

THE HERALD
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making more than one square will be charged
\$1.00 per square; 15 cents per square
will be charged for each insertion continued
after the first. By These terms will be
understood.

From the Detroit Daily Advertiser.
THE SONG OF THE SAINT.
Suggested by the "Song of the Wives"—suggested
by the "Song of the Wives."
BY T. M. McGRATH.
With occasional rancid and stale,
Old tales and legends,
St. Anns is making a terrible wall,
And calls on his loco crew;
Blame! Shame! Shame!
Blame, and Groswell and all,
Blame! we must cry from the wall,
The people with lies till fall!
"Hear—Hear—Hear,
Let no man deny;
I fear—fear—fear,
The people will vote for Clay!
Blair and Duncanson and Dorr,
Dorr and Duncanson and Blair,
Ayee and woe ransomed was,
Attack with falsehoods rare!"
"Lie—lie—lie!
Lie in forum and hall;
Lie—lie—lie!
Ours, Editors, all;
For Clay comes in his might,
His banner and the stars;
Better to die than yield in the light,
Then lie for your party lie!"
"Try—try—try,
What slander old may do;
Try—try—try,
What you can add thereto,
Print—print—print,
And launch the truth away,
Hut—hut—hut,
What you can against Clay!"
"Strike—strike—strike,
To tarnish his good name;
Till, and wrestle and strive,
To scull his well earned fame,
O, but to have the power,
The public will to sway,
And crash to earth the well known worth,
Of that Henry Clay!"
"With thoughts which never knew truth—
With hearts of ready guile,
Speak of his early youth,
Slander, abuse and revile!
O, for a scold to speak,
That the people will believe;
L. J. Kremer rise, his ancient the
Might, may be, still deceive!"
"Ploughmen and artisans too!
Merchants, Mechanics and all,
Work—work—work,
To roll the great whizzing ball!
Give us some magical word,
(Democrat's lost its power),
Something, no matter how absurd,
To save in this dread hour!"
"Come—come—come,
Come, for the party's sake;
Come—come—come,
For the Wives are all awake,
Midland, and Island and Cape—
River, and inlet and bay,
And mountains and glen, rings with voices of men,
Cheering our country, Clay!"
With falsehoods rancid and stale,
Old tales escaped anew,
St. Anns is making a terrible wall,
And calls on his loco crew;
Blame! Shame! Shame!
Blame, and Groswell and all,
Blame! we must cry from the wall,
The people with lies till fall!
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Cheering our country, Clay!"

The Auction, A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE

BY JAMES REES.
It was a tempestuous night, the wind
whistled fearfully, and hailstones whose
size threatened to demolish the windows,
rattled against them with a pertinacity as if
to test their strength. In the parlor of a
fine old fashioned house, beside a rather
comfortless fire on such a night, were seated
the family of Mr. Sutherland, consisting
of himself, wife, daughter, and a faithful
maid servant, a heavy gloom more of sorrow
than of anger, rested on each brow, not
even excepting that of the maid servant al-
luded to, from whose eager glances ever and
anon cast towards the family group, the
close observer would have noted the deep
interest she took in the cause of their grief.
The picture was a melancholy one, for
victims in distress has no light shade to
relieve it, all around and about it is dark and
sombre. The sensitive artist would have
thrown aside his pencil, if the subject had
been presented to his view as we have to
describe it, and his heart would have received
an impression which he could not have
transferred to canvas.
"To-morrow," observed Mr. Sutherland,
(it is the anniversary of the melancholy death
of our dear Henry—to-morrow will be ten
years since the vessel in which he sailed
was lost, and all on board perished—all,
all!)
"Alas," exclaimed his wife, as the tears
coursed their way down her cheeks, "to-
morrow will be a melancholy day."
"Indeed it will, for to-morrow this house
which belonged to my father—the furniture
which time has made, as it were a part
of ourselves, associated with many a pleasing
event in our lives, is to be sold—torn from
us by the unrelenting hands of creditors;
but thank Providence, misfortune not crime
has reduced us to this stage of poverty."
"Will they sell everything,—can we secure
nothing?" asked the daughter.
"No my child unless with what little money
a friend generously loaned me, I can
secure a few articles. Ellen my dear, take
your pencil and put them down;—first the
sideboard, two beds, chairs and kitchen
things. The sideboard is true, will be a
superfluous piece of furniture, but it be-
longed to mother, and I cannot, and will not
part with it!"
"But my piano, Pa!—must it go?"
The wife sighed, the father cast his eyes
towards the flickering fire, and the daughter
was silent. The fate of the piano was
decided upon. A melancholy pause in the
conversation plainly told how severe was
the alternative—for the law never studies
the feelings of its victims when exacting
the penalty of a bond.
"Go, Mary," said Mr. Sutherland, ad-
dressing the servant, "go and request the
sheriff's officer, who is watching the prop-
erty, to walk into the parlor; he is not do-
ing his duty—no doubt it is painful to him
as it is distressing to us. Let him have a
seat at our fire, and a cup of tea for it is a
severe night."
"It is indeed a fearful night," observed
Mrs. Sutherland, "and we have been rude
to this man."

RUTLAND HERALD.

BY GEO. H. BEAMAN. RUTLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1844. Vol. 50—No. 27.

"Mother, I have made a fire in the room
where he is but—"
"Speak out child—it was the last stick."
"Father it was—"
Mary returned with the officer, a polite
gentlemanly man; for such should be the
character of the men who have to perform a
part of the drama of life, not unlike that of
the inquisitors of old, whose province it was
to torture by the rack, with this difference,
however; theirs was a "physical torture"—
ours a "mental" one, administered with all
the nicety and precision of "legal justice!"
The officer politely received the invitation—
and endeavored to cheer his victims, by en-
umerating many cases of a similar kind,
equally poignant and distressing. Thus the
evening passed heavily and cheerlessly
away.
On the morning of the contemplated sale
there was to be seen a crowd of people
flocking to the house of Mr. Sutherland—
Some out of sheer, heartless curiosity,
"friends" of the family who came with
mockery on their lips—and empty purses.
Others with an intent to purchase, but no one
among the crowd showed the least desire to
aid, or sympathize with the distress of the
family. This is the world; we laugh at
the misfortunes of our fellow creatures, and
even mock their distresses, by witnessing
in silence their sufferings. The auctioneer
was now making arrangements, by flourish-
ing his hammer, rolling his eyes and
using his tongue. The motley crowd
gathered around him. The house was put
up first, it was accurately described—free
from all incumbrances, and subject to but
very small ground rent. It was started at
five thousand dollars. There were several
bidders, all of whom seemed anxious to
purchase it. Seven thousand five hundred dol-
lars was at last bid, upon which the auctioneer
drove for a moment. Mr. Sutherland
compressed his lips together, and muttered
to himself, "it cost my father fifteen thou-
sand dollars!" "Seven thousand five hundred
dollars. Going—going—once—twice—
three times—for the last time going—
eight thousand—once—eight thousand—twice
—eight thousand three times—going—gone
—what name?" "Clifford" was the response,
and all eyes rested on a tall, noble looking
man, who had remained silent during the
rapid bidding of the speculators—and who
as the whisper went round was a total
stranger.
"It is gone," whispered Mr. Sutherland
to his wife as he pressed her hand in silent
grief. "We have no home now."
"Now, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer,
"we will sell this sideboard, in regard to
which I am requested by the creditor to
say that it is an old family piece, and it is
the wish of the owner to retain it if possible.
I merely mention this as it known to you
under what circumstances the things are
sold."
This had the desired effect—no one
seemed willing to bid against the unfortu-
nate man, who started it at ten dollars—
Twenty was bid by Clifford; twenty-five
from Mr. Sutherland; fifty from Mr. Clif-
ford silenced the anxious parents, and the
family piece of furniture was knocked down
to the new owner of the house. A gentleman
that stood by remarked that the act was
a cold heartless one. "Was it," sarcastically
asked Mr. Clifford, "then sir, why did you
not buy it for him?"
Mr. Sutherland was much affected at
this little incident. "He little knows how
much he has lacerated his heart. But I
will purchase the piano for my child."
He stepped up to Mr. Clifford, and told him
the desire he had to purchase the piano for
his daughter and he hoped he would not bid
against him.
"Sir," said the stranger, "I will not deceive
you as much as I respect your feelings,
and the sympathy of this good company; I
cannot, nay, will not alter the determina-
tion made when I first entered this house."
"And pray sir, what may it be?"
"To purchase everything in it, and by
heaven I'll do it, though I pay double
price."
"Strange," muttered Mr. Sutherland, as
he found his family in another part of the
room.
The stranger fulfilled his promise, and
actually bought everything, from the house
itself, down to the very axe in the cellar.
After the sale was over, and the company
had retired, Mr. Clifford requested the
auctioneer to walk with him into an adjoining
room. After the lapse of a few moments
they both returned to the parlor where
the family still remained. The auctioneer
looked around, gave a knowing smile, wish-
ed them all good day, "I never heard of
such a thing, a perfect romance, ha! ha! ha!"
"You are now," observed Mr. Sutherland
to Mr. Clifford, "the owner of this house and
furniture—they were once mine—let that
pass."
"I am, Sir for the time being, your land-
lord!"
"I understand you, sir, but I will not long
remain your tenant; I was going to observe
however that there was two or three articles
which I am anxious to purchase—that
sideboard, for instance is a family relic—I
will give fifty dollars, the price you paid,
and I feel assured under the circumstances,
you will not refuse this favor?"
"I cannot take it, sir!"
"Obdurate—ungrateful man!"
"Will you not let pa buy my piano, sir?"
bubbly asked Ellen. "He will give you
the price at which it was sold."
"It is painful for me young lady, to re-
fuse even this—I will sell nothing—not even
the wood saw in the cellar."
"Then, Mr. Clifford," exclaimed Mr.
Sutherland, "we have no business here—
come, my dear—Ellen get your bonnet—
that's your hand box—let us quit this house
we are not even free from insult. Where
is Mary?"
"I am here, sir—the key of my trunk is
lost and I am fastening it with a rope."
"Stop, my girl—but methinks I purchas-

ed that trunk!" coolly observed the stran-
ger.
"Mr. Clifford—I am not so old but that
I can resent an insult—nay, will, if you
carry this arrogant, and to me strange, con-
duct much further; that girl has been to
me and mine, the best and I may say the
only friend; she has remained with us in
poverty, assisted us in our distress not in-
frequently, but her purse; she is not to
me as a servant, but one of my family
—for there is—thank heaven—no such
base distinction in poverty that exists in a
state of bloated wealth. Here, here, with
nothing but what we have upon our backs
the master and the servant are equal. She
is part of my family, and I will protect her
from insult. That trunk is hers, and who
dare take it from her? Not you, sir!"
Mr. Clifford cast his eyes upon Mary,
who at that moment arose from the floor—
for a moment they gazed upon each other in
silence—and she you say, has been to you
a friend?"
"Indeed she has—a kind noble one."
"Mr. Sutherland, stay—no moment, my
good girl, put down that trunk—take a seat,
madam; permit me Miss to hand you a
chair; Mr. Sutherland will be seated? I
have yet something more to say. When
you requested me to yield up the wish I
had to purchase this sideboard, I told you
that it was my determination to buy it, and
I tell you that I will not sell it!"
"This, Mr. Clifford, needs no repetition."
"Aye, but it does, and when that young
lady made the same request for her piano
my answer was the same. Stop, hear me
out; no man would act so without a motive
—no one particularly, a stranger, would
court the displeasure of a crowded room,
and bear up against the frowns of many
without an object. Now I had an object—
and that was—be seated sir—madam your
attention—that object was to buy this house
and furniture, for the sole purpose of restor-
ing them to you and yours again?"
"Sir, is not this a cruel jest?"
"Is it possible?" exclaimed mother and
daughter.
An amazement took possession of Mary,
and her trunk fell to the floor with a crash,
causing her small stock of clothing to roll
out, which she eagerly gathered up and
thrust back, without any regard to the man-
ner in which it was done.
"The auctioneer," continued Mr. Clifford,
"has my instructions to have matters arranged
for the morrow. In the mean time you
are at home, Mr. Sutherland you are in
your own house—and I, the intruder."
"Intruder, sir? Oh yes not that—I will
tell you what a relief this knowledge is to
me, but I am yet to learn how I am to pay
you for all this—and what could have in-
duced you a total stranger thus to step
forward. Ah! a thought strikes me—gracious
heaven! Can it be? look on me Mr.
Clifford—may start not? The stranger actu-
ally recoiled from the glance of Suther-
land's eye—look on me, sir; has that girl
—that innocent girl—who stands trembling
there, any interest in this generous act
of yours? Speak sir and let me know at
once, that I may spurn your offer and re-
sent the insult."
"I will not deny, sir, but she has."
"My father, dear father! I never before
saw the gentleman's face!"
"Say not so, Miss."
"Sir—I—indeed father, I—"
"Remember ten years back—call to mind
a light haired boy whom you called—"
"Brother!"
"Gracious heaven—Henry my boy—"
"Is here—I am your long lost son!"
"Need we add more? Our readers can
readily imagine that a more cheerful fire
blazed upon the hearth, and that Mary the
faithful servant was not forgotten in the gen-
eral joy that prevailed on the occasion."
LAST DAYS OF CROCKETT.
A pamphlet with this title has been
issued in St. Louis. It is by Henry Brown,
a gentleman who has resided many years
in La. Vacca Texas, and writes from obser-
vation and correct information derived by
inquiry on the spot. It gives an account
of Panning's Massacre, as well as the bat-
tle of Concepcion, Goliath, San Antonio, and
in fact the whole history of the war. We
copy a part of the narrative of the death of
Crockett.
Col. Crockett, wounded and closely
pursued by a number of the enemy, retreated
to a church, falling them as they approach-
ed. He stationed himself in a niche in the
corner, determined to face the foe to the last,
and sell his life dearly, with his favorite ri-
fle, and a superabundance of side-arms, he
heaved and shot them down with the same
awful certainty which was wont to charac-
terize his indomitable spirit. His position
rendered access to him utterly impossible
except by a direct and exposed approach
in front; and after some eight or ten of them
were laid dead before him a feeling of awe
seemed to seize hold of the assailants. One
of them who could speak a little broken
English, probably hoping to have the sig-
nal honor of capturing his enemy, said to
Crockett, "Surrender, Senator." A flash of
the most sovereign scorn darted from his
fierce eye as it pierced that of the enemy he
seemed to be transfixed. In a voice of
thunder Crockett answered—Surrender!
"No—I am an American! and as he spoke
he sent a ball through the heart of the par-
alyzed foe.
He appeared for a moment like a wound-
ed tiger, strengthened and buoyed by each
additional wound, now heaving them down
with his well tried sword—next dealing
death with his side arms. His person was
literally drenched with his own blood; his
strength must soon yield to its loss. Yet
such physical power, wrought to the high-
est extent can perform incredible prodig-
es. This was the last concentrated ener-
gy of a powerful man aroused, animated
and guided by one of the noblest attributes
of Man—love of liberty.

He knew for what his life was about to
be sacrificed; that devastation and butcher-
ing would follow the footsteps of his heart-
less foe; that helpless women would be
sacrificed to satiate the cruel desire of the
conqueror; feeling the holy inspiration of a
dying patriot, he fought manfully, till the
loss of blood and approach of death stayed
his upraised arm; his rifle was broken to
pieces, his pistols fell to the floor, nothing
but his faithful sword was left. In the ag-
ony of death, with a terrible grasp, he
brought this last weapon upon the head of
his nearest assailant and fell across his body,
in the arms of death. In the corner of the
church there were 26 dead Mexicans, and
no other American having fought or fallen
at that point, it is considered beyond all
reasonable doubt that all of them fell by the
hand of Tennessee's favorite son? All are
now dead. Not a compeer left to rear a
monument to their memory! But oh! no
monument is required to perpetuate their
fame. (Hagersown News.)
"POETRY OF LIFE."—When the cele-
brated Dr. Samuel Johnson was asked why
so many literary men were infidels, his re-
ply was, because they are ignorant of the
Bible. If the question be asked why the
lovers of general reading so often fail to ac-
quaint themselves with the sacred volume,
one reason that may be assigned doubtless
is, they are not aware of its interesting
variety. This feature of the Bible is well illus-
trated by Mrs. Ellis, in the following elo-
quent extract from her recent work, entitled
"The Poetry of Life.—Jour. Com."
"With our established ideas of beauty,
grace, pathos, and sublimity, either con-
centrated in the minutest point, or extended
to the widest range, we can derive from the
Scriptures a fund of gratification not to be
found in any memorial of past or present time.
From the worms that grovel in the dust be-
neath our feet, to the track of the leviathan
in the foaming deep—from the moth that
corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that
soars above his cry in the clouds—from
the wild ass in the desert, to the lamb with-
in the shepherd's fold—from the consuming
locust, to the cattle upon a thousand hills—
from the rose of Sharon to the cedar of Le-
banon—from crystal streams, gushing forth
out of the fenny rock, to the wide waters of
the fruitful vineyard, and the land flowing
with milk and honey—from the lonely path
of the wanderer, to the gathering of a mighty
multitude—from the tear that falls in secret,
to the din of battle, and the shouts of a tri-
umphant host—from the solitary in the wil-
derness, to the satrap on the throne—from
the mourner clad in sackcloth, to the prince
in purple robes—from the gnawing of the
worm that dieth not, to the seraphic vision
of the blest—from the still small voice,
to the thunders of Omnipotence—from the
depths of hell, to the regions of eternal glo-
ry—there is no degree of beauty or deformity,
no tendency to good or evil, no shades
of darkness or gleam of light which does
not come within the cognizance of the Holy
Scriptures; and therefore there is no im-
pression or conception of the mind that may
not find a corresponding picture; no thirst
for excellence that may not meet with its
full supply; and no condition of humanity
necessarily excluded from the unlimited
scope of adaptation and of sympathy com-
prehended in the language and spirit of the
Bible."
From the Dennington Banner.
EXPLOSION OF A POWDER MAG-
AZINE AT DANBY!—THREE
SMALL BOYS KILLED!
We have been favored with the follow-
ing letter for publication, written by Gen-
eral Isaac McDaniels of Danby, to Mr.
Tho's McDaniels, of this town.
Danby Corners, June 17, 1844.
Dear Sir,—A terrible calamity visited
our quiet village yesterday, Sunday, at one
o'clock, P. M. I stood by my office window,
when suddenly the building shook as with
an earthquake; on looking in the direc-
tion of Mr. Seneca Smith's old Store, about
eight rods distant, the air was filled with
smoke, flames, boards, and shingles. As
soon as the smoke cleared away, the first
object I saw was a small boy crawling out
from under the timbers, his clothes on fire
I at once concluded the boys had set fire to
Mr. Smith's powder magazine which he
kept in his old store. I immediately went
to the ruins, where I witnessed a scene that
beggars description; mothers wringing their
hands, and in tears enquiring for their chil-
dren! On moving the rubbish we found two
other boys. They were the sons of Nathan
J. Smith, David Lane and Vaniah Brown,
their ages running from six to ten years.—
They were so disfigured that we could not
recognize them except by their clothes,
which were on fire! The first boy I saw
was Mr. Lane's. He extricated himself,
and on running a few rods met his father,
who enquired of him whose boy he was—
He cried, "I am yours!" The boys all had
their senses when found. Mr. Lane's died
Sunday evening about 9 o'clock. Mr. Smith's
died to-day at one o'clock P. M., and the
other, Mr. Brown's, is still living, but there
is little prospect of his recovery. There
was supposed to be one hundred and fifty
pounds of powder in the store. The boys
all agree in the same story. They were in
the building at play and concluded to have
some sport. They filled a quill with the
powder, and procured some matches. Mr.
Lane's son raked one on the floor which
set fire to the powder scattered there, that
ignited the powder in the box and it all ex-
ploded at once. The shock was felt through
the town, Clarendon and Mount Taber—
It was so severe as to break out the win-
dows on two sides of Mr. Seneca Smith's
new store, and shook off the plastering from
one side of Mr. Vaniah Brown's dwelling
house, about four rods off, breaking out all
the windows on two sides of it.
P. S.—Nothing is left standing of the
old Store except the posts and frame. Not
a board is left on the building.

Professor Morse's TELEGRAPH.—The
highly successful operation of Professor
Morse's Magnetic Telegraph between this
city and Washington during the sitting of the
recent conventions, as well as subsequently,
has caused quite a clamorous outcry through-
out the principal cities of the Union for the
extension of its advantages to their several
limits. Its importance, as well as general
usefulness, are now universally acknowl-
edged; and after the labor of years, and the
expenditure of a fortune in its perfection, the
worthy Professor is in a fair way of reap-
ing not only a handsome pecuniary reward, but
the well-earned title of a public benefactor.
Of this important invention, our readers will
doubtless desire to know something relative
to its origin and mode of action, we have
therefore compiled the following particulars
from several statements made in different
quarters, which will be found correct.
Although the principle of this use of the
magnetic power is not original with Professor
Morse, still its application in the practical
form in which it has been extended to Bal-
timore from Washington is entirely new, and
the result of intense labor and mental applica-
tion. The principle is the same precisely as
the electric or galvanic machine. Many of
our readers have surrounded the machine in
the museums, each holding on to the chain,
and each receiving a portion of the shock from
the spark. The spark, running with the
rapidity of lightning, may extend along the wire
thousands of miles—around the world if
necessary—and the great ingenuity of the
present improvement is the application of elec-
tricity to the rapid conveyance of intelligence.
Cott's submarine battery is on the same prin-
ciple. A copper retort of powder is floated
under a ship's bottom, from which a covered
wire is appended, and the powder ignited at
any distance by galvanism. The turning of
the glass plate or cylinder in an electric
machine produces electricity, which, like air
or water, seeks to establish an equilibrium. The
invention of the galvanic battery by the im-
mersion of different metallic plates in acid
produces electricity as by friction, and this
is the simple and rapid agent of communica-
tion. One of the connecting wires is always
immersed in a cup of mercury, into which
other wire is dipped whenever a stream of
electricity is to be sent along the entire line.
The agency is perfectly understood, but the
method of uniting or abbreviating, of sending
a message by mere lines or dots, is a species
of hand-writing novel in application and in
which there is great merit and ingenuity.
The following is the alphabet used:
a n
b o
c p
d q
e r
f s
g t
h u
i v
k w
l x
m y
NUMERALS.
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
0
The operator has before him the two ex-
tremities of the wire traversed by the elec-
tric fluid—and it is this wire, coming
here and going back which is to be
seen on the posts on Pratt street, the two
wires there visible, being in fact the opposite
sides of a loop of wire which would be eighty
miles in length were it extended. "By
bringing the wires in contact and instantly
separating them, a dot is made; by keeping
them in contact a little time a dash, and by the
combination of these two, all the words in
the language, and all the numerals, may be
written and read."
The following from the Baltimore Ameri-
can fully points out the special advantages
which may result from this invention if
adopted.
"The only remaining matter to be noticed
is the mode in which it is proposed to make
the Magnetic Telegraph generally useful for
business. Let us suppose, for instance, that
it is extended from New York to New Orleans
—John Smith, in New York, wants to buy
from James Brown, in New Orleans, 500
bales cotton, at 8 cents per lb. He writes
accordingly the following letter. "James
Brown—buy 500 bales cotton at 8 cents
—John Smith." He folds it, directs it, sends
it to the Post Office marked "Magnetic Tele-
graph."
"Here it is at once sent to the room of the
clerk of the Telegraph, who opens it, and
writes the contents to New Orleans, where a
clerk in attendance at the Post Office at that
end of the wires, puts the letter into common
writing, seals and directs it to John Smith,
and sends it off instantly by a messenger in
waiting. But cotton is 10 cents per lb., and
so James Brown writes back—James Smith
—cotton 10 cents—James Brown." To
which Smith answers—James Brown, buy at
10 cts., John Smith." And all this is done
between New Orleans and New York, in the
space of half an hour, allowing time for the
passage of the letters from the offices to the
counting houses of Smith and Brown. Or,
if it is desired that the correspondence should
not be known, Smith and Brown may agree
upon a combination of dots and lines differ-
ent than upon sending the letter in some
such shape as this—"John Smith.—"
"James Brown.—"
"The office, the cipher would be copied and sent
to New Orleans, when the clerk would send the
slip of paper unbound from the machine to
the counting house of Smith—and so the letter
would give information to no one but the per-
son for whom it was intended. For each
letter of the alphabet employed, Government
would receive, say one cent, so that the first
of the above letters would cost 30 cents; the
answer to it 30 cents, and the reply 25 cents."
Congress will doubtless see the import-
ance of this suggestion, and at once pass a
law establishing a telegraphic bureau in con-
nection with one of the departments, at the
same time appropriating sufficient funds for
its extension to Philadelphia, New York, and
Boston, before its adjournment.
We cannot close this notice without ex-
pressing our conviction that amongst the
most important discoveries and inventions of
the present day, is this Electro Magnetic
Telegraph, and that among the most distin-
guished public benefactors Professor Morse
will be hereafter ranked.—Baltimore Sun.

BAD POLICY. The Journal of Com-
merce, in closing its notice of the Polk
meeting in New York, says—
"Among their numerous banners, flags,
emblems, and devices, was a neat wooden
monument, mounted on a wagon drawn
by horses, and on the base of the monument
was inscribed in large letters, 'Sacred to the
memory of Jonathan Cilley.'"
This is bad policy, and will react with tre-
mendous effect against the Democratic party.
Most of the leaders of the Democratic party
have fought duels. Gen. Jackson fought
many times, and killed his men—Benton,
ditto—Dromgoole, &c. &c. &c. ditto—but
these acts were never made to injure their
party standing—for we leave that opinion to
be expressed by others—but we do say
that it would be bad policy to make that an
insuperable objection to the elevation of an
enemy which is tolerated in a friend. The
inconsistency of such a course would pro-
voke universal ridicule and contempt.—
Madisonian.
Agricultural,
From the Albany Cultivator.
HAY MAKING.
We think it best to cut grass for hay, as
near as possible to the time when it is in
full bloom. Of course, if it is cut when
most of it is in that state, some may be a
little past and some may not have quite
reached full bloom. We know there has
heretofore been some difference of opinion as
to the stage grass should be in when it is
cut, but we believe the experience of the
best farmers is in agreement with the posi-
tion above assumed. Those who are in
the habit of curing herbs, cut them when
in this stage, because it is known that they
contain at that time the most of that peculiar
principle from which they derive their ef-
ficacy and value. The saccharine or sugar
principle, which constitutes one of the chief
sources of nutriment in herbage, is found
in the greatest quantity at the period of
bloom. It sometimes becomes expedient to
cut grass before it has reached this stage;
particularly when it falls down, and is in
danger of souring or rotting. When this
happens, it should be cut, whatever state it
may be in, because if it remain on the
ground it will spoil, and the fermentation
which takes place, will destroy the roots.
Another great advantage in cutting grass
before the seed forms, is that the roots are
not so much exhausted, and the after growth
is much more vigorous.
In some parts of the country, it is the
practice to mow the grass and let it lie
untouched on the ground, thro' sunshine
and shower, for several days before it is stacked
or put in the barn. It is quite common to
begin Monday and continue to mow till
Saturday, when with hand-rakes and horse-
rakes, all turn in, take it up and stack it
and this done too, without much regard to
the state of the weather at the time it is
raked, or to what it may have been after
it was cut. The appearance of the animals
which are fed on hay thus managed, is evi-
dence enough of its worthlessness.
After grass is cut and partly dried, it
ought never to be exposed to wet or dew.—
The best way is to spread out the mown
grass evenly, as soon as the wet has
dried off from the spaces between the
swaths, and before the evening, rake it out
and put it in cock. Where the crop is heavy,
considerable time will be gained in making,
by this plan. If it is only wilted when it
is put in cock, it will in a short time under-
go a sweet, which will much facilitate its
making when it is again opened to the sun.
Many good farmers believe that it will
make more in cock twelve hours, than it
will make in three days without being put
in cock.
In making clover hay, we are decidedly
in favor of not exposing it much to the sun
after it is first wilted. We speak from ex-
perience, having practiced various modes,
and we are certain that it may be made
with less labor, and that it is of far superior
quality, when cured in cock, than any other
way. When the swaths are a little wilted,
pitch them into cocks—laying it up in
such a manner that it will stand the weath-
er, which is easily done by the exercise of
a little care. Examine the hay from day
to day to see how the process of curing ad-
vances, and when it seems so well made
that what will dry with handling, it will
do to put it in the barn or stack, turn
over the cocks, loosen up the bottom a little
with a fork, and proceed to load it. Clover
hay thus cured, is not likely to hurt in
the mow or stack, and having every leaf
and head saved, will be found to be very nu-
tritious and much relished by all animals.
In fact, we believe that Clover hay, properly
cured, will make more flesh, milk, or
butter, than any other hay pound for pound.
The prejudice against clover, has arisen
from the bad manner of curing it. Knock-
ed about as it frequently is, wet and dried
by turns, it loses its leaves and heads, and
becomes little else than a mass of tasteless
stems, which no animal will eat.
Attraction vs. Onions. The mag-
netic power of the compass needle, may be entire-
ly destroyed or changed by being touched
with the juice of an onion.
ANOTHER CASE. Two children of Mr.
Ven Wormer, in Waterford, N. Y. were
poisoned by eating the leaves of the plant,
on Sunday, 9th inst. They were immedi-
ately put under medical care, and it was
believed would recover. Let all take
warning.
Cutting Grain Early. We are satis-
fied that grain is very often left too long
standing uncut in the field. The risk of
injury from storms is increased—it does not
handle so well, either in cutting, binding,
loading or stacking, and shatters out more.
The opinion is pretty well established, that
when wheat or rye is cut early—we mean
before the grain is entirely hard, it makes
quite as much, and whiter flour, than if left
till the usual time. Since writing the above
we happened to read it to an experienced
miller who is also a good farmer. He
says he is satisfied that early cut grain (that
which is apparently quite green) will really
yield more flour, and is worth several cents
a bushel more than that which is suffered
to stand till the berry is thoroughly hard-
ed. Farmer's Cabinet.