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BORDER BULLETS.
OR, REPORTS FROM THE RIFLE OF
AN OLD FRONTIER MAN.

A NIGHT AND DAY IN PERIL.

Any one who has travelled the Missouri River, could not fail to have been struck with admiration by the wild and sublime scenery which meets the eye in all directions. That part of the globe is its Eden, and without wishing to utter a blasphemy, I will venture to say, that our first parent could not have forfeited a nobler paradise on earth.

When I was much younger than I am at present, one of my adventurous schemes was a trading trip to New Mexico—then a rare, almost unheard of project, but now more common and less dangerous by odds. There were four of us, one a Yankee, from Maine, another a quadron Indian, and a third a backwoodsman, like myself. He and I were old acquaintances, but of the others we knew very little, inasmuch as we had met them only a few weeks previously by the merest chance. The quadron was a stalwart fellow, with a development of muscle perfectly astonishing; his skill in the use of fire-arms, and a weapon he was never without, a huge knife, amounted nearly to leg-erdmain. His countenance was no particular passport to anybody's good graces, and I was not surprised that, try how I might, I could not like him. The Yankee was, in appearance and in character, a type of some of his brethren—a little malicious, and not a whit too brave, though. However, my companion thought, coincident with myself, that as they knew the country thereabouts better than we could converse in Spanish, and were well supplied with articles for traffic—it was our interest to fraternize.

Just above the Council Bluffs—than whose grandeur and sublimity of aspect there is nothing finer—we met six Pawnee Indians, with whom we bivouacked over night. It was a dreadful night, in one sense of the word. We spread our blankets in a circle, sleeping, as it were, with our feet concentrated in the centre, our heads radiating outward. Our packs were our roof, and the forest trees our curtains. It was decided that the quadron and the Yankee should keep watch while we slumbered, and they accordingly took their posts a few yards distant. All was soon si-

lent as death, excepting the yelling, howling, and wailing of the wild beasts, to keep away which we adopted the usual precaution of a fire.

I had slept about three hours, as near as I could calculate, when I was awakened by a gentle pulling at my pack. There is no half-awake business in the lynx-eyed watchfulness of a dweller in the wilderness. If awake at all, he is sure to be wide awake, with every one of his wits to aid him at ten seconds' notice. I instinctively scented danger, not as the battle "afar off," but near at hand and immediate. I did not stir, for I knew too well that if an enemy were so close, the first movement made by me would be the signal for an unerring death blow. The dusky light, cast forth by the half-consumed brush, revealed the swarthy forms of the savages, and that of my friend, in motionless repose; but I could not discover the guard in the furtive glance I threw around. The falling at my pack continued, and I perceived that it was being slowly with-
drawn from beneath my head. Still I feigned slumber. At length it was entirely withdrawn, and my head was very carefully permitted to descend to the ground! I manifested a slight condition of disturbance, and, as if in the restlessness of half broken sleep, changed my position. It was then I heard the voice of the quadron utter the command "If he wakes, strike before he has time to breathe."

"I will," was the cool reply of the Yankee.

"Take this pack behind yonder rock while I go for the other one," said the quadron.

"Make haste about it," whispered the Yankee, as he moved away noiselessly with my property upon his shoulders.

The quadron now crept towards my friend, who was sleeping nearly opposite to me, and as he turned his back I drew one of my pistols, without betraying my real situation. It was my determination to shoot him the moment he attempted to carry off my friend's property, but I was spared that trouble. Scarcely had the quadron stooped over his intended victim, ere he fell. One of the Pawnees, like myself, had been watching him with an eagle's unquailing glance and had, with the speed of the electric fluid, risen and buried his hatchet in his brain. The crunching sound of the blow made me sick at the stomach, but I could not feel any compassion for the wretch who would deliberately rob his partner in the wilderness, and meditate his murder in cold blood. In a moment I recovered from the shock the quadron's death had given me, and springing up, made after the other robber.

I caught him returning to complete his work of plunder. He was in no respect abashed by my appearance, but coolly drawing his pistols, and taking his knife between his teeth, said "he s'posed he'd have to fight me." Before I could give him my answer, the Pawnees were up and about us. Weighing the whole event in the balance against strict justice, I am constrained to admit that the Yankee deserved to die, but it went against my grain, as the saying is, to take his life. In the wilds of the New World there is no law but that of might. Judges and juries are never found there, excepting the self-elected, self-constituted order, and they have only to act sharply up to the stern requirements of the welfare of the majority. To punish the thief there, such as either the quadron or the Yankee, slightly, would be productive of no service whatever. The light penalty accomplished, the thief would return to his work again, and with it endeavor to wreak his vengeance upon the authors of his disgrace. In the wilderness extremes are altogether patronized. No man steals there who is not thoroughly desperate, and willing to take or yield life, as the chance may direct. Nothing, save moral law, of a very peculiar nature, governs adventurers like my associates and myself were. The Pawnees, children of the soil, as wild as the panthers they loved to destroy, had determined, in accordance with forest statute, that the Yankee must cease to live, and he was well aware of the fate in store for him. One of the Pawnees ordered him to lay down his weapons, but he refused. Ten seconds afterwards, he was prostrate upon the ground, dead, with five or six hatchets buried in his bo-

dy. His goods, and those of his accomplice, were offered to us, but we declined having anything to do with them, and the Pawnees, with a few gestures of surprise, divided them among themselves. In the morning they departed, leaving us at the scene of the night's disaster. We buried the bodies of the ill-fated, treacherous men, and sadly oppressed, slowly peripatented towards a little stream entitled the "Elkhorn." Thus ended our night. How much more pleasantly our day was spent, I presume my readers will ere long ascertain.

We forded the "Elkhorn," and struck into a region of country as rugged as the Alps, and as picturesque and terrific as original chaos. As I stated in my previous sketch, a human habitation is what the wanderer is always most anxiously in quest of. I should, moreover, inform the reader that in taking this route, we deviated from that first marked out. We had obtained a license at Council Bluffs to trade above, and in remembrance of the horrid circumstance I have detailed, we concluded to make use of it. We travelled over crag and precipice until after meridian without meeting a solitary sign, in the vicinity, of the existence of humanity other than that comprised in ourselves. Faint, weary, and hungered, we clambered to the top of the hill, shaded by tall pines, in order to catch the breeze, and cast ourselves among the tall crab grass, which grew around in abundance.

While reclining here, gnawing our hard and scanty fare, and marveling as to what would be the ultimate result of our hazardous experiment, we heard voices; and our hearts bounded with delight when we discovered that they were not the voices of Indians. O! mother tongue, with what power do you appeal to our tenderest susceptibilities! Tutors to fear nothing, we did not hesitate to search for the authors of the sounds which gave joy to our hearts. Hastily finishing our meal, we once more strapped our packs to our backs—they now seemed as light as the down of the thistle—and scampered over the hill and down on the other side. This led us into a large open space of quagmire, into which we sank to our knees at about every step. But every now and then the voices pierced the still air, and we toiled on cheerfully.

Half a mile of travel through—for I dare not write *over*—this morass ushered us into a forest of sapplings, in which we made a path with little difficulty, only once in a while breaking the rest of a few lizards, or upsetting the equanimity of a serpent. We were used to these trifling annoyances. Crossing the sapling forest we emerged upon a prairie, and there—happiness unutterable!—stood a cabin. It was surrounded by men who were dressed in the rude costume of the trapper. They were hurrying from point to point, as if excited powerfully, and at very short intervals they would pause to huzza, or laugh in concert.

There was something wrong!—that was apparent. But what cared we—tired, shelterless, purposeless, and companionless, with the memory of two recent bloody executions dancing through our brains? Not a jot.

We reached the cabin. It requires no description, for one log cabin is like all of its kind. I pioneered my friend, and the first salutation offered to me was from a diminutive, shrivelled backwoodsman, whose skin clothing was a mile too big for him, and whose hands, (stretched forth to welcome us,) resembled the talons of a huge bird, more than the digits of a mortal.

"Hallo!" cried he, "whar from, strangers?"

"From nowhere in particular," I answered.

"Whar for?"

"Did intend to go trading in another direction, but the Indians were rather troublesome, and we changed our route."

"Got anything the red-skies like?" he inquired, eyeing our packs as inquisitively as a dog views a bone before him.

"Not that I know of."

"Oh!"

By this time the whole number were around! They comprised exactly a baker's dozen, and I must declare that, born and bred as I was among squatters and trappers, I had never beheld such a ferocious and

unseemly appearing body of men in the whole course of my life. My friend, Jim Bowers, (I should have given his name before,) suggested that we had better continue our journey, as we would be late and miss the accomplishment of the purpose for which we had started, but I knew that if our new acquaintances possessed any disposition to injure us they would introduce us to their tender mercies the instant we made tracks from their vicinity. I therefore affected a social recklessness I was far from feeling, and replied that I wouldn't budge a yard from good company, that night at least.

This speech was received with a cheer, and I was immediately offered a cup of spirits. Truth to say, I required the draught. It not only restored what strength I had lost, but fortified my courage. Jim swallowed his share with the same good effect. We were then asked to eat, and upon accepting the invitation were shown to a flat rock, upon which stood an iron pot filled with an indescribable mess, which some people, at a loss for a term, might have denominated a stew. Our caterers ate with us, and a very convivial repast they made of it. I was surprised that they did not invite us to enter the cabin, and that they made no allusion to it. I observed that four of them, however, kept watch at its door and about it, and that every man was armed, as it were, to the teeth.

The shrivelled little note of interrogation kept his eyes so earnestly and constantly fixed upon the moveable properties in our possession, that I had my doubts of his honesty, at least. Notwithstanding my hunger, which had gained remarkable headway during the forty-eight hours previous, I could not relish the meal. Half the men were under the influence of strong drink, (obtained, no one could scarcely imagine how,) and the other half were in semi-jocose mood, which was ever suggestive to their fancies such pleasant and humane recreations as throat-cutting and branding.

One of these facetiously related an anecdote of a combat he had, a year or two before, in a remote corner of Kentucky. After he had gouged an eye out of his adversary—kicked half-a-dozen of his upper teeth down his throat, and broken his nose, he got his ear between his teeth, and then expected him to "give in." To afford him an opportunity, he paused ere he forced his grinders together, but the fellow was clear grit, and only cried out to "go ahead—I can hear just as well without it!" The narrator concluded by declaring with visible self-congratulation, that he did go ahead as commanded; but the time, the place, and the men made it appear like a new thing to me, and I was thrilled by an indescribable sensation of disgust and wonder. Alas! in the course of my life I have seen so many cruelties, and undergone hardships almost beyond credence. Retrospection, with me, embraces as many wonders as the history of Sinbad the sailor.

After the meal was dispatched, a provoking and irksome silence prevailed. I was extremely desirous of penetrating to the bottom of the mysterious nature of this matter, but could not bring myself to the point. As often as I opened my mouth to ask what they were doing there, so often I shut it without uttering a word. The wretch seldom removed his eyes from Jim or myself. The party began to break up and move away in couples, but he remained a fixture. At least he was left alone with us; that is, his companions although in sight, were incapable of hearing our conversation, if it were carried on in a low tone.

We endeavored to appear at ease—to be resting from our fatigue—and to care nothing about what was going on.

Finally the little man gave signs of being weary of inspecting us.—He drew closer towards us. At length he spoke.

"You don't ask any questions?"

"No," said I, "we have none to ask."

"Don't you wonder what we're doing here?" he interrogated, with an air of surprise.

"I didn't," answered I, carelessly.

"Nor I," said Jim, following suit.

"But," I resumed, with a well-dissembled look, "now that you speak of it, what are you doing here?"

"Here on business!" was the curt response.

"I thought you didn't live here."

"Live here, stranger!" cried the anatomy, "why my land is fifty miles from here; a prettier clearing can't be found on the Missouri."

"Glad that you're so lucky," said I—and continued, "My clearing is hundreds of miles from here, and I wish I was on it."

"One does like to be at home," chimed in our friend.

"Yes," growled Jim, "I always make home where I am."

Another long pause succeeded this rambling chat. The little man broke it as before. He said:

"It's a most time for us to do our business."

I was about to exclaim, testily, "Well, why don't you do it," but my better genius prevented, and I inquired if we were in the way.

"That depends on circumstances," answered the Lampedo.

"Oh!" grunted Jim, emphatically, as he shuffled from his old position into a new one.

I drew a long breath and asked what those circumstances might be.

"They might be 'enmost anything," answered the little man, with a grin over what he considered his wit; "but they are peculiar. You'll understand 'em presently."

The men had been earnestly talking among themselves all this while, and I had seen that Jim and I formed no inconsiderable portion of their topics. They appeared to be debating about some question. In a short time they seemed to have amicably settled whatever difficulty had existed. One of them came up to the little man, and saying—"All right—tell 'em!"—returned to his comrades.

The little man nodded his head complacently, and then, condescending to unfold his parchment covered jaw, he addressed us again.

"WE'RE LYNCHERS."

Had he said "WE'RE ROBBERS" instead I could not have experienced a more unpleasant shock than that which suddenly ran through my nervous system. Those who have never visited the regions of which I am writing, know nothing of the lynchers or their works. Time and time again have I beheld their transactions. In the majority of cases the decrees of the lynchers were just and unavoidable. In some cases they were fiendish, unmerited, and wicked in the extreme. Lynch law in new settlements—in the west and south west—is not the lynch law of the north—of cities. The lynchers are the oldest and most respectable of the inhabitants. They are systematically organized and convened as the Senate of the United States. They are governed by rules as fixed as the statutes of the Medes and Persians, have a constitution and laws, written, to guide them, and conduct their proceedings with every sort of judicial importance. There is no insanity of the mob discoverable in their movements. They try, condemn and punish a culprit with as much preparation, and as coolly as any court in the United States. In arresting a person unfortunate enough to come under their notice, they go to all lengths. They will track him hundreds of miles—from State to State, territory to territory. If he delivers quietly up he will get all the benefit of such trial as they award—if not, he must trust to his luck for a whole skin before they take him, and look for a speedy settlement of his affairs after they have secured him. The lynchers supply the place of the authorities of the country. Where they are organized one of Uncle Sam's officials is rarely if ever seen. Sometimes a judge or two will stray along once in a year, and hold a hurried session, which will amount to nothing, excepting a farce. In the meantime the desperadoes who may have committed their various crimes to the detriment of the scattered, only self-protected, commonality must be supported and guarded entirely at the expense and care of those whom they have wronged. To obviate these difficulties, and get some species of law, the lynchers were instituted by the people. I admit that their code is bloody and barbarous, and that it is not sanctified by the government, but it has bloody and barbarous men to deal with—men who will burn a cabin and tenants to gratify a feeling of vengeance, or murder a whole colony for the sake of a few dollars, or their equivalent. Had as lynch law unquestionably is, it is better than no law at all, and this is all the choice the inhabitants of those wilds have. Among the lynchers are ministers of

the gospel, lawyers, &c. The little shrivelled creature with whom I held the conversation detailed above, was an itinerant preacher. I was told that he was a very fair one. In preachers, as in law, the new settler is obliged to be contented with the best he can procure. My object is to combine, in this brief sketch, truth and information with interest and amusement. Let no one be offended because I have stated that ministers are leagued with the lynchers, for such is the fact, to alter which is entirely out of my power, or any man's. Opposed to the lynchers, is a class of the community who are perfectly honest in their opposition, and who are organized for resistance. Many terrific encounters of the lynchers and their opponents take place.—They seldom end without causing the death of a fair share of each party, for both are alike composed of men who have no fear, and who will obstinately do battle, aier commencing it until they conquer or die.

The information imparted by my shrivelled interlocutor paralyzed the circulation of my blood momentarily, for even with my views of lynching and its immediate supporters, I did not like to come in contact with any of the doings of the latter.—There is something horrifying in the idea that you are about to witness the arbitrary exercise of the self-imposed task of meting out fair and impartial justice.

I paused awhile to recover from the shock of the abrupt and brief declaration of "We're lynchers. I comprehended the nature of the "business" before spoken of at once.—Some poor creature had experienced the curse of their displeasure, and they were on his track! I concluded to quit the spot incontinently. To stay there and be pained—or bored if not pained—by beholding a cruel execution, or a scene of savage torture, would lead no lustre to my character, or aid me to dispose of my goods.

"You're lynchers," I answered (after tipping a wink at him). "Then this is no place for us."

"Why?" cried rather than asked, our tormentor.

"Business is better accomplished in private by the individuals interested therein. It don't become us to remain here and be acquainted with your proceedings."

"But you can't go now," said the little man.

"Can't go?"

"No—you will be benighted in the forest, and clawed up by the varmints, or murdered by the Indians, if you do."

"That," I promptly answered, "is a risk we all expect to run. It will be but a proper penalty for venturing to thrust ourselves among you so unceremoniously. We shall depart, now, without delay."

"So saying we arose.

"We cannot permit you to leave us," said the little man, firmly, after scrutinizing us keenly.

"Why keep us here?"

"It is the wish of the company, therefore sit down, and swear you will not interfere in what may transpire, or breathe a word of what you see and hear to a living soul."

"Swear!" exclaimed Jim, interrogatively.

"Yes, or be shot, you can take your choice." And the diabolical skeleton grinned like a demon.

Finding a demurrer would be of no avail, we doggedly succumbed to our fate, and took the proposed oath, the lynchers, while we did so, handling their knives, as though they would like no greater amusement than that of cutting our throats, or chopping us into inch bits.

We learned after undergoing this compulsory assenting ordeal, that they had waited to take the sense of the meeting touching what was to be done with us. Their final resolve was as I have demonstrated it. Perilous enough had been our position, when our lives depended upon the mere caprice of a few of our fellow beings, and was saved by their vote.

We were now told that they were in pursuit of a culprit, and that the cabin before us was his abiding place. They had tracked him during a fortnight. The offences charged upon him were murder and horse stealing. They had had his hut in a state of siege for some days. All this time he had maintained an obstinate silence, and had evinced no desire to compromise matters, or to give any satisfaction whatever. Their original determination was to starve him out, but this they had changed, and

were going to bring him out, or burn him in his own tenement. As there was no prospect of his falling short of edibles, I shuddered at the landscape spread before my mental vision. Escape there was none. We could only remain, and endure whatever dismal scenes destiny should provide for us.

The business of the day was commenced by the lean man, who went to the door and thundered at it with the breech of his musket. We wait-breathless for an answer but none came.

Again the breech of the musket was applied to the door, and this time with an accompanying exclamation that, any hearer would have declared, came from the throat of no cherub.

"Failure! within there!" screamed parchment face.

No answer.

"We shall set fire to the cabin if you don't immediately come forth," he continued.

Still no answer.

"We are in earnest, you may depend," remained the speaker.

Yet there was no answer from within.

"You are aware that we can break this door through in five minutes—be wise and come forth, or we shall burn the cabin, I tell ye."

But they might as well have discoursed to air.

"Boys, fire up!" commanded the little man, after waiting a few seconds to ascertain what effect his domestic eloquence had produced.

He turned away and pined his comrades.

"Perhaps the fellow's dead!" suggested one.

"No," responded the little parson, "not he: I've dealt with these chaps before: He's there snug! Come, light up! we've been fools to wait so long up in his motion."

In a very short time a pile of fig-gots was placed against the door and ignited. The breeze was light, and an immense volume of smoke rolled slowly upwards, and thickened the surrounding atmosphere. Soon the door began to crackle, and finally it was one living coal. The logs of which it was made were tough and green, and did not burn readily, else the entrance would have been gained sooner. The lynchers stood like so many statues, with their arms ready for use, watching every conceivable outlet, as a cat would enforce surveillance over a mouse trap. Not a muscle moved in that stern assemblage. At length the door gave way, and a general cheer was the consequence.

"Let it burn on," said the little man, "if he can't come out now he may perish."

He had scarcely uttered these words when a human form bounded over the smoking embers, and sprang into our midst. Almost simultaneously several of the lynchers set about extinguishing the flames. A ring was formed of the lynchers. Jim and myself included, about the man. He was athletic in appearance, beautifully made, with a skin as smooth and white as a girl's, and an eye whose fire shone like the sun's.

"At last we've got you," said Cadaverous, with a sickly smile.

"Yes, by beseeching my property and burning it," was the reply.

"What's your name?" asked Cadaverous, while the secretary noted down the proceedings.

"James Thompson."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-seven."

"You are a stranger here?"

"I have lived here one year and four months."

"Where are you from?"

"Louisiana."

"You are charged with horse stealing and assassination, said Cadaverous."

"Both charges are false."

"Did you not kill Thomas Schooley?"

"Yes, in a fair and honorable duel."

"You lie—you murdered him."

"You are supported by your friends, or you would not speak as you do, nor any one of your companions."

"Hum!" exclaimed Cadaverous, and continued. "Do you know that we are lynchers?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not face us before?"

"Because it did not please me."

"You have confessed that you killed Tom Schooley, have you not?"

his partners, said, in a voice whose tones were solemn and suggestive of dignity—

"James Thompson, we have found you guilty of theft and murder.—Hear the sentence of the Court.—Five minutes will be allowed you for preparation, at the end of which time you will be hanged, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

The young man burst forth into a complete torrent of invective. He called them butchers, robbers, and everything else that was opprobrious. He denied their right to punish him, and taunted them with being cowardly, and relying for conquest upon their superior numbers. The lynchers heard him calmly until the five minutes were expired, when the little man merely said, "Time's up!" and then every rick was cocked.

"Do you think I'll be hung quietly and submissively, like a dog?" yelled Thompson, drawing a knife—"no, if you will have my life you shall pay for it."

In an instant he was cutting savagely among his enemies. Half a dozen rifles were discharged, and the place was filled with smoke, which precluded the possibility of seeing what was going on; but I could hear the parings and stungles, and groans of combatants. As for Jim and I, we remembered our oath, and did nothing save to escape to the open air. We had hardly breathed the pure atmosphere for the space of a second ere Thompson rushed forth, covered with blood, followed by the lynchers. He ran about a hundred yards and fell dead, first burying his knife with a savage blow, three inches into the trunk of a young tree.

He had slain four of his assailants, and wounded two, one of whom was our shrivelled little friend. Jim found a rifle ball in the fleshy part of his arm. I discovered the perforation of two balls in my hat. We had had enough of trading expeditions, and next day were at Council Bluffs, on our way home.

I have never forgotten my night and day of peril.

Such is life, or death, in the new part of the New world.

T. W. M.

THE AGRICULTURIST.

The Potato Disease.

We extract the following article from the "Conversation" at an Agricultural Meeting held by the Members of the Massachusetts Legislature. Several of these meetings are held during the sitting of that body, and much practical information in regard to Agriculture elicited. The plan is a good one for any public body composed of men of intelligence, and practically acquainted with the science of tilling the soil.

Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER was called upon to open the conversation on the subject chosen for the evening—"The potato failure." He commenced by referring to the efforts which had been made to arrive at the cause of the disease, and the universal failure of them all. This result was no discouragement, he observed, but ought rather to operate as an incentive towards further inquiry; for no doubt, the secret would, with the aid of science, be ultimately resolved. The past year has been one of peculiar moisture—the average fall of rain having been ten inches above an average. In low lands the potato failure had been more fatal than on others. Daniel Webster had more land in this situation, in New Hampshire, where the crop failed, while in an adjoining field, 100 feet higher, there was no rot. Gov. Hill, of N. H. had also noted a similar effect; and both facts supported the Speaker's own experience. The origin of the disease, he went on to say, was discovered in 1818, by Mr. Teschemacher, who found it to be caused by certain fungi, which could be microscopically seen on the foliage of the plant. How these fungous formations propagated, was unknown; but it was obvious that it was similar to mildew on plants in hot houses—which was corrected by the use of sulphur, used in fumigating the affected locality. Salt, Mr. Wilder thought, would be a good preventative; but it should be employed previous to the potatoes being planted. Fungus would not generate in a saline atmosphere; and, on the whole, salt would seem to be the most eligible and effectual remedy.

Mr. Wilder took occasion to compliment the meeting on the fact of the Chief Magistrate of the State being in the Chair; and concluded by expressing himself glad that such an interest was taken in the subjects pertaining to agriculture, as the very large meeting manifested. Mr. Wilder said, so endless and diversified have been the phases of this disease, that no very satisfactory conclusions can be drawn for our guidance. A few points seem to be pretty well settled in this country: 1. That early planting is the best, so that the tubers may become ripe before the season when the disease usually commences. 2. That fermented or lumpy manures are generally prejudicial, and that light, fermented, or concentrated manures have succeeded best. 3. That the crops on light, loamy, or sandy soils, and in elevated locations, have, for the most part, escaped the infection.

Mr. CUSHING, of Newbury, being called, said that he had nothing but crude ideas to advance. He did not understand that agricultural enquiry or chemical analysis had discovered the cause of the potato disease. It did not follow that fungi were the cause, because they had been discovered in the roots; perhaps—nay, it was more than probable—they were the effect of another cause. The bad health of the potato might be the predisposing cause; and what was calculated to cure that, was the question. Saline and alkaline manures had been recommended, tried, and had failed, and no theory could arise amid these modes of treatment and their failure, that could be depended on. Some element was wanted in the composition of the tuber; but what that element was—or what would supply it—was still, as it had all along been—a matter requiring demonstration. It seemed to be an epidemic, which had its growth, existence, life and death, the same as the phys-

ical body. This had been seen in the case of the St. Michael's Pea, the Button-wood tree, and other fruits and trees—which had nearly (at least irreversibly, so far as experience showed) been lost. The potato was in the same predicament; it was undergoing a natural decay which had overtaken its genus.—It was an exotic—for what ever might be said of its origin in Carolina, it was certain that it was indigenous to the Andes—where the soil and the climate varied much from those prevailing here. The fact of its producing best in native soil—that soil not improved artificially, was proof that the natural demands of the plant had been more properly attended to than under the common modes of garden and improved field culture. What many called improvement in the potato—such as giving it a larger than its normal portion through culture—gave the plant the facility to imbibe and retain the elements of its own disorganization. Size and particular formation could be cultivated; but only at the expense of the health of the plant. The question decided that there was a general failure in the potato crop—in England and Peru—New England and the Pacific—then it would be obvious that the species was ready to die out; but if no disease existed in the native regions of the potato, then it was obvious that a more general cure than sulphur, or saline manures would have to be found, or, viz., the importation of a healthy description of seed from the quarter where it grew indigenously. Then, if the experiment failed, it would be time to look out for a substitute for the potato. In various parts of Mexico—where Mr. Cushing had been, he had never heard the word potato-rot.

Mr. PROCTOR, of Danvers, said, in his quarter of the State, the farmers had lost nearly the whole of their crops, and were dependent on Canada and Vermont for a supply.—In this emergency experiments were instituted to arrest the disease. One party chose a dry, sandy soil, and applied alkaline manures. His potatoes grew well for some time, and he looked for a good crop; but, in the fall, in many of the hills, he could find none at all, and many in others diseased. He failed in that instance. In Methuen another experiment was made. A yellow loam was chosen, and no manure was used, and the crop was good—better than any of those around. Mr. Mason, of Beverly, had planted in a sandy ground last year, but his crop was blighted. Mr. Mason said the cause was blight, and showed that, at the roots of the potatoes, were slugs, and a small fly, like that which appears about the cucumbers early in the season; that was his theory of disease, and he always could connect the decay with these appearances. Mr. Proctor concluded by stating the importance of the question before the meeting, as the loss of the potato crop was the heaviest tax on the farmer—more than four times the amount of all other assessments. It was certainly then worthy of all the attention that legislators could give the subject.

Hon. Mr. FRENCH, of Braintree, was of opinion that no one could show a course of culture that had been universally successful, or try one that could not be proved, by experiment to have an opposite result. When the disease came here in 1843 the black potato was the worst affected; and now this kind seems to be the most free of disease. Mr. French said he had tried plaster to his plants, and had cut over the vines, and all his labor had failed to prevent the rot. The disease began about the latter end of August. Last year on the 23rd of that month, in going over one of his fields, he saw a light spot of red in the leaves. Ten days after, the crop was all gone. On examining the hill it was found literally the case that they were principally rotted.—Instead of having about 1000 bushels, a small basket full, and the tubers very small themselves, was the only produce remaining. In Europe, and in the westerly parts of this country, the results had been nearly similar to his own experience of them, of a reliable nature, not one of them. It was also manifest that the imported potatoes from Peru, and districts where the potato was indigenous, did not withstand the disease any better than the older cultivated varieties. The only thing that could be done would be to manage that the crops should be harvested before the 20th of August. In doing this it was probable that a crop would be gained. Instances were narrated by Mr. French to show that the same treatment had different results. On the whole however, he did not despair that, sooner or later, a cure would be prescribed by nature, or by the influences of experimental discovery.

Mr. BARRY, of Hanover, spoke from his own experience of potato culture. Last Spring he plowed an acre of green-sward that had lain a long time under grass. It was an ash loam soil. One part was manured with rotted manure. The whole had plaster applied to it. A gravelly knoll was planted with Chenopods, and the remainder with the Long Reds. The vines grew very luxuriantly, and were green long after others had decayed. On the gravelly knoll the potatoes were entirely rotted—excepting 6 bushels;—from the remainder of the land 50 bushels of sound good sized potatoes were harvested.—The seed used was got from a neighbor, who the same season (1850) planted the same description of seed on manured ground, of the same kind, and his crop was an entire failure.

As to Mr. Teschemacher's recipe for fumigating with sulphur, to keep them from decaying. Mr. Barry said that he had tried it last season, with the long red potato. After being fumigated the potatoes were placed in a cool dry, dark cellar; and of those which did decay, there were three parts of the whole from those so fumigated. This circumstance did not give a very satisfactory proof of the efficacy of the cure of Mr. Teschemacher.

Regarding the soil most suitable for the potato—it should be a light texture—the manure well decomposed, and spread broadcast over the land, and not in the hill. Early planting was a good system to adopt; and the later the crop was being taken up, the greater security existed that a mature, healthy crop, would be produced. An instance in point was related, showing the benefits of the conditions above enumerated.

Mr. SPRAGUE, of Plymouth, related several experiments he had made last and former years, which proved that all nostrums, and all modes of treatment, had been found to have conflicting results. There was no security, under the existing states of the potato, that a good crop could be calculated upon, cultivate it as the farmer pleased; but a light, loamy soil was a better medium than any other.—The cause and cure of the disease were so uncertain that no one had unveiled; and it was doubtful if any one ever could.

Mr. STANTON, of Braintree, said his land was situated at a considerable altitude, and he planted some potatoes on April 7th, 1850. A neighbor planted some ten days after, and harvested them, with great loss from rotting; while he allowed his to be in the soil up to the 25th of October, and found a good crop compared with that of his neighbor. The soil, attitude, and treatment were in both instances the same; and the result proved that no single theory would stand the

test of experiment. One thing, however, came out of the facts stated, viz., that early planting was advantageous to practice.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Rev. J. BERLAND:

Sir,—In the *Journal* of the 26th Dec., I find two letters from you—the first addressed to Mr. Tabor, and the second to the Universalists in this vicinity. In the latter, you give your reasons for the course you are taking, by saying that you have a commission from the Lord Jesus Christ to preach His gospel to every man to whom you have access, and that irrespective of fear or favor, you feel it to be your duty to endeavor to remove any and every error. Now, sir, permit me to ask, What is Error? and again, permit me to answer the question as I think you would do, were you to do so candidly. Every person who does not allow me—the Rev. John Berland—to construe every important passage in the Bible for him, and place the most implicit faith in that construction, is in a gross error.

You say, secondly, that the principle of humanity constraining you is another reason.—You then make use of a simile, supposing a number of persons indisposed to labor, &c. &c. Now, sir, if you please, allow me to carry out your simile somewhat further than you have. You call your neighbors together, and tell them in the most vehement manner, that there is a winter of twelve months, instead of three, approaching, and also that if they do not lay up impossible and unheard of stores, in short, if they do not follow your directions in every particular, they will all perish. Well, you succeed in arousing some of the most exultant and the most ignorant; they run about to their neighbors who have not been fortunate enough to hear of the impending danger from head quarters, (yourself) warning those who have been silly enough to be according to their own business, of the impending calamity at hand, and, after repeating all the wise arguments which you have used, they, with yourself, succeed in getting up quite a steam. One goes a mile and nails on in a hurry a clapboard, and another a longer time loss; while another, working as a mechanic around the doors and windows of his dwelling; while a third draws an extra load of wood to his own door, besides one to yours, in gratitude for your timely and unselfish warning. After you have got the bustle well started, and are very complacently congratulating yourself upon the result of your oratorical powers upon your neighbors, you find with dismay that the excitement is abating. The clapboard that was nailed on in a hurry has again become loose; the caulking around the doors and windows, from having been put in in a flutter, hangs dangling in shreds; the extra load of wood has been all burned to make an extra fire in anticipation of the dreadful winter, and things remain in this state until they perhaps see you approaching with threatening dire in your eye and on your lip, denouncing in the name of Him from whom you hold your commission, and in the strongest language that you are master of, horrors so appalling that again there is a feeble attempt to keep on the clapboard, and what is left of the caulking before used, is again put in requisition, and, possibly you may get another small load of wood; but after a time, a reaction takes place in their minds—the excitement is over, and even your denunciations, notwithstanding they are accompanied with the most violent gesticulations, cease to have the desired effect. If the loose clapboard is on the back of the house, it is sufficed to fall off altogether. The caulking around the doors and windows of every part of the house except that most exposed to view, is suffered entirely to disappear, and were it not for very shame of their fickleness, even these wretched attempts at security would be laid aside altogether; or, it is possible that they have caught sight of your dome, and not perceiving there the preparation which you had enjoined upon them, are thereby led to doubt the sincerity of your warning to them. On the other hand, there are some of your neighbors who are so self-conceited as to think themselves as good judges (*mirabile dictu*) of the indications from which you draw your conclusions, as you can be, (notwithstanding your commission) and not perceiving that either you, or those you succeeded in exciting for the time being, are really any better prepared than themselves; and knowing, also, that they neither do or can know any more about it than they do, they pay no heed to your oft repeated and spirited warnings. The clapboards on their houses have either never been loose, or are not fastened any quicker in consequence of your representations. Their houses are well finished around the doors and windows and need no caulking, or, if needed, you fail to hurry them in the operation. Perhaps they think also, that let the event be what it may, you will not be the sufferer by their lack of preparation, and not perceiving any extra amount of grain in your granary, they wisely conclude that it will not be in your power to lend them a helping hand. These neighbors have been rather curious and peering; they even fancy that they have seen clapboards loose, &c. &c. at the back of your house, (although the front is kept with the most scrupulous care) and collecting the closing part of your letter to Mr. Tabor, in which you seem to think that it is only your neighbors who need to be alarmed, they have grown somewhat sceptical. There are some, also, who judge from the castigation with which you threatened "poor Richard" last winter, (but which was never inflicted) that you are deceived with regard to your being constrained by the evidence into administering the warning which you have given to the poor, benighted Universalists.

Now, Mr. Berland, permit me to ask you

one more question. Have you ever thoroughly examined your own heart? and, if so, have you ascertained the precise motive which has induced you to place yourself in the position that you have before the public? Has your conduct really and truly been prompted by the spirit of benevolence toward the human race, or, to speak phrenologically, have the organs of love of approbation and combativeness been the means of placing you upon the unenviable pinnacle upon which you now stand? But matters not; you have placed yourself there as a target for all the arrows which skillful or inexperienced marksmen may see fit to discharge; and I only hope that some one more skilled in archery than myself, may fit an arrow to the bow and send it with envenomed precision at the mark so ostentatiously set up.

I offer no apology for taking up the gauntlet so indiscriminately thrown, but I do offer you a word of advice. Before again indulging your pugnacity towards all sects who may differ from you in opinion, and whom you wish to worship God in their own way, please to read Pope's universal prayer; but fearing that you may not have it, I will quote two of the verses:—

"Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land.
On each I judge thy foe."

VERITAS.
Stanstead, 28th Dec., 1850.

THE JOURNAL.

STANSTEAD, FEBRUARY 6, 1851.

THE POST OFFICE.

It has been at length officially announced that the Imperial Government has signified the Queen's assent to the Post Office Act of last session, and it is intimated that the transfer of the Department to the Provisional authorities will take place as early as the close of the present quarter.

The last week will be noted in the annals of the weather-wise for its storied and intense cold. The snow-storm of Wednesday, succeeded by a violent gale of wind, blocked up the roads in all directions worse than at any previous time during the winter, and now the prospect of the ice and snow roads are nearly impassable.

Wm. Badger, who killed Knaball C. Clark, in Hatley on the 30th inst., will be tried for murder before the Court of Queen's Bench which commences its session at Sherbrooke on the 12th inst.

The Sherbrooke Gazette states that a man named John Kennedy, came to his death at Melbourne on the 11th ult., from drinking intoxicating liquor.

The Committee of the United States Senate to whom was referred the cheap postage bill, have reported amendments raising the postage to five cents on unpaid letters, striking out the provision allowing newspapers to go free within thirty miles of their place of publication and reducing postage on magazines 50 per cent. when pre-paid, as well as the provision to compel papers to advertise unsealed for letters.

RECIPROCITY.

[The following is an extract from a letter addressed by Hon. F. Hincks to Hon. Mr. McLeon, Chairman of the Congressional Committee on Commerce. From the fact of Mr. Hincks leaving Washington before any action has been had upon the Reciprocity bill, it is argued that he has little hopes of the success of the measure.]

"It is assumed, and as perhaps it may turn out, unfortunately assumed, by the opponents of the Reciprocity Bill, that, in the event of the Bill being rejected by the American Congress, Canada will maintain her present commercial policy, and continue to foster the import trade from the United States.

"It is very desirable that you should be fully aware of the state of public opinion in Canada on this question. Having myself been a strong advocate for free commercial intercourse with the United States, and having in my position as Finance Minister, to resist in Parliament, the advocates of a restrictive policy; I am thoroughly acquainted with the views of all parties. I have no hesitation in stating that the advocates of a retaliatory policy are rapidly gaining ground. Whether all or any of the plans suggested, will be carried out, it is of course impossible for me to say, but it is certainly highly desirable that, in arriving at a very important decision, you should be fully aware of the probable consequences. The re-imposition of the differential duties against the United States Manufacturers, has been strongly urged. Such a measure would be most acceptable to the commercial interests of Montreal and Quebec, whose trade was seriously injured by their repeal. At the close of the last Session of Parliament, an influential member of the opposition, a gentleman who held office in a former Administration, the office which I have now the honour to fill, gave notice of his intention to introduce a Bill during the next Session, to re-impose these duties. Leading organs of the opposition have strongly advocated such a measure, and no doubt can be entertained that it will engage the consideration of our Parliament at an early day. Should it be adopted, the U. States would have no just cause of complaint. They never invited Canada to repeal the differential duties, and their rejection of the Reciprocity Bill would of course be looked upon as a deliberate rejection of the Canada trade. In England the re-imposition of differential duties by Canada would be viewed most favour-

ably, and there can be no doubt that the effect would be to stimulate the efforts of those who are seeking to obtain some modification of the present Corn Laws. Another measure of retaliation which is beginning to engage attention in Canada is the closing up of all the Canals to American vessels. Should this policy be adopted, a most serious injury would be inflicted on the trade of Chicago, Cleveland, and other Lake Ports; Oswego, Ogdensburg, and the New England Railroad interests;—Burlington, Whitehall, and the New York Northern Canals. The Canadian revenue derived from tolls would of course suffer, but as that forms an insignificant portion of the resources of the Province, the loss would cause no inconvenience. It is contended by the advocates for this policy, that the Western products which now find their way by Oswego and Ogdensburg to New York and Boston, and carried in American bottoms, would be diverted to the St. Lawrence, and that the entire inland trade would be in British bottoms. It is affirmed that the tonnage of Canada, with what could be spared from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, would very soon be sufficient for the increased trade. I have stated the views which are entertained very extensively by influential parties in Canada as to her future commercial policy in the event of the rejection of the Reciprocity Bill by Congress; I am, however, unauthorized to announce the views of the Canadian Government; indeed, its policy has not yet been determined on. Since the accession of the present Administration to office in 1849, they have been watching with anxiety the proceedings in Congress regarding the Reciprocity Bill; and my object in visiting Washington at this time, was to ascertain, if possible, the probable fate of that measure, as the Government must be prepared at the approaching Session to meet Parliament with a defined policy regarding our commercial relations with the United States."

Montreal Anniversary Meetings.
(From the *Friday Star*.)
This has been a busy week. The following Anniversary Meetings have been held:

Tuesday, Jan. 21.—*Church of St. George* for the *Diocese of Montreal*.—This meeting was held in St. George's Church, the Protestant Bishop in the chair. The attendance was numerous. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Justice McCord, Major Campbell, Rev. Mr. Reid, Rev. Mr. Bramwell, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Maczumbert, Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Wynn, Rev. Mr. Bond, and Hon. Mr. Moffat.

Different opinions having been expressed by Major Campbell and Dr. Holmes, the former desiring, the latter restraining, efforts to diffuse Protestantism among the Roman Catholic population, the Bishop said, in his concluding speech, that he regretted that anything had been introduced which seemed to tend towards a difference of opinion. He thought that our first duty was to provide for the spiritual wants of our own scattered people, and although he believed his own Church to contain the truths of the gospel of Christ, yet he was decidedly of opinion that there was danger in unsettling the hereditary faith of those who had been born and nurtured in another. He thought great caution necessary, that while laying open the errors of a mistaken creed the mind should not be misled and infidelity be the result. He approved of leading the inquiring mind to the pure fountain of all truth, but such efforts as had been indicated were not within the scope of the Society.

On the same evening, the Anniversary of the *Canada Sunday School Union* was held, in the Wesleyan Church, Grand St., James Street. The Hon. James Fenwick presided. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, the Report was read by Mr. T. A. Gibson. Reports have been received from 76 Schools, containing 227 Teachers, and 2201 Scholars. Eight new Schools have been opened. Books and Tracts issued during the year, 12,792 total, since the establishment of the Union, 230,174. During the year, 119 Schools have participated in the benefits of the Union.

The Speakers were the Revs. Dr. Taylor, F. H. Martineau, C. Leitch, J. MacMillan, Comper, and H. Vennart and P. Logan, Esqrs. Collection, £148 6d.

Tuesday, Jan. 23.—*Evangelical Canadian Missionary Society*.—Lieut. Col. Wilgerson in the Chair. Prayer was offered by the Rev. W. Rutoul, A. M. The Report was read by the Rev. H. Wilkes, D. D. The receipts of the year amounted to upwards of £1000, besides about £760 received from England and Scotland towards the liquidation of the debt incurred by the cessation of the Institute at Pointe aux Trembles. That debt is now reduced to £150.

In support of the Resolutions, the following gentlemen addressed the meeting: Rev. H. Wilkes, D. D., D. Davidson, Esq., Rev. W. Bond, J. Reelph, Esq., Rev. J. Jenkins, Rev. F. H. Martineau, Rev. J. M'Loud, E. L. Montgomerie, Esq., Rev. W. Taylor, D. D., and Hon. James Fenwick.

The scholars from the Institute were present, and sang several French hymns. One of them was set to the tune of the National Anthem, and the whole audience (about 3000 persons were present) stood while it was sung. Collection, about £35.

Friday, Jan. 24.—*Union Missionary Meeting*.—D. Davidson, Esq., in the Chair.—Reading the Scriptures and Prayer, by the Rev. M. Gill. The exercises of the evening were conducted in the following order:

1. Topic.—State of Christendom and the Jews.—Rev. W. Rutoul, A. M.

2. Topic.—State of Mohammedan and Pagan Portions of the World.—Rev. J. Jenkins.

Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Spalding.

3. Topic.—The World's Remedy, and the encouragement to Missionary Enterprise.—Rev. W. Taylor, D. D.

4. Topic.—The World's Remedy, and the encouragement to Missionary Enterprise.—Rev. W. Taylor, D. D.

4. Topic.—The Obligations of the Church to Promote every Evangelical Effort for the Conversion of the World.—Rev. H. Wilkes, D.D.—Moved by the Rev. J. M. Loud, seconded by the Rev. C. D. Wolfe, A. M.—

That in view of the considerations advanced this evening, this Meeting recommends to all the Churches of Christ in the City, to aid each other in their Missionary Efforts, especially at their respective Anniversary Meetings. And further, that Union Meetings be held Quarterly, namely, on the first Monday of the Months of March, June, September, and December, for the purpose of offering up Prayer for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom throughout the world, and that the Rev. Dr. Wilkes be Convener of these Meetings during the ensuing year.

Collection, in aid of Printing the Holy Scriptures in the Chinese Language, under the direction of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Doxology and Benediction, by Rev. F. H. Marling.

To the Editor of the Stanstead Journal.
Sir,—I am sorry to perceive an indication in the last Sherbrooke Gazette, that the proceedings of the late Railroad meeting at this place were not entirely satisfactory to the gentleman who edits that paper. He says that the proposed connection with the Passumpsic Road to take advantage of the new road to be built to Swanton, was dwelt upon with considerable stress, and comes to the sage conclusion that "this may be a very good argument for Portland, but it strikes us (Gazette) as a very bad one so far as the Montreal Co. is concerned. It is simply asking them to lend their assistance to a plan to divert Western freight from their road, through Vermont." He further states that he has looked upon the Swanton charter "as simply got up for bunkum." He then closes with the following curious thesis: "There may be a way found for a connection of the Montreal and Portland road, with railroads to Boston and New York, down the valley of the Connecticut, even should the Eastern survey by Canada be adopted. It is sometimes dangerous to use two-edged weapons."

I am very sorry that Mr. Walton has chosen just this time to throw off his mask, but now that he has done so, a few words in regard to the subject matter may not be out of place. The proposed road to Swanton is an enterprise yet in embryo, and I consider its future success a problem entirely resting for solution upon its feasibility. If it will bring (as is supposed) Portland some 70 or 75 nearer Boston, then Boston, Portland will have the connection some time without regard to the Canada end of the road. I apprehend that the franchises of the road between the Montreal and Portland roads, did not go so far as to pledge each other not to connect with any other road. Or if they did perform so foolish an act, corporations, be it understood, are not beyond the control of Legislatures.

But allowing that the Montreal road would lose something of the Portland through business, would it not more than make it up by the Boston business, and a greatly increased local traffic? Yes, undoubtedly.

At the Stanstead meeting, there was no "hiding the lamp under the bushel," or statements made for "chinkum." Its proceedings were open and public, and published far and near. I regret that some of our Sherbrooke friends were not present to participate in its proceedings. The time has been when Mr. Walton felt sufficient interest in a Railroad through Stanstead County, to come out here and make speeches, and ask the Farmers to take stock in a road through their own county. It is probably true that he was talking for "chinkum," but we, poor, simple souls, felt very grateful for the attention, and subscribed accordingly to our means. It is rather too bad for him to uphold us now, for trying to get a road, because we choose to state facts as they exist. Heaven bless us if the Directors of the Montreal road had not been more extended vision and larger views than the editor of the Sherbrooke Gazette!

Yours, &c. A FARMER.
New Orleans, on the evening of the 20th inst., was the scene of two of the most terrible tragedies that have occurred there for many years. One of which was enacted at the Crescent, between two men, named Livingston and Byrd, in which the latter received two fatal shots, and almost instantly expired. Byrd's brother died in the same way but a few days since, at Lexington, Mississippi.—The other occurred at a ball, the parties being a Mr. Tate and Miss Sheppard; the former asked the lady to elope with him, to which she answered "No;" when he drew a pistol and shot her dead. It appears the parties had been previously engaged to be married, but the parents of the lady were opposed to the match.

The trial of James H. Smith, for the murder of Berangea Casswell, commenced at Alfred, Me., on Tuesday last, Judges Shepley, Tenney and Howard, of the Supreme Court, present. The counsel on the part of the Government are the Attorney General of Maine, (H. Tallman, Esq., of Bath,) and Ira T. Drew, of Waterboro; that of the prisoner, Hon. Nathan Clifford, of Portland, and D. L. Wilkinson and Rufus P. Tapley, of Saco. The jury consists of William Adams, Nathan Brackett, Charles Butler, Gilbert Butler, Enoch Goudale, (Foreman,) Samuel Goodwin, Joseph Melanion, Jr., John Merrill, Thomas Reilly, James M. Small, Benj. F. Wakefield, Stephen Welch.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The earnings of this road, in December, after paying lower roads, were \$36,111.58, during 21 working days.

The Hamilton (Canada) Spectator says that the notes of banks in the United States, which, a few months ago were worth two or three per cent. Premium, are now a drug in the market, and are sent to Buffalo for exchange at par.

CANADIAN TRADE.—The amount of tolls paid to New York, on produce passing through Oswego, was in 1850, \$152,688 42—an increase of the amount paid the previous year of \$81,825 89.

BRIDGING LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—We have before referred to the large meeting of the friends of this measure, held at Malone, N. Y., on the 16th of January, at which strong resolutions were passed, and a memorial adopted and signed by upwards of two thousand inhabitants of St. Lawrence, Clinton, and Franklin counties. The memorial is to be presented to the Legislature, or has been ere this. The general impression appears to be that the measure will not meet with much encouragement, from the rumor that the Senate committee of last year will report, the present session, against the grant, on the ground of obstruction to navigation, loss of business to the State Canals, and diversion of the trade to Boston.—Atlas.

GREAT BRITAIN AND SOUTH CAROLINA.—In a letter dated Dec. 14, George B. Mathew, British consul for North and South Carolina, called the attention of Gov. Means, of South Carolina, to the consideration of the law under which colored seamen are imprisoned upon arriving in that state. He points out to the governor the advantages which South Carolina derives from the liberal commercial intercourse now existing with Great Britain, particularly in rice and cotton, and the West India trade, &c., and closes with the suggestion that the legislature will repeal or amend the law. In a second letter Mr. Mathew quotes from Attorney General Wirt that "the section of the law under consideration is void, for being against the constitution, treaties and laws of the United States, and incompatible with the rights of all nations in amity with the United States." He suggested further, that the act will "create the result it was destined to preclude." Gov. Means replied that the law was not enacted "with a view of imposing any unnecessary restraint upon the seamen claiming the protection of the flag of any friendly power," and states that the subject shall be laid before the legislature.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—As the upward bound freight train upon the Passumpsic Road, last Saturday night, approached the second bridge below Passumpsic Village, a brake dropped, and at about the time the train was passing on the bridge it struck a tie and threw three of the cars of the track, damaging one or two of them slightly, and tearing up two lengths of rails. No one was hurt. It was something of a job to get the cars upon the track again, but it was repaired so that the train run down Monday morning as usual.—Caledonian, 25th.

HALIFAX, Friday night, Jan. 31st.—Nothing from the Canada. The wind has been blowing from the NW. for two days. There is no news of the Atlantic.
ALBANY, Jan. 31st.—Reuben A. Dunbar, who was executed today for the murder of the two Lesser children, as formerly stated, made his confession to Rev. Mr. Beecher.—We understand, in his confession he acknowledged the murder of both the boys. He executed the youngest boy into a wood near a field, where he knocked him on the head and covered his body with leaves and stones. He then proceeded to enter the elder boy into the wood, under pretence of looking for bird nests, and carried a rope in his hand. He induced the boy to climb a tree, and climbed up after him. When 15 or 20 feet up, he made the rope into a running noose, and adroitly threw it over the boy's neck, and then pushed him off the tree, which produced his death by hanging. He states that he experienced no emotion or sorrow for this horrid deed, till some hours after it was committed. No one who appears before his mother, at the time, who, it appears, becomes alarmed about the children. On the return of Lester and Dunbar's wife, much alarm prevailed about the children, and a general search commenced, and the boys were found just as he had led them. He assigns no other motive for these atrocious murders than a hope of having a better chance to obtain possession of some property, if they were put out of the way.—He died today, apparently under great contrition for what he had done, and expressed a hope for mercy and forgiveness on the part of his Maker.

BUFFALO, Jan. 31st.—The steamer Hendrick Hobson failed in reaching Cleveland, and now lies frozen in at Erie. Navigation on the Lakes is again closed.

AWFUL DEATH.—Over 100 Lewis Leste.—Buffalo, 30th.—The steamer John Adams, bound from New Orleans for Cincinnati, sank yesterday, at 3 o'clock, near Greenville. In five minutes afterwards her cabin parted from her hull, and broke in two. All the deck passengers, numbering over 100, were lost; also the deck hands and crew, excepting two. None of the cabin passengers were lost, though they did not succeed in saving any of their baggage.

A telegraphic despatch has been received by the City Bank from their Agent at New York, stating that "Coles has surrendered himself at London."—Pilot.

The following is the population of the leading cities of the Great West:—Cincinnati has 115,000, Pittsburg 84,000, and St. Louis 77,000 inhabitants.

The father of a young man who died from injuries received by the upsetting of a stage-coach in McLean county, Ohio, last summer, has recovered \$15,000 damages from Messrs. Frink and Co., of Chicago, (Ill.), the proprietors of the coach.

The editor of the Pittsburgh Chronicle, says:—"Talk about enjoyment of wealth—it never can be enjoyed! An abundance is a heap of misery. A man who owns a house, a small farm, a small wife, a big dog, a cow, two or three fat pigs, and a dozen children, ought to be satisfied. If he ain't he never can be."

Mr Heald has paid all the debts contracted by him or Lola Montes, during their residence together in Paris. He allows Lola £500 a year, on condition that she will not molest him, or mention his name in her forthcoming memoirs.

The following curious statement is an extract of a letter received by Philip Sleeman, Esq., of Plymouth, from his brother, Col. W. P. Sleeman, and dated, "Court of Lucknow, Hindostan, India, October 3, 1850. I must now tell you about a poor boy who was found in a wolf's den, with a she-wolf and three whelps. When dug out by some of my troops, they all bolted together, and the boy ran so fast on all fours that he outstripped the whelps, and was with difficulty taken by a mounted trooper. The mother of the whelps had carried him off some years before, and brought him up as her own offspring in her den."

HOW THE ANGLO-SAXONS PROGRESS.—The Australian papers report that the first railway on that continent has been commenced. It is to begin at Sydney,—but to go whether, no man is rash enough to predict. The direction, however, is not along the coast, but into the interior of the enormous growth of the colony—it may possibly cross that vast desert which no man has yet been able to explore. The first line is also about to be commenced in Hindostan. It is an imposing evidence of the activity of the Saxon, that before the Turk, the Roman, or the Iberian has got a single mile of railway in his territory, the former has not only covered his own country with a network of iron roads, but has begun to form them on the other side of the world in lands conquered and acquired with comparatively few years.

SINGULAR PUNISHMENT.—A Mr. Lynton has lately made a communication to the Asiatic Society of London, descriptive of a mode of punishment peculiar to the criminal code of China:—"A Chinese merchant, named Hi-am-y, convicted of having killed his wife, was sentenced to die by the total deprivation of sleep. The execution took place at Amoy, in the month of June last. The condemned was placed in prison under the surveillance of three guardians, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented him from taking any sleep, night or day. He lived thus for nineteen days, without having slept for a single minute. At the commencement of the eighth day, his sufferings were so cruel, that he begged, as a great favour, that they would kill him by strangulation."

A CHANCEY VICTIM.—It must not be supposed that Chancey never releases its victims. We must be just to the laws of "Equity."—There is actually a man now in London whom they have positively let out of prison! They had, however, prolonged his agonies during seventeen years. He was committed for contempt in not paying certain costs, as he had been ordered. He appealed from the order; but, until his appeal was heard, he had to remain in the prison. The Court of Chancey, like all dignified bodies, is never in a hurry; and, therefore, from having no great influence, and a very small stock of money, to forward his interest, the poor man could only get his cause finally heard and decided on in December 1848—seventeen years from the date of his imprisonment. And, after all, the Court decided that he "by mistake."

NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.—I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning, I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and bit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed, and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit." Just so: I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning. Afterwards if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "Take care, my children; remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never return a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

THE PRINTER.—Many men, who have acquired great fame and celebrity in the world, began their career as printers. Sir William Blackstone, the learned commentator on laws, was a printer by trade. King George III. learned the art, and frequently set type after he ascended the throne of England. We scarcely need mention Franklin, for it is well known to all who are familiar with his name, that he was a printer. Alexander Campbell, the greatest theologian that ever lived, is a printer. Gentlemen of the "craft," these are gratifying facts; but let us not be content that they alone be held up to the credit of the profession.—Let us honor ourselves, and do all we can to keep up, and elevate still higher, the character of our beautiful art.

A friend to the ladies' rights suggested that the militia laws be so amended as to make ladies, over eighteen years of age, liable to military duty. What a figure they would cut, with old muskets and corn-stalks on their shoulders!

An old creed is often like an old horse, decayed and forsaken, while it still appears imposing at a distance. Or it is like an old, hollow tree; the shell makes a show when the substance is gone. At length, a strong push makes it totter and tumble and crumble to dust.

On the north side of the White Mountains, in the little village of Randolph, is a shoemaker's shop, on one side of which is a school house, and on the other a church. The shoemaker's sign reads, "Solother for sal."

Hepsibah Hartshorn, widow of the late William Hartshorn, died in Amherst, on Saturday last at the good old age of 103 years and 9 months.

We are requested to give notice, that the Rev. O. T. LAMPHAR will deliver an Address before the C. E. Tribe of Reelhabites, Tent No. 11, at a Public Meeting, to be held in the Methodist Chapel, Stanstead Plain, on Thursday Evening, Feb. 13th, 1851. All are invited to attend.

CONCERT.
A PUBLIC SING will be given at the Congregational Church on Stanstead Plain, on TUESDAY EVENING, 11th inst., directed by H. E. MILLER. All are invited to attend.
Songs, Choruses, &c. will be sung, and an Address may be expected.
C. W. COWLES, } Com-
F. A. AMSDEN, } mit-
JOHN A. PIERCE, } tee.
Stanstead, Feb. 5th, 1851.

DIED.
In this town, on the 12th Jan., LEWIS LAWRE, aged 20 years and 10 months, eldest son of Isaac and Lucy Libbee.

NOTICE.
A MEETING of the Stockholders of the PEOPLE'S BANK, will be held at T. Winn's Hotel, Derby Line, on Wednesday, February 12th, 1851, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing five Directors of said Bank, and also to define the location. Stockholders in Canada are particularly requested to be present as early as practicable.
I. H. DELANO,
S. COLBY,
H. BAXTER,
J. W. BAXTER,
LEVI SPALDING,
D. W. AIKEN,
ELISHA WHITE,
Derby Line, Jan. 27, 1851.

NOTICE.
SUBSCRIBERS for Stock in the People's Bank, who have a surplus of money in the hands of Commissioners, (over and above the amount of Stock assigned them,) will receive the same on application to the undersigned.
J. W. BAXTER.
Derby Line, Jan. 27, 1851.

LOOK OUT!!!
FRENCH & BAXTER will this day notify all that are indebted to them by Note or otherwise, that the same must be paid before the 1st day of April, or an Attorney will settle them for us. We being fully convinced of the fact that long credits are ruinous to all.
Derby Line, Feb. 1st, 1851.

At the Same Time,
We will sell off our Stock of Retail Goods at cost and freight, being about 25 per cent less than Union prices. Call and see, and pay soon.
273

CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!
THE Subscriber would say to the inhabitants of Stanstead and vicinity, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of

WOOD-SEAT CHAIRS,
SUITED TO THEIR WANTS,
IN ALBERT YOUNG'S SHOP.
Being thoroughly acquainted with this business, he feels confident he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. By promptness and strict attention to business, and by making a superior article, which he will sell AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST, he intends to deserve a share of public patronage, which he respectfully solicits. Those wishing to purchase any thing in this line, will find it to their advantage to call and examine quality and price before buying elsewhere.
Old Chairs repaired and painted on short notice and on reasonable terms. All orders promptly attended to. Don't mistake the place. Call and see.
WANTED, in exchange for the above,
5,000 feet Bass Plank,
3,000 feet hard-wood lumber,
25 cords wood.
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Chairs.
C. W. DREW,
Rock Island, January, 1851. 272

Melbourne and Eastern Townships
DEPOT!
FOR AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SEEDS;
CORN EXCHANGE!
AND IMPLEMENTS OF HUSBANDRY.
WHERE will be found a general assortment of the best varieties of Field Turnip Seed, Grass Seeds, and of Wheat, Oats and Barley, of the growth of Scotland, and also of Provincial growth—at prices lower than ever before offered to the people of the Eastern Townships; with a full assortment of the most useful
GARDEN SEEDS
Of European growth, obtained from the first importers into Britain; also, Implements of Husbandry, Machinery, and Tools for the Farm.
All of which may be obtained wholesale and upon Commission. Persons wishing an Agency will please apply to the undersigned, at Melbourne.
Provincial Seed Grain bought and sold upon commission; also Farm Stock of all descriptions.
Advertisements for the Sale of Land, and other Property, exhibited in the Exchange Room, and sales effected by commission.
JAMES R. LAING.
Melbourne, January 3, 1851.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
THE subscriber hereby notifies all those indebted to him, by note or otherwise, that he must have immediate settlement. He will be at Hitchcock's in Hatley on Monday, 10th Feb., and at Nathan's in Hatley on the 11th, for the purpose of settling with his customers.
He would say to those whose accounts and notes have been due one year or more, that they must be paid soon to save costs.
DANIEL WAY.
Barnston, Jan. 28th, 1851. 172w3

NOTICE.
THE subscriber would say to all those indebted to him, that he has their accounts made up to the 1st January, 1851, and would respectfully invite all to call and adjust the same immediately.
Those expecting to pay in wood, grain, &c. are reminded that it is wanted forthwith.
Boots and Shoes of all kinds will be kept on hand and made to order as cheap as the cheapest for cash or ready pay.
W. H. LEE.
Stanstead Plain, Jan. 21, 1851. 271m2

Not to be Beat by the Union.
FOSTER & CO.
WOULD say to those wishing to purchase Goods with money, that they have now on hand a better and more complete assortment than any other establishment in the EASTERN TOWNSHIPS, which they will dispose of for CASH as low as any concern, not excepting the Union, and perhaps lower if you try us. We have the Goods and want the money.
Rock Island, January 8, 1851.

Feathers!
A VERY few Live Geese Feathers for sale by FOSTER & CO.
Dec. 11, 1850.
LAMP Oil and Candles for sale by FOSTER & CO.
Dec. 11, 1850.

Connecticut & Passumpsic Rivers
RAIL ROAD.

Opened to St. Johnsbury, Vermont!
ON and after MONDAY, January 6th, 1851, Passenger Trains will leave St. Johnsbury for Boston, &c., at 9.35 A. M., and arrive in Boston at 7 P. M.
RETURNING—Leave Boston at 7.30 A. M., and arrive at St. Johnsbury at 4.35 P. M.
The Trains South, communicate same day with the following places:
Lowell, Lawrence, Nashua, Manchester, Concord, Franklin;— Windsor, Bellows Falls, Keene, Fitchburg;—Worcester, via Nashua or Fitchburg;—Montpelier and Burlington—connecting with the different Rail Roads at White River Junction, where half an hour is allowed for dining.
The extension of the Passumpsic Railroad to St. Johnsbury
Sixty Miles further North than any other Rail Road,
in the direction of Northern New Hampshire, North-Eastern Vermont, and the Eastern Townships of Canada, affords facilities for passengers between the cities and manufacturing towns and the above sections of country, by which there is
A Saving of One Day's Time,
and an escape from a tedious and uncomfortable journey by stages over bad roads to reach the same sections.
On the arrival of the Up Train, STAGES will leave St. Johnsbury for Lyndon, &c., and arrive at Barton same night—passing through Wheelock, Sheffield and Glover, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and through Burke and Sutton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Also, Stages leave each of the principal stations for the towns in the interior.
The second day from Boston, &c., passengers will reach the following places:
Derby Line, Stanstead, Hatley, Compton, Lennoxville, Sherbrooke and Melbourn;—Iraburg, Coventry, Troy and Richmond;—Also, Newark and Charleston on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays;—Guildhall, Stewartstown, Colebrook and Canaan, Vt.
MERCHANDIZE TRAINS daily between St. Johnsbury and the Boston and Lowell Depot in Boston.
On Tuesday of each week a Train will leave St. Johnsbury with LIVE STOCK, and go through without stopping.
ROBERT HALE, Agent.
St. Johnsbury, Vt. January 1, 1851. 270

LIST OF LETTERS
REMAINING in the Post Office, Stanstead Plain, January 15, 1851.
Ayer, Gardner
Atkinson, Mrs A
Aldrich, Chester W
Boydton, Lucy 2
Barry, Nathan
Blake, Susan Jane
Bachelder, Abby A
Bennet, Charles
Bokland, Mitchell
Blodgett, Ivory
Bodwell, Miss H
Brown, Daniel
Bryant, Mr
Calthon, Cordelia
Cooper, Margaret
Chandler, Henry
Covey, James
Clifford, Nancy C
Chamberlin, Susan
Chamberlin, Lazette
Champerlin, Caleb
Coburn, Alexander
Cooper, Francis 2
Constock, Martin
Davis, Hiram
Davis, P T
Davis, George
Elliott, Celestia
Eitcher, Mr
Eitzgerald, Deborah
Flanders, Zerial H
Farrington, Marshal P
Gustin, Levi
Hull, S L Hull
Hoit, Richard C 3
Hoskins, Henry
Hartwell, Edward
House, Squire
Johnson, James
Lock, James
Lodd, Ozo F
Lock, Mary F
Luzra, Mrs
Lee, Mary
Lewis, Betsey
Lurvy, Gilbert
Moulin, Abial
Moir, John
Mansergh, Mary
McGookin, James
Miller, Barker
McCullrey, Margaret
Machey, Joseph
McCasker, Matthew
Morrill, David
Marey, Benjamin
Moore, Robert
Mack, Lurony
Mix, John
Norton, Sarah
Norton, W H W
Packard, Daniel
Parker, Mary J
Quin, John
Quimby, Truman A
Robinson, Wm H
Raimond, Moose
Rositer, Patrick
Smith, Stephen
Scott, Henry
Sarlus, Abram
Smith, Win
Shurteff, Jonathan B
Towle, Henry 2
Torbeck, Wm 2
Webster, John jr 3
Way, Daniel
Woodard, Parker P
Webster, John
Walker, Elisha
Wood, George
Worth, Lydia
Wilkins, Jonathan 3
Wilkins, Mr
Young, Jared 3
B. F. HUBBARD, P. M.
271

Information Wanted.
If any person or persons has purchased six light colored dining chairs, two small light colored rocking chairs, and one large dark colored rocking chair, of Scott's make, or any part of them, since the first of October last, of any other person than Jacob Scott, by giving information thereof to Alba Faunce, on Stanstead Plain, will be rewarded for their trouble.
ALBA FAUNCE.
Stanstead, Jan. 20th, 1851. 271

GRAND LOTTERY.
THE subscriber would call the attention of the public to the following list of Property, which he proposes to dispose of by Lottery, for which 800 tickets, at one dollar each, will be issued, six hundred and eighty-two of which will be blanks, and one hundred and eighteen represent prizes of value, amounting to \$800. Among the prizes is a Farm of fifty acres of land, good house and barn thereon, thirty acres of which is under good improvement.
1 prize, Farm, valued at \$500.00
10 prizes, 10 Tons of Hay, 45.00
1 " Two-horse Wagon, 37.00
1 " Two-horse Sleigh, 10.00
1 " Saddle, 10.00
1 " Gelding Horse, 75.00
2 " 2 Harnasses, 20.00
100 " Fine Shawl, 3.00
" One Hundred Dollars, Cash, 100.00
Managers.—S. Channell, Geo. W. Fogg.
The drawing will take place at Georgeville on the 14th day of February, 1851. Tickets are now ready and may be had at
M. W. & W. C. Copp's, Georgeville.
Baxter, Haskell & Co's, Rock Island.
T. W. Wynnan's, Stanstead Plain.
Stewart & Beebe, Beebe Plain.
Adams & Humphrey, Barnston.
S. A. Humphrey, " "
N. Davis, " "
L. Nathan, Hatley.
P. Hitchcock, " "
M. Norton, Compton.
S. B. Boswell, Magog.
A. M. Bullock, Bolton.
THOMAS REXFORD.
Georgeville, Jan. 1, 1851. 268

S. D. KIMBALL,
Pension & Bounty Land Agent,
BARTON, Vt. 267
NEWLAND'S Liniment for sale at FOSTER & CO'S.
January 8, 1850.

NEW EXPRESS
Between Stanstead & Sherbrooke Daily.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has now established a regular DAILY EXPRESS between the above named places, which he will run in connection with Messrs. Cheney & Co's Express from Boston.
Particular care and attention will be paid to all Packages, Parcels and Money matters, entrusted to this line.

AGENTS.
A. KNIGHT & Co, Stanstead.
CHARLES BROOKS, Lennoxville.
WM. BROOKS, Sherbrooke.
As no exertion will be spared to secure the safety and speedy transmission of every description of parcels, at the risk of the subscriber, it is to be hoped that he will meet with a fair share of patronage.
WARREN PAIGE.
Stanstead, December 1850. 267

NOTICE.
A BRANCH of the New England Protective Union was organized at Stanstead Plain on the 28th November. We would give all those friendly to the institution an invitation to call at Dr. COLBY'S, where the Books will be opened for signature.
W. CHAMBERLIN, } Directors.
F. JUDD, }
L. K. BENTON, }
Stanstead, December 10, 1850. 266

TAKE NOTICE.
THE subscriber has just commenced running his new
GRIST MILL,
situated about a mile above Chamberlin's Mill, where he can do as much business, and do it as well, as any Mill in the country. He has two runs of splendid new Burr Stones, one run of new common Stones, and a Corn Cracker.
Q. POMROY.
Stanstead, Dec. 11, 1850. 266

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT
THE SOUTH END!

We would beg to say to every man, woman and child wishing to purchase Goods, that we have just received a large addition of
New and Desirable Goods,
adapted to the season, which renders our Stock more COMPLETE than any other in town. AN IMMENSE SALE will commence on the 18th of this month and continue until our entire stock of over
\$12,000 !!!
is sold.

Ladies will find a splendid assortment of
DRESS GOODS,
consisting in part of black and colored Alpaccas; do do Coburg; Silk Warp Poplin; Regent Silks; Embroidered Dresses; Fig'd Vicuña Cloths; a splendid lot of DeLaines, Cashmeres and fifty other kinds not here mentioned.

Also the best assortment of
CLOAKINGS
to be found, comprising in all FIFTEEN different styles and qualities.
Ladies' Polkas and Hoods,
Cashmere Gloves of all sizes; Blue, White and Red English Flannel; Gents' all wool Sashes & Mullers.

A large Lot of
FURS,
consisting of Muffs, Boas, Victorines, Mitts, Gloves Gents Boas, &c.
GENTLEMEN, you will find among our stock a heavy and well selected assortment of West of England broadcloths, bl'k brown and Rosie Cloths, blue and brown Beavers, Whitney's Dueskin and Cashmeres.

SOLE and UPPER LEATHER of the best quality. Boots and Shoes made to order.
Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery, Glass Ware Paints, Oils, Groceries of all kinds EXCEPT LIQUORS.
Joiner's Tools of every description, consisting of Double Jointers, Smoothing and Jack Planes, Plovs, Fillisters, Bead & Match Planes, Bevels, Try Squares, Shop Axes, Millwright and Firmer Chisels, Paint Mills, BUFFALO ROBES, Cooking and Box STOVES, Stove Pipe. —ALSO—
Ready-Made Clothing.

We have on hand the best assortment of the above that can be found in this place, not excepting the "Great Depot." 50 Canada Gray Overcoats, brown and blue Beaver do. Buffalo do. Under coats of all qualities and styles. Vests of all descriptions, Pants do. that must be sold by January next.
Please to remember our motto—
"NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY LIVE MAN!"
Rock Island, Oct. 15, 1850. FOSTER & CO.

THE "GREAT EXCITEMENT"
WORKING ITS WAY NORTH!

SPALDING & JONES
HAYE just received their usual supply of FALL and WINTER
GOODS.

to which they would invite the attention of their customers and the public generally.
S. & J. rather themselves that their stock will compare favorably, both in quantity and quality, with any other in the Townships. It has been ascertained for a certainty that the
"Live Man"
can be found at the
Old White Store,
who will sell as low, and for cash, a shade lower, than any other man in the County.
Rock Island, October 22d, 1850.

Paper Hangings.
We have a good assortment at very low prices. Call and see.
FOSTER & CO.
Dec. 11, 1850.

Boys!
YOU will find a good assortment of Caps that will just fit you, at FOSTER & CO'S.
Dec. 11, 1850.

COMMISSIONERS COURT BLANKS for sale at this Office.
Rubber Over Shoes.
A GOOD assortment both of Ladies' and Gents' Blended. For Sale as low as the lowest, by
Dec. 11, 1850. FOSTER & CO.

Gentlemen!
We can sell you Under Shirts, Drawers, Shirts, Pants, Vests, Coats, Over Coats, and Buffalo Coats at low rates. FOSTER & CO.
Dec. 11, 1850.
Chairs! Chairs!
We have a few "Dining Chairs" to sell low. FOSTER & CO.
Rock Island, Dec. 11, 1850.
GOOD Stone Lime for sale at FOSTER & CO'S.

