SUNBURY AMERICAN.

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Philadelphia, June 2, 1849.—3m

THE RAPPITES, OR COMMUNITY OF ECONOMY.

The following, from the Tribune, is the most recent and graphic account of the community. There is something to learn from the follies as well as the wisdom of these people; and society may yet learn from them to support their poor, and educate the destitute without degrading them. —*Ed.*

I have just returned from a visit to Economy, the famous town of celibates, founded by Rapp. I propose briefly to give an account of what came under my notice.

Understanding that strangers, though treated with civilty, have only an outside view of the establishment; I availed myself of the kindness of Hon. Walter Forward, who has long been legal adviser to the society, and took a letter of introduction from him to Mr. R. L. Baker, one of the Chief Men and Elders. With this favorable passport I received all needful courtesy and attention, and a more interior view than visitors usually obtain. I am not aware that I saw or heard anything, the publication of which would be considered objectionable, but I shall endeavor not to violate "the proprieties."

You take the Beaver packet, or any of the numerous little stern-wheel boats plying almost exclusively on this end of the Ohio at this season, and in less than two hours' sail down the river you land at Economy, eighteen miles below Pittsburg. The high ranges of hills through which the river winds, clothed with rich foliage, are picturesque and charming; but the cultivation of the bottom lands indicates, with few exceptions, little of thrift and taste.—As you approach Economy however you observe a change; the fences are suddenly in good repair, the briars and bushes cleaned up and the fields fairer and greener.—Orchards come in sight, stretching up the hill sides that gently slope from the bottoms, half a mile or so back from the river. But the most striking and pleasing objects in the grounds of Economy are the native trees thickly scattered about, left by good taste and good sense to adorn the landscape and give shade to the cattle. The Western practice of levelling every forest tree, and presenting to the eye a bare field, is abominable, and this notable exception deserves attention as well as imitation.

The estate is a tract of some 3000 acres, a strip from a mile to a mile and a quarter wide, and about five miles long lying on the northern side of the river, mainly in Beaver but partly in Allegheny county, Pennsylvania. Near the centre of the strip a remarkably high bottom or bench of level land, comes bluff up to the river, and on this the town of Economy stands. It is forty feet above the highest freshets: the bank is fringed with tall trees, and a glimpse of the church steeple and the factory chimneys is obtained from the river, as you pass in a boat. The town is laid out in small squares with wide streets, which are unpaved, except the side walks in front of a few houses, some brick and some frame, the latter painted white. Equality is a fundamental principle of society, and it is carried out in the architecture, the dwellings being universally built after one model, and that a very plain and unpretending one, except the old family mansion of Mr. Rapp, which is large and has an air of refinement and comfort. The houses are rectangular and two stories high and are regularly disposed about the squares, the longer sides on the streets and their entrances in the yard. There are ample gardens between them, which are well stocked with the finest vegetables, each family cultivating its own: they exhibit some floral taste, the borders of the beds being brilliant, with carnations, poppies and other flowers.—Grape vines, too, are generally trailed against the side of the houses.

The main road from Pittsburg to Ohio runs through the town, near the centre of which is Economy hotel, where travellers find clean feather beads (they have not yet progressed to mattresses) and wholesome though not exactly French fare. Near by is the church, a large and substantial brick building, as plain inside and out as a Quaker meeting-house, but containing two grand action pianos for the choir. In the steeple is the town clock, made on the premises. The view of the domain, the river and the surrounding country from a balcony above is very extensive and beautiful.—The only other public building is the museum, so called, though in fact it is the Town House, the second floor of which is a spacious hall used for festivals and public meetings. The museum itself is a very respectable collection of natural curiosities in all departments, the cabinet of minerals is excellent.

At opposite corners of the town, next the river, are woolen and cotton factories, both pretty good sized brick buildings, though not so imposing as a New England cotton mill—neither are they so oppressive, for here the operatives have the fruits of their own toil and are not imprisoned night and day all the year round, but alternate their labors, and in the summer season stop the machinery and go into the fields and gardens There is no water power on the domain; but coal is delivered for less than five cents a bushel at the door, and steam answers all purposes. In connection with the cotton mill is a grist mill, near it is a tannery. Here then is provision for the first necessaries of life, bread and clothing, of which enough is made for all and a good deal to spare. In addition to these branches of manufacture is the silk factory, which employs a number of people at all seasons; it has not proved very profitable and the business is declining. The orchards of Morus Multicaulis and the Italian Mulberry are very extensive, but this season they are very few worms. The arrangements of the cocoonery appear very complete and capable of accommodating an immense number of ugly little silk spinners.

Shoemaking, tailoring, &c., are carried on as required, but the only branches of domestic labor which are performed in common are washing and baking. The washing is done by steam in immense vats, which save a vast deal of labor, and relieves the women of that hardest drudgery of the single household.

Every body understands, I suppose, that property here is held in common. In the morning before breakfast, you see the women gliding about the town with pans of meat from the butchery and bread from the bakery, each, being supplied with the quantity needed by their respective families, "without money and without price." I can vouch for the bread being of the finest, and it seldom fails to rise well and get well baked, I reckon; under the skilful hands of the public baker.

In all there are a little over three hundred souls in the town, and in consequence of the decrease of the population from the original number, there were many dwellings vacant. There seems to be a fair prospect of total extinction under the governing principle of celibacy. In anticipation of this event people naturally ask what will become of their property? No one need be troubled; they will know how to dispose of it.

I am not able to state the ground or philosophy of their doctrine of celibacy fairly, not to quote the texts from the Bible which sustains it, but they are Orthodox Christians, and rely on the scriptures as confidently for its truth as their antipodes, the Perfectionists of Oneida county, New York, do in their doctrine of community of wives. I think, however, they have not reasoned out the matter logically like the Perfectionists, and that their doctrine rather rests on sentiment and conviction of the heart, than theory and conclusion of the head. The history of its origin is this: In the 1808, four years after the settlement in this country, the older member began to believe that they were too carnal, were too much given to the lusts of the flesh, and the project of perfect continuance was mooted.—In six months the whole society were imbued with the idea, and there was a general and spontaneous determination to adopt it. They consulted Mr. Rapp, and he approving, they thenceforward made it their rule of life. The men and women did not separate as the Shakers, but man and wife continued to live together in the same house as they do this day. This was the hardest test of principle that men and women ever imposed on themselves, and if absolute continence be a virtue, these people are the most virtuous people in the world. I doubt if history can furnish any parallel to their case; men and women, husbands and wives, young men and maidens, voluntarily agreeing to live as monks and nuns (profess to) and yet remain together as usual in all ordinary relations and under the same roof! As the principle was adopted so it has been maintained—voluntarily. It is incorporated with their religion, and is deemed an essential part of that putrefaction which will fit souls for the happy places in the next world, but it has never been made a law of the social compact, the infraction of which would be attended with a special penalty. It is considered an individual concern, and if any man and woman give way to temptation it only shows their weakness and exposes them to the loss of public esteem. But public sentiment in a united community is a powerful agent in controlling human action, and in this case I am inclined to think has had much to do with preserving the inviolability of the principles of celibacy. The strictness with which it has been kept is very remarkable; husbands and wives have grown grey in single blessedness! As I am informed there have indeed been very few "weak members." No child has been born in the society within five years.

A community of old men and women, such as this, presents certainly a singular spectacle. —Most of the people are of the middle age, and many of them are truly venerable. There are no boys and girls, no youths and maidens, and only a few children of the new comers. The unnatural silence of the town is strange and almost painful. An Irishman who was travelling west, and stopping at the hotel, while sitting out at the door in the evening, seemed much struck with this feature, and addressed me as follows: "I say Misthur, but isn't this a quare town, the quietest place ever I did see, any way? Not a childer a screeching, nor a gossoon playing in the strate. Be the powers; and a little noise would be good for the sowl of me." I assented, for I felt as he did.

The society originally settled in 1804 in Butler county, Pa., calling their place Harmony. In 1814 they moved to New Harmony on the Wabash, which in 1824 was purchased by Mr. Owen, when they moved to the present location—one they tried to get in the beginning, for they are shrewd judgers of temporal things, whatever may be their spiritual opposition to indulgence in them, and there is not probably on the Ohio river a finer site for their purposes. When they moved here they numbered more than 700; but death and secession of 350 members in 1832 through the intrigue of a pretended nobleman called Count Leon, has reduced them to their present limit—a little over 300. They have not had many accessions, for few are disposed to submit to their strict rule of celibacy, and fewer probation to which they are subjected. The place is very healthy, but considering the time that has elasped since the rule of celicacy was adopted the number of society still remaining is remarkable. They do not care to receive accessions, though they do not refuse members who unite through principle. They have no disposition to proselyte or convert the world to their way—that, they say, they leave to a higher power.

In consequence of diminished numbers and the infirmities of old age, they do not manufacture so much nor cultivate as much land as formerly.—They let out a good deal of land to neighbors on shares, receiving one half the product; and many prefer cultivating the lands of Economy on these terms to their own which join them. Some of these outsiders occupy houses that have been vacated in the town. This is a good commentary on their management.

The women retain the garb of the German peasantry, but the men conform more to our fashions, though the material of dress is the same among all, and general uniformity, as a principle which humbleth pride and avoideth jealously, envy and all uncharitableness, is aimed at as much as possible. The men shave in whole or in parts as other men, and wear beards according to fancy. I saw no patriarchs with full and flowing white beards which would have been a pleasing sight.

Nature will ever rebel against the short sighted impositions of man, and the passions will assert their divine right to be obeyed, and so here I witnessed a manifestation of one of the sentiments of the human heart which had been sadly crucified. A little girl about five years old, the only child I saw was brought out by its mother to the pump, and immediately there was a gathering of the women around it—all in the streets seemed roused out of an automaton gravity and exhibited the liveliest interest in the child. Their hearts spoke right out, and they caressed it with energy and delight, one of them carrying it away from its mother with great exultation. A friend of mine tells me that a party of ladies visited the place a year ago with their babies, and that old men and women all turned out and were in complete ecstacy with the children. The Temple cannot be built with "hammered stones" If this remark be Greek to some, I will explain a little by saying that all the passions—the unperverted instincts of the human heart—are sacred, and must not be clipped or shaped by man's caprice of sentiment, but brought into full play when they will find their place in beautiful harmony and symmetrical unity. No "tool" must touch the "stones" with which is built the City of God—a perfect human society.

Here is a Text for a volume of comments upon the defects of the temple reared by our friends of Economy; but I must not exceed just limits in your columns of my criticisms, but rather briefly give them credit for what they have accomplished, and that is not insignificant. Their riches I think have been generally overrated; but the results of their efforts are sufficient to illustrate forcibly the mighty power of co-operation and associated labor. They have superabundance for all, and have proved at least that poverty is not necessary and divine element of society—that Christianity does not require that "ye shall always have the poor with you."—This success they attribute mainly to the action of one cardinal principle—the principle of obedience—"absolute obedience," as they term it, and it is well expressed, being a voluntary submission to supreme authority, which is the converse of the complied submission to "absolute power." It is very true that this principle in some form is the essential basis of order and stability in society, but unfortunately in all imperfect organizations, the individual is more or less sacrificed—The law of liberty is infringed by the law of obedience, whereas both laws can and would be in a true society perfectly coincident.

While Mr. Rapp lived, his word was law with the Economist; since his death the Government has been invested in a council of nine elders, who are as supreme authoritist, having the power to perpetuate their body by filling all vacancies that may occur. Mr. Rapp made no provision for a successor of the government of the society in the event of his death, and the general impression at the time was that its dissolution would follow, but it has been shown to be groundless, for there was not the least interruption in its affairs, and a loss of two per cent. by secession is all that has resulted up to this time. The people are too nearly united in feelings and convictions to fear any change:—long may they live and flourish! M.

Florida.—The Hon. Thomas Brown, the new Whig Governor of Florida, has entered upon the duties of his office. In an Executive order dated on the 1st instant, he directs the discharge of the volunteer troops which his predecessor had called into service to operate against the Indians, assigning as a reason therefor that the General Government has assumed the responsibility of repressing the hostilities of the Indians, and has ordered to the frontiers a military force fully adequate for the purpose.

There are over 4,000 Princes in Germany, who receive annually from the people over two hundred millions of dollars, while a laborer works eighteen hours out of twenty-four for seventy-two cents per week.

Courtney, known as Oliver Cromwell, from his having carried off the Canada Speaker's mace at the sack and burning of the Parliament House, lately died of Cholera. He was under bail for the offence.

One very common error misleads the opinion of mankind, that, universally, authority is pleasant, submission painful. In the general course of human affairs, the very reverse of this is nearer to the truth: command is anxiety, obedience ease.

Conscience is the rewareder of virtue, and avenger of crime.

A COLLEGE LARK.

The following capital story is told by "one who knows," of Doctor Maxcey, and cannot fail to amuse our readers. On one occasion, several of the students of South Carolina College resolved to drag the doctor's carriage into the woods, and fixed upon a night for the performance of the exploit. One of their number, however, was troubled with some compunctious visitings, and managed to convey to the worthy President a hint, that it would be well for him to secure the door of his carriage house. Instead of paying any heed to his suggestion, the doctor proceeded, on the appointed night, to the carriage house, and ensconced his portly person inside the vehicle. In less than an hour some half a dozen young gentlemen came to his retreat, and cautiously withdrew the carriage into the road. When they were fairly out of the College precincts, they began to joke freely with each other by name.

One of them complained of the weight of the carriage, and another replied by swearing that it was heavy enough to have the old fellow himself in it. For nearly a mile they proceeded along the highway, and then struck into the woods, to a cover which they concluded would effectually conceal the vehicle. Making themselves infinitely merry at the doctor's expense, and conjecturing how and when he would find his carriage, they at length reached the spot where they had resolved to leave it. Just as they were about to depart—having once more agreed that that "the carriage was heavy enough to have the old doctor and all his tribe in it"—they were startled by the sudden dropping of one of the glass panels, and the well known voice of the doctor himself thus addressed them:

"So, so, young gentlemen, you are going to leave me in the woods, are you? Surely, as you have brought me hither for your own gratification, you will not refuse to take me back for mine. Come Messrs. ——, and —— and ——, buckle to, and let us return; it's getting late!"

There was no appeal; for the window was raised, and the doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word, the discomfitted young gentlemen took their places at the pole, at the back of the vehicle, and quite as expeditiously, if with less noise, did they retrace their course. In silence they dragged the carriage into its wonted place, and then retreated precipitately to their rooms to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had gone, the doctor quietly vacated the carriage and went to his house where related he the story to his family with much glee. He never called the heroes of that nocturnal expedition to an account, nor was the carriage ever afterwards dragged at night into the woods.

Original.

THE SUMMER DAYS HAVE COME AND GONE.

TO ROSE ATHERTON.

The summer days have come and gone,
And summer nights are o'er,
The bright green leaves are fading
The flowers bloom no more;
The gorgeous hus of Autumn mock
The sombre shades that throw
A cloud around my stricken heart,
And shadow it in woe.
For summer days have come and gone,
Thou, too, with them has't fled,
And robbed life of the sweetness
That thy presence 'round it shed.

The fields will soon be clothed
In their robes of virgin snow,
The pines, like white haired patriachs,
Beneath its weight bow low;
Ice-pendants, from a thousand rocks,
Will hang like jewells bright,
And, mirrorlike, the frozen streams
Reflect the full moon's light;
But lonely I alas! must gaze
On this resplendent scene,
And treasure but the memories
Of hours that have been.

The storms and cloud of darkest hours
The brighter sunshine bring,
The wildest days of winter end
Oft in the birth of spring:
Thus, in the grief of absence
From thy loved smiles, I must learn
To look but on the joys that wait
The moments of return;
For summer days will come again
And summer nights more dear,
Oh! hasten gentle summer,
For there's joy when thou art here.

Bear Gap, 1849.

An Incident.—In passing up broadway, day before yesterday afternoon, our attention was attracted to a well dressed female sitting on a door step near the market. She had resting on her knees what we took at a distance to be a baby, and thinking the "infant loveliness" had become restive, she was obliged to sit down to pacify it

Her dress was the neatest and most *recherche* pattern, her bonnet was the same, and a veil of gossamer texture and virgin purity, floated from her bonnet, and half shrouded her form, like a priestess of the ancient magii.

When opposite her, our doubts were resolved as to the cause of her selecting such a lonely seat—

For as we stood awhile and gaz'd,
Her veil was lifted by the breeze,
And lo! ye saints, her pearl-like teeth
Were hard at work on bread and cheese!

—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Reading.—It will be found by observation that persons who are fond of reading, who have access to a small number of good books, are much more intelligent than those who read everything and digest nothing. The truth is, we all read too many books. We should know more, if we confined our reading to a smaller number.

THE SENTIMENTAL NOVELS.

FROM THE LITERARY WORLD.

If we may judge from certain disclosures in late criminal trials which have forced themselves on the public attention, we may find an infinite power of mischief in ridiculous mawkish sentimentalism. The revelations of an investigation in Missouri, in the correspondence of a married woman with a miserable person who was killed by the husband, show the great danger of the cultivation of certain powers of the mind at the expense of others. A woman, not wanting in ability, but apparently of this exclusively sentimental culture, is led into criminality through a series of absurdities which one grain of wit or humor would have blown to the winds. Had her mind been trained in a vigorous course of reading she could never have been so ready a dupe of herself, and of the ridiculous letters which were sent to her. This restriction of the female mind to what is called "ladies reading," may be expected to lead to these melancholy results. Vanity is fed at the same time with passion; there is a great deal of talk about "genius," and other silly mystifications. In this "Palmyra Tragedy," as it is called, the lady took the name of Heloise Wallenstein, and the gentleman wrote himself Byron Harold. His letters are very shabby, paltry assumptions of the character; hers are evidently sincere in their shallow earnestness. He talks of his preference for a passage *over him of all the Mexican Artillery* sooner than part from her; which must be allowed, time and place considered, to be a very strong figure, and he effects to to admire her favorite passages in Mrs. Hemans! The lady poetizes natural scenery and the feelings in passages like these, which combine the two.

"Do you think of me often, dearest? How often do I wander through the haunts of the wild woods, where the sparkling dew sheds its tender charm o'er the wild flowers' delicate hue, and the sunbeam paints its rainbow tints upon the dashing spray of the murmuring Fabius, as it wildly roams through the forest's depths—now hiding its glassy surface beneath the drooping lily's shade, or kissing the blushing wild rose as it stoops to lave its glistening petals in its sparkling waters. How many bouquets of lovely wild flowers do I gather for you in my morning rides, and present them to you in my imagination, and how sweetly do I see you smile in return; sometimes I fancy you flinging them as far as you can send them, and again do I see their petals resting on the snowy surface of your new vest, all sparkling with buttons, and viewing with them in brilliancy."

Would a reader of Miss Austin, or Mrs. Kirkland, or Miss Leslie, or any of the sterling English humorous writers, ever have been deluded into this literal and moral pathos?

Hostility of Louis Napoleon to the United States.—The apprehension felt in certain well informed circles concerning our prospective relative relations with France, is grounded, it appears by the *Courier* and *Enquirer* of a day or two since, on information communicated by our late Minister, Mr. Rush, who wrote to Mr. Clayton as long ago as May last, that the President of the French Republic had declared, that if France was to engage in war with any power it would be the United States. The despatch in which this fact was stated bore date 3d of May; and on the 12th of May, M. Poussin made the peremptory demand on Mr. Clayton avowedly under instructions from the French Minister for Foreign affairs, for satisfaction for the insult offered to the French flag by Commander Carpenter. The *Courier* adds—

"M. Poussin distinctly claims to have done and said nothing more, in all this correspondence, than *explicit and imperative instructions from his own Government* obliged him to do and to say. These several facts viewed in connection, are thought to warrant the inference that the French Government regards the detention of the *Eugene* as an insult offered to the French flag:—that satisfaction for that insult was demanded, and refused by the Government of the United States:—and that setting the dismissal of his Minister entirely out of the question as an unimportant incident, Louis Napoleon may deem it due to the honor of the French nation to prosecute the demand even to the point of war. And Mr. Rush's despatch is referred to as evidence that he intended to do so from the very beginning.

It cannot be denied that there is plausibility in these considerations, and that they justify a far graver view of the whole matter than a portion of the public has been inclined to entertain."

A PHYSICIAN'S APOLOGY.

A medical practioner not quite so celebrated as Galen, undertook to cure a person of deafness, with which he was sadly afflicted. One lotion after another had been prescribed but still the patient was shut out from hearing his fellow man. "I've come once more to ye, doctor, to see if ye cannot gi'e John something better, for the last bottle you gave me did nae good at a'." "Dear me," said the doctor, "did it not? I'm surprised at that; but it matters little, for there's nothing going on worth hearing just now"

Every thing useful or necessary is cheapest. Walking is the most wholesome exercise; water the best drink; and plain food the most nourishing and healthy diet Even in knowledge, the most useful is the easiest acquired.

OREGON.

We gather the facts from a letter in the *Galena* (Ill.) *Advertiser*, dated Oregon City, May 2:

The products of Oregon average, in value, $500 for every adult individual. The quantity of sawing timber is immense. The great export, however, is lumber; the forests are inexhaustible, the water power immense, the market extensive and increasing. It is now worth from $40 to $90 per thousand, owing to the gold discoveries in California, and will always be worth $20 for exportation to the Islands.

Then are 3,000,000 of acres of fine timber land unoccupied, some immediately on ship navigation.

The water power is stated to be abundant for manufacturing purposes. Astoria, near the the mouth of river, is destined to be the New York of Oregon, while Portland, on the Willamette, is to be the Albany—the head of ship navigation. Thirty feet water from this place to the ocean can always be obtained—except in two places, one at the mouth of the Willamette, and the other nine feet. The tide affects it four or five feet, so that every day a vessel may come in drawing 12 feet water.

Oregon City by nature, is equal in waterpower to what Rochester, New York, has been made by Art. A river twice the size of Rock River, Ill, pours down three different channels, cut in solid rock, thirty or forty feet. Islands are formed between those channels, on which machinery may be erected. Above the falls the valley widens out into extensive plains, the most productive in wheat, the writer thinks of any on earth.

The steamship Massachusetts has just arrived with 170 troops.

Our Government had purchased two large saw-mills, at an expense of $38,000, the object being the manufacture of lumber for building a fort, arsenal and light-house.

Robbing the Dead.—In the month of Oct., 1848, the vault of the Van Rensselaer family, near Albany, was entered at midnight, by some sacrilegious wretches, the coffins were broken open and the silver plates forcibly wrenched from them. The ghouls then proceeded to rob the bodies of every article of value, cruelly mutilating them to obtain the rings, &c After having completed their horrible work, they left the vault, and, notwithstanding the most unremitting search, no clue could be obtained by the police of them. A short time since, one of their number, probably apprehending danger, or conscience-smitten, turned State evidence and exposed the names of his associates in crime, but they got wind of it, and made their escape from the city.

Trading in the Far North-West.—The *Minnesota Pioneer* notices the arrival in St. Paul of another caravan of carts from the Red River of the North. Each cart has a buffalo skin over the top ef it. Among a great variety of merchandize which they have engaged to take home with them is a fine church bell, from which the *Pioneer* infers that the Selkirkers are not altogether lost to the glorious influence of the blessed religion of Christ.

Lawyers.—There are three hundred and seventy lawyers in Boston, upon which the correspondent of the *Daily Advertiser* says: Three hundred and seventy lawyers! *hôrreco referens.* When Peter the Great visited Westminister Hall, he asked who were all them men in wigs and gowns. He was told told that they were lawyers. "Are they all lawyers?" said he, "why, there are but two lawyers in all my dominions, and I am going to hang one of them as soon as I get home." Is there any unfortunate Peter Peebles ready to exclaim—

O that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!

A Poser.—An artist who had been employed to construct an angel for the spire of a church in a neighboring town, finished the work with a good pair of shoes on. Some one took occasion to point out the error to him, and asked, "Who ever saw an angel with brogans on?" The artist regarded the work for a moment with an air of mortification, but recovering himself, rejoined—"You may be right, but who ever saw one without?"

Cure for Laziness.—The Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper, who is able, refuses to work, they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast that, by briskly plying a pump with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning.

Courtship.—A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but he left with nothing but her wits at her fingers'.

Punch.

It seldom happens that anything particularly benificial to doctors is made public.—We inform them with pleasure that the late banker, M. de Remmer, at Hamburgh, has left 100,000 francs to be given to any person who shall discover a remedy for the cholera. The Academy of Medicine, at Paris, is to decide upon the remedy.