*From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

*Steam boat scenes for a dollar.*—Reader! didst thou ever go to Albany in a gallant steamer for a dollar, and return in that splendid floating palace called the North America, for seventy-five cents? If not, prithee be gone, with all possible despatch, for until thou dost, thou must be counted as one knowing nothing of the unalloyed delights of steamboat travelling. No matter how often thou hast shot through the Highlands by steam, or sported about our harbor in the Lady Clinton barge, or bounded over the crisped billows of the Sound in the Washington or Franklin—no matter we say—unless thou hast made a six shilling trip to Albany, thou art, like Dogberry, to be 'written down an ass'—as one knowing just precisely nothing of the sublime, picturesque and beautiful in riding in steamers.

The enjoyment commences the moment you get on board—nay, perhaps before—for one must feel himself particularly fortunate if he is not run over in the rush to the gangway by a brace of countrymen, with the huge *chist* in which they brought their pigs and poultry to market. And then the jam and squeeze on deck, amidst the stowing away of trunks and boxes and baskets, while a hundred voices, from the hoarsest bass of the drover to the shrill notes of the vixen, are clamoring for births and settees all at once. 'Captain, *kaint* I have a *barth*?'—'No, Mr. Eelskin—all taken long ago—settees and all.' 'When shall we get to Newburgh?' 'At 11 o'clock.' 'What do you *ax*, Captain, to take me and these three boxes to Po'keepsie?' 'Six shillings.' 'What, six shillings! that's monstrous. I *thort* 'twas only a dollar to Albany.' 'Can't help it.' 'Ashore! 'shore all that's going!' 'Be careful there—don't fall off the plank.'—'Holloa, the boat! Can't I get aboard?' 'No, too late.' Why, Captain, I an't a-going—I only *jist* came a-board to see my cousin off.' 'And so you're off yourself—never mind—put you a shore at Newburgh.' 'Dear me, now,' exclaims Mrs. Henbane, 'if I *haint* left three of my baskets ashore! Captain! Captain!' 'The deuce take your baskets! Haul up the boat there.'

Now let us take a peep into the ladies' cabin. Mercy on us—what profanation! See the dowdies, with their thick ancles and muddy shoes, trampling upon the Turkey carpet as though it were a ragged rag blanket—and which was erst as bright and beautiful as sylphs and fairies would wish to tread upon—lolling upon the nice births, too, with sheets as fresh and clean five minutes ago, as the driven snow—or lounging against the ample drapery of crimson damask or rich figured silks of blue and yellow. 'Who is that beautiful figure, pale and interesting, reclining in the farthest corner.'

A young lady who has just buried her husband in the city, and is now returning to her friends in Berkshire. She has no birth, and neither Mrs. Higginbottom nor Mrs. Stubbins, nor that old Jezabel there, who looks like the devil's sister, will yield to the frail creature, who looks as though she would soon join her husband. Poor fellow!—cut off just as he was getting into a good business.' Now stop your ears or that bell man will split your head open. "All—you—that—haint paid your passage—please walk to the Captain's office and settle.' Fancy this proclamation repeated some forty times, with interludes from the bell—and so on to the end of the chapter.

But these scenes are nothing to the scramble at the sound of the tea bell, or at the dinner table. My conscience! see these dollar passengers play at the game of knife and fork! 'Waiter! some brandy here!' 'Waiter, give us a small horn of gin.' 'I say, Tom, slash me off a junk of that beef.' 'I'd thank you for a stick of that *salary*, Mr. Underwood.'—'I'll trouble you, Mr. Muggins, for a leg and a wing and a bit of the breast of that there goose.' Goose! it's a seven year old gander, by the cutting on't, I vow.'—Haw, haw, haw, roar a dozen bellows-lunged fellows. 'Blauff,' belches forth old Mr. Goodspeed—'A little *harrycane*, by Jupiter,' exclaims his neighbor. 'No, sir—eigh—ugh—ugh—nothing but a little wind of the stomach—I've got the dyspepsia.' 'Dyspepsia! you look as though you could eat as many brick bats and rusty nails as an ostrich.' Here, Mister, poke me off some of the turnip *saace* there.' 'Look at that fellow there—that's what I call cut and come again. 'Some takes all, but he leaves none,' says Stephen Timkins, as his neighbor Gusling swept the remaining half of a rice pudding upon his plate. 'I guess, that fellow means to get his dollar's worth'—There's no mistake in that.' All this is very delightful to the well bred spectator—more especially if just as he is filling a glass of wine for his friend, a brawny mountaineer seizes his bottle in his iron fist, and by way of getting his dollar's worth, pours out a brimming tumbler of the ruddy nectar and despite of your most desperate frowns, empties it down his portentious gullet & pushes your bottle off among his friends—never to return of course.

But the evening is the time for the picturesque. Walk the deck you cannot, because of the cold and the clouds of tobacco smoke from dirty pipes and Kentucky segars. Remain below is almost impossible for the heat and moisture produced by the respiration of so many people in a single apartment. Half suppressed curses and compliments in the middle cabin—the squalling of children and scolding of beldame mothers and 'female woman' in the apartment which was wont to be known as the ladies' cabin—with exclamations of 'diamonds trumps'—I'll stand, &c.—mingled with coarse jests and vollies of oaths, from those engaged in playing shoemaker's loo, in the forward cabin—these and other ungrateful noises, make up the grand concord of sweet sounds during the evening.

When bed time arrives, every birth is filled, and every mattress and settee. And yet the half are not accommodated. These have to take what is called a *standee*. Talk they will and a man might as well sleep on the top of the piston rod, as in the best birth of the boat. 'Passengers for Newburgh,' calls out the captain. 'Where's my trunk?' 'What sort of a trunk was it?' 'The big trunk with iron corners.' 'Gone ashore at West Point' 'O dear then all my money and clothes is gone—can't you put back captain?' 'Put back! No—lower away the boat there.' 'Look at that man's red night cap there,' says one, as an old man thrust his head through the curtains and requested less noise. 'Here friend lend me a corner of your blanket.' 'My blanket!—taint half as wide as a saddler's webbing.' 'Here neighbor, I wish you'd stick your darned sharp elbow into somebody else's ribs besides mine.' 'Shut your clam shells,' roars out the tenant of a birth.—'Turn that man's yoke,' calls out another, in reference to a fat alderman, whose nose began to peal forth a nocturnal hymn. 'I'd as liet sleep in a stew pan,' says one. 'And I on the ridge of a backsmith's shop,' says another. 'Who'll give fifty cents for my settee?' inquires another. 'I'll give three and six pence.' 'Done!' 'Here you, mister, you may have mine for three shillings.' 'No: I'll give you two.' 'Done!' 'Captain, *baint* I going to have a birth?' Birth! No: don't you see they are all full.' 'Well, I've paid my money and I expect to have a birth.—My money's as good as other folkses clothes.' 'That's right, my good fellow, stick to him,' says a wag in an undertone, tipping him a knowing wink at the time. 'Why, Captain how many came aboard at Newburgh?' 'Only 87 and six children.' 'You'll have to pile them up on deck then, for the passengers were so thick that their legs stuck out of the cabin windows before.' 'Och! honeys, and why don't you be easy there with your blathering nonsense.—Here's all these honest jentlemen here, have been *slaping* with their eyes open these *thra* hours.' 'That's right Pat—give that dandy a touch of the Donny brook fair.' 'That I will your honor, and a thousand times over, if your honor's honor will see me clear of the law.'—'And what business have you here, Pat,' inquired Mr. Somebody. 'Devil burn ye and sure he will' said Pat. 'Hurra for *auld* Hickory say I; and so and if you'd like to carry sound bones ashore, I'd just a bit advise you to be quiet and lie as *aisy* as you can, and bad luck to ye.' Captain, I say, I never was aboard of one of these darn'd water carts afore. Do they always make such a tarnal racket? 'Which is the best place if she should blow up?' 'In the bottom of the river.' By jimminy how she shakes! I guess uncle Zeb would be glad he did'nt come along. There it goes, rattle-te-bang kittle-te-slam.—'Why it makes a plaguey sight more of a shaking than Capt. Doubleday's nail factory.' 'Oh do be still,' exclaims a Mr. Somebody, in a tone of anguish and supplication. 'Hurra for Jackson,' roar out half a dozen Delaware lumber men.—And thus heavily at a snail's pace runs the night away. All is noise & confusion, scolding, swearing, jibes & jeers; old jokes and new ones; mingled with incessant bursts of 'the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.'

Such is a faint description of the luxury of travelling to and from Albany for a dollar, as drawn from experience. But the pen of the immortal suthor of Whims and Oddities, and the pencil of the incomparable and comical Cruikshanks, would alike be inadequate to a just description of the scenes of the voyage, in all their lugubrious and ludicrous discomfort & drollery.

## KING CHARLES I.

An account of what happened on opening the coffin of King Charles the First, in the vault of King Henry the Eighth, in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, on the first of April, MDCCCXIII.

A scientific gentleman, entitled to high regard, has expressed the pleasure which he received from the perusal of the account of Hemden's disinterment, lately published in the Palladium—and has kindly communicated the following very interesting account of the exhumation of King Charles the First, as given by Sir Henry Halford, Baronet, and Physician to the King. There had been a discrepancy in the historical testimonies of Lord Clarendon and Mr. Herbert, respecting the place of his interment, and the great reputation of the former had misled King Charles the Second, in his pious search to find and honor the remains of his unfortunate father. The beheaded body could not then be found; but on completing the mausoleum for George the Third, in the *tomb-house*, an aperture was accidentally made in one of the walls of the vault of King Henry the 8th, through which one coffin more was discovered, in that resting place of Kings, than history has accounted for; the striking coincidence between the circumstances and Herbert's narrative, given in the "Athenæ Oxonienses," awakened a strong curiosity:

"On representing the circumstances to the Prince Regent, his Royal Highness perceived, at once, that a doubtful point in history might be cleared up by opening this vault; and accordingly his Royal Highness ordered an examination to be made on the first convenient opportunity. This was done on the first of April, 1813, the day after the funeral of the Dutchess of Brunswick, in the presence of his Royal Highness himself, who guaranteed thereby the most respectful care and attention to the remains of the dead, during the inquiry. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duke of Cumberland, Count Munster, the Dean of Windsor, Benjamin Charles Stevenson, Esq. and Sir Henry Halford.

"The vault was covered by an arch, half a brick in thickness, was seven feet two inches in width, nine feet six inches in length, and four feet ten inches in height, and situated in the centre of the choir, opposite the eleventh Knight's stall on the Sovereign's side.

"On removing the pall, a plain leaden coffin with no appearance of ever having been inclosed in wood, and bearing an inscription, 'KING CHARLES, 1648,' in large legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it, immediately presented itself to the view. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were, an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body, carefully wrapped up in cere-cloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous, or greasy matter, mixed into rosin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; & from the tenacity of the cere-cloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cere-cloth was easy; and when it came off, a correct impression of the features, to which it had been applied, was observed in the unctuous substance. At length, the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discolored. The forehead & temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect.—The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained, & the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cere-cloth, was found entire.

'It was difficult at this moment, to withhold a declaration, that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially the pictures of King Charles I by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight, were well prepared to receive this impression; but it is also certain that such a faculty of belief had been occasioned by the simplicity and truth of Mr. Herbert's narrative, every part of which had been confirmed by investigation, so far as it had advanced; and it will not be denied that the shape of the face, the forehead and the eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which resemblance is determined.

"When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and, without any difficulty was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet,* and gave a greenish red tinge to paper and to linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance; the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture, and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back of the head, and, in appearance nearly black. A portion of it, having since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown color. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or, perhaps, by the piety of friends, soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy King.

"On holding up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently contracted themselves considerably, and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance, transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles I.

"After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and, without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed."

[Boston Palladium.

*I have not asserted this liquid to be blood, because I had not an opportunity of being sure that it was so, and I wished to record facts only, and not opinions; I believe it, however, to have been blood, in which the head rested. It gave to writing paper, and to a white handkerchief, such a color as blood which has been kept for a length of time, generally leaves behind it. Nobody present had a doubt of its being blood; and it appears from Mr. Herbert's narrative, that the King was embalmed immediately after decapitation. It is probable, therefore that the large blood vessels continued to empty themselves for some time afterwards. I am aware that some of the softer parts of the human body, and particularly the brain, undergo, in the course of time, a decomposition, and will melt. A liquid, therefore, might be found after long interment, where solids only had been buried; but the weight of the head, in this instance gave no suspicion that the brain had lost its substance; and no moisture appeared in any part of the coffin, as far as we could see, excepting at the back part of the head & neck.

ORIENTAL MAGNIFICENCE.—The following extract from a private letter, dated Constantinople, August 4, and published in the London Sun, gives a very lively picture of the style exhibited by the Eastern Monarchs, in their devotional processions:—

"I must give you a sketch of the Sultan going to the mosque of the Sultan Achmet, which is, perhaps, the finest exhibition of Oriental pomp that can be witnessed in this country. It has been called the season of the 'Courban Bairam,' a festival very gay among the Turks, to celebrate the arrival of the pilgrims of Mecca. It is announced by the roar of artillery at midnight; the minarets of the mosques are illuminated, and the whole city has the most imposing effect—At three in the morning, the Baron and myself went across the water, and at day break the procession began, the avenues for a great distance, were lined with the new troops, and on the outside was a line of the Asiatic troops, and the first that I had seen, and looking as fierce as scimetar and turban could make them. The different officers of the palace began their march, the Bostangi-Bachi and Bachis innumerable, in the richest costumes, and with the finest Arab horses, splendidly caparisoned. Then came the ministers of the Court and the Divan, the Kiaya Bey, the Terfterdar, the Beylikchi, the Reis Effendi, &c. &c—Their horses led by numerous slaves—the gravity of their march & the glittering pageantry of the procession, afforded a most amusing contrast; then came the grand Vizier, with almost royal pomp, since he was surrounded by numerous slaves, thronging him so closely, that I could scarcely see his horse or his head; instead of a turban, he wore a white conical cap, very high; his pelisse was superb; his grave countenance and long beard, very amusing.

"When this wonder was all over, and we had gaped in as much of it as possible, the band struck up a slow and solemn tune, more like a funeral dirge than a military march; and lo! and behold! in the most imposing state, seated on a splendid Arab, covered with glittering ornaments, appeared the "Shadow of God, Brother of the Sun and Moon," Disposer of Earthly Crowns," in the august person of Mahmoud the Great, really written on his countenance, 'every inch a king,' and I think I never saw so fine a man: of years about forty-five, of stature above the common height, but of countenance most striking.

In his turban, he wore a small heron plume, studded with diamonds, buckled up with a large diamond rose, and on each side of his pelisse, which was green, being the royal colour, handed down by the prophet, was a large patch covered with precious stones, as was the hilt of his scimitar, the whole forming a regular galaxy; his horse was led by his "Capidjee Bachi," or first gentleman; two or three hundred slaves surrounding him, with their sable faces and white turbans, had a very imposing effect; then came the pages of his court, with large helmets and wide-spreading heron plumes—with these they endeavoured to conceal the imperial presence as much as possible from the vulgar gaze.—We were luckily in a cafe close by, and saw the whole

Thus in sovereign state passed on the great Mahmoud to the Mosque, followed by a long train of the "Kislar Aga," or grand eunuchs, and numerous Arabs, splendidly mounted, some of them leading about a dozen horses of the Sultan, covered with trappings. Mahmoud having spent about half an hour in the mosque, returned in the same state. It reminds me more of the pageantry of Covent Garden, than any thing I have yet seen. One of his officers bore the royal turban after him, and although it was tenantless, yet the people bowed to it with great respect."

Sir Isaac Newton was once riding over Salisbury-plain, when a boy keeping sheep called to him, 'Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket' Newton, looking round and observing neither clouds nor a speck on the horizon, jogged on, taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had made but a few miles, when a storm suddenly arising wetted him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance, and determined, if possible, to ascertain how an ignorant boy had attained a precision and knowledge in the weather, of which the wisest philosophers would be proud, he rode back, wet as he was. 'My lad, said Newton, 'I'll give thee a guinea if thou wilt tell me how thou canst foretel the weather so truly.' 'Will ye sir? I will, then,' said the boy, scratching his head, and holding out his hand for the guinea. 'Now, sir,' having received the money, and pointing to his sheep, 'when you see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign of rain within an hour. 'What,' exclaimed the philosopher, 'must I, in order to foretel the weather, stay here and watch which way that black ram turns his tail?' 'Yes, Sir.' Off rode Newton quite satisfied with his discovery, but not much inclined to avail himself of it or to recommend it to others.

*Singularly whimsical circumstance well known to the neighborhood in which it took place.*—In consequence of some alterations made in St. Giles' churchyard, several large flat tombstones became superfluous articles since the persons over whom they had been placed had sunk into the narrow house at so distant a period, that no friend lived to insist on the dead retaining the privilege of that sculptured *hic jacet* which duty or affection had constructed to their memory. It happened that the church warden for the time being was a baker, and he looked with a longing eye on these nice, flat, polished stones; for his oven wanted fresh bottoming. Whether he went into church or came out of church he never passed the flat, polished stones but he thought of the bottom of his oven. In a bold hour he winked at parochial duty, removed the tablets, and gratified his heart by placing them in that fiery place which he thought sacred from every eye except his own.

But the stones, though very nicely polished by the wear of years, yet retained some marks of their former destination, and these cherished traces they very naturally imparted to the bottom crust of the bakers bread.

The novel impress was first discovered by an elderly lady, in faintly marked outlines of a death's head and crossed bones. Her terror at what she conceived so appalling an omen may be readily imagined, but she was too much shocked to communicate her portentous discovery.

A loaf of the same batch was calculated for more general examination, for the word *Resurgam* stood imprinted on it, in though large, not bold letters; the amazed purchaser necessarily forebore to touch a morsel of that bread which seemed to hint at the possibility of its not sitting quietly on his stomach, and shewed his purchase, with trepidation, to an ingenious neighbor. This intelligent person conceived it to be a piece of waggery in the baker, who took that covert way of expressing his wish that the article in which he dealt might rise in price. He mentioned it as such to all the parish, but the general inquiry that took place speedily led to a detection of the discreditable fact.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## Still later from Europe.

The packet ship New-York, Captain Bennet, arrived at New York on Tuesday from Liverpool whence she sailed on the 18th ultimo. By this arrival, the editors of the New York Commercisl Advertiser have received London papers to 17th, and Liverpool of the 18th of October.

When ten days out, in lat. 48 deg. 32 long. 22 deg. 57, the ship was visited by a flock of crows, several of which were caught. The New York made the Banks of Newfoundland on the 6th November.

### THE CORN MARKET

It will be seen from the state of the markets that there has been a heavy decline in the Corn Market; and the Sun of Friday evening, Oct. 17 says it was likely to fall still lower by Monday, the 20th. The importations seems to have been very heavy, and foreign flour was shipping in large quantities to the North of Spain, and even to the Havana.

We copy the following article from the Liverpool Chronicle of the 18th Oct.

### THE CORN AVERAGES.

If any thing can show the utter absurdity of the sale returns of British corn regulating the importation of foreign corn, it is the following. It is as notorious as the sun at noon day, that during the last four weeks, grain has been advancing at a most alarming rate in every part of the united kingdom, and yet government have published, in their Gazette quotations from returns made to them, which would show that, during that period, grain has been either declining or been stationary in price! This most likely arises from erroneous returns made in the inland markets, where the growers are interested in keeping foreign corn out of the country; and these low returns are not counteracted by a list of correct and high priced bargains; for in Liverpool, strange to say, perhaps not one-hundredth part of the corn contracts is given to the inspector.

In our opionion, the simplest mode would be to legislate from the sales at Mark-lane alone, without having recourse, at a great expense, trouble and delay to the operations of one hundred and fifty markets. Were every occupier of a stand in the London Corn Exchange, obliged to return on oath, the quantity of grain, with the price, sold by him in that Exchange, it would be, by much, the most faithful statement and allowance could easily be made for its being generally a higher market than Wakefield, &c. The dealers in sugar in London make their returns to Arthur Nettleship, which returns constitute the average price of sugar for the united kingdom, without any reference to the Liverpool or Bristol markets, and no one ever questions the accuracy of such average price—and why not pursue the same simple and easy mode with respect to corn?

### FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

There is no later official intelligence from the theatre of war, but as usual, a great variety of unofficial intelligence, of a contradictory character in the details, though all agree in one fact, viz: that the Russians, if not on the retreat to the Danube, are in a very uncomfortable situation. Despatches were received in London on the 16th, from Lord Hytesbury, dated from Odessa, on the 26th of Sept. and conveying intelligence from Varna to the 21st, at which period that place had not surrendered nor had any assault been made upon it. The following postscript was issued from the office of the London Sun, on the evening of the 17th:

LONDON SUN OFFICE, }
*Quarter past* 4, *P. M.*—Second Edition. }

The Journal du Commerce, received by mail, brings accounts from Frankfort to the 9th inst. that although no official accounts had been published for several days past, private letters have been received from Berlin, saying, that the second army under the command of Count Wittgenstein, was dispersed. Whole Regiments of Cavalry dismounted;—the want of water was so great that three roubles were given for a bottle of water. It was reported on the Change at Frankfort that the siege of Varna was raised, and that the Russian army was in full retreat to the Danube.

[From the New England Farmer.]

## Cider Making.

The general process is understood, but attention to two or three particulars may greatly increase the liquor.

Use water freely in making every thing sweet and clean before you begin, but very sparingly afterwards.

Put your apples, after being gathered, for a few days in a dry place, exposed to the sun.

Let your casks be perfectly sweet.

See that the straw used be clean and bright. Throw all the rotton, or rotting apples to your pigs. Keep the several sorts of the apples separate; if ground together the cider will not be so good.

When the liquor has undergone sufficient fermentation to throw off the impure matter in it, and while it is yet sweet take a clean cask, put in it a bucket of cider, set fire to a clean rag that has been dipped in brimstone, let it burn inside the cask so as to fill it with the fumes of the brimstone, shake the cask well, then fill & bung it tight.

This mode is highly recommended to preserve the cider sweet, while it will yet be pure. The crab apple should be more extensively cultivated for cider. Liquor, delicious as wine, may be made from it.

CIDER.—To improve the flavour of a hogshead, take one gallon of French brandy, half an ounce of cochineal, a pound of alum & three pounds of sugar candy; beat the latter articles well together, & steep them two days in brandy; pour the whole into the cider, and stop it close six months.

Various methods have been recommended for improving the quality of cider, the addition of other ingredients, filtration through sand, or coal at the press, boiling, pressing and racking. However beneficial any one or all of the above may be, yet to have good cider, great care must be taken in making it.

Let the unripe and rotten apples be picked out and given to the hogs. Let the press, tubs, barrels and hogsheads be well cleansed and freed from acids. Let the straw be bright, having no rust nor mould, and the little water that may be used, soft and clear

After the apples are converted into fine pomace, it should be suffered to remain until it undergoes the proper fermentation. The time that this will require is from twenty to seventy two hours, depending on the state of the weather. The greater the warmth the quicker will be the fermentation. The colour of the pomace before it is put on the press should be similar to that of a ripe cherry.

In order that the farmer may be convinced that the pomace should remain sometime before it is pressed, let him mash a few apples, and force out the juice immediately. He will see that it is nearly as colourless as water.—Let him again mash a few quite fine, and let them in that state be exposed to the air for 24 hours, and pressing out the juice he will find it a rich cider colour. If the experiment is carried further by putting the juices into the bottles, and permitting them to undergo the usual fermentation, he will be still more convinced of the impropriety of pressing out the juice immediately after the apples are ground.

Many farmers in the United States get from four to ten dollars per barrel, but the majority do not get two. The latter should buy one or two barrels of their neighbours, and keep it to treat their friends. They should continue this practice until they are able to make such as will bring at least three dollars per barrel.

## COFFEE.

*From Dr. THORNTON'S Botanical Lectures.*

"Now that I am speaking of berries, it may be useful to say a few words respecting Coffee: I would recommend every person to drink coffee at breakfast, for those persons who constantly use coffee can never be subject to putrid fevers; and in the east of Europe its cultivation became first an object of particular attention, from the discovery of its being the only certain remedy then known for the cure of the plague. Mocha coffee, which originally grew in Arabia-Felix, is unquestionably the finest, and possessed of the greatest perfume; but our own British Plantation coffee, if obtained wholesome and pure, fresh roasted, and ground immediately before using, makes a most delicious beverage: and I must say, what I use myself, which I procure from NICOL & Co's, Fenchurch street, possesses more of the real pungency and aromatic flavour of this valuable exotic in perfection, than I, from experimental trial have got elsewhere. Coffee has a great tendency to the cure and prevention of scorbutic humours, and I have known the paroxysms of asthmatic complaints considerably abated by drinking three or four dishes of coffee. A cup of coffee strengthens & exhilirates our mental faculties; and nothing can be more refreshing either to the studious or laborious, than a dish of good coffee: this fact we have had practically and powerfully illustrated by Napoleon Bonaparte, whose buoyancy of mind and energies intellectual and physical, were never surpassed by any man, who abstained from the use of spirituous liquors, but drank coffee at all hours of the day, for the revival of his spirits & strengthening of his body."

## Charge of Judge Rupin,

*To the Grand Jury of Olympia County, State of Ohio.—*

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY:—

The general nature and scope of your duties have been so frequently explained from this bench, that a recapitulation of *them* would at this time be unnecessary. But I deem it the duty of this Court to direct your attention to new offences as they arise. Since the last session of this court, this county has in common with the other counties of the State been agitated by a contested election; to an extent not remembered since the settlement of the State.

The frequency of elections, I hold to be necessary to the sound health of the republic, but if their freedom and purity be impaired by corruption it becomes the source of baneful disease. The Roman people preserved their liberties so long as their elections were untainted by the influence of corruption, under that influence their sacred rights were forgotten, and on the plains of Pharsalia the last shadow of their republican government vanished in the conflict between two military chieftains. Had the roman people retained the purity and freedom of elections, Cæsar had never crossed the Rubicon.

Many allegations are now made in regard to corruption at the late election, and it is your solemn duty closely to investigate them. Our Legislators foresaw that these abuses might be introduced by ambitious and profligate men, & in their wisdom they have enacted salutary laws for their correction. *They* cannot be enforced but by your aid and co-operation. Corruption in elections involved a degree of moral depravity that excites the abhorrence of all honest and virtuous citizens, it is fraud on the best portion of the people, and is calculated to alienate them from our republican institutions. In the higher branches of science and literature, we are still behind many of the nations of Europe, but in many matters of practical utility they are excelled by us. In European legislatures a few men of the highest order of talents are always to be found; but at this period young as our country is, the ability and wisdom of our national legislature will not suffer by a comparison with the Parliament of Great Brit in. In that country with an occasional rare exception, their statesmen are selected from the highest order of society. In our own, hitherto, the talent of the nation has been put in requisition. A humble citizen though his means be small and limited finds ample encouragement in the education of his son, from a knowledge that he may attain the highest stations in the republic. I have understood that the father of Judge Johnson of the Supreme Court was a blacksmith, Gen. Harper was descended from a sadler, and the mother of our elegant and accomplished Ames kept a small public house. But if a few rich and abandoned men in a country by means of money can controul the voice of the people; our citizens will cease to venerate a government, which in theory holds out the principles of liberty and equality, but which in practice has degenerated into an oligarchy. It would not be consistent with the dignity of this Court, to draw your attention to particular individuals who, as we have been informed, practised corruption at the late election. We have heard of some cases in which money has been paid directly for votes, others where men have bartered away their suffrages for money paid under the colour of loans; and it is a matter of public notoriety that many weak men have been seduced to houses several days previous to the election, where they have been kept in a state of intoxication until they were carried to the polls—on the morning of the election as I delivered my vote to the judges, I saw one of these unhappy men, and was informed that he had been confined in one of these abodes of vice during the Sabbath, and the night previous to the election. When I saw him he was in a state of total alienation of mind, incapable of acting for himself.

Gentlemen, these offences call aloud for correction. There is another evil to which I think proper to advert. The practice of betting has been carried to an alarming height, at the late election. I understand some men of *large* fortunes have been ruined in consequence of losses sustained thereby. No law exists for the punishments of this offence, but I trust that at their next session the legislature will pass a penal law for its prohibition. This practice leads directly to corruption in elections. When man has staked his fortune on such an event he is prepared to purchase votes in order to ensure success.

Gentlemen, you will retire to your chamber, you can at all times refer to the Attorney General to aid you in any legal difficulties—and the court will be ready to communicate with you if you should find it necesary to refer to them.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11029-0819.jpg