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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Within the sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters, widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile, armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where, erst, the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest, and a plenteous year:—

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east:—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,
And croaked the crow, through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiselessly out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And, in the dead leaves, still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all.
And twice, war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the swords, to rust upon the wall.

Re gave the swords—but not the hand that drew.
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him, who to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone,
Breathed through her lips, a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed—
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbours smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

NOT A PARTY QUESTION.—A gentleman who has travelled a good deal through Indiana and Illinois since the nomination of General Scott, gives the Cincinnati Gazette the most encouraging accounts of the way "things are working" in those States. He tells an amusing incident which occurred in a stage coach in Illinois. A Whig and Democrat had been discussing the free trade question until both got pretty warm, when the Whig became satisfied that his opponent was an obstinate fellow, who would not be convinced of his error, and put an end to the dispute by proposing a vote on the Presidency. "Gentlemen," said the Whig, "You who are Whigs will say 'aye,' and you who are Democrats will say 'no.' "Stop," says the Democrat, "that's not the way to put it. You must take the vote as between Scott and Pierce, for I'm a democrat, but I'm going for Scott; my neighbor here, is a democrat, and he's going for Scott, too; and the fact is, we've concluded in our section, not to make it a party question!" It is hardly necessary to say that the vote of that stage-load was unanimously for Scott.

TROUP AND QUITMAN IN GEORGIA.—We learn, through the Columbus (Geo.) Enquirer, that at a meeting of the Southern Rights party of that city, Governor Troup, of that State, and Governor Quitman, of Mississippi, were nominated for President and Vice President. They also nominated electors. This is a union of the Secessionists and Southern rights men, and makes now five electoral tickets in that State.

To Major Jack Downing, Downingville, Down East.

SOUTH ALABAMA, Aug 22, 1852.

DEAR MAJOR: On the 20th of July I wrote to you a letter, to which I have had no answer. As one way of reaching you failed, I will now try another.

As I put to you certain "home questions" touching the anti-slavery and other political "Yankee notions," and "Yankee tricks" of New Hampshire, not answered to this time, I conclude my letter has shared the same fate, and from the *same* cause, of Mr. Scott's of Virginia, to your General Pierce—that to *some* questions it is not *convenient* to reply.

I shall not repeat them unless I learn that my letter was not received. But this I will observe that the Democracy of the South, such as expect no share in "the spoils," nor can derive no benefit from his election, will not vote for Gen. Pierce *unless* satisfied that he is an out and out Fugitive Slave law man; as President would veto the repeal of that law, should its repeal be voted by Congress, (whatever the majority;) and that he would discountenance any interference with the institution of slavery. Unless he satisfies them on these points, General Pierce need not look for their votes, or for those of any independent and disinterested slaveholder. But unscrupulous office-seekers of the South (as well as those of the North, who look for office under him) will give Gen. Pierce their support, *pretending* to believe that he is the steadfast ally of the South.

As opposition to slavery and to the Roman Catholic Church is the Democratic faith of New Hampshire—abolitionism its religion—it is fair to conclude that *every* New Hampshire Democrat entertains these sentiments, unless the most conclusive testimony be adduced to the contrary. In regard to General Pierce's letter, and the evidence of his Freesoil friends in N. Hampshire, (every one of them a Wilmot proviso man, as General Pierce *was.)* I am by no means convinced by such testimony that General Pierce did not make the speech at New Boston, as published at the time in his own town, (in January last,) and uncontradicted by him *now*. Before General Pierce was nominated for the Presidency we of the South knew *nothing* about him. As we are apt to believe what *our* preachers say, we are more disposed to rely upon the testimony of Parson Foss, the reporter of his speech, than upon the memory of General Pierce, more than six months afterwards. According to General Pierce's statement, he had never "seen" a report of a speech delivered by me (him) *until* (his) my attention was called to it as published in the *Republic*." And he declares it "to be an *entire* misrepresentation," "grossly and and absurdly false;" a "weak and untruthful sketch of what purports to be my (his) *speech*." But he does not say what his speech was. We want the speech itself, (why does not Gen Pierce furnish it?) as others have wanted his reply to Mr. Scott's letter. It seems he does not state the object of the New Boston meeting; but he does not deny his being there, and having made a speech.—Nor does he deny a short colloquy at that meeting. Some one in the crowd put in a word to General Pierce as "*a thorough Atwood man.*" "*None the worse for that,*" replied General Pierce. As this anecdote is not denied, we of the South would like to know what General Pierce *meant* by his reply. Is not or was not the John Atwood referred to an Abolitionist? Does General Pierce say "none the worse for *that?*" If not so understood in N. Hampshire, it cannot be denied that Atwood was a Wilmot provise Freesoiler, as I understand every New Hampshire Democrat to be, or to have been, including Gen. Pierce himself, up to the time of the Democratic Convention in Baltimore.

Our doubts about General Pierce's newborn love of slavery are the more strengthened, as only lately two such zealous Freesoilers as Mr. John Van Buren and General Dix have gone all the way to New Hampshire to advocate the cause of Democracy in that ilk! Was their aid *wanted?* By whom and for what purpose? Were they not most cordially welcomed, as the favorite orators with the *New Hampshire* Democrats? In case of General Pierce's becoming President, have not these Freesoil gentlemen the right to expect high offices under Government—if not to be his counsellors, as we have too much cause to apprehend? Such generous efforts cannot be made in that quarter for nothing. To the South the return of the Van Buren dynasty is as repugnant as the restoration of the Bourbons to France. Are not Pierce and Van Buren identical?

Having been several times in New Hampshire myself, it has never been my fortune to meet there a *single* pro-slavery man, such as Southern Democrats, especially of the Calhoun school, have always said they expected their candidate for the Presidency to be, or that *they* would never vote for him. On the contrary, I never met in New Hampshire, what we of the South consider to be other than an anti-slavery man. If he was not, he need not aspire to any office in New Hampshire.—Anti slavery and anti-Catholicism seemed to me to be its religion. In this view Gen. Pierce may be "a religious man," as his friends say he is. But our views of religion differ in the South from those entertained in New Hampshire.

Our vices, say the North, consist in slavery, in duelling, horse-racing, and such other undisguised habits of dissipation and violation of the decalogue as are not consistent with sound morals and good order; but we of the South retaliate upon our Pharasaical brethren of the North, that while with your Puritanicial sanctity you are observers of good order, the better keeping of Sabbath, laboring with indefatigable industry, and doing other commendable things, very many of you, in your thirst for gain and hunger for the spoils of office, with the creed that "all is fair in politics," overlook those obligations of truth, honor, and integrity that we of the South consider as binding among gentlemen and honest men. In New Hampshire the gentleman drives; in the South cuffy is the driver. The pursuits of gentlemen are very different in these sections of country. Among those of the South, from the difference of their position and other circumstances, we believe truth is more devoutly worshipped than in New Hampshire, if we may judge from the recent developements of New Hampshire Democrats. There, it seems, Democratic partisans will not believe each other, even under oath. Such being the case, how can we of the South trust them? What evidence have we of Gen. Pierce's moral superiority to other New Hampshire Democrats? To Atwood or to Foss?

With all his faults, a Southern man is very tenacious in respect to his word.—Every honest man who tells the truth is a gentleman at the South. The southerner is ardent and impulsive; and the northerner cold and calculating. The southerner loves money as means of gratifying his tastes; the northerner loves it as if for itself. (However, the generosity and philanthropy of such "merchant princes" at the North as Perkins, and Lawrence, and Appleton, all good Whigs, cannot be too highly applauded.) The vices of the North and the South are as opposite as their climates; and when the North, and especially New Hampshire, turns up its eyes with holy horror at the slavery of the South, I cannot but apply the lines of Hudibras:

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

But for the length of my letter I would say something here about the relative claims upon the country of the two candidates for the Presidency. All the world *knows* Gen. Scott, and no certificates are required in regard to him. General Pierce is the certificate candidate—a general upon paper. *Your certificate*, Major, would have weight were *you* to testify in behalf of Gen. Pierce, either as to his military achievements, of which you, Major, are, of course, a competent judge, or were *you* to certify as to his civil qualifications and services, and about his "directness" of character, as understood "down East." But we of the South, knowing *nothing* about him, except by the accounts from *New Hampshire*, have an idea that but for the prefix of general to his name, (and we have yet to learn of his military *services,*) General Pierce would no more have been thought of for the Presidency than Governor Toucey, Mr. Clifford, (both members of Mr. Polk's Cabinet,) and hundreds of other Democrats in New England who have quite as much talent, and have rendered to the country quite as much service as Gen. Pierce has done or can do.

However you and I Major, may differ about the men, or about the North and the South, and their peculiar interests and institutions, of this be assured, we of the South have quite as strong a fraternal feeling for Brother Jonathan as he has for us; and that, as we stood by you of the North, or rather you down-easters, for sailors' rights in the war of 1812, we will stand by you again if John Bull should dare encroach upon your rights to the fisheries.—And if we are to have a war, we of South Alabama mean to do our best, and with slaveholding votes expect to have the majority to make General Scott the commander-in-chief of our army and navy, so as to bring it to a triumphant conclusion. But like Wellington and Soult, when in power, we believe there can be no better friend to peace than our "Laurelled General."—Our negroes even know of General Scott's fame; and they say of him that as he is "fuss in war, fuss in peace, and fuss in the hearts of his countrymen, and in battle *always fuss*, his feathers high above all others, therefore General Scott was called fuss and feathers." This seems to be a logical conclusion for Sambo.

I can now come to no better conclusion, my dear Major, than to subscribe myself your undeviating friend,

TOM BIGBY.

GEN SCOTT IN PENNSYLVANIA.—You may depend on it, Pennsylvania must be put down for Scott. The State of Pennsylvania is a singular one. It seems disposed to take the lead in nominating and supporting Generals for the Presidency.—A few young men in Harrisburg first nominated General Jackson for that office, and he was elected. Gen. Harrison, was the favorite candidate of the State in 1840, and he too was elected. It was Pennsylvania that decided the election of Gen. Taylor. And now she is going, heart and soul, for General Scott, and I shall not be at all surprised to see him elected.—*Pittsburg Letter in Journal of Commerce (free trade.)*

A COMPROMISE.—A New York paper says the late Cobert C. Sands sued for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred dollars to heal his broken heart. "Two hundred!" he exclaimed, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a blasted life! two hundred dollars for all this! No, never! *Make it three and it's a bargain!*"

Scott's Diplomacy on the Canada Frontier.

We have already noticed several instances in which General Scott displayed decided civil abilities. Another, and striking one, is the distinguished part he acted in the rebellion which, towards the close of the year 1837, broke out in Lower Canada, and raged for a considerable period before it could be wholly suppressed by the British authorities. The difficulty originated in discontent with certain measures of the Colonial administration. Open movements of resistance first broke out among the French population in the lower province, and the spirit of revolt soon extended to the people of Upper Canada. Presenting the appearance of a popular insurrection against the oppressive rule of the imperial government of Great Britain, it very naturally enlisted the feelings of our citizens resident upon the frontier, and large numbers of them, without considering the reasonableness of the disaffection, or the obligations of neutrality imposed upon the United States by international law and treaty stipulations, rushed into the quarrel, and took sides with the rebel party, under the style of Canada, "*patriots*" or *sympathizers*. The excitement all along the border, from Lake Huron to Vermont, became intense, and it was industriously cultivated by many leaders of the Canadian insurgents, who crossed into our territory, inflamed the inhabitants with revolutionary zeal, held clandestine meetings, organized their forces, secured the conspirators by mutual oaths of secrecy, appointed officers, and even prepared a provisional government for one of the provinces.

Steps were immediately taken by the administration to arrest these movements, and prevent the violation of neutral relations between the States and Great Britain.—A proclamation of the President failed to produce any effect; and about the time it was issued, an incident occurred which, for a moment, exasperated popular feeling throughout the Union, and threatened serious collision with England. A small steamer, called the "Caroline," in possession of the American Canadian Patriots, was employed as a ferry-boat between Schlosser and Navy Island. The latter place was within the British line, and had been occupied by the insurgents. During the first night in which this vessel commenced her trips between the two points mentioned, a party of Englishmen made an attack upon it, killed one, and wounded several of our citizens who were found aboard, and then, cutting the boat loose from her moorings at Navy Island, set her on fire, and sent her over the Falls of Niagara. This event not only fanned the border excitement into a blaze that seemed to defy all power of extinguishment, but, as we have said, aroused a feeling of indignation and resentment in every section of the Confederacy. Things had assumed a most alarming aspect, and it was seen that nothing but the most prompt and efficient measures could avert a general and disastrous war. The deepest solicitude prevailed at Washington; a Cabinet Council was instantly called, and General Scott, who happened to be at the Capital, was told that he must hasten to the scene of danger. In the instructions he received from the Secretary of War, the following passage occurred:

"The Executive possesses no legal authority to employ the military force to restrain persons within our jurisdiction, and who ought to be under our control, from violating our laws by making incursions into the territory of friendly and neighboring States. I can give you, therefore, no instructions on that subject; *but request that you will use your influence* to prevent such excesses, and to preserve the character of this government for good faith and a proper regard to the rights of friendly powers."

This avowal of the constitutional disability of the government to restrain its refractory citizens increased the difficulty of the task assigned to Winfield Scott, and the absolute manner in which the President and his counsellors threw upon him the whole responsibility of, and provision for, the emergency, proved their high estimate of his talents and resources. Congress was called upon to arm the Executive with additional powers, and a bill was introduced enabling the proper authorities to seize any vessel or vehicle belonging to citizens of the United States which, from circumstances, appeared about to be employed against the subjects of foreign power with whom they were at peace. It was, however, rejected by the House of Representatives, and Scott was literally left to meet and conquer an extensive and violent border disturbance with no efficient means beyond his personal influence and diplomatic skill.

The duty was a delicate one in its nature, and was rendered more arduous by the magnificent promises of requital which the insurgents in Canada made to all citizens of the United States who would join them in their struggle for independence, as also by the complaints which were rapidly multiplied, from day to day, upon both sides of the frontiers. These latter required the greatest care to keep within bounds the feelings in which they originated.—Seeing no available mode of operation but in appeals to the intelligence and patriotism of the Americans who were engaged in the rebellion, Scott, during the winters of 1838 and 1838–39, passed rapidly to and fro throughout the disaffected district, contriving always to be present at the point of greatest danger. His excursions were made chiefly at night, with the cold frequently ten, and even twenty degrees below zero; while the day time was used in preparing means of defence, in a voluminous correspondence, and the various labors of direct pacification. In the course of these onerous and anxious toils, he addressed, at different points along a line of eight hundred miles, large masses of citizens, who were regularly armed and enlisted in the cause of the Canadian revolt.—A historian of the time, in stating the substance of these speeches, which elicited the warm applause of those to whom they were delivered, says that

"Scott handled every topic which could inspire shame in misdoers or excite pride in the friends of the government and country. He spoke both to the knowledge and the sentiment of the people. He reminded them of the nature of a republic, which can have no foundation of permanency except in the general intelligence, virtue, respect and obedience of its subjects—that if, in the attempt to force on our unwilling neighbors independence and free institutions, we had first to trample under foot treaty stipulations and laws made by our own representatives, we should greatly hazard free institutions in the confidence and respect of our own people; that no government can or ought to exist for one moment after losing the power of executing its obligations to foreign countries, and of enforcing its own laws at home, that that power depended, in a republic, chiefly on the people themselves; that we had a treaty with England, binding us to the strictest observance of amity, or all the duties of good neighborhood with adjoining provinces, and also an act of Congress for enforcing those solemn obligations; that the treaty and the laws were as binding on the honor and conscience of every American as if he had especially voted for each; that this doctrine was of the very essence of a civilized republic, as the neglect of it could not fail to sink us into anarchy, barbarism and universal contempt; that an aggressive war, waged by a part of the community, without just cause and without preparation, necessarily drags the non-consenting many a long with the madness of the few, involving all alike in crime, disaster, and disgrace; and that a war, to be successful, must be very differently commenced."

These harangues, powerful as they must have been, as appeals to reason and to loyalty, were usually concluded with the following eloquent peroration, which we extract from a report.

"Fellow citizens—I thank God, we have a common government, as well as a common origin. I stand before you without troops and without arms, save the blade by my side. I am, therefore, within your power. Some of you have known me in other scenes, and all of you know that I am ready to do what my country and what duty demands. I tell you, then, *except it be ever my body, you shall not pass this line—you shall not embark.*"

Hundreds of excited men, who were before active participants in the difficulties on the border, yielded to the fervid expostulations of Gen. Scott, and forthwith withdrew from intervention in the domestic discords of the adjoining provinces, while the real friends of neutrality were emboldened to advocate and support it openly.—Peace and order were speedily restored, and the fearful consequences of a national war, which had, for a moment, been imminent, were happily averted.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of Scott's efforts on this critical occasion, or the masterly tact and efficiency with which he managed, almost alone, to quell so extensive and violent a popular outbreak. His achievement was the subject of cordial eulogy throughout the country—he had "won golden opinions from all sorts of men," and on his way to Washington he was honored at Albany where the New York Legislature was then in session, with a public festival, at which the Lieut. Governor presided, and Governor Marcy was a guest. The whole company joined in the warmest expressions of respect and admiration for the chivalric patriot they had met to welcome; and among the toasts offered on the occasion, were the following, which are indicative of the sentiment which every where prevailed:

"WINFIELD SCOTT—not less the scholar than the soldier, whose pen and sword have been wielded with equal skill in the defence of his country."

"THE SOLDIER—who has ever made the law of the land his supreme will of action, and who, while he has always fulfilled its utmost requirements, has never, in a single instance, transcended its limits."

"OUR GUEST—the invincible champion of our rights, the triumphant vindicator of our laws."

Such were the sentiments entertained towards Gen. Scott, in 1839, by distinguished men of all parties. Since that time he has largely increased his title to public admiration and confidence. Why then, it may be asked, should he not now, in 1852, be even more applauded by all classes of his countrymen, and party spirit generously yield still the same unqualified acknowledgment of his civil and military abilities which they extorted thirteen years ago?—The question is pertinent—let the people answer it.—*Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.*

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 3.—The body of an unknown man was found this morning on the Columbia Railroad, cut entirely in two. The cars passed over him during the night. He was respectably dressed and had a carpet bag by his side.

SINGULAR CLAIM—*Nine Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars!* The City Council has before it a singular claim, for an immense sum of money, preferred by an old man named Montagne. The claimant was, many years ago, a bird-fancier, and made traffic of the feathered tribe by way of gaining a living. It happened that something over a quarter of a century ago, the old gentleman's birds became obnoxious to a member of the police, as they hung dangling in their cages over the sidewalk of a public street, which fact determined a policemen to have them removed. In the process of their removal in consequence of rough handling or foul play, two of the birds suffered death. Mr. Montagne immediately charged their value to the city, (about one dollar and fifty cents) and sent in his bill to the Common Council. It was passed over without payment, and after the next general election for Aldermen the demand was renewed, with the addition of the interest that had accrued from date. The bill was treated with neglect as before, and so on from year to year, up to the present time—an addition of compound interest being made to the demand at each successive presentation of it.

The claim is now before the Board of Aldermen, and as the sturdy applicant has calculated the bill at compound interest, it now amounts to about $950,000! Some waggish members of the Council have fed him with hopes that the amount will be allowed. In that event, he promises to subscribe $750,000 to the Opelousas Railroad, and to divide $50,000 among the members of the two Boards, as a bonus for their favor. The hope of getting the claim allowed is a mania with the old chap, and he attends every meeting of the Council, in the confident expectation of realizing the full fruition of his golden dream.—*New Orleans Crescent.*

MARYLAND INSTITUTE MAMMOTH CAKE.—One of the greatest curiosities in the cake line ever witnessed is the production of Messrs. James D. & William W. Gilmour, now exhibiting in the confectionary and refreshment saloon of the Maryland Institute. Some idea may be formed of its size when the various ingredients are stated, viz: Seven kegs of butter; two barrels of sugar; two barrels of flour; fifty pounds of Spice; twelve gallons of brandy; two hundred and fifty dozen eggs; four barrels of currents; forty boxes of raisins and sixteen boxes of citron. Besides the foregoing, the gentlemanly manufacturers have deposited indiscriminately in the cake, one hundred pure gold rings, nearly all of which are set with emeralds, amethyist, cornelians, opals, turquoise, pearls and rubies. The weight of the cake is nearly four thousand pounds and could not be raised at public trial by 15 men. It is composed of five circular obelisks—the first measuring twenty-five feet in circumference, and fifteen inches high, the second, seventeen feet in circumference and twelve inches high, and the others in a proportionate ratio. On the top of the upper course is a structure styled the "Temple of Liberty," composed of an entablature supported by six Corinthian columns, with a similar one above supported by six plain columns, the lower section containing a sylph-like figure, representing the Godess of Liberty. The height of this great specimen of confectionery is six feet, and the exterior is elaborately ornamented with iced work of elegant design. The fourth section of the cake presents a miniature floating island, in which, number of swans and other objects are floating.

ESCAPED SLAVE.—Some excitement has been caused in the neighborhood of Brandywine, Del., by the escape of a colored slave girl, named Judy Wood, from Capt. Jno. Williams, of the schooner, 'Lady Monroe,' of Fredericksburg, Va., which was lying in the Brandywine. Capt. Williams had taken the girl with him to attend his children. He had employed a man to pilot his vessel up the creek, and when last seen, the girl was talking to the pilot who was in his boat alongside the vessel. Soon afterwards the pilot and the girl were both missed, and nothing has been heard of the slave since.

ROTARY STEAM PLOUGH.—This is the name of a new plough just introduced among the agriculturists of Scotland. It is got up on a new plan. The ploughs, or rather the iron horns which act as ploughs, revolve on a shaft like a water wheel. It stirs about three feet of earth at once, and so scatters and pulverizes it as to make it look like the work of a spade. It moves at a good pace, having no less a velocity than twenty-five hundred yards per hour, ploughing about six acres in one day. The price of it is £300 or $1,455. It requires an engineer and two laborers to attend to it.

TO WHIPPING MOTHERS.—A little boy yesterday tumbled into the dock. A sailor sprang in and brought him out again, about half dead with fright and excessive draughts of salt water. When he recovered from the shock, he began to sob and cry most piteously. He was assured that he was not hurt. "I know that well enough," said he, with a fresh burst, "but mother said she would lick me if I got drowned, and I know she'll do it, for she always does."—*Day Book.*

Mr. John M Clayton has sold his farm and country residence, Buena Vista, near Wilmington, Del., to Mr. J. Bird, for $30,000.

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