

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. F. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.
VOLUME 23.

FORWARD.

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 22, 1853.

NUMBER 37.
\$1.50 A YEAR, in Advance.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. F. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.
B. F. BLOAN, Editor.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.
Published weekly, except on Sundays, at the office of the Proprietors, No. 125, Third Street, Erie, Pa.
For the first three months from the date of publication, in advance, \$1.50 per annum, or \$50 cents per quarter, in advance.
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Poetry and Miscellany.

A RUSTIC DREAM.

BY ALICE CURRY.
It is not the snowing, Harry,
That I hear against the pane!
Lay the faded umbers closer,
Till the cabin glow again;
And while the frozen hill-tops
Grow smooth, and high and white,
I'll tell you of a vision—
'Twas the middle of the night,
For I had heard the crowing
Of the cock upon the bough—
(I do not hear the snowing
At the window, plumber say)
Ere I fell into a slumber
That was very calm and deep;
So, Harry, darling Harry,
You may know I was asleep.
I thought that I was gleaming
In the moonlight summer heat—
I could hear the pleasant rashing
Of the sickles in the wheat;
And I said, in such a gaspish,
The hay itself will make:
Let us rest us with the redbirds
That are whistling in the brake;
For the winds were creeping sashlike
Over the meadow, hot and steep,
And I saw that you were weary—
Harry this was all in sleep.
Jane was dallying with her lover
Of the burning "hellish eye,"
And the redness of the roses
Was the deeply blushed reply.
And the birds were gathered softly
To their boughs of love and me—
We were not thinking, Harry,
Of the harvest work to do.
And I said, for I was dreaming,
And I knew not it was wrong—
"O, our voices is sweetest music,
Sing me any simple song,
So that love be in the poem;"
And while singing for my sake,
Twice or thrice I kissed thy forehead—
But I never will awake,
Then your voice grew low and trembled,
Though you sought to make it rough;
And you said you must be rising,
You had rested long enough;
But you kept your arm about me
Till the even-ohnd deep,
And I wish—shall I confess it—
That it had not been sleep.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AT HAM.

From the British Journal.
The romantic visit, described in the following sketch, was paid to Louis Napoleon in 1845, by an American, who published a lengthy account of it in 1849, after the prince was elected President of the French Republic. This volume we have compressed into an article, preserving the original form, and only using such liberties with the author's language as were necessary to give continuity to an abridged narrative. The author seems to have been more of an imperialist than a republican, or, rather, from his personal sympathy perhaps with "the prince," his opinions appear coincident with Bonapartism, which profess to unite both extremes, in an imperial republicanism.
In passing from Philadelphia to New York, in the summer of 1845, just previous to my departure for Europe, I stopped at the princely residence of the late Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, to make me adieux to the young Prince de Montenuovo. On leaving, the prince remarked, "You are going to France; why not make an effort to see my unfortunate cousin, Prince Louis?" During my stay in London I mentioned this to several of the prince's friends, who thought the idea rather quixotic, as the government suffered no relations of any sort to be kept up with the lone captive of Ham. Count D'Orsay alone was sanguine. I mentioned the difficulty of my being an American. "You have hit it exactly," returned this ready tactician; "just because you are an American, the government will be puzzled on what ground to refuse your request. I will tell you what to do; employ no influence, attempt no intrigue, and give no trouble to your ambassador, but simply write a letter to the Minister of the Interior, saying that you are a resident of the United States, an old acquaintance of Prince Louis, and, from friendly motives, desire to pay him your respects during a brief visit to France." This advice struck me as excellent, and I promised the count to carry it literally into effect. Perhaps it was a fortnight after my arrival in Paris, during which I had abandoned and resumed my project, half a dozen times, that I suddenly, one day, set down and wrote to the Minister of the Interior, in the way suggested. A week elapsed, and no reply. Returning to my hotel one day, I found that an officer of police had been there making inquiries about me; and next day I received a summons to repair to the prefecture. On the announcement of my name, my business seemed perfectly known, and I was conducted to the cabinet of one of the numberless under-secretaries where I was received with great courtesy. "The government," he said, "had received my request—they were under the unpleasant necessity of refusing numerous applications to visit the prince, but in the present instance, no such objections existed."
"I am exceedingly happy to hear it," I replied, with a cordial salutation, "and when may I anticipate the favor of being allowed to set off?"
"It was just going to add," replied the official, "that the Minister would have taken great pleasure in according to your wish; but he has been informed that Prince Louis has declined receiving your visit!"
"Indeed!" I drew out with an emphasis that conveyed my undisguised astonishment.
"Yes, I assure you," continued the functionary in his blandest manner, "the government would have deemed it quite unnecessary to interfere in this matter, if his highness had manifested the smallest concern about it."
"Then I may rely upon that?" I asked rather abruptly.
"Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, First President of France Biographical and Personal Sketches, including a Visit to the Prince at the Castle of Ham. By Henry Wilson. New-York, Putnam's London, Chapman, 1848.

"Oh, undoubtedly! I hope you will accept my positive assurance on that point."
"I do so most cheerfully, and with a view to prove my entire confidence in your word, have the goodness to read this," handing him a letter I drew from my pocket. The secretary of the prefecture of police read it rapidly over, then turned it round, examined the post mark, and exclaimed in some confusion, "why, this is a letter from the prince, dated yesterday, expressing his desire to see you at your earliest convenience!"
"Exactly so, Monsieur; I received it as I left my hotel to come here; and as there is now, by your declaration, no difficulty in the way of my departure, I need not assure you that I shall be greatly indebted to his excellency, the Minister of the Interior, for permission to go as soon as possible."
"There must certainly be a mistake somewhere," returned the secretary, very much puzzled.
No later than the next morning, a lancer galloped with considerable fracas into the court-yard, and touching his hat a *la militaire* to the porter, handed him a formidable-sized envelope for Monsieur. He took a look at his page, but galloped off again without venturing to pronounce it; for a Frenchman pronounces nothing which he can't frechly. Yes, sure enough, here was a letter from the Minister of the Interior, signed and sealed with the arms of France, directing the commandant of the citadel of Ham to allow the bearer, named, to communicate with Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. "Now, Baptiste," turning to my servant, "have the carriage at the door to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, for I mean to reach Ham, [a distance of 30 leagues] by nightfall."
"Très bien, Monsieur."
Baptiste was one of the most punctual of valets. Hardly had I finished my breakfast when the crack of whips announced the arrival of the postilion. Snatching up *Gulielmo*, I jumped in; Baptiste mounted the *impériale*, gave the word *en avant*, and away we went. "Going to see Prince Louis," said I to myself, but what are you going to see him for? That was a puzzle. It was five years ago, in London, April, 1840, on my way to America, that I met him for the first time. I was furiously struck by his military aspect, affable manners, intelligent face—pale, and slightly tinged with melancholy. He was living then in very luxurious style; occupying one of the finest mansions in London, on Carlton Terrace, overlooking that lovely park of St. James. His position was enviable indeed; surrounded by a species of court, fêted, and sought after by the highest rank of England; regarded with interest by the public in general—a great name, a romantic history and imperial pretensions—he was a fortunate man. During his residence in London, he published a very striking book entitled, "The Ideas of Napoleon," which made a great sensation at the time, and was translated into every language of Europe.
It was only a few months after the period of which I am speaking, that I learned the event which caused such universal astonishment—his rash attempt at Boulogne, and its signal and mortifying failure. As far as I could analyze my own motives in undertaking this visit, besides the honor conferred on me, it was to discover, if possible, the secret origin of those enterprises of Strasbourg and Boulogne, which really seemed so reckless, and, at first sight, so unprofitable. There are so many conflicting accounts and rumors of the character, sentiments, and, very generally, of the incapacity of Prince Louis, that I felt a very ardent anxiety to satisfy myself, as far as possible, on these points.
I was cordially welcomed to Ham, by the landlord of the only hotel in this very old, but very small town. "Ah! Monsieur, how I envy you the privilege of seeing the Prince Louis!" I looked up in surprise; "Why is it so common a thing for travelers (I inquired) to visit the citadel that you infer I came here for that purpose?" "Oh! mon Dieu, no; but everybody in Ham knew this morning, that Monsieur was coming to see the Prince."
"Pray, allow me to ask, how 'everybody' got this information?" I said, considerably perplexed.
"The police was telegraphed last night," I indeed! (I responded) it is really very good-natured in the minister to take so much pains about me.—He evidently attaches more importance to my business than I do myself. My host was surprised at my plainness of speech, and opened that "Monsieur was not Francais." "No, thank Heaven!" looking out of the window to see what sort of a place Ham was. I was of course next morning, and took a sunter through the town, which invited no particular remark, save that a place which had been for so many hundred years growing, should have made so little progress. Immediately after breakfast, I sent Baptiste off with my card to the commandant of the citadel, with my compliments, to know at what hour I should present myself for admission.—Meanwhile, the landlord came in with the startling intelligence that there were a couple of *gendarmes* at the door waiting to escort me to the police-office. Here Baptiste shot into the room: "Je salue!—I have seen him," was his only exclamation.—"Well, what did he say?"
"Oh! I didn't speak to him, (he replied, with his eyes flashing,) but I saw him on the ramparts, walking with his hands behind him, just like the Emperor."
"What, the commandant?"
"No, the Prince, Monsieur."
Baptiste forgot to deliver his message first, which was, that the commandant would be happy to see me at one o'clock. After a due inspection of my nose, eye-brows, etc., at the police-office, I made my way to the citadel, and had nearly got there before I espied Baptiste close in my rear.
"What are you about, Baptiste? you must go back." "Oh! (he exclaimed) let me see the Prince but for a minute only."
"How absurdly you talk, Baptiste!—what privilege have I in the matter?"
All my remonstrances were drowned in a tide of prayers and supplications, so I gave up the point, and told him he might take his chance. I had still a few minutes to spare, during which I surveyed the fortress, which covers several acres of ground, and is of vast extent. It is a magnificent relic of the feudal age, and I was still curiously gazing at it with reflections on its eventful history, when the clock of the citadel struck one. The drawbridge was down, and the portcullis up, as if a visitor was expected. Baptiste stuck to me like my shadow.—The commandant received me with great courtesy.

"I am sorry to inform you (he said) that I have orders to admit you but once, and that your interview with the Prince must be limited to four hours. But who is this with you?" casting his eyes on Baptiste, who hovered under his stern gaze.
"It is a favorite servant, who begs your permission to—"
"Impossible; he must retire instantly."
I found Prince Louis seated at a table covered with books and papers, in a small room, dimly lighted by two apertures from above, secured by stout iron bars. He was sadly altered, since I saw him last. His appearance betokened deep dejection, and a spirit bruised and sinking under constant reverses. The room was very small—the walls bare, and the floor without covering. Three or four wooden chairs, a single table, on which, among other objects, stood a student's lamp, constituted its principal furniture. In a recess, on either side of the chimney, were shelves running to the ceiling, filled with books, and here and there around the apartment were suspended several engravings. On the low, wooden mantel-piece, stood a common clock, and a small looking-glass above it. The whole had very much the appearance of a common kitchen in some unpretending private house. After some preliminary conversation relating to friends and events, the talk turned to the enterprise which had consigned him to Ham. His own account of that, and preceding events in his career, I shall now relate, as far as I can remember it.
"It were useless (began the Prince) to dwell upon all that preceded, and led me to engage in the enterprise of Strasbourg. By means of trusty agents the regiments along the eastern frontier were all sounded, both officers and men. The only questions asked were, 'Are you content with the government?'—'No!' 'Will you follow a Bonaparte?'—'Yes!' Everyday's information from various quarters of France, convinced me that it only needed the prestige of one victory to put an end to the natural hostility of hundreds of influential personages. At Strasbourg, on the 20th of October, the outbreak was to take place; and at five o'clock in the morning of that day, the signal was given in the Austrian barracks. At the sound of the trumpets, the soldiers hurried down into the court-yard. They drew up in double line around it, and Col. Vaudrey took his post in the centre. A short pause ensued waiting my arrival, and a dead silence was preserved. On my appearance, I was immediately presented to the troops in a few eloquent words from their colonel.
"Soldiers, (he said) a great revolution begins at this moment. The nephew of the emperor is before you. He comes to put himself at your head. He is arrived on the French soil to restore to France her glory and her liberty. It is now to conquer or to die for a great cause—the cause of the people.—Soldiers of the fourth regiment of artillery, may the emperor's nephew count on you?"
"The shout which followed this brief appeal nearly stunned me; men and officers alike abandoned themselves to the wildest enthusiasm. Flourishing their arms with furious energy they filled the air with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* If no grivings had ever crossed me of the fidelity of the French heart to the memory of Napoleon, they vanished forever before the sweetness and fierceness of that demonstration. The chord was scarcely touched, and the vibration was terrific. I was deeply moved, and nearly lost my self-possession. In a few moments I raised my hand, signifying my desire to speak.—Breathless silence ensued.
"Soldiers, (said I) it was in your regiment the Emperor Napoleon first saw service; with you he distinguished himself at Toulon; it was your brave regiment that opened the gates of Grenoble to him, on his return from Elba. Soldiers, new destinies are reserved to you. Here, (I continued) taking the standard of an eagle from an officer near me) here is the symbol of French glory; it must become henceforth the symbol of liberty."
"The effect of these simple words was indescribable. I gave the word to fall into column; the music struck up; and putting myself at their head, the regiment followed me to a man. Meanwhile my adherents had been active elsewhere, and uniformly successful. Colonel Tallandier, on being told that the emperor's nephew was there with the 4th regiment, would not believe it. An officer of his staff cried out, 'It is not the emperor's nephew; it is the nephew of Colonel Vaudrey; I know him!' Absurd as was this announcement, it flew from mouth to mouth. The space we occupied was so confined that the regiments became confounded together, and the tumult was frightful. An unfortunate movement separated me from my officers, and threw me among the soldiers, who still remained doubtful of my identity, some of whom took me prisoner.—"Nothing strikes me with more wonder (I observed) than the extreme facility which attended every step of the enterprise. It was a strange fact, that singular delusion as to your identity, which arose at the very moment that victory perched upon your standard! If it were a *vase* of some enemy, he deserves credit, at least, for his ingenuity."
"No, (replied the prince) I do not think it was an invention to arrest the revolt, but it sprang naturally from the doubts of various parties, who, from negligence or prudence, had not been intrusted with the secret. It was indeed, an unlooked-for result, and fortune played me a sorry freak."
The punishment inflicted upon the prince was a kind of Siberian exile to America. After a considerable talk on American affairs, my eye accidentally caught sight of the clock, which showed me that half of the four painful hours allowed me, had already elapsed. I was exceedingly anxious to reach the affair of Boulogne, and in order to bring back the prince to the narration from which he had so pleasantly wandered, I asked him what was his motive in quitting America so early.
"The harrowing intelligence (he answered) of my mother's extreme illness, whose entreaty was, if I valued her dying blessing, to return instantly. I fled back to Switzerland, and had the melancholy satisfaction to watch by her bedside, till, in a few short weeks, she breathed her last in my arms.—Then came the announcement that the King of the French had appealed to the allied powers to unite with him in compelling me to give up my residence in Switzerland, and, in case of refusal, to employ force, if necessary, to effect that purpose. Once more a fugitive, I directed my course to London; but when the stirring announcement rang in the ears of Frenchmen, that the venerated remains of

Napoleon were on the sea, wafted by every breeze still nearer to his once idolized France, there was an uprising of the popular heart which would be as difficult for me to describe, as for a foreigner to understand. The emotions which had so long lain dormant, that all supposed they had ceased to exist, suddenly awoke with an energy and warmth that attested the eternal fidelity of the French heart to the memory of the emperor. It was an event highly favorable to the views of my partisans, and I was assailed daily by a torrent of entreaty and invocation that I was hardly in a condition of mind to resist. "Is it fitting (it was asked, in the passionate language of the old followers of the emperor), is it fitting that the corpse of Napoleon should be insulted by the presence of that Bourbon family which united with Europe in chaining him alive to the rock of St. Helena; which vindictively condemned to death his greatest marshals; and still pursue his nearest relatives into ignominious exile?" I was conjured to present myself at the head of the funeral procession on its way to the capital, when all France would rise to recognize my just claims to the place of chief mourner. "The sacred ashes of our French Caesar (they cried) are crossing the sea, and will not young Octavius come to convey them back to Rome?"
"It was certainly a fearful risk (I remarked) that the Orleans dynasty incurred in yielding to the general wish for the restoration of the emperor's remains. But, if I recollect, it was before the arrival of the emperor's body that the landing at Boulogne took place."
"Yes, some months before, (replied the prince), for my resolution could not be shaken on the point so vehemently urged, of joining the funeral cortege on its way to Paris. No—was my constant reply—I will not share the stilling solemnity of such a spectacle by the rude intrusion of my private grief. I will not disturb the awful silence which will brood over France on that sad and memorable day by a vulgar brawl, or perhaps a more tragic catastrophe. The most convincing statements were laid before me; and, really, there could be no question of the favorable disposition of the people. At length I consented, and preparations were rapidly made for the attempt, which it was settled should take place in August, 1840. It so happened that every regiment upon whose devotion I could most entirely rely was scattered along the road from Dunkerque to Paris."
The prince here entered into some relations of the voluntary offers of service which had been made him by personages of the highest rank and influence, and of the various forces put at his disposal.
"It was made clear enough, that if he could only succeed in effecting an entrance into France, he might on reaching the first garrison town on the road from Boulogne to Paris, count on the most effectual support. But the issue was adverse, and in its details remarkably similar to the affair of Strasbourg. After reciting the circumstances of the case, the prince proposed to take a turn on the ramparts. The view of the surrounding country from the top was commanding; but all was flat, monotonous and cheerless.
"It may be, Monsieur, (I observed), that, fresh as I am from the world, and from the gay seductions of the capital, I feel more acutely the leaden monotony which seems to envelop like a mantle every object about me. To you the weariness of such a seclusion may have passed in the five wretched years you have passed in this horrible place."
"I did not feel it so much at first. The excitement and the novelty diverted and sustained me for a long while; then I took refuge in my books, and planned a history of artillery, and other works, which again engaged my mind; but study and solitude spoke sad inroads on body and mind."
"It just occurs to me, (I remarked) that you must find great entertainment in chatting with the soldiers."
"Yes, it would be an agreeable pastime to converse with those intelligent men, but the government has thought proper to forbid me such a privilege."
Turning to resume our walk, whom should I spy, to my surprise, on the opposite bank of the most running round the citadel, but the indomitable Baptiste, who, in spite of *corps de gardes*, and other risks, had contrived to work his way round to an excellent position for a full and uninterrupted view of the immediate object of his idolatry. I pointed him out, totally unconscious of my entertaining an imperial ear with a subject so insignificant as his relationship, whom of a sudden, from a kindly impulse, the prince touched his military cap, and saluted him. Baptiste turned round with respectful gravity in search of the invisible personage likely to be the object of such an honor. I made a gesture to the effect that he was its recipient. The effect was electrical. Baptiste gave a start that I thought would carry him into the ditch. Off went his hat, and "Vive l'Empereur" was trembling on his lips when the sight of the sentinel arrested in time his explosive enthusiasm; for the orders of the government were peremptory to arrest, and shoot, if necessary, all persons loitering about the fortress, and uttering seditious cries. Baptiste had the keenest view of the consequences of proceeding a tith further in his demonstrations, and there he stood fast in the middle of his loyalty. In the teeth of calamity, Baptiste was a living proof that, in spite of his fiery impulses, a Frenchman can be prudent in critical circumstances.
"My time is up, Monsieur, (I said) to the prince, with less calmness than I write it,) and the commandant doubts expects punctuality."
"We have under military law here," he answered, smiling. We descended the terrace with a lively step, and walked towards the building which seemed as his prison, in silence. There was nothing more now than to bid him adieu, but yet I lingered, reluctant to withdraw. Extending his hand, he cordially grasped mine, assuring me what pleasure he had received from my visit. I replied only by bowing; for really my emotion for the moment so mastered me, that language utterly failed me. I retired; and as I reached the head of the staircase, I turned round instinctively for a last look at the spot I had just quitted, when I found the prince had followed to the door, and was looking after me.—Nothing could have conveyed to my mind a keener sense of the desolation into which he was about relapsing, than this simple act. His face and attitude both bespoke the dreariness and melancholy which surrounded him. I raised my hat with an inclina-

tion of profound respect, and, descending, I saw him do more.
"I next day set out on my return to the capital.—I had not advanced far before I perceived, summoning himself on a stony bench by the side of the causeway, one of those battered relics of the "grand army," that never fail to excite my liveliest interest. The history of these men is a glorious romance, rife with daring exploit and miraculous escapes. In the eyes of the French peasantry their renown encircles them like a halo. They are dispersed all over France, and their influence is undiminished. I got out of the carriage to have a few words with him. He was a fine-looking old fellow, and wore the cross of honor on the breast of his faded coat—no doubt a gift from the hand of the emperor.
"Eh bien, mon militaire, how goes the world with you?"
"Merci, Monsieur! only so; these are dull times, and we old soldiers are out of place. Ah, mon Dieu! what lives we used to lead!"—and he drew himself up at the recollection.
"Yes, those were glorious days, mon vieux—I am humoring him)—what great battles and splendid victories!"
"Ah, Monsieur, (returned the old guard, wiping his eyes,) we shall never see those days again.—How great was France then, and how low were her enemies!"
"The wars are over now—the emperor is gone—but see how much better off are those peasants yonder, tilling their beautiful lands, banishing battle-fields with their bones." I touched the wrong chord here, for the wooden leg of the *soldat d'ancien* throbbed to show signs of impatience. He took out his snuff-box, and puffed his nose vigorously. I took a pinch, which seemed to soothe him.
"Où, mon voyageur, l'empereur s'est plu," (said his old follower, raising his cap reverentially,) the emperor is gone, but we are any better off for that? We work harder, we pay more taxes, and everybody may pull France by the beard now-a-days. If the emperor fatigued us in our war, he didn't forget us in peace; for who built our post-houses and our school-houses? who drained our meadows, and who ordered that stone-bridge there? Ah, la paix, they give us a plenty of peace, but it costs us very dear."
"You don't seem to be in love with Louis Philippe," I remarked in a careless way. The imperialist eyed me almost contemptuously—said nothing, but kept up an incessant fire on his snuff-box. Not wishing to part cordilly with him, I said, "Guerra, if you can, my victor of Wagram, to whom I was talking of the emperor yesterday." He gazed at me in the utmost perplexity. "Well, if it shall be a secret between us, (I observed, putting on an air of strong confidence,) it was the Prince Louis I spoke to yesterday."
"Yes, I saw him yesterday, and I hope we shall both see him again one of these days, but not in that direction"—pointing to Ham.
"Monsieur (stammered out of the fanatic, quite stilled by his questions) "Monsieur!"—but he got no further.
I shook him cordially by the hand: "Adieu, mon brave."
"Adieu, Monsieur," and "Vive l'Empereur!" he shouted.
"Vive l'Empereur!" I responded.
"Vive l'Empereur!" cried Baptiste, who was looking on from his post at the carriage door.
"Vive l'Empereur!" screamed the postillions, cracking their whips, whilst the horses neighed and capered as if they wished to share also in the enthusiasm of the men!
His DON'T THINK.—So said a little boy as he stood by the side of a mouse-trap which had an unwilling tenant in it. "What a fool he was to go in there," said some one. The little boy wishing to protect the character of the trembling prisoner, and I added, "Well! I suppose he did it think."
No, "he did it think," and for the very good reason that he was not made to think. But what shall we say of that boy who is standing in the circus dobs, waiting for it to be opened or of that boy with his straggling hair, a pert twist to his cap, and a cigar in his mouth, or the one who stands at the corner of the streets on the Sabbath, or frequents the company of filbert talkers and singers—what shall we say of such as these?
And what shall we say of him who tapers with the wine cup? Does he not think! With hundreds of human beings around him, whom it has brought to degradation and misery who were once ornaments to society and to their country, he cannot help to see the consequence, but he will not think.
They will be caught in an evil net. They will fall into a hidden trap, and can they say, "We didn't think!" Yes; perhaps they can. But if they would tell the whole truth, they will add, because we wouldn't think. They have eyes, but they see not, ears have they but they hear not. Give a mouse their wit, and see if it will be caught in such a trap. Think! think! all this, and never plead an excuse "I didn't think!"
"WICK BALLETTER EXPLORES!"—The following paragraph appears in Mr. Hale's last number of "To Day."
"Accidents from camphine are becoming so frequent that there was also danger in handling other explosive substances, such as the old fashioned gunpowder for instance. The singular accident which recently occurred at Sulphur Springs, will tend to put the public on their guard: One of the visitors at the hotel there, who was in the habit of faithfully drinking the waters of the spring, partook at night of some salted beef, which had been provided for the evening supper, and as usual, washed it down with some of the water deeply impregnated with sulphur. On retiring to rest he brushed his teeth with charcoal powder, and on turning round to blow out the candle his head burst assunder with a terrific explosion. A coroner's jury was summoned, which reported a verdict in accordance with the above facts; and added that no blame was attached to the dinner."
"A clergyman is in jail in Seneca county, N. Y., on a charge of having seduced the daughter of the sexton of his church, and then refusing to support the illegitimate child, although possessed of considerable wealth. He declares his innocence, but the courts decide against him twice. The girl died broken-hearted on the 10th inst., declaring in the last that the minister had ruined her. Her name was Margaret Lott, and she was only 18 years old. The name of the reverend gentleman is not given.