

Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will perish amidst the Ruins!"

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EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

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AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Planter.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.

(Helianthus Tuberosus.)

We know several judicious farmers that place a very high estimate upon this neglected vegetable. We observe that M. Boussingault, of France, by actual analysis, has arrived at the conclusion, that in consequence of its powers of extracting carbon and nitrogen from the air, the Jerusalem artichoke is entitled to all the attention that it is now commanding in the best cultivated parts of France. We, therefore, extract the following directions for its cultivation from that excellent paper, the Nashville Agriculturist:

"From the fact, that many inquiries have been made of late in relation to this very remarkable and useful plant, I am disposed to speak a few things of its culture and uses.—The Jerusalem artichoke is a native of the warmer parts of America, and of course was unknown in Europe till after the discoveries in this country by Columbus and his coadjutors. Since that time it has been cultivated to considerable extent on the continent as well as in Great Britain, but the reports of its profits have considerably varied, in that, as well as this country. In the old world some have cultivated it to afford shade to the game; others have converted the stocks and leaves into fodder for cattle, and others again, have encouraged its growth for the tubers alone. In this country there are two important objects to be kept in mind in raising artichokes; 1st. The improvement of land; 2dly. The use of the tubers. However, the first matter is the cultivation, and I begin with

1. Soil.—Almost any kind of land will produce artichokes, and it is remarkable, that they will grow in the shade, that is, under trees, or in fence corners very well indeed. Land, however, with a tolerably good sandy mould will give the most abundant crop. Low, wet soils, and very tenacious clay are not suitable.

2. Preparation of Land.—The ground should be broken as for corn, that is to say, one good, deep ploughing, and a thorough harrowing will answer the purpose admirably.

3. Laying Out.—Rows laid off four feet each way with a bull's tongue or shovel plough, in most soils, will be the proper distance.

4. Quantity of Seed.—From four to five bushels will be required to the acre, and unless the long roots are broken to pieces of three or four joints, or eyes each, this quantity will not be enough.

5. Manner of Planting.—Drop one root at each cross of the plough and cover from one to two or three inches with a harrow, hoe, or plough.

6. Cultivation.—So soon as the young plants appear, run round them, with a cultivator, harrow or light plough to destroy the young weeds, and loosen the earth. Keep the ground free of weeds and open to the influence of the atmosphere, till the plants are about three feet high, when they should be laid by, by the use of a cultivator; or in the absence of a cultivator, and when the land has been ploughed, the harrow should pass both ways to leave the ground loose and the surface level. Generally, about the same cultivation given to corn will answer well for artichokes.

7. Digging.—This is the most troublesome job in the management of this crop; and if the hoe is the dependence, the labor will be very tedious. The better plan, is to lay off a land as for breaking up the ground, so soon as the frost has killed the under leaves of the stocks. The plough should run from six to nine inches deep and let the hands, big and little, pass directly after the plough, to pick up, that none of the roots may be covered by the next furrow.

8. Yield.—The produce to the acre is variously estimated from five hundred to one thousand bushels, and it is probably the turn out on medium land would be nearer the latter than the former.

9. Uses.—In England and other parts of Europe, the tubers have been considered quite a delicacy for man, and without doubt they make the most beautiful pickle. But their chief importance, in this respect, is their use in feeding hogs. From the middle of October to the middle of November, the hogs may be turned on

the artichokes, and with salt always in troughs to which they can have access, they will grow and thrive till next spring, particularly, if the ground is not too hard for rooting. I have not experimented to ascertain the quantity of hogs to the acre of good artichokes; but from the observation of two seasons, I am of the opinion twenty head will do well on an acre for months. As some have complained their hogs would not root after them, it may be necessary, as hogs, like men, know not much before learning, that they be taught to root after them. This is done, by calling the hogs after a plough that will throw out the roots, till the gruntings learn their habitation, which will require but a very short time.

10. Improvement of Land.—As the stocks grow from ten to fifteen feet in height, and have thick, porous foliage, much of the food of the plant is received from the atmosphere, and thereby the soil is not so heavily taxed as by other crops, the ground is protected from the killing rays of the sun and the stocks and leaves fall and rot very soon.—These advantages, with the manure from hogs, afford the cheapest, and amongst the richest coats in my knowledge.—It is my conviction, (in the absence of long experience) that artichokes in summer, and hogs in winter, will enrich our poor lands cheaper and much better than upon any other plan. To be sure, a farmer cannot have all his land in artichokes, but every one should have enough to support his hogs through the winter, and I venture those who give this crop a fair trial, will reluctantly abandon it.

11. General Remarks.—A few farmers of my acquaintance have informed me, that they have succeeded with corn and artichokes together, and it is highly probable this will prove a successful mode of cultivating these two crops; but on the system of "one thing at a time," we would prefer each crop separately. Some have supposed the second year's growth on the same ground would be more valuable than the first; but this is a mistake. The plants grow so thick the second year, that not more than half a crop can be anticipated. It might answer, to plough out rows and cultivate the second year; but the practice of putting artichoke lands in something else the second year, is the plan I much prefer.

Amongst the arguments which might be used in favor of this crop, it should not be forgotten, that there is no labor of digging, but for seed, that more troublesome weeds and grasses are completely smothered out; and last, but not least, the young plants the second year are more easily subdued than almost any weeds known. Take artichokes all in all, I think them worthy the attention of every farmer who wishes to enrich his lands, or raise his pork with a small outlay of grain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wise Counsels.—The following well written and excellent items of advice, are by Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune. He is addressing the young:

Avoid the common error of esteeming a college education necessary to usefulness or eminence in life. Such an education may be desirable and beneficial—to many it is doubtless so. But Greek and Latin are not real knowledge; they are only means of acquiring such knowledge; there have been great and wise and surpassing useful men in all ages, who know no language but their mother tongue. Besides, in our day, the treasures of ancient and cotemporary foreign literature are brought home to every man's door by translations, which embody the substance, if they do not exhibit all they enable you to enjoy the advantages of a college education, do not neglect them—above all do not misimprove them. But if your lot be different, waste no time in idle repining, in humiliating beggary. The stern, self-respecting independence of your soul is worth the whole shelves of classics. All men cannot and need not, be college bred—not even those who are born to instruct and improve their mind. You can never be justly deemed ignorant, or your acquirement contemptible, if you embrace and fully improve the opportunities which are fairly offered you.

Avoid likewise the kindred and equally pernicious error that you must have a profession—must be a Clergyman, Lawyer, Doctor or something of the sort—in order to be influential, useful, respected—or, to state the case in its best aspect, that you may lead an intellectual life. Nothing of the kind is necessary—very far from it. If your tendencies are intellectual—if you love Knowledge, Wisdom, Virtue, for themselves—you will grow in them, whether you live by a profession, a trade or by tilling the ground. Nay, it may be doubted that the farmer or mechanic, who follows his intellectual pursuits from a pure love of them, has not some advantages therein over a professional man. He comes to his book in the evening with his head clear, and his mental appetite sharpened by the manual labor, taxing lightly the spirit, or brain; while the lawyer, who has been running over dry old books for precedents, the doctor who has been racking his wits for a remedy adapted to some new modification of disease, or the divine, immersed in his closet, has been busy preparing his next sermon, may well approach the evening volume with senses jaded and palled. There are few men, and perhaps a few women, who do not spend uselessly in sleep

or play or frivolous employments, more time than would be required to render them, at thirty, well versed in History, Philosophy, Ethics, as well as Physical Sciences.

The Head and the Heart.—Please, my lady, buy a nosegay, or bestow a trifle, was the address of a pale, emaciated looking woman, holding a few withered flowers in her hand, to a lady who sat on the beach at Brighton, watching the blue waves of the receding tide. "I have no half-pence; my good woman," said the lady, looking up from the novel she was perusing with a listless gaze; if I had I would give them to you. "I am a poor widow with three helpless children depending on me; would you bestow a small trifle to help us on our way?" "I have told you I have no half-pence reiterated she somewhat pettishly. "Really," she added, as the poor applicant turned sulkily away, "this is worse than the streets of London; they should have a police on the shore to prevent such annoyances," were the thoughtless dictates of the head.

Mamma said a little blue-eyed boy who was lying at the lady's feet, flinging pebbles into the sea. I wish you had a penny, for the woman does look hungry, and you know we are going to have a nice dinner, and you have promised me a nice treat?"

The heart of the lady answered the appeal of her child; and a blush of shame crimsoning her cheek at the tacit reproach his artless words conveyed, she opened her reticule, placed a half crown in his tiny hands and in another moment the boy was bounding along the sands on his errand of merriness. In a few seconds he returned, his eyes sparkling with delight, and his countenance glowing with health and beauty.

"O mamma, the poor woman was so thankful; she wanted to turn back, but I would not let her; and said, God bless the noble lady, and you too my pretty lamb, my children will now have bread for these two days, and we shall go on our way rejoicing."

The eyes of the lady glistened as she heard the recital of her child, and her heart told her that its dictates bestowed a pleasure that the cold reasoning of the head could never bestow.—Mrs. Cornwall's Baron Wilson.

Revenge.—Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as it is hostile to religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice, and studious of revenge, walk through the fields while clad with verdure and adorned with flowers,—to his eye there is no beauty, the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robed in deepest sable. The smile of beauty lights not up his bosom with joy—but the furies of hell rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as he would wish the object of his hate. But let him lay his hand on his heart, and say, "Revenge, I cast thee from me—Father forgive them I forgive my enemies,"—and nature assumes a new and delightful garb. Then, indeed, are the meads verdant and the flowers fragrant—then is the music of the groves delightful to his ear, and the smile of virtuous beauty lovely to the soul.

A Noble Little Fellow.—About a fortnight since, as two lads, one aged thirteen the other eleven, sons of Mr. Edward Godfrey, of West Point, were skating upon the Hudson, the eldest, in passing over a piece where the ice was thin, broke through and sunk. He rose to the surface and struggled with the ice, which broke with him for two or three rods. As soon as the younger lad, who had glided a distance down the river, saw the condition his brother was in, he hastened to his rescue, and with much presence of mind he called out, "Don't be afraid, Bob, I'll get you out." He skated as near as it was prudent to do—then stripping off his little overcoat, and taking it by the end of the sleeve, he lay down upon the ice and swung it out to his brother, who caught hold of it and was drawn safely out. Young as the lad is, he saved two boys from a watery grave; one about a year since. Such acts of coolness and brotherly kindness should not go unnoticed. If any son of one of "nature's noblemen" is in a place in the West Point Academy, this same little Joseph Godfrey is entitled to it.—N. Y. Aurora.

Marriage.—The man is like the bee—that fixes his hive, augments the world, benefits the republic, and by a daily diligence without wronging any, benefits all; but he who contemns wedlock (for the most part) is like a wasp wandering—an offence to the world, lives upon soil and rapine, disturbs peace, steals sweets that are not his own, and by robbing the hives of others, meets misery as his due reward.—Feltman.

Sir William Jones, after a deliberate and long investigation, decides that the Afghans are Jews descended from the ten tribes, and records a prediction among them, and in his time current in the East, that they are destined to re-establish the Jewish empire under their expected Messiah at Jerusalem.

Like-wise.—A gentleman writing a political letter to a friend, says the Baltimore Patriot, made the following unintentional pun:—"Wise was rejected three times, and Cushing like-wise."

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

The Zygodon.—A Lizard seventy feet long.—Mr. Editor:—It will no doubt be a matter of surprise to your readers to learn that there have existed in your city for nearly a year, the fossilized bones of an extinct gigantic reptile, belonging to geologists say, to a period of the earth's history, when it was unfit for creatures of a higher organization.

These fossil remains were found in the tertiary formation of Alabama, on the plantation of Judge Creagh, in Clark county, by Mr. S. B. Buckley, a native of this State, who was then engaged on a botanical excursion. They were brought to this city last April, and yesterday the writer saw them in the garret of a six story building at the foot of Pine-street. Some idea of the appalling magnitude of this animal may be formed from the fact, that its fossil remains fill fourteen large boxes. It is seventy feet in length! So fortunate was Mr. Buckley in discovering the entire animal, that there is not a single vertebra wanting from the head to the caudal extremity. As all these bones preserved their natural relative position, each of them was numbered by Mr. Buckley as it was taken out of the ground. Some of the large vertebrae weigh perhaps each one hundred pounds, diminishing down to the extremity of the tail, the last one of them being not larger than a man's fist. On the vertebrae and some of the other bones, there exists in a perfect state, the perforation, or covering of the bones, their substance being more or less fossilized into carbonate of lime. All the teeth covered with their enamel, are still perfect. The head and jaws are six or eight feet long, and the ribs have a length of some 6 feet.

Dr. Harlan, of Philadelphia, took to London, several years ago, a few of the bones of a similar animal obtained from the same place. He named it the Basiliscus, from its affinity to the Lizard tribes; but in London it was pronounced by Mr. Owen, from a microscopic examination of the teeth, to be an animal between the Cetacea (Whales) and Saurians (Lizards); and hence he designated it, from this circumstance, the Zygodon. It is supposed to have had large broad and flat paddles, adapting it to move in a watery element.

Mr. Buckley is now engaged in drawing up a precise description of this extinct monster, suited for publication in a scientific journal.

Compared with these reptiles, whose bones are often entombed in the solid strata of the globe, (this one however, having lain within six feet of the surface,) the descriptions of the fabled monsters of antiquity, which in our childhood have so often been a subject of delight, lose all their character of wild exaggeration. Quietly reposing in their dark caverns, and unconscious of the new creations which have since successively flourished over them, we here find the most wonderful organic remains. One suits the wings of an enormous bat with the skeleton of a gigantic Lizard; another, somewhat resembling a Sloth, but of the size of the Elephant, has enormous arms and claws for suspending itself to trees equally gigantic. Again here are Crocodiles without feet, but furnished with fins, as well as quadrupeds bearing wings on their toes.

Hence, in surveying the physical revolutions by which our mountains have been upheaved, thus unfolding page after page of this great book, containing the wonderful records of the changes which our globe has undergone, during a series of periods of long but unknown duration, before it was inhabited by man, who is comparatively but a creature of yesterday, the geologist justly feels that there exists an inseparable relation between these successive groups of animal and vegetable remains, each unlike all the others, and the corresponding periods of the earth's condition. It follows, indeed, as a necessary law, that successive changes of organic life must have been attended with coincident changes of physical conditions.

Speaking upon the subject of modern geology, in a late number of the London Quarterly Review, the writer happily remarks:

"When we ponder over the great events which they proclaim, the mighty revolutions which they indicate, the wrecks of successive creations which they display, and the innumerable cycles of their chronology, the era of man shrinks into contracted dimensions, his proudest and most ancient dynasties wear the aspect of upstart and ephemeral group; the fabrics of human power, the gorgeous temple, the monumental bronze, the regal pyramid, sink into insignificance beside the mighty sarcophagi of the brotes that perish."

The form, indeed, the key to the hieroglyphics of the ancient world, they enable us to reckon up its almost countless periods; to replace its upheaved and dislocated strata; to replant its forests; to reconstruct the products of its chancel-house; to repeople its jungles with their gigantic denizens; to restore the condors to its atmosphere, and give back to its ocean its mighty leviathans. And such is the force with which these revivals are presented to our judgment, that we almost see the mammoth, the megatheria, and the mastodon stalking over the plains or passing thro' the thickets; the giant ostrich leaving its foot writing on the sands; the voracious ichthyosaurus swallowing the very meal which its fossil ribs enclose; the monstrous plesiosaurus paddling through the ocean, and guiding its lizard trunk and rearing its swan neck as if in derision of human wisdom; and the pterodactyle, that mysterious compound of bird and brute

and bats, asserting its triple claim to the occupancy of earth, ocean, and the atmosphere."

A Dequertotype Image made by Lightning.—From the Westover Manuscript, a work written by Col. William Boyd, of Virginia, more than a hundred years ago, and now first published at Petersburg, Va. the following singular account is extracted:—"This rain was enlivened with very loud thunder, which was echoed back by the hills in the neighborhood, in a frightful manner. There is something in the words that makes the sound of this meteor more awful, and the violence of the lightning more visible. The trees are frequently shivered quite down to the root, and sometimes perfectly twisted. But of all the effects the lightning that ever I heard of, the most amazing happened in this country, in the year 1736. In the summer of that year, a surgeon of a ship, whose name was Davis, came ashore at York, to visit a patient. He had no sooner got into the house, than it began to rain, with many terrific claps of thunder. When it was almost dark there came a dreadful flash of lightning, which struck the surgeon dead as he was walking about the room, but hurt no other person, though several were near him. At the same time, it made a large hole in the trunk of a pine tree, which grew about ten feet from the window. But what was most surprising in this disaster was, that on the breast of the unfortunate man that was killed, was the figure of a pine tree, as exactly delineated as any limner in the world could draw it—nay, the resemblance went so far as to represent the color of the pine, as well as the figure. The lightning must probably have passed through the tree first, before it struck the man; and by that means have printed the icon of it on his breast. But whatever may have been the cause, the effect was certain, and can be attested by a crowd of witnesses who had the curiosity to go and see this wonderful phenomenon."

Educate the People.—Look abroad over this country: mark her extent; her fertility; her boundless resources; the giant energies which every day develops, and which seems already bending on that fatal race—tempting, yet always fatal to republics,—the race for physical greatness and aggrandizement. Behold, too, that continuous and mighty tide of population, native and foreign which is forever rushing through this great Valley towards the setting sun; sweeping away the wilderness before it, like grass before the mower; wakening up industry and civilization in its progress; studding the solitary rivers of the West with marts and cities; dotting its boundless prairies with human habitations; penetrating every green nook and vale; climbing every fertile ridge, and still gathering and pouring onward to form new States in those vast and yet unpeopled solitudes, where the Oregon rolls his majestic flood and "hears no sound save his own dashing." Mark all this; and then say—by what bonds will you hold together so mighty a people, and so immense an empire? What safe-guard will you give us against the dangers which must inevitably grow out of so vast and complicated an organization? In the swelling tide of our prosperity, what a field is open for political corruption! What a world of evil passions to control and jarring interests to reconcile! What temptations will there be to luxury and extravagance! What motives to private and official cupidity! What prize will hang glittering at a thousand goals to dazzle and tempt ambition! Do we expect to find our security against these dangers, in railroad and canals; in our circumvallations and ships of war? Alas, when shall we learn wisdom from the lessons of History? Our most dangerous enemies will grow up from our own bosom. We may erect bulwarks against foreign invasion; but what power shall we find in walls and armies to protect the people against themselves?—There is but one sort of "internal improvement," more thoroughly internal than that which is cried up by politicians, that is able to save this country—I mean the improvement of the minds and souls of her people.

Guns and Gunpowder.—The power accumulated within a small space of gunpowder, is well known; yet some of its effects under peculiar circumstances are so singular, that an attempt to explain them may perhaps be excused. If a gun is loaded with a ball, it will not kick so much as when loaded with small shot; and amongst different kinds of shot, that which is smallest causes the greatest recoil against the shoulder. A gun loaded with a quantity of sand, equal in weight to a charge of snipe-shot, kicks still more. If, in loading, a space is left between the wadding and the charge, the gun either recoils violently, or bursts. If the muzzle of a gun has been accidentally stopped up with clay, or even with snow, or if it be fired with its muzzle plunged into the water the most certain result is that it bursts. The ultimate cause of these apparently inconsistent effects is, that every force requires time to produce its effect; and if the time requisite for the elastic vapor within to force out the sides of the barrel, is less than that in which the condensation of the air nearer the wadding is conveyed in sufficient force to drive the impediment from the muzzle, then the barrel must burst. It sometimes happens that the barrel only swells, the obstacle giving way before the gun is actually burst.

Mutiny on Board the Essex.—We took occasion in our last to notice a book published recently by Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, called a Gallip among American Scenery. From that work is selected the following anecdote, which derives special interest from the affair of the Somers:—U. S. Gazette.

While the Essex was lying at the Marquesas Islands, recruiting her crew from one of the long and arduous cruises in the Pacific, Commodore Porter was informed through a servant of one of the officers, that a mutiny had been planned, and it was the intention of the mutineers to rise upon the officers—take possession of the ship—and, after having remained as long as they found agreeable at the island, to hoist the black flag and "cruise on their own account." Having satisfied himself of the truth of the information, Commodore Porter ascended to the quarter-deck, and ordered all the crew to be summoned on. Waiting till the last man had come from below, he informed them that he understood that a mutiny was on foot, and that he had summoned them for the purpose of inquiring into its truth. "Those men who are in favor of standing by the ship and her officers," said the Commodore, "will go over to the starboard side—those who are against them will remain where they are." The crew, to a man, moved over to the starboard side. The ship was still as the grave. Fixing his eyes on them steadily and sternly for a few moments—the commodore said—"Robert White—step out." The man obeyed, standing pale and agitated—guilt stamped on every lineament of his countenance—in front of his comrades. The commodore looked at him a moment—then seizing a cutlass from the nearest rack, said in a suppressed voice, but in tones so deep they rang like a knell upon the ears of the guilty among the crew—"Villain!—you are the ringleader of this mutiny—jump overboard!" The man dropped on his knees, imploring for mercy—saying that he could not swim. "Then drown, you scoundrel!" said the commodore, springing towards him to cut him down—"overboard instantly!"—and the man jumped over the side of the ship. He then turned to the trembling crew, and addressed them with much feeling—"hears standing upon his brozed cheek as he spoke. He asked them what he had done, that his ship should be disgraced by a mutiny. He asked whether he had ever treated them with other than kindness—whether they had ever been wanting for anything to their comfort, that discipline and the rules of the service would allow—and which it was in his power to give. At the close of his address, as said—"Men!—before I came on deck, I had a train to the magazine!—and I would have blown all on board to eternity before my ship should have been disgraced by a successful mutiny—I never would have survived the disaster of my ship!—go to your duty!" The men were much affected by the commodore's address, and immediately returned to their duty, showing every sign of contrition. They were a good crew, but had been seduced by the allurements of the islands, and the plausible representations of a villain. That they did their duty to their flag, it is only necessary to say that the same crew fought the ship afterwards against the ship Phebe, and Cherub, in the harbor of Valparaiso, where though the American flag decended—it decended in a blaze of glory which will long shine on the pages of history.

But mark the sequel of this mutiny—and let those who in the calm security of their fire sides, are so severe upon the course of conduct pursued by officers in such critical situations, see how much innocent blood would have been saved, if White had been cut down instantly, or hung at the yard-arm. As he went overboard, he succeeded in reaching a canoe floating at a little distance and paddled ashore. Some few months afterwards, when Lieutenant Gamble of the Marines was at the islands, in charge of one of the largest prizes, short handed and in distress, this same White, at the head of a party of natives, attacked the ship, killed two of the officers and a number of the men, and it was with great difficulty that she was prevented from falling into their hands. The blood of those innocent men, and the lives of two meritorious officers would have been spared, if the wretch had been put to instant death—as was the commander's intention.

Railroad Accident.—On Saturday last, in consequence of carelessness in placing a switch, the cars on the railroad at West Stockbridge, (Mass.) were forced off the track and the engine ran into a small frame house where a number of laborers were. One man had his leg cut off just below the knee, and the bones split up and down. The back of another was very much hurt, one foot cut off, and the toes of the other foot. Several others were injured.—Chas. Mercury.

Railroad Depot Burned.—A destructive fire occurred at Saratoga Springs on the 14th ult., which destroyed the depot of the Saratoga and Schenectady Railroad, the engine house, &c., attached to it, and the billiard room, bowling alley, and shooting gallery, of Mr. Robert Gridley. The loss to the company is estimated at \$20,000.

A very sagacious lady once, in speaking of the "rights of women," said, "I think that gaining the rights of men they would lose the rights of women."