. BUCKHOUT.
Wholesale and Retail dealer in English and American Hardware, Cultery, Iron, Agricultural Implements, Stoves, Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, &c. Brick Block. EAST SAGINAW.

HESS BRO. & CO.
Dealers in Drugs and Medicines. Patent Medicines &c. &c. Opposite Brick Hotel. EAST SAGINAW.

WILLIAM J. LOVELAND,
Attorney, Counsellor and Solicitor, Agent for buying and selling Lands, Paying Taxes, &c. EAST SAGINAW, - - MICHIGAN.

H. MARKS.
Dealer in Hats, Caps, Furs and Skins, Ready Made Clothing, Gloves, &c. Opposite Brisk Hotel. EAST SAGINAW.

MERSHON & BROS.
Will attend to the Purchase, Shipment and Inspection of Lumber on Saginaw River. Post Office Address, EAST SAGINAW.

JABEZ G. SOUTHERLAND.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Proctor in Admiralty. SAGINAW CITY.

JAMES BIRNEY.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Notary Public. BAY CITY.

MOORE & GAYLORD.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office in the Court House. SAGINAW CITY.

H. S. PENOYER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Land, Tax, and Collecting Agent. Office in the Court House, SAGINAW CITY.

WOODWORTH & WILSON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Land and Tax Paying Agents, MIDLAND CITY.

WILLIAM L. WEBBER.
United States Commissioner for the District of Michigan, Office, EAST SAGINAW.

DILLINGHAM & ROBINSON.
Attorneys & Counsellors. EAST SAGINAW.

D. W. C. GAGE.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery; also Land and Tax Agent. EAST SAGINAW.

GEO. W. WALDRON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Buena Vista Block, East Saginaw.

G. A. LATHROP.
Physician and Surgeon. Residence on east side of Washington street, between Williams and Hayden streets. EAST SAGINAW.

JAMES S. WEBBER.
Dealer in Family Groceries, Oils, Paints and Glass, Confectionaryr, Purnes and Raisins, Ladies' Work Baskets, Pots for House Plants, &c., &c. Water Street, five doors south of Brick Block. EAST SAGINAW.

AMBROTYPES.
EASTMAN, HAVING FITTED UP ROOMS over Sanborn & Tucker's Provision Store, is now prepared to take Ambrotypes in superior style, and put them up in beautiful cases just received by Express. Good pictures taken as low as FIFTY CENTS

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE.—JOHN DERBY has received a full assortment of Willow and Wooden Ware, among which may be found Children's Wagon, Cabs, Cradles, Chairs, &c. Also, Wooden Bowls, Faucets, Pails, Tubs, Sieves, Washboards, &c. &c., all of which are offered at very low prices.

LARGE BOX STOVES FOR STORES, SCHOOL Houses, &c., warranted not to crack or break in one year's fair usage. HESS & BRO.

NOTICE.

The Regular meeting of the Board of Education will be held on Tuesday, December 6th at the Common Council Rooms at 7 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN H. SPRINGER, Clerk.

FORCE OF GUNPOWDER.

The removal of the ruins of old St. Paul's, in London, formed an instructive chapter in architecture. We learn from the "Life of Wren" that the walls, eighty feet perpendicular, and five feet thick, and the tower at least two hundred feet high, through cracked, and swayed, and tottering, stuck obstinately together, and their removal, stone by stone, was found tedious and dangerous. At first men with picks and levers loosened the stones above, then canted them over, and laborers moved them away below, and piled them into heaps. The want of room (for between the walls of the church and those of the houses there lay a street only some thirty yards wide) made this way slow and unsafe. Several men lost their lives, and the pile of stones grew steep and large. Thus, however, Sir Christopher Wren proceeded, gaining every day more room till he came to the middle tower that bore the steeple. The remains of the tower being nearly two hundred feet high, the laborers were afraid to work above; thereupon he concluded to facilitate this work by the force of gunpowder. He dug a hole down by the northwest pillar of the tower, the four pillars of which were each about fourteen feet in diameter When he had dug to the foundation, he then, with crows and tools made on purpose, wrough a hole two feet square, hard into the centre of the pillar. There he placed a little tin box containing eighteen pounds of powder, and no more. A case was fixed to the box with a quick match, as gunners call it, within the case, which reached from the box to the ground above, and along the ground was laid the train of powder with a match

After this the mine was carefully closed up again with stone and mortar to the top of the ground. He then observed the effect of the blow. This little quantity of powder not only lifted up the whole angle of the tower, with two great arches which rested upon it, but also two adjoining arches of the aisles and all above them. And this it seemed to do somewhat leisurely, cracking the walls to the top, lifting visibly the whole weight above nine inches, which suddenly jumping down, made a great heap of ruins in the place without scattering.

It was a half a minute before the heap opened in two or three places, and emitted some smoke. By this description may be observed the incredible force of powder, eighteen pounds of which lifted up three thousand tons, and saved the work of a thousand laborers. The fall of so great a weight from a height of two hundred feet, gave a concussion to the ground that the inhabitants around took for an earthquake. During Wren's absence, his superintendent made a larger hole, put in a greater charge of gunpowder, and neglecting to fortify the mouth of the mine, applied the match. The explosion accomplished the object, but one stone was displaced with such violence that it flew to the opposite side of the churchyard, smashed in a window where some women were sitting, and alarmed the whole neighborhood so that they united in petitioning that no more powder should be used.

WHALE FISHING.—A young man who left Syracuse some months ago, on a whaling voyage, writes an interesting letter to the *Standard* from the Sandwich Islands, where the ship he was attached to was anchored in November. We make the following extract:

On this voyage, thus far, we have taken 13 whales and one *stinker*, (dead whale,) and in these captures we have used the Bomb Gun. This gun is about 3 feet in length, with a bore of 1¼ inches, made of steel, and weighs 30 lbs. It is stout, solid and compact—carries a lance of 20 inches in length. The lance is round, with one end pointed, and concave on three sides; on the other end, for about 8 inches, is drilled a very fine hole, in which is placed a *fuse*, leading to the *chamber* or the other 12 inches of the lance, which contains an explosive composition which in force is sixteen times that of gunpowder. The lance contains 4 ounces, thus making the charge equal to 4lbs. gunpowder. The gun is first charged with a small quantity of gunpowder, and with a leather wad, with a hole in the center. The *fuse* end of the lance is then put in, leaving the other end to cut its was into the whale. When the gun is discharged the fire catches the fuse through the hole in the wad, and in three or four seconds you hear an explosion in the whale which generally ends his life, and is always *sure* if put in a vital part. This lance is generally used after a whale has had his "first run" or sound. The boat is hauled close on to him, and as soon as he shows a chance the lance is fired into him just abaft the shoulder blade, which is sure to reach his life. Sometimes a whale shows a good chance when going up to "fasten," and he is "bomed" at the same time he is struck. The gun costs sixty dollars, and each lance $3, and is a Yankee invention, —excellent for the saving of life and limb in the whale business.

A VALUABLE HORSE.—On the night of the 21st ult., Mr. Thomas Green, of Lyons, Ill., was thrown from his horse, and his ankle-bone broken, leaving him helpless on the road. The horse manifested great concern for his injured rider, going four different times to a neighboring house, and as often returning to him, smelling of him and whinnying on the road, showing so much distresss as to induce a gentleman to follow him to where Mr. Green lay on the road, perfectly helpless, and liable to be run over in the dark.

Selected Poetry.

THE MODERN MITHRIDATES.

O! bring my breakfast—give to me
Bread that is snowy and light of weight—
Of alum and bone-dust let it be,
Chalk, and ammonia's carbonate;
Sulphates of zinc and copper too,
Plaster of Paris, finely ground,
Will make it evenly white clear through
With the outside nicely browned.

Give me butter to eat with the bread—
Colored with saffron and turmeric
Or orpiment, richer in tint, 'tis said;
Let lard and sheep's brains make it thick,
Give me tea of a clear green hue,
Made of soapstone, willow-leaves,
Arsenite of copper and Prussian blue—
Their flavor the palate deceives.

Bring sugar, and sweeten the portion well—
Sugar of lead, and iron, and sand,
Sweet as honey of Hydromel
Or the pressure of Mithridates' hand!
Though may be coffee would clear my head
Better than such a cup of tea—
Coffee of ochre, Venetian red
And the potent chicoree.

Then, with my chop, let pickles green
Cool my tongue with flavorous bliss;
Steeped and soaked they must have been
In salts of copper and verdigris;
Most inviting to me they are
When full of the pungent taste I find
In sulphuric acid vinegar—
A condiment just to my mind.

Ha! you start! you think that I,
Being a man of mortal clay,
After my meal will surely die,
For these are deadly poisons, you say;
Poisons! yes! yet one and all
Are found on every grocer's shelves—
Our bills of mortality are not small,
But how can we help ourselves! G. A.

From the Cincinnati Times.

"Keep Off Dat Heel!"

Isaiah Smith is black enough to pass for the ace of spades. His body presents the Ethiopian formation, without blemish. He exhibits the woolly head, the thick lips, and the long heels. Now, Isaiah is a peaceable man, and being peaceable, no one has a right to tramp on his heels.—Yet some body did do it, the other night, down on Race street and Cherry alley, and beside that gave Isaiah a "clue" on his left cheek. How it happened we do not know to a positive certainty, but we will let Julius Cæsar Anderson, a wpolly-headed friend of Isaiah's, tell the story. One Joseph Wellenkamp, being charged with assaulting Isaiah, in the Police Court this morning, Julius Cæsar Anderson was called up for a witness.

"Well, you see, hoss," said he, after being sworn, "I cooks down on Sixth street. Well, I meets Isaiah, and sez Isaiah to me, 'Dat wife mine bery sick, Julius, an' I wants you to gwy long down an' see her.' 'Doesn't care if I does,' sez I to Isaiah, so down dar we goes. Well, Isaiah's wife war bery sick. We guys into de house an' found her in de bed.—'How is you?' sez I to Isaiah's wife.—'Dam sick,' sez she, '*but I thinks if Isaiah go gets me a bolonu sassage, I eats it and gets better!*'"

This created a roar of laughter, which caused Julius to roll up the whites of his eyes and exclaim—

"Dat's so! She want de sassage, so Isaiah and I guys 'long for de sassage.—We gets to de street, an' Isaiah yells out, 'Get off dat heel!' Sez I, 'Bress de lor', I ain't on yer heel, Isaiah.' Den he looks around, and dar stood dat white man, stan'in' on Isaiah's heel'"

Here the laughter drowned the witness' voice. After awhile he continued:

"Lor' a mighty, I war skeered. You better b'lieve I takes de outside by de curb. Den dat white man he get off Isaiah's heel an' he up fist an' fotch him a lick right spang in de face. Den sez I, 'Legs, do him duty,' an' I runs like de bery debbel. When dis chicken comes back he goes de odder way, he did."

Such was the cream of Julius Cæsar's testimony. Both he and Isaiah swore positively that the accused stood on the latter's heel. On the other side, Wellenkamp brough in two witnesses who swore that he never touched Isaiah, and that one of them, named Hinton, was the fellow who offended Isaiah. The Court gave Julius Cæsar's testimony the preference, found Wellenkamb guilty, and fined him $5 and costs. There must have been "tar on dat heel."

GENIUS AND LABOR.—Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend:—"Men gave me some credit for genius.—All the genius I have is just this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearing. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what the people called the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who requested him to speak on a subject of great importance: "The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time. There, sir," pointing to a huge pile of letters on the table, "is a pile of letters to which I must reply before the close of the session, (which was then three days off) I have not time to master the subject so as to do it justice."

"But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do so much to awaken public attention to it."

"If there be so much weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject till I have imbued my mind with it."

"Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused.

The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

THE BANCROFT HOUSE.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH.

[Opened, September 7, 1859.]

HENRY HOBBS, PROPRIETOR.

The above is a very correct engraving of the Bancroft House, situated on the corner of Genesee and Washington sts., in this city, having a front of 100 feet on the former, and 120 feet on the latter street. It is 4 stories high, built of brick, with stone sills and curved iron lintels for windows, and from the outside presents a very imposing appearance. The internal arrangements are excellent; elegant parlors, spacious rooms and halls, bath rooms, reading room, billiard room, shaving saloon and all the appurtenances of a modern first class hotel. The fixtures in the house are of great elegance of design; the carpeting was gotten up by Stewart of New York, and is in the ladies' parlor of velvet tapestry, the other parlor floors are covered with brussels; the upper rooms with ingrain. The house is lit by gas, and by means of a six horse power steam engine located in the rear of the building both hot and cold water is carried into every story. It was opened to the public September 7, 1859, five months ago, and already, under the supervision of Mr. Hobbs, the attentive, liberal and popular landlord, it has attained a reputation not second to any hotel in the West.

A MURDERER CONVICTED BY THE MICROSCOPE. — The microscope is daily becoming a more important aid to legal investigation. An illustration of this occurred not long ago, in which a murder was brought home to the criminal by means of this instrument. Much circumstantial evidence had been adduced against him, among which was the fact, that a knife in his possession was smeared with blood, which had dried on the blade and on the handle. The prisoner strove to turn aside the force of this circumstance by asserting that he had cut some raw beef with the knife, and had omitted to wipe it.

The knife was submitted to an eminent professor of microscopy, who immediately discovered the following facts:—1. The stain was certainly blood. 2. It was not the blood of a piece of dead flesh, but that of a living body; for it had coagulated where it was found. 3. It was not the blood of an ox, sheep or hog. 4. It was human blood. Besides these facts, however, other important ones were revealed by the same mode of investigation. 5. Among the blood were found some vegetable fibres. 6. These were proved to be *cotton* fibres,—agreeing with those of the murdered man's shirt and neck-kerchief. 7. There were present also numerous tessellated epithelial cells. In order to understand the meaning and the bearing of this fact, I must explain that the whole of the internal surface of the body is lined with a delicate membrane (a continuation of the external skin,) which discharges mucus, and is hence termed mucus membrane. Now this is composed of loose cells, which very easily separate, called epithelial cells; they are in fact constantly in process of being detached (in which state they constitute the mucus,) and of being replaced from the tissue beneath. Now microscopial anatomists have learned that these epithelial scales or cells, which are so minute as to be undiscernible by the unaided eye, differ in appearance and arrangement in different parts of the body. Thus, those which line the gullet and the lower part of the throat are *tesselated*, or resemble the stones of a pavement; those that cover the tongue are arranged in cylinders or tall cones, and are known as *columnar;* while those that line some of the viscera of the abdomen carry little waving hairs (*cilia*) at their tips, and are known as ciliated epithelium.

The result of the investigation left no doubt remaining that with that knife the *throat* of a *living human* being, which throat had been protected by some *cotton* fabric, had been cut. The accumulation of evidence was fatal to the prisoner, who without the microscopic testimony might have escaped.—*Gosse's Evenings at the Microscope.*

☞ Among the many amusing documents we have seen in this country; one which lately came to our hands, among a file of last summer's applications for donations, is the beater. We give a literal copy.

"In the name of the people of the State of Michigan, I do solemnly swear, that I have not no meal nor bread in my house so help me God."—*Gratiot News, 3d.*

AN OLD YARN.—A yarn has been going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that the Grand Trunk Railway had five thousand axes made in England from a pattern, which was so closely imitated by the mechanic that there were no eyes in any of them, the pattern itself being destitute of that requisite. The same story was told of the Hudson's Bay Company forty years ago.

ADULTERATED LIQUOR.—The good people of Ohio have an efficient officer in the person of Dr HIRAM COX, official inspector of liquors at Cincinnati. In a recent report on the subject of adulteration, he relates the following incident.—They must have sharp liquor in Porkopolis:

"I called at a grocery store one day, where liquor also is kept. A couple of Irishmen came in while I was there and called for some whiskey, and the first drank, and the moment he drank the tears flowed freely, while at the same time he caught his breath like one suffocated or strangling. When he could speak he says to his companion, 'Och, Michael, but this is warmin' to the stomach!'—Michael drank and went through like contortions, with the remark, 'Wouldn't it be foine in a cowld frosthy morning?' After they had drank I asked the landlord to pour me out a little in a tumbler, in which I dipped a slip of litmus paper, which was no sooner wet than it put on a scarlet hue. I found it had 17 per cent. alcoholic spirits by weight, when it should have had 40 per cent. to be proof, and the difference in per centage was made up by sulphuric acid, red pepper, pelitory, caustic potassa, and brucine, one of the salts of nucis vomicæ, commonly called nux vomica. One pint of such liquor would kill the strongest man."

IS THE WORLD A MISTAKE? — One of the saddest mistakes which the good people have made is in supposing the world to be a mistake. To these people—and their number is not small—the earth is but a theatre of pain and sickness, sorrow and death. Joy is illusive, pleasure a cheat, laughter a mockery, and happiness a thing impossible, and not even to be looked for on this side of the grave. The performence of all duty is the "taking up" of what they call "a cross." They are actually afraid to be happy, under an overshadowing impression that they have no right to be happy in this life. They believe there is something intrinsically bad in the world that they inhibit and all the joy that proceeds from it. They have an idea that the moral evil, which afflicts the human race has struck in.—To them life is a trial—severe, unrelenting, perpetual. All that seems good and graceful and glorious in the world is a hollow sham, for the deception of the unwary and the ruin of the unwise.

☞ A wretch, whose wife had probably ran away from him because he didn't know how to treat her as a faithful, and obedient husband should, says of the advantages the sex possesses over man:

A woman says what she chooses without being knocked down for it.

She can take a snooze after dinner while her husband goes to work.

She can go into the street without being asked to treat at every saloon.

She can paint her face if it is too pale, and powder it if it is too red.

She can stay at home in time of war, and get married again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick—other fixings if too thin.

She can eat, drink, and be merry, without costing her a cent.

She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one she likes better.

She can get her husband in debt all over, until he warns the public, by advertisements, not to trust her on his account.

A LARGE YIELD — We are informed that LEWIS SHAVER, miller, in the Ithaca Mills made last week from 13 bushels of wheat, 608 pounds of flour, making over 46 pounds of flour to the bushel of grain. —*Gratiot News, 10th.*

The Protection of Mount Vernon.

A somewhat exaggerated statement, calculated to do injury, appeared in the Washington correspondence of a morning contemporary, a few days since, relative to some recent visitors to Mount Vernon, who, it is alleged, were closely watched and scrutinized by the present occupant, Mr. WASHINGTON, during their visit; and the circumstance is seized upon for sectional reflections with reference to Mount Vernon, and most unjust dispargement of Mr. WASHINGTON. No one who may be willing to take a common sense and unprejudiced view of the matter, or who will consider for how many years past it has become necessary for Mr. WASHINGTON to be on the constant watch, in order to protect that hallowed shrine from insult and vandalism, will wonder that some system of espionage upon the crowds who visit Mount Vernon is demanded, and especially at this time when the American public are so nearly ready to claim the property as their own, and when the proprietor, moreover, may be presumed to be even more than ordinarily anxious to maintain the estate in a good condition, in view of its early relinquishment by him. We could not begin to name the irreparable damage which has continually been done by thoughtless visitors to these hallowed premises in order to obtain relics—such as window panes broken, ballusters taken down, vines and rare plants sundered and bodily carried away; and—our blood tingles as we write it—even some of the very bricks which held up the Sarcophagus, containing the ashes of the "Father of his Country," have been drawn out from their sacred office, by means of the hooked canes of some sacreliegious Vandals and taken off as curiosities. An irrepressible conflict between the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, would not permit Mount Vernon to remain long where it is; and it need not be wondered that some system of surveillance is absolutely necessary to prevent its being scatered by piece-meal all over the Union by curiosity mongers, who possess not the first feeling of reverence.

These depredations are not fanciful.—They are apparent to every visitor.—During a pleasant visit to Mount Vernon last spring, we found the grand "Banqueting Hall" closed to visitors, and were pained to learn that it had become necessary to shut it up, that no further damage should be done to the beautiful *bas relievos* upon the mantel-piece—and which were presented to WASHINGTON by SAMUEL VAUGHN, Esq., of London—as some of the exquisitely carved figures had been broken entirely asunder and carried off.

Mr. WASHINGTON is, doubtless, more anxious than ever that nothing shall befal or cause injury to the property he may so soon have to vacate, and we are not surprised—while he has permitted the Association, under the supervision of Mr. UPTON H. HERBERT, to go on with some urgent repairs—that a strict vigilance is kept up until he gives to the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association full and final possession. All the purchase-money has not yet been paid, nor is it deemed advisable, although we believe the Association have a surplus of some $20,000 to pay the last balance of some $6,000, until they feel warranted in not being beggared after they get there. When the surety of the balance of $150,000 needed for the restoration and maintenance of the estate is given, as it most unquestionably will be soon, the balance due will be paid to Mr. WASHINGTON, giving him at the same time the required six months notice to quit.

We must confess to an abiding faith in Miss ANN PAMELA CUNNINGHAM, and her administrative talent already shown in the successful issue of her noble scheme, and we feel confident that no sectional spirit can ever grow out of elements so pure and lofty. We have no fears for the future of Mount Vernon—that it will be preserved intact and complete, to all coming time, as the once beloved home of the great WASHINGTON; and the country at large cannot be too grateful to Miss CUNNINGHAM, and the noble women of all the States, with hearts and hands so firmly united, which she has drawn around her in the Association, for having rescued from utter desolation this sacred property. When the estate does pass into their hands, we feel that it will be literally *nationalized* for the use (not abuse) of the people of the whole Union.—*Pennsylvanian.*

☞ The last number of the Knickerbocker has a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to go to bed intoxicated and disturb his wife during the whole night. Upon his being charged by a friend that he never went to bed sober, he indignantly denied the charge, and gave the incident of one particular night in proof:

"Pretty soon after I got into bed, my wife said, 'Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act strangely!'

"There's nothing the mater with me," said I. "Nothing at all."

"I'm sure there is," said she, "you don't act natural at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?"

And up she got, lighted a candle, and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand.

"I knew there was something strange about you," said she, "why! YOU ARE SOBER."

"Now this is a fact, and my wife will swear to it, so don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months, 'cause I have."

☞ The Alabama Legislature has rushed through a bill requiring all spiritualists to pay a license fee of $500 before they can open their circles.

Graphic Account of the Ague.

The local man of the North American thus records his experiences of the "fever an ague."

"If our local department has been better for the past few days than before, it is to be attributed to the absence of our "regular" reporter, who succombed for forty-eight hours to an attack of what, in Western parlance, is termed the "agur"—in the vernacular, chills and fever.—People who have never enjoyed a bout with this vigorous affection, have missed a series of sensations to which all others are as pig iron to doubloons. The primary symptons are a feeling of "goneness" in the stomach, the diaphram feeling as tho' it were an imperfectly inflated balloon, floating in space, without ballast, altogether in violation of the physical unities. At the same time, your head feels as tho' it was a bass drum, with four boys thumping at each end. This is for about two hours, when the chill comes on. The chill is an institution that would, we think, have more sorely tried the patience of Job than all the "boils" in the universe. It commences at the bottom of the spine, and slowly ascends until it reaches the brain; its progress being about an inch in every five minutes—the taller the man, the livelier the time he has of it. When we say lively, we mean that the teeth, for the time being, usurp the functions of the tongue, and chatter as incessantly as a bevy of advanced spinsters at a country tea party. The only sound that can equal it is Pete Morris' celebrated race horse solo on the bones.

The peculiar sensation of the chill can be faintly imitated by suspending a cake of ice down your back by a set of pullies passing over the ears. Draw up the cord so that the ice ascends the spinal column at the rate of an inch per hour, and you have a pretty good idea of "the chill."—Of course it is undeastood that the experiment is performed when the mercury stands at zero, and you are standing up to your knees in a snow bank.

After lying in this condition, under the weight of six heavy quilts which impart no warmth whatever, you have an interval or rest. Then comes the fever, and you pass through the opposite extreme of heat. You imbibe a gallon, more or less, of lemonade, and then, worn out with the shake, you fall asleep. If you are in a cheap boarding house, the landlady may perhaps send up the servant, with the request that "you will please get up and do your shaking on a chair, as the bedstead isn't accustomed to rough usage." Such things have been done, and may be again. It looks rather unfeeling, but is nothing to what is endured upon waking from that sleep. Then comes the misery of the ague. The excruciating headache which still remains is bad enough, but not worse than the impotency of one's underpinning, the limbs feeling as though every kneepan had its bottom knocked out, and every fire-plug one met in the street was a stuffed reception chair, with extended arms, imploring you to be seated.

Henceforth we shall never wish our bitterest enemy a greater misery than the ague. Compared to it, all other maladies become mere whimseys."

CAN TRAVEL LIKE PIZEN. — The electric telegraph is bound to remain a mystery to the million, and ludicrous conceptions of its *modus operandi*, which some of the most ignorant people have formed, are as mirth provoking as anything out of Rabelais or Smollett. The last illustration of this that has fallen under our eyes, is the following story from the Pittsburg *Journal:*

Not long since, an old lady entered O'Reilly's office in this city, and said she had a message to send to Wheeling. In a few minutes her note was deposited in a dumb waiter, and ascended in a mysterious manner through the ceiling.

"Is that going straight to Wheeling?" inquired the old lady, with her eyes bent upon the ceiling.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the clerk.

"I never was there," continued she, "but it hardly seems possible that there town is in that direction. When will I get an answer, Mr. Telegraph?"

"I can scarcely tell, ma'am; it may be two or three hours."

The old lady went away and returned in exactly two hours. Just as she entered the door, the dumb waiter came down through the ceiling.

"The is your answer, ma'am," said the clerk.

The old lady took the neat yellow envelope in her hands, with a smile of mingled gratification and astonishment.

"Now that beats all," exclaimed she, "bless my heart. All the way from Wheeling, and the wafer still wet. That is an awkward looking box, but it can travel like pizen."

☞ "In all that Macaulay wrote, even in his boyish beginnings," says a writer in the London News, "We find those brilliant flashes, not of silence (as Sydney Smith observed in a waggish moment), but of assertion which lend a grace—a passing grace—to his manner and his style. He was a desperate assertor.—What Lord Melbourne said of him was true of him from first to last. 'I wish,' said Prime Minister Melbourne, 'that I was as sure of any one thing as—Tom Maculay is sure of everything!'"

THE U. S. MINT.—The greatest activity prevails at the United States Mint.—The receipts of gold the past month have been very large—larger, we hear, than for the previous three months together.