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serted at the following rates, viz: \$1 00 1 square 3 insertions, 25 Rvery subsequent insertion, \$ 00 1 square 3 months, 5 00 6 "1 year, 12 00 col'n l year, 80 00 15 00 Business Cards. (Twelve lines constitute a square.

Choice Boetry.

THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

Translated by Heinrich Heine, by Leland .-How vague and wild-yet how many pictures does it summon to the mind's eye! What a tone there is about it! Heine is the Rembrandt of poets.

We sat by the fisher's cottage, And look'd at the stormy tide; The evening mist came rising, And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house The lights shone out on high; And far on the dim horizon, A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwrock, Of sailors and how they live; Of burneys twixt sky and water. And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries, In regions strange and fair; And of the wondrous beings And curious custons there.

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges, Which are launch'd in the twilight hour; And the dark and silent Brahmins, Who worship the lotus flower.

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland, Broad headed, wide-mouthed and small Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking, And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listen'd, Till at last we spoke no more; The ship like a shadow had vanish'd, And darkness fell deep on the shore.

A GEM.

The annexed beautiful lines, from Byron, upon Benry Kick White, you are familiar with, and as they are entirely appropriate to our own lamented - KANN," the child and victim of science, I should feel much obliged if you would give them a place in the Inquirer.

"Oh what a noble heart was here undone When science self-destroyed her favorite son; Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit, She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit;

Twee thine own genius gave the final blow, And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low. So the struck eagle streched upon the plain, No more through rolling clouds to soar again, Viewed his feather on the fatal dart, And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart; Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel, He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel, While the same plumage that had warmed his nest Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

BEAUTY.

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing. Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight Of the gross world, illuming One only mansion with her light; Unseen by man's disturbing eye-The flower, that blooms beneath the sea Too deep for sun-beams, doth not lie

RIPENESS. The full-juiced apple, waxing over mellow, Drops in a silent autumn night, All its alloted length of days, The flower ripens in its place, Ripens and fades and falls, All things have rest and ripen toward the grave. manner peculiar to herself.

Hid in more chaste obscurity!

The following, though old, will be Interesting to those who are fond of sausages. A lady having purchased some sausages of a couple of boys, overheard them talking about the money "Give me half of it," says one. "I won't" said the other. " Now that ain't fair, you know 'taint, Joe, for half the pup for I cannot dwell upon it

A Western editor, having heard that to persons in a drowning condition, all the events of their past life suddenly rise vividly before them, modestly expresses a wish that some of his delinquent subscribers would take a bathing in deep water.

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was prepared to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, your honor," a strange country, and I don't want to make myself enemies!

for the last three years. You see my broth- Mary Becchfield, were you not?" er and I are on the temperance mission. He lectures, while I set frightful example !"

A. Come Com

Miscellancons.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer. A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EARLY LOVE

A REMINISCENCE.

To such of my readers as may be desirous of knowing who and what I am, I will merely say-my name is John H I am a retired merchant, and by the world reported wealthy. Out of a large family, all my children bave married or died, but one-my little pet, Mary. I still call her "my little pet," although eighteen winters have glided by since I clasped her to my bosom. I love her very name, and whether on this account, or because she is my youngest, I know not, but I have always felt-for her a more paternal fondness. But it is not of myself or family I intend to speak. To-night, seated in my study, surrounded by every comfort, my mind has reverted again and again to an incident which happened long ago, until I have determined to record it. .

It was twenty years ago, this very day, March, 18—. The morning was blustering and unpleasant, as March mornings generally are, when I started from my home to the counting-house. I was (I am sorry to confess it) in a bad humor. The baby had cried all night, my coffee had been badly made, and altogether I was what is vulgarly called "out of sorts" I gave my overcoat a hurried jerk, and waiting to button it and put on my gloves on the way down, I slammed the door and rushed off! At the corner, my rapid propress was impeded by a figure which had been crouching on one of the door steps .-Just as I came up, it sprang forward, directly in my path, and seemed to be intently regarding something down the street. With a sigh of disappointment, it was shrinking back again, but not before I had exclaimed angrily, "Woman, get out of my way." She turned around, and with a look.

I am an old man now, and yet that pale, wasted face. with that reproachful look, is as vividly present before me as then, and will haunt me to my dving day. She fixed her gaze upon me for a moment, and then, in a reice hollow and weak-ah! me, weak, I doubt not, from hunger, said-"Sir, you ought not to speak to a miserable creature so.' I felt ashamed of myself, and in a kind tone, inquired whether she was expecting any one. Her frame shook with emotion, which she vainly strove to conceal, as she replied -- " My boy Harry has gone some errands for me, and I am waiting for him." Her head sank upon her breast; and, throwing her some money, I was passing on, when, with a sudden motion, she streched forth her hand, all purple with cold, and said-"Sir, did you ever know Mary Peochfield? Can you tell me where she lives?"

Mary Beechfield! What a flood of memories that name sent through my soul! I exclaimed involuntarily (and my heart whispered, she was your first love-" know her why I can see her now.—So tall and graceful, with brown hair, and such liquid eyes. The last time I saw her was"—but remembering myself, I answered very quickly-"Yes, know her, but it is many years since I moved from the place where she lived, and I have not heard of her since Why do you ask? for I felt it almost profunction for such an one to have Mary's name upon her lips. She drew her hood more closely over her face, as he replied in faltering accents .- " She was kind to me once "

Something about the women interested me. and asking several more questions, I promised to call on the merrow, and hurried on. It was late when I reached the store, but all that day I could not attend to business. That one question, uttered on that quivering voice, "Sir, did you ever know Mary Beechfield?" rang through my cars and in my very brain. Know her! Why I loved her with my whole soul. How well I recollect even now when I met her. It was at her uncle's country sont. She lived with her old uncle, Mr. Sheridan. He was rich, and would at his death, it was supposed, bequeath his fortune to his niece. He took me into his office, and with his necustomed hospitality, invited me to call upon him I did so, and was sauntering about the grounds, when I met Mary She was reading when I approached, but perceiving I was strange, received me with a dignity of

From that moment my heart was gone. worshipped her. My blood fairly leaps in my veins to-night, when I think of her, and yet I am an old grey haired man of sixty, with a dear, good wife I respect and love, but not with the kind of love I bore towards Mary. I must harry over this part of my story,

Suffice it to say, circumstances were such we did not marry. I moved to another city, where I married and heard no more of Mary.

But to return to my story. All that day I felt uncomfortable. At one time I would blame myself for speaking harshly to the woman-one Mary had treated kindly; and at another time, I would feel provoked to think so small an affair could unnerve me. I went home early, and determined to find the woman I continued to make inquiries for her during several weeks, but with no success.

No one had seen such a person.

she has lived in great poverty."

waited to hear no more, but seizing my hat vant was imprisoned. hastened to the gloomy abode. On my way | She defended herself only by her tears the thought rushed across me that it must answer to the interrogatories was that she ings. My hand trembles, and my blood runs of the depravity of the accuser, whose station chill, when I remember that night. To have was respectable, and they administered the spoken unkindly-nay, ordered her from my law in all its rigor. The innocent girl was for I can give no other name, and there, in fice was ineffectually performed, as it was the the person of the poor woman, I found my first attempt of the son of the executioner. lost Mary. Her poor little boy hung over her A surgeon had purchased the body for dissecinspeechless grief Everything about the ap- tion, and it was conveyed to his house. On yet such neatness prevailed that you felt you

were not away from refinement. Ah! no;

her every thought was noble. She was fitted

I am becoming weary and must close. the reason I take such a deep interest in Har-

REMARKABLE CASES .-- CRIMINALS-WHO HAVE RETURNED TO LIFE AF-TER EXECUTION.

my affairs.

The following singular circumstances is recorded by Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire:

In the year 1650, Anne Green, a servant der of her new born child, and found guilty. She was executed in the court at Oxford, and hung about half an hour. On being cut down she was put into a coffin and brought away to a house to be dissected; where, when they opened the coffin, notwithstanding the rope remained unloosed and straight about her neck, they perceived her breast to rise whereupon one Massan, a tailor, intending only an act of charity, set his foot upon her; and as some say, one Orum, a soldier, again struck her with the butt end of his musket. Notwithstanding all which, when the learned and eminent Sir Wm, Perry, ancestor of the present Marquis of Lansdowne, then profesor of Anatomy in the University, Dr. Wallis and Dr. Clark, then President of Magdelen College, and Vice Chancellor of the University, came to prepare the body for dissection; they perceived some small rattling in her threat; thereupon desisting from their purpose, they presently used means for her recovery, by opening a vein, laying her in a warm bed, and using divers remedies respecting her senselessness, insomuch that within fourteen hours, she began to speak, and the next day talked and prayed very heartily .-During the time of her recovering, the officers concerned in her execution would needs | pieces " have had her away again, to have completed it on her; but by the meditation of the worby doctors and some other friends with the hen Covernor of the city-Colonel Kelsey -there was a guard put upon her from all further disturbance, until they had sued out ber pardon from the Government Much doubt, indeed, arose as to her actual guilt. Crowds of people in the meantime came to see her, and many asserted that it must be the providence of God, who would thus as-

sent her inuocence. After some time, Dr. Petty, hearing that she discoursed with those about her and suspecting that the women might suggest unto river running round it, and all things there glittered like silver and gold) he caused all to depart from the room but the gentlemen bide so full of whiskey that he pitched head of the faculty who were to have been at the long into a snow bank, and thar he stuck and dissection, and asked her concerning her friz to death. So marm had him pulled out. sense and apprehensions during the time she and laid out, and had another hole dug in the was hanged. To which she answered, that same buryin yard, and had him buried and knocked off, how she went out of the prison; head and whitewashed all over andwhen she was turned off the ladder; whether any pealm was sung or not; nor was she sensible of any pain that she could remember. She came to herself as if she had awakened out of sleep, not recovering the use of her speech by slow degrees, but in a manner altogether, beginning to speak just where she left off on the gollows.

Being thus at length perfectly recovered, after thanks given to God and the persons instrumental in bringing her to life, and procuring her an immunity from further punishment, she retired into the country to her friends at Steeple Barton where she was afterwards married, and lived in good repute amongst her neighbors, having three children. and not dying till 1659.

The following account of the case of a girl who was wrongly executed in 1766 is given by a celebrated French author as an instance of injustice which was often commitin France:

A year passed by, and I was beginning to About seventeen years since, a young forget the incident, when one evening, in con- peasant girl was placed at Paris, in the ser-"SEE here, my friend, you are drunk!" | versation, a friend turning to me, said- | vice of a man, who smitten with her beauty, "Drank! to be sure I am, and have been "John, you were once a great admirer of tried to inveigle her; but she was virtuous, Mary Beechfield, were you not?"

I assented, and inquired why she spoke of tated the master and he determined on reher then.

Mary Beechfield, were you not?"

and resisted The prudence of this girl irrififth husband. So you see my family ain't a
and appalling work, till he thought he had Free Power have increased the number of
tarned sight opposed to a dose of matrimony.

Obliterated all traces of his guilt, and then deFree States from naught to seventeen. This and resisted The prudence of this girl irri-"Because I heard this morning she died in many things belonging to him, marked with "My dear sir," said a candidate, accosting a miserable alley near here. You know her his name He then exclaimed that he was a stardy wag on the day of election, "I'm Uncle disinherited her when she married robbed, called in a commissionaire, (a ministrate with his name He then exclaimed that he was to make Slavery National and Free-to exclaim—"Well, my umbrella is a regular to exclaim—"Turn on the case, and what an irresistible convictional and Free-to-exclaim to exclaim to exc tion. The girl's box was searched, and the "Because it always keeps LENT."

How every word pierced my heart! I things were discovered. The unhappy ser-

the words, "Sir, did you ever know Mary she had no evidence to prove that she did Beechfield," came fresh to my memory, and not put the property in the box; and her only have been her. No one can imagine my feel- was innocent. The judges had no suspicion path; it was too much. I reached the hovel, condemned to be hanged. The dreadful ofartment spoke of poverty, extrems poverty, and that evening being about to open the head, he perceived a gentle warmth about the body. The dissecting knife fell from his hand, and he placed her in a bed whom he was about to effectual, and at the same time he sent for a When I encountered her in the street, she | clergyman on whose discretion and experience | when I spoke in such glowing terms of the on this strange event, as well as to have him Father, you know my innocence, have pity long in persuading her that she was not dead ry, or why he has succeeded me as head of -so much had the idea of the punishment and of death possessed her imagination.

The girl having returned to life and health, she retired to hide herself in a distant village. fearing to meet the judges or the officers, who with the dreadful tree incessantly haunted her imagination. The accuser remained unpunished because his crime, although manifested by two individual witnesses was not clear to the eye of the law. The people subsequently became acquainted with the resurof Sir Thomas Reed, was tried, for the mur- rection of this girl and loaded with reproaches at the President, and rather severe criticism ing having been heard from Old Joe, they the author of her misery.

Opposed to Matrimony.

"Oh, yes, you see my mother's christened name was Mehetable Sheet, and dad's name was Jacob Press, and when they got married the two. the printers said it was puttin' the sheet in press. They said I was the first edition. An' mother was the tarnelest critter te go out to evein' meetin's She used to go out pretcarly candle light, covered me up with the pillar and put me to sleep with the boot-jack. Wal, dad bad to get up every night and let mother in ; if he didn't get down pretty darn'd thunder, so dad used to sleep with his head out of the winder, so's he wake up quick, au' one night he got a leetle too far out, and down dad cum cuffiamux right down on the pavement, an' smashed into ten thousand

kinder sorter guess as how it was the sudden fetch up of the pavement that killed him. But she had him swept up together, an' had a hole dug in the buryin' yard, an' had dad put in and buried up an' had a white-oak plank

"What! was be killed by the fall?"

'twasnt long' fore she married Sam Hide. away liquor in his hide was a caution to a there a ring; here a collar, and there a must. bull's hide Wal, one day old Hide got his

" So your mother was again a widow?" "O, ves, but I guess she didn't lay awake long to think about that, for in about three weeks, she married John Strong-and he was the strongest headed cuss that you ever seen. He went fishing the other day and got drownded, and he was so tarnal strong headed I'll be darned to darnation if he didn't float right up agin the carrent, and they found him about three miles up the river and it took three yoke of cattle to pull him out. Wal, marm THE CONVICTION OF WARD AT TOLEDO. -The had him buried along side 'tother two, had a murder trial which has been going on in Tolewhite-oak plank put up at his head an' white- do for the past and present weeks, has resulted washed all over nice, and there's three on 'em

"And your mother was a widow for the

A Portrait of Brigham Young.

The Husband in Utah" is the title of a work recently published in New York. It is by Austin N. Ward, and it gives many curious details in relation to Utah, the manners and habits of the people. The following sketch of the maste-piece of Mormoniam, which we copy from its pages, will be read with interest at this time. By the way, it is stated that Major Ben McCullough, of Texas, has been offered the Governorship of Utah He is a man of energy, courage and determination, and at the same time, of integrity

ond to the Mohammed of the Western Cou- drain the glasses of the few drops left in to adorn any station, however exalted, and to dispot. His efforts to restore her to life were | tinent, and like Aubeeker and Ali, abundantly qualified to carry out and perpetuate his scheme of imposture and fanaticism He can a preparation. He placed a tumbler half evidently had intended to reveal herself. But he could depend, in order to consult with him act the part of chief magistrate and supreme full of squafortis on the bar, and turned round pontiff; or, with equal facility, he turns moun- to mix up some other ingredients. A few Mary of my remembrance, her pride—her for a witness to restoration. The moment tebank and astonishes the world by such du- moments after, he had occasion to use the woman's pride-forbade it. All that day at the unfortunate girl opened her eyes, she be- ties as few civil or religious functionaries poisonous drug, when he found, to his dismay, the office I felt like writing her name upon lieved herself in another world, and perceiv- would dare to attempt. He supports by that the tumbler had been drained to the last every cheek, and Heaven knows, had I thought | ing the figure of the priest, who had a marked | precept and example a domestic ministration | drop. "Mr. Wiggins," exclaimed the docshe needed them, I would have filled them all and majestic countenance, she joined her never before admitted among enlightened lor in affright, to the landlord, "what has Well! well! Such are the changes of for- hands tremblingly and exclaimed 'Eternal people. Yet his community receives month- become of the aquafortis I put on the bar a ly accessions of strength by the arrival of few moments ago?" My only restitution was to take the boy into on me!' In this manner she continued to emigrant converts from the different Europemy femily. He has always been as my in the ecclesiastic, believing in her simplician nations. Young, beautiful, and accomgence lay their offerings on the shrine of his faith; solicitous for his bendictions, and obe- low the fatal draught. The dector, knowing dient to his mandates.

> perfect gems in their way, witty, original, in looking through the barns, out houses, and many respects decidedly laughable, and un- woods, for three or four miles around the like anything of the kind ever heard before. village, Joe was abandoned to his fate It He chooses texts from a Bible, a newspaper, was a cold night, and as the village topers or an almanac. He quintly touches on every assembled around the blazing hickory fire in conceivable topic-war, commerce, peace, in- the bar-room, nothing was thought of, or talkdustry, art, and love. These comprehensive ed of, but the unfortunate end of poor Old addresses generally involve a pretty sharp dig Joe. Some four days had clapsed, and nothon Governmental affairs at Washington. In- all came to the conclusion that he was a goner. deed, it is evident that indistinct visions of The doctor, about this time, had occasion to future greatness, and supreme independent visit a patient, some eight miles distant; "Is your family opposed to matrimony?"
>
> Wal, no, I'd rather guess not, seen as good sense prevents and undue display of farmer's house, splitting wood. power, sometimes float through the brain of what was his surprise, when about five miles how my mother's had four husbands and vanity or self-importance. At this time it is impossible to balance his faults and virtues, the fence, "I thought you was dead and or to decide whether the title of enthusiast or | buried before this?" imposter more properly belong to him or his

This man has likewise managed to acquire | Wiggins' bar, a few days since?" and retain an almost unbounded influence over the minds of his followers . Neither envy, malice, nor rival leaders have succeeded ty late every night, an' dad was afraid I would in dethroning him. Even the worthy Presi- Doctor get in the same habit, so he put me to bed at | dent seems to have considered the experiment of forcibly ejecting him from authority as an act of dangerous tendency. Why else was the appointment of Colonel Steptes to the territorial government of Utah and Mormonquick, when she cum, he'd ketch particular dom suffered to fall quietly to the ground, when it was ascertained that Brigham would not willingly resign. This step affords a dangerous precedent. Either the appointment should never have been made, or else carried out at all hazards. If the general government cannot or does not make them respect its authority now, what are we to expect when "Wal, no, not exactly by the fall. I rather the population of Utah has increased seven-

Yet it must be confessed that Brigham marm cum hum and found him lyin' thar and Young has shown much discretion in the exercise of the one man power, and has mantained a creditable city gov rament at little expense. Setting himself above the laws of his country, put to his head, and white washed all over, for and scorning the wisdom of others; his own mother-wit, readily served as a substitute for "So your mother was left a poor lone wid- both. Yet, like many other great men, the Morman leader is not eminently distinguished "Wal, yes, but she didn't mind that much for the moral virtues. In fact, he affects no superior sanctity, but is rather all things to You roe she married Hide bekase he was all men-to the man of business, he is a man her to relate something of strange visious just about dad's size and she wanted him to of business-to the man of pleasure, he is a and apparations she had seen during the wear out dad's clothes. Wal the way ole Hide man of pleasure; to that class who, above all time she appeared to be dead (which they had used to hide me was a caution to my hide others, obtain the first place in the affections already begun to do, telling that she said she | Hide had a little the thoughest hide, except a | of a hero, he is most devoted in his attentions. had been in a fine green meadow, having a bull's hide, and the way Hide used to hide and liberal of his gifts-here a broach, and

To those who have property to sell, he is a liberal buyer; and to his credit be it spoken, he always pays his debts. He is the munificent patron of artists, and mechanics, especially those of his own people, and either emplays himself, or obtains employment for them. she neither remembered how the fetters were had another white-oak plank pur up at his Yet Brigham Young would be a dangerous others, will give over two millions of gallons crimes have been imputed to him, with what for the Croton, would cost the consumers over that he is so afraid of assassination, as to be and dollars. As the actual statistics are of unpleasantly suspicious of strangers. Is this considerable importance, we present the felmere frailty of mental constitution, or is there | lowing relating to several of the most successanother cause in the promptings of a guilty ful:-

> in the convictions of Ward for the murder of his wife. The Blade, of thursday, says : "The murder is one of the most brutal,

horrid and disgusting in all the annals of crime. "Yes but marm didn't seem to mind it a A husband not only murders his wife, after tarnal sight. The next fellow she married cold-blood premeditation, but sits up at was Jacob Hayes' an' the way marm does nights, with his doer locked, cuts her into ted by an equivocal mode of trial then used make him haze is a caution now I tell ye. small pieces, and burns up her remains in the crican. If he does a leetel out of the way, marm makes stove. This process occupied several days, nin take a bucket and whitewash brush and in which he drew largely on the shops around go right up to the buryn' yard and white- for shavings, and the unsavory scent went stitution was formed every State tolerated wash the three oak planks, just to let him forth from the chimney, and filled the nostrils slavery, and the "encroachments of the Slave know what he may come to when she placed of those who happened to be in the vicinity. Power', have increased the number from thirhim in the same row and got married to the Ward occupied himself with this disgusting | teen, to filteen, while the encroachments of the fied detection But "murder will out." It shows a horrible state of things -an alarming tion of guilt they carry to the mind."

A Hard Case.

In the pretty village of Haddonfield, New Jersey, some years ago, there resided an on ellow who was familiarly known, town and country round, as "Old Joe." He had no particular occupation except doing "chores" or errands -- nor any particular location. He ate where he could get a bite, and slept whereever he could find a lodging place. Joe was a regular old toper and Jersey lightning had no more effect on his insides than so much water. He generally made his head-quarters at the tavern, for there were two in the town. He would sleep and doze away the afternoon on an old bench in one corner of the barroom, but was always awake when there was any drinking going on. When he was not Brigham Young is a remarkable man, sec- asked to drink, he would slip to the bar, and them. One afternoon, Dr. Bolus, the village physician, was in the, tavern mixing up

"I don't know," replied the landlord, "unless Old Joe slipped in and drank it." In this suspicion they were soon confirmed, for the ostler said he had seen Old Joe swalthat he must die after such a dose, instituted Some of his messages from the pulpit are a search at once. After some hours spent in

"Why, what made you think that, Doopredecessor. There is but one step between tor?', said Joe, leaning on his axe handle. "Didn't you drink that dose I left on old

"Yes," replied Joe, half ashamed to "Do you know what it was?" asked the

"No!" returned Jos.

"Why, it was squafortis-enough to kill a dozen men !"

"Well, now, Doctor, do you know that I thought there was something queer about that darned stuff, for after I drank it, every time I blowed my nose I burned a hole in my pocket handkerehief."

EXTRAORDINARY CANINE INSTINCT .- The most remarkable instance of instinct or sagaeity in a dog, that we remember to have heard f occurred in the town of Fairhaven a few days since and it was this: Two childern between the ages of six and seven years were playing in the middle of the street in Fairbaven, when an unloaded wagon without a driver, drawn by a runaway horse, was seen approaching at a furious rate. A large dog, a cross of the Newfoundland and mastiff breeds, who was lying near, saw the approaching peril, and going to the rescue of the unconscious innocents, took them up by their clothes in his teeth, first one of the children and deposited the little thing out of danger on the sidewalk, and then returned and took the other and also placed it safely on the walk. As the wagon was passing, the dog made a spring at the horse and tried to seize him by the nose but failed to stop him. We have these facts from a gentleman whose verseity is unquestionable Who shall say that the brute creation is devoid of rational intelligence - New Bedford Mer-

Artesian Wells.

The artesian wells of New York city, owned by the different sugar refiners, brewers and enemy, and many fearful though secret of water per day, which, at the rate charged justice it is impossible to say Perhaps the seventy thousand dollars per year. This sum greatest evidence that these reports are not is equal to the interest of one million dollars. without foundation, is afforded by the fact, while the wells have cost less than fifty thous-

No. of gals.	per minut
Mentgemery st. well.	100
Harris & Kuhn,	850
Havenmeyer & Moller.	850
John Harrison,	100
Ockershausen,	100
Dudley & See,	100
Tatham & Brothers,	100
John Taylor,	100
Howell & Co. (not now in use	.) 130
	A COLUMN TO SERVICE STATE OF THE PERSON SERVICE STATE SERVICE STATE STATE OF THE PERSON SERVICE STATE STATE SERVICE STATE STATE SERVICE STATE

Total number of gallons per minute 1430 after making all allowances. - Scientific Am-

EXTENSION OF SLAVERY .- When the Con-Bridgeport Farmer.